

THE  
RECORD  
1930



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THE RECORDER



1930







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**THE  
RECORD  
1930**

Published by  
**THE CLASS OF 1930**  
**Haverford College**  
**Haverford, Penna.**



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## *Foreword*

THE usual Record Book is a gorgeous thing in fragrant imitation leather wherein the parting classmates are described as a race of demi-gods and the soon-to-be-abandoned college as Olympus: and, as the halcyon days of their association together are now obviously over, the net result is to make a class Year Book in reality the most melancholy reading in the world. As an astringent to the tears of separation, therefore, the editors of the 1930 RECORD offer a modest volume in sober cloth, in which faults rather than virtues are chronicled, the demi-gods are reduced from their heroic proportions to life-size, and the movings of the holy spirit of sentimentality are cut down to a reasonable minimum. If you cherish delusions of grandeur, then, turn these pages no further.



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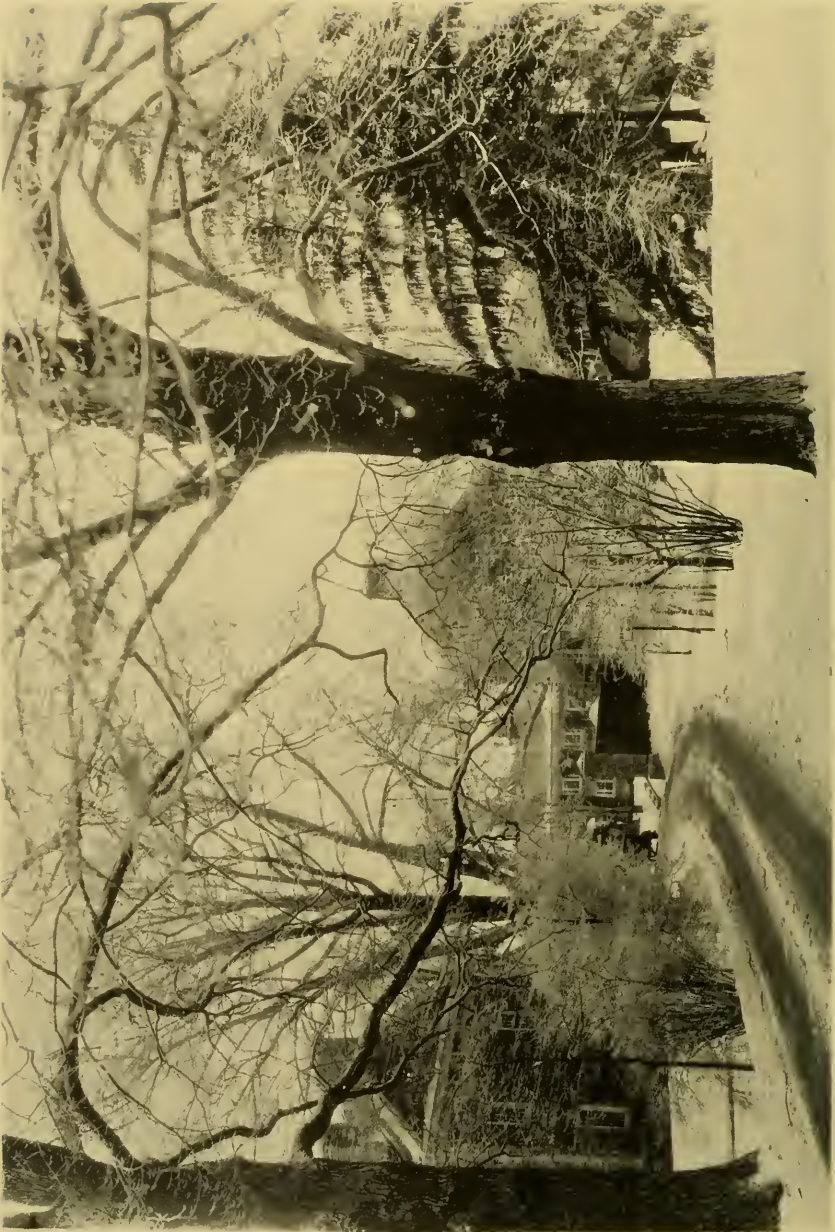




















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*Assistant in German and Engineering*

S.B., Haverford College; B.S. in M.E., University of Pennsylvania



# SENIORS





*"The evil that men do lives after them;"*





SENIOR CLASS





---

## Class Officers

### FRESHMAN YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>
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J. HOWARD MORRIS.....	Vice-President.....	GEORGE P. ROGERS
FREDERICK W. SWAN.....	Secretary.....	THEODORE EVANS
WILLIAM D. FRAZIER.....	Treasurer.....	WILLIAM G. WATSON

### SOPHOMORE YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>
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THOMAS WISTAR, JR.....	Vice-President.....	WILLIAM D. FRAZIER
DAVID S. RICHIE.....	Secretary.....	W. RICHARDSON BLAIR, JR.
W. RICHARDSON BLAIR, JR.....	Treasurer.....	JOHN PAUL JONES

### JUNIOR YEAR

<i>First Half</i>		<i>Second Half</i>
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FREDERICK W. SWAN.....	Vice-President.....	HARLOW B. ROWELL
WILLIAM D. FRAZIER.....	Secretary.....	ROBERT L. DOTHARD
IRVIN W. MCCONNELL.....	Treasurer.....	ROBERT M. OLTON

### SENIOR YEAR—FIRST HALF

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ARTHUR H. BRINTON.....	Vice-President
NEWMAN S. SHIRK.....	Secretary
BREWSTER H. MORRIS.....	Treasurer

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(*New elections may be held after five years*)

BRADFORD S. ABERNETHY.....	President
J. HOWARD MORRIS.....	Vice-President
BREWSTER H. MORRIS.....	Secretary
ROBERT M. OLTON.....	Treasurer



BRADFORD S. ABERNETHY

1349 Iris Street,  
WASHINGTON, D. C.  
Born 1909

Entered from Mercersburg Academy  
in 1926.

President Students' Association (4);  
Student Council (3, 4); Class President  
(2); Cap and Bells Play (3, 4); Chair-  
man Play Committee (4); Classical  
Club Play (1, 2, 4); Corporation  
Scholar (1); Curriculum Committee  
(2); News Board (2); Vice-President  
Y. M. C. A. (3); Editor Freshman  
Handbook; Cap and Bells Club;  
Founders' Club; Permanent Class  
President.

THIS great institution of learning is divided roughly into two groups—one camp which believes that Rufus and the Second Coming are about the same thing, and opposed to them those derelicts from rectitude who either have it or know where you can get it. In other words, we have the Quakers and the White Men; and Brad is the little world mother who made the grade with both of them and got the Student Association Presidency.

Abernethy is one of the few in the class who has chosen to serve the Lord in a professional way; and one thing certain he will never be sanctimonious in the pulpit; his experience on the campus will forbid that. For besides associating himself with a crowd that is celebrated for its viciousness, he is not above dabbling along the edge himself—though in comparison with some of his friends who carry on laboratory courses in sin, his own slips from grace don't count.

And while we're on this whole question of sins of the flesh, we might as well make a few remarks about the women in Brad's life. There are two headliners. One is a sensuous soul who at times leaves him panting and seeing red: Emily is succinctly described as a "lay in the hay"—in fact if you don't pull the choke all the way out and spin like the devil, she just lays down on you. The other girl is a bit more reserved.

The only misdeed that was ever actually proved on Brad, however, occurred back in Rhinie year and even Uncle Billy attributed that to temporary failure of the mental processes rather than original sin. It was just before the Delaware football game, and various cheer meetings had religiously impressed on us that the whole duty of man was to gather *beaucoup* de fuel for the bonfire—the result being that Abernethy, Watson and six other loyal sons spent the night most heroically in the Oakmont jug for attempting to make off with the P. & W. station's large and extremely inflammable set of metal scales.



"But, shucks! fellows—"

RALPH DOUGLAS ATKINSON

73 Highland Ave.,

SALEM, OHIO

Born, 1907

Entered from Mercersburg Academy  
in 1926.



WHEN the Class of 1930 learned on somewhat reliable authority at the first collection of its senior year that "bootlicking," as such, did not exist at Haverford, it was taken aback to a man. What, then, was this thing that Ralphie Atkinson had been doing at the end of each and every one of his classes for the last three years? Surely he had not been asking questions to satisfy any thirst for knowledge: Ralphie had always been spilling over with knowledge. He had been able to interrupt professorial lectures not less than once per class, no matter whether mediaeval history or biology, to remind the lecturer that an important point had been omitted. To be sure, the correction was usually twisted into the form of a question; but a correction it remained. To find out, then, just what this thing was which Ralphie had been doing we listened one day to one of those after-class sessions. Imagine our surprise when we found out how wrong we had been. Atkinson was just informing the professor that he had been doing some unassigned reading, that he thought the class was one of the most interesting he had ever attended, and that he would like to have the professor out to dinner sometime. And to think the class thought he had been "bootlicking!"



Ralphie's career on the campus, slight for the first three years, was confined almost entirely to classes during the fourth. With the demise of Doughty, he took up quarters at Whitehall, ate at the Tea Room, and spent his odd hours in his rooms finding allusions to French history which would be useful in whatever Lunt class (he took all the Baron's courses, by the way) he happened to have scheduled for the next day.

Ralphie, by the way, must have one valuable object in those rooms: a remarkably accurate alarm clock. During his whole college career, he was consistently four minutes late to every one of his classes.

"But—uh—Dr. Lunt—uh—didn't—uh—"



GEORGE WASHINGTON BETZ, JR.

720 S. Larches Lane,

MERION STATION, PA.

Born, 1908

Entered from Penn Charter School in  
1926.

Cheer Leader (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (4);  
RECORD Board; Chairman Welfare  
Drive (4); Class Day Committee (4);  
Freshman Debating Club; German  
Club.

**I** SWEAR. I never spent such an evening. Never have I seen such a girl, such— Well I arrived, gave my coat to the maid and we walked into the living room. Oh, yes, I lit a cigarette. . . .” On and on and on, slowly rising to the supreme climax; and ending with “and you should have seen me coming down that rainspout!”

George's college life has been the metamorphosis of a soul. As a Rbime, urged on by Hanna's vociferous exhortations to “Git hot, Betzy-boy,” he was a wild-eyed hanger-on of the Merion Murderers led by the famous Jack Carr (whom George still regards as utterly and gloriously sinful), and an inveterate bummer of cigarettes. Since the passing of these boisterous days, Betzy-boy has matured somewhat, becoming a profound arguer on Woman and the Negro, and making sporadically earnest attempts to git cultured rather than hot; but he is still an amusing spectacle. Some day he will grow up, and perhaps even be able to shave more than once a week.

As an upperclassman he has spent his hours dodging Blair on a rampage (“Betz, you b—! where's my soap?”). But George could always talk Benny out of it. George could talk anybody out of anything. His chief joy in life has rested in coming in at 11:30 P. M. and finding somebody to whom he could relate the evening's events in minute detail, and with just that sufficient degree of elaboration to make a very, very good story, and still be somewhere in the realm of plausibility. He is probably the outstanding romanticist of the class.

He believes in the world-wide supremacy of the white male German; in sex; Lucky Strikes; J. P. Morgan; and the exact opposite of anything Blair believes. His one aim is to progress to that position in life where he can wake up in the morning, stretch, yawn, and say to his financial secretary: “Let's have a panic this morning.”

*“Well, who's got the cigarettes?”*



WOODWARD J. BLACKBURN

LOCUST VALLEY, L. I., N. Y.

Born 1911

Entered from Friends' Academy in  
1926.

Football (3, 4); H (4); News Board  
(2, 3); News Editor (3); Classical Club  
Play (1, 2).



WHEN Blackburn entered college, he read Sara Teasdale, *The Dial* and played passably well on the bugle—now he reads *The Saturday Evening Post* and does not play the bugle. What little reserve and discrimination that remained after the 1928 Harvard Alumni Banquet at the Bellevue was pretty well washed up by four years' residence with Jim Brown.

One of the outstanding features about Jouett is his walk; it being a cross between single footing and a lope. Be that as it may, this peculiar mode of locomotion took him to the lairs of the more notorious debutantes of 1929-30 and, what's more to his credit, this was accomplished by sheer force of personality and not by the step-ladder route featured by Hanna, Vaux and Company. Blackburn's conduct in society and on the campus presents a study in contrasts. For he is perfectly capable of making the proper kind of small talk with the dullest of Main Line matrons, and can balance a tea cup with more than usual finesse; but let anyone remark on his extreme youth, or whistle a few bars of "On the Road to Mandalay," and what follows is unbelievable. The only thing approaching it is an elephant addicted to profanity, caving around a tin garage.



In the course of his adolescence during the past four years, he has discarded Benson and Hedges for Camels, violet Life Savers for football, an objective interest in women for a more personal subjective concern for the species, short pants for "longies"; but as yet has been unable to do anything about his freckles and open countenance.

Some remark should be made in closing about his consistent A averages. These are not due to any intensive study, as is popularly supposed, but are rather the result of a compelling and irresistible personality combined with some native brilliance; and undoubtedly he is one of the dozen or so future geniuses which every RECORD Book feels called upon to prophesy.

"God damn!"

1930



JOHN LEROY BLACKMAN, JR.  
5349 Greene Street,  
GERMANTOWN, PA.  
Born 1908

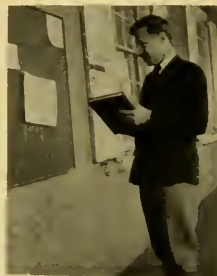
Entered from Northeast High School  
in 1926.

*News* Board (1, 2, 3, 4); *News* Editor  
(3); Editor-in-Chief (3, 4); Student  
Council (4); Graduate *News* Com-  
mittee (4); President Intercollegiate  
Newspaper Association (3); Chair-  
man Union Decoration Committee  
(3, 4); Class Debating Team (2); New  
English Club, Play (4).

JOHN LEROY BLACKMAN, *Christian Scientist*, *Philadelphian*, *Republican*; succeeded Hedley as editor of the *News*; introduced the *Eighteenth Amendment* to the College.

This could Jack's Haverford career be epitomized. But alas and alas, more gruesome detail must be told. Jack's whole four years have been packed with incongruities. When he entered, he was wedded as roommate to the brimstone-breathing Mussey (one of Oscar's grandest mistakes). During his freshman year (and during his senior, too, for all we know) he rose at six each morning to have solitary family worship, and his snappy rebuttal to a statement in favor of the use of the weed was "Well, Jesus didn't smoke"; yet in his senior year he was one of the Seven Deadly Sins in *Doctor Faustus*. When he first tried out for the *News* board, he was all but dropped for being so slow to learn anything; yet he became editor before the middle of his junior year. And his extreme interest in that iniquitous trade of journalism does not seem to match well with such aversion as Jack has displayed to all forms of what we were taught in Sunday School was sinful. Perhaps the ambition some day to be the directing genius of that greatest of all newspapers on the terrestrial globe, *The Christian Science Monitor*, has brought him unsmirched through the tobacco smoke and cursing of the *News* room. (Jack does think the *Monitor* is the world's best. We had stuck by *The Times* until one day he declared that *The New York Times* is atheistic, Democratic and—well, sarcastic." And that settled that.)

