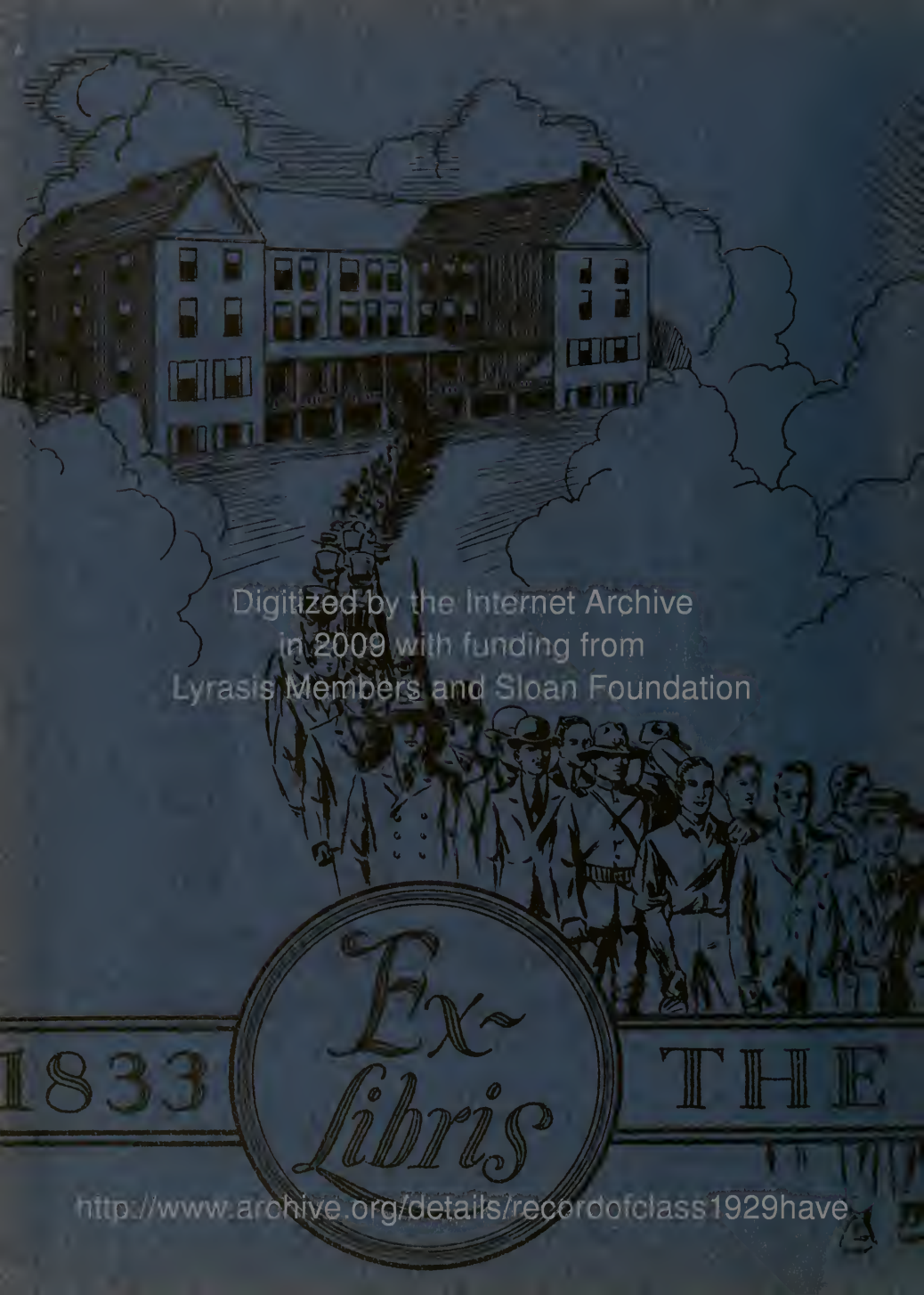


THE
RECORD

1929

HAVERTFORD
COLLEGE





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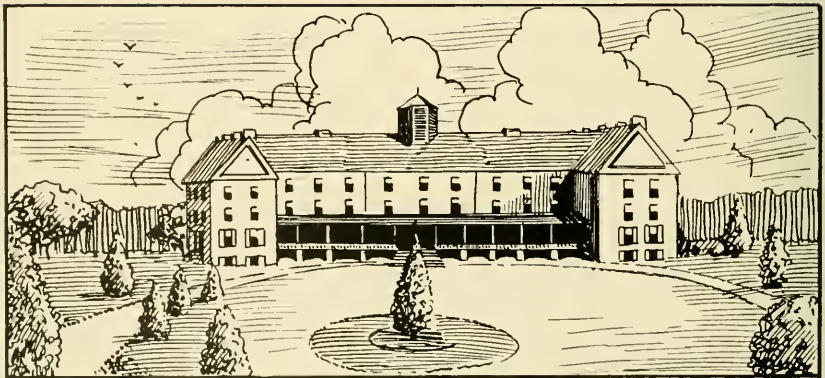


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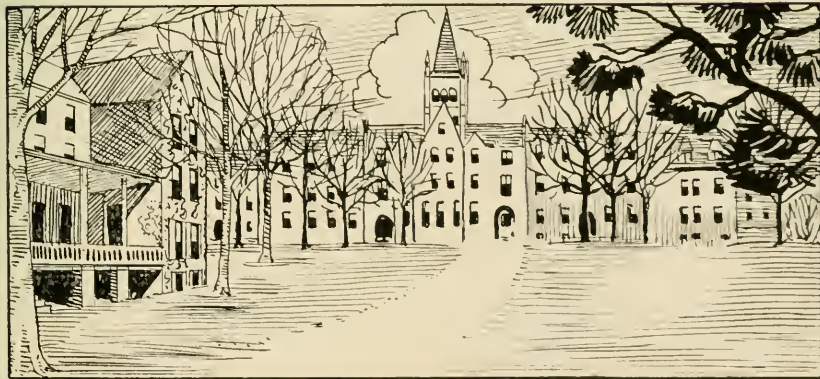
FIRST BUILDING 1833

DEDICATION

To

William E. Lunt

Whose scholarly and impartial instruction has served as an outstanding inspiration to the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty-nine, we dedicate this book.



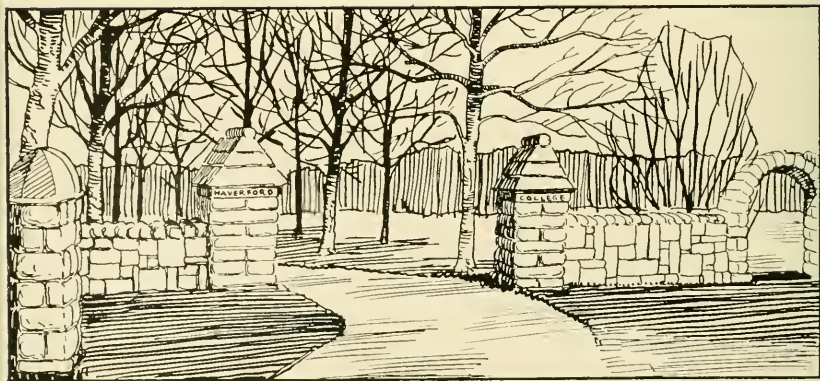
THE QUADRANGLE 1870

FOREWORD

Our record is here, our record is clear—
If you're interested, ponder it well;
From our memories' shelves, we present
you ourselves,
Angelically destined for hell.

What we did, what we said, who we
were may be read
(Inconsistent, incarnadine!)
Refuse to believe us, or take us or
leave us—
The Class of Twenty-nine.

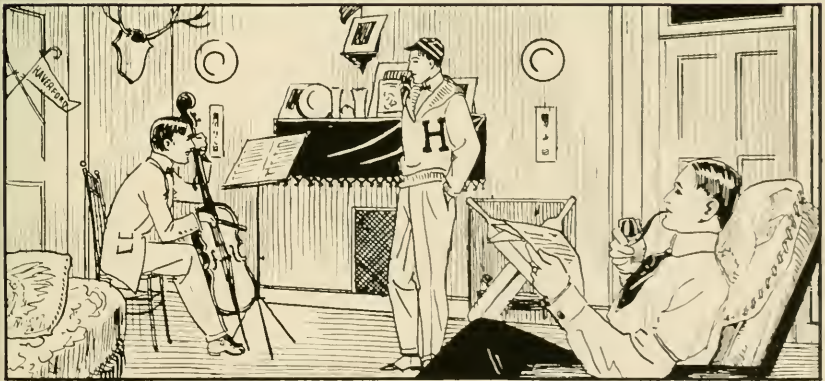
Forget us—*do!* if, according to you,
“One class is the same as another,”
But bear with us now—This book is
our vow:
By God, we'll remember each other!



THE STONE GATE 1883

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STUDENT LIFE IN 1870



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*Through New Lloyd
Gate*



*From the Union
Portico*



*Our Morning
Rendezvous*



Barclay Tower



Sharpless



The Library



Fight, Team!



*The Sunken
Garden*



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AMY LYDIA POST

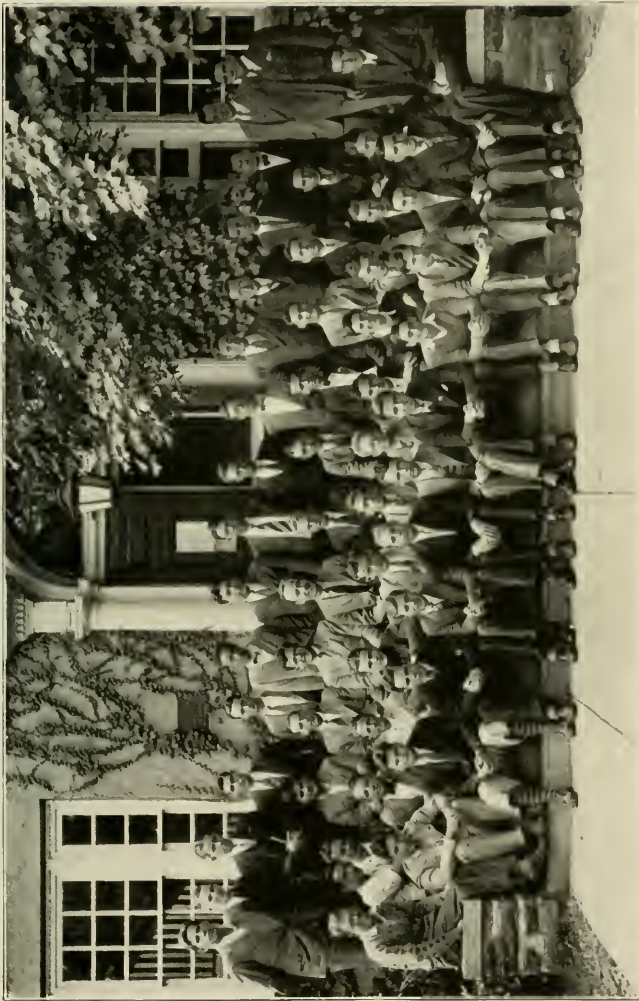
Assistant Librarian; A.B., Earlham College.



SENIORS



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SENIOR CLASS

Top: Perera, Gucker, Cunningham, Sullivan, Michener, Standing, Lewis, Folwell, Sharpless, Chapin, Hicks, Cooper, Mawhinney, Urban,
 Mater, Teste,
 Second: Scott, MacNamee, Leeds, Baker, Britton, Hartman, Gawthrop, Kingham,
 Third: Lane, Linn, Ralph, Hogenauer, Mellor, Rhoads, Speck, Sandheim, Hemphill, Bevan, Sykes, Miller, Tripp, Brown, Johnson.
 Bottom: Callison, Enawurth, Fos, Wright, Downward, Hedley, Hamilton, Radell, Corson, Blancke, Jones.



Class Officers

FRESHMAN YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>
Burrell H. Tripp.....	<i>President</i>	Herbert K. Ensworth
Daniel D. Test.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	James G. Downward
William K. Alsop, Jr.....	<i>Secretary</i>	Charles M. Hamilton
James S. Maier.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	John P. Fox

SOPHOMORE YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>
Charles M. Hamilton.....	<i>President</i>	Charles H. Collison
Charles H. Collison.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	Thomas C. Gawthrop
James G. Downward.....	<i>Secretary</i>	David H. Hedley
Frederick Lemere.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	Herbert K. Ensworth

JUNIOR YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>
Andrew Mawhinney.....	<i>President</i>	Thomas C. Gawthrop
David H. Hedley.....	<i>Vice-President</i>	F. Curtis Dohan
Edward T. Hogenauer.....	<i>Secretary</i>	Burrell H. Tripp
William H. Sykes.....	<i>Treasurer</i>	David James Speck

SENIOR YEAR—FIRST HALF

David H. Hedley.....	<i>President</i>
James G. Downward.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Charles M. Hamilton.....	<i>Secretary</i>
F. Howell Wright.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

PERMANENT CLASS OFFICERS

Burrell H. Tripp.....	<i>President</i>
Thomas C. Gawthrop.....	<i>Vice-President</i>
Herbert K. Ensworth.....	<i>Secretary</i>
F. Howell Wright.....	<i>Treasurer</i>

Born 1908

Entered from Blair Academy
in 1925

Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (1, 2, 3, 4); Classical Club Play (1, 2); Classical Club; Freshman Dance Committee; Sophomore Dance Committee; Scientific Society; Engineering Club; Riders and Drivers Club; Beta Rho Sigma.



JOHN EVANS ABBOTT
Milford, Delaware

AND *what* shall we say for the wise-old-Ab? Here is the class's venerable granddaddy; here is the Butter and Egg Man without the butter and the eggs; here is the step-father-by-marriage of the glorious Little Jewel; here is the lone registered member of the Haverford Night School. When we were Freshmen, we wondered why Dick was grown up so long before any of the rest of us were; now that we are Seniors we wonder equally at Nature's little ironical trick of sending Dick into a decline before any of the rest of us (*Editor's note*: Possible exception of Corson).

*... His pace was faltering and slow,
His pate was bare, or nearly so. . .*

—do those memorable lines not seem to have been written just for our Dick? (Well, that's not so very odd, because they were written for him.) (*Editor's note*: Wise up.) (*Author's note*: Shut up.) Speaking of Life's Little Ironies—it is one of them, that he who was originally cut out as an Arrow Collar ad model should turn out to be the model for the "Before" half of the Wildroot "Before-and-After" Twins. It is, indeed.

It is characteristic of this day of culture and civilization that we are all essentially euphemistic. And so, anent Mr. Abbott, we say that "his is a rather pronounced tendency toward exaggeration" rather than that "he's a most God-awful liar." And his little flapper friends doubtless express somewhat the same idea by saying, "Dickie has a SIMPLY WONDERful line. . ."

If he frequently moves as a well-oiled machine, it should be attributed to the joint effects of his residence in the Fourth and his charter membership in the P. O. Club. Interpretation and misinterpretation of the above, on the reader's head.



Born 1907

Entered from Westtown
School in 1925

Class Secretary (1); Soccer (1,
2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4); Golf
Team (3, 4).

WILLIAM KITE ALSOP, JR.
229 Euclid Avenue, Ridgway, Pennsylvania

“SOUP” ALSOP has presented a great number and variety of possibilities during his sojourn at Haverford College, most of which, however, have remained dormant as possibilities, waiting for their emergence, we suppose, before a worshipful, admiring world. We say “sojourn” and we mean it—for that is a word which implies the amount of serious attention with which “Soup” has favored his college career. After all, what couldn’t Bill have done or become? Just ask him. Surely, he could have made the tennis and golf teams—been President of the Students’ Association—gotten a Phi Beta—anything. But then, what’s the use? When you think about it, you have to let the other fellows get some of the honors, and it’s a satisfaction to know that those honors might have been yours, had you so wished. Though we can hardly term his handling of a soccer ball as casual or careless (“Soup” made “All-American”), it is literally true that since the days of “Skip” Ralph, no man has seemed to take his duties and responsibilities so lightly.

From card sharp to king in a rapid, rocket-like ascent, “King Alsop” of Founders’ has bid for his position of authority for four years, clinching it, finally, this year as being the only Senior deigning to grace Founders’ stately, somber shadows. As pitcher for his dormitory team he raised said team from the cellar, although this fact may be partially explained by the fact that it is Bill who umpires most of the other games, and who can therefore demoralize any team he wishes.

We hear that Bill dabbles in poetry. His “Founders’ Hall Review” is an annual summary in somewhat doubtful, Rabelaisian verse, of the doings and achievements of the Founders’ Hall gang. We have never seen this “chez d’oeuvre,” and are therefore still unpolluted.

No account of “Soup” would be complete without some mention of the rather loud, “golf club” clothes which he airs on the campus, topped off by his inseparable derby—all of which are very evidently not without their effect in certain directions. Rumor has it that Bill received one hundred and forty letters in one hundred and fifty days from a “skoit”—which beats our record by two or three.

Born 1907

Entered from Park School
in 1925

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and
Bells (2, 3, 4).



THEODORE EMMONS BAKER
3423 Guilford Terrace, Baltimore, Maryland

TED BAKER'S advent at Haverford was made notable by three things: his big heart, his broad smile, and the fact that he roomed with the Knipp (of Waukie Wau fame). The first two were the "sine qua non" of the third, for Knipp had an unfortunate capacity for contracting huge poker debts, which Baker usually paid after pawning his (and the class') one umbrella and a considerable portion of his furniture. How he managed to keep his famous straw hat from the clutches of the Knipp's grasping poker acquaintances is one of the more puzzling mysteries.

But at last fate, Dr. Reid, and the arrival of a new academic year removed Ted from the clutches of his erstwhile roommate, and he has spent the rest of his college life in comparative peace, a respite which has been employed in planning improvements for all the nation's leading railway systems. Not that these plans have ever been accepted by the railroad officials, but they will be some day. For Ted knows so much about railroads that even his success at Haverford is largely due to that knowledge. For four years Ted has had the instructors thinking him the most studious boy in the class, simply because while in lecture he draws trains by the hour, all the while wearing a certain indescribable, dreamy look that has the Faculty entirely fooled.

But "King" and Sullivan keep stern check on his absentmindedness; in fact, when Ted went on the Quaker Peace Caravan last summer, he took "King" along to see to it that all the engagements were kept. Yet, we, at least, always know where to find Ted, for, if he's not in class, he is either in the dining-room finishing one of yesterday's meals, or in the stack of the Library looking up the time tables of the Oskaloosa railroad. Inasmuch as it is customary to wind up these endeavors with a "we hope" clause, let us in this case hope that the Oskaloosa railroad runs by a time table, and that commencement time will find beneath Baker's flowing gown his familiar checkered suiting as a just climax to its long and useful existence.



DAVID CRUMLEY BEVAN
119 Coulter Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Born 1906

Entered from Lower Merion
High School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2)—H (3, 4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (1)—H (2, 3, 4); Welsh Club; *News* Board (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells Club; Chairman Sophomore Dance Committee; Chairman of Junior Prom Committee; Customs Committee (3, 4)—Chairman (4); Business Manager of Musical Clubs (4); Triangle Society.

PERHAPS the greatest thing about Dave is his ambition. We have an idea that way back in Freshman year, when late May found our Bevan skipping around campus incased in sufficient sweaters and slickers to insure a great plenty of integumental respiration, an idea of revenge found its way into his fertile mind. At any rate, Senior year found him lord of the Rhinie class, and a stern tyrant was he.

But the limits of his ambition were not power alone—David had also certain ideas on girls. Indeed it was quite edifying to listen to a very discriminating and particular description of what the future Mrs. David C. Bevan must measure up to before she attained that desirable state.

Perhaps the above leads up to the following, or however it should be stated, but personally we rather suspect that another of Biv's ambitions is merely to be important. We congratulate him on his success, especially on certain occasions. Possibly his most conspicuous success in his college days, outside of a really well-run Junior Prom, was the famous bed-dumping party of Sophomore year. Not only did he succeed in attracting the attention of a majority of his own class, and the entire Junior class at the time, but he attracted such immediate attention from a certain group of the Juniors that he was unable to sit down for some days thereafter.

It may be that we have done David an injustice. Perhaps his ambitions were only an expression of his ideals, for certain it is that the future Mrs. Bevan is an ideal being. We admire his unending quest for her, and hope for his ultimate success. He was in love when he first entered college, and he was in love when he left, but even those who know him best are at a loss as to how many times his affection was transferred.

Born 1906

Entered from Haverford
School in 1925

Track Squad (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (4);
Class Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Chem
Club; Scientific Society.



JOHN ALEXANDER BISHOP
825 Summit Grove Avenue, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

ARMED with a pair of sturdy but short legs, and a quiet but pointed wit, Jack attacked the portals of the College and the impasse of the Board Exams with such apparent success that he at least was admitted to this place. His natural inclination to lighten the seriousness of life first found a suitable field in the traditionally funny classes of that essential Virginian, F(x) (a familiar title, please, not a *nom de plume*), and often with a devastating effect on the formal dignity of the old gentleman. "Seriously now, you know the only way to —," and we have the signal to hold our sides.

Since that time Jack has set several records. He has averaged about one collection a year, timing his attendance usually to coincide with Uncle Billy's annual "personal neatness" campaign. Having with his habitual serenity barely scraped through Physics 1, he decided to confine his scientific studies chiefly to Mathematics and Chemistry. It was in the latter that he set his second important record by virtue of a handy knack with the breakable apparatus in the Chem Lab. This knack was exercised with particular conclusiveness in Chem 5, much to the dismay of Folwell, who, as his partner, was forced to foot half the expense.

Naturally fatalistic, and so, utterly free from worry, Jack soon resigned himself to his own athletic ability, and to taking eleven steps on the low hurdles. So, handicapped by his short legs, he uttered a characteristic, "Oh, well," and proceeded to demonstrate the best hurdling form in College. Perhaps the secret of his persistence at track, and his resignation to his lot lies in the fact that he has so insinuated himself in the good graces of "Pop" that he has established a real control over the team, and relegated Haddleton to the rôle of assistant coach. Captain Ensworth, but Coach Bishop.



WILTON WENDELL BLANCKE

148 West Wayne Avenue, Wayne, Pennsylvania

Born 1908

Entered from Radnor High
School in 1925

Freshman Track Team; Football Squad (3); Class Football Team (2, 3); Manager of Golf Team (4); News Board (1, 2, 3); RECORD Board; Musical Clubs (1, 2, 3, 4); Cast of Freshman Play (1); Cap and Bells Club; Classical Club; Chem Club; Class Constitution Committee.

IN the gay nineties Haverford gave Maxfield Parrish to the world of art; in this year of grace we add to this worthy donation in graduating Wendell Blancké. The pages of this book afford only a meager vehicle for the accomplishments of our cartoonist and illustrator. For four years we have gazed in admiration and roared with laughter at creations running the entire gamut from serious portraits to ribald caricatures and other representations of a vivid imagination.

Wendell fairly bubbles over with a childish humor that is absolutely irrepressible—we have tried). Occasionally he breaks out into verse of his own invention, but more often we find him merely singing, or dancing, or chuckling over some happy little thought. In periods of extreme ecstasy he will suddenly execute a little jig, jump several feet into the air and land squarely on the “back of his stomach” on the concrete sidewalk. We marvel at the invulnerability of his body, and repetition has never quite kept us from being amazed at seeing him blithely batter his head against the wall or throw himself down on the macadam without even breaking the fall with his arms, as do we lesser mortals.

Wendell's marks have consistently been among the highest in the class, and it is rumored that Mr. Swan pleaded with Oscar to allow him to give his honors student 110 for a semester grade. As a linguist he is without equal, being fully competent to say, “Good morning,” “Don't spit here,” and a dozen or so vituperative epithets in nine or ten tongues. Beware his exclamations in Russian; he is probably disparaging your ancestry!

We almost lost Wendell this year. But that is another story.

Born 1908

Entered from Millville High
School in 1925



CARL BOWKER BOMHOFF

324 East Main Street, Millville, New Jersey

A STRIDENT voice disturbs the morning's sweet calm. "Bomhoff, Bomhoff," it calls, "arise and shine this beautiful morning." "Aw," says Carl, "can't y' let a guy sleep? I don' wanna' go t' breakfast." And so our hero, his morning beauty sleep rudely interrupted, begins another weary day. His aversion to the popular Founder's breakfast passes all belief, so it is really quite cruel to call him so early. However, once up, he makes the best of it. In fact, we suspect that he takes secret delight in the solicitude shown for his welfare.

Carl is always calm and unruffled, except when called in the morning and when pulling a "boner" at Bridge. He certainly proves the old saw about "still waters running deep." A genuine student of literature, especially that of certain French authors, and of History, Carl finds great delight in preparing numerous papers for these two departments, and in so doing a large portion of his time is spent.

It is popularly believed that Carl's scholastic attainments have been aided in no small degree by his holding forth at the Library desk during the greater part of the past two years. His popularity at this post is the result of his indulgence toward the erring patrons of that cloistered institution. Ever ready to oblige, Carl has saved many a quiz mark and paper for the errant by clever manipulation of the Reserved Book Shelf.

A vast change has come over Carl during this last year. This is due, we suspect, to his researches into the learning of the past. In particular, it might be said, to a close perusal of that charming French author, Casanova. Whatever Carl will do so much learning we can't quite imagine—we hope that if teaching is his goal he won't expect too great achievements from his unlucky pupils.



FRANK KARR BRIGGS
Woodlawn, Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

Born 1906

Entered from Cheltenham High
School in 1925

Secretary of the Store Committee (1); Store Committee (4); Assistant Manager of the Store; Secretary of Radio Club (3)—President (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Class Soccer Team (3); Track Squad (1, 2); Engineering Club.

ALL nicknames have an origin somewhere and, after due research, including sleepless nights of poring over old manuscripts, we have come to the carefully thought-out conclusion that "Papa" Briggs must have acquired his nick-cognomen from a certain condescending satisfied air, so characteristic of those members of the male sex who happen to be parents, contemplating their off-spring. Further investigation and late burning of lights have revealed the fact that during his first, so-called, Rhinie year, at Haverford College, he, with that perfect altruism associated with fathers, took the boys of Founders' Hall under his wing, thus endearing himself to them to such an extent that they, trying to express in a measure their gratitude, bestowed the surname of "Poppa," "Popper," or "Papa," upon him, coming from the Latin "papis" and Greek "popsis," meaning "Go to H——." All of which goes to prove that the delving, probing research mind will succeed in the end.

In reviving the dormant Radio Club into an active going organization, Briggs has performed a great service for that College which he may or may not proudly refer to as his "Alma Mater." Though the rejuvenated Club has not been able to release its tied-up funds and again establish its own station, "Papa" has diverted its activities to the running of a Haverford Hour, over one of Philadelphia's biggest broadcasting stations. What is there more pleasing to the vanity than the realization that thousands of people are eagerly(?) drinking in every word you utter—and so—Frank is official announcer for Haverford College. Frank has informed us that there are some mighty pretty girls in at the station—and "Gee, you meet lots of well-known people, like radio announcers."

A few brief facts now which help to cast a little light upon the life of this tall, skinny, spectacled youth. His favorite method of describing a girl is, "Gosh, she's got the most beautiful eyes." For some time he was tutor to some small eight-year-old in Geography, but we lost faith in him when he couldn't tell us the exact population of the Antarctic Circle.

We are predicting big things for "Papa"—after all, that's why we're writing these things.

Born 1908

Entered from Westtown School
in 1925

Photographic Manager of *News* (3, 4); Photographic Manager of *RECORD*; Junior Varsity Soccer Team (4)—Captain (4); Radio Club; Scientific Society; Chem Club; Engineering Club; Soccer Numerals.



SAMUEL THATCHER BRINTON
213 Euclid Avenue, Haddonfield, New Jersey

THIS might be a story of when two good Quakers got together, but the trouble is that Rhoads and Brinton didn't get together until so late in their college careers that the story would not be quite long enough. Suffice it to say the two good Quakers did get together, and together imbibed the wine of life, with the aid of a new Ford roadster of unknown ownership and some fine Spring days. Also, together, they have investigated the mysteries of the higher forms of drama and Thespian art, and while not necessarily in combination, they have, individually at least, both discovered the charms of the famous New England girls' colleges.

Beside these decidedly extra-curricular activities, Sam has developed into an indispensable photography man (no pun intended on the famous accordion player). The *News* and the Press Club have been utterly dependent on him for the last two years, and this year's "Record" sees a large collection of his masterpieces gathered under one cover. The question is in our mind whether photography is his obsession or his profession, so involved has he become in it. But no matter how much he has on his hands he seems to despatch it all with a superior efficiency.

Although this College is primarily a Liberal Arts school, Sam is a typical example of those of us who have preferred the more practical type of education. His schedule shows one science course after another, though we wager that he will feel satisfied with its extent after having finished Physics 3. It will be a very scientific man who receives the diploma awarded to Brinton.

Despite his photography, and lab, and researches into the drama, not to mention the aforesaid girls' colleges, Sam still found time for some athletics. He graduated from a third or fourth team berth in Rhinie year to a Varsity job during the past season.



Born 1907

Entered from Germantown
Friends School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals
(1)—H (2, 3, 4); *News* Board
(2, 3); Freshman Track Team;
Classical Club; Liberal Club; Sci-
entific Society; Board of Directors
(1, 2, 3, 4); Riders and Drivers
Club.

ROGER CLAPP BROWN

154 West Hortter Street, Mt. Airy, Philadelphia,
Pennsylvania

IT may be said of "Rajah" that he is not one whit more mature as a Senior than he was as a Rhinie—and this not in the form of an accusation such as might well apply to various other unmentionable classmates. In "Rajah's" case the reason is not quite so obvious and is certainly a trifle unusual: It is that he was old, and wise, and weathered, and settled in his ways at the very beginning of his college career. "Wise Old Rajah"—in the language of The Meat Chopper—well deserves his name.

Slight of build, it is somewhat surprising that our first lasting memory of Roge is a small piece of the infamous Penn game of Rhinie year. Though the game itself seemed to consist in a series of 100-yard dashes on the part of Penn, we saw one such dash conclusively checked when the fleet Douglass fell to the tune of "Rajah's" flying tackle. His subsequent football career might be summarized by pointing to the fact that while fourteen of us got our letters Senior year, only a very few of us got more than two. Roger was one of them.

As an original member of the Board of Directors, the "Clapper" enjoys a mild and pleasant distinction amongst us. Well may he smile on our harmless games of "penny ante," and we are occasionally flattered when he deigns to sit in with us. Although it is probably merely that he got there first, it seems, too, that he was one of the first signers of the indignant petition on the question of "gulp, gulp." Indeed, although usually quite placid and peace-like, he is moved to immediate activity once his indignations are roused.

There has been one problem that has faced most of us which Roger has found unnecessary to meet. One never asked along about the first of May, "Well, Rajah, who are you rooming with next year?" The correct question was, "Where are you and Smitty hanging out?" To one so capable of settling down immediately here, the little matter of adjusting himself to a life of business should present no difficulty.

Born 1908

Entered from Penn Charter
in 1925

Soccer Squad; Scientific Society;
Classical Club; Engineering Club;
Glee Club (4).



HENRY JACOB CHAPIN

101 Ardmore Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

HARK ye, Boy Scouts, for here we have a living example, a proof that all your work shall not be in vain. Do a good turn daily, learn your knots, study First Aid, and above all don't fail to acquire the consummate mastery and skill necessary for the blowing of a bugle. What would "The Hottentot" have been had not Henry Chapin patiently waited through three long acts of intrigue and then come forth at the climax to start the grand derby with a trumpet blast which was to unite the hero and the heroine inseparably, despite the evil machinations of the villain, impersonated so ably by Perera? (Three guesses—if it takes you that long—as to who is responsible for this drivell.)

After all, no class would be "compleat" without its red-head. When the campus of Haverford College resounds with strident "Fires," there is always a question as to whether a roadster is cutting through, or whether it is merely Chapin on his bicycle—it would be idle to imagine a real conflagration—Barclay never burns. Speaking of bicycles, many were the times we were startled out of a year's growth by visions of a lone cyclist flashing by us on the walk between Barclay and Merion. And maybe this explains those husky legs that carried their owner to a berth on the Jayvee Soccer Team—to a position on the Haverford College Ice Hockey Team. (For added information see Wright.)

Henry is king of baseball in South Barclay during intramural ball season. Very few bases are stolen with that sturdy arm ready to unleash itself—that is, if the ball happens to be within catching distance, for some of these intramural pitchers are wild, and we don't mean maybe, perhaps, peradventure. For the rest, Henry is one of the South Barclay—"Three Musketeers"—Seniors, all, who persist in rooming with the children—missionary work, we suppose. But Henry was not always so, for, at one time, we remember, he used to choose Upper Classmen to buddy around with, and it may well be that his return to South was a reaction.



CHARLES HILL COLLISON

342 Bement Avenue, West Brighton, New York

Born 1907

Entered from Curtis High
School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (3, 4);
 Captain of Class Football (2);
 Captain of Class Debating Team
 (1); Varsity Debating Team (2);
 Chairman of Customs Committee
 (2); Students Council (4); Vice-
 President of Class (2); President
 of Class (2).

FROM the far reaches of Staten Island comes Charles, intent on a foreign education, better international relations, a message to take back to his people from the American nation (and a football letter to wear at reunions of the Class of '25 of Curtis High School). His has been a delicate mission—one does not choose casually the person into whose trust is placed the interpretation of one entire civilization to another. But if his success is to be measured in good will, then surely Plenipotentiary Collison must be said to have succeeded: He has brought the good will of his Island home to the hearts of America, and he takes the good will of Americans from Omaha to the coast back with him.

Charles' first year in this country was spent under a cloud of cleverly wrought disguise. He traveled incognito (as *Joseph Blutz, Esq.*—foolish fellow!), and to add to the difficulty of identifying him he chose to room with another foreign student who—to the most acute observer—was his absolute double. In this way he probed the innermost recesses of the Haverford Mind in a series of experiments in mob psychology—and without anyone being the wiser as to the person upon whom to fix the guilt! Anarchistic parades and revolutionary demonstrations of every sort were staged, through all of which floated the indistinct presence of the man we now know as Collison. The device, it must be admitted on retrospect, was most admirable.

This is our spirit of "*Je m'en fiche*"—this our essence of Nothing Matters. We hope—really hope—that no temptation will be great enough to make him abandon this spirit and this essence—for they are the spirit and the essence of Charles.

Born 1907

Entered from Phillips Exeter
Academy in 1925

Corporation Scholar (1); Manager of Baseball (4); Scientific Society; Engineering Club; Class Football Team (1, 2, 3); Class Endowment Committee; Riders and Drivers Club.



JOHN ROBERTS COOPER
Conshohocken, Pennsylvania

WEST—Mr. Cooper. Spades—3, 4, 5, 7; Hearts—2, 4, 6; Diamonds—2, 3, 4; Clubs—6, 8, 9. Mr. Cooper opens with a *by*, muttering, "a quoi bon?" After spirited bidding the opposition gets it at one No Trump. Mr. Silliken, Mr. Cooper's partner and opponent, makes a tentative and informative double of one No Trump. Mr. Cooper goes *by* for the 236th consecutive time. The opposition makes a Grand Slam.

The rubber ends. Messrs. Splee and Bone, Mr. Cooper's opponents, argue as to which is to have the honor of playing next with Mr. Cooper. They shoot each other. The kibitzers run for cover and the game breaks up.

The scene shifts to the baseball field of some far-off college, where Haverford is playing a game. Manager Cooper is approached by a large bovine creature with a very original haircut. He is Manager Cooper's assistant. He says he has forgotten the score book again. Manager Cooper mutters something about a nail-driving implement and shoots him.

Again a shift of scene. A classroom with a youngish professor in the chair. "Mr. Cooper," the professor enunciates, as he leans forward, "what did Berkley think of Woofenpoofs and Chimeras?" "Yes," is the prompt reply, "there is nothing but spiritual substance." "That's a very interesting point that you bring up, Mr. Cooper. You mean that ideas come from the spirit? Won't you expand on it?" Mr. Cooper, "Well, er—" Professor, "Yes, indeed, you think then that Berkley, a forerunner of Kant, does not believe that inert, inactive matter could give rise to ideas? Very interesting, Mr. Cooper, very interesting. Won't you continue, Mr. Abbott?"

Mr. Cooper gets himself to a monastery and devotes himself to other good works. He is surnamed St. Chris. His name should be Job. He becomes a geologist. He spends a life of quiet study. But he still goes away every summer and falls violently in love.



CARROLL LANGDON CORSON
Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania

Born 1907

Entered from Penn Charter
School in 1925

Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2)—H (3, 4); Basketball Manager (4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Scientific Society; Radio Club; Freshman Dance Committee; Musical Clubs (3, 4)—Specialty Performer; Cap and Bells Club; Class Day Committee; Riders and Drivers Club.

IRREPRESSIBLE Cobbie Corson! The Radio's Sweetheart of Station WFAN. Cob's facility at imitating imitations, and his pathetic affection for an old worn-out snake skin have wrung him applause from the empty seats of Roberts, and even Uncle Billy has been known to touch his handkerchief to his eye. Off stage—we can never say out of rôle—Carroll continues to carry with him an unofficial repertoire that earns him as many social invitations as Perera's parlor tricks.

But baseball is the Beagle's true game—the pride and glory of the infield—the inveterate second baseman. A sharply struck ball—too far from first, too far from short—it's Cobbie's! A trembling figure moves tentatively towards the bounding sphere as the breathless crowd looks on. A pals'ed glove stretches out, but oh!—the damned thing took a crooked bounce. But wait—why it hopped right into the glove. A sudden decisiveness seizes him. A lightning-like whip and the ball comes on the bounce into the waiting first baseman's mit. The man is out, the side retired, and Corson's at the bat. "Strike one," the umpire roars. "Aw, ump, that ball bounced right off the plate." Balls one and two go by. The vicious pitcher aims one squarely at the Beagle's head. "Strike two!" as Cobbie cleverly rubs his face in the dirt. More words. The count now stands at three and two. To be or not to be—that is the question. A vicious swing, a resounding crack! The ball heads straight for the second baseman. Carrie starts the usual futile run. But look! It went right through the fielder's legs, and Cob triumphantly lands safely with both feet on the bag.

One other thing we'd have you know. Mr. Corson is the outstanding archaeologist of our class. He has dug more and gotten less for Elihu than any other, yet we might well prophesy that could Cob have taken four more such courses, he would easily have won the scholarship improvement prize. "I hear tittering. There is no need for tittering. You have all heard that line countless times before!"

Born 1907

Entered from Haverford High
School in 1925

Scientific Society; Class Football
Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Engineers
Club; Chairman of Haverford
A. I. E. E. (4).



ROBERT MORTON CUNNINGHAM
827 Cricket Avenue, Ardmore, Pennsylvania

TO most of us the dynamos, generators, distributing transformers, lathes, saws, electro-dynamometers, multigap arresters—in fact, the entire formidable looking equipment of Hilles Laboratory, are monsters to be feared rather than utilized. But to Bob Cunningham they are mere playtoys—puppets awaiting the controlling hand of their lord and master. We shift nervously from foot to foot as this experienced engineer starts roaring motors, walks ruthlessly amidst twirling armatures, nonchalantly throws enormous switches and boldly stands his ground when terrifying sparks drive the timid to cover.

Bob is probably the “least known” man in the Class. Not only has the fact that he has been a day student each of the four years estranged us somewhat from him, but even when he is in our company he displays a reticent, uncommunicative nature. Let it be known that the lack of intimacy is all of Bob’s making. Sixteen overcut notices in Collection would seem to indicate that he consciously shuns our company! The two men who really know him, Standing and MacNamee, are devoted friends and constant companions. This one hundred per cent approval makes it appear that we have been missing something.

From these two associates we learn that this blond engineer is an inveterate purveyor of wit and humor. He vies with Halsey for the chair of automobile expert extraordinaire, but unlike Hicks, he is not blinded by the White in his eyes; four years have seen him the owner of a score or more makes of cars. By virtue of his lore, Bob is Chairman of the Haverford Branch of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. But more to his credit is the fact that he has been going with the same girl since his high-school days—a “sport,” as Dr. Pratt would say!



JAMES GERMAINE DOWNWARD, III
Coatesville, Pennsylvania

Born 1908

Entered from Coatesville High School in 1925

Football (1, 2)—Numerals (2); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (1, 2, 3, 4)—Captain (4); Baseball Squad (2)—Numerals (2); Golf Team (3, 4); Student Extension Committee (2, 3, 4); Campus Events Committee (2, 3, 4)—Chairman (4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Vice-President of Class (1); Class Secretary (2); Class Vice-President (4); Riders and Drivers Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

THE funny part is that he considers himself an *amateur* athlete. The "athlete," we shall have to grant him, in deference to his basketball and sofa-wrestling techniques. But what of a man who takes advantage of the innocence of a Sykes and the misplaced confidence of a Bones to the extent of . . . well, whatever it was . . . *what*, we say, of him? There is absolutely no doubt, in view of Jimmy's very innate rah-rah-ism, that he would like to be known as "The Man Who Downed the Garnet Four Times Running." And why not, pray? The Garnet would certainly not have been downed four times without him, and we might just as well let the "running" take care of itself.

A skirt—of any description—on a woman—of any description—has never failed to excite him; psychology could (if it put its mind to it) undoubtedly explain *that* satisfactorily. What psychology would be considerably harder put to it to explain, however, is that he has never failed to excite a woman—of any description—inside a skirt—of any description. And we might just as well drop the matter there.

The reign of the Little Jewel over the campus tinware has been seriously threatened by the obnoxious but innocuous Blue Female Dog, which wears the colors of the House of Downward. The accomplishments of this B. F. D. include its frequent ability to run on air, water or alcohol, and its equally frequent *inability* to run on gasoline. Henry Ford moveth in mysterious ways his wonders to perform, and the Downward knows it all too well.

Having run the gamut of dangerous roommates and otherwise done all the devilish and dangerous things there are to do, Jimmy will probably pull the biggest *coup* of his career by graduating from Haverford College.

Born 1908

Entered from Germantown High School in 1925

Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (1, 2, 3, 4)—Captain (4); College Records in 100 and 220-yard Dashes; Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4); Students Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary of Students Association (3); Corporation Scholar (1, 2, 3, 4); Press Club; Founders Club Prize (1); Debating Team (2, 3, 4)—Captain (4); Everett Society Medal (2); Alumni Oratorical Prize (3); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Instrumental Club (1); Class President (1); Class Treasurer (2); Permanent Class Secretary; Co-Chairman Student Extension Committee; Founders Club.



HERBERT KLEBER ENSWORTH
106 East Washington Lane, Germantown, Pennsylvania

WE present: *The Boy Who Made Good.*

Of Herby it may be said that he has always been, through four busy (for him) years, the man for the job—no matter what the job might happen to be. It may also be said that, through four hectic years, he has been the class's Steady Hand of Guidance; that, through four stormy years, his has been the touch of calm that we have so frequently needed and without which we would so frequently have been completely lost. If, as a class, we have suffered periodic losses of perspective it has not been so with Herbert; and if most of us have at some time or other suffered from loss of the respect of ourselves or of the College, that also has never been true of Herbert. The man for the job, indeed—Class President, or Track Captain, or what-have-you.

And so it is most natural that of all of us Herby should be least apprehensive of the maltreatment of the Big Bad World. Let the Big Bad World get funny with him, and *he'll* show it a thing or two! So firm is our faith in this earnest little man that we can almost hear ourselves already, remarking in an off-hand way, "Oh, H. K. Ensworth? Yes, he was in my class at college." . . . More correctly, perhaps, "I was in *his* class . . ."

When we entered, a great many of us were prone to think of Herbert rather as a Conception in White, or some such thing. His determined type of purity seemed a bit offensive to those of us who liked to think that we had long since embarked on careers of sin and vice. Rufus would say that ours was the Objective Morality of the time, and that Herby was the Prophet. Well, so be it—this is a Prophet not without honor!

The typification of applied, concentrated work. And if the work is uninspired, at least it is 100 per cent productive—of track records and Phi Bete keys and joy-to-his-family-and-friends.



NATHAN THOMAS FOLWELL, JR.
227 Bowman Avenue, Merion, Pennsylvania

Born 1906

Entered from Culver Military
Academy in 1925

Manager of Track (4); Scientific
Society; Engineers Club; Classical
Club; Liberal Club; Class Soccer
Team (1, 2, 3, 4).

NATHAN is known as the Bear, and in the winter he is the "Bear in Bear's Clothing." It sounds perfectly simple, but in reality it is astounding; one does not quite know what to make of it; in fact (with the exception of Petey Lockwood's stocking cap) it has only Doc Johnson's wolf phenomenon to rival it as the premier attraction of the Haverford winter sports season.

He has not lacked the automotive equipment—nor, as has been noted, the furry protection—with which to become sophisticated and collegified; but it has been of absolutely no account: He will graduate as childish as he was when he matriculated—still laughing inanely at inanities, still reading thrilling periodicals, still capable of working up a strenuous enthusiasm over an eighth team soccer game with the Girard College ninth team, still holding hands.

The cellar of Nate's house was once the temporary repository for a most amazing array of Rhinie pajamæ. Quick to seize the opportunity, he picked out the two most frightfully colored pairs, evidently with a view to presenting them to his sister as a Christmas present. Which, be it admitted, is more wit than was shown by any of the rest of those present.

Nathan's college career presents a terrifying array of martyrdoms. He began life in collaboration with Speedy Swift. He then shared a floor with Johnson and Rodell. He then took on Mellor. *And*—the poor man . . . the poor, poor man . . . has had to spend his Senior year trying to keep track matters straight in the mind of Pop. Imagine . . . *straight* for Pop!

Born 1908

Entered from Hyde Park
High School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2)—H (3, 4); Corporation Scholar (2); Honorable Mention in Mathematics and History (1); Class Treasurer (1); Scientific Society; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (2, 3, 4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4); *News* Board (2, 3); Freshman Track Team; Freshman Gym Team; Chem Club; Editor-in-Chief of RECORD; Founders' Club; Triangle Society.



JOHN PERRIGO FOX

5617 Durchester Avenue, Chicago, Illinois

THE most conclusive evidence we can submit of Fox's greatness is that for four years he has been known as John Perrigo Fox, and not as Burrell Tripp's cousin and roommate. To be constantly associated with the most hero-worshipped Haverfordian in recent years and still retain one's individuality quite separate from him, is an indication of no little worth! Instead of merely basking in the reflected glory of his far-famed relative, Johnny has struck out for himself and Turp has generously left him enough offices (with Tommy Gawthrop's help) to enable him to crash the portals of Founders' Club.

"Foxy" started his career at Haverford with the hilarious notion that a college is an institution of learning, and consequently a place for intensive study. Endowed, we are forced to confess, with more than average intelligence, he found himself at the end of Freshman year with Honorable Mention in two courses and a Corporation Scholarship. But sixteen years with Chicago gunmen had developed in John a keen and astute mind, and he quickly realized the folly of his ways. By doing double-time during the small, wee hours just preceding exams, he has been able to maintain a respectable average with an indecent minimum of labor.

Doughty work on the gridiron—(apologies to the *News*, which doesn't deserve them)—and a propensity for dates when he should be studying, have placed upon Fox the stamp of a real collegian. He takes his dates seriously, does this chubby little fellow, and such a domestic, stay-at-home task as the collection of apparel surrendered to the cry of "suits pressed!" becomes almost a recreation, as it were, for him.

Not only has Johnny written much of the worthwhile matter in this "Record" which he edited, but he has performed the Herculean task of getting the lesser lights of the Board (here I blush) (*Editor's Note*: "And well you may") finally to complete their assignments. I'm sorry, old fellow, but I'd rather watch Cob Corson strike out with the bases full than fill a page with praises of an impossible person!



THOMAS CARRINGTON GAWTHROP, II
325 West Miner Street, West Chester, Pennsylvania

Born 1909

Entered from Haverford
School in 1925

President Students Association (4); Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4)—Captain (4); Baseball (1, 2)—H (2); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Class Vice-president (2); Class President (3); Permanent Vice-president; Junior Prom Committee; RECORD Board; Customs Committee (2, 3); Student Extension Committee (2, 3, 4)—Co-chairman (+); Founders Club; Riders and Drivers Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

Ladeeeees and Gentlemen:

IN the next cage we have Tombo the Toothless!! He is positively not offered for sale. Do not let his serene and placid countenance deceive you, Ladeeeees and Gentlemen, for notice how he bites the bars. He lost tooth after tooth biting the great Barr in a ferocious death-struggle with the tribe of the wild and wily Ko Chalice, while leading the Phi Ting Kuay Korz on to victory!

Well, anyway, folks—all persiflage aside—here we have an excellent example of what true grit and perseverance can do. The story of "Tommy's Comeback-or-Up from the Streets in Four Years" is an extraordinary history of pluck and valor combined with the fighting determination to overcome odds and emerge a winner. Suppose you, too, had the inauspicious start of commencing your college career rooming with a Hoopes and a Probyn. Suppose Nappo and Rollman were your boon companions—do you, too, deep down in your heart, believe that you would step forth pure and unsullied as from a mystical experience? Do you for one moment imagine that you, too, would rise in the brief space of three years to the honored position of Chief Grand Protector of the college sward? Don't misinterpret us. Tommy is not the type of boy who is good for Good's sake—who never had the urge to walk on the grass. If you don't believe us watch him this summer in Europe.

A glance at Tommy's list of activities will tell its own tale of popularity and achievement. Fan letters from all over the country attest to the appeal of this "youngest of football captains" for the dangerous sex—a portion of society which he regards almost obliviously—the almost having some reference to a certain well known make of automobile which we have repeatedly seen parked at the entrance of Lloyd Hall, and which has caused us time and again to deviate from our path and tread upon the sacred grass of the Haverford College campus.

Look at him, Ladeeeees and Gents—observe the muscular development—observe the lion-like head—observe anything you want, even the rules of social etiquette. And, Ladies and Gentlemen, he is only a babe!

Born 1909

Entered from Penn Charter
School in 1925

Corporation Scholar (1); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Classical Club (1, 2, 3, 4)—Secretary (3)—Executive Committee (4); Assistant Manager Haverford Co-operative Store (2)—Manager (3, 4); Business Board of RECORD.



ALEXANDER LOWERY GUCKER
3420 Hamilton Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

WHEN the Ogo-Pogo left our midst to go coed-slapping at Cornell, we wondered what Alex Gucker would find to do. There stood our baby suddenly deprived of his largest and favorite toy. Being believers in the "new education," we repressed our maternal urge to assist and chose to restrict ourselves to observation. We confess now that we surreptitiously consulted the headmistresses of several reputable nursery schools who, to our dismay, strongly advised against placing our prodigy in any of their institutions. Upon further questioning they admitted that they felt it would do him more harm than good, chiefly because of the deleterious effect of subjecting his naïve and limited vocabulary to the broader and coarser language of the other children.

Alex has well lived up to his position of the youngest man in the class. At first we expected great things of him. He was a Corporation Scholar upon entrance, and proceeded to justify the Dean's debatable confidence in the psychological exam by capturing first place—(to the consternation of Jameson, Rodell and Sondheim who were sure that some mistake must have been made). But Gucker forsook the paths of academic glory—though for what paths we know not. He often reminds us of a kid just entering the much-flouted period of adolescence. His childish tricks are legion and his approach is always self-heralded by loud laughter and outbursts of Rabelaisian vituperations, the latter sounding like those of a boy who has just learned the words!

Consistently refusing to take his work seriously, this *enfant terrible* has slept his way through some of the best courses in college. But his career has not been without achievement. For two years he managed the Co-op and for one year he roomed with "Papa" Briggs.



CHARLES MORRIS HAMILTON
Ardmore, Pennsylvania

Born 1908

Entered from Lower Merion
High School in 1925

Basketball (1, 2, 3)—Numerals (3); Tennis Squad (1, 2, 3, 4)—Manager (4); Class Secretary (1, 4); Class President (2); *News* Board (2); *Haverfordian* Business Board (3, 4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Vice-President (3); Press Club; Classical Club Play (1); Riders and Drivers Club.

AT last! the man of the ages to whom we can truly look for an unlimited store of wit and jolly humor. At almost any hour of the day or night you will find Charlie surrounded by hosts of awed admirers, for the remarks he makes are always of the highest caliber and his stories of adventure on the high seas or of his completely successful conquests in the female realm, be it here in America or in Europe, fill us with that daring spirit which only youth can know. Furthermore, we have it from his own lips that he speaks only the truth?! Despite these glowing accounts, we find, with a few exceptions such as dashing to Wilmington or Baltimore on a minute's notice and not returning for a day or two, that Charlie leads a model life. Many times he has scorned our company and turned his attention to his beloved typewriter, simultaneously banging out an account of the decapitation of Marie Antoinette and whistling that old favorite, "I Faw Down an' Go Boom"—he always accompanies both his work and the process of bathing with siren-like melodies. We wouldn't consider buying a canary for the entry.

As tennis manager this popular member of our class booked up so attractive a schedule that the individuals composing the squad were on the point of poisoning each other, but happily refrained from such drastic action.

You all remember that long, dismal, rainy period in April, don't you? Well, so great was the shock when the sun finally appeared that Charlie was forced to wear black glasses—that was the reason, wasn't it, Charlie? Or are we mistaken? At any rate we were most sympathetic because, due to your great personal charm, we hated to see anything that detracted from it, even though ever so slightly. We want you all to know that a mere pair of dark glasses isn't enough to clap the lid on this eminent being, at the sight of whom Fannie Brice cried out instinctively, "My Man!"

Born 1907

Entered from Mercersburg
Academy in 1925

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Cup and
Bells Club; Liberal Club; Scientific
Society; Glee Club (1, 2,
3, 4).



JOHN GEOFFREY HARTMAN
136 East Market Street, York, Pennsylvania

TRYING to condense a resumé of Jack's college career into a paltry three hundred words is really more difficult than laughing earnestly at one of F(X)'s jokes. What we mean to say is that it is impossible. Hartman's many attributes make him excellent company, no matter what the weather may be, and we are proud to shake his hand and call him friend. He is an indispensable member in our bull sessions, for he is always well posted on all current gossip. He listens patiently while his classmates exhaust themselves with arguments, and then prefacing his remarks with, "The point is—," satisfactorily irons out the whole problem. However, as far as philosophy is concerned, Jack will maintain to his dying day that there is no point whatever. Rather, we usually find that he has purposely begged the question by relating vividly an interesting, albeit irrelevant, account of the latest scandal.

His career in college has given us some of the funniest anecdotes with which we have ever entertained a dinner party. There is, for instance, a famous night on the swings at the Haverford School playgrounds, or a certain Sunday evening in suite 1010 of the Philadelphia Ritz-Carlton. We remember, too, Jack's appearance as a character witness before the Students' Council in behalf of a needy friend. His relations with "Pop" Haddleton, under whose wing he has hidden for the last four years—(the urge to smoke having made hiding an essential!)—have been, to say the least, erratic. However, Jack counts "Pop" among his best friends. Nor can we fail to mention the genuine love and admiration which he seems to have for the Three Sisters, at whose establishment one may often find him confronted by golden eggs, toast and coffee.

Whatever memories of Jack may fade from our minds, age will never efface the sound of that nasal quick-step. "My dear, I simply *must* get to work for that Lunt quiz. . . . But did you hear what he said about her afterwards? Honestly, it's simply frightful!"



Born 1906

Entered from Collingswood
High School in 1925

News Board (3, 4); Stage Manager of Play (4); Chairman of Store Committee (4); Class RECORD Board; Class Day Committee; Cap and Bells Club.

ARTHUR SYKES HAWTHORN

108 White Horse Pike, Oaklyn, New Jersey

WE are told that Art, the tow-headed Englishman from South Jersey came to Haverford to enjoy a quiet atmosphere for study. Alas, he soon lost his innocence and his desire to achieve fame as a student, for he came into the poisonous atmosphere of Founders, rendered even more deadly by the presence of Soup, Dick and Pappa. In his spare time, he was quite content to sit for hours on end, and although he claimed to be deep in thought, we seriously doubted it.

Sophomore year found him still in Founders. Apparently his proximity to the kitchen influenced his development, for he soon became one of the most dextrous of the "Haverford hash-slingers." Hawthorn had literary aspirations, which were rewarded by a place on the *News* staff. From then on, his main interest lay in producing literary masterpieces, and was most frequently seen pounding them out on his trusty Oliver. His quest for news led him far and wide, and he had many interviews with professors and famous Haverford Alumni.

Two years in Founders are enough for any man, so in Junior year Art went the way of all flesh, migrating to the famous Merion Country Club. There he joined forces with the great Mich, famous apostle of the new thought. Although removed from the campus, his interests remained, and in addition to his work on the *News*, he labored as assistant Stage Manager of the Play. In that capacity we saw him on all occasions driving like Jehu in a chartered truck.

In Senior year, Art resigned from the *News* to devote his time to the "Record." In addition to being Stage Manager of the Play, he was Senior member of the Store Committee, and later became its chairman. His leisure hours were spent philosophizing with Mich, or arguing with Dick as to which one seduced the other from the path of virtue to the use of nicotine. Although Arthur enjoys the sound of his own voice, and is always ready and willing to argue any point, we predict that he will be successful in his chosen field. We devoutly hope that he will enter politics, for we can imagine him as a typical "boss."

Born 1907

Entered from Westtown School
in 1925

Store Committee (1, 2, 3, 4)—
Chairman (4); *News* Board (1, 2,
3, 4)—Managing Editor (3)—
Editor-in-Chief (4); *Haverfordian*
Business Board (1, 2, 3)—Busi-
ness Manager (3); Curriculum
Committee (3, 4); Students Coun-
cil (3, 4); President of I. N. A.
(4); Corporation Scholar (4);
Class Secretary (2); Class Vice-
President (3); Class President
(4); Founders Club; Ex-Business
Manager of RECORD.



DAVID HARTAS HEDLEY
Waverly Heights, Glenside, Pennsylvania

WE have thought a lot about Dave, but we are frank to admit that we are having a terrible time finding any soft spots on which to tickle him. Our version of the Weasel is that he was undoubtedly the workingest man in our class. We have poignant memories of swearing at his typewriter into the early hours of the morning on altogether too many successive occasions. We have been taken aback so many times at the enormity of the jobs which he has tackled and proposed that we in time took them for granted. But we are still at a loss as to where his unending supply of energy lay.

But not only did he have the ability to carry things through. His also was the power of conception, and the courage to flaunt before the doors of conservatism his periodically proposed metamorphoses of college custom and tradition. His ambition seemed boundless, and for him once an ambition was conceived, it might well be regarded as achieved. Specifically, the *News* reached a new level under his guidance, the *Haverfordian* attained a sound monetary basis under his management, and the present "Record" owes a debt to Dave in its conception, and sound beginning, while his inadvertent resignation as business manager is a loss which has not been fully overcome.

Blessed with God's worst handwriting, and a beautiful absentmindedness of which he was fortunately aware, he was ever jotting down future actions on his pocket memory cards, and later asking someone else to interpret them. Possessed of a rather obvious, but always ready sense of humor, Dave was often found at one end of a fluent verbal duel in which certain pronounced facial and other characteristics of the great Jones were the object of attack, or perhaps the broad seating capacity of Speck of the "genial Irish fizz." In fact his indiscriminate use of descriptive adjectives when speaking of anyone provided a constant source for new and unrelished nicknames.

But we are indeed sorry that Fate forced him to forego the extremely consequential pleasure of our company during the last half year, and the probably inconsequential diploma at the end of it.



EVERETT HOWARD HEMPHILL

329 Hawthorne Avenue, Haddonfield, New Jersey

Born 1906

Entered from Camden High
School in 1925Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells
Club (3, 4); Sophomore Debating
Team; Freshman Tennis Team;
Captain Freshman Gym Team.

I HAD to laugh at Dr. Blank one day. He was operating in at the Camden General Hospital, and they brought in a fellow that had a fractured skull. The whole side of his head was caved in. They put him right up on the operating table, and the nurse got under the table and gave him ether through a nozzle. She was cramped up under there with sheets hanging down on all sides and pretty nearly went to sleep herself before the operation was over.

"Well, Dr. Blank took one look at him and grabbed a scalpel and went zip, slash (and various gurgling sounds) and laid the whole side of his head open. He folded the flap of skin up over his ear and pinned it to his scalp so it wouldn't flap down and be in the way. Then he took a chisel and mallet and went to it. I thought he was going to smash clean on through his skull into his cerebellum. Well, he chipped away a piece of the bone about an inch square, and wired the loose pieces together with gold wire, and then turned to the interne and remarked, 'This man's head is going to look like the cross roads of destiny when I get through with him.'" (Note: This is the place for laughter.) "Well, they sewed him up, and he was out a week later."

Conversation lags and finally turns to the weather.

"Say, you can't tell me anything about weather. Up in Maine last summer we used to work twelve hours a day in the rain, swinging axes; and sleep in our clothes all night. It rained every day for a week in August, and we'd hike through the woods and get soaked to the skin. One time I started down over a bank and tripped and took the most beautiful nose dive you ever saw, right into a pile of brush. Miller came along and pulled me out or I might never have gotten up again. It was after dark when we got down off the mountain that night, and I've never felt colder and wetter and more miserable in all my life. Gee, I sure hope old Schanck will give me a job up in Maine this summer."

Born 1907

Entered from Summit High
School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals
(2)—H (3, 4); Scientific So-
ciety; Engineering Club; Out-
ing Club.



HALSEY MUNSON HICKS
Summit, New Jersey

SEATED at the wheel of a White of 1912 vintage, Halsey will speed through life—one of the greatest characters of the Class of 1929. Here is no ordinary man. Beneath a battered and rugged exterior beats as kind a heart as ever sent blood coursing through the veins of one of Jimmy Babbitt's ideal one-hundred-per-cent-red-blooded he-Haverfordians.