As no doubt has been gathered by now, Jack's college activities were confined almost entirely to the *News*. He lived and had his being as a member of the Fourth Estate. He was never so happy as when he could corral a Rhinie who was willing to listen to half an hour's dissertation on the difference between the first and third editions of the *Inquirer*. And it was as editor of the *News*, that he broke the long-standing, tacit agreement between student body and student council on the strong-drink question, with the famous "Gulp! Gulp!" editorial. In this activity, at least, it looked for a time last spring as if he were going to get the recognition due him (following Hedley, he faced a thankless task as editor of the *News*). But the tar and feathers failed to arrive.



"My word!"

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BLAIR

111 W. Second Street,

MEDIA, 1 A.

Born 1908

Entered from Westtown School in 1926.

Manager of Soccer (4); Business Manager of Cap and Bells Play (4); *News* Board (2, 3, 4); Business Manager (3); Corporation Scholar (2, 3, 4); Freshman Prizes in Mathematics and Latin; Sophomore Prize in Mathematics; Class Debating Team (1); Curriculum Committee (2); Westtown Club; Cap and Bells Club; Phi Beta Kappa; Cope Fellowship; Founders Club; Classical Club, Secretary (3); Chem. Club, Secretary (3); Scientific Society.



“THE Beaver half-backs, securing the elusive globule after a sharp scrimmage with the Baltimore Pikers, rushed the bounding pellet up the field to the goal mouth where a Scarlet and Black forward took it under his wing and booted it past the Garnet goalie for the tying tally as the referee’s whistle shrilled for the end of the period. The second canto opened with the Beavers, etc. etc. etc.”

An outsider, even if he managed to gather from the above description that a Haverford-Swarthmore soccer game was going on, would probably spot the writer as one of the colorful gentry in check shirts and yellow shoes who purvey sporting information to the readers of the *Philadelphia Daily News*. The amusing truth of the matter, however, is that he is a Quaker and a Westtownite, one of the class grinds and about as flashy a dresser as Uncle Billy. The Westtown qualification, of course, would not of itself prove him staid-minded (even Buffalo Bill, as a matter of actual record, went to Westtown), but the other bits of evidence do, and a host of classmates will arise to vouch for their truth. Thinking up outlandish ways to describe familiar objects in print has, indeed, been Bennie’s one debauch—and even this has been in response to tradition. Two or three years ago a soccer manager set the precedent of combining this job with that of a sports writer on the *News*; and Beany was so conscientious in following this that he even resigned the business managership of the *News* itself to do so.



There is one other respect also in which Bennie is somewhat jarring to the nerves: several months ago a visitor to the dining room started in alarm from his chair as an unearthly shriek rent the air; and it was only after several agonized minutes that he was soothed down sufficiently to realize that the sound was a laugh and the source Blair. And, in closing, it should be noted that the pernicious Blair influence has extended even to the regular College curriculum, certain gullible individuals having come to the conclusion that the way to a Phi Bete was to ape Bennie and never be caught acting intelligent.

“Now, you see it’s this way—”



W. RICHARDSON BLAIR, JR.  
3214 W. Susquehanna Avenue,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from Central High School in  
1927.

Store Committee (2, 3, 4); Chairman  
(4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4);  
Junior Prom Committee (3); Instru-  
mental Club (2, 3, 4); Leader (4);  
Soccer Team (2, 3, 4), H (2, 3, 4);  
Manager of Track (4); News Service  
Board (2, 3); RECORD Board; Founders'  
Club; Cap and Bells Club; Class Treas-  
urer (2); Class Secretary (2); Press Club,  
President (3); Liberal Club.

FOR some unaccountable reason, Dick was labeled with the nickname of Benny early in his junior year. His classmate, Benjamin F. Blair (no relation) immediately changed his name to B. Franklin Blair, and adopted the nickname of Beanie to avoid confusion. But Dick acquired another name while at college: Benny the Bitcher. Nothing has ever quite suited him. He has been continually suspicious since he entered in the middle of our freshman year. It was then probably that his soul was blighted for he was compelled to wear the Rhinie cap and tie (they were green in those days) long after the rest of us were released. Furthermore, the gang he roomed with in South Barclay for two years definitely produced a set of conditioned reflexes that are bound to hamper his political life in the future. Very probably they will prevent him from becoming senator.

Dick's toes, which point outward at an angle of forty-five degrees, combined with a black felt hat, a pink shirt, and a chin sadly neglected by the razor, give him an appearance, which is—fortunately—all his own. Visitors to the campus may arrange to see this apparition any day after lunch when he is to be seen strolling along the walk in front of Lloyd munching a piece of bread thickly covered with jam. Only the severest of rains can compel Dick to complete his meal in the dining room.

But perhaps Benny's most prominent characteristic is his willingness to try anything or everything. If he did not succeed in holding every office on the campus, it was not his fault; at least there can be no doubt that he got more graft out of his positions than anyone else except Masland. And finally, he would insist on speaking in Student Association Meetings—which propensity has always made us fear that the spirit would some day move him to rise in Meeting.

*"Don't be ridiculum."*





ROGER LANGDON BLOOM

411 Kathmere Road

BROOKLINE, UPPER DARBY P. O., PA.

Born, 1909

Entered from Haverford High School  
in 1926.



ROGER is a prize example of the wolf in sheep's clothing. To see him seated half upside down in an easy chair fiddling destructively with the adjacent bridge-lamp and telling whatever victims he can find that "that chem course is just terrible;" or to hear him shout the vile expletive "durn" after accidentally upsetting a beaker in the laboratory and thus causing himself to repeat three weeks of tiresome work, one would never suspect him of being the king of hearts that he is. From the beginning of Rhinie year to the present, Roger has always stoutly maintained that he would never get married, not even the equally strong statements on the opposite side by his faithful roommate Norr being able to shake him. However, with the passage of years, his actions have shown signs of a gradual weakening. He has never yet been so bold as to appear at a college dance, but he soon began to escort members of his harem to football games. Later he evidently realized that it was more economical to visit the girls, and it would not surprise us to see Roger confronted by an irate father holding a shotgun and demanding that he marry the daughter as partial payment for the free meals he has consumed. Bills for lodging may also be presented, for of late Roger has fallen into the habit of taking what he calls week-ends—although, as a matter of fact, they usually extend from Thursday until Tuesday—and he has been unsuccessful in convincing anyone that he has spent the whole time at home fixing screen doors.



But the real tragedy of these lengthy rest periods is the parlous state in which the remainder of the College is left when Roger is away. In order not to be lonely while studying, he has always managed to do his cramming in company with someone else, and when these individuals are deprived of their partner, their frantic search for him clearly shows that they are incapable of individual thought.

And his well known mechanical and electrical genius (it should be added) reached its height last year when he put a lock on his door in such fashion that he could be locked inside without any means of egress save the window on the third floor of South.

"Durn it all!"



ARTHUR HOWLAND BRINTON  
327 Sharpless Street,  
WEST CHESTER, PA.  
Born 1906

Entered from Westtown School in 1926.

*News* Board (2, 3, 4); *News* Editor (3, 4); *Managing Editor* (4); *Editor-in-Chief* (4); *RECORD* Board; J. V. Soccer Team (3, 4); Numerals (4); *President* Westtown Club (4); *Class Vice-President* (4); *Student Council* (4); *Treasurer* Scientific Society (3); *Graduate News* Committee. *Freshman Advisory Committee* (4).

ART is another one of those chiefly distinguished by his possession of the rare capacity for being acceptable to both of the two parts into which all Haverford is divided: the part you write home about, and the part you tell your friends about. It requires a high degree of tact to inhabit the *News* room on Sunday afternoons and evenings for over a year and neither shock the disciples of Blackman nor incur the wrath of the Old Guard from the Hedley régime; yet that is exactly what Art was able to do. When there suddenly appeared on his desk a burlesque on the famous "Gulp! Gulp!" editorial entitled "Swish! swish!" or he unearthed from his pile of copy a headline expressing the candid opinions of one member of the board on the editor, Art would first chuckle silently, then give a few reproving cluck-clucks and eliminate the possibility of war by consigning the obscenity to the waste basket. It was the artful alternation of chuckles and clucks which did the trick: the godly always thought Art chuckled merely because he did not wish to appear rude, while the little hellions thought he clucked for exactly the same reason. Thus did he apparently achieve in his own person that traditionally impossible combination of a Quaker and a White Man; and so successfully that even now it would be impossible to say which he really is.

Aside from this noteworthy achievement on the *News* (and passing over with mere mention the lesser achievement of holding the editorship for a few months between Blackman and Allenderfer), Art's chief distinction lies in being the class's chief exponent of the all-round education—body, mind and soul. The soul, having got itself born Quaker, was taken care of *ipso facto*, and the mind was well nourished on a curious assortment of Haverford arts and science courses; but the body presented more difficulties. This problem was finally solved by following in the footsteps of the great Walter Camp and assembling a dumb-bell collection unrivaled in size anywhere on the campus except in the gym and Sociology 1. So cluttered up with diabolical weights, springs and devices for strengthening the grip (though heaven knows what a Quaker needs with these last) had Art's floor and walls become by senior year, that they were a veritable trap for the unwary visitor. Rather trespass on the cricket crease in football-shoes than the room of A. H. Brinton.

And rather try to argue with Atkinson than to make Art speak in a loud voice.

"There's no point in that."



JAMES BROWN, IV

760 Hill Ave.

WILKINSBURG, PA.

Born, 1909

Entered from Hensch School in 1926.

*News Board* (3); *The Haverfordian Board* (2, 3); *RECORD Board*; *Instrumental Club* (2); *Glee Club* (3, 4); *Cap and Bells Club*; *Junior Prom Committee*; *Senior Prom Committee*; *Curriculum Committee* (4); *Class Day Committee* (4).



AS A glance at the death's head above may serve to indicate, Jim has his tragic aspects. He was born with a bit of scandal at his lips and a drop of acid on the end of his tongue, and everyone he has ever met since has come in for a share of them sliding off: the tragedy is that those whose delusions of grandeur he delights in puncturing do not realize the horrible shattering of his own which took place through his coming to Haverford. The story is vouched for as authentic in his case and, incidentally, should be useful to use sometime in your own when some 150 per cent loyal alumnus asks you how you came to go to Haverford.

Five or so years ago Jim, vaguely in search of a college to go to, though at the moment merely motoring from Philadelphia to Pittsburgh, happened to pass through Haverford. As he sped through, he happened also to notice a stone-walled expanse of beautifully smooth lawn, with a nice-looking building or two nearby and a few well bred, white-flanneled young men playing tennis in the background; it seemed a rather decent place to spend four years and so the name of James Brown, IV, was duly entered among the prospective members of Haverford '30. On September 21, 1926, the spindling youth himself dropped off the Paoli Local, cast an eye around for his bearings and headed light-heartedly for the college of smooth lawns and impeccable tennis; just to make sure, as he entered the stone gateway, he glanced at the inscription. The letters were bold and utterly crushing: "Merion C. C."



Although he failed to do the logical thing and spend his four years at the Cricket Club instead, he has never quite forgiven the College for his mistake. Part of his revenge has been sartorial: when the Administration, in one of its inimitable Collection talks, requested greater formality of dress, Jim's snotty reply was moccasins, knickers flapping loose to the knees, and that indescribable dirty-whiteness which he wears as a sweater. Other revenge has come in the classroom—especially in psych where he has taken fiendish joy in curbing Dougie Steere's incessant incense-burnings before the shrine of St. McDougall. Solace has come chiefly through putting on the character of the perfect sophisticate, a pose requiring frequent attendance at stage doors and dress rehearsals whenever Gertrude Lawrence is in town, as well as other activities too devious to mention.

"Howya like to go to hell."



VICTOR EDWARDS BULLEN

148 Hamilton Avenue

PATERSON, N. J.

Born 1907

Entered from George School in 1926.

Chairman of Class and Constitutional Committee (1); J. V. Soccer Team (1, 2, 4); Captain (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Student Extension Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Chairman (4); Intramural Committee (4); Liberal Club.

COLLEGE, for Vic, has been a constant effort to comply with the frequent adjuration: "Kee-*7*ISS-to-pher! Bullen, can't you be a gentleman?" The effort, we are sorry to confess, has not been a complete success; the calls of the Bullen belly (see evidence below) being one thing that has always drowned out this war-cry of his friends.

But college *has* cured him of the habit of leaving the Bullen lingerie artistically scattered around the bull room, the cure in this case being a very dramatic one. The Bullen bathrobe had been draped in the usual way over an electric toaster used for heating the room (Doggy please note) and when the College current came on the bathrobe started toasting somewhat faster than schedule time. Tearing downstairs, Vic had a brief wrestling match with a fire-extinguisher almost as large as himself, then rushed up again only to have the thing go off before he was ready for it. The stream missed his face and some of the fire, but not the rest of the room. A desk which was a real college antique was permanently fire-proofed and the general scheme of interior decoration in luxurious Lloyd Hall was somewhat altered, but Fire-laddie Bullen finally got the conflagration under control without further disaster. Debit, \$3.48 (bathrobe); credit, no B. V. D.'s hanging on the bridge-lamps in the future.

Vic stepped into the limelight early in Rhinie year, as class chairman, a 1930 representative on the Jayvee soccer team, and the excuse for one of  $f(x)$ 's most melodious sounds, "Mistuh Boollen." In these later days his activities have lain chiefly in continuing as 1930 representative in Jayvee soccer and gathering unto himself the class championships in boils, chorus-girl legs and capacious lung-power.

"Lookit!"



DONALD RIDDLE BUXTON

5644 Thomas Avenue,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from West Philadelphia High  
School in 1926.

Track Squad (1, 2); Glee Club (1, 2, 3,  
4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific  
Society; Radio Club.



AS HIS many classmates and other associates will testify, this page is sacred to the memory of Haverford's *bourgeois gentilhomme*. Breakfast, lunch, or dinner would be incomplete if Don did not put in an appearance clad in a vest which always fails sufficiently to hide a shirt incapable of doing justice to anyone other than the proverbial Uncle Josh.

Don's greatest claim to extra-curricular distinction came Rhinie year, when he was the only member of the class to room with a grad student. Since then, he has attracted attention chiefly by means of his singing, which is heard upon the slightest provocation. Impartial observers say that he has a good voice, but bawls like a bull. Aside from this normal cheeriness, the only thing which caused him to make himself conspicuous was the last presidential election. At that time, Don, who mortally hates and fears the Roman Pope, claimed with great gravity, that if Al Smith were elected he would be assassinated within two weeks.