We can never forget how Halsey withstood, for ten long minutes, the battery of hundreds of snowballs hurled at him from below, as he crouched on Founders' roof. His only motive was to prove that it could be done. We refuse to consider that the compensation—forty-three cents and a Philadelphia car token—might have been the real inducement. Halsey has taken lots of punishment, but he has always come back cheerfully for more. It is not uncommon to see Mr. Evans horror-struck, gasping while Hicks attempts to imitate his more graceful colleagues on the rings or mats, but he inevitably lands once more on his feet after a period of suspense. Members of opposing football teams will bear witness to his hardihood, for which the Varsity has been grateful for two years.

While Halsey may not have shone in academic work outside the Engineering Department, the extent of his lore along certain lines is limitless. Automobiles in general, and one White in particular, are speaking acquaintances, and with moderate assistance from Dave Lewis he can give the location, schedule, capitalization and the size of the rolling stock of the most obscure railroad in the country. But geography is Hicksey's individualistic forte. He can name, for example, not only the capital of every South American country, but the most important city as well. We were proud of him when, in Rhinie year, he captured five dollars from a coxswain Senior by naming the forty-eight states and their capitals in less than three minutes.

Oh, yes, Halsey founded the Outing Club. We're not sure just what the Outing Club is, but we know that it hasn't anything to do with Physics 1 or Phil 4!



Born 1908

Entered from Evander Childs
High School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (3, 4);
Baseball (1, 2)—H (2); Cap
and Bells Club—Secretary-Treasurer
(2, 3)—Vice-President
(4); Manager of Cap and Bells
Play (4); Play Cast (1, 2, 3);
Latin Club Play (1, 2); Rhinie
Plays (1); Class Secretary (2);
Class Vice-President (2); Stu-
dents Council (4); Corporation
Scholar (1, 3, 4); Freshman
Mathematics Prize (1); Found-
ers' Club.

EDWARD THEODORE HOGENAUER
2640 Morris Avenue, Bronx, New York City, New York

OUR first intimation of Ed (1929 model of the tribe of Hogenauer, Bron-ix) was upon entering North Barclay as a Rhinie. Hardly had we stepped within the dignified portal when our ears were assailed by the lusty strains of, "Yes, sir; she's my Baby—" emanating from the dim recesses of the top floor. For a moment we were in mortal fear, thinking that the terrible Sophomores were holding pow-wow, but a kindhearted soul put us at ease, and after a laborious ascent, we found the source of the tumult—Ed Hogenauer.

But do not think that tumult was all we found—we had unwittingly stumbled on a super-meligious (the word does *not* exist) combination of football player, student, executive, actor and, Lord help us, card trick enthusiast. But we prefer to remember Ed as an actor—a deep-dyed villain—though he did prove, Sophomore year, that he could be a country gentleman. Yet a villain he was to be, and we will never forget how we hated him as Borolsky—could have choked him with delight. And when he appeared as Benny the Duck, well! The girls in the first row fainted in the arms of their admirers! When Ed got the paint off, however, we believe they revived, and found him to be quite endurable after all.

But to turn to the student side of Ed, we will remember him as shouting without warning, "Must study! Must study! Must study!" and then dashing off to bury himself in a Lunt or Kelly assignment, from whence he would presently emerge to yell, "Hey, will you Shut Up. I've got work to do." But we always had a sneaking suspicion that he'd appear within a half hour to demonstrate his newest card trick on us, and our suspicion was often correct—at least until we burned the cards.

Born 1908

Entered from Park School in
1925

Basketball (1, 2, 4)—H (4);
Track (2); Scientific Society; Riders
and Drivers Club; Engineers
Club; Liberal Club.



JOHN STEVENS HUNNER
11 E. Chase Street, Baltimore, Maryland

JOHNNY, having successfully weathered a year's exposure to the influences of Rollman, eventually blossomed forth and became fast. It wasn't so darned easy, either, for a youngster from the Park School to metamorphose into a full-fledged Fourth Entry Rounder—the process has been interesting and not a little admirable.

This gentleman from the Maryland *velde* has acquired many things, in his quiet way, but nothing really capable of moulding the course of his life until his startling acquisition of Abbott . . . or his acquisition by Abbott if you prefer. If Dick needed a gentleman's gentleman, why was John not the very man for the position? Obviously, John was the man.

It is as difficult to separate the thought of either of these two from the thought of the Little Jewel as it is to keep either of them distinct from the other in the mind of the College—particularly the lower classes. It might be almost a fair statement of the case if we considered it a sort of triumvirate (for who could doubt that the Jewel has a soul?) in which Johnny is the Master of Hounds. Should you wonder as to the duties of the Master of Hounds, you could best be answered:

*"If his mate had anything upon his mind
Which he didn't want to do but must be done,
He would sift the best material he could find
(HE was generally selected as the one).*

*"If the wagon had an ailment or a pain
So intense that it would quite refuse to run,
Someone needs must coax it back to life again
(HE invariably was chosen as the one).*

And all that, mind you—we have already suggested as much—in his quiet way. The Quiet Horn, the Mysterious Horn, the Noble Horn. . . .



GEORGE WALTER JOHNSON
New Castle, Pennsylvania

Born 1909

Entered from Washington
Friends School in 1925

Scientific Society; Freshman Track Team; Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells Club; Tennis Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (1, 2)—H (3, 4); Captain (4); Basketball (4)—numerals (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Riders and Drivers Club; Founders Club.

“Beware of the ‘Dog,’ madam—he will bite if you don’t take care! Yes, madam, very fierce—we feed him the best steak he can find!”

And just to think that after we have gradually grown accustomed to the wild and wilful ways of this young throwback to prehistoric times, we must part company with him! It certainly is a tough life. Never again shall we whiz through the somewhat takenaback town of Ardmore and listen with mixed feelings of amusement and embarrassment to a loudly voiced string of comments on the female population of that borough. Really, you know, it’s too bad!

One should not get the impression, however, that the “Doc’s” life is one continuous round of unrestrained and carefree gadding. Never does he consider even the trivial attractions of Bryn Mawr, Ardmore, or Camden until he has dutifully torn off his daily quota of fifty-page theses and seen to it that his underlings have stowed away the tennis nets. (This last, of course, is pure persiflage, for Hamilton is the one who is *supposed* to stow away the tennis nets.)

You will perhaps remark, O wise and perspicacious reader, that such an existence as that above described is extremely reminiscent of that led by the well-known Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. And perhaps, O wise and perspicacious reader, you are right! (excepting that Johnson will always be Mr. Hyde in appearance). The ability to lie for an unbroken fortnight, belly-wise on a college bed, with college textbooks propped on a pillow before one’s nose, then to toss aside all studious thoughts and zoom down to Florida for a week of the best things in life and the college sunburn record, is no mean accomplishment. It is not for nothing that he is called ‘the wise old Doc’!

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown
Friends School in 1925

Haverfordian Business Board (1, 2) — Circulation Manager (2); *News* Board (2, 3, 4) — Sporting Editor (3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Intramural Sports Committee (3, 4) — Chairman (3, 4); Sporting Editor of RECORD; Class Day Committee.



HORACE MARTIN JONES

215 Pelham Road, Germantown, Pennsylvania

WITH the passing of Jones, Haverford will lose undoubtedly the most efficient worrier that ever bit his lip within the confines of the Quaker campus. His worries were all-embracing, and the resulting nervousness was an awesome spectacle. Early in November he began worrying about next summer's attack of hay fever, and what shape his pitching arm would be in for the coming intramural baseball season. And it is even said that the day he entered college he began worrying about an inconsequential bit of parchment upon which should be inscribed his name in Latin.

But the College will lose even more than a great worrier, for Martin was also possessed of an enthusiastic spirit of conspiracy, and some of his political schemes were masterfully carried out. There will without doubt be a position awaiting him of great responsibility in the powerful Vare forces of Pennsylvania, especially in view of the present ill health of Mr. Vare himself.

Contributing to his worriedness, perhaps, is his great regularity of habit. If it weren't historically disproven, we might be led to suspect that the rising bell of Founders was established for the sole purpose of recalling the Jones mind to the Jones body so that the Jones person might regularly arise at seven-fifteen in the morning, and allow him sufficient time to walk over to Robert's for the morning paper. With the passing of morning collection, and the great Jones, and the introduction of the unlimited cut system, the last vestige of regularity and self-discipline will have disappeared.



KENNETH EDWIN KINGHAM
19 Idaho Street, Mattapan, Massachusetts

Born 1907

Entered from Blair Academy
in 1925

Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (1, 2, 3, 4)—Captain (4); Football (2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4); Customs Committee (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Beta Rho Sigma.

IF the spaces up around Mattapan, Massachusetts, where Kenny hails from, aren't wide open, they ought to be; for Kenny is a man's man. They don't come any brawnier or more silent. He doubtless realizes that Collison furnished enough noise for any three men, and so refrains from adding to the general clamor.

Kenny is a philosopher of no mean ability. He has become traditional as an exponent of phlegmatic stoicism. If Barclay burned down we doubt if Kenny would cheer, and if somebody stepped on his pet corn he probably wouldn't swear, at least with any vehemence. In fact the surface on the front side of his head has seldom been seen to express any emotion, and we long thought he was a psychological wonder without emotions until we once observed the "great stone face" cracked and distorted with wrath in a football game.

On the gridiron Kenny displayed the strength and agility which has garnered for him many touchdowns and the name of "monkey man." He was as hard to catch as a chimpanzee and as hard to get away from as a gorilla. His silence in the huddles was a source of constant joy to Foss and Turp.

Kenny brought with him from Mattapan the ability to throw a baseball in an unpredictable manner. On rare occasions the slightest semblance of a smile crinkles his face when an opposing batter swings at a ball that hits the plate. And Collison always bellows in Founders, "Captain KINGHAM'S team all ready for a tussle."

But probably the exploit which Kenny and the rest of us enjoyed most was his willing abetting of Collison in helping Fred Lemere to break his endurance record in Sophomore year. We wonder that Fred survived.

Although we have described Kenny as a philosopher, we feel sure that he won't pick a Xantippe to be the Mrs. The only thing we could imagine worse would be for him to pick a "little Miss Poker-face."

Born 1907

Entered from Central High
School, Springfield,
Mass., in 1925

Rhinie Play Cast; Cap and Bells
Play (2, 3, 4)—Leading Rôle of
"Mr. Lazarus" (4); Cap and Bells
Club; Chairman of Play Commit-
tee (4); Scientific Society; Classi-
cal Club (3, 4); Classical Club
Play (3)—President (4).



WILLIAM SPURRIER LANE

4 Park Terrace, Ludlow, Massachusetts

BILL hails from up Boston way, by crackey, and thinks Philadelphia is more staid than Massachusetts, the original sleepy hollow. He will even grow vehement if you attempt to argue the point. But we recall one time in mid-winter when he was so eager to leave the Bay State that he risked life and limb for fourteen hours in Mellor's Ford roadster, a ride which should go down in the annals of literature along with those of Revere, Sheridan and the skipper of the Hesperus.

Bill revealed an unexpected histrionic talent in the Classical Club plays. By the mere process of acting natural on the boards, he covered himself with glory, applause, and pennies. Moving on in the realm of Haverford dramatics, he crashed the cast of "The Hottentot" with huge success, and then played one of the "Three Wise Fools" and finally the title rôle in "Mr. Lazarus." Each portrayal was a masterpiece of characterization, the character being Bill Lane.

Because of a penchant for the rigors of Massachusetts winters, or else just plain craziness, Bill voluntarily undergoes the ordeal of an ice-cold shower directly after arising every morning and snorts and splashes around like a whale in a pond. He says he enjoys it.

Bill is the best-humored fellow imaginable. He'll laugh at your stalest jokes, and tell some of his own. And he probably wouldn't do more than roll over if you woke him up with a bucket of water at four A. M. He also follows out the popular directions as to the best manner of attaining health, wealth and wisdom.



KINGSLEY BACON LEEDS

304 West School Lane, Germantown, Pennsylvania

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown
Friends School in 1925

Chess Club; Liberal Club; Christian Union.

THE Virgin Leeds—his is a story of mental and physical chastity not to be dimmed by that of any other saint on campus. Some in the dank depths of their debauchery may allow a feeling of worldly superiority to arise when they contemplate this most sanctimonious of lives, but they merely fail to analyze their own true feelings—they over-compensate for their own weakness.

Back in Freshman year when we more ordinary souls were vieing with one another in achieving a perfect moral corruption and the true collegiate attitude, we were amazed at reports emanating from Founders'. One of our classmates had the personal restraint to abhor the vices of life, both major and minor, and the temerity to discourse on such subjects with his irate neighbors. That a Freshman should fail to see the intrinsic value in seeking an immediate adaptation to the college life was bad enough, but that the same Freshman should attempt sabotage on the wheels of fate, and denounce the evil of coffee drinking and the enormity of cigarette smoking was going a bit too far. We gathered all around, we must confess, to marvel and mock. Now in Senior year with the ultimate seriousness of life dawning before us, we have been (perhaps) awakened to a more comprehending, or at least more tolerant attitude. Fortunately during the same period Kingsley manfully clung to his guns, and though adopting a less intolerant attitude, he has continued to serve as an outstanding example of purity.

His first two years Kingsley spent in a hermit's cell in Founders', emerging only for classes, meals and missionary work. At the end of that period, however, Baker was cast loose from the perverting influence of the Knipp, and so succumbed to the wiles of Leeds. The two of them now working together succeeded in ensnaring Sullivan to make a crowd and moved into a quiet existence in second entry. Senior year the trio removed to a similarly secluded suite in first, though occasionally still Katz and Jarrett are awakened late in the evening by Leeds or Baker returning home.

Born 1907

Entered from Lawrenceville
School in 1925

Reserve Football Team (1, 2);
Scientific Society; Engineering
Society.



DAVIS DRAPER LEWIS

825 Columbia Avenue, Millville, New Jersey

HERE, gentlemen, we behold one of our embryo engineers. As an intended follower of this profession Dave has paid most of his undergraduate attention to Physics and Math, leavened occasionally with an engineering course. His store of information on these subjects is really quite surprising.

At almost any hour of the day or night Dave can be discovered sitting in an easy chair with his feet propped on the desk a foot or more above his head. Indeed, this is his favorite position for either working or doing nothing. It is equally adapted for both. In this position and surrounded by two or three sympathetic classmates, Dave is really at his best. Here he will hold forth for hours, discoursing on any and every topic under the sun and some things in the ground. But in doing this Dave is ever careful to avoid that sin of discoursing on subjects of which he knows nothing. Indeed, a respectable compliment for any man. Strictly utilitarian, Dave never sees a thing which is not of practical and immediate application. This is his favorite habit and unailing pastime.

Despite this habit of sitting, Dave has generally managed to remain at the top of his class in averages. Quiet, unassuming, and little noticed, Dave has yet kept pace with the leaders of our class. This fact is a matter of no little concern to his roommates who behold with a slight tinge of envy the great man getting high averages with a minimum amount of labor. And then it's inevitably pointed out how he could get so much more if only, ah, there's the rub, he were a little more ambitious.

In a way we envy Dave his serene, selective passage through college. He has adopted a true philosophic attitude, characterized by his sitting. He has remained unharassed by the minor whirlpools of interest with which the College abounds, persevering in his one chosen direction as if completely detached from his associations.



BRAMWELL LINN

6374 Overbrook Avenue, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Born 1906

Entered from Penn Charter
School in 1925

Liberal Club (2, 3, 4); Classical Club (3, 4) — Vice-President (4); Scientific Society (3, 4); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4) — Editor-in-Chief (2); Outing Club (4).

“Ah couldn’t hear no—bo—dy pray—y, Oh, Ah couldn’t hear no—bo—dy pra—y—” Don’t get excited, that’s only Bram Linn chanting Negro spirituals. But perhaps you haven’t been around for four years, and don’t understand. You see, Negro spirituals and late bull sessions—combined—are Bram’s failing; and when he lures a few others into the snare—well, there’s no rest for the neighbors—wicked or not.

But this is just an outward indication of his independence; for a more independent person than Bram we have never met. He doesn’t make any fuss about it, but he does what he has made up his mind to do in his own way. Call in Pop Haddleton as witness. Pop wanted Bram for a track man; Bram decided that he didn’t want to be a track man; result: he wasn’t a track man.

But the bull sessions bring to mind another failing of Bram’s: telling wuzzy stories—yes, wuzzy—you know—all tangled up and fuzzy with nonsense—about the Giant named Wuc with the tooth so long that he used it as a crutch, and such truck.

More seriously, however, though we can’t quite figure out Bram, we have a queer feeling that he has a lot of possibilities buried in him. Perhaps it’s because we’ve seen him in his many moods—as the student, as the good sport, ready for a mud fight down by Darby Creek, or something equally childish, and as the *littérateur*, discussing Browning, or turning out a few poems of his own (though we must admit that not all of these have rhyme—or apparent reason). But whatever the reasons, we have a suspicion that he may be our undiscovered Genius—the century plant that hasn’t yet bloomed!

Born 1906

Entered from Haverford High
School in 1925

Engineering Club (4)—Executive
Committee; Scientific Society (1,
2, 3, 4); Manager of Freshman
Track Team; Musical Clubs (3).



JOSEPH EMORY MacNAMEE
17 Rodman Avenue, Llanerch, Pennsylvania

EVERY class has its Tarzan or its Lionel Strongford, and Joe fills the bill with us. Great was Mr. Evans' consternation when he found that his physical development charts were inadequate to record Mac's prowess. We had always had our doubts as to the validity of Darwin's evolution theory until we watched Joe swarm up the shrouds in the rope climb as a member of Captain Hemphill's gym team. He made it in very nearly zero seconds flat. We have never seen Mac demonstrating his physical culture methods, but we suspect that he practices secretly to maintain that ninety-day after physique.

Until Senior year we never realized what vocal power accompanied Joe's physical strength. But when Joe took over one of the "big business" agencies on the campus, and began to make the rounds of the dorms, we learned to our regret. Many a reverie over a book has been harshly interrupted by his devastating clarion call, "Shoes Repaired." And many a pair of shoes has he intimidated out of us by the stricken influence of his stentorian cry.

Joe's aesthetic talents are as well developed as his gymnastic and vocal ones. As a member of the instrumental club, the music he drew from his frail-looking violin added greatly to the occasional snatches of harmony which flowed forth. And we suspect that he was one of the leaders in the protest against Perera's defunct "Unfinished Symphony."

But a word of warning with regard to Joe. "Don't let him clap you on the back."



JAMES SHINN MAIER
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

Born 1907

Entered from Westtown School
in 1925

Class Treasurer (1); Sophomore Dance Committee; Junior Varsity Soccer (1); Varsity Soccer (2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4)—Captain (4); Personnel Manager of the Musical Clubs (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Athletic Cabinet (4).

FOUR years ago Westtown sent up her favorite son to Haverford, one Maier by name, a model boy in every respect. But Jimmy goes forth from our portals a man of the world, who has been places and done things. Westtown's model boy has become the women's favorite. One name stands pre-eminent as the cause of this transformation, Rorer. Jimmy's and Gerry's paths converged early in college, and ever since they have been traveling the highways and byways together. Gerry it was who led Jimmy astray and made the name of Maier a household word in female institutions of learning from Maine to Maryland.

Being a son of Westtown implies, per se, that one is a soccer player. So we looked to Jimmy as a prospective Varsity booter. But Jimmy was not content to be merely a prospect. He became Captain of the team, and All-American halfback besides. Remembering the days when the burly Silver and the dashing Armstrong formed a man-wrecking combination, we could never quite understand how light, frail-looking Jimmy managed to hold his own with them in the halfback line. But we finally decided it was the old victory of brain over brawn. And we soon noticed that while Silver and Armstrong always got their man, Jimmy always got the ball—which is more important.

Jimmy aspired to and won the post of personnel manager of the Musical Clubs in his Senior year, and great was the success of the season under his guidance. Many, too, were the verbal combats as to the conflicting duties of the personnel and the business manager, and which was most important.

Jimmy's greatest vice is loud suits. He purchased a pink creation early in Senior year which lent color to the campus, but hurt the eyes. And then over Rorer's veto he indulged his misguided taste by appearing in a weirdly checkered garment. What would his doting Westtown professors say?

Born 1907

Entered from Lower Merion
High School in 1925

Soccer (2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2, 3)—H (4); Basketball (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2)—H (3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4); Class President (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3, 4); Vice-President (3); President (4); RECORD Board; Students Council (4); Glee Club (4) Riders and Drivers Club; Head Waiter.



ANDREW MAWHINNEY, JR.
Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania

HE is the veritable Prince of Headwaiters, and what is more, he is Irish. The lure of life has grown on him until at last he has become a man of affairs, in Philadelphia, now in Pittsburgh, now in Baltimore. A life of discouragement led him to further fields until at last he has achieved that insouciance that is consistent with his profession. An insouciance that is as studied on the concert stage as on the basketball court. And what a smile!

It is his charm and magnetism that has made his domicile a refuge for many and a home for all save his roommates. He follows sport with the changing seasons, and when not winning letters in his three major sports and garnering an entourage of numerals to set them off, he picks up his golf clubs, or ice skates and is off. What a Smile!

His interest in motoring is evinced by his sponsorship and charter membership in the Riders and Drivers Club, while he has just lately stifled an interest in red Chryslers. That SMILE, with dimples co-ordinating, never fails to elicit the tender sensibilities of the Dumb Debs, whether playing soccer or "retreating" at Eaglesmere. The face on the barroom floor naturally gives way before the smile at the Lloyd Hall window. His life was beset by trifles and whether it was English ovals, the Hotel Pennsylvania or breaking the half-mile record for naught, his decent burial of the Y accords him a high niche in college tradition. SUCH a SMILE!

As an authority on R. R. travel in the United States, he early discovered that precious thing called —, and since then has been fostering it. A degenerate love for College Humor and Skippy has helped to keep him young and healthy. PAGE PEBECO, PIPE THAT SMILE!



ALFRED MELLOR, 2ND
Cumington, Massachusetts

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown
Friends School in 1925

Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Play Cast (2); Freshman Plays; Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society; Engineering Club.

AL has labored under a terrific handicap in electing Haverford for his Alma Mater. He thereby automatically entrusted himself with the task of upholding the reputation of the Mellors in the realm of higher arts, established at this institution by that other Mellor of the Class of '99. Realizing the tremendous assignment devolving on his shoulders, Al entered these portals of learning fortified for the struggle with an upright piano, a violin, a voice, and a potentially girlish figure.

Constant practice on the piano and on a Hammond typewriter, nicknamed the "little earthquake," developed Al's sense of rhythm and of volume so phenomenally that he was enabled to attract instant attention from other South Barclayites in Sophomore year by his renditions of chop-sticks at two A. M. Voice culture also flourished in his room, and great was the effect of impromptu quartets interpreting the latest Glee Club numbers.

In Junior year Al contributed his tenor voice and spare build to the success of the play. A raid on mother's bureau produced the necessary feminine apparel, and arrayed therein, Mellor, the son of Mellor, scored a popular success. He thereby attained recognition in the third and last of Haverford's organizations dedicated to the propagation and dissemination of the arts. Long since a member of the Cap and Bells Club, he continued to add up credit points until he had attained ten counts, more than any other member of the Club, past or present.

But like every other genius, Al did not escape without a taint of madness. His chief eccentricity is an implicit, unswerving devotion to Short Stories. When not doing Folwell's Engin problems, Al will usually be found absorbing the latest adventures of Lefty Callahan, Cowboy, or Russ Farrell, dare-devil. Al's other idiosyncrasy is a similar affection for the prehistoric game of cricket.

Having rendered the task of any other Mellor who may enter Haverford still more exacting in the realm of fine arts, strangely enough Al goes forth to serve as a hydraulic engineer.

Born 1908

Entered from West Philadelphia High School in 1925

Chem Club; Classical Club; Chamber Music Society—Secretary and Treasurer (1, 2).



JESSE HAMOR MICHENER

4528 Regent Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

JESSE, without doubt, is the premier logician of the class. This accomplishment, we opine, is partly the result of his nature, and partly due to a protracted study of the Greek language and its accompanying philosophy. Through the continued pursuit of this study he has so improved upon nature that he is now almost perfect in his employment of this so-called logic.

However, Jesse has one bad feature in his argumentative system; he is every ready to "split hairs." Once cornered in an argument he immediately splits the point at issue and defines one part of it. This maneuver allows the continuance of the argument until another impasse is reached. The same process is repeated with the logical result that said argument may, and often does, continue ad infinitum. Because of this maneuver the Merionites have never been able to catch Jesse in any of their numerous discussions. Always unwilling to commit himself, and adding plenty of reservations and definitions, he always circumvents the issue. This, we must admit, accounts for his ability to out argue any of his fellow Merionites.

When Jesse tires of philosophy and logic his interest turns to automobiles, about which he seems to know a great deal. Introduced to this sport last November by the late "Nappo" Murray, he has since owned three complete automobiles of varying vintage and serviceability. It was surprising to see with what speed he picked up the knack of driving a car. In fact he acquired it so quickly that several Merionites were in danger of becoming prematurely bald. The process had its drawbacks, too, as instanced by an unfortunate affair that occurred late one Sunday afternoon near the station. At times he seems to remember the lesson, and again he completely forgets it. We offer a solemn prayer that this forgetfulness may not at some unfortunate moment result in his taking a last ride.



RALPH LEROY MILLER

37 West Church Street, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania

Born 1909

Entered from Liberty High
School in 1925

News Board (3, 4); *Sports News* Editor (4); *RECORD* Board; Track Team (3, 4)—Numerals (3)—H (4); Class Constitution Committee (1); Sophomore Dance Committee; Intramural Sports Committee (4); Senior Day Committee; Glee Club (4).

ALREADY on the eve of graduation, the Senior Class has many perplexing problems to solve. Along with the "What are we going to do after we graduate" question, the boys just couldn't get together when it came to the awarding of the "tallest member" medal. Charlie Ham, of course, was the first thought and seemed the favorite, but then, on further reflection, another long-legged, gawky youth appeared to possess almost as likely potentialities.

Ralph Miller is really so very young, but, nevertheless—and we don't owe him the proverbial five-spot—he has a very mature head perched up there somewhere high above those long legs. The latter are long, but withal quite shapely. They must be—Ralph reminds us so often. "Pop" Haddleton took one look and made his inevitable prediction. Ralph was to become the greatest hurdler of all time. Unlike our friend Sondell, Ralph agreed, and between the two of them track prospects in 1929 brightened considerably, witness a first in his favorite event at the opening meet of the season. Personally we have great respect, too, for Ralph's athletic prowess in entirely different fields, being especially grateful to the good fortune which placed us on his side, instead of against him, in intramural basketball. Many impromptu wrestling matches, resulting in as many badly torn shirts, attested to his skill in the art of Jiu Jitsu.

Sometime during his stay at Haverford, Ralph ran into two bad actors (seemingly a contortionist and a strong man escaped from a circus), named Hemphill and Speck. Ralph's "mature head" deserted him at the crucial moment and he was completely taken in, perhaps by "Venus" savoir faire or the genial Irishman's muscular body, perhaps by the happy moments around the Bridge table. At any rate admiration and hero-worship entered into it somewhere, for they have buddied around ever since.

Ralph's activities have not lacked diversity. As a member of the *News* Board and the Glee Club, Ralph displayed his versatility, as also during the summers when a member of the United States Geodetic Survey, whatever that may be. By struggling manfully through Mr. Steere's *History of Philosophy* he has shown himself both patient and persistent—a real student. Really an ideal boy—(How now? Aren't all of these Seniors ideal?)

Born 1909

Entered from McBurney School
in 1925

Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4)—
Leader (4); Cap and Bells Play
Cast (2, 3); Cap and Bells Club;
Scientific Society (1, 2, 3, 4)—
President (4); Chem Club; Class
Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—Cap-
tain (3, 4); Football Squad (1,
2, 3)—Manager of Football Team
(4); Corporation Scholar (2, 3,
4); Honorable Mention in Eng-
lish (1), in Mathematics (2), in
Music (3); Preliminary Honors
in Chemistry (3); Class Constitu-
tion Committee; *HaverJordan*
Business Board (1); RECORD
Board; Phi Beta Kappa; Found-
ers Club; Triangle Society.



LIONEL CANTONI PERERA

38 West 83rd Street, New York City, New York

PERHAPS the most pronounced characteristic of the Wop is that implacable grin which forever lurks on his ruddy (bless his heart) but impenetrable countenance. For indeed it is impenetrable, a veritable mask. Complete mastery of his emotions, his mind and his body—that is Perera.

To the world at large is presented an innumerable variety of Pereras. First we have the intellectual soul who reached out and gathered in a golden key at the close of Junior year. Then there is the aesthete who gently waves his magic wand and extracts exquisite melodies (?) from his devoted (?) circle of musicians (?). Again he dons his business suit, for it is to him to guide the financial destinies of the football team. And in the next moment we hear a doleful cry of "Pere-r-r-a," and our business man is the most perfect secretary, or valet, or gentleman's servitor that even Bevan could wish. And as if this were not enough, we find him a devil in disguise who purposely carves up college doors with butcher knives, occasionally a lover than which there is no whicker, frequently a gambler than which there is no luckier (Alas, Alas—we found that out), and finally, at certain early periods of the day, there appears a philosopher who knows no equal.

At that we have only touched upon the more outstanding figures which are Perera. We might add one more superlative to his list, for he is the unbeatable, the inconquerable in any sphere of endeavor which may be suggested. He can out-jump, out-run, out-gamble, or out-distance in general any challenger, and if you don't believe it, ask him. Not only will he offer a demonstration, but he will back it with a wager of any size mentioned. His is the I-bet-I-can-do-it spirit. And he is such a youngster—



GEORGE ASHBRIDGE RHOADS, JR.

123 East Central Avenue, Moorestown, New Jersey

Born 1907

Entered from Westtown School
in 1925

Junior Varsity Soccer (1, 2, 3,
4) — Numerals (4); Freshman
Track Team; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet
(3); Scientific Society; Engineer-
ing Club.

WE have always derived huge amusement out of telling George that—though others might be doubtful—there was no question as to the side he would line up with in the forthcoming war between the Quakers and the White People. For us he has always been just that: The condensed (well, not so *very* condensed) essence of Quakerism. If you would like to be confronted, some fine day, with the Righteous Fury of an Aroused Young Friend, simply look innocent and ask George, "Say, Rhoads, who's that fellow behind you?" No one, by the way, has ever discovered who it is—only Georgie knows and Georgie won't tell.

Tradition remembers an unfortunate affair of the heart, centering about number Three College Circle. It was all part of a pretty little scheme of George's for the cementing of Haverford-Bryn Mawr relations, but his classmates invariably found the thing most amusing just when he was finding it most serious. We even gave our erring friend the benefit of Dorothy Parker's astute *News Item*—

*"Men seldom make passes
At girls who wear glasses,"*

but it was to no avail. For George was living in the jazz age, the gin age, the age of promiscuity, and he was not to be denied. Youth would have its fling, and he no less than the wildest.

Those of us who can remember the Garrett brothers fulminating at each other in the strangely incongruous language of the Society doubly appreciate the outbursts of the '29 Rhoads. Possibly we are conservative, but a loud and lusty, "G— d— thee, Brinton!" has always shocked our more delicate sensibilities—more properly, our sense of proportion.