But politics are not the only portion of Don's life which is ruled by authoritatively divine revelations and precepts. Even four years of bull sessions have not succeeded in sophisticating him or eliminating the semi-shocked giggles with which he greets those obscene jokes which are an essential complement to any discussion group (always excepting those conducted in Chase Hall). And that college life has not deprived him of the simple joys of his childhood is evidenced by the fact that when more prosaic mortals are busy grinding out last-minute papers, he alone remembers the approaching holidays and interlines his lecture notes with appropriate Christmas trees and similar devices.

Finally, there is one more apparent characteristic, and that is Don's walk, only rivaled in its springiness by that of Poopus Vaux.



"No hiddin'?"



HARLAN E. CROWELL

The Benjamin Franklin

FLUSHING, N. Y.

Born 1908

Entered from Radnor High School in  
1926.

Baseball (1); Freshman Advisory Com-  
mittee (4); Radio Club; Press Club;

SEVERAL years ago when Harlan paid a visit to the high school which had laid the foundations of his intellect, one of his former teachers told him that it was the greatest surprise of her life that he was still in college. That little incident indicates why he will probably frame his diploma instead of allowing it to collect dust on the top shelf of the closet the way the rest of us are likely to do.

A better and more enthusiastic buller than a student, Harlan has devoted himself to life, love, and the pursuit of women. In spite of his assiduous use of his junior-year roommate, Hanna, as a social step-ladder, the fact that one "Lee" is a member of the last-named item should do much to clear up any question with regard to the quality of the quarry. Crowell's claim that he has had more women in his rooms than anyone else on the campus is a matter of great pride with him, but anyone who has seen them and the innocent way in which he entertains them would perceive that there is no cause for alarm. However, Harlan is nothing if not fair; and he calls on the girls as often as they call on him, stopping in all the neighboring Lloyd Hall rooms on the way out to make sure that everyone realizes he has a date.

Profound mental labor is not to Harlan's taste, and his great despair and incredulity when he learns that a thesis is expected of him is a thing to break the heart of the sympathetic observer. But it is in a battle of wits that the laughter of the gods is evoked. Long after he is utterly vanquished he will continue to argue and present new openings for Joe Martin who is especially skillful in squelching him (this being the unkindest cut of all, for everybody knows what we think of Joe's ability at argumentation). However, if Sidney Lenz is right and bridge playing does improve the mind, we can entertain great hopes for Harlan.



"Bridg.?"

ROBERT LOOS DOTHARD

417 Haverford Road,

NARBERTH, PA.

Born, 1908

Entered from Lower Merion High  
School in 1926.

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); Track (1, 2); *News*  
Board (2, 3); Press Club; RECORD  
Board; Class Secretary (3).



**D**OBBY early showed his impetuous nature by throwing a whole trayful of food out the nursery window because Brud got one more prune than he did. It still bursts forth occasionally, and when it does some childish prank is still perpetrated. Dobby is really a child in spirit anyway—and a very whimsical one—though few people realize it. In fact, few people ever see him often enough to know much about him. He was gone so long once that his roommates inserted the following advertisement in the *News* in an effort to get him to return:

DOBBY

Please come back to us, we miss you. Lonesome without you. All your orgies and frequent absences fully forgiven, else must we sue for alienation of affections?

GEORGE, "BENNIE".

Dobby is afraid of women; afraid of getting tangled up with them; so he straight-arms his way through a l college dances and comes out unscathed and unattached. (Can you imagine bringing a girl to the Junior Prom who required a chaperone? Dobby did.) The only time that he ever took advantage of the darkness, in fact, was during a fresh-soph football game. That day the Children's Hour came sooner than usual (i. e. it was getting dark) so Dobby, hiding behind Jones' dimpled derriere and hiding the ball behind his own, sneaked across the goal line in the gathering dusk etc., to a touchdown for Dear Old Thirty.

Speaking of Longfellow and the Children's Hour, Dobby had his one morning at the County Fair when he won a kiddy-kar race across the dance floor, riding side saddle. And me and the Pope just looked at each other—what could we say?

"Gahhd, Blar!"





HOWARD WESLEY DRAKE, JR.  
200 Fourth Ave.,  
EAST ORANGE, N. J.  
Born, 1908

Entered from East Orange High School  
in 1926.

Football Team (4); Numerals (4); Chess  
Team (2).

NO GROUP would be complete without its Strong Silent Man who takes life and himself seriously. Here is ours. Though not given to the use of many words, Ducky has been known to maintain quite frequently that he is the descendant of a long line of Stuart kings, which fact is often used by his acquaintances to account for his careful ideas with regard to money. It is probably owing also to his belief in royal ancestors that he maintains that there is no course in College but history, which he studies with great diligence, ardor and whatnot. For him, it is quite evidently no mere list of dates, but rather a moving pageant of dramatic events far preferable to the latest show at the Seville; for anyone who has ever been in close proximity to his room has surely heard the symphonic vocal accomplishment which he provides for his studies. The soothing tones he hums while reading of the love of Bothwell and Ducky's ancestress, Mary Queen of Scots, is not bothersome, but the martial measures aroused by such events as the battle of Marston Moor have at times driven his room-mate and other close neighbors to despair.

There is a danger, however, that the royal Scotch line may not be continued for Howard is not interested in women, has never attended a dance, nor had a date. Furthermore, upon occasion he has shown that he is actually afraid of the opposite sex by hiding in his sanctum sanctorum when that great authority of love Harlan Crowell, has brought feminine visitors to the room.

And, in fact, his shyness is not only evinced in connection with women, for there are a large number of his very classmates who have got no further than being able to say "hello" to Howard, being disconcerted from the start by the uncanny demureness of his demeanor—eyes fixed on the ground and a sly smile sneaking across his face. After four years' observation of this phenomenon, we are still undecided as to whether he is merely trying to be pleasant, or whether our vest really is buttoned up askew.

"Um ———" (the rest is silence).





FREDERIC ARTHUR EGMORE, JR.  
19 Elmwood Avenue,  
NARBERTH, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from Lower Merion High  
School in 1926.

*News* Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Advertising  
Manager (3); Business Manager (4);  
Graduate *News* Committee; Secretary-  
Treasurer Intercollegiate Newspaper  
Association (3); Instrumental Club  
(3, 4); Band (3, 4).



UNDOUBTEDLY, Fred is the class "smoothy" in looks, dress, and action; but aside from the classroom and the weekly meetings of the *News* Board, he has seldom been seen around the campus. Being a perpetual day student is Fred's alibi for a drab four years of college life, although the business management of the *News* and a job in the Band kept him from dropping out of the picture completely.

In spite of his rare appearances, however, he is reputed to be the one responsible for Dick Blair being elected leader of the Instrumental Club. He and Dick used to sit side by side and play the saxophone, Dick about as well as the average player who has learned by mail, and Fred with as much proficiency as if he had picked up his instrument in a second-hand store at a reduced rate because the book of instructions was missing. Coach Weaver, becoming mixed in his identities, thought that Dick was making all the mistakes, and so made him leader in order to silence him.

Although bothered by intermittent ambitions for the ministry, Fred is a card and tobacco fiend to no mean degree. This inconsistency is further evidenced by the fact that he has managed to elect practically all of the engineering and philosophy courses which are offered by the College. Of course (we warn him) such a combination can only lead to a badly disordered life, which will be afflicted with neuroses in which he will spend hours determining whether alternating current is teleological, or what is the varying candle power of the Inner Light.

Fred's greatest curse is probably his beard, which makes it necessary for him to shave twice a day, but even that does not disturb him so much as the menace of the chain store, on which subject, we are told, he is always good for a long discourse.



"No, I haven't seen him."



THEODORE EVANS  
101 Lansdowne Court,  
LANSDOWNE, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from Lansdowne High School  
in 1926.

Class Secretary (2); Instrumental Club  
(3, 4); J. V. Soccer Team (3, 4); J. V.  
Tennis Team (2, 3, 4); Triangle Society;  
Senior Prom Committee.

**N**OTE—The editorial policy of this back stairs rag being what it is (no holds barred and a kick in the pants for everyone), we nevertheless feel obliged to disregard it in writing up Evans for the same reason that you don't pull a baby's hair.

Nobody would be more surprised or griped to learn that he gave the general effect of an elf than Ted himself. But with his whimsical mop of hair and innocent face such is indeed the case. Fortunately for him, it is accompanied by a vast amount of dignity and reserve; were it not for this he would be carried away bodily by the Main Line Amazons.

Among Ted's extra-curricular vices were Jay Vee Soccer, Chicago, and a hellish delight in subduing Jim Brown when he became too exotic—the latter accomplishment being considerably more to his credit than his sense of humor, which is on a par with Dougie Steere's. This absence of a sense of humor, by the way, accounts for the only *faux pas* Ted pulled while in college. At a dinner (not stag) he told a hair-raising story and neglected to see the point of it until some days later, said story being rather better adapted to the smoking car than the dining room. He still blushes when he meets the girls who were present on the occasion.

Like the typical senior of actual campus life (not the glorified soul you hear about in Commencement addresses), he is passionately addicted to the movies and the *Saturday Evening Post*, with various *sub rosa* affinities on the side for *Life*, *Liberty* and the pursuit of Trocadero parties (which last, they tell, he never quite succeeded in catching up with).

Ted has, however, two claims to sophistication. One is an uncanny ability to discriminate between a cypripedium and a catyula orchid at a distance of two hundred yards: this is a very nice trick and, what's more, he can tell you the probable cost of the blossom. His second stunt is somewhat less rare; this consists in playing the Rhapsody in Blue on the piano with considerable feeling. If this doesn't bring tears to your eyes, you're an old meany and don't deserve any dessert.

"Well what I can't see is—"



JOHN THORPE FEIDT

200 W. Walnut Lane,

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Germantown Friends'  
School in 1926.

*The Haverfordian* Board (1, 2, 3);  
RECORD Board; Scientific Society;  
Radio Club.



"WELL Wiggins, what courses are we taking this half? Can't take History 2, it comes at 8:30. Can't take Bug, it comes on Saturday. Can't take Music, it comes in the afternoon. How about Bib Lit 13, only two hours a week, no Midyear exam, and meets at 11:30?"

Feidt and his inseparable roommate, Wiggins, have always taken exactly the same courses, and these always seem to be the ones requiring a minimum amount of time and effort. These two creatures have been seen together for most of their college careers, little Thorpe tagging along with big-boy Wiggins, twice his size.

Feidt has been one of the more childish people in our class—and we have plenty. College for him has been one sustained (and successful) effort to escape the boredom of thought, and he has had his own little world that described his real activities. These activities have ranged from telling Ward Bruegel that the building was on fire and then helping Ward to throw his belongings out the window, to putting dead mice in Dick Blair's bed, and thwarting Betz's efforts to get into communication with Wellesley, Mass.

So successful have such forms of amusement proved that this collegiate Puck has comparatively seldom been seen outside the Fifth Entry, preferring to concentrate all his horse-play on the helpless residents therein—these inmates having admitted him as a harmless little boy and found him to be a veritable fiend in disguise.

Of more formal and less boisterous activities during his four years in the supposed Quaker quiet of Haverford, there is little enough to say. By the grace of God and of several generously inclined friends and relatives, Puck brought *The Haverfordian* enough ads to spend a couple of years on the business board of that disreputable rag, and by the grace of a snooty and timely purchaser, J. Dupont touring car (for which see p. 181) as well as the aforementioned generous relatives, he found a berth on the advertising board of this slander-sheet also.



"Awww!"



WILLIAM DOANE FRAZIER  
200 W. Mermaid Lane,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from St. George's School in 1926.

Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Numerals (1); H (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Class Treasurer (1); Class Secretary (3); Class President (3); Manager of Basketball (4); Athletic Cabinet; Executive Athletic Committee (4); Curriculum Committee (3, 4); RECORD Board; Student Council (4); Founders' Club, Vice-President and Secretary; Beta Rho Sigma.

THE United States Senate has its Blease; the Class of 1929 had its Gawthrop; and the Class of 1930 also has its future bulwark of public morality, William Doane Frazier. To anyone who has merely observed his destructive soccer playing or heard his side remarks when bicycle-jousting with Stone, this statement may sound incredible; but we make it in all seriousness and in the fullest confidence of observed data. In a bull session he says "Dear, sweet, and lovely Jee-sus"; in a soccer game it is something which even the liberal standards of this scandal-sheet do not allow to be inserted; and in Bib Lit class it is "Our Lord and Saint Paul." And if this doesn't spell pillar of righteousness twenty-five years hence, we don't know our business of prophecy.

While being disagreeable about it, it might also be mentioned that Bill is one of a number in the class who are afflicted, in a greater or a less degree, with two deadly diseases: scintificitis and athlete's brain. The former disease causes its sufferers to look with mingled awe and contempt on all who read books in which anything other than facts and figures is contained; while the chief symptom of the latter is that the patient is driven to take large doses of the movies, with results easily to be imagined.

For all this, however, Bill has been one of the more prominent members of the class—mainly as a result of his performances on the soccer field and a strong spirit of what-the-hell. In soccer he has been somewhat of an innovator, inventing the trick play known as the Frazier Fall and then making All-American for three years straight to support his theory that the best way to approach a scrimmage is on the derrièrè. The manifestations of the spirit of what-the-hell have followed the more conventional collegiate lines of impromptu horseplay, frequent excursions to Poughkeepsie, and a religious care never to spend a week-end on the campus.



"Dear, sweet, and lovely Jee-sus!"

ROBERT LeC. HALBERSTADT  
Haverford Gables  
HAVERFORD, PA.  
Born, 1908

Entered from Mercersburg Academy  
in 1925.

Business Manager of Musical Clubs  
(4); Cap and Bells Club; Baseball (3);  
Freshman Track Team.



**B**OB, being a day student, is a hard subject to knife in the back, because we know so little about him. His chief claim to fame seems to be a radio set that is installed in his car, and we suppose that this is sufficient to make any man or even woman, so far as that goes.

The Fourth Entry claims him as one of its coterie, and he is usually in evidence when they stage a flag-raising—which may mean little or nothing. He probably has the most discriminating taste in beer of anyone on the campus and that's saying a lot; for on more than one night during the past year you could find enough undergraduates in the various Camden cafés to form a quorum for a Students' Association Meeting. Another enviable quality that he has in large measure is a feeling for clothes, if you know what we mean. It's that elusive something which by its absence is responsible for the devastating sartorial smartness of Uncle Billy. Bob knows what to wear and when.