This silent, soft-spoken, inobtrusive, delicate little fellow—moving about among us on cat-like tread—*etc., etc.*

Born 1908

Entered from Harvey School
in 1925

Class Constitution Committee (1); Freshman Track Team; Freshman Gym Team; Freshman Tennis Team; Junior Varsity Tennis Team (2, 3)—Captain (3); Varsity Tennis Team (4); Editorial Board of *News* (1, 2); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3)—Editor-in-Chief (3); Editorial Board of *RECORD* (4); Editor of *Scarlet* (2); Press Club (2); Classical Club Play (1, 2); Hibbard Garrett Memorial Prizes for Verse (2, 3); Preliminary Honors in English (3); Board of Directors (2, 3, 4); D. P. F. (3, 4); Class Poet.



JOHN RODELL

"Oakshade," Elkins Park, Pennsylvania

To the Editor of the "Record,"

Sir: I'm in a dilemma. You've asked me to prepare for you (yesterday sure!) a "write-up" of young John Rodell. Two paths are open to me. The first—(oh, rare opportunity)—is to revenge myself upon him for his merciless quips, taunts, witticisms and other outbursts of devilry. This is especially attractive in that it would give me the much-coveted and heretofore unachieved distinction of "having the last word"—and possibly even the upper hand—with this past master of retort and rebuff. At the same time, for this very reason, I question the decency of taking such an advantage.

On the other hand, I might write about John from an entirely different point of view—and a none the less honest one. "A myriad of laudable characteristics and accomplishments" come to my mind. Undeniably the saving grace of the Senior Class so far as the English Department is concerned; an expert Evans Physical Culturist on high bar and mat; a prize-winning poet; to say nothing of being what the *News*, bless its vivid soul, would call a "wicked racket welder."

Of course, I couldn't omit John's scholastic record—climaxed this year by a report containing merely twelve "A's" out of twelve possibilities. We alone can appreciate this accomplishment, knowing Rodell as the acme of "what-the-hellism"—cutting classes indiscriminately and pounding out brilliant theses at the eleventh hour.

Which path should I follow? Personally, I think the class owes Rodell a debt of gratitude for keeping before them the realization that an intelligent—nay, even sophisticated—existence is not necessarily dull or unattractive.

Did you hear him talking about that new girl yesterday? I believe that makes twenty-two already this year.

Devotedly,

YOUR STAR REPORTER.



GERALD FRANCIS RORER
Wyncote, Pennsylvania

Born 1908

Entered from Germantown
Friends School in 1925

Manager of Cap and Bells Play (4); Chairman Freshman Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Undergraduate Secretary of Cap and Bells Club (4); Scientific Society; Liberal Club; Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club (4).

GERRY is our best friend and severest critic. He has made his presence felt and his words heeded during his four years' stay by vociferously proclaiming what's wrong with the College from Freshman gym to Bug. 3, and from Strawbridge gate to the P. & W. Station. Until Gerry arrived Haverford had been drifting along complacently secure in the conviction that it had attained perfection. The awakening was a rude one. After listening to Gerry, we are now firmly convinced that required courses are the bunk, three-fourths of the Faculty unfit to teach a kindergarten, the New Engineering Lab the worst blot on the face of God's earth, and in general that Haverford is a fine place when you're away from it. But after every vacation Gerry returned like a lamb to the fold with his ready smile, which takes all the sting out of his harshest criticisms. In fact, we have rather grown to enjoy hearing ourselves damned.

Early in his college career Gerry assumed the colossal task of keeping Maier out of mischief. Although the example Gerry set his protégé was none too inspiring, his success has been phenomenal. And when Jimmy moved up from honor to honor until he became soccer captain, the fond proud smile on the Roarer's face was beautiful to behold. It seems probable that Jimmy will remain innocent of entangling alliances as long as Gerry continues to occupy the rear seat of the Maier car on their numerous double dates.

Gerry's presence in the Glee Club for three years has added greatly to both the harmony and dissension of that body. And when he heard that wife Maier had become manager of the Musical Clubs, he promptly stepped out and copped the play managership. Although Gerry's voice and managerial ability may find substitutes from among members of the lower classes, we fail to discover anyone to assume Rorer's task of teaching the college humility, unless it be Uncle Billy.

Born 1906

Entered from West Chester
High School in 1924

Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3); Cap
and Bells Club; Scientific So-
ciety; Football (1, 2, 3, 4);
Numerals (2, 3)—H (4); Out-
ing Club.



JAMES CLIFFORD SCOTT, JR.
Division Street at D, National City, California

SCOTTY was formerly a member of the Class of '28, and as such was on the committee of welcome which supervised our College *début*. Though the grudge has quite worn off during the course of the years, we have by no means forgotten the part which he played down at the summer skating party, and in the subsequent visitations.

Quite in accord with his position as the Class's largest member, Scotty also enjoys the distinction of possessing its largest appetite, though not without challenge. Of one thing we are certain. Here is an individual whose eyes are not bigger than his stomach—impossible! That whole plateful will presently disappear, only to be followed by more.

Just where this gastronomic enormity was acquired, or at least developed to its present extent, is not certainly known, though there is strong suspicion that a year at sea (literally, please) in competition with the fo'e'sle gang was not without its effect. It was at the end of his Sophomore year that the wanderlust seized him, and he was led or shanghaied aboard the S. S. West Carnifax. It was on the ensuing trip that he nearly precipitated a diplomatic squabble with Montevideo as a consequent to his being arrested there for ignorance of local customs.

Cliff's activities outside the classroom have been confined to football and the Instrumental Club. As a moleskin warrior he earned his letter his last two years in the line, and enjoys the distinction of being the only man in the class at the present time who starred in the Columbia game of disreputable memory. As a future doctor much of his time is spent in the numerous labs. A large proportion of the remainder finds him exercising the natural inertia with which his great weight endows him.



Born 1905

Entered from Friends Select
School in 1925

Soccer Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Sci-
entific Society.

FRANCIS WILLS SHARPLESS

418 Haddon Avenue, Camden, New Jersey

"SHARP," a twig on the same good old Quaker family tree which produced the Solomon of Haverford's history, President Isaac Sharpless, possesses himself no small amount of the wisdom and prudence of his fellow clansmen. Naturally sociable, though prone to recognize too many difficulties in the curricular aspect of the College life, he set out to surpass these more or less imaginary barriers rather than try to conform to the indolent attitude of those more scholastically gifted.

Entering Freshman year he labored valiantly for a year under the handicap of rooming with Hemphill. At the end of that time, having contrived to stay with us, he shook the distracting influence of the "Candy Kid," and withdrew to a single room in the Annex—one haunted by the irascible ghosts of Dunham and Hatcher, and facing the former den of Ware. And there he has remained for three full years, perhaps setting a record for four straight years in the Annex. His goings and comings have been like clock work—to breakfast, to class, and to the Library, home over the week-ends, and back to work on Monday mornings.

Athletically, Sharp came to Haverford with a soccer and baseball record behind him. While here he has maintained the soccer all four years. Baseball, however, was dropped in favor of study and the less arduous intramural sports.

The tragedy of Sharp's career has been that too few of us have come to know him well. Those of us who did, discovered him not nearly as distant as his habits made him out. We admire his cheerful perseverance and tenacity of purpose—qualities which all too few of us possess.

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown High
School in 1925

Sports Publicity Editor of *News*
(3); Junior Prom Committee
(3); Scientific Society; Clem
Club.



DAVID KALBACH SHIVELHOOD

3514 North Judson Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

DAVE is a self-made man. He owes his social success and his refined cultured technique to a meticulous and regular perusal of the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Cosmopolitan* and *Judge*. Most of the time when he just isn't doing anything, he will be found with one of these periodicals in his hands. He has acquired the knack of reading the *Post* the night before an exam, and absorbing enough inspiration or something from it to skim through the quizz miraculously.

Another of Dave's favorite pastimes is sleeping. He slumbers on the slightest provocation, mainly on divans and even when his stomach is weighed down by a reserve book from the library or by Hartman's notebook. But Dave sleeps with equal success and forcefulness in the mornings. After Hartman or Sykes have shut off the alarm at 7 A. M., Shivelhood arises (occasionally) at 7:42 $\frac{3}{4}$ and enters the waiters' dining-room tucking in his shirt just as the main doors are opened. The headwaiter's job is no snap this year. For a long time we wondered why it was that when we sat at Shivelhood's table there was "No coffee today." But now we get our coffee, in case we remember that we want it.

Dave is one of our most democratic boys, always with a joking word for everyone, and usually not the same joke. He makes bets with the cookee and others of the kitchen help, and pays up magnanimously, for his betting judgment has none of the Scotch in it.

His sleek black hair and dark passionate eyes are the delight of the women. He is always dragging, and Shivelhood's women are the hit of the show. Strangely enough, while he attends all the dances, he is seldom seen on the dance floor, but he insists he always has a whale of a good time.

Dave's only annoying habit is a propensity for knocking violently on the window with a coin as we pass by outside, and startling us out of a year's growth.



EDWARD COPE SMITH

1 Lindenwood Terrace, Ambler, Pennsylvania

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown
Friends School in 1925Musical Clubs (1, 2, 3, 4);
Haverfordians (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap
and Bells Club.

IN Freshman year Ed roomed with Rog Brown; and in Sophomore year Ed roomed with Rog Brown; then in Junior year Ed roomed with Rog Brown; finally, in Senior year Ed roomed with Rog Brown. "And there," as the Funny Little Fellow would say, "you have it, you see, you see."

It's a sinful combination. Secluded spiritually and actually from the rest of the world, these two determined old roués have led their own life, unbothered and unchanged and apparently unchangeable. The stars may alter their courses, tomorrow morning may not arrive, but Rog will be up for breakfast and Smitty will go home for the week-end. You get the idea—the world to itself and we to ourselves.

All of which should be carefully interpreted as referring to fixity of habit—and by no means to lack of socialization (*thank you, Dr. Watson*). Cigars, and beer, and chips on the table and money in the bank, and heigh-ho—this is college life! Of Smitty it should be said that he is the nearest campus approach to Rodell's gambling propensity—but he injects into it the sanity which Rodell lacks. Many and many a dollar has passed between these two in four years, and a balance sheet of such transactions might be of historical importance. (Voice from the rear—*Yea, and it might not.*)

Smitty does things with musical instruments—we could never quite figure just what it is that he does with just what. But let it pass. Also, he does things with women—we could never . . . but, *pardon us!* Also, he expects to do things with radios. And here it's easy: What he expects to do is make money. Probably he will, too. (There is no justice.)

Born 1908

Entered from Park School in
1925

Class RECORD Board; *New* Board (1, 2); Liberal Club (2, 3, 4)—Treasurer (3)—President (4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4)—Chairman (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Press Club (2, 3, 4)—Executive Committee (2); Class Endowment Committee; Chairman Class Spoon Committee.



WALTER SONDHEIM, JR.
1621 Bolton Street, Baltimore, Maryland

WALTER'S preparation for an inevitable life of business Babbittry has consisted in four years of reviling Babbitts and despising Babbittism. Perhaps he thinks that Hochschild Kohn and Company is run for the intelligentsia and that those who tend the ribbon counters subscribe to the *Mercury*. Well, in Mencken's town anything is possible—anything, in fact, is probable—and maybe they do. (Maybe, also, the *Haverford News* is an Independent Undergraduate Newspaper Containing News of Interest to Haverford College and its Friends—*yeah*.)

"Native intelligence," quoth Walter, disinterestedly surveying his report for the first half of Senior year, "will out." "You can't," continued Walter, "keep a good man down." And all the while, the Office, and the Registrar, and Alfred, and Uncle William, and Dean Fritz, and Assistant-Dean-of-Rhinies Brown, and Leake, and Haddleton, and John Peanuts were frantically busy trying to find the previous records of a person named "Sondheim, Walter, Jr.," who might conceivably have been capable of attaining a report graced by fourteen "A's." 'Twas indeed a dilemma—a fearful dilemma.

Walter's mail consists of Special Delivery letters from New York assuring him that a telegram has just been sent to say that a Night Letter would follow the next morning promising a phone call right away. Which, you must confess, is apt to make one's life a bit hectic. And hectic, as is well known, paves the way to repressions and complexes and astigmatism and all sorts of horrid diseases of a like nature. So, to cap the climax, Walter is a psychiatrist.

Let it be noted: That, without an apparent excess of "extra-curricular activities," Walter has shown us the novelty of being intelligently extra-curricular; that he has enjoyed the cultural advantages of the College with no need of becoming cultured; that, by simultaneously preserving his pride and refusing to take himself seriously, he has practically forced us to consider him seriously as one of the prides of the class.



DAVID JAMES SPECK

21 Woodbine Avenue, Narberth, Pennsylvania

Born 1908

Entered from Lower Merion
High School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2)—H (3, 4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4)—Leader (4); Class Treasurer (3); Cap and Bells Club; Founders Club.

TO Dave we donate the grand loving cup, emblematic of the greatest all-round improvement during his college career. With a perseverance which has resisted the numerous temptations cast in his path by frivolous roommates, he has held firm to the task of bettering himself along every conceivable course. The ever-widening swath he has cut testifies to his success.

His first two years were spent in developing his throwing arm, and decorating the walls and halls of Merion Annex with fresh fruit. As the result of this persistent training, he never failed to pick off a Rhinie with a snowball at one hundred paces. Inspired by a new typewriter, Dave turned to more serious matters in his Junior year, and determined to become a scholar. Great was the fear that Herr Speck would develop into a grind of the more greasy variety, but at the crucial moment he fell under the magic influence of those social vices: bridge, nicotine, and love. The love proved transient, but once having made the acquaintance of the fair sex, his ambitions as a scholar were doomed to failure. With rare judgment Dave therefore abandoned the pursuit of learning for more interesting and exciting ones.

Aided and abetted by the directors of the Glee Club, Dave decided that he would be far more valuable as a leader than as a silver-tongued tenor. The facts have well borne out this decision; for turning his Tarzan-like back upon rapt audiences, Dave has drawn forth from his fellow clubbers such beauteous snatches of music as to startle even himself. Long experience surmounting obstacles contributed not a little to the Specker's success in getting over the pole-vault standards as a member of the track team. To him also went the glories of football and Founders Club. Having carefully weighed, in the light of their humble beginnings, the successes attained by other candidates, we find them inferior to those recorded above; therefore to Mr. Speck we present the handsome Horatio Alger loving cup.

Born 1908

Entered from North Point College, Darjeeling, India, in 1925

Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4);
Class Football Team (2, 3);
Varsity Cricket (1, 2, 3, 4)—H
(2, 3, 4); Scientific Society;
Radio Club; Chairman of Engineering Club.



JAMES MASSEY STANDRING, JR.
617 Manoa Boulevard, Upper Darby, Pennsylvania

FROM the Indian *child* (isn't that where it is?), with newspaper despatches in which journalistic inaccuracy almost outdid itself, came massive Massey—Kim, and Gunga Din, and the Elephant's Child all rolled into one. The wayward press had told us that he could run a fast half and bowl a jolly good bowl with a cricket ball and do big things scholastically; the wayward press proved to be a third correct—which is as good a percentage as might have been expected.

It is no new thing for a prospective Haverfordian to have attributed to him the possibilities—nay, the probabilities—of setting the campus on fire; it is not even a new thing to have such a prospect prove negligible to a number of the coaches or professors for whom he was going to shine; but Jim was something new—hopping into his auto and then drawing completely into his shell he disappeared from view in Rhinie year, and has been seen only at very occasional intervals (and then on the crease) since. "Say, where's this guy Standring I read so much about?" "Damn'f-I-know."

One of the best engineers and quite the best of the cricketeers (the *only* one perhaps?) and the most completely feminine figure observable in Haverford College shower rooms—these are his superlatives, and if you don't like them there's nothing we can do about it. Space might be filled by writing that he's Joe MacNamee's side-kick, but that wouldn't be quite fair to the person who wants to fill Joe MacNamee's bottom-of-the-page by writing that Joe MacNamee is *his* side-kick. (There! We've done it in spite of ourselves! We are an old meanie!)

One can be un-collegiate and adequate to one's self and inoffensive and happy, and that's more than most of us can say we are. Jim can.



ROBERT CHARLES SULLIVAN

2333 Loring Place, New York City, New York

Born 1906

Entered from Evander Childs
High School in 1925Debating Team (2, 3, 4)—
Manager (3); Business Manager
of *News* (4); Secretary-Treasurer
I. N. A. (4); Business Board of
RECORD; Glee Club (3, 4).

OUR earliest recollection of Bob goes back to a cold, dank morning in Rhinie year when he came around and got us out of bed to look for the Sophomores who had bereaved us of our pajamas. His subsequent oration which roused us all to a fighting pitch was but an earnest of those which he was to deliver from the debating rostrum. Bob made the debating team in his Rhinie year and has been on his class team ever since. Junior year he broadened the scope of his efforts when he became a varsity team man. And in Junior year he was one of the team which downed the Seniors in the annual interclass debate.

With his debating activities, Bob has mixed four strenuous years on the *News*. He entered its services in Freshman year, rising to the post of business manager at the middle of Junior year. Certain classmates are quite familiar with a picture of Bob, coat off, sleeves rolled up, making up the ad dummy. There followed a session with the *News'* alleged adding machine. The results obtained here would throw Bob into a gloomy silence, finally terminating with the old refrain, "Fellows, we'd better go easy. We haven't any money. And we can't pay our bills now." Despite these forebodings, Bob somehow managed to bring the sheet through the year. No mean tribute to his business acumen.

With the last two years ahead of him, Bob chose to risk his moral security by rooming with Leeds and Baker. How he has so far maintained himself as sweet and pure as ever we don't entirely understand—though accept it we must. It is barely possible that his frequent visits up to Wayne have provided an antidote. Bob is heading for Law School and will some day, no doubt, make a lawyer of exceptional ability unless Miss Wayne is an antidote for that, too.

Born 1908

Entered from Friends Central
School in 1925

Class Treasurer (3); Football (1,
2, 3, 4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4)—
H (2, 3, 4); Golf (3, 4); REC-
ORD Board; Class Historian; In-
tramural Sports Committee (4);
D. P. F. (3, 4).



WILLIAM HENRY SYKES, II
Cynwyd, Pennsylvania

LET us recall an eager group of Freshmen gathered about the door of the Meeting-house in the Spring of 1926. Someone has just come up from Merion bringing a communication from the Office (the Dean's Office) addressed to "Mr. William H. Sykes, II." The eager group has gathered about Mr. Sykes, waiting for him to open the envelope, and it is quite obvious that each and every one knows the nature of its contents. It will only be necessary to draw the enclosed note a very short way out, for it is the first few words of its first sentence that are vital. The excited group gathers closer about the long person who is its center; the long person remarks: "If it begins, *My dear Mr. Sykes: I am pleased to inform you . . .* it'll mean I'm off probation and still in college; if it begins, *My dear Mr. Sykes: I regret to inform you . . .* it'll mean I'm out." He stayed.

Bill claims that he has had the lowest average ever recorded by a student who stayed and graduated. Bill also claims that if he doesn't get the Scholarship Improvement Prize it will be because no one ever quite knew whether or not he was in College at all, during Rhinie year. At any rate, there is no denying that from 59.6 to 82.2 is considerable of a jump, even for a star protégé of Haddleton. Bill's page in Oscar's Grade Book is a thing of beauty and a joy forever, containing—very probably—more notations in red ink than in black. An historic document . . . a frameable document . . . a document, in short, for the ages.

This is the man who can eat ten plates of ice cream one after another and then touch the anchor hanging from the Book Store sign. This is the lovable gentleman who *does not* give a damn.



DANIEL D. TEST, JR.
Moylan-Rose Valley, Pennsylvania

Born 1906

Entered from Westtown School
in 1925

Honor Committee (1); Class Vice-President (1); Freshman Track Team; Students Council (2); Varsity Soccer (2, 3)—H (2, 3); Scientific Society (3); Christian Union Cabinet (4); Curriculum Committee (4).

DAN'L impresses you as being a man with a purpose. Everything he does seems teleological and when you meet him going anywhere he always knows where he is going and why. He is one of the few citizens of Umstedville who seems always to get thar. But after four years' association with him, none of us have been able to discover where thar is for Danny. In fact, we are inclined to suspect that thar is one of those flying goals which Rufus is always talking about. We hope not, for we don't see Danny sprouting any wings of his own.

But many a rival soccer player wished that the goal he protected would fly before one of Danny's sizzling boots, and take refuge in far-off regions. In a soccer suit, Danny was a demon and so stocky that no one could bowl him over. He got thar in a hurry, and when he arrived other people were aware of it. Unfortunately for the team, Danny developed one of those trick knees and was forced to retire from Varsity competition. But every afternoon he would pull on his soccer togs anyway and devote his time to coaching the Prep School kids.

Few of us will ever forget Danny's exploits as a member of the track team in Freshman and Sophomore years. While Danny was forced to take two steps to everybody else's one, he always stuck right up with the leader. And rounding the last turn he would swing into high, drive his legs like pistons, toss his head back and forth, and arrive at the tape in a cloud of dust.

Danny has discovered other than pedantic attractions within the venerable walls of the library, and spends much of his time there between the hours of nine and five; while the dances and movie houses never see him unaccompanied. We are expecting a big endowment fund for the library from Danny in a few years.

Born 1907

Entered from Allegan High
School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3, 4); Basketball (2, 3)—H (3); Baseball (1, 2, 3)—H (1, 2, 3); Track (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2); Class President (1, 4)—Permanent President; Class Secretary (3); Class Constitution Committee; Scientific Society; Engineer's Club; Class Dance Committee (1, 2); Junior Prom Committee; Chairman Class Day Committee; Students Council (1, 3, 4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4)—Chairman (4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Business Manager of RECORD; Triangle Society.



BURRELL HILTON TRIPP
240 Cutler Street, Allegan, Michigan

IT is indisputable that Turp has done more for Haverford athletics than has any other one man within the memory of the present generation of Haverfordians, and it is probable that he has done more than any Haverfordian of any generation. Ordinarily it is all very well to preach the doctrine of plugging and doing-as-you-are-told and playing-with-the-team-instead-of-by-yourself and all the familiar athletic rot; but let a really colorful figure loose on your gridiron or your basketball floor or your diamond for a season, and it becomes pretty apparent that, after all, no nine or eleven or five men together can ever be as appealing from a human standpoint as a brilliant individual.

Turp is precisely that—a brilliant individualist. All of the natural conceit, none of the obnoxious kind, is his; all of the capacity for being shamelessly spoiled, and the realization of that capacity are his; the characteristically fluctuating place in the affections of those with whom he has had contact has been his. No sane man has ever really disapproved of individualism and none has ever really disapproved of this, its typification—though many have certainly misunderstood it.

It is not an overstatement of the case to say that most of his time, for four years, has been devoted to the service of the College which he was determined to leave after two years of apprenticeship. His reward is as intangible as might be suspected—the innocent remark dropped from more than one mouth since the fall of 1925, "Oh, yes, Haverford . . . *that's the place where Tripp goes, isn't it?*" Yes, Haverford is "the place where Tripp goes," and it will be the place where Tripp went for a very long time to come. And his fan mail during football season embarrassed him no more than the Wynnewood devotion that knows no season.

By way of salt in the stew it might be remarked that he would be quite unbearable if he took himself seriously—but he doesn't. Complexion by Palmolive. Smile by Pepsodent. French 2 by Uncle Billy. "How A Country Boy Made Good," by Horatio Alger. "How would you all like to go to hell?" by Turp.



Born 1907

Entered from Worcester Academy, Worcester, Mass., in 1925

RICHARD GUNSAULES URBAN

15 South Overbrook Avenue, Trenton, New Jersey

TO the Class at large Dick presents a silent and reserved front which conceals his true worth, rarely displayed to anyone who has not lived in Merion Cottage the past three years. Since he trekked down there Sophomore year, however, Dick has become one of the most influential members of the "Country Club." His steadiness of character has had a most salutary effect on his brethren there, and particularly on his two erring roommates who were ever prone to embark upon questionable enterprises of one kind or another. In fact, on more than one occasion his influence has restrained them from bringing dire catastrophe upon their heads.

In accordance with this steadiness and seriousness Dick turns naturally to books, although no Merion intramural sports team has been without him since his arrival there. He has also been a member of the Class Soccer team the last three years. In books Dick prefers history and biographies, generally of great political figures and statesmen, but he occasionally spices this diet with a snappy mystery thriller or two. Scholastically, Dick is probably the only man in the Class to have waded through three history courses, including a Lunt, in a half year, achieving good "A's" in each of them. But maybe we should have let him tell that one, because the first liar hasn't a chance.

His readings in biography go hand in hand with the history. If, as has been alleged, studying the examples set by others will bring success and renown, Dick should surely attain a high place in the political world of the future. His acquaintance with those who have done likewise in the past is truly remarkable. However, we have heard that Dick may follow his forbears into the ministry. If so we may be confident of some day reading an announcement that "the Rt. Reverend Bishop Urban has just published a new historical monograph entitled——"

Born 1907

Entered from South Brownsville High School in 1925

Football (1, 2, 3, 4)—Numerals (2)—H (3, 4); Baseball (2, 3)—Numerals (3).



HAROLD LEVI WILT
South Brownsville, Pennsylvania

"HERE I come!" "Where from?" "South Brownsville" is the astounding reply. It has been of no little value in rounding out our college education and general knowledge of geography to have so ardent a supporter of South Brownsville in our midst. At least when we have graduated we will be sure of two things—South Brownsville is the place from which Wilt hales, and Wilt comes from S. B. In fact there is an exact parallelism to the relation between Allegan, Michigan, and Tripp.

We might perhaps have indicated the high note on which the above conversation was carried. The penetrating power of "Levi's" voice is a fact as well established as Fifth Day Meeting, proven early in Freshman year when the whole of Merion Annex reverberated with Wilt's periodic studious endeavors.

Among other things which "Hon" has displayed at college is a general seriousness and well-defined ambition. This sobriety is diverted into three main channels, or has been, until recently. His aspirations to medical school have perforce centered considerable attention on his studies. He has also devoted himself with all his characteristic intentness to football and intramural sports, being a regular varsity end, and a mainstay for Founders for three years. The third outlet is cards, to which he bestows a creditable businesslike attitude. Wilt also has a sense of humor. What poor athlete has not heard his gleeful chortle while waiting on a training table—"Coach's orders—no coffee at the training table."

In the above paragraph we inserted parenthetically an "until recently." In explanation, it has been noted in Bug 3 lab, at least, that Levi has been missing for certain lengthy periods of time. A scientific investigation carried on by members of the class revealed that during these absences "Hon" was to be found in New York. A thorough cross-examination uncovered the fact that he was visiting some girl "cousins." Editorially speaking, we never liked our girl cousins, but maybe "Hon's" are different. "Well, Levi, it's two-thirty now. Time to quit for the day."



Born 1908

Entered from Gorton High School in 1925

Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4)—H (2, 3); Manager of Soccer (4); News Board (3, 4); Class Treasurer (4); Permanent Class Treasurer; Scientific Society; President of Chem Club (4); Chairman Class Endowment Committee; Corporation Scholar (2, 3); RECORD Board; Phi Beta Kappa; Founders Club—Secretary (4).

FRANCES HOWELL WRIGHT

63 Pennsylvania Avenue, Crestwood, New York

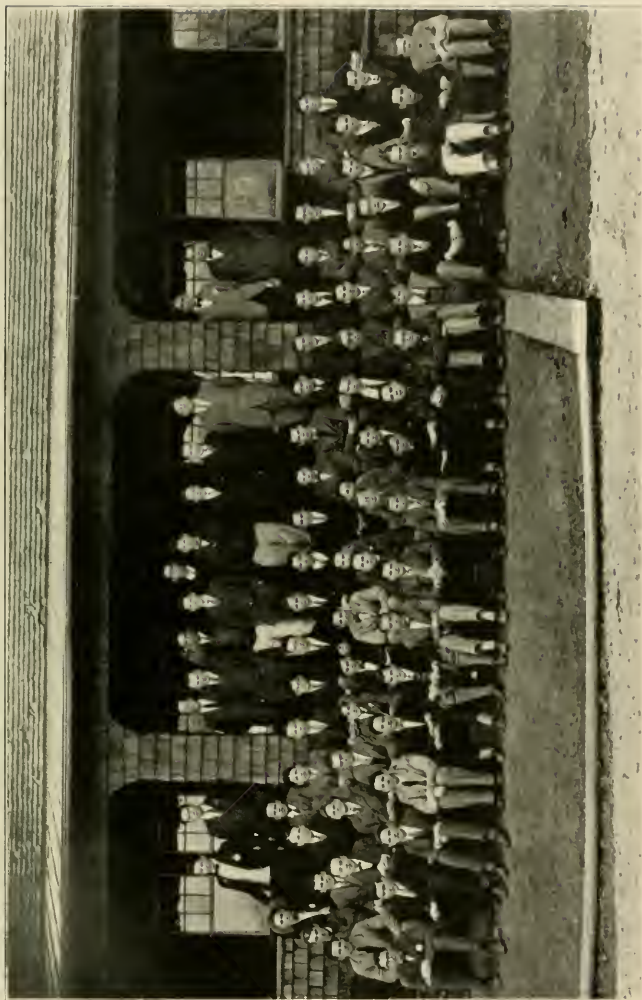
STEADY does it. That's the secret of this young man's success. Persistence, diligence and all the other "ences" have raised Gowell to his high estate, and are responsible for the slogan, "You're never wrong when you copy from Wright." Whether it be the daily cold shower or the weekly Chem quiz, Gowell always steps forward to the ordeal without a perceptible shiver. We have sometimes doubted the acuteness of our perceptions on both these scores.

Gowell has left behind him in the Haverford track annals the reputation of being our most supple facial contortionist. Strangers on our campus are often disappointed to find that the man in the track suit is not their favorite movie star, Lon Chaney, but a young fellow named Wright running the last lap of a two-mile race. But Gowell is always in the money (figuratively!!!) at the finish despite the fact that he occasionally scares Shirk across the line in front of him by the terrifying expressions of his physiognomy. He may have learned the trick from wife Lane who, they say, possesses considerable histrionic ability.

Realizing our own weaknesses, we knew it would require someone with the patience of Job and the persistence of Sisyphus (now come, come! you surely remember who Sisyphus was?) to part us from our shekels in years to come even for the sake of '29 and dear old Haverford. So we elected Gowell permanent Class treasurer, for the mare must be kept going. We fear, however, that the Wright popularity curve will show a sudden decline when he attempts to tap the root of our evils.

Persistent pursuit of soccer balls got Gowell the soccer managership, while just as diligent delving after knowledge is responsible for the Phi Beta key which dangles from his watch chain.

Our constant prayer and supplication is that Gowell's laudable steadiness may not desert him in the years to come, particularly when he holds a knife poised over our quivering appendix and prepares to operate.



1929 FRESHMAN YEAR

Top: Collison, Kingham, Chapin, Knipp, Bevan, Smith, Hamilton, Brown, Mellor, Gucker, Leeds, Jamieson, Ried,
 Third: Lemere, Hagenauer, Rodenbaugh, Lewis, Cunningham, Briggs, Michener, Beard, Shivelhood, Garrett, Doban, Rorer, Jones, Maier,
 Second: Murray, Abbott, Rhoads, Baker, Ware, Shuman, Hartman, Corson, Blancke, Gawthrop, Cooper, Wright, Linn,
 First: Johnson, Sullivan, Mawhinney, Fulwell, Standing, Probyn, MacNamee, Sondheim, Swift, Ralph, Bomhoff,
 Hunner, Halberstadt, Rollman, Lane, Speck, Fox, Hemphill, Miller, Wilt,

The Ex-Members

THE list of ex-members of the Class of 1929 is a long and dreary roll-call. Perhaps previous classes have lost a greater percentage of their initial enrollment, but it is doubtful if any one Class has had numerically as great a toll exacted during the course of its four years at Haverford. The Class of 1929 first gathered to the orders of the customs committee on opening night with some eighty-nine members. When the Class assembles for the last time not more than fifty-nine diplomas will be awarded.

Among these thirty men who have left our numbers there are many whom the Class would still be proud to claim as its own. The usual causes may be found for the exodus—some left because they felt obliged to, and others for the same reason. Some felt obliged to because of the limitations of a small college, while for others the college was not big enough to hold them. At all events the fact remains that a certain very colorful group of our original class is no longer with us.

Senior year saw only two men drop from the ranks. Dave Hedley was prevented from continuing the last half year by the sudden death of his mother during the Christmas vacation. His loss was perhaps the greatest which the Class suffered, but though he receives no diploma, he is hardly an ex-member.

"Nappo" Murray, after numerous acute moments of indecision during the three and one-half years which he was with us, especially at the start of football season, finally slipped the halter as the last lap came around. "Nappo" had two great talents besides talking his way back into college. One was for football, and the other was for buying, selling and fixing used cars. As for the football end, it is known that down at St. John's they are still talking about that Haverford maniac. As a dealer in used cars, "Nappo" advanced by gradual stages from a \$15 Ford to a Packard twin-six roadster without any apparent outlay of new capital.

Only one loss was suffered by the Class Junior year, but it was a major one. "Curt" Dohan left us at the end of the year in an effort to cut short the long medical training which he is undertaking, achieving the distinction of being admitted to Penn Medical School with only three years pre-med work. A little older than the other members of the Class, "Curt" gained the reputation for solidity and strength of character which made him one of the leaders of the Class and captain of the football team in his Junior year. Occasionally on the gridiron, however, his calm reserve was overcome, and his Irish temper broke through. But on the whole his seriousness of purpose, his general air of reliability, and a sense of humor, not too hard to arouse, combined to make him a popular and influential member of the Class.

The great exodus occurred at the end of Sophomore year, among which was Bill Beard, for two years in truth a student of Merion University, subsidiary to Haverford College. Bill was famous for two things: his sartorial efforts and his aversion to History I. Few who were not his fellow students at the university were aware of his capacity as a lady killer. Bill left us for Penn Architectural School whence we have heard that he has become acquainted with courses even more perverse than Lunt Histories.

John Dickson Carr, III, known to his intimates as Jack, and for two years a ranking professor at the university, was undoubtedly the literary genius of the Class and the college as a whole. He is probably best remembered as editor of the

Haverfordian, which publication he revived with his brilliant historical sketches and the annual *Chapbook* number which he entitled "Tales of Canterbury." Though it is entirely possible that the popularity of that particular issue was in a large part due to flitting rumors of its suppression. Since his departure our memory of him has been kept alive by certain anonymous contributions to the *Haverfordian* concerning the doings of one M. Bencolin whose thrilling solutions of spooky murders have helped innumerable undergraduates to while away that vacant hour before the next Class.

With Bert Cary the North Barclay division of the Rounders of the Class of 1929 lost one of its charter members. Had Bert not left for the Cornell School of Forestry, the entire history of the Class might have been changed. Ensworth might never have roomed with Rodell, Johnson might have been a different man, and certainly the gate receipts of the skating pond would have been considerably larger, much to the President's satisfaction. For Bert distinguished himself even more as a skater than a soccer and tennis player. Not to be forgotten either is his famous pantomime of a hunter given the night of our Rhinic Cake Walk plays.

Fred Lemere, also known as "Friddy," the "Orang's" brother, and Collison's twin, was a trumpet player of no mean ability, a footballer and a famous cowboy from the great open spaces. One of the greatest questions on campus to this day is how long Fred's record was, and how many times it was broken. He deserted us at the close of Sophomore year for the Medical School of the University of Nebraska.

Sandy Liveright, a gentleman with a philosophic turn of mind, and the world's funniest stride, is perhaps best remembered by his pipe and by his activities with the *News*. Entering that organization Rhinic year, he became its advertising manager his second year. His subsequent career with that journal was cut short when he transferred to the Medical School of the University of Wisconsin.

Also a member of the firm of Collison, Kingham and Lemere, Jack Marshal rivalled the latter for the rôle of goat. He gave evidence of a mechanical turn of mind, enjoying a reputation as a fixer, especially of watches and alarm clocks, and all kinds of electrical apparatus. He was a member of the *News* board and of the Varsity soccer team before he transferred to Lehigh and an engineering course.

"Skipper" Ralph, a machinist of great practical ability, but with an inborn aversion to work, left us during Sophomore year, having set several new records for minimum requirements. However, his desire for learning was later revived and he returned in the middle of Junior year with a newly acquired interest in aviation. But within a year he again lost interest or was seized with a fit of wanderlust. We wonder, will he, or won't he, return again?

Besides these, some six others departed during or at the end of Sophomore year. George Garrett, Westonian, born and bred, and sometime football and soccer player, transferred the seat of his studies to Lafayette in the middle of the year. "Shorty" Jameson, the hermit of Founders, left at the end of the year for parts unknown. George Walter Knipp, the one had influence in Baker's life, transferred to Hopkins also at the end of the year. Although the cries of "Knipp did it" are still heard after the singing of "Waukie Wau," no one seems to know just how he came to be blamed for throwing all the silver in the dining hall. Jack Probyn, sartorially elegant, a cosmopolitan and a roué, abandoned Haverford for a Gotham art school. "Speedy" Swift yielded his place as college photographer to Sam Brinton at the close of Sophomore year and went back to Boston and M. I. T. Zook, who was perhaps the

most naïve person ever to enter Haverford, turned down a corporation scholarship for Junior year to go to the Penn State School of Agriculture, but not before losing a large proportion of his naïveté.

The first prunings of the Class were begun in the middle of Rhinie year, in the course of which the Class lost some of its most distinctive members. Ted Herman, authority on Arlen, Mencken, and the furtively read Ulysses was among the first to go. Bill Hoopes, a football player, but unfortunately not a student, left behind him a reputation and an empty bed in thirty Founders in the middle of the second semester. We have heard since that he has been married, and has become a big oil man in West Chester.

The "Hogo Pogo," Christian name George Wildon Laurier Lloyd, a man of uncertain age and nationality, was probably the most distinctive character ever harbored by any Haverford Class. He spent the first part of Rhinie year parading the campus with his head engaged in a wicker scrap-basket. He was the butt of too many South Barclay jokes to sustain the reputation of the "man of the world" which he claimed for himself. His career after leaving Haverford was most easily traced by the headlines of the eastern college papers.

One man there was, who possessed the true carefree attitude, who adapted himself to the full personal freedom offered the college man, and who never was forced to decide the difficult issue between work and pleasure. The mere existence of the latter decided the matter for him. Tommy Rodenbaugh liked Haverford perhaps more than any man has liked it since. But for Tommy there were just two real interests in life. One was a girl, and the other was engines. He left us at the end of Freshman year, and failing in an attempt to return, he continued in our neighborhood studying engineering at Drexel.

We have awarded the naïveté prize to Zook, and the "distinctive" prize to the 'Ogo, but certainly the combination award is merited by none other than Alexander Holdship Ware. Living his first and only year in Merion, he was little known to the rest of the college except by reputation. Undoubtedly the high light of his college career was in no small way connected with a midnight visit of the state police, and a pair of cold steel handcuffs. Augustus at the end of a year packed up his fiddle and moved far, far away to the University of Southern California.

Also connected with the Class for longer or shorter periods of time were:

John Werdman Lineaweaver
Howard Arthur Reid
John Henry Rollman
William Glew Sanders
Paul Talmey
Joseph Quincy Leslie

The following men, originally members of our Class, are now enrolled in the Class of 1930:

Robert Leconte Halberstadt
Theodore Hollingsworth Morris, III
William Meyer Masland
Irving Waldo McConnell



Bert



Fred's Record!



Tommy



Sandy



Augustus



Curt

Shades of the Departed
and
Some of the Departing



A Landlocked Sailor



"Home, Henry!"



High life, by Sykes

Glimpses of
Student Life



Jimmy



"Sykes! G— D— it!"



On the Skating Pond



"Rollo"



"See the little angels—"



"Snap it, Brinton"



"Come on, I dare you!"



Sam



Dick and Horn



Horn and Dick



The terrible Hogie

Comedy and
Mostly Error



This was a mistake



A study in profile



Little Miss Haverford



Mostly Campus beauty



"Ardmore 1931"



A harmony in grace



Reducing Wright

The Beauty
Section



Indian Beauty



Papa



The Wop



The man behind the Sax

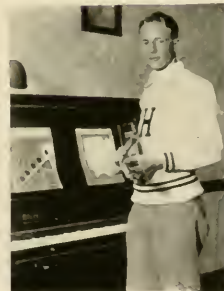


A humble instrument



Alec

Famous
Players,
Inc.



Alfie on the vio-uke



Bob

Three
Musketeers



King



Last, but not least



Duke

Three
More



Charlie



Danny



One aspect of track



This is over our head



Venus in Disguise



Sitting out a dance



Also sitting out



Professor Rorer

The Balle Masque



He won't walk home



Mich with wife No. 3

Miscellany



Hot fudge



Ensworth



Natte



An action picture of Alsop



Pope Urban's vatican



Not Lewis working!



Chris



Lord Kenneth



Admiral Jones



This calls for murder



"Blackman, I'm drunk—!"



Just call Bryn Mawr 222!

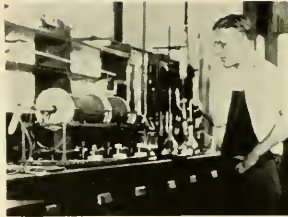
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A fair librarian



This is quite a shock



A tense moment in the Chem Lab

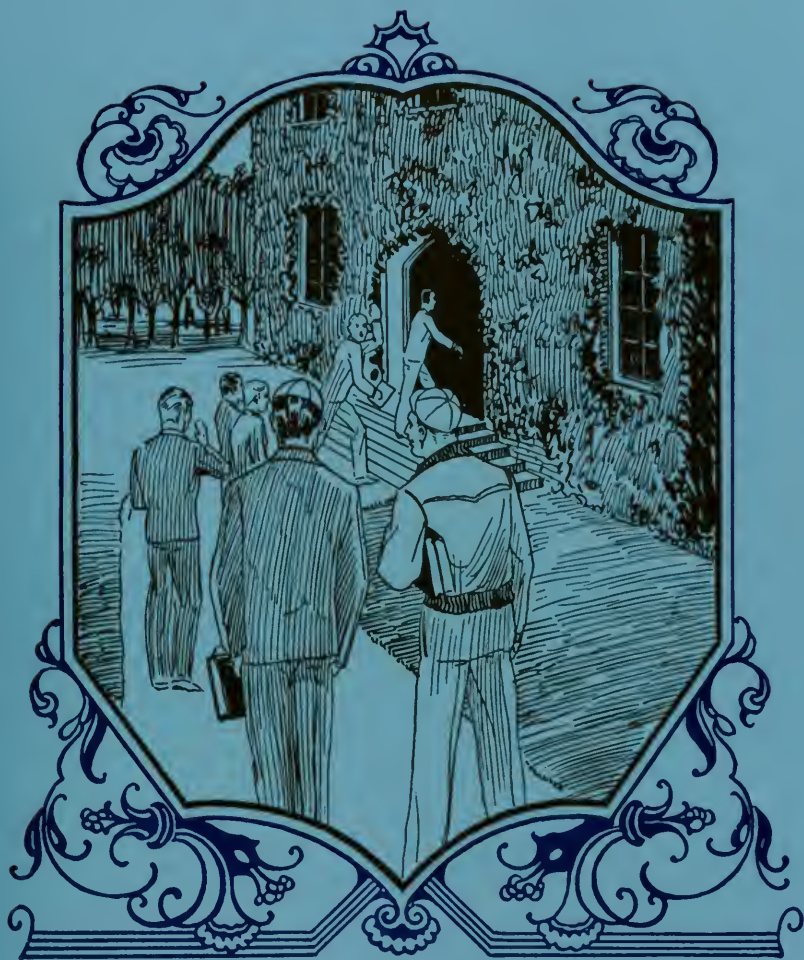


Sharp



Bob

And now you have seen us in our
natural state



LOWER CLASSES





THE JUNIOR CLASS



THE SOPHOMORE CLASS



THE FRESHMAN CLASS

Junior Class

Bradford Sherman Abernethy
Ralph Douglas Atkinson
George Washington Betz, Jr.
Woodward Jouett Blackburn
John Leroy Blackman, Jr.
Benjamin Franklin Blair
William Richardson Blair, Jr.
Roger Langdon Bloom
Arthur Howland Brinton
James Brown, IV
Victor Edwards Bullen
Donald Riddle Buxton
Harlan Ellsworth Crowell
Robert Loos Dothard
Robert Millard Doughty
Howard Wesley Drake, Jr.
J. Richard Durham, Jr.
Frederic Arthur Egmore, Jr.
Theodore Evans
Willem Ezerman
John Thorpe Feidt
William Doane Frazier
Robert Le Conte Halberstadt
William Clark Hanna
Frederick Kempton Hussey
John David Hymes
John Paul Jones
Frank Whiteman Lindsay
Joseph Walford Martin
Paul Thomas Martin
William Meyer Masland

Irvin Waldo McConnell
Charles Weaver Miller, Jr.
Joseph Leonard Miller
Alexander David Milliken
Brewster Hillard Morris
Joseph Howard Morris, Jr.
Theodore Hollingsworth Morris, III
June Barrows Mussey
Milton Irving Norr
Robert Matthew Olton
James Partington, Jr.
Howard Curtis Plankenhorn
David Shoemaker Richie
William Godfrey Rohelen, 3d
Edward Rosewater
Harlow Bushby Rowell
Newman Sidney Shirk
Daniel Smiley, Jr.
David Kirby Spelt
Ernest William Stiller
John Freeman Stone
Albert Irvin Supplee
Henderson Supplee
Frederick Wood Swan
Edward Gaillard Taulane, Jr.
John Austin Turner
George Vaux, 3d
Theodore Hilgard Westermann
Wilfred Hargrave Wickersham
Thomas Wistar, Jr.
Thomas Wriggins, Jr.

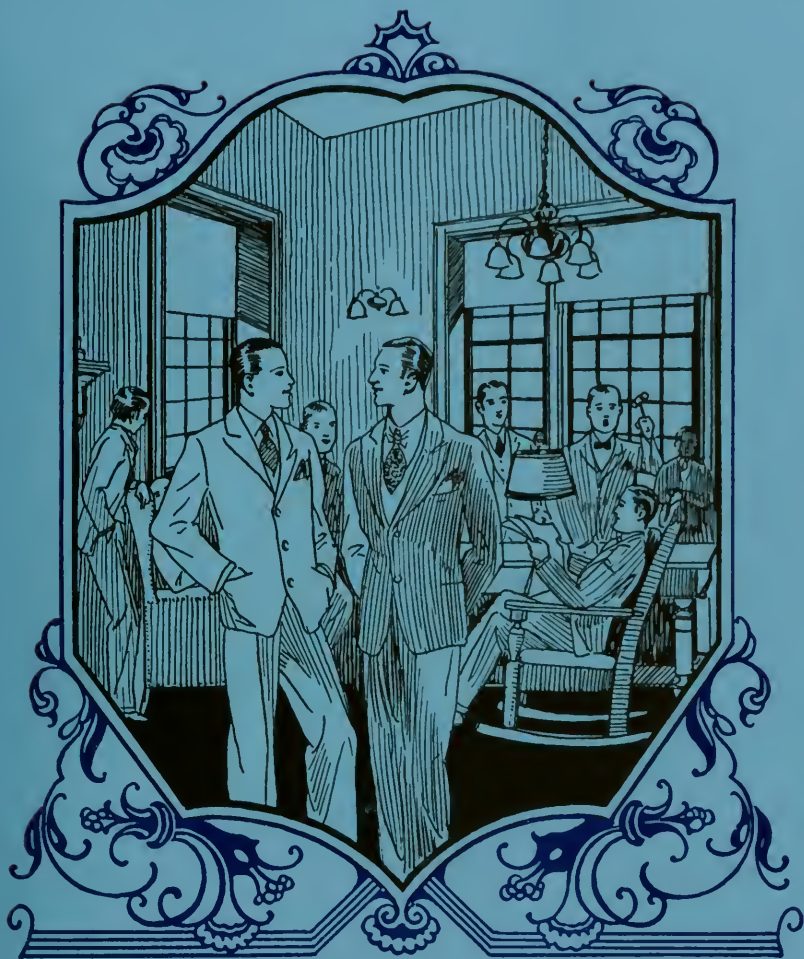
Sophomore Class

Lockhart Amerman
John Baskar Appasamy
Marion Abrahams Arthur
Richard Collins Baker
Henry Gregory Barnhurst, Jr.
John William Blyth
Richard D'Anaud Browne
Howard Oliver Buffington, Jr.
Thomas Edward Burns, Jr.
John George Butler
William Edward Cadbury, Jr.
Charles Sherwood Cameron, Jr.
Yiu Kui Chu
Donald Logan Clements
Samuel Hall Conn
Martin Leonard Crane
Alfred Ross Crawford
Cresson Orion Davis
George Barnes Edgar
Robert Fisher Edgar
Kenneth Hosler Egolf
John Thompson Emlen, Jr.
Frank Winslow Elliot Farr
Robert Lincoln Farr
Robert Augustus Feroe, Jr.
Robert Ward Gabriel
Lewis Homer Gage
John Thorn Golding
John Henry Gray, Jr.
John Dubois Gresimer
Joseph Nicholson Hartel
Thomas Biddle Harvey
Charles Matthew Henry
Benjamin Chapman Hiatt
Eugene Francis Hogenauer
James Moore Houston
Robert Braxton Jarratt, Jr.
Jonathan Price Jessop
Kaufman Ray Katz
Richard Marion Keech, Jr.
John Grosh Lawrence
Marcus Jastrow Levin
Wallace Nathan Litchfield
William Morris Maier
Edward Hamilton Mansell
Lauman Martin
Richard Lambert Masland
Raymond Ebersole Maxwell
Arthur Jacob Mekeel
Frederick William Gunster Peck
Charles Stehman Pennypacker
Alexander Boyd Ralph
William Winfield Ray
Herbert William Reisner
Robert Owen Rice
Fred MacDonald Richardson
George Pritchard Rogers
Ellis Chandler Saint
Ira Leo Schamberg
Ernest Allen Schilpp
Carl Allen Schopbach
Harris Palmer Shane
Phillip Boris Shaw
Eugene Rodman Shippen, Jr.
Edwin Aaron Speakman
Frank Newman Speller, Jr.
John Kelvin Tabakin
Walter Magnes Teller
Joseph Trexler Urban
James Edmund Walmsley
Townsend Barnard Walter
John Haines Wills
Joseph Borton Wills
Evan Morris Wilson
George Charles Wilt

Freshman Class

Robert Finch Allen
Carl Barnett Allendoerfer
Wallis Haven Ayres
George Richard Bacon
Howland Haskell Bailey
Walter Conrad Baker
Hyde Whitcomb Ballard
David Powell Bean
Herbert Bijur
Paul Washburn Bliss
Humphrey Francis Bourne
William Fisher Brinton
Joseph Moore Cadbury
John White Conner, Jr.
George Knowles Crozer, 3d
Frederick Woodruff DeCamp
Wallace deLaguna
Walter Irving Dothard, Jr.
Nimson Stine Eckert
Joseph Russell Elkinton
Robert Fry Engle, Jr.
Elwyn Leroy Fay
Melvin LeRoy Feroe
Philip Livingston Ferris
Harry Fields
Gifford Pinchot Foley
William Thornton Fox
Herbert Stockton Gaskill
George Gerenbeck, Jr.
Oliver Gibbs
Francis Barton Gummere, III
Claude Robert Haines
Landon Grier Haynes
Henry Kirkwood Henderson
David Hutzler Hollander
Norval Robert Houston
Sydney Hunt
Henry Gifford Irion
Harry Gorgas Michener Jopson
Herbert Hall Katzenbach, Jr.
Lewis Leberman Kohn
Albert Herman Kretschmer, Jr.
John Byron LaDue, Jr.

Parker Vesie Lawrence
Elmer Gilbert Lipsitz
Davis Rice Longaker
Evarts Greene Loomis, Jr.
Archibald McKinlay, 4th
William Edward Miller
Robert Handel Morgan
Vincent Elmore Morgan
William George Nelson, 3d
Ellis Carlton Osgood
Barrett Parker
Thomas Isaac Potts
William Walmsley Powell, Jr.
William Webb Pusey, 3d
Kendall Endicott Read
Joseph Rhoads, Jr.
Alfred Newton Richards, Jr.
Arthur Savery Roberts
Frederick Gould Rudge
Harold Julian Schramm
Wallace McIlvaine Scudder, Jr.
John William Settle, Jr.
William Virden Sipple, Jr.
Albert Keith Smiley, Jr.
Franklin Jonathan Smith
Melville Cornelius Stockwell
Dana Morris Street
Charles Suplee Strickler
Albert Husted Strong
Augustus Craig Succop
Edward Alexander Tabakin
Job Taylor, II
Philip Vincent Wagner
Frank Redding Walton
John Robrecht Watkins
Earnest Ray Webb
Rudolph Milton Wertime
Robert Simpson Woodward, 3d
William Dean Wray
John Alexander Young
John Adam Zapp, Jr.
Robert Harner Zuber



ACTIVITIES





The Student Council

USHERED into office in May, 1928, accompanied by a constitutional amendment regarding the election of officers of the Students' Association, Tommy Gawthrop has guided the destinies of the student body and its organ, the Student Council, through a year in which several important matters have been made the subject of amendment.

This was the year of the Rhinie revolt, which has been followed by a revision of the Customs Committee organization. The limitation of extra-curricular activities on the part of any particular individual, and the subjection of all major offices of such activities to the control of the student body have been matters under consideration.

As a disciplinary body the council has continued the rather recently adopted policy of discarding the rôle of policeman, and contented itself with the adjustment of what cases came to hand. Yet it has continued to relieve the Dean of many matters which formerly came under his supervision. Specific cases obviously are not in order.

But the most important function of the Council is to preserve harmony between the administration and the students by acting as an intermediate body. Evidence of this harmony is expressed more in the general welfare of the college than in any particular acts of legislation. This year has seen the morale of the college at as high a level as we of '29 have known it.



THE NEWS BOARD

The News

THE story of the rise of the *News* since the initiation of the first members of the Class of 1929 is concerned with a general expansionistic policy, in actual size, in make-up, in news covered, and in firmness of editorial policy. In the inauguration of the policy, and in the ensuing successes, no little part is traceable to the activities of our Class.

After a period of trial and tribulation under régime of the mighty Marshall and the astute Kingsbury, seven of our Classmates, a larger number than had heretofore ever been received from any Freshman Class, were elected to the *News* Board late in the second quarter of our first year. Hedley, Rodell and Sondheim became members of the Editorial Board, while Bevan became a Sports Scribe. Sullivan, Liveright and Marshall began their careers on the Business Board two weeks later. Shortly after midyears Blanké was taken on the Sports Board, while Swift was appointed to the newly created post of Staff Photographer. Since that time the Class of 1929 has played a prominent and influential part in the *News* organization.

Following a series of rapid resignations in the Fall of Sophomore year ending with Horton in the Editorial Chair, the Class achieved its first major position with Hedley as Managing Editor. Brown and Jones were added to the Sports Board while Fox and Hamilton became reporters. Third quarter of the same year saw the promotion of Hamilton to the post of Alumni Editor and of Liveright to that of Advertising Manager. The close of this tumultuous year saw the resignation of Marshall, Rodell and Sondheim, reducing our membership from its high point of thirteen.

The opening of Junior year saw several changes. Hamilton, Swift, and Liveright were gone, the latter two transferring to other colleges. Brinton was subsequently made Staff Photographer, and Hawthorn became a member of the Editorial Board. Due in large part to Hedley's influence and energy, the year's first issue appeared in a larger and improved form. An extra column was added in width and the sheet's length was increased two inches. Larger and improved cuts became plentiful, and more attention was paid to the make-up. The transformation from a bulletin board to a newspaper was well under way. Late in the Fall saw the innovation of a new department to handle the job of supplying the Philadelphia papers with college sports news in a more specialized manner. Shivelhood and Miller were taken on to help form the division under the leadership of Bready, while Wright was taken onto the Sports Board.

With the customary resignation of the Seniors at midyears, came the election of Hedley to the Editor's Chair, and Sullivan to the post of Business Manager. At about this time Bevan, Blanké and Fox resigned from the organization. Jones became Sports Editor, while Shivelhood was elected Sporting Publicity Director.

With the administration settled the sheet now embarked on the most enterprising year it has so far enjoyed. The first issue under the Hedley régime bore the headline "ears" which are now a familiar part of the page. This despite Sullivan's constant appeal, "fellows, we'd better go easy. We've hardly got a cent." The culmination of this physical expansion of the *News* came with the Junior Prom and the first issuance of a "de luxe" edition of the *News* containing a pictorial section, and considerable last minute material significant of the time of issue.

The safe and sane editorial policy which had formerly characterized the *News* was abandoned by Hedley. His subsequent broadsides against the faculty, the traditions, the administration, and any other matters pertinent to the college stirred up many a hornet's nest for the brethren of the *News*. The entire wisdom of this policy can not be granted perhaps, but the resulting discussion and cogitation were at least desirable consequents.

The culmination of his efforts were reached in one line with the beginning of Senior year when morning Collection was cut to twice a week. In other lines our editor did not entirely succeed. However, as a result of this campaign, the *News* won the cup offered annually by the Intercollegiate News Association for the best editorial appearing in a member paper. Hedley and Sullivan were elected to the presidency and treasurership of that organization respectively.

The opening of Senior year saw the *News* somewhat quieter. The vitriolic editorials were discontinued, and the safe and sane resumed. The propaganda in the interest of football resulted in Coach Harman's contract for a number of years. Although midyears, as is customary, brought the resignation of all our members from the board, there was yet one fruit to be born of Hedley's policy. Early this Spring the first tobacco advertisement to appear in any Haverford publication was secured and printed in the *News*.

So in summary we have seen in our four years at Haverford the *News* develop from a mere circulating bulletin to a real assertive sheet with a true newspaper style, make-up and progressive policy. It has grown to be a recognized power on campus, and has gained attention from the collegiate world outside of Haverford. While we of the Class of 1929 may feel proud of the part which the members of our Class played in this development of the *News*, the individual credit must go chiefly to Hedley.

The Musical Clubs

THIS year's musical season was marked in both clubs by uniformly high-grade performances in interpretation, precision and tone, and by an excellent selection of numbers. The Glee Club in its second year under the tutelage of Mr. William P. Bentz again received honorable mention in the sectional inter-collegiate competition at Easton, and gave very high calibre renditions of some difficult numbers. The Instrumental Club, though handicapped by an absence of cellos, delighted by its performances of Schubert's "Marche Militaire" and the "Menuet" from Haydn's Eleventh Symphony.

"Cob" Corson's humorous monologues were again well received and in addition an unusual specialty number was presented at several of the concerts, a saxophone quartet composed of Irving and Edward Smith, Longaker and Reade. All four demonstrated unusual skill, Reade playing some particularly difficult passages, faultlessly.

The most spectacular feature of the season was undoubtedly the Glee Club's broadcasting of "The Sleigh," by Kountz, over Station WFAN, after having seen



THE MUSICAL CLUBS

the number for the first time the night before, and rehearsed it but a half hour. The Instrumental Club also furnished the college with alternate chills and thrills by threatening to play Schubert's "Unfinished Symphony" at various of the concerts and then changing its mind at the last minute. The number was finally discarded without a public performance, and the sighs of regret and relief were about equal in number.

Of the Glee Club repertoire the "Pilgrims' Chorus" from Tannhauser proved the most popular number. Although lacking the volume to build up to a terrific climax, the tone quality was maintained throughout, an extremely difficult feat. But from a musical standpoint the best performance was an English madrigal of Thomas Morley, "Now Is the Month of Maying," which was sung as the choice song in the competition at Easton. An experienced musical critic praised it as a rendition "full of life, rhythm and precision—a fine specimen of what students can do when they are asked to give the best that is in them."

In addition to the Haydn and Schubert numbers mentioned above, Selections from "Frasquita," by Lehar, was well rendered by the Instrumental Club, while the jazz medleys arranged by Coach Weaver proved popular, and warmed the audience up for the dance which followed most of the concerts.

After the heat and flush of midyears was over the clubs took their annual jaunt to Atlantic City, and devoted several hours a day to the attempt to absorb the whole menu at the Hotels Dennis and Haddon Hall. Both concerts were well attended, the crowd on Saturday night completely filling the Vernon Room of Haddon Hall. The dance after the Saturday night concert was very popular. Some people danced.

Performing in a small auditorium at Cedar Crest both clubs put their numbers over well. Perera's presence was, however, demanded at one of New England's popular colleges so that Blair was impressed at the last minute to fill the vacancy, and led the Instrumental Club very capably. Rhinie Haines broke all records when he drove five hours and 150 miles to get back to college after the dance. The rest of the club members covered the 60 miles necessary in less than two hours.

The Princeton-Haverford concert in the Foyer of the Academy of Music was the gala occasion of the season. Neither Haverford club suffered by comparison with the Princeton organizations. The Haverfordians, who were reorganized this year, furnished the music for the dance which followed.

A dual concert with Johns Hopkins at Wilmington followed, and then the annual Moorestown concert.

The season closed with the Home Concert in Roberts Hall. Both clubs gave their best performances, and Corson and the saxophone quartet received great ovations. Dr. Carpenter again entertained with some baritone solos. This year he chose four songs of the Australian Bush, and gave as an encore "Clavelitas," by Valverde, which proved so popular at the concert last year. The Haverfordians again furnished the music for the dance which followed in the gym.

No résumé of the season is complete without mention of the excellent work of the leaders of the clubs. Speck manifested a confidence and control over the singers which is unusual in a student leader, and Perera seemed able always to draw forth the best that was in the Instrument Club.



The Y. M. C. A.

UNDER the leadership of Andrew Mawhinney, Jr., popularly and unsuspectingly elected by the college-at-large, both members and non-members, the open season of the "Y" was declared quite as usual, soon after the opening of college last fall. A concerted drive for membership was conducted under the guidance of Fox, who cornered the Rhinies as they came to report. The Charity Chest drive was carried on with more than its usual vigor by the business-like Sondheim, who extracted little more than promises for his pains.