He has also one other claim to fame which thus far has not been generally recognized. After the Arts Ball last year while suffering from delusions of grandeur, Bob kidded himself into believing that he was Launcelot, that Dick Abbott was Guinevere and that his Chrysler was a milk-white steed, and so came a-roaring across the campus lawn to deposit Dick at the Fourth Entry. At this point Jack Blackman happened to wake up, and right then and there conceived the famous "Gulp! Gulp!" editorial.

There seems little more to say except that at the Cedar Crest concert of the late lamented Musical Clubs season, Bob was wished off on a girl who would be safe in a lumber camp; and since then he has gone into even greater seclusion than before.



"Want a ride?"



WILLIAM CLARK HANNA

263 S. 21st St.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, 1909

Entered from Penn Charter School in  
1925.

Classical Club; Play (1); Cap and Bells  
Club, Play (1); Instrumental Club (3);  
Cheer Leader (3, 4); RECORD Board.

CLARK, "the good ol' reg'lar feller" got off to a rather bad and irregular start on his college career by casting his lot with that esoteric and devil-may-care coterie once known as the Merion Annexites. This was back in the era of poor Marks when that famous crew almost found themselves patrons of Pierce's school and all because they conceived the brilliant pastime of murdering dummies. That year Hanna roomed with Betz; but a full year of exhorting Betzy-boy to "git hot" produced such extreme results that sophomore year Clark was forced to remove himself from the proximity of the conflagration and journey to New Lloyd.

Ever since then Clark has been endeavoring to climb to a more rarified social atmosphere, and forget that horrible episode of good crude fun. In view of his brassy methods and flat-footed manner, he has achieved a fair amount of success; enough, anyway, that last Christmas vacation, so permanent a fixture was he at the Ritz that he was twice mistaken for a house detective. And speaking of mistaken identity, we've never forgotten that time at a college dance when the woman we brought thought he was the father of a family of midgets who were playing down at the Earle.

In spite of all this ceaseless outside activity (not to mention many an hour spent at the telephone repeating "Yes, Mother"), Clark has still managed to make himself very much in evidence around College. Cursed with the most irritating sound on the campus for a voice, he has nevertheless obeyed the scriptural injunction not to

hide his light under a bushel—and so we have had him bawl us out regularly every week in the season in the capacity of cheer-leader. In a less official capacity, his verbal castigations have taken the form of three solid years of "Fire!" "Oh, yeah?" and "You're pretty clever big boy," all proceeding on the general theory that if you yell a thing loud enough and long enough, it somehow becomes excruciatingly witty. These shafts of withering wit were evoked most strongly during the presidential campaign of 1928 when Clark, who finds it impossible to believe that God may not be a member of the Republican Party, gathered the faithful around him and led the attack on those vile atheists, the supporters of Smith.

"Git hot, Betzy-boy!"



FREDERICK KEMPTON HUSSEY

Overbrook Arms  
63rd at Lebanon  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Born, 1908

Entered from Carteret Academy.

Freshman Track Team; Track (2);  
Junior Prom Committee; Engineering  
Club.



FRED started his college career with a car that was a year or so out of date and with McConnell as a room-mate. This year he has the most modern and snakiest Packard procurable and rooms with a young lady of similar attractions (they are married). The change was more or less gradual. Sophomore year he again roomed with Mac (which may account for the sickly pallor which spreads over his countenance at the least suggestion of a pun), but got himself a new Packard. Junior year he commuted from East Orange, which resulted in numerous visits to the Dean and in his engagement. Last June he took unto himself the aforementioned wife, thus setting a precedent for Al Supplee and doing his bit towards making the class high-scorer in this whole question of college marriages.

The briefest consideration of the above paragraph will show why Fred has not participated in the more common extra-curricular activities. Another good reason is found in the requirements of Science, of which he has taken all the courses available. Before the attractions of home and fireside made themselves felt, Fred caused the night-watchman no end of trouble by working in any or all of the labs at the most ungodly hours of the night. This was particularly noticeable towards the end of each semester, when he conducted perennial experiments in the fine art of completing a half-year's work in two or three all-night sessions.



With one of the most important goals of "life-after-college" already attained it's hard to discover just what Fred will set out to do after leaving these hallowed halls (that had to be worked in somewhere and it might as well be here). He struggled (and we mean every letter of it) through two years of Petey's Latin for the sole purpose of forcing the college to give him an Arts degree. Thus armed he will go forth to battle the world. Personally, we believe that he is best fitted to be a Packard salesman.

"Oh Jesus!"



JOHN DAVID HYMES

Nelson St.,

BAYSIDE, L. I., N. Y.

Born, 1907

Entered from Flushing High School in 1926.

Radio Club; Secretary-Treasurer (3); *The Haverfordian* Board (1); Circulation Manager (3); Intramural Sports Committee (4); Co-operative Store, Assistant Manager (3), Manager (3, 4); Band (4); Basketball Squad (1, 2, 4); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Press Club.

HE IS among the more indefatigable intramural athletes on the campus, he has the nearest approach we know of to a perpetually furrowed brow, he is head of the clan of Partington, Rogers and Lawrence, and he is John Golden's nephew.

It was the last fact which first brought Johnny into prominence at Haverford. He was, indeed, the *sine qua non* of that awful night of broken doors and broken heads back in the fall of '26, when 1928 wreaked due vengeance on the sophomore class for the pile of junior beds which had been erected around the flagpole while the upperclassmen were in town en masse seeing Pigs. It had been John's uncle, through John, who issued the Annie Oakley's to '27 and '28.

As for the aforementioned furrowed brows, they are really what puts the stamp of a collegiate education upon him; otherwise the perpetually grizzled chin and general hard-boiled air would rather suggest the bouncer in a night-club. The furrowed brows, moreover, seemed somehow mixed up with the strange and wonderful influence he exercised over his small select following of Rogers and Partington, gathered together during freshman year and augmented two years later by Parker Lawrence. By their senior years, Rogers and Partington also had furrowed brows, walked like Hymes, talked like Hymes, and even began to look like Hymes.

As previously indicated, Johnny shone most, athletically, in the dormitory leagues. In basketball and baseball, particularly, he always hovered gracefully on the fringe of the varsity—just near enough as to be able to step down occasionally to the intramurals with regal condescension. But if he did not quite make the grade on the playing field itself, in those other matters of vital interest to the athlete he led the entire College: by the end of his senior year his schedule held but eleven hours of classes a week.

"Nuts! will ya?"





JOHN PAUL JONES  
107 Llanfair Road,  
CYNWYD, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from Lower Merion High  
School in 1926.

News Board (1, 2); President Fresh-  
man Debating Society; Interclass De-  
bates (2, 3); Debating Council (3, 4);  
Track Team (1, 2); Football Team  
(1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (2, 3); H (4);  
Class Treasurer (2).



“WELL, now I’m not exactly sure about the time (which you ask me for), though of course I realize it doesn’t make any particular difference, but, oh well, sometimes little things like that are very important, or at least they can be; at any rate this clock is sometimes a little slow, though I do remember one day when it was fast. I could tell you the right time if I only had my watch, but I think you will be safe if you say it is, or rather was, ten o’clock.”

And so we have the pleasure of presenting the man with the two-in-one voice: there is an echo in each and every syllable. So mellow and melodious are the tones produced by John’s vocal chords that one is able to listen to him speak for hours on end, almost without realizing that he has done little more than provide a preface for whatever he is intending to talk about. His ability to say almost nothing at practically infinite length was first revealed to those fortunate members of the class who formed the membership of the Rhinie Debating Club. When meetings were held to brief cases for debates, John would be reminded of some humorous event which occurred in his high school days, and would proceed to tell it in his briefest fashion. One such anecdote would usually consume the hour set aside for the meeting, and the gathering would adjourn.



Hard work made John a valuable member of the football team senior year, though the fact that football games are limited in duration to one hour probably hindered him in suggesting any plays in the huddle. But good as he was on the football field, it was in the dining room in the capacity of waiter that John achieved the true heights of genius. His welcoming smile and assiduous attention have made many an undergraduate feel much more at home among the bewhiskered gentlemen who contributed to Haverford in order to have their portraits made targets for butter.

“Yes, but on the other hand—”



FRANK WHITEMAN LINDSAY

10204 Farmers Avenue,

HOLLIS, N. Y.

Born 1909

Entered from St. Paul's School in 1926.

Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Instrumental Club (4); Band (4); Cap and Bells Club; *The Haverfordian* Board (4); Classical Club; "The Haverfordians".

CURSED with a gift for punning, several officious female relatives, and a desire to be profound, Shorty's is a buoyant nature which has been dampened only by the annual search for a roommate and the refusal of his friends to take him seriously. Music is the only sphere in which he has succeeded in becoming an authority, but unfortunately the Glee Club did not realize the talent it was missing in not electing him leader, and accordingly the victrola has been pressed into service to be directed in a haze of arms, seemingly fitted with rubber wrists. His vocal solos are not always appreciated by the neighbors, so occasionally Shorty has taken comfort among the resounding walls of the lavatory, which amplify his voice to four times its normal volume.

But in other realms of culture Frank has not been so successful. Memorable is the occasion when Uncle Billy mentioned pragmatism in class, and he was impelled to buy several volumes of William James, of which only the first page has ever seen the light of day. Shorty is much more at home with Stephen Leacock, and is never so contented as when he can find some unwary person who will listen to him read whimsy or humorous verse. Unfortunately, this passion was repressed Junior year due to Walter Sondheim, who seized every excuse for squelching him, and did it so effectively that Frank was forced to take refuge in the third floor of South, where he would moan about the rigor of the fates in general, and the necessity of continuing the name of Lindsay in particular. This latter project, of course, necessitated women, and Shorty was adamant in holding to his attitude of the cave man treatment of the sex, calling up Peg every night to tell her he would not be over to see her on Friday — until Friday night when he went over to tell her so in person.

But even Sondheim could not prevent Shorty from thinking; and one day he decided to become an atheist. Just as suddenly, however, he was converted to paganism to impress his new lady love (age, 16), and now he has returned to the fold of orthodoxy, which, to judge by his general actions, he had never left.

It only remains to mention his literary endeavors, which are admirable examples of how great minds run in the same channels.

"Oh, well!"



JOSEPH WALFORD MARTIN

55 Prospect Street,

SUMMIT, N. J.

Born 1909

Entered from Philadelphia Central High School in 1926.

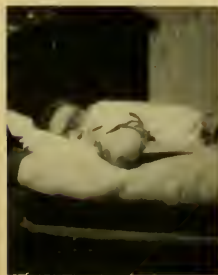
*News Board* (2, 3); *The Haverfordian* Board (2); Editor (2, 3, 4); Editor of RECORD; Curriculum Committee, Secretary (3), Chairman (4); Hibbard Garrett Verse Prizes (2, 3); Liberal Club, Executive Committee (4); Classical Club; New English Club.



UNOBSERVANT acquaintances might take Joe's motto to be "To hell with everything," but closer friends are disillusioned to discover that actually it amounts to "Onward Christian Soldiers." Rhinie year in the Founders barn (which was always the scene of a bawdy bull session) served to show Joe that there was more to life than what he had learned at home; and, with the usual extreme attitude of a freshman, he proceeded to discard everything existing, with the exception of a parental habit of staying up until unearthly hours of the night. The pleasure of sorrowfully mentioning the fact that he is not getting enough sleep was too great to permit of that custom going the way of his other heritages. Of course, it must be noted that sleeping fully clothed on top of the bed does not count as sleep according to Joe's rules, so it is easy to see that he can get enough rest, even though the janitor is spared the trouble of making the bed in the morning. And the only power on earth that can keep Joe awake in the afternoon is George Bernard Shaw, whose works he has read many times—all the while giving vent to irrepressible chuckles and snickers which indicate to any observer that Joe has decided that that history thesis can be a few more days late; he must get in the mood to work before he can tackle it again.

Blessed with a face which any mother would love for its innocent look, he has done his best to atone for this fault of nature by assuming a colorful vocabulary that is at its best when an unfortunate Rhinie, or some other impressionable creature happens to sit at his table at a meal. That this grasp of language is more apparent than real may be seen at such times as Joe is not in full possession of his faculties—as shortly after being awakened—for then he usually can find only three or four phrases in which to call to the attention of the Deity the gross injustice of this world.

While living in South, Joe was an unrivalled supporter of bull sessions, making his own stories better each time he told them. Finally, however, he reached a point where he did not even believe all of Monte Saint's line, and his interest in sophomoric subjects declined. In later years arguments on higher planes were carried on which invariably ended in a definite formula: "Don't be an ass all your life, Joe." "Well, damn you, for lack of argument you stoop to invective."



----- "!" (Censored.



PAUL THOMAS MARTIN

311 Hammond St.

BANGOR, ME.

Born, 1907

Entered from Moses Brown School in 1926.

Track (1, 2, 3); Student Council (2); Customs Committee (2); Curriculum Committee (3, 4); Charity Fund Committee (3, 4); Class Day Committee (4); Glee Club (3, 4); Play (4); Cap and Bells Club; Liberal Club; New English Club.

WHETHER he has just asked for a cigarette between rounds of study in the library, just received an 89.9 average, or just finished second in the half-mile run on the cinder track, P.T. (pronounced "Pettie") Martin is worried. He has disturbed the man whom he asked for the smoke; he has not done so well as he might have done in his studies; and he has not brought dear old Haverford all the glory he might have brought on the track. But it is not only about those things which he has done that Pettie worries. There is nothing to work him into a fine feeling of agony and despair like an exam scheduled for the next day, or a paper to write, or a concert in which he is to sing. Wish him the top of the morning when he is looking forward to one of these events, and then bear the woeful story of how badly he is going to be plumbered. If it weren't for his fine shock of gray hair (which has grown more hoary each of his four years at Haverford), he might be suspected of liking that worried feeling.

With such a well-developed stock of woes circulating about through his cerebrum, P.T. has scarcely any space left for a memory to keep track of the little things of life. Time after time his lighter-minded room-mates have chortled no end when P.T. returns from a trip to the library to get some notes which he had carefully stuffed in his inside pocket before starting.

P.T.'s happiest days, we suspect, were when George, tenth baron of Vaux, was "king" and P.T. was "prince"; and the two were thicker than the proverbial molasses. That came to an end sometime last year (we always have meant to run down the cause of the rupture, but somehow never got around to it). Such close association with the nobility did have its effect, however. P.T. acquired that sawn fare while dining and teeing with Bryn Mawr's best (or so he claims) that has since accounted for his tremendous success with the younger set of Philadelphia's social center workers. Social settlements have provided during the last year both new worries and new joys for him.

P.T. is destined for the ministry. We envy those who will be in his flock. No preying worries or gray hairs need be added to their heads on account of venial or mortal sin; P.T. will take all their burdens unto himself, and they can skim light-shouldered, straight up the golden stairs.

"O. K., heed."



WILLIAM MEYER MASLAND

1202 Stratford Ave.

MELROSE PARK, PA.