With all these symptoms of a regenerated healthiness, little did the college suspect the sudden bereavement which it was about to suffer. Soon after Thanksgiving, the News, innocently or perhaps not so innocently, raised the casual question as to the wherefore of the "Y," anyway. A college poll to test the general desire for its continuance, showed a decided indifference. Since its original social functions had long since been obviated, and as the general interest of the individual on campus in his welfare-to-come was decidedly limited, the president called a hasty cabinet meeting. In that one meeting the good old faithful "Y" was led to the block and slaughtered, but not before making its will.

Its obsolete social functions were to be dropped. Its valuable work at Preston was to be continued by interested members of the Sociology classes, while the Charity work was to be handed over to a committee of the Student's Council. It was under-

stood that whatever religious good will and interest which the "Y" may have possessed was to be bequeathed intact to a nascent organization, born for that purpose alone, and with it the monetary estate, if any, to provide for the securing of speakers for the new-born society, the Haverford Christian Union.

With the birth of the Union, and the death of the "Y," we have, if properly read, a sign of progress. Let us close with a prayer that, should the Union find that it has outgrown its usefulness, it follow in the judicious footsteps of its predecessor, and gracefully sound its own death knell.



Haverfordian

THE history of the class in its connection with the *Haverfordian* is very largely the history of a year's intensive perspiration by Rodell, following a year's extensive inspiration by Carr. These two men—spiritual brethren and prospective roommates—brought us the rather unusual record of having had two *Haverfordian* Editors-in-Chief in our midst, while other classes seem to have thought one more than enough. An amazing precocity characterized the scribbling efforts of John and Jack, for (another oddity) the latter chose his Sophomore year and the former his Junior in which to fly their respective bright typewriter ribbons above the literary sterility of Haverford College.

Both of these prolific fellows had poetry reprinted in selections of the best college literary work of the country; both developed equal facility and felicity in supplying their magazines with specimens of any given literary *genre* that happened to be needed at the time; both were unappreciated by all but a very select circle of sophisticates, and both knew it, and remedied the situation by fully appreciating themselves. Both were intimate friends and sponsors of the work of such well-known men as Eric Hirth and C. G. Baker and *Le Murmurateur* and F. T. Gower and *Caliban*—without whose friendship and whose work they would, indeed, have been frequently obliged to write entire issues unaided and alone. Both won Hibberd Garrett prizes, as incoming editors, from their predecessors, the outgoing editors.

Bram Linn contributed enigmatic versifications for four years, and the result of a general inability to understand what they were all about was a *pro tem* editorship sandwiched between Carr and Rodell. His was the merit of a completely mystifying (if existent) significance, and many people liked it. Also, troubled as one, but, fortunately, decided to shut up of his own accord.

Bob Barry, before Jack (our Freshman year), and Joe Martin, after John (our Senior year), had adequate and undistinguished editorships. The *régimes* of our own two sons brook no comparisons—naturally.

And in a business way, it must not be forgotten what marvelous—incredible—things were done by Dave Hedley. Charlie Hamilton and Martin Jones also served—more obscurely.



The Cap and Bells Plays

RHINIE year saw the class off to a poor start in college dramatics when it placed only one member, Ed Hogenauer, in the cast of "Captain Applejack," the Cap and Bells production for that year. However, what was lacking in quantity was certainly made up in quality, for fully a half of the audience would willingly have choked Ed, playing as the cutthroat, as reward for his villainous machinations against the fair heroine.

Sophomore year we hit our dramatic stride, placing four members in the cast of "The Hottentot." Bill Lane, as the efficient groom Perkins, gave an excellent character interpretation and supplied many choice laughs to the play's various audiences. The part of Lionel Perera, playing the rôle of the defeated lover, Larry Crawford, was very excellently performed, while Ed Hogenauer and Alf Mellor made a most delightful married couple, Mr. and Mrs. Olie Gilford.



Came Junior year and our representation in "Three Wise Fools" was cut down to three. Hogenauer played for his third, and Lane and Perera for their second consecutive year. Lane, as Judge Trumbell, made a most excellent mentor for the orphaned Sidney Fairchild. Ed Hogenauer, reverting to his character established Rhinie year, played the part of another villain, Benny the "Duck," who had been sentenced to prison by Judge Trumbell. Perera's rôle was that of a policeman.

Senior year found only one of our number, Bill Lane, in the cast of "Mr. Lazarus." But here again quality made up for quantity, with Bill playing the rôle of the character from whom the play was named. Bill was also chairman of the Play Committee. Gerry Rorer looked after the business end of the performances, while Hawthorn, as stage manager, looked after the production end.



The Minor Organizations

Scientific Society

THE Scientific Society passed through a most successful year under President L. C. Perera. Several open meetings, which were addressed by a number of speakers, were held during the year. The high spot of the Club's program was an illustrated lecture on "Cancer," given by Ellis MacDonald, Philadelphia research specialist. President Perera gave a talk on Die Deutsche Musee which he had recently visited. J. Emlen also gave a talk on Birds.

Classical Club

UNDER President William S. Lane the Classical Club spent an uneventful but profitable year. The annual Latin Play was not given this year, as the Club decided it was too difficult to stage it every year. It will be given in alternate years, beginning next year. The Club held several open meetings, which were addressed by eminent classical scholars.

Engineering Club

THIS new organization was born shortly after the opening of the new Hilles Memorial Laboratory in February. Its inception should be largely credited to Professor Rittenhouse, who could see no reason why our nascent engineers shouldn't be organized as our other scientists have been in the past. Jim Stranding enjoyed the honor of being its first president. He was likewise a member of the Board of Governors with Joe MacNamee and Bob Cunningham. Several talks were given by members and outsiders.

Debating Club

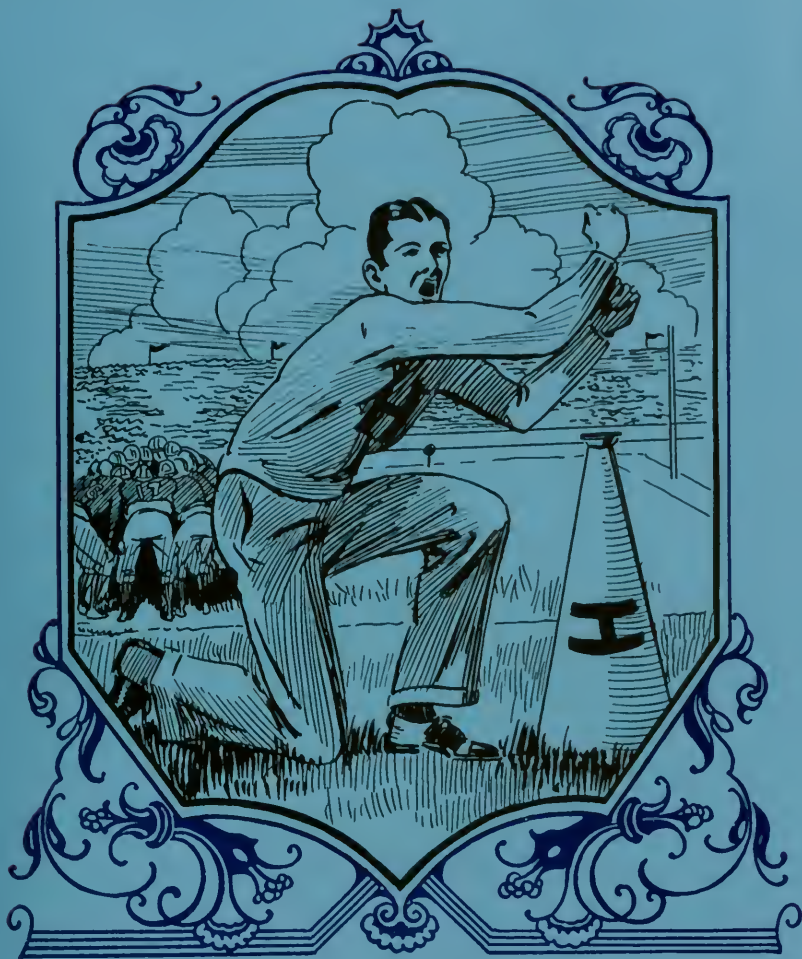
THROUGHOUT our four years Ensworth, Sullivan and Collison have been our outstanding exponents of the forensic art. The latter pair attained prominence Rhinie year when, with the late Jack Carr, they overcame our Sophomore opponents in the annual interclass debate. Sophomore year saw Collison, with Ensworth and Hemphill, two newcomers, oppose the Rhinies in the same affair. Since his début in that year, Ensworth has been a member of every class and Varsity debating aggregation which has worked on the campus. Last year he and Sullivan again upheld the class honor by defeating the Seniors in the interclass fray. With the number of its members as Varsity men and the three out of four successes in the interclass struggles, the class may well be proud of its forensic talent.

Radio Club

UNDER the leadership of Frank Briggs the Radio Club, which had languished for some two years, was revived shortly after mid-years. The use of station WFAN, Philadelphia, was obtained for one hour a week. Several fine programs were sent on the air before the Club's use of the station was cut off by an unfortunate circumstance. "Station WFAN, Philadelphia, broadcasting the Haverford Radio Hour. F. H. Briggs announcing."

The Chem Club

UNDER the presidency of Howell Wright the Chem Club has devised for honors students in chemistry a system whereby they may meet together for the purpose of discussing the topics in which they are particularly interested. A new plan has been inaugurated whereby all those present deliver short talks instead of having one or two main speakers. During the past year many topics of particular interest were brought up, and one or two outside speakers secured.



ATHLETICS

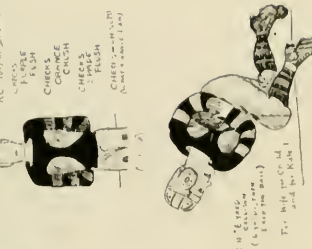


14 Lions - Count Em - 14



FC RAYMOND BROWN

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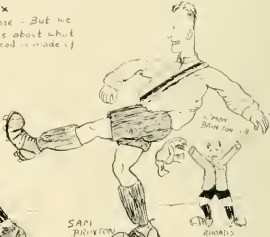


"MADGEY WOULD... Eff you want some his face. Look... the Team Page We thought you was enough?"



Meaning offense - But we have our own ideas about what this guy Mares' head is made of

Yes that is the great GAD trip



I'd like to hold left the ball I jump in to the drive that's



At least one manager should be represented tearing his hair, and at Coach's hand will have his assistant to seem a logical choice



The Director also... (HARD TO FIND... SPONSORSHIP... sure... COACH... and... OTHER... HAD...)



Yes Sir - Cash comes from a good Q. Jack Slack



JAFFEY vs. AUSTIN



HUFFLE OLD FIVE



NO 10 DOWNING ST



CURLEY 10M

TOWARDS LARKSVILLE TOWN HILLS



JEN

T. R. P.

ALSO

in a 1930P. J. 1930Pige



"MILANER"
Panties in the form of
Pants No. 100, LTD



BIV



CARL J. M. E.



DUNE



"The Little"



THE BEAR

Chick in the end



Illustrations by J. H. ...

Football

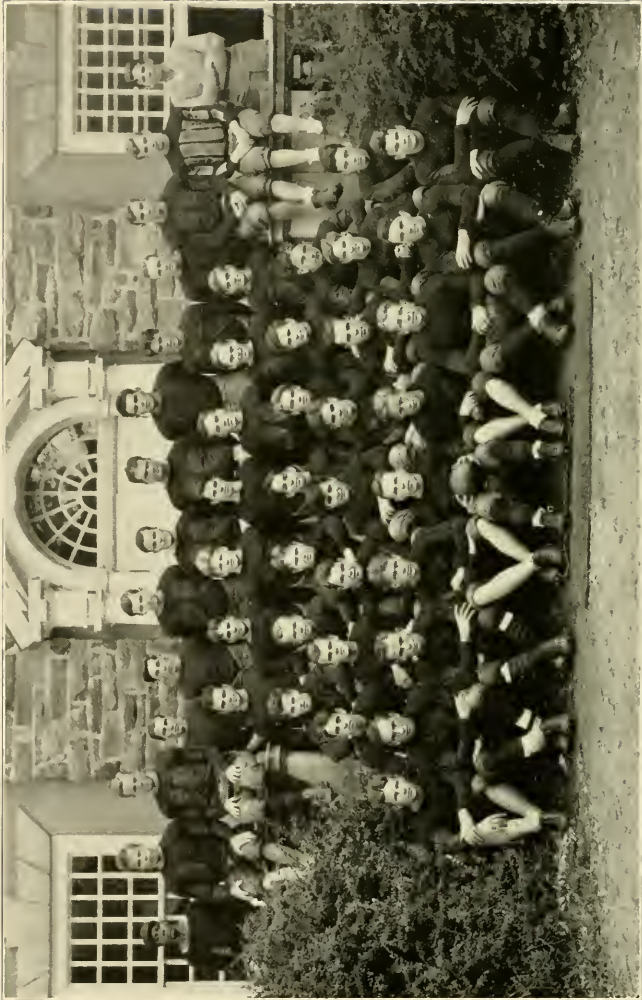
A FULL account of the history of football and the part taken in it by the Class of 1929 during our four years at Haverford would require much more space than it is possible here to devote to it. Therefore, we shall be forced to confine ourselves chiefly to a brief resumé of each game, putting the emphasis, of course, on the considerable rôle played by the members of our Class.

In the course of our college career, Haverford Football teams have won nineteen out of thirty-one games, probably a high-water mark for at least the last decade. Captain Middleton's team, that of our Sophomore year, had the greatest material success, winning six games straight in a schedule which included City College of New York and Hamilton; Curt Dohan's team won several signal victories notably those over Franklin and Marshall, Hamilton, and City College of New York, pulling a rather mediocre season out of the fire by virtue of winning the last three games; but, in spite of the cold facts represented by "lost and won columns," we are inclined to class Tommy Gawthrop's 1928 eleven among the best that Haverford has produced. Facing one of the most difficult schedules ever attempted by the Scarlet and Black, this great team gave all it had in winning the first four games. In the third quarter of the Franklin and Marshall game Haverford broke. We do not mean by this that the team went to pieces, for it did not. But no more games were won after St. John's.

The football contribution of our Class has been an enormous one. In Freshman year, one man, Curt Dohan, received a letter, while four received numerals. In Sophomore year six got letters and eight numerals, while in each of the last two seasons fourteen members of 1929 won the "H." With one exception, these fourteen men were the same this year as last. Dohan left college at the end of Junior year to go to medical school, but Scott, who joined us from the Class of 1928, replaced him.

In Freshman year the Class of 1929 made up, with one or two exceptions, the entire Junior Varsity. Brown, Murray, Gawthrop, Fox, Hoopes, Collison, Kingham, Ensworth, Tripp, Downward, Hicks, Hogenauer, Speck, Rodenbaugh, Lemere, Masland, Liveright and Perera all played through a quite successful second-team schedule under the coaching of Don Wilbur, '24. Brown, Murray, Gawthrop and Hoopes were awarded numerals. The only Freshman to gain a regular berth on "Squirt" Miller's eleven was Curt Dohan. Curt had come from Lower Merion as a tackle, but Coach Harman promptly took advantage of his build and steady tackling to fill an empty wing position on the Varsity.

The season of 1925 was featured chiefly by three overwhelming defeats at the hands of Columbia, Pennsylvania and Swarthmore, and by a close 6-0 victory over Johns Hopkins. After every defeat the team won a victory, and the season ended with four games on each side of the ledger. The opening game with Columbia was played at New York and lost by a score of 59-0. Haverford was outclassed, but not discouraged, for on the following Saturday the Scarlet and Black came back and defeated Susquehanna decisively, 19-7. This was the opening home game, and



THE FOOTBALL TEAM



"The Wop"



Tommy



Dave

most of us Rhinies were eagerly witnessing a Haverford team in action for the first time, at least for the first time as members of the student body.

The Hopkins game was won on fight alone. In the first quarter, Foss Webster intercepted a pass and broke loose for a touchdown. Haverford was on the defensive for the greater part of the remaining three periods, but was equal to the occasion, and the enemy failed to score. The Hamilton game was played in a sea of mud, and during the first half neither team was able to tally. In the third quarter, however, the vigilant Paul Sassaman tackled Martin behind his goal line and gave the Scarlet and Black two points. It seemed as if this were to be the only score of the game, but in the last period Haverford broke away from the visitors and scored two touchdowns, to make the final score 15-0.

The Franklin and Marshall game of 1925 might be considered by some as a piece of tough luck, since Haverford was defeated by the narrow margin of one point, 7-6. However, Franklin and Marshall had a much heavier and superior outfit, and it was mainly by sheer pluck and grit that the score was held so low. Charlie Greene was the hero of the game for Haverford, scoring the Scarlet and Black's touchdown when he blocked a kick, recovered the ball and lumbered over the line. The score of the Pennsylvania game was 66-0, but Coach Harman had the wisdom not to use up his best men in a hopeless struggle. It was in this game that Roger Brown and Herb Ensworth made their Varsity debut. Both played very creditably, and we remember clearly how Roger once brought us to our feet with a beautiful flying tackle of Freeman, Pennsylvania halfback.



Charlie



Hicks

Four men from our Class started the Delaware game, Murray, Gawthrop, Tripp and Brown. These men, along with the rest of the second team, held Delaware scoreless throughout the first quarter, after which Coach Harman's first stringers went in and scored three touchdowns to win by an 18-0 score.

The Swarthmore game of 1925 is a painful memory to us, although its one-time acuteness has been more or less mellowed by the passing of three years' time. The Scarlet and Black made a sensational beginning and led by 13-0 at the end of the first quarter, but when the teams left the field at half time the score was 28-13, and things were not looking very promising for the visiting team. The second half confirmed our most pessimistic fears, and the final result was 70-13. Besides Curt Dohan, Nappo Murray got into the "fray" for a while.

As has been previously mentioned, the 1926 season was the most successful in tangible results. After dropping a tough opener to Johns Hopkins, Captain Middleton's men galloped through the remainder of a seven-game schedule without a defeat. In the first five of these contests the team was not even scored on, but in the final with Delaware the Blue Hens managed to tally, although they were badly beaten.

Though only in Sophomore year, 1929 contributed more than its share to the personnel of the team. Tripp, Dohan, Murray, Ensworth, Brown and Gawthrop received letters, while numerals were awarded to Kingham, Hogenauer, Speck, Bevan, Wilt, Fox, Hicks and Downward. At the beginning of the season Coach Harman found himself confronted with the loss of thirteen lettermen, and was in sore need of the wealth of material which was given to him by our Class. In the center position especially was the team hard hit, as Merle Miller had graduated and Jimmy Mitchell had left college. But Tommy Gawthrop rose to the occasion and filled the gap with as much fight as it has ever been our pleasure to witness on a gridiron. Whenever Tommy was completely disabled (usually along toward the end of the third quarter), his place was taken ably by Al Supplee, who, along with Morris, Milliken and Wriggins, constituted 1930's contribution to the Varsity. Tripp earned a regular position in the backfield, and by the end of the season was well on his way towards achieving his deserved reputation as a most clever and elusive halfback.

The opening game with Johns Hopkins was lost through failure to stop one of the most deadly short passing games in the East. Five yards at a time, right over the heads of the linemen, the Bluejays banged away at the Haverford secondary for a 12-0 victory. In the second game of the season the Haverford machine had been polished up considerably, and experienced small difficulty in subduing St. John's of Annapolis by a 24-0 count. Tripp was the star of the backfield, and scored twelve of Haverford's points.

The Hamilton game, played up at Clinton on the following Saturday, was a hard-fought and bitter scrap, and it was largely due to Stewy Hoskins' cast-iron constitution that an 8-0 victory was brought back to Haverford. Stewy blocked four Hamilton punts, on one of which Curt Dohan fell for a safety. The Juniata game provided the team with a bit of innocent diversion. Held to one touchdown in the first half, Middleton's men ran wild in the second, rolling up 33 points, and



Hogie



Turp



Kenny

giving every man on the bench a chance to play. "Nappo" Murray acted as captain during the last few minutes, but did not score any touchdowns.

The City College of New York victory came as a pleasant surprise to many of us. Tripp's 50-yard run in the second quarter was without doubt the highlight of the season, as far as individual plays go. Although the touchdown which was scored by that run was the only tally of the game, Haverford was by no means the underdog during the rest of the play. The contest was close and hard, but the Scarlet and Black more than held its own throughout. Egg Morris' beautiful punting and Captain Middleton's fearless line-plunging were outstanding from a Haverford point of view.

The Drexel and Delaware games provided easy going for the team. Drexel was trounced severely, 39-0; while Delaware bowed, 27-6. In both of these games Ken Kingham, who had not been out for football during the greater part of the season, drew much attention to himself by entering as a substitute and promptly running over 30 yards for a touchdown. We should say the high points of the 1926 season were Captain Middleton's line-plunging, Tripp's ball-carrying and Egg Morris' punting.

In the Fall of 1927 the Class of 1929 was represented by a large majority of the team, fourteen men receiving letters. With the departure of Dean Flint, '28, Curt Dohan was elected Captain of the team, while Gawthrop, Tripp, Kingham, Collison, Ensworth, Fox, Hogenauer, Speck, Brown, Bevan, Wilt, Hicks and Murray were awarded the Varsity "H." Many of the men arrived late for early practice, and on the first of October the situation looked black when the team went up to Lancaster to play Franklin and Marshall, a team which had just held Pennsylvania

to an 8-0 score. Haverford had absolutely no offensive of any value, was outrushed fifteen first downs to four, and yet won the game, 11-0. Seldom have we seen a Scarlet and Black team fight so gamely and take such advantage of the breaks. The outstanding play of the game came in the third period, when Kingham intercepted a pass and ran through a broken field 55 yards for a touchdown.

Against Amherst the following week, Haverford was in poor shape. Ed Hogenauer was out completely, and his place was taken by Johnny Fox, who had never before had any real experience at the quarterback position. Gawthrop's knee was liable to go back on him at any moment, and many other of the first-string men were bothered by minor injuries. However, Amherst had the better team on that day, and fully deserved the 14-0 victory which it pounded out of the Scarlet and Black. A week later Hopkins brought up a well-balanced team of veterans for the annual battle, and went back to Baltimore with a 20-0 win to its credit. The game was closer than the score would seem to indicate, however. Tripp twice put Haverford within striking distance by beautiful long runs, but the team failed to follow them up.

Drexel was again taken into camp, this time to the tune of 26-0. Again Coach Harman's lowliest got a chance, thirty men in all taking part in the game for Haverford. One unfortunate incident occurred to mar the Scarlet and Black triumph. Herb Ensworth, who had made quite a name for himself through the able way in which he was filling the fullback position left open by Middleton, was kicked in the mouth during the second quarter and forced to leave the game in a dazed condition. However, his place was taken most successfully by Johnny Fox. We shall not soon forget Johnny and the first touchdown. Carrying the ball on a delayed cross-buck, he ran gracefully through a five-yard wide hole, balancing the ball lightly on his thumb and forefinger, then stooped and dribbled it over the line, where Wilt fell on it.

About fifteen or twenty minutes of listless playing were responsible for the St. John's disaster. The team had a slump, and was easily taken advantage of by the alertness of the home outfit. The score was 14-7. The Hamilton game was a fierce struggle. The only score of the game came in the second quarter, when Tripp made a beautiful flying catch of a pass from Kingham and jumped off the supporting shoulders of the Hamilton secondary defense over the line for six points. A jubilant alumnus is reported to have stated after the game that only one other man beside Tripp could have caught the pass, and that he had been dead for a good many centuries.

The 13-0 victor over City College of New York was extremely pleasant to Haverfordians, as we were well aware that City College had sworn vengeance for the 1926 game, and was pointing for Haverford all season. We had it on good authority that the enemy had made plans permanently to disable Tripp, while they were in no little doubt as to whether or not Morris should be allowed to survive. However, it was these two men who were responsible for Haverford's thirteen points, Morris making his score by running back the kick-off following Tripp's touchdown. The Delaware game provided a fitting climax to the season. Held scoreless in the first half, Coach Harman's men uncorked in the third period a deadly long passing game which finally rolled the score up to 27-0. The first touchdown provided a nice instance of virtue rewarded, or some such thing. Ed



Foxy



Rajah



Herb

Hogenuer, who had been opening up beautiful holes all season, without much recognition from those outside the squad and coaches, finally got his chance and caught a short side pass from Tripp. Everybody got his man and Hoky thundered down the sideline for the opening score. This let the cat out of the bag, and soon afterwards Jack Newton scored on another pass. The game ended with the third team on the field.

The opening of our Senior year found us in need of our full supply of veteran material, as we faced one of the stiffest schedules ever attempted by a Haverford football team. True, there was only one actual change in the schedule. City College of New York, after having been beaten for two years running, decided to go out after sterner opposition, and was replaced by Ursinus. But several of the teams which we had played in former years, notably St. John's and Drexel, had got well started on a "program of student expansion," and were considerably stronger than they had ever been before. Besides which the teams we had beaten last year were "laying for us." With the exception of Curt Dohan, the whole team was back, and there were two substitute additions from the Class of 1932, Fields and Bean.

The opener with Ursinus was won chiefly by fierce charging and tackling and a heady selection of plays. Haverford's passing department was weak, especially on the defense, but the team was wide awake and fighting every moment of the game and fully deserved the 8-0 victory which it won. Halsey Hicks stepped into the limelight by making the first score of the season, when he tackled Captain Jeffers, of Ursinus, behind the Bears' goal line for two points. Tripp starred, not only by his clever ball-carrying, but also by his excellent judgment in the selection of plays.



Levi



Nappo



Specky

The 23-13 victory over Amherst was not only the outstanding football event of our college career, but also the greatest landmark in Haverford football since the Swarthmore game of 1916. Entering the game in the second half on the short end of a 13-3 score, owing to no more than ten minutes of rather careless play in the second quarter, Gawthrop's team unleashed a furious and irresistible attack which finally pushed over three touchdowns. Amherst had a big team and a good team, but though it went down fighting, the Purple was outclassed in the second half of the game. It is not only difficult but unfair to single out one or two Haverford men to be named as stars of the game, so we shall not attempt to do so.

The team let down considerably during large parts of the Hopkins game, but came through at the crucial moments and took sweet revenge on the Bluejays for



Scotty



Coach

two years of defeat. The large Haverford rooting section was kept constantly on pins and needles by the needless number of fumbles perpetrated by the Scarlet and Black, but the Haverford line held like bedrock when its goal was threatened, and left the field with a 13-0 victory to its credit. Unified team play and fight were the big factors in the 7-0 victory over St. John's. The visitors had a big, well-coached eleven, and the game was a bitter one from start to finish. Haverford's touchdown was chiefly due to the alertness of Roger Brown, who picked up a St. John's fumble in the second quarter and ran 40 yards before he was downed 8 yards from the goal line. On the third rush from that point, Collision smashed across for the score.

Then came the Franklin and Marshall catastrophe. Fourteen points ahead at half time, Haverford slumped in the third quarter and allowed a triumphant and very earnest Blue and White eleven to run through it for twenty points. Coach Harman had removed quite a few of his first-string players in order to give them a chance to rest up their injuries in preparation for Hamilton, and evidently it proved fatal. Most of them were back in the game after the visitors had tied the score, but even they were ineffective in stemming the Blue and White surge. Haverford made a desperate threat to score in the last period, when Collision and Tripp made three first downs in a row. Kingham hurled a pass from the 16-yard line to Tripp, who was behind the goal, but the latter had to stretch too far for the water-soaked pigskin, and it slid through his fingers and slotched into the mud.

The Hamilton game was lost to a better team. The Clinton eleven scored two touchdowns, but was driven to the limit to do it. On the following Saturday Halas' Drexel Engineers came out to Haverford and put an end to the Scarlet and Black reign by winning a 19-7 victory. However, the score does not fairly represent the difference between the two teams. Captain Gawthrop's men played a good game, and, although Drexel deserved to win, its scoring was done by successfully working freak plays which completely fooled the Haverford defense.

The Delaware game was lost by what we consider the toughest break that any Haverford team has had since we have been in college. With the score 12-0 against them at the beginning of the second half, owing to several pieces of bad luck, the Scarlet and Black tore into Delaware and scored seven points in the third quarter. Seemingly determined to tie the score, Haverford again marched the ball down the field, making a first down on the Blue and Gold 5-yard line. On the following play, however, Gawthrop's pass was high and bounced off Collision's chest squarely into the hands of Hill, Delaware right end, who caught it and raced 95 yards to make the score 19-7 for Delaware instead of 13-12 for Haverford.

This, we believe, is a fairly comprehensive summary of football during our sojourn at college. By way of tribute to Coach Harman and Coach McIntosh, it is interesting to note that several of the Varsity men in our Class have been developed almost entirely since they came to Haverford, while quite a few of the others had not had any very great experience in football during their prep school days. Throughout the four years the "Twenty-niners" have stuck together. In Rhinic year they were the Reserve Team, in Junior and Senior years they were, to a great extent, the Varsity.



THE SOCCER TEAM



Soccer

THE Soccer team during our four years at Haverford has been the most outstanding for its consistency in winning games. Football and track have flourished, basketball and baseball have met with indifferent success, but Coach McPete's elevens have continually won more than a majority of their games, and for three years of our college duration have been one of the leading teams in the East. Soccer is the only sport in which Haverford has taken the measure of the larger institutions with conspicuous success.

In the Fall of 1925, the last year of the Intercollegiate League, the Scarlet and Black placed third. Swarthmore fell an easy victim early in the schedule, while the strong Crescent Athletic Club dribblers and Princeton both earned tie scores. Navy, Cornell, Yale, Harvard and New York University were beaten handily. The most interesting and exciting game of the year was the 8-7 defeat by Pennsylvania. This contest, played in the rain and mud, was not decided until the closing minutes of play, and when the Red and Blue finally achieved victory, Princeton, instead of Haverford, was the champion of the Intercollegiate League. Because of the one-year residence rule, no member of the Class of 1929 was eligible for Varsity soccer, but Maier and Test were members of the Junior Varsity, and others were developed on lower teams.

The first year of Haverford soccer in the newly organized Intercollegiate Association was highly successful. Forced to build an entire new organization around three veterans of the preceding season, Coach McPete welded together a combination that won seven victories, tied twice and was undefeated. Nor was an inexperienced eleven the only difficulty faced by the coach, for Logan, stellar fullback and captain of the team, was forced to leave college and numerous injuries played havoc with the members of the squad throughout the season.

Saunders, center forward, was elected to the vacant captaincy. Alsop rose from the third team to win the goal tender's berth and began a career of brilliant if erratic service, which terminated in All-American honors at the close of his first season. Jimmy Maier graduated from the Junior Varsity to fill the left halfback position, where his play was marked by its steadiness. When forced out towards the close of the season because of injuries, his place was capably filled by Jack Marshall, ex-'29. Cary, ex-'29, after a slow start, developed rapidly into an excellent performer at outside left and was runner up to Captain Saunders for high scoring honors. Test also saw some service on the forward line, chiefly at inside left.