Born, 1907

Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1925.

Student Extension Committee (2); Chairman Campus Events Committee (2, 3); Instrumental Club (2, 3); Cap and Bells Club, Undergraduate Treasurer (3, 4); Chairman, Junior Prom Committee; RECORD BOARD; Triangle Society.



TO THE casual observer, Bill is the fond mamma's conception of the ideal Haverfordian: a sort of cross between a Y. M. C. A. secretary and a smoothy. But just wait until you get a load of this.

Bill loves children, in his sophisticated own way; and as nursemaid for one of his friend's little daughters he was devilishly happy, it being his wont to try out on this young sufferer all the numerous theories of physics and psychology which intrigued him. The little darling survived the Babinsky Reflex, the Ladd-Franklin theory of color blindness etc., fairly well, but when it occurred to Bill to investigate Experiment No. 9 in Leigh and Palmer (acceleration of falling bodies) dark tragedy ensued. But Bill at least should have got valuable experience out of it and is doubtless all trained by now to get married, breed children of his own, and try to save his hair.

And now, since we have started, we may just as well unveil the whole skeleton. Besides being a Sadist, he's a dyed-in-the-wool grafter. Take, for instance, the Junior Prom, the Football and various other dances which he has managed. It is a campus proverb that Masland can run a dance on \$2.98 for capital and three bottles of hair tonic for punch; but what happens after the last couple has been shooed out of the gym is not so widely known. The general procedure, our investigators have discovered, is for Bill to declare himself a dividend—whether the affair has come out ahead or not—and then betake himself to New York for a brawl at Mme. Petipas' or some other center of what no Haverford student is supposed to be addicted to. And the down payment on his airplane is in some circles held to have resulted from the Junior Prom, when his ordinary "honest graft" was augmented by making up a big batch of gin in his bedroom the day before the dance and peddling it in the Mary Newlin Smith Memorial Garden that night.



"Have a cigarette?"



IRVIN WALDO McCONNELL

252 Windsor Avenue,

HADDONFIELD, N. J.

Born 1908

Entered from Haddonfield High School  
in 1925.

Freshman Debating Team; Class President (2); Class Treasurer (3); Instrumental Club (3, 4); Cricket Team (3, 4); Football Team (4); H. (4); Manager (4).

MAC would be all right if he would only act his weight and not attempt (1) cynicism, (2) poetry, (3) loving everyone, and (4) profound thoughts. He is a perfect example of wanting something you haven't got a Chinaman's chance in hell of getting. The only possible thing Mac could be cynical about is George Vaux and he isn't worth the effort. As for the poetry—it's one jump ahead of John Martin's Book and two laps behind *Farm and Fireside*. (If this sounds hard and unjust, we don't mind telling you that it is being written in February and we have a lousy cold. As a matter of fact, we are very fond of Mac and will regret this vivisection as soon as Mabel's red pills start to work.)

There is nobody on the campus to equal him in kindness, or anyone who willingly does more dirty work for the good of the College. As football manager, he did a prodigious amount of work for the team—after failing altogether to show up for pre-season practice, as assistant manager. But in these early years Mac's energies were pretty well taken up, anyhow, with the conception and carrying out of some of the more spectacular campus horse-play. Back in Rhinie year, for instance, when spring had just struck the campus and that august junior, Gruber, was seated on the windowsill of a third-floor room in Founders, catching the tennis balls and other things thrown up to him by the knot of underclassman on the pavement below, the gay youth McConnell also stepped up to have his fling like the others. The only difference was that Mac's tennis ball, upon arriving dispersedly on Gruber's hands and face, turned out to be a rotten egg. And at the 1928 Drexel game he managed to gather unto himself some more attention and the nickname "Killer" by contriving to knock out another Haverford rooter in the struggle to protect old alma mater's goal posts.

The less frivolous side of Mac's nature has been largely a matter of intermittent subterranean rumblings on the part of the aforementioned profound thoughts as they strive to burst to the surface. Occasionally there have been violent eruptions, as the time in Meeting when Mac rose to the rescue of the epithet "Christ" and the glorification of the he-man Jesus; but most of the McConnell mental processes have passed off as harmless steam in two years of perpetual questionings of Rufus and Elihu on the differences between the Quakers and what Mac was brought up to believe are the Christians.

"Say, fellah—"



CHARLES WEAVER MILLER, JR.

1314 W. Main Street,

NORRISTOWN, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Norristown High School  
in 1926.

News Board (3); News Editor (3);  
RECORD Board: Debating Council (2,  
3, 4); Varsity Debating Team (1, 2, 3,  
4); Class Debating Team (2); Chem.  
Club; Scientific Society.



A PRE-MED student who has not got evangelistic about it, a little playmate of Dougie Steere's in bull sessions on the nature of God; a person of incorrigible orderliness which even three years of rooming with Joe Martin has been unable to remedy; a hardened and incurable debater. Such are the chief rôles assumed in public by Charles Weaver Miller, Jr., variously known to his intimates as "Charlie", "Little Nemo", "the Reverend" and numerous other things more vivid and less complimentary. The aforementioned intimates, strangely enough, know him rather as one who can deliver the best burlesque sermon (against those damned Modernists) and, aided by his flagpole build, the most ridiculous baby-act in the class. And occasionally he gets himself what he fondly believes to be a good five-cent cigar, hauls out the old derby and assumes the rôle of Bill Vare's first lieutenant—though freely admitting that the greatest mistake of his college career was the time he dabbled in News Board politics.

But the debating, as his most public appearance, is probably most worthy of note—especially his fortunately inimitable manner of speaking. Arising with a ponderous bow, he immediately imagines someone spread-eagled on the ceiling in the rear of the room and, fixing his eyes mesmerically upon this peculiar auditor, proceeds to deliver his address in the ghostly tones which the Inner Light might be expected to employ in one of his colloquies with Rufus. Though logically excellent, his speech is canned, his delivery undemonstrative and his points, like Dr. Watson's trousers, are never pressed.

Like most such debaters, therefore, Charlie is convinced that he himself has not only a wholly rational and unprejudiced, but also a "balanced" mind. Which in itself is an interesting phenomenon, it apparently working on the pendulum principle. In a gathering of wets he is a dry—and vice versa; at a pacifist rally he will run up the flag and rattle the sword—and vice versa; and in a roomful of atheists he will even stick up for God. He is all for going to a ball game one day and utterly scornful of the childish pastime of baseball the next; he will damn the stupidity of the movies on Tuesday night and go with you on Wednesday: this is what he calls a balanced mind—doubtless on the principle that jumbled together they all cancel out, leaving an absolute and perfectly balanced zero.



"Oh, don't be an ass all your life."



JOSEPH LEONARD MILLER

175 E. Fayette Street,

UNIONTOWN, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Uniontown High School  
in 1926.

News Board (1, 2, 3); News Editor (2);  
Sports Editor (3); Intramural Athletics  
Committee (2, 3); RECORD Board.

IF YOU see a mass of red hair overtopping a perpetually scared expression, and a leather jacket, which, by its appearance, must have seen the snows of many a winter as well as the gravity of many a Founder's dinner; or if you hear an authoritative voice pronouncing historical facts, telling humorous stories, or swearing with a religious fervor that can be equalled by no other living person, then you will know that you are beholding Bardolph, the king of Founders Hall. At first it was probably the attraction of Willy Alsop which kept him there, but later he became so used to the odors of old Founders that he could not be moved. Mussey and Dik Ezerman were soon attracted into this orbit to form, with Bardolph, a trio which was inseparable until senior year, when the first two deserted, leaving Joe alone to dispense words of wisdom to the Rhinies and read the *Uniontown Morning Herald* in cozy Canside Cottage.

Bardolph has succeeded in building up illusions about himself both in the minds of others and in his own. In the former case, due to his soul-stirring swearing, he is regarded as an abandoned *roué*; by the forces of righteousness—and Bardolph himself also makes the same error in his own mind, in addition to fondly believing that he is one of the intelligentsia. But this ability at illusion-forming has its useful side, for when it is practiced on the Faculty it results in a very high powered example of what Uncle Billy is firmly convinced does not exist at Haverford. When he is in his usual form it is a rare professor who is not convinced that Joe is entitled to special consideration when the grades are to be recorded.

The most characteristic thing about Bardolph, however, is his propensity for shooting the bull, whether about past or future events. His stories of the past are obviously impossible, and, having routed him out of bed on numerous occasions when he swore he would stay up all night to study history exam, we no longer believe what he says about the future.

"Phone! you Goddam Rhine!"





ALEXANDER DAVID MILLIKEN

ORADELL, N. J.

Born 1908

Entered from Hackensack High School  
in 1926.

Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3,  
4); Basketball (1); Manager of Base-  
ball (4); Customs Committee (3);  
Beta Rho Sigma.



IN ONE of those inspired moments which come only of real communion with the Inner Light, Irish Logan named Alexander David Milliken "Butcher". The name stuck—Lord, how it stuck. Even Butch himself admits that there are long stretches when he forgets that fond parents christened him otherwise. In fact he tells the story of a girl once introducing him to her mother as "Butch" and his consequent correction: "Butcher, please."

Take a good look at the photograph, *supra*, add a grain of imagination, and you will have little difficulty in surmising why such an appropriate label has stuck. Butch blew into college from the wilds of the cranberry country in New Jersey, the third largest and certainly the first noisiest member of the class—and such he has indisputably remained. His roarings and bellowings in freshman algebra class delighted  $f(x)$ 's sensible ear more than anyone else's for decades; he literally laughed himself through the course.

With such qualifications, Milliken had little difficulty in making the varsity football team his freshman year. Excepting those frequent periods when a trick knee was out of commission (Butch could be found after lunch almost any day during football season basking the delicate member under Mabel's sun-ray lamp), he played on the team all four years. Not quite the type for track or tennis, or even for cricket (again cf. photo, *supra* with that of members of the cricket squad, *infra*), in the spring Butch gave his attentions to the management of the baseball team, most of whose members he numbered as "pals".

In thinking of the Butcher, one is all too apt to forget that he attended classes at all. It is not hard to picture him taking out his man on either the gridiron or the brass rail, but quite difficult to visualize him reading, with expression, Shelley's "Ode to the West Wind". Yet the records will show that he was an English major; and it was not at all uncommon to hear Butch exclaim, in the midst of writing a thesis, that So-and-So was "god-dam interesting".

Put Butche's first love, like that of the late sainted Francis Barton Gummere, out of the whole field of literature is the popular ballad.

"Here's to the gals of New Haven—"





BRFWSTER HILLARD MORRIS  
VILLANOVA, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Montgorey School in  
1926.

Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (3); Class  
Treasurer (4); Business Manager of  
RECORD; Chemistry Club (1, 2);  
Scientific Society, Executive Com-  
mittee; (3); Engineers Club Executive  
Committee (3, 4); Personnel Manager  
of Musical Clubs; Member of Cap and  
Bells Club, Vice-President (4); Stu-  
dent Council (4); Founders' Club;  
Corporation Scholar (2, 3, 4); Phi  
Beta Kappa; Class Endowment Com-  
mittee (4); Permanent Class Secretary.

**H**IS face is cherubic, his mind childish, his capacity for hard work enormous and his name Morris. Not THE Morris of Haverford College, of course, but only one of them: this is Brew, and he is related to half the others—not only in College, but throughout the length and breadth of the Main Line. Which last may possibly account for all the rest.

It will probably remain one of the unsolved problems of class history whether Brew came to college naturally childish, or whether it was merely his reaction to Ward Breugel—since perpetuated by rooming with Oogley Robelen. In any event, it is certain that Ward's rooming near him in North made life more exciting both for him and for Ward; and it is probable that he owes many other things, such as the high caliber of his marksmanship with the wash-bottle in the chem lab, to Ward's general stimulus as well. Since the much lamented departure of Breugel, he has endeavored to sublimate his excess energy in such things as the business managership of the RECORD and the Musical Clubs, and perennial A averages; but even these have proved inadequate and his childish pranks have sought other targets with, at times, grievous accuracy. He has probably broken more windows with snowballs than all the other members of the Student Council put together.

Haverford's Quaker training has not been lost on Brewster: he has the Busy-Beaver-Man complex worse than Hoover. Summers, for instance, instead of going in for graceful loafing or selling Bibles in the approved collegiate fashion, he insists on going up to Labrador to slave as a "wop" for the Grenfell Mission. And he will play greasy grind to insure his 95 average. Haverford has also set her stamp of shrewdness upon Brew: he has managed to worm his way into most of the "good things" on the campus—the Musical Clubs, for instance (they go to Atlantic City), and the cricket team (it is to tour Canada this summer). And in nothing is his innocent appearance more deceiving than in a financial deal: he is the first to use them himself—fortunately on behalf of this RECORD. If the RECORD does manage to stay out of bankruptcy, it will be because his cherubic countenance has fooled enough hard-boiled business men into forgetting their natural suspicions and taking an ad in the book. For which may God and his classmates bless him, for the advertisers won't.



"Yeh, I guess you're right."

JOSEPH HOWARD MORRIS, JR.  
156 Pennsylvania Avenue,  
BRYN MAWR, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from Lower Merion High  
School in 1926.

Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Basketball Team (1); H (1); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Captain Freshman Track Team; Walton Cup (1, 2, 3, 4); Founders' Club Prize (1); Student Council (3, 4); Secretary-Treasurer (3); Secretary-Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (2); Customs Committee (2, 3, 4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Junior Prom Committee (3); Beta Rho Sigma; Engineers' Club; Scientific Society.



**N**OTE:—Ever since the height of the Lloyd Mayer craze back in Rhinie year and even before, it has been a quaint custom with Record Books to write at least one man up according to the Gospel of St. Lloyd; and as the following youth has got more newspaper publicity than anyone else in the class, it seems only fitting that he should have this variety also inflicted on him.

"Oh, you go to Hay-verford? Down in Pennsylvania—somewhere near Pittsburgh, isn't it? No? Well, anyway, that's where that big Morris man goes, doesn't he? You know, I met him last week and we sat out a dance and he hardly said anything—sorta bashful! But my brother says he's one of the best 'weightmen' in the East and the greatest athalete that Haverford ever had. . . . No, let's not dance just yet—I wanta hear some more about him. You say he was captain of football and track? Eemagine! Well, he looks sorta masterful—big and strong and silent—like a Greek god or a tongue-tied iceman or something. I wish I'd known what a big man he was when I met him, so I could have been even more impressed. . . . You say some girl called him 'Chubby'? Yeh, I guess he would get fat, if he stopped being athaletic and all that. Anyway, I like 'Chubby' better than 'Egg'. He wouldn't tel' me why they call him 'Egg'—I guess it must have something to do with being hard-boiled—ha! ha! And he's in love?—what a pity! . . . You say he knows a lot about engineering? Wel', he's just suited to that 'cause he's sorta big and strong and heavy and they need men like that to hold bridges up and things, don't they? . . . All right, let's dance now."



*Note (again)*—There seems to be just one relevant fact omitted from: the above discourse and that is connected with the discourse itself: it probably describes one of the few occasions during the past year when Egg has been separated from his Siamese twin, one Archibald MacIntosh.

"Nurtz!"



THEODORE H. MORRIS, 3RD

VILLANOVA, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Montgomery School in 1925.

Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (4);  
Cricket Team (1,2); Baseball Team (3).

TO THE scientifically minded, Ted is probably the outstanding proof in College that, though childishness may run in the family, brains necessarily don't. Or perhaps he has only felt it his duty to maintain a proper balance in such matters and, while Brew sits firmly perched on the top of the grades-ladder, to keep careful watch over the bottom rungs. So faithfully did he perform this duty, indeed, that the College farmed him out to Labrador after his first year, otherwise he would never have been a Thirty-ite at all. While we were still back in prep school sweating over Vergil and Ovid, Ted was already at Haverford learning that the liver is the warhorse of the body—and when we had long since clambered over this obstacle and passed on to higher hazards, he was still firmly astride the old warhorse. So long, in fact, was his ride on this beastie that he still lists it as his chief extra-curricular activity. *Biology is (1, 2, 3).*

Ted's most spectacular activity, however, was confined almost entirely to his junior year. Along about April or May of last year, by some devious means, he chanced on a gaunt old house up Devon way. Of course, there was nothing so queer in that, but how would you explain the twenty or so little outhouses scattered all over the establishment's lawn? Ted, who has a ferreting-out type of mind (someone has said that he needs only high shoes and a derby hat to look like a plain-clothes detective), naturally decided to investigate; and when the place turned out to be a fireworks arsenal working on the theory that you don't put all your crackers in one basket, he apparently bought a whole outhouse wholesale. In any event, he certainly set out to be a specialist in his own cute way, open season being immediately declared for *homo collegens* (professors and janitors included) anywhere on the campus precincts. We recommend the last act of *Journey's End* as a mild portrayal of the general effect. Tat and the over-worked Ardmore police finally established order, but by that time Ted was a miniature Napoleon. Whether or not the arsenal's explosion during the spring vacation of this year marked an attempt to return from Elba, we frankly don't know.

"Lend me your Bug notes."



MILTON IRVING NORR

2505 Aqueduct Ave.

BRONX, NEW YORK CITY

Born, 1910

Entered from Evander Childs High School in 1926.

*The Haverfordian*, Advertising Manager (2), Business Manager (2, 3); Corporation Scholar (4).



MORE fervent than an engineering major is Muirdm in his denunciation of bull in college courses; yet equally fervent and assiduous is he in carefully noting it all down in order that he may be able to hand it back to the professor at great length in the next examination. Having his own father for principal of his high school alma mater (Evander Childs, the school with elevators and a monster lunch-room, which produced Helen Kane, the Hogenauers and Milton Oiving Norr) got Muirdm into bad habits which he has been unable to break—for although he may consider a class to be an utter waste of time, he would no more think of cutting it than he would of telling Uncle Billy what he thinks of him to his face. And in between classes he pounds the books with the regularity of a trip-hammer, on the general principle that it does not matter a free ticket to a Haverford Musical Club's concert what things you study or why, so long as you study them and get a Corp Scholarship and Phi Bete for doing so. The result of all this is that Norr has consistently accumulated some of the bigger and better averages about the College: for most of the past year, indeed, whenever Oscar's book has been opened, his name, like Abou Ben Adhem's, has led all the rest.

But to anyone who thinks that averages are indicative of the amount of education received, Muirdm may be geld up as a horrible example. For four years he has rigorously defended every idea which he was taught at home and stubbornly refused to admit the existence of any others. Realizing that he is to be one of the Napoleons of Wall Street himself, he is quite satisfied with things as they are, and refuses to believe that they will ever change or ever have changed. For more fervently than any Episcopal bishop, Muirdm can soulfully sing, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be."

On the whole, college has brought just two new things to him: a nickname, and the astounding realization that there are religious people in the world. The name of Muirdm was the result of the embellishment of his "Christian" name on the Rhinie tag on the door of 21 Founders, and has clung to him ever since; whereas the strong stench of sanctity given off by a typical Haverford Rhinie class has finally served to convince him that New York is not America after all.

But get him on to the subject of the Holy Trinity himself and you have in store for you five minutes of some of the most withering wit on the campus.



"When I was a bell-hop—"



ROBERT MATTHEW OLTON

119 Broad St.,

NEWARK, N. J.

Born, 1908

Entered from Barringer High School in  
1926.

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells  
Club; Assistant Secretary (4); Class  
Treasurer (4); Baseball Team (3, 4);  
Numerals (2, 3).

WHEN Dante formulated his universe, he made the mistake of saying that heaven and hell are widely separated: whereas everyone at Haverford knows that the third and fourth entries of Lloyd are right next to each other. We never have been quite sure as to Bob's position in the heavenly hierarchy which inhabits the former. Casually passing him on the walk, we have been inclined to say he was an angel, but when waiting for him to open the library we got the idea that his real position might be that of Saint Peter. On the other hand, when he came to collect the class dues we were certain he did not belong in heaven at all—but then when the refund was announced and we received five dollars back, we were positive that he was one of the leading characters of the Bible.

And, although we had not intended to complete the list in such short order, that just about sums up Bob. Of course, he has subjected himself to contamination by playing on the baseball team, and he has also indulged in singing with the Glee Club, but they are unimportant phases of his existence. No one since the days of Kingsley Leeds has lent such an air of beauty, rest, and quiet to the library, as Bob has done, while his attitude in Rufus' classes is a model for all others.

Realizing that there is a hidden Shylock behind this innocent exterior, the class has elected him permanent treasurer—the man who sends out regular appeals enclosing stamped envelopes and who does not even get the stamps back. No doubt this work will be right in line with his chosen occupation of wheedling small change out of a church congregation; but for our own sake we hope he is not too successful.



"Well—"

JAMES PARTINGTON, JR.

302 Prospect St.,

Born, 1908

Entered from Newark Academy in  
1926.

Class Constitution Committee (1);  
Campus Events Committee (2, 3);  
Harman Cup (1); Glee Club (4); Band  
(4); Radio Club (3); Engineering Club  
(3); Manager "The Haverfordians".



**G**LORIFIED masculinity. Triumphant engineering. These are the gods of Partington. From the first belch re-echoing from the end of the soccer field to the other, Rhine year, to the last problem in dynamos and steam turbines, Senior year, the pursuit of the red-blooded he-man and the adventuring engineer have obsessed Jim's mind. He takes them both with an unbelievable seriousness, which no one who has ever discussed bridge-building with him, seen him departing on a date, or sat near him in a cheering section, can ever doubt.

For one who forsook the paths of athletics with his sophomore gym exam, he is probably the nearest approach these decadent days can offer to the fabled 100 per cent he-Haverfordians of Jimmy Babbitt. (Yes, and you know what we think of Jimmy Babbitt.) He is the perfect roofer: it is a case with him of, "My college! May she always play a good game, but good or bad, my college!" From freshman year, when he won Harman's cup for bumming his way to the most away-games, to this year, when he was one of the leading evangelists of the band, he has been the mainstay of Hanna and Betz in their efforts to make Walton Field safe for pandemonium. How the football team can continue to win victories next year when Partington's enraged bellow of, "Come on team! In there awll the time, boy!" no longer assaults the eardrums, we are unable to imagine.

It is also a central tenet of Jim's virility creed, and a cherished conviction to boot, that he is a very devil with the women. The proper reply, of course, being "What women?" with the emphasis on the "what," the "women" or the interrogation mark, according to how well you like Jim. Anyhow, judging from the frequency with which the black hair is slicked down, the snappy tie straightened and the rakish derby donned, he is certainly a very devil with *some* women and, we should judge, several laps ahead of his pals, Rogers, and Parker Lawrence.

But with regard to one quality, at least, all cynicism fades feebly away: Jim can belch far louder and longer than any man who ever went to Haverford College.



"And, boy, is she hot!"



H. CURTIS PLANKENHORN

320 Rural Avenue,

WILLIAMSPORT, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Williamsport School in  
1926.

Scientific Society; Liberal Club; Class-  
ical Club; Play (3, 4); New English  
Club; Play (4); Glee Club (4).

WITH the aid of the nickname "Baron" and a mustache which was grown as a horrible piece of revenge on his family, Plank has spent the greater part of his college career: in endeavoring to cultivate the impression that he is the sophisticated scion of one of the best families of Williamsport. As a side-line he has also dabbled in the sport of social climbing, in this case with the aid of Vaux and Crowell. But even these activities have their limits as time-killers, so he spends the remainder of his life playing bridge. Probably only Crowell spends more time pulling aces out of his sleeve.

Unfortunately, the College authorities have the annoying idea that students are here to study, and this has necessitated some slight acquiescence on Plank's part; but it has become a very minor phase of his life ever since the day he discovered that there were such things as courses in Biblical Literature and Music. Assiduously cultivated friendships with professors have also aided in smoothing the path of knowledge for Plank though he cannot be blamed too severely for indulging in this sport, since it was undoubtedly the famous Fireballs who got him into evil ways. The latter, it may be mentioned, was often an unwelcome visitor but Plank never let the time go to waste and usually succeeded in convincing his guest that he really had to have an A. That was his first conquest, and since then he has spread his activities to other fields of learning with similar success because the professors did not realize that he was one of those young men whom Haverford is not interested in educating.

The influence of Jack Hartman on Plank has been well nigh incalculable, and ever since rooming with him, the Baron's manner of speaking has been patterned after that of the village gossip. Not that that is to be deplored, though. On the contrary, it only serves to convince the listener that here is a wit and an esthete. And, of course, from one of the best families.

"My dear!"





DAVID SHOEMAKER RICHIE

154 E. Main Street,

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Born 1908

Entered from Moorestown Friends' School in 1926.

Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); H (2, 3, 4); J. V. Soccer Team (1); Cricket Team (1); Numerals (1); Baseball Team (3, 4); H (3); Class Secretary (2); Class President (4); Corporation Scholar (2, 3); Freshman Advisory Committee (4); Student Extension Committee (4); Christian Union, Secretary (3, 4); Liberal Club.



DAVE RICHIE has been Haverford's only honest-to-God world reformer since Royal Davis left college. Others given to standing up for Our Lord or the Common People (as the case might be) can usually be reduced to the "yes—but" stage after five minutes of good strong argument. Not so Dave. He is not intolerant about it, but whenever he is convinced that a matter of vital principle is involved, his face hardens into the set expression of the Quaker lad on the College seal and neither threats nor ridicule can move him. In the face of six tomes of figures he would contend that the experiment of communist Russia was a success; in the face of a flunk from Dolly Barrett he would uphold government ownership of electric power; and even if the whole student body joined hands and did a drunken dance around him, Dave would still say Prohibition worked.

Naturally, there is little that can be done in the way of extensive reform in this black-hole of conservatism, so Dave has been forced to spend his week-ends at a wide variety of social and religious conferences on any topic from Unemployment among the Pavement Sweepers of Outer Mongolia to the Bigamy Situation Among Turkish Quakers. After a Saturday and Sunday of such uplift, he returns to College more convinced than ever that life is real, life is earnest, that service is its goal and that acquaintances made at co-ed conferences are worth continuing.

Unfortunately, Dave has not been able to reduce his plans for a new international order to so attractive a level. Unsympathetic observers have gathered that his program consists of "Peace, if we have to fight for it!" and a new deal for the proletariat by abolishing the navy and converting the battleships into rum-runners; so Dave has abandoned the propaganda of words and adopted the subtler means of wearing the world's loudest blue beret to express his revolutionary outlook. Whether, when worn on the soccer field, this atrocity has attracted many referees and opposing players to socialism is rather doubtful, but it certainly has attracted enough attention to David S. Richie to win him All-American mention for the last two years.

Noting, finally, that David is (a) a Quaker, (b) a prospective teacher and (c) no more able to appear well-dressed than Uncle Billy, we deviate from our usual custom and make one prophecy: if he perseveres in all these tendencies, David will one day be president of Haverford College.

"Get to bed, Olton."





WILLIAM G. ROBELEN 3RD

CLAYMONT, DEL.

Born 1906

Entered from George School in 1926.

Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (1, 2), H (3); Manager (3, 4), Scientific Society; Engineers' Club, Executive Committee (4).

SOME twenty-four years ago in the house next to the Raskobs (and don't you forget it) in Claymont, Del., a child was born. Fond parents named it William Godfrey Robelen. For eight years the child grew, waxed strong in spirit, filled with wisdom. There followed a period of which even the most speculative historians of the class have been unable to deduce. Somehow, somewhere, William Godfrey must have had some schooling in the seven liberal arts; such schooling is demanded by those demons who see to it that not more than eighty enter each freshman class. But the first sentence that his classmates heard Robelen speak was composed of a strange combination of oogles and googles which clearly indicated that somewhere inside the giant body lived the child spirit. Four years at Haverford (including French 2) have failed to stifle the child.

Oogley (for as such William Godfrey has been known since the first time he goosed Cocheu) never took to book-learning, as the frontiersmen have it. As has been hinted, his experiences with the Gallic tongue were somewhat disastrous; and with what other subjects taught in Chase he came into contact, he was not exactly successful. But give Oogley a hammer, a pair of pliers, and a cold chisel; thrust him into the engineering lab.; and within the hour, he will come out with some sort of a machine which will *work*. No impractical theory for Robelen. When he develed into science, it was that branch which had wheels and cogs and pistons. Witness the miniature steam engine which he built during his sophomore year. It would run—either with compressed air or steam, and only last month he was considering the purchase of a quart of liquid air to give the engine a try with the gas emitted therefrom. But even the steam engine was impractical compared to some of Oogley's other scientific works. What need was there for a man of such genius to go out in the cold to summon a resident of the next entry of Lloyd to the phone? None, of course. So Robelen rigged an electric telegraph system between his own room and that of Roger Bloom in the next entry, and proceeded to drive less scientifically minded souls to distraction by translating his oogles and googles into clickings and clackings and sending them over the wire.

It was only a thorough bit of research on the part of the editors that revealed Oogley's one mis-step while in college. As these scientists will now and then, he and Brew Morris (and thus was lost another item of our faith in the Eternal Goodness) one night decided to see life as it really is, and went to the Troc.

"Oogley-woogley!"



EDWARD ROSEWATER

1530 Locust Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Haverford School in 1926.

Instrumental Club (1); J. V. Soccer (3, 4); Numerals (3, 4); Liberal Club, Executive Committee (4); Chem. Club; Engineers' Club.