Lehigh was beaten decisively in the season's opener, and Princeton, conceded to be the strongest team in the East, was held to a 2-2 tie for the third consecutive year. The powerful Crescent Athletic Club was turned back 4-3, and Penn bowed 2-0. The victory over the Red and Blue was the first in five years, Alsop's defensive work being the feature of the game. Lafayette and the University of Toronto were no match for the Scarlet and Black booters, although the Canadians led at half time. Swarthmore again bowed 4-1 in a hard-fought tussle. In the final game of the season, a slump overcame the team, and the weaker Navy aggregation, after three extra periods of play, earned a 3-3 tie.

The 1927 combination started the season with great promise and carried it out through the early part of the schedule, but, after being defeated by Princeton, played an uncertain brand of soccer, sometimes rising to brilliant heights and other-times making a decidedly mediocre showing. Captained by Estes, the team was strong in the backfield and in three of the line position. The loss of Cary at outside left hurt a great deal, and Coach McPete labored throughout the season to find a capable performer at this position, with little success. Another member of the Class of 1929 won a place on the team and one, besides Cary, dropped out. "Duke" Mawhinney was transformed from goal keeper on the Junior Varsity to Varsity center halfback, and alternated at this position with Rudrauff. An injured knee forced Test to abandon soccer just as he was rounding into form.

Two easy practice games started the season and then Lafayette and Swarthmore were beaten handily, the Garnet bowing 3-0. After three consecutive years of tie games the Scarlet and Black booters faced Princeton, each grimly determined to break the deadlock. Through most of the game the lead see-sawed back and forth between the two teams, but in the last few minutes of play Packard, the Tiger's center forward, broke through the Haverford defence to tally his third goal and bring the Orange and Black a 3-2 victory. Lehigh was easily beaten, but the team was forced to a 3-3 tie in extra periods in the Penn game after building up a strong lead. As in the Princeton game, the last few minutes enabled the Red and Blue dribblers to snatch a certain victory from the Haverford eleven. Cornell bowed and Penn State, considered to be the greatest team in the East, was held to a scoreless tie in the best game of the season. The Scarlet and Black defense put up a wonderful battle against the strong attack of the Nittany Lions and were more than responsible for the tie score. Jimmy Maier was awarded All-American honors at the close of the season as a result of his work, and was elected as captain of the 1928 combination.

As in previous years the 1928 aggregation started with a rush that gave promise of a most successful season. The team was not as strong as usual, the forward line being woefully weak in scoring goals, but the backfield, with the exception of the fullbacks, was as powerful on the defense as ever. The Alumni were met in the opener and given a crushing 9-0 defeat. Two easy teams fell victims and Lehigh was beaten easily. Penn State invaded Haverford a week later, eager to atone for last season's scoreless tie, and again met with the same fate. The powerful Nittany Lions were unable to enter the Scarlet and Black goal, while Coach McPete's booters' offensive drive was checked by the State defense. The Crescent Athletic Club combination also earned a tie, 1-1, in a hard-fought game. Penn was easily defeated, 4-1, on a muddy field, the Red and Blue team being greatly inferior to those of past years. Encouraged by the victory over Penn, Haverford invaded Princeton, anxious to cancel the defeat of the previous season. After leading 1-0 for most of the game, a general let-down in the team enabled the Tigers to tie the score in the last few minutes of play, and to add another tally in extra periods. Also played a brilliant game at goal, but his work was offset by the weak showing of the Haverford line, which missed chance after chance to score. After the Princeton setback the team entered a slump which stayed with it to the last game of the season. It was an entirely different team although it played just as hard a game as before, but it could not win from weaker combinations. Navy, experiencing the worst year in its history, rose to great heights to down the sinking Haverford



Wright



Jimmy



Danny



"Soup"



"Duke"

eleven, 2-1. The game was marked by the listless spirit of the team and the poor work of the forward line, the only tally being made by Mawhinney, a halfback. Swarthmore invaded Haverford the following week with one of the strongest teams it has ever had and walked away with a 1-0 victory. The team fought hard against the Garnet, but the scoring punch was totally lacking and the eleven was white-washed for the first time in three years. Just as suddenly as it had come, the slump, that held the Scarlet and Black dribblers in thrall since the Princeton game, disappeared and the team gave Cornell a decisive defeat, 3-1, on Thanksgiving Day. Strangely enough, the game was marked by the fast work and accurate play of the forward line.

Of the three 1929 members of the team, Jimmy Maier was perhaps the most outstanding. His work was marked by steady dependability which often verged on the brilliant. He made up for his slowness afield by an uncanny power to play his man and by his ability in feeding the forward line. Also played an entirely different type of game. There were games when his work was remarkable, when time after time he achieved the impossible in keeping an enemy drive from the goal, but on other occasions his play was just as erratic. His long kicks and throws were objects of constant admiration, and his place will be an extremely hard one to fill. "Duke" Mawhinney had less experience than his companions, but he rapidly developed into a good halfback whose work was outstanding, especially when the team was playing its poorest brand of soccer.

Basketball

ANY basketball season which includes a win over Swarthmore is commonly considered a success. If this is so, then the Class of 1929 has witnessed the first four successful basketball seasons, for each year after a season of ups and downs, the team came through with a victory over Swarthmore.

Freshman year our real talent was hardly displayed. Downward and his long stockings won a place among the first six and was awarded his letter, while Bevan who played in most of the games, received numerals. Hamilton was our only other representative on the Varsity squad until Mawhinney graduated from the intramural ranks at the end of the year.

The team, captained by Phil Garrett, and coached by Walter Halas, won six and lost nine games. The high points of the season included a win over Drexel in which Bevan played the leading rôle, an extra period game with Princeton in which the latter finally triumphed, 32-26, and that memorable set-to with Swarthmore in which they were handed their first court defeat at our hands, 33-30, after a brilliant display in the Haverford gym. Victories were also registered over Delaware twice, Albright and Temple, while close decisions were dropped to Stevens, Muhlenburg and Ursinus.

In 1926-1927, Hunner and Tripp were admitted to Varsity ranking while Bevan and Downward both saw service in practically every game, Downward, his long



stockings now discarded, being a starting member for most of the season. The team, handicapped by the loss of Logan, Captain, started poorly by losing to Temple, Schuylkill and F. & M., but rallied to win over Moravian, 37-23, and Drexel, 39-38. This latter game Downward won single-handedly by tossing in a foul, amid tense excitement, after the regular forty minutes had ended in a deadlock. Delaware, who has not defeated us in basketball during our four-year sojourn here, was again turned back, 38-28. Another close one was lost to Princeton, against whom the team always rises to great heights, to the tune of 42-35. The annual game with our Garnet rivals was held this year in the Mary Lyons gym and was another thrilling spectacle. Trailing at half time, the team came back with Melchior and Downward in the leading parts to win by the same score as the preceding year, 33-30. The season was probably the best in the history of basketball at Haverford.

In our Junior year, James Brown took over the coaching reins and had a veteran combination to start work with. Six letter and two numeral men were available while the Freshman Class contributed Katz and Reisner. However, Morris was forced to withdraw on account of track work. Hen Supplee dropped out on account of injuries. Tripp was unable to play until the schedule was well under way and Thomas played the entire season handicapped by a weak knee. Downward, Bevan, Tripp and Mawhinney all received letters and Hamilton was awarded numerals.



Cob



Jimmie



Dave



"Duke"



Turp



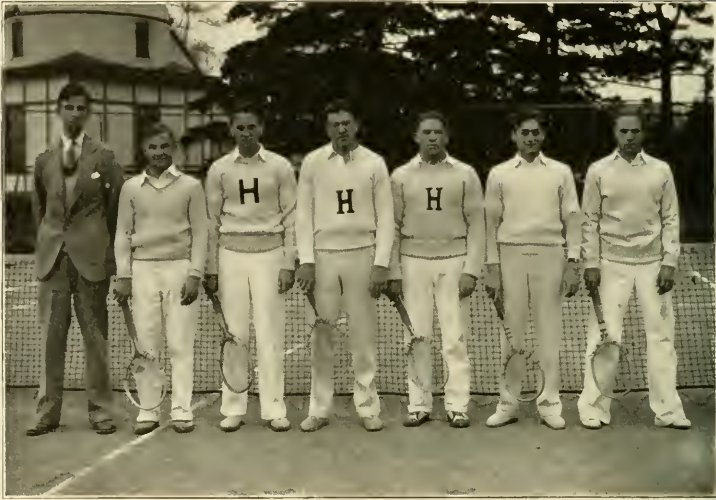
Horn

Schaaf and his Pennsylvania mates gave us our first defeat, 44-27. Three more were lost and then the team hit its stride against Drexel in a game which Mawhinney and Tripp pulled out of the fire in the last five minutes. Stevens, rated as one of the best teams in the east, managed to win by a scant two points, 40-38. Susquehanna and Osteopathy were defeated and Delaware again downed in a last-minute rally, 32-25. Again the Swarthmore game rolled around with both teams on an even rating. The Garnet succeeded in amassing 30 points for the third straight year, but led by Jim Downward, the Haverford quintet hung up 36 markers to win by the greatest margin to date. At the end of the season, Jim Downward was elected captain for the coming year and Carrol L. Corson was named manager.

Only two letter men had graduated and again great things were expected in our Senior year, but the injury jinx still pursued us. A new coach, "Bill" McAvoy, was installed to mold the team into shape, and "the screamingly funny boy," Corson, had prepared the hardest schedule in years. Dave Bevan was held up for two weeks with a football injury, and Al Supplee was prevented from coming out by an imperative operation. Tripp was forced to take a well-deserved rest and Hamilton, injured in the Hopkins game, was not available for the rest of the season. Hunner and Johnson appeared for the first time in Varsity competition.

The opener against Crescent A. C., a team of former college stars, was lost, 46-19, in a game of wild passing and erratic shooting. The redeeming feature of the Middlebury struggle was the shooting and floor work of Downward who scored 17 points. The team appeared to have hit its stride against Triangle A. C. which was won 38-35 and which marked the advent of Tripp. The team picked up against Gettysburg, but reached its lowest depths against Penn A. C. A heart-breaker was lost to Drexel on their court, in an extra period game. Princeton was held to a 13-13 tie for the first half, but the Orange and Black rallied to win, 33-19. Mawhinney flashed some brilliant play to take high scoring honors. After losing to Stevens, the team came to life against Delaware. Downward was the main spark in the victory, ably seconded by Mawhinney. Against Swarthmore we were not conceded a ghost of a chance. The game was held in the Pennsylvania Palestra and ended in the most overwhelming victory we have yet enjoyed. Mawhinney was the high scorer of the evening and Downward and Bevan finished off four years of basketball in great style. The final score was 27-19, thirteen of these points being hung up by Mawhinney. This game also marked the finale of Hunner and Tripp.

The fact that five of the six letter men were from the Class of 1929 proves that our Class did more than its share as far as basketball was concerned. Downward just missed Melchior's consecutive game record and Bevan was not far behind. Tripp and Mawhinney have been valuable members for three years and Hunner and Hamilton were big assets, the former gaining his letter Senior year while Hamilton unfortunately was forced out of the game entirely due to injuries.



Tennis

OWING to the necessity of sending this article to print before more than two or three matches of the 1929 schedule have been played, we are forced to confine ourselves almost exclusively to a discussion of the first three of our four tennis seasons. During these three years the Scarlet and Black net teams have had notable success—a recapitulation of individual matches shows a total of 169 won and only 81 lost, while a summary of team matches shows 26 won, 11 lost, 1 tied, and 6 cancelled.

At the date of this writing only two members of the Class of 1929, George Johnson and Bert Cary, have been awarded tennis letters. Johnson is captain this year, while Bert left Haverford at the end of Sophomore year to learn forestry, fire-fighting and fodder-forking at Cornell. Besides these two men, however, there are several who have taken occasional part in Varsity competition or played quite a bit on the J. V. Notable among these are Rodell, Bevan, Maier and Manager Hamilton, who may all be considered as Varsity material this year. Also played J. V. tennis in Rhinie, but since then has given up the racquet to defend the honor of Old Founders on the Intramural Diamond.

Howard Marshall's team, that of our Rhinie year, has had the greatest success of the three teams which we have thus far seen in action. In this 1926 season, ten matches were won, two lost, and one tied. The victories were gained over Osteopathy (2), Drexel, Delaware, St. Joseph's, Ursinus, Rutgers, Textile, Lafayette and Stevens, while Swarthmore and Penn defeated us and a tie was played with F. & M. The

team included Marshall, Lester, Webster and Forsythe, letter men, and Haviland, Evans, Cary and Johnson, numeral winners. Outstanding in the 1926 season, from the point of view of our Class, was George Johnson's 6-2, 6-3 victory over R. Johnson, of Swarthmore.



Charlie



"Doc"

Sophomore year found Bill Lester in the captaincy and the personnel of the team unchanged except for the loss of Howard Marshall. Cary and Johnson were again on the team, Cary receiving a letter for his work. The results of the 1927 season were not as gratifying as those of the previous year, but the team won the majority of its matches, seven out of twelve. Victories were gained over Osteopathy, 5-1; Drexel, 6-0; Temple, 5-1; St. John's of Annapolis, 6-0; Washington and Lee, 6-1; Western Maryland, 6-0, and Delaware, 5-1, while the Scarlet and Black was defeated by Rutgers, 3-4; Wesleyan, 3-4; Columbia, 1-8; Stevens, 1-5, and Swarthmore, 2-7. The Columbia match was unofficial, as it was played indoors.

In 1928, for the first time, an amateur coach was obtained by the team, Mr. Norman Bramall, of the Idle Hour Tennis Club, agreeing to serve in the capacity. Lester, Webster and Forsythe had graduated, and Cary had left college, so that the only remaining veterans were Captain Jack Evans and Johnson. However, the Class of 1931 provided some good material, Gene Hogenauer and Gray making the Varsity and Barnhurst the J. V. Estes played in sufficient matches to win his numerals, while from our Class, Rodell, Maier and Hamilton played on the second team.

Evans' team had quite a successful season, winning nine out of thirteen matches. Eighteen contests were originally scheduled by Manager Brady, but five of them had to be cancelled on account of rain. The outstanding event of the season was

the 4-3 victory over Columbia. Evans and Johnson in the doubles and Evans, Gray and Hogenauer in the singles were responsible for Haverford's winning margin of one point. The Swarthmore jinx continued to hang over the Scarlet and Black, and once more the Garnet team left the courts with a win to its credit.

The tough luck of Johnson and the good luck of Gray were noteworthy in the records of the players wins and losses. The former lost ten of his fourteen matches, seeming to be pursued incessantly by some demon of bad fortune, while the latter accomplished the signal feat of winning thirteen matches and losing none. Among his victims, Gray numbered Stanger, Captain-elect of the Penn team and one of the ranking Junior players. Evans won nine out of fourteen, Hogenauer, ten out of fourteen; Estes, four out of four, and Barnhurst, one out of four. In the doubles, Gray and Hogenauer won eight out of eleven, and Evans and Johnson, six out of six.

At the date of our going to press, the 1929 tennis team has won six out of the eight matches that it has played. As we have mentioned above, Johnson is captain of the team, and Charlie Hamilton is taking care of the management. The two matches in which Haverford met defeat were those with Penn and Army, by respective scores of 2-7 and 3-4. The Scarlet and Black has beaten Drexel, 6-1; Wesleyan, 4-3; Villanova, 7-0; Stevens, 7-0; Ursinus, 4-2, and University of Virginia. Rain prevented the playing of matches with Osteopathy, Temple, Columbia and Williams, while the remainder of the season's schedule consists of Johns Hopkins, Swarthmore, P. M. C., Lehigh, Delaware and Gettysburg.

As to individual records, Gray, who has been playing number two in most of the matches and one in the rest, stands first with seven victories and one defeat. Captain Johnson, number one man, is second with five victories and three defeats. Hogenauer and Rodell, three and four respectively, have each won four and lost four, Barnhurst has won four and lost two and Westermann has won one and lost one. Johnson and Rodell are the two Varsity men of 1929; Bevan and Maier have been playing on the J. V.



Track

DURING our four years at college the track team has been the most successful and outstanding of Haverford's athletic ventures. Larger colleges have been met on the field and cinder path and defeated with regularity. In the past four years the Scarlet and Black has dropped but one dual meet and for three consecutive seasons has been runner-up in the Middle Atlantic. Since the Spring of 1926 ten college records have been shattered. Much of the success of the track team is undoubtedly due to the enthusiasm and untiring efforts of Coach A. W. (Pop) Haddleton.



THE TRACK TEAM

Our first track endeavor was to elect Jack Probyn, Captain of the Class team, and in our Rhinie meets we won four out of seven contests. The Varsity, with Ensworth, Mawhinney, Tripp, Wright and Dohan competing, defeated Lafayette and Delaware with ease while the meet at Rutgers was decided by the broad jump, in which Tripp took first place. We lost the only meet of the year to Swarthmore by the close score of 64-60. In the Middle Atlantics at Lehigh, the issue was in doubt up to the last event when Dutton, of Swarthmore, beat out Tiedeman, of Union, the favorite in the 220, to give the Garnet the crown by two points. Ensworth in the dashes and Mawhinney in the one-half mile were the chief performers for 1929, the former earning his letter in the first meet of the year while Mawhinney was awarded numerals. Wright, Tripp and Dohan also managed to score in Varsity competition.



"Duke"



Nate



Herb



Turp

Sophomore year, Speck in the pole vault and Sykes in the high hurdles attained Varsity ranks and were awarded letters along with Tripp and Wright. Villanova, reported not to have lost a meet in three years, was easily defeated in a practice meet to start the season, 98½-27½. Temple, Delaware and Swarthmore were easy victims, but Lafayette offered stiffer competition and was downed 66-60. Thomas broke the broad jump record, but it was not allowed, while Mawhinney was under the record in the half, but failed to take first so it also was not allowed. The Middle Atlantics were lost again by a very close margin, this time to New York University by two points.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight was our best track year to date. In addition to winning all our dual meets, seven college records were broken or tied. Villanova, Lehigh, Ursinus, Delaware, Bucknell and Swarthmore were our victims. The shot record was broken four times by "Egg" Morris, '30, his final mark made in the Intercollegiates, standing at 46 feet 3½ inches. Thomas, placing fifth in the same meet, set a new standard in the broad jump of 23 feet 7¼ inches. On Junior Day against Bucknell, McConaghy, '28, broke the high hurdle mark, Bob Edgar, '32, ran a 2 minute 1.6 half, and Morris broke the discus record. Against Swarthmore, Ensworth ran to a new record in the 220, while Shirk, '30, duplicated his feat in the two-mile run. Haverford qualified its greatest number of men so far in the Middle Atlantics, but New York University was much too strong and again the Scarlet and Black had to be content with second place. At the end of the year, Herb Ensworth



Dave



Howell



Bill

was elected captain and Folwell was selected to carry the hurdles for the next year. J. H. Morris won the Walton prize cup for the second straight year with a total of 72 points, ten more than his total of the year before.

Most of the members from our Class have been developed since arriving at college. Ensworth, in the dashes, has been the most consistent scorer. Mawhinney was made into a good half miler, although often unsteady. Sykes was formed into a first-class hurdler and is expected to score heavily this year. Speck placed in his favorite event, the pole vault, in the Middle Atlantics for two straight years. Tripp detracted his attention from baseball long enough to score some valuable points in the broad jump and this year has devoted all his time to track. Howell Wright has been an important member of "Pop's" stellar distance squad. Perhaps the brightest

spot in Haverford's track is the work of Morris in the shot and discus. Egg has placed in many of the bigger Amateur and Intercollegiate meets and has done much to put his Alma Mater in the athletic limelight.

Every indication has been given to date that 1929 is going to be another big year. Lafayette was overwhelmed in the opener 78-48. Ensworth looked particularly good in the dashes and has a fine chance of breaking his own records. Lehigh came down here to be trimmed $87\frac{1}{2}$ - $38\frac{1}{2}$. Morris started things in the right direction by breaking his own discus mark. The relay team of Sykes, R. Edgar, Mawhinney and Gerenbeck placed second after leading until the last lap. Two triangular meets remain, one with Delaware and Ursinus and the other with Army and New York University at West Point. The meet with Swarthmore should be close, but the Scarlet and Black should win. The Middle Atlantics, with New York University defending her title, are the big attraction of the year on the Haverford oval, and again we seem pointed for second place.

Track seems to be one of Haverford's comparatively best sports, certainly its most consistent. Most of the success is due to Father Haddleton in spite of his "on-your-mark-get-set-all-up" tactics.

Baseball

BASEBALL as a Spring sport at Haverford has always been more or less subordinated to track, but for the past two years it has threatened to attain an equal footing with the field and cinder path athletes. Larger and better prepared squads report each year and the team is steadily given more support, but it has yet to realize an outstanding year regarding games won and lost. The sport has presented a constantly changing picture in coaches and players, but the result of each diamond combination is usually the same.

Walter Halas handled the reins from the bench in the opening year and produced a fairly good team. Kingham was the outstanding member of the year 1929 to win recognition on the diamond. During our Rhinie year, Ken was the only member of the squad that had any pitching ability and he was worked hard and often with excellent results. Most of the defeats handed to the Scarlet and Black during the 1926 season came when the various misfit members of the rest of the pitching staff were called upon. Tripp had no difficulty in winning the shortstop's post and showed a brand of baseball that marked him as the best infielder on the team during our stay at college. Abbott, by hard hitting in the early part of the season, clinched the center field position and was beginning to develop as a fielder when he was moved in to cover first base the following year. Tommy Gawthrop and Ed Hogenauer saw service as utility performers in the outfield and infield respectively while Cob Corson broke in as a noisy rookie who proved to be a valuable man in the coacher's box because of his incessant chatter.



THE BASEBALL TEAM

1914

Kingham began his college mound career in impressive fashion by holding the strong Stevens aggregation to three hits and whitewashing them 6-0. The Drexel Engineers were stopped 4-3, but the Penn A. C. team was able to win a 12-8 victory because of inferior pitching by some of Haverford's second-string twirlers. Delaware was the third victim, bowing by a 6-1 score on their home grounds. The Scarlet and Black ace annexed his fourth win in as many starts by defeating Albright, but met his first defeat of the season at the hands of Swarthmore on Junior Day. This was largely the result of overwork as he had borne the whole brunt of the Haverford pitching burden. Two more victories were added in handy fashion when Osteopathy and Moravian were easily beaten. Another win came the following week when Kingham, in fine fettle, held Delaware to three hits and turned the Blue Hens back with a 3-1 score. Swarthmore closed the season by scoring a second victory, 7-3.



Chris



Dick



Kenny

In our Sophomore year Walter Halas began his last season as coach of the team. He had proved to be a good coach who made up for his constant errors of judgment by his strenuous efforts to win games. A running mate was present for Kingham in the person of Cabby Supplee and the misfits who had tried to hurl the year before wended their way back to the bench or the intramurals. Dean Flint developed yearnings to be a trackman and his place was taken by Al Supplee, who was made over from a first baseman chiefly through the hard work of Bill Haeffner, who occasionally assisted Coach Halas. Abbott was moved to first to cover the vacancy left by Logan and Richter filled in at right field. With a real two-man pitching staff backed by a veteran team Haverford's diamond prospects were brighter than they had been in years.

Penn A. C. annexed the opening game by a 4-0 score and Drexel took a close contest, 7-6. Lafayette made it three straight by pounding the usually reliable Kingham, but the jinx was chased in the following game when Hen Supplee held Stevens to four scattered hits and won in handy fashion, 4-1. New York University experienced little trouble in setting the Haverford team back 6-0, but Osteopathy was beaten 8-6, making two victories out of six starts. An 8-2 defeat for Moravian and a 10-1 setback for Delaware brought the season's total to an even four-four split. The climax of the whole season came with the 2-1 defeat of Swarthmore by Cabby Supplee. The annual tussle with the Garnet was the finest ball game played during our years at college and may go down in Haverford history as the best baseball a Scarlet and Black team has ever played, for the enemy gained but one scratch hit off Supplee's splendid hurling and twelve of them fanned. A much stronger Delaware



Tommy



Ed



Tripp

combination was met in the season's final, but was forced to accept a 5-3 defeat. A run of close defeats in the early part of the year kept the season from being a most outstanding one.

Nineteen hundred and twenty-eight saw many changes as far as Haverford baseball was concerned. The fiery Halas departed to other fields and the more popular and kindly Roy Thomas succeeded him as diamond mentor of the Scarlet and Black. Of the new coach's ability there was no doubt for he brought to Haverford a splendid record of big league playing and minor league and college coaching. He at once proceeded to make over the material left him by his predecessor and to develop young talent for future seasons. Abbott retained the first base portfolio, but the much over-rated, weak hitting, weak fielding Vanneman at last was sent to the

bench and Corson succeeded him at the halfway station. With both Tripp and Renwick, Coach Thomas worked wonders. The former was already a star, but his brilliance increased under the new leader while the 1928 captain developed from an erratic performer into a good third baseman. Dick Keech, '31, filled the place of the departed Captain Saunders and the rest of the outfield remained the same as the year before.

A streak of cold, rainy weather handicapped the squad from the start. Penn A. C. won the opener 5-3 by staging a two-run rally in the eleventh inning. Lafayette took a 3-2 decision in Winter weather, but the Halas-coached Drexel aggregation dropped a 4-3 contest. Muhlenburg was an easy victor by a 10-5 score and Penn proved too strong for the Scarlet and Black by winning a 6-1 contest, although the team played much better ball than the score would indicate. Delaware was turned back 7-3, but Swarthmore won 7-6 after the Haverford nine had piled up a 7-0 lead over the Garnet as late as the seventh inning. Textile proved easy, but it took good baseball to turn Stevens back 6-5, as the Engineers had a splendid team, but the Scarlet and Black turned the trick to put an end to a mediocre season.



"Little Cobbie"

In our Senior year the team underwent several radical changes. Abbott broke a finger early in the campaign and his place at the initial bag was taken by Longacker, '32, who filled in so capably that Abbott was sent to center field on his return to the game late in the season. Tripp decided to devote his energies to track and gave up baseball. M. (Teb) Fero, of the Freshman Class, won the vacant portfolio at short-stop, and, while a good fielder, has been woefully weak at bat. The absence of Tripp has been keenly felt this Spring, and several close games lost early in the season might have been turned into victories had a hitter of his caliber been available. At third base, Zuber, another Freshman, started, but, as the pace grew too hot, he was forced to relinquish his place to Captain Kingham, who played the bag in stylish fashion.

When "Ken" took the hill, "Cabby" Supplee was made the guardian of the hot corner and he, too, showed much ability as an infielder.

Penn A. C. won the opening game, 2-0, although Kingham held the Clubmen to two scattered hits. Weak hitting and poor fielding cost a victory. The batting slump continued when the Ursinus Bears eked out a 5-4 win, and Swarthmore won the first of a two-game series, 7-6. Haverford staged a rally in the closing innings, but it fell one short of the Garnet's early lead. Lehigh won an easy 7-0 victory, but Cabby Supplee won the first game of the season for the Scarlet and Black by turning back Stevens, 3-2, in a well-pitched game. Osteopathy and Moravian were each whitewashed and Hamilton beaten, 2-1. In the last game Supplee struck out seventeen batters and added fourteen more the following week against New York University. Haverford made a strong bid against the Violet, who have one of the strongest teams in the East, but was defeated 5-4. Drexel won, 5-3, but Swarthmore received a 6-1 setback in the return game on Junior Day.



Cricket

THAT cricket is on the decline as an American college sport is evidenced by the steadily diminishing numbers which report on the crease each year, and the fact that none of the men's colleges which were formerly on the Haverford schedule any longer supports a team. Even neighboring country clubs are losing interest in the game, and each year it becomes increasingly difficult to arrange a schedule. Of the large numbers of the Class of 1929 who were attracted to the



Alfie

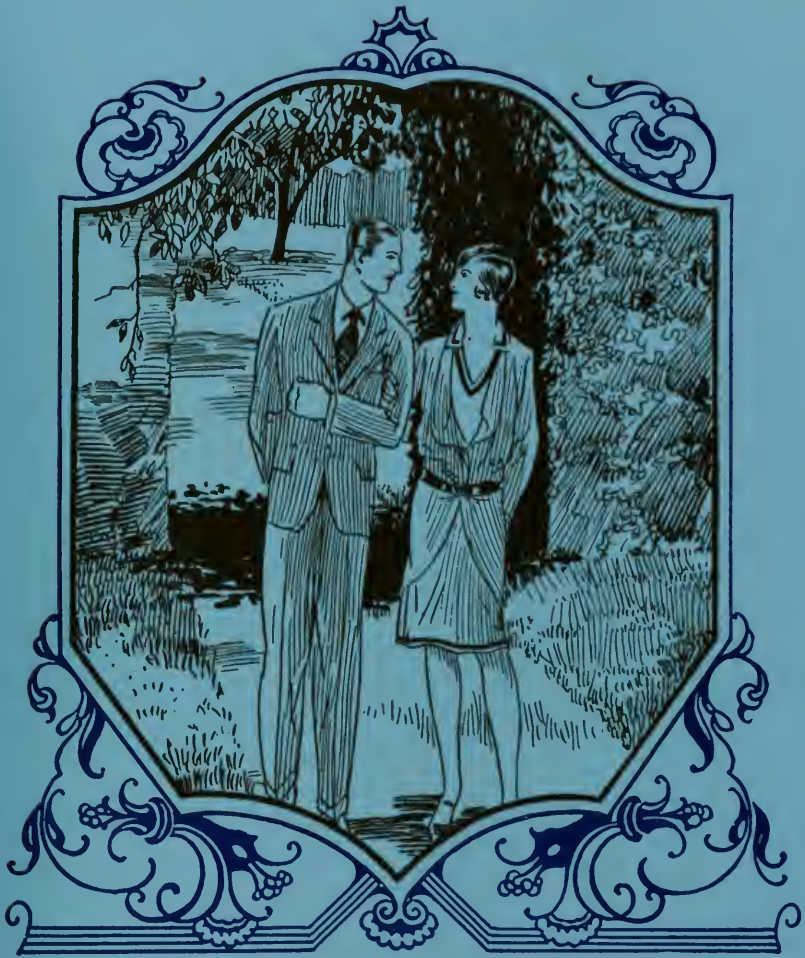


Jim

crease by the novelty and strangeness of the sport, only two remained active devotees at the close of our college careers, the rest leaving to pursue some more vigorous line of activity.

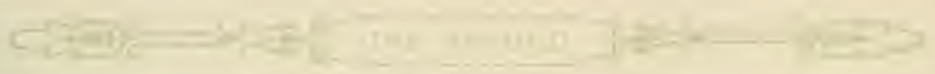
Attracted by rumors of another English trip in the summer of 1929, a large number turned out for cricket in the Spring of our Rhinie year. Since then the plan of such a tour has faded, due to the decline in interest in the sport at Haverford, and because the Scarlet and Black proved no match for the well-trained English schools and colleges on its tour in the summer of 1925. However, the XI remains the only sport to have two regular coaches, Tattersall supervising the work in the shed during the winter months while Godsall takes over the team when the outdoor practice commences in the Spring. After an overwhelming defeat of the Penn XI, the Scarlet and Black combination was fated to close its intercollegiate career and confine itself solely to matches with country clubs, the Alumni and the Faculty. The season of 1926 was highly unsuccessful, only two victories being won, and the next year's XI achieved only mediocre results. In 1928 the team enjoyed a good year, winning four out of six matches.