**A**FTER patient research we announce to our public that the outstanding peculiarity of this specimen is that he doesn't have any. There are several things in his past history that look it, but really they aren't. Rhinie year, for instance, he roomed with Stone in the Tower and remained unruffled—but that wasn't a peculiarity, it was a miracle. Then came his terrifying propensity for discussing the Hebraic society of Baltimore on any and all occasions—yet this too was no peculiarity proper, but merely a disease contracted from Sondheim and Katz. And even his Horatio Alger rise on the soccer field from the *n*th team to J. V. goalie can't validly qualify as peculiar; for according to the eloquent Arlington's opening-practice address Rhinie year, all of us could have done the same thing—if Ed and ten other people hadn't cornered the J. V. positions.

There are problems about him, of course, but none major enough to be called peculiar. How, for example, did he come by the nickname "Musgrave"? What does having Christmas for a birthday make him? And does his beard worry him (this, so far as we can learn, is the only thing that does) because it won't actually sprout into a full-blown bush, or rather because it insists on trying? But take him all in all, he remains depressingly and damnably sane.

If being unknown to the Law is any criterion of rectitude, he is probably the most spotless saint in the class: his spouse Westermann, at any rate, swears to an anecdote to this effect. At the beginning of the current year, it seems, Uncle Billy was having one of those heart to heart talks with Westermann through some anxiety as to whether Ted's career at Haverford was really the "guarded education in morals and manners" advertised in the college catalogue. "Well, whom are you going to room with," inquired Authority, "if you're re-admitted?" "Rosewater," quoth Ted. "Who?" "Rosewater. He's a senior." "Well," replied the Administration, "this is news to me. In all the three years he's been here I never even knew there was such a person." The halo has been ordered.

And, as Sondheim used to say, "Well, Ed, you're the second one of our boys born on December 25th who's made good."



"Well, thank God, I've got two of those problems done."



HARLOW BUSHBY ROWELL

4823 Beaumont Ave.,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born, 1909

Entered from West Philadelphia High School in 1926.

Class Vice-President (3); Corporation Scholar (4); J. V. Tennis (4).

MANY are those who are presented to the world as wolves in sheep's clothing; we, on the contrary, present herewith a sheep in man's clothing. When vengeance is being wreaked upon Hairy for one of the vile puns to which he is mildly addicted, he will utter a frightened bleat, dive into the nearest easy chair and try to crawl under the pillows, finally emerging with his head hanging and a sly sheepish grin upon his face. And when others venture on puns, the comment of Harlow Bushby is a gentle but firm "Baa!"

Even a year in the Founders barn Rhinie year could not break Hairy of his healthful habits. Long after others had succumbed to the pernicious influence of the night life of Haverford, he could be seen wending his way along the hall at ten-thirty in his pajamas with his tooth brush drooping at an angle of 45° out of one corner of his mouth. Of course, there is some slight evidence of sinfulness in his mild addiction to bridge playing during senior year; and back in the unremembered wickedness of sophomore year, he was caught indulging in a tentative cigarette. But, on the whole, his diversions have been of the order of those in which he and Oogley participated Rhinie year. And as a matter of record it might be noted here that it was Oogley who dubbed him Rowly-Rowly.

A future medico by intense conviction and, at the same time, to all appearances a thorough-going celibate, Hairy has cleverly sublimated one passion and indulged the other all through the past year by teaching the facts of life to his coterie of rats on the third floor of Sharpless, and then playing midwife. Apparently the idea is to enter the profession of obstetrician on the ground floor and work up.

Finally, in a book little given to recording virtues of character, an exception should be made to state that Hairy has only been known to get angry once and that was when a group of unscrupulous friends tried to drag him to the drugery against his wishes.

"Ten rats in today's litter, Dan."



NEWMAN SIDNEY SHIRK

525 W. Roosevelt Boulevard,  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Friends' Select School in  
1926.

J. V. Soccer Team (2); Soccer Team  
(3, 4); H (3, 4); Track Team (2, 3, 4);  
H (2, 3, 4); Class Secretary (4); Fresh-  
man Advisory Committee (4).



**I**N THE midst of all the discussion raging in the class as to which one would come back to bum the most free meals from the College, it was suddenly announced that Newm was to be Fritzie's assistant in the physics department next year. That settled that. Since Fritzie himself trained Newm, there can be no complaint about the knowledge which he possesses for his job, and, after living near him for four years, we can testify with all sincerity that he possesses the requisite moral standards to set the noble example which faculty members are supposed to maintain. For, you see, Newm is a minister's son, and has turned out to be exactly what such a person should be, yet never is.

It is, of course, no feat at all to resist the hordes of skirted human beings continually being dragged in by Crowell, but a Chalfonte-Haddon Hall waitress is more of a temptation, and Newm, we are sorry to divulge, yielded upon one occasion, along with those other two roués, Wickersham and Beanie Blair. That, however, was only a momentary weakness and did not seriously affect his habit of going to Overbrook twice each week for a date.



No doubt the home-town papers have chronicled ere this the fact that the local boy has made good in athletic lines, for it was sophomore year that Newm cracked the college record in the 2-mile, and junior year that he made the soccer team. The latter is the biggest surprise—because back in freshman year we remember he used to play with us on Arlington Evans' select ninth squad, along with Ward Bruegel and Knipp, of Waukie-Waukie-Wau renown. You were considered rather good on that squad if you even connected with the ball once in an afternoon, but Shirk persevered and had greatness and a first-team berth thrust upon him. Next year, we predict he will be a sort of walking text for sermons to the Rhinic track squad, for by leading Pop Haddleton's kind of life has become Pop Haddleton's kind of man.

*"Crowell, you're a hammer!"*



DANIEL SMILEY, Jr.

MOHONK LAKE, N. Y.

Born 1907

Entered from Mohonk School in 1926.

Scientific Society; Radio Club; Engineers' Club, Secretary (3), Chairman (4); Stage Manager Cap and Bells Play (4); Campus Club.

DAN SMILEY likes rhubarb. Also spinach, oatmeal, and crusts of bread. He is in bed every night at ten, gets up at seven every morning, and does daily setting-up exercises before eating a hearty breakfast. He was a first-class scout with nineteen merit badges (if Friends are permitted to join an organization which marches in columns), was raised on Bordon's Eagle Brand milk, and learned early in life that anyone who smoked a cigarette or drank a glass of beer would die either of nicotine or alcohol liver. None of the statements has been verified, you understand, but they are as much a part of the class's credo as that Ralphie Atkinson never arrived on time at any class. In other words, Dan Smiley is (a) the picture of health (an attack of scarlet fever last winter notwithstanding), (b) one of the more cheerful and pleasant members of the class, (c) a boy without an enemy, and (d) the one person on the campus, about whom on Commencement Day our mothers are going to say, "Isn't he a nice-looking fellow!" If he weren't so damned how-legged and dumb—

That wasn't a bit kind. Dan'l has excelled in four different and distinct fields at Haverford. He can climb a tree more neatly, more quickly, and with more consummate skill than any other member of the class. With a large block of stock in the Emlen-Hiatt *Vogelagerverem*, he has managed to accumulate, we dare say, nine-tenths of the whole class's knowledge of our little feathered friends. His knowledge of the jiggers and gee-gaws in the back room of the Hilles Laboratory brought him the Lord-high-whatnot-ship of the Engineering club. And his knickers have consistently been the longest and baggiest on the campus. Don't ever again let it be said Dan Smiley isn't a man of accomplishment. Can you tell a dotterel from an osprey, or climb a tree with consummate skill? Yet you, too, are going to get a diploma just as good as Smiley's.

Not knowing exactly what Dan's life ambition is, we are going to make a suggestion. That other great advocate of clean living, Dan Beard of the B. S. A. (Boy Scouts of America, evil one!) is going to die one of these days. Why not Smiley for his successor? He will be able to talk to his boys straight from the shoulder, as man to man; will not cause any confusion, for he also can be called "that great old scout, Dan"; and will be a stirring example of what clean living, with not even a dirty story to darken his record, can do.



"That one's an *Archibuteo lagopus sancti-johannis*."

DAVID KIRBY SPELT

1205 Harrison Street,

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Frankford High School in  
1926.

Freshman Debating Team; Class De-  
bating Team (1, 2, 3); Manager of  
Debating (3, 4); Chairman of Debating  
Council (4); Instrumental Club (3, 4);  
Classical Club Play (4).



**M**ERELY looking at Dave suffices to convince one that he is one of the small but important personages on the campus. His authoritative and serious manner of speaking combined with an aggressive swagger give the impression of one who is going places and doing things. And that is just the truth. A very able speaker, his spare time in the later years of his college career was spent in delivering speeches on peace before such crowds as various churches and Rotary Clubs could assemble; whereas at the College itself, his sarcastic wit was vented upon unsuspecting opponents in many a debate.

But unlike most college orators, Dave does not intend to study law; instead, he plans to enter a theological seminary and do his spell-binding in a position where no rebuttal is brooked. It is our opinion that Dave is admirably suited to the calling of a minister of the gospel, for he possesses a fine discrimination in hell-raising which is rarely attained by other members of the class. Not wishing to be a prude or have the air of an old man, he is not averse to participating in any infantile procedure or telling a sophomoric story with all the lurid details; but such sport soon palls with him and when he personally calls a halt, all those who continue are named childish or vulgar—as the case may be—in no uncertain terms.

Dave has that confidential manner of speaking so desirable in an insurance agent; to hear him use a phrase such as, "The other day when I was talking to Neddie," one would think that he was a bosom companion of all the members of the faculty and had learned all the unrevealed scandal about them. He also is a member of that peculiarly Haverford group which uses the College as a country club in which one may spend the night when there is nothing of interest to be done at home, and the result is that the Pennsylvania Railroad makes handsome profits out of his commuting tickets.

On the whole, though, we prophesy success for Dave, for if he is as frazen in asking his congregation for large offerings as he was in crashing the gate with his woman at several football games last fall, he will have no difficulty in collecting the last cent of his salary.



"Judas Priest!"



ERNEST WILLIAM STILLER  
R. F. D. 1  
WHITE HAVEN, PA.  
Born 1908

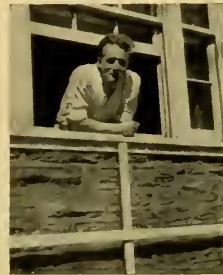
Entered from York Collegiate Institute  
in 1926.

Track (2, 3); Classical Club.

ERNE STILLER came to College on a bet; said bet being that it is impossible to survive four years of college and be just as much of a Pennsylvania Dutchman upon leaving as upon entering. Ernie won. But don't think for one minute that there isn't a load of the Old Nick in Ernie. Among the milder manifestations are his propensities for blustering into the room and ordering the inhabitants to get to work in gruff tones, and coming at Joe Martin suddenly from the rear with a shaking mane and a frightful roar which provides the latter with a reason for stopping work.

Those diversions, however, are not sufficient to sublimate all of Ernie's animal passions, so he often makes threats of taking a walk down Callowhill Street of a spring evening, and occasionally does get as far toward his goal as the Bijou. But this, so far as we can learn, is the limit of the Stiller hell raising. Of course, it is just barely possible that he is one of the few of the class who really have been seeing life while the rest of us just sit around in the proverbial fashion and theorize about it over our port. And again there is a remote possibility that Drake keeps a mistress in at the Barclay, and that Crowell and Shirk are the editors of *The American Mercury* in disguise. And, we had never thought of it before, but Dave Spelt just might be the long lost Charlie Ross. One thing certain, though, is that Ernie and the American Tragedy (our own name for Drake) have never ruined an evening for us at a college dance by making the women we brought. On the other hand, Ernie did serve to brighten several of the deadliest of Dougie Steere's Phil 7 discussion groups by revealing his intimate knowledge of the anatomy and passions of cows.

"You old pig-(st)cher, you!"





JOHN FREEMAN STONE

319 Louella Ave.,

WAYNE, PA.

Born, 1909



Entered from Haverford School in 1926.

Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Membership Committee; Cricket Team (1, 2); Manager of Tennis (4); Football Dance Committee (4); Chairman Senior Prom Committee; Campus Events Committee.

AMONG the more picturesque exhibits of the class in point of appearance and especially of language, we have John Freeman Stone. Bones is the epitome of gay abandon with his childish face and broad grin; but any illusions on this score are likely to be dispelled when he opens his mouth to air his disapproval of someone. For sheer earthiness and originality of expression he has no equal this side of the Barbary Coast. Casual acquaintance with Bones would lead one to suspect him of all the better known vices and sins of the flesh, whereas as a matter of fact we know of no one, among the White Men of the campus, who is possessed of better principles.

Every morning is a potential Roman holiday for Stone. If nothing better turns up, he upsets all the furniture in his room and knocks a door off its hinges. When this sort of entertainment palls, he is accustomed to make long treks to Brooklyn, New Hope or some equally exotic place to give a girl the benefit of his brain storm.

Considerable of his libidinal energy was sublimated on the bass drum during his senior year. Up until the Johns Hopkins game, he stuck to the cut and dried forms of drum beating; but from this point on he branched out into a technique that has become famous. Afterwards, whenever and God willing, the band reached the middle portion of the "Stars and Stripes Forever" Bones would break into a performance, which for sheer artistry of flailing hands and intertwined arms absolutely cannot be equalled anywhere in this sink of Quaker quiet. What the spectators on the football field failed to see, however, were the long hours of practice with Indian clubs in the privacy of his bedroom and their sometimes tragic results: on one occasion a practice session ended in the destruction of a short-quart, syphon and two glasses that Masland had carelessly left on a nearby table.



"Well, for heaven's sake!"



## ALBERT IRVIN SUPPLEE

HAMPTON, N. J.

Born 1908

Entered from Blair Academy in 1926.

Football Team (1); H (1); Basketball Team (1, 2, 4); H (1, 2, 4); Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Beta Rho Sigma.

**F**OUL whispers of slander have gone up and down the dingy dormitories of Haverford College for four years concerning one Albert Irvin Supplee. It has been insinuated that, in spite of his obvious utility on the diamond or the basketball court, he is a dead loss in a philosophical discussion, that he has failed to take full advantage of the educational opportunities of this institution, and even that he is mentally incapable of doing so. These are serious charges; and in the interest of truth and a classmate's reputation, therefore, your correspondent has taken it upon himself to probe them to the bottom and see what foundation—if any—they rest on.

Most of those not founded on pure hearsay seem to go back to an incident in the early part of junior year. Elihu, in his facetious way, had given out an assignment of "a few things I want you to look up in the Book of Matthew"; and so, faithfully to the library marched the tall form of a Supplee. He investigated the reserve book shelf, he hunted through the card catalogue, he ran over the titles of the reserved books once more. Finally, in desperation, he walked to the desk and appealed to Leeds: "Say, Kingsley, do you know where I can find this book Matthew?"