Standring and Mellor are the sole contributions of the Class of 1929 to the game. Standring broke into the sport in his Rhinie year, having had previous experience in India, and Mellor made the XI a year later.



FEATURES





Roll Call

*With no excuses and nothing to fear,
Having stressed the smile and suppressed the sneer,
The alphabetical scrutineer
(Your coyly anonymous sonneteer)
Presents to the world the mirror, here
And to each of his Classmates a souvenir
(All, he trusts, sufficiently clear)
To drinker of milk and to drinker of beer,
To littérateur and to engineer—
The collectively cognitive college career
Of the Class.*

* * *

Equally noted for verbal veracity,
Jeweled equipage, and for hirsute sparsity—
Moves as a well-oiled machine very frequently.
Dick.

Pride of the family, the Friends, and of Founders,
Sartorially sound and stylistically sounder,
Setting the pace for his gang of old rounders.
Bill.

At the engines of war he has launched his attack—
Not the engines of peace! Monomaniac.
Single-track mind—a railroad track.
Ted.

Inexorable with Collection cuts,
Driving six women's colleges nuts,
Such a flash! Such dash! Such a figure he cuts!
Dave.

The slouch of his gait fits the slouch of his hat,
As a hurdler he's rather a fair acrobat,
But he talks a good race—we'll at least grant him that!
Jack.

Temperamentally French, so a bit maniac-ic;
Good skate. Cartoonistic, linguistic, and Bacchic.
(At times inconvenienced by weakness stomachic)—
Wendell.

This irregular fellow's irregular choice is
Irregular verbs! (Uncle William rejoices)—
His the sign of the pawn shop—the basest of voices.
Carl.

"Listen in tonight, folks, 'cause I'll be on the air."
And the relatives, eagerly listening there
Hear his voice—(*The announcer's!* But what do they care?)
Frank.

Photographically occupied,
Westtown sheltered and purified,
No Quaker vice has he left untried.
Sam.

Self-contained and self-sufficient,
Ultra-crafty and proficient
With cards and chips. Lunt-efficient.
Roger.

The Class's finest mop of red,
Adorns the Class's chuckle-head.
"The bicycle, James! Full speed ahead!"
Henry.

From Merion University;
Our clown, our pride, our gangster, he—
"Some day my people shall be free!"
Charlie.

He scorns to join the children's pranks,
But alternately scowls, and thanks
The Lord he's left the rounders' ranks.
John.

Valetudinarian.
Pet of the school-girl radio fan.
"Play it Harry! Sing it Dan!"
Cob.

Keen and quick to comprehend,
The latest automotive trend,
Every drug-store-cowboy's friend.
Bob.

Foe of all intoxicants,
Friend of all the nonchalants,
Darling of the *débutantes*.
Jim.

Justice. Temperance. Truth. The Right.
Law-and-Order. Sleep at night.
Soul and body shining bright.
Herb.

The bear within the raccoon coat,
Military lion, Haddleton's goat,
A one-man zoo!—A helluva note!
Nate.

Pæans of praise *pianissimo*—
The cousin-worship he couldn't outgrow,
The tailor's boy—believe it or no!
Johnny.

Serious little fellow. By rights he really *ought*
 To be West Chester's catch. But his hard's already caught.
 Can a man be *too* righteous? Banish the thought!
 Tom.

After desperate efforts to demonstrate,
 That the Co-op Store *can* co-operate,
 He retired—on the strength of a small rebate.
 Alec.

Broad of humor and long of leg,
 Acquaintance wide, and the deeper the keg
 The better he likes it. Damn good egg.
 Charlie.

"My-dear-they-told-us-about-it-and-we
 Said-something-about-it-to-her-and-she . . ."
 Any good gossip? *Just bring it to me.*
 Jack.

Retiring by nature. His satellites
 Are legion, they say, 'mongst the Merionites,
 He writes and he waits and he waits and he writes.
 Art.

Dashing hither and dashing yon—
 We picture him so, even after he's gone;
 And his business soul goes marching on.
 Dave.

Try to imagine a worse incongruity,
 "Venus in derby"—*Result: Conspicuity,*
 Clothing concealing his true innocuity.
 Hemp.

Negative co-ordination,
 Or positive inebriation?
 Which? Some grounds for speculation.
 Halsey.

Terror of the tough Teutonics,
 Wet-nurse of the histrionics.
 Paradox: *White man from the Bronx!*
 Ed.

Collegiate cosmopolitan,
 Maryland country gentleman,
 Salt of the earth since the earth began.
 Johnny.

Determined of jaw. He would never pretend
 To be alcohol's foe or the *hoi polloi's* friend.
 Women, to him, are a means to an end.
 George.

The bat-boy's air of proprietorship,
Brimming with wise-cracks and good-fellowship.
(With a skippity-hop and a hoppity-skip.)
Martin.

Stony proletarian,
Our own Bernarr Macfadden man;
(Or is it an orang-utan?)
Kenny.

Our movie hero (Phantom Lon).
Six saxophones in unison
Are quiet by comparison.
Bill.

Super-sanctimoniously
Clothed in Christian Charity,
Radiating purity,
Kingsley.

With admirable unconcern
He learns to live and lives to learn.
Toilsome, terse and taciturn.
Dave.

Wise. At least quite wise enough
To pull a splendid four-year bluff:
("Learned, mysterious hermit" stuff).
Bram.

At climbing ropes he holds his own
With any simian species known.
Ardmore cobbler's megaphone.
Joe.

The Society's social affairs aren't complete
Without him. No Classmate can even compete
In *repartée* or in flatness of feet.
Jimmy.

Apparently harmless and naïve and gay,
He was given—quite rightly—the Y. M. C. A.
And he killed it—quite dead—in his sweet, guileless way.
Duke.

The joy of the virile nonpareils
Of stage and crease on which he excels.
It runs in the family—the Cap and the Bells.
Alfie.

With this man's line no man can cope on
Benedetto Croce's dope an'
Diapasons, stopped and open.
Hamor.

He operates with equal ease
And is equally proud of both of these:
The Flying Cloud and the typewriter keys.
Ralph.

He cracked a book, so he reached the top,
So he got his key, so he said he'd stop
Cracking a book—Oh logical Wop!
Lionel.

Flaming youth. The incarnation
Of all the Younger Generation
And its suave sophistication.
George.

His women "*most beautiful things ever seen*";
His theses are pretty—but what do they mean?
A pipe and a book and his life is serene.
John.

The athlete's or scholar's success or remorses
He lacks. But the Class pretty plainly endorses
This dictophone of the lecture courses.
Gerry.

Some notion abominable always annoys
While some motion abdominal pleases the boys;
His poise is entirely avoidupois.
Scotty.

The shapeless fellow boots the sphere
All through the Autumn atmosphere
Then hibernates, from year to year.
Sharp.

His career can't be roasted—there's nothing to roast!
His the worthiest devotions a man can boast:
Bed and *The Saturday Evening Post*.
Dave.

If none will gamble with him, his clever little game
Is to gamble with himself—and he wins just the same!
In radio he trusts, and in his own great name.
Eddie.

Wrong must be Righted! The World must be Free!
Justice must triumph! (*Obviously*).
I love m'woman; m'woman loves me.
Walter.

Soul of simple-mindedness.
Supreme self-confidence; sanguineness
Mostly misplaced—but there none the less.
Dave.

Our bowler, rather badly modeled in
 A pattern rather strictly feminine.
 The famous Indian athlete—Gunga Din.
 Jim.

Forensic in a formidable way.
 This member was potentially O. K.
 Till his roommates wrecked his morals, so they say.
 Bob.

Sinless and simple and silly and sweet;
 His future a puzzle, with this much complete:
 The men on his neck and the girls at his feet.
 Bill.

A shorty of an elongated bean
 With oddities therein. In mind and mien
 The funniest little fellow ever seen.
 Danny.

A schoolgirl complexion; a big ballyhoo;
 The best little athlete this place ever knew—
 Why shouldn't the women go crazy? *They do.*
 Turp.

Many tricks might be played but oh, never a worse on
 A poor versifier than ask for a verse on
 So very reserved and retiring a person.
 Dick.

A widely known metropolis
 In the western coal fields has sent us this.
 (Don't be fooled by the *alto*—he's not such a siss!)
 Levi.

The Department of Chem has no more it can teach,
 But the English Department could never quite reach
 That slight Bowery accent concealed in his speech.
 Howell.

* * *

*Yes, a very unusual Class indeed—
 Unusually high above par—
 So very unusual, we're forced to confess
 How very unusual we are.
 Most modest are we individually
 But delightfully frank as a whole—
 Which interesting facts we have tried to disclose
 In the foregoing call of the roll.*

History of the Class of 1929

Journal of the Flood Year

TO those connected with the College the year of our Lord 1925 will always be known as the "year of the great flood." The College Boards gave way and Acting Dean Wilson's finger did not adequately fill the hole in the dyke, with the result that the campus of Haverford College was flooded with Freshmen.

Those of us who had taken up residence on the campus by the twenty-first of September watched with increasing dismay the rising water in the skating pond, and the optimistic atmosphere, which had prevailed since a kindly disposed Senior had cheered us by saying that no Freshman had been killed yet, was dispelled by the contradictory statement that one had died of heart failure in the midst of the first-night excitement. Half-past seven found us abed, but the following hours were consumed in successfully praying for rain, sham-pooing the heads of other Freshmen, smilingly receiving gifts of tomatoes, killing time with slingshots, biting dust, and so on far, far into the night.

We soon went native and adopted the prevalent yellow and green color scheme—we were even provided with identification tags, rather tardily, most of us felt, for they would have been of much greater use in establishing the identity of the numerous near-corpses of the preceding night. On the twenty-ninth, the first Class meeting was held, being addressed by Howard Marshall on the subject of the honor system. In order



to appoint an acting president, those who had been class presidents at high school were asked to raise their hands—Tripp raised his a bit higher than the rest and was accordingly appointed, and subsequently elected our first Class President.

October first marked our début at Friends' Meeting, and the bow tie necessary to such an occasion cost many curses, "shrieks and sighs unholy"—as a matter of fact, it cost one novice the price of a subscription to the *Saturday Evening Post* in payment for the loan of a Senior's helping hand. After this we settled into something of a groove and everything proceeded with comparative tranquillity, and we began to look around for amusement and diversion. Those in Merion found it in the distracted actions of Alexander Ware when pursued by Tom Rodenbaugh—possessor of a soft Southern accent, an enormous Cuban machete and a crew of trusty comrades. Residents of the civilized portion of the campus derived similar enjoyment from the doings of the "Ogo Pogo"; at his best when pursuing or being pursued by the fictitious Rhinehardt; when advocating equality of age among college playmates or when dumbfounded by an apology from Keith.

The twenty-first of October was not a warm evening, yet the entire Class dispensed with pajamas. Such an action may surprise some persons, nevertheless it was absolutely necessary. The truth of the matter is that the Sophomores had appropriated all our nightwear and throughout the day foretold its reappearance

as drapery in such public places as Roberts Hall and the dining-hall, or even as pennants which would gaily flap in the breeze from the flagpole or from the cupola of the gym—and enlarged upon our attendant mortification. To prevent the experience of this embarrassment the Class was organized that evening and by football and pugilistic tactics attempted to retrieve the missing clothing from its rumored cache in the first entry, and failing in this, it was decided that we must arise at three in the morning to keep a vigil over all likely places of appearance. A shivering, stumbling, grumbling Rhinie class assembled behind the gym and saw the cold gray light of dawn emerge from the inky black of night. Skirmishes were lacking, but the effect was the same for those removed from our status by but one year failed to present our pajamas to the public view. In the meanwhile, a well-planned expedition under Liveright and Abbot had collected the Sophomores' clothing, causing a peace to be arranged—terms being the return of all missing articles—and all hostilities ceased with '29 claiming a moral victory.

There is always a certain melancholy pleasure in bemoaning the passage of the "good old days," and in our short term we, too, can look back, sigh and shake our heads gravely. No, sir, those were the days when we got a free movie once a year. In our day Freshmen were Rhinies, and there was no doubt who held the whip hand. In this bygone era we enjoyed watching Harold Lloyd cavort through an appropriately presented picture called the Freshman. Moreover, when the Customs Committee decided that it would be good for our health and the general atmosphere of the College if we should take to blithely skipping from class to class, we skipped—we didn't take a vote on it and reject the proposition. At that, however, we still had excess energy and found an outlet for it in the water fights which drenched Merion and North Barclay. Many a good man has met his Waterloo at the hands of Curt Dohan when, attempting to souse the captain-to-be of football with a quantity of water, he has been hurled bodily from the third floor to the second with only a momentary pause at the landing.

As was customary, we hired a band for the Swarthmore football game, but the band turned out to be as great a fiasco as the game, for its one accomplishment was "Haverford Forever"—a tune calculated to unbalance mentally any normal person if repeated as frequently as it was that day.

At the end of the Academic quarter we first saw Perera's name heading the list of averages, and it was well to start off so, for his has become a permanent fixture in or very near that position. The scheduled pants fight failed to materialize due to lack of interest—especially in the Sophomore Class—and '29 again claimed a moral victory, the first step in entitling us to carry moral canes on a distant Junior Day.

The skating pond was well frozen that year, and Liveright, noting the grace

(Continued on page 162)



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A. Douglas Oliver, 1919
Gordon B. Hartshorn, 1919

C. Dixon Heyer, 1923

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and ease with which Carey and Blancké—not to mention Rhoads—glided over the glassy surface, was induced to venture onto the ice. Sandy was not one to be caught unprepared, however, so what did he care about weak ankles as long as his pillow stayed in place. A heavy snow provided an excellent opportunity for the uncovering of hidden baseball talent, and we don't doubt that Kenny Kingham's pitching arm accounted for the bruises on innumerable upper classmen and many a gaping void in window sashes, but, curious to relate, two rank outsiders claim the best shots. Rodell, from the brick pavement, put a snowball through the open doors of Founders and neatly deposited it in someone's glass of milk. Sykes, the other, succeeded in getting a snowball into the dining-hall via three panes of glass—two where the sashes were pulled opposite each other and one in the window on the stairs. Any number of Students' Association and Students' Council meetings took place to consider the problem of fresh air in Founders, but it took some time for that dorm to regain its accustomed appearance.

The annual Rhinie Cakewalk play—considerably toned down nowadays—was presented in December, and featured a play called the *Green Derby*, as arranged by the transient Herman; pantomimes by Carey and a harem scene with Gawthrop, Hoopes and Hoopes' kris as protagonists. The following day we were taken off rules in recognition of our histrionic ability, and the next day our cup was filled to overflowing by participation in the Class Dance at the Merion Cricket Club.



At the time of the flood, Fritzie was absent, but, mounting to the high ground of Roberts' Hall on his return he viewed the devastation wrought and, taking in the situation at a glance, ordered the Faculty to man the pumps. This they did so effectively that the raging torrent had subsided considerably by mid-years, and even more so later.

Since we had accepted the honor pledge we were reduced to tricks more playful than dishonorable when exam time arrived. The most interesting was that of extracting the middle page of the exam book in the hope that the prof would mistake a quantity of books for a quantity of manuscript. One student, having torn out the center pages, absentmindedly removed the next, only to find—when he looked over his paper before turning it in—that but four sheets remained in the book. The artistic wielding of patriotic red and blue pencils in the illustrations more than atoned for the lack of pages, however, and the entire Class did well.

Ever alert to provide for the comfort of fellow inhabitants, residents of North Barclay arranged Carey's and Gucker's room with careful regard to the proximity of "all modern conveniences." That annual bloom known as the Classical Club Play only went to show that the histrionic ability of many of our members had

(Continued on page 166)

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not been overestimated on the basis of the Cakewalk, and when the Cap and Bells Play came around, although Hogenauer was the only member of the cast recruited from our ranks, Charley Hamilton spent his spare time terrorizing all of us by his excellent off-stage portrayal of the swaggering Captain Applejack.

Swarthmore was defeated at basketball for the first time and the College ran wild—Liveright ran wildly to a telephone and just happened to give the Ardmore Fire Company's number. Having gone this far, it seemed absolutely necessary to carry on to a successful conclusion which could not be done better than by announcing that North Barclay was a blazing mass. (Oh! If only granite *could* blaze!) Carrying out the same line of argument, however, it was decided that some sort of a fire was advisable, therefore, Vogel's Ford was ignited, but the fire company, having retired from the scene, was allowed to rest in peace.

Spring, attired in her customary raiment and accompanied by her customary humors, now appeared and we were introduced to Junior Prom, track, baseball, cricket, and to cap the climax—Commencement, the distant prospect that such an event would mean anything to us weighing lightly on our minds.

JOURNAL OF THE PLAGUE YEAR

Swift's work of the same title was an account of a year in which a very virulent but distinctly pathological occurrence swept London; ours is of the year in which an equally virulent but personified event swept Haverford. Plague the Rhinies? Well . . . With Collison at its head the Customs' Committee thoroughly enjoyed its duty of acquainting the Freshman Class with Haverford traditions—the touching sight of a Rhinie skipping in the footsteps of his forefathers has often caused a wistful smile to light the face of the beholder.

(Continued on page 168)

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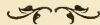
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Some fifteen members of our Class had fallen by the wayside when we reconvened, but we realized that all was for the best, as it allowed greater elbow room in the lecture hall of the Union, which was being used for Collection while Roberts Hall was recovering from a major operation, made necessary by a number of new fire laws.

Receiving word from China that his well-beloved Rufus was experiencing "violent attacks of subliminal uprush" in that far-away land, Uncle Billy booked passage immediately after rummaging his medicine chest for a bottle of Sodamints. An interesting comment on their arrivals—for they carried out the illusion of having remained separate by returning at different times—is that while Rufus sneaked back quietly with hardly more than a deeply sentimental "dear old Haverford," at a Faculty-Students' dinner, Uncle Bill made a beautifully timed entrance at Col-

(Continued on page 172)

To the Class of '29 ~~~~~

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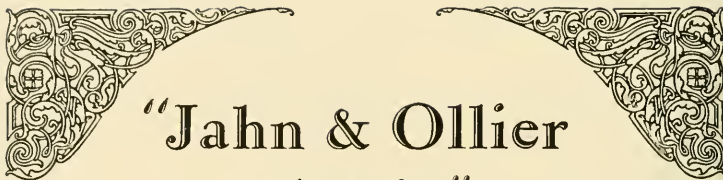
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lection one morning and was pleased to hear the cheers of the students which symbolized the crumbling of the pillars of power, which for three months had supported an acting president who held clever conversations with the Dean.

Late in September we were again accorded a free show at the Ardmore, and making good use of this golden opportunity, the pajamas which were to have adorned Freshmen, were removed to Nate Folwell's home, where the two finest pair were extracted to adorn Nate's sister and the remaining ones were strung together to facilitate a rapid draping of the chandeliers and portraits of the dining-hall. Altogether the affair was quite a success, for the added touch of color made for greater enjoyment of our meals; the grotesque appearance of three chandeliers was amusing and the absence of one college founder from his accustomed place on the wall was unnoticed.

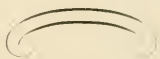
Interclass rivalry under more or less official sanction now came into the spotlight. That under more official sanction was the knock-down-drag-out spree on Walton Field resulting in a 25-0 victory for 1929. The less official one was the preceding scrap at the springhouse with the precipitate entrance of great numbers of Freshmen into that building. Directly after this, the Junior and Senior Classes were invited to see "Pigs" at the Garrick Theater, and returned to find the Juniors' beds pyramided about the flagpole. It was later that evening, we believe, that the Sophomore Class decided on midnight showers, airing of mattresses and other such healthful practices.

Disconnected but interesting incidents were the sacrifice of Fred Lemere to the god of electricity when Marshall carried out a certain experiment; the fact that our literary Carr turned to a playwright-producer with the presentation of the "Stewed Prince of Haverburg" as the Rhinie Cake-walk; and the sale of WABQ just as a

(Continued on page 178)

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"The Hottentot," given by the Cap and Bells Club, made a great hit, and not the least of it was due to Bill Lane's acting in the rôle of the groom—he literally "stopped the show." Success in athletics and beautiful weather made Spring pass rapidly, and still the exercises carried on in Roberts Hall on the eleventh of June meant very little to us.

JOURNAL OF THE PROM YEAR

This excellent year was started auspiciously by the opening of the new section of Lloyd and our first chance to make use of unlimited cuts—although they presented no novelty to certain members of our Class who, by some unknown means, had revelled in such a system the previous year, but the rest of us—peculiarly enough those who lacked the "gift of gab"—had stuck to the prescribed eight.

Shortly after College opened, the barn was reduced to ashes and burnt ham. We have the story, heretofore unpublished, that the S. P. C. A. had an extra silver medal inscribed to one Carpenter, and, to make use of it, proceeded to set the barn ablaze so that our "young professor of romance languages" might escort a per-

(Continued on page 184)

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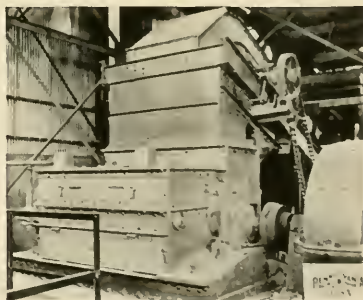
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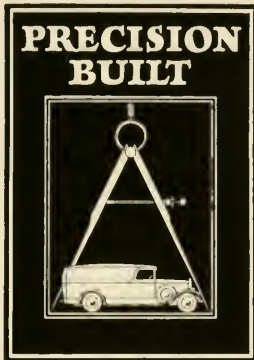
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Our Junior year was one of peace and quietude, which prevailed to such an extent that we had to work ourselves up to a high pitch of interest over events of only minor importance. Thus, there was a great furore about the Radio Club's gift to the Infirmary of a set which was, and is at present, serving to soothe savage patients.

When the Musical Clubs got under way, Cobby Corson was called in to brace up false notes, faltering voices and halting songs by his famous cry of "Mountain lion! Mountain lion!" Incidentally, the Glee Club took second place in inter-collegiate competition at Easton.

When mid-years swooped down upon us, Elihu bought himself a pith helmet, and since it couldn't be tolerated at Haverford, he was forced to sail for Beth Shemesh, whence he and some friends started to dig up most of the Holy Land. This should stand him in good stead when the jumping pits need digging or when the College roads are renovated—if ever. On the day he sailed, Corson and Abbot were nowhere to be found, and the rumor was current that they had gone with him as stowaways, but it seems that Cob had strained his back and Dick just couldn't bear to leave his old pal. At the same time, f(x) "folded his tent like the Arabs and as silently stole away," although he undoubtedly cursed the Arabs when he had to use their figures on a Ridgeview Country Club score card.

Ground for the new engineering building was broken and a very odd and disheartening plan of the lab-to-be appeared in the *News*. Many things that appear in the *News* are disheartening, however (some think that of the paper itself), and we believe that everyone admires the completed building.

Spring meant more to us this year than

(Continued on page 186)

“How Mr. Penn Crystallized His Plans”

THAT might well have been the title of our layman's handbook of Estate Information. For brevity, we call it “INTEGRITY TRUST SERVICE.” It is designed for the guidance of those who wish to study, in home privacy, the modern methods of estate building and conservation.

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previously—in fact everything connected with college grew in importance—and we eagerly looked forward to the fourth of May. Junior Day dawned as brightly as possible and presaged our fortunes of the afternoon, for, under a blazing sun, the athletic teams won well-fought victories—the track team doing its share to make the day a noteworthy one by breaking four records. When the sun had retired, a full moon took its place to smile benevolently on the gay assemblage within—and without—the gym. Only when you conceive of Nature condensing all the blitheness of Spring into one day and combining with man who has condensed all the successes of numerous years into one day, can you realize what sort of a time we had that June day.

Near the end of the year Dr. Babbitt announced his resignation as Director of Athletics and wound up his thirty years of loyal service with a dinner to the track team. Those connected with that sport hope that his successor, Tat Brown, will follow this good example.

A newly organized golf team won one—of three—matches in intercollegiate competition, and while we were holing out our putts or sliding across the plate, or sprinting the last hundred yards, Commencement suddenly pounced upon us.

JOURNAL OF THE FINAL YEAR

Once more returned to the campus, we took our station as Seniors not one whit changed by the passing of a year—still the same crowd ready for horse-play, athletics or even real work, on occasion. Dignity? This was the year of the Rhinie upheaval, and we had to be content with what dignity we could assume when Freshmen passed us without the traditional marks of respect.

Dave Hedley had been elected to the

(Continued on page 188)



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office of Class President as well as being Editor of the *News*, and filled both these positions with ability and vigor until forced to resign them by the untimely death of his mother. After some stormy sessions of the Students' Association, Tommy Gawthrop had been elected president and Duke Mawhinney quietly took over the "Y." After the dues collected had netted him enough money for trips to Pittsburgh and Stamford, Duke decided to murder his child—which got him and the College and Jack Hoopes considerable publicity.

The kitchen personnel was almost entirely changed when the unfortunate death of Mrs. Swinburne precipitated the departure of Miss Dobbins and the installation of Mrs. Patterson. The food is better, perhaps—there is a minimum of extraneous substance (such as tacks) in the chicken and a maximum of chicken in the soup.

The Hilles Memorial Lab was opened at mid-years and its habitués express joy at its vitals, while the rest of the College is pleased to see that it carries out the general policy of not having two buildings of the same type architecture.

Fritz announced his resignation from the Deanship—to be succeeded by Tat Brown, whose success here has been so phenomenal that we look for his copyrighted story to appear in *Confessions Magazine* any day. Dr. Pratt also announced his intention of retiring after thirty-four years of active service in attempting to drill Biology and kindred subjects into the heads of nearly two generations of students.

(Continued on page 190)

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Shortly after the Wilmington concert there was quite some excitement on the campus when there was reason to believe that certain persons were totally ignorant of an unpopular amendment to the Constitution of these United States. This, plus an equal lack of acquaintance with the Haverford Constitution, caused a two-week holiday to be declared for two of a dozen or so. The editorial department of the *News* came in for more publicity and aroused a greater fervor on the campus than it was ever imagined such a seemingly innocuous sheet could do.

Recently we read that a certain gentleman would speak at Commencement. It was only then that the proximity of graduation struck us—this was our own Commencement, we weren't to be spectators any longer but participants. The carefree feeling of unending good times suddenly left us, for we realized that now, just as we were coming to the height of our powers, it was the end. And so, with the whole world open to us, we scatter and separate; yet never shall time or distance "part the ties that bind the hearts of every son of Haverford." Beside college spirit there is such a thing as class spirit. For us that cold dawn which found us shivering behind the gym, marks its birth, and it shall not die until the individual members of the Class have all passed on—until the Class of 1929 is nothing but names on musty records. We have striven, and with some success, we hope, to make sure our own little share of immortality—to leave behind us glowing accounts of deeds that were done by persons of flesh and blood, that will make the memory of our class ever a warm one. Ave atque vale.

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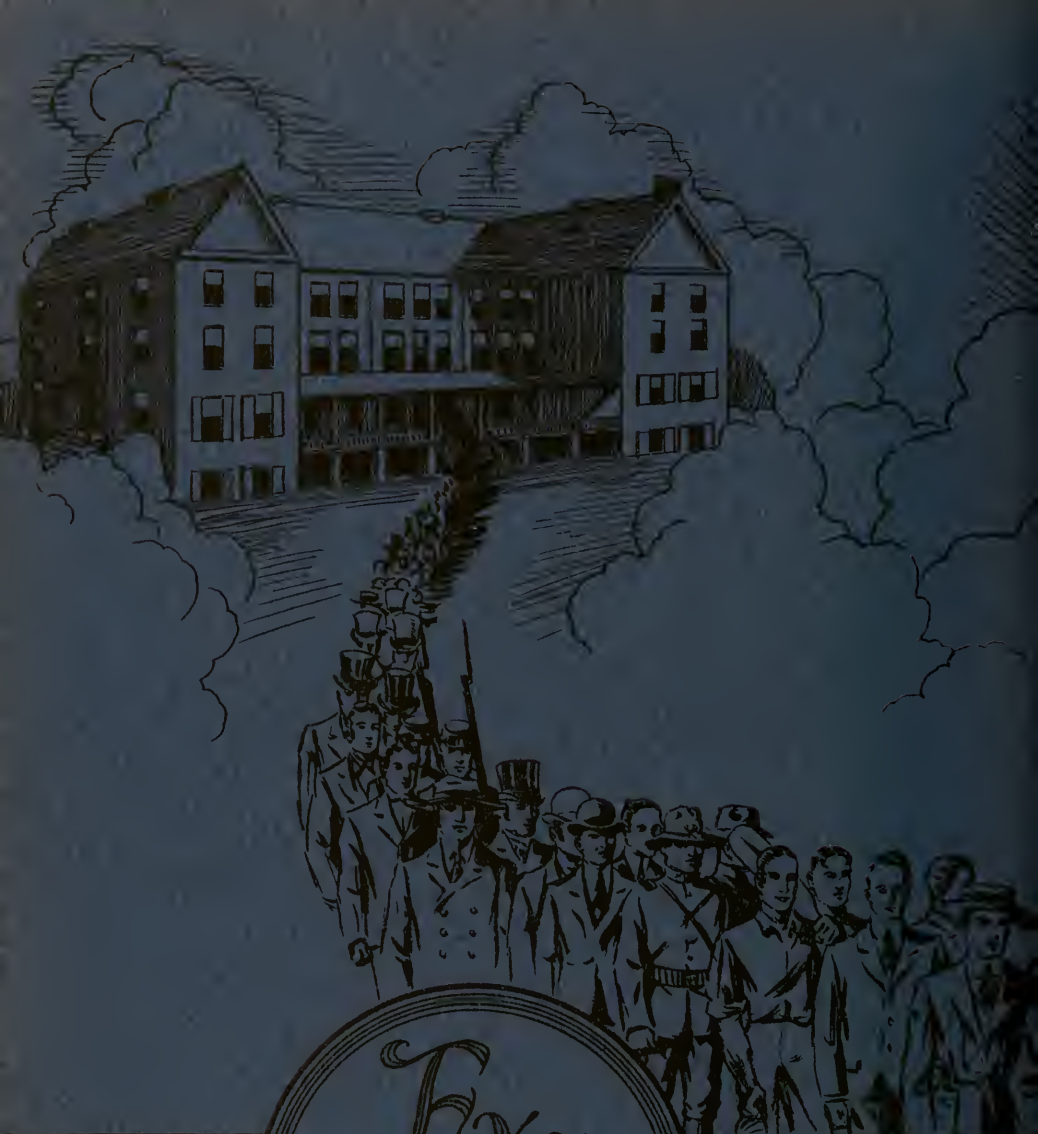
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