But this was Hen, not Al. How calumnious it would be to attribute such a thing to Al may be seen from a second incident of last year. In one of the occasional recesses of the Fourth Entry directors' meetings the talk happened to stray somehow onto a discussion of prehistoric monsters; and Corson, in attempting to get his ideas across, gave vent to the gross mispronunciation of "dinosower". But Al rose to the occasion nobly and corrected the Beagle with a resounding "dinosaur!"—and "the Sour" they have called him ever since.

With foul slander thus disposed of and his cavortings on diamond and court treated elsewhere (*vide p. 111 et seq.*), there remains only one distinction to be noted about Souplee (accent the first syllable, please). He is the second man in the class to acquire a wife before a degree.

"Well, pal—"



FREDERICK WOOD SWAN

3707 Fort Hamilton Parkway,

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Born 1907

Entered from Moses Brown School in 1926.

Class Secretary (1); Class President (1); Class Vice-President (3); Student Council (2, 3, 4); Y. M. C. A., Vice-President (3); Chairman of Christian Union (3, 4); Football Team (2, 3, 4); H (2, 3, 4); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3); Head Waiter (4); Chairman of Customs Committee (4); Chairman Freshman Advisory Committee (4); Student Extension Committee (2, 3).



**H**AVERFORDIANS of recent years have been spared much trouble in answering that most perplexing of ethical questions, "What would Jesus do?" by turning to observe the actions of Fred Swan. A pillar of righteousness himself, he is also the professional redeemer of the College at large from all the devious ways of sin. The inroads of student government may not have made it impossible for the faculty to keep on providing "sound and liberal instruction in literature and science", as the catalogue states it; but it has become increasingly difficult for Authority to combine the above "with a religious care over the morals and manners" of the student body—and Fred it has been who stepped in to fill the breach.

In the days when the spirit of disorganization was rampant at the College and the press of the nation (i. e. the Philadelphia papers carried squibs on it and one or two out-of-town sheets copied) was heralding the abolition of the Y as an example of growing irreligion in the colleges of the country, it was Fred Swan who, with his cohorts, succeeded in founding the Christian Union, an organization which was to preserve in pseudo-orthodox fashion certain indispensable inherited religious tendencies. So interested did Fred become in this labor of sublimated love that even his roommates have given him the middle initials C. U. Then, with the Union organized and Haverford again made safe for religion, Fred widened his horizon and sought to make the world safe for the future. For two

weeks he tramped the dormitories with peace polls and pledges, breaking profound discussions on ice hockey or Joan Crawford only to be asked in bewildered tones what all this world peace business was, anyhow.

But organized morality did not take up all of Fred's time, and he has made his Christianizing influence felt in other ways as well. Ordinarily a head waiter is little more than a fixture, but in that capacity Fred has been a reformer also and undertaken to frown down the blasphemous language evoked by Monday lunches. That stare of stern reproof is sufficient to squelch anyone but J. Bardolph Miller. Finally, if we were not strictly forbidden by the editor to indulge in prophecies, we would describe Fred's adventures, some day, as leader of a national crusade against that unspeakable villainess, the foul cigarette.



"Boys! boys!"



EDWARD G. TAULANE, JR.  
355 Gowen Ave.  
MT. AIRY, PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Born, 1909

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1926.

News Board (1, 2); Store Committee (2); Corporation Scholar (1, 2, 3); Campus Club; Radio Club; Scientific Society.

ED STEPPED into campus prominence during the first month of Rhinie year, when he marched poker-faced up to the platform in Roberts to collect \$25.00 from *The Haverfordian* for solving the first of the now-famous Bencolin mysteries. The \$25.00 safely stowed away, he promptly withdrew into his shell again and proceeded to become fully as big a mystery as either he or Bencolin ever had to solve. And he is just as much of a mystery now as he was four years ago; but with all this time to gather clues, we have succeeded in uncovering a few facts about him. Said facts being:

1. That his apparent indifference to everything is a defense mechanism calculated to cover up an inferiority complex. (Whether the complex is justified or not, we tactfully leave unsettled.)
2. That his A averages are not entirely due to native intelligence, as he would have us believe, but to a considerable amount of studying. (Not so ratty about it, though, as Norr, Brew Morris and Beany Copefellowship Blair.)
3. That the scintillant and somewhat inflammable line he uses, when on a date, is hardly consistent with his campus demeanor.
4. That he has the best shoulders in the class.
5. And that if he isn't careful, he's going to achieve the next to the biggest *dernière*.
6. That he is the only person who knows exactly how George Betz got Mistinguette's autograph in Paris.
7. That he probably supplied the Haverford banner that hangs in Harry's American Bar in the same village.
8. That's that.

"Wee Ha Weehawken."



JOHN AUSTIN TURNER

857 Summit Grove Ave.

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Born, 1908

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1926.

*News* Board (2, 3, 4); Sports Editor (3, 4); Intramural Committee (3, 4); Chairman (4); Soccer Team (4); H (4); Track Team (1, 2, 3); Freshman Track Team; Scientific Society.



“WELL, I guess you saw what Lower Merion did last night—only rolled up ninety-nine points.” This or its equivalent, is what is heard every morning by Idge’s friends from the most boringly loyal alumnus (not to mention basketball fan) ever turned out by any high school. It is said of Idge that he would rather talk basketball than sleep and anyone who has ever tried to rouse him at 6:30 on a Monday morning to make up the sports page of the *News*, realizes that that is saying a lot.

But Idge does not confine his interest in sports to mere perusal of the sports page: it is on record that he went so far as even to join a church in order to be able to play on its basketball team, whereas in baseball season he is one of the leading lights of the Haverford intramural league, his position as chairman of the intramural committee enabling him to award the verdict to his dormitory upon numerous occasions. It was a member of the soccer team, though, that Idge won his greatest fame. Not only did he make his appearance with this aggregation in the disguise of the man in the iron mask, but by unflagging effort at goal he succeeded in beating out Fiddlefoot Gray for the presidency of that well known honor society, the Hammer Club.

What little time he has had left over from these strenuous pursuits Idge seems to have divided between those two other famous Haverford institutions, the Library and the *News*. Many has been the hour he has spent in the former, supposedly in unremitting toil for the Baron or the Horse—but those who know both Idge and the Library especially well have had their suspicions. It has even been hinted that Turner was one of those in the mind of that nameless genius who penciled upon the white plaster wall of the Stack the notice:

“Quiet is requested  
for the benefit of those who are asleep.”

And Idge’s chief achievements on the *News*, it must be confessed, were the winning of due editorial recognition for Turner-the-goalie and the winning of the nickname “Viper” for Turner-the-sports-editor.

“You get me all wrong.”





## GEORGE VAUX, X

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Westtown School in 1926.

*News Board* (1, 2); *Circulation Manager* (2); *Manager of Football* (4); *Staff Photographer of RECORD*; *Westtown Club*.

GEORGE, le dixième baron de Vaux, marquis du Fourré, comte de Bryn Mawr, à la grâce de Dieu (et son petit ciné-kodak) co-directeur de ballon-camp de Haverford; né Octobre, 1908, à Bryn Mawr; père, George, le neuf . . . But enough of the Gotha's dull story of George. After all, George could not help being the class's born aristocrat. If he came to Haverford as the only man in the class who could wear his yellow gloves turned back at exactly the correct place, his *boutonnière* neither too large nor too small, and his trouser creases the work of a valet, it was all a part of the divine plan—to show his more lowly fellows what nine generations of being good Haverfordians, Republicans, Quakers and Philadelphians could do for the tenth.

Naturally the position of chancellor and confidant to such a regal soul proved attractive to several members of the class. After the unbowing Wickersham, George's roommate in North during his freshman year, had been deposed, Paul Martin (just a poor boy from the country, trying to get along) took the position. For two years Poopus was "king" and P.T. "prince" and the class thought one of those rare Damon and Pythias combinations was being formed. But, after two years of service, P.T. stepped down to make way for Clark Hanna (for a full account of this all-Philadelphia alliance, consult the story of Mr. Hanna's career, *supra*).

George undoubtedly had all the prerequisites for society—name, fame and a Plymouth roadster. It is not at all difficult to imagine a stately butler's announcement of "George Vaux X," the consequent "ta-ra" of the trumpets, and the pudgy Poopus hobbling into the ballroom with the sweeping courtesies and low bows of all in attendance. But actually he did not go in for that sort of thing as much as might be supposed. Rather, it seemed, than mingle with Philadelphia society, George would spend his waking hours discussing with the Rev. Dr. Grant the effects of the Palaeolithic age on the natives of Syria or, better still, taking pictures of Haverford's wild life.

As the Gotha has insinuated, it was George's little camera that brought him his co-managership of the 1929 football team, and the "H" that went with the position. For three long years, he traveled up and down the land, taking movies of Haverford's future opponents, that the team might not be entirely unknowing of what plays it would have to face in games to come. Why he was not given the full managership, when McConnell had merely slaved over the water-buckets and dressings each night of the season, has not yet been brought to light. *Noblesse oblige*, perhaps.

"Well, I don't see THAT."



## THEODORE H. WESTERMANN

54 Sagamore Road,  
BRONXVILLE, N. Y.  
Born 1909

Entered from Bronxville High School  
in 1926.

Class President (1); Student Council  
(1); J. V. Football (1, 2); J. V. Tennis  
(1, 2); Varsity Tennis (3, 4).



THE Spirit of Co-operation. That's Ted. At any moment of the day or night ready to help you—and equally ready to get you to help him. Without a moment's hesitation, he will offer you his phil notes to study from—or ask for those you took; he will lend you his last shirt—or borrow yours. He has, we believe, co-operated himself through more courses and more haberdashery than any man in the class. He has, in fact, solemnly promised to affix to his degree a credit line, "education by—" and giving the list of his co-operators: some nasty soul immediately suggested the college catalogue for this purpose, but unfortunately the catalogue doesn't include Lew (whose flivver he borrows), or Ted's Swarthmore pals.

As our first class president, he has never quite lost a certain tutelary air which he was forced to assume at class meetings to shove through such momentous business as deciding on the design of our class jerseys and so on; but of late years the tutelage has been transferred to Montgomery School whither he goes daily to play God Almighty to the junior athletic teams. Few would suspect him, nevertheless, of actually being a duly-registered assistant scoutmaster: in spite of his Boy Scout shirt, which he still wears from time to time, and his willingness to give other people opportunities to do their daily good turns, he is a walking repudiation of the simple life and all its implications. He has the appearance of being able to handle a cocktail-shaker much better than a fire-by-friction set; and "Be Prepared" (as members of his courses can testify) seems to be his motto only on distinctly social occasions.



Something should certainly be said, somewhere, about the days when Ted actually had a Ford of his own. Though a somewhat less passionate soul than Abernethy's Emily, Lorraine was nevertheless no Sunday school miss: from the time she was purchased and registered in the name of Shivelhood, to the time when she was dragged away to the junk yard in the name of campus beautification, she led Ted many a merry chase—and sometimes one of the kind that end in Roberts Hall, second floor, on the right. But Ted lent her out freely (once even for a trip to Boston) and he was not always the guilty man in her irregularities.

And since we feel bound to prophesy a suitable future for at least one member of the class, we pick on Ted: his foreordained vocation, we are convinced, is that of magician's assistant—you know, the man who goes through the audience borrowing things.

"Gotta cigarette?"



WILFRED H. WICKERSHAM  
324 S. Marshall Street,  
KENNETT SQUARE, PA.  
Born 1908

Entered from Westtown School in 1926.

J. V. Soccer (1); Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); H (4); Cricket Team (1, 2); Scientific Society; Chem. Club; Radio Club; Engineers' Club; Westtown Club.

FAMED throughout the early half of his college career as the butt of much Barclay horseplay and as the possessor of a peculiar anatomical nickname, Wickie has spent these later days largely in the varying rôles of soccer-player, Physics Tenite and engineer. And in spite of his work for McPete and Fritzie, it was really this training in the department of Rittenhouse which proved to be of most use to his college-mates for when running water was being installed in the Tower, it soon became apparent that Wicker had followed in the footsteps of his teacher and knew more about plumbing than the men hired to do the job.

But perhaps this was only another example of the Wickersham curiosity. As early as Rhinie year, the initiated discovered that curiosity was the motive for many of Wickie's actions. Sick or disabled birds and beasts on the campus had no chance at all, for they were sure to be caught and immured by Wickie in a vain attempt to discover what made the wheels go round. Famous indeed, was Feather, the gray squirrel, whose earliest recollection was drinking milk out of Wicker's medicine dropper. The development of an amusing trait of chewing the ears of unoffending visitors resulted in Feather's exile, and Wickie turned for solace to another squirrel (deceased), a rabbit (deceased), and various other creatures (deceased).

Every year as winter sets in there is an air of suppressed excitement in the vicinity of Wicker, which increases in intensity as the mercury falls. When the first skim of ice appears on the pond he is seen prowling along the bank testing the ice and mentally calculating the number of hours until it will bear him. And, if the ring of skates is heard at night after the pond is officially closed, it is ten to one that Wickie is trying new ways of falling on his back after completing a jump-loop.

"Wha'd d'y' mean?"





THOMAS WISTAR, JR.

166 School Lane,  
GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1926.

Class Vice-President (2); Class President (3); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3, 4); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Art Editor of *The Haverfordian* (2, 3, 4); Art Editor of *THE RECORD*; Cap and Bells Club, Executive Committee (4); Scientific Society, Secretary (2), Vice-President (3); Liberal Club; Triangle Society.



IF THIS roll-cal of degenerates could by some miracle pass beneath the eye of one of the Quaker Fathers who, just a century ago this spring, conceived the idea of founding Haverford "to combine sound and liberal instruction in literature and science with a religious care over the morals and manners" there would, we fear, be sad disillusionment and not a little bewilderment as to what had happened to the Spirit of the Founders. But here, at almost the end of the roll is reassurance for the patriarchal benefactor that the Inner Light has not entirely deceived him, that Quakers still come to Haverford, that tradition is not yet dead: and here we present Thomas Wistar, Jr. He is Haverford tradition, the Ideals of the Founders, the Spirit of the Fathers and points west, all rolled into one, embodied, breathing, and walking erect on its hind legs. He lives in traditional Germantown, he is related to the traditional names of the Quaker hierarchy from Uncle Billy on down, he captains the traditional sport of cricket, and he gives the impression of being able to recite half the hoary traditions of the alumni association by heart. Continually under the eye of history, if you get what we mean.

With all this history behind him, Tom naturally assumes a somewhat paternal attitude toward these trifling concerns of the present day—of which his lofty but amused tolerance of Deacon Richie's socialism is a major case in point. His sense of humour also has much of the slow, majestic movement of history about it: if you point out that you are cracking a joke and are very emphatic about it, he will laugh as loudly as the next man—but there must be no doubt about it; tradition must never be able to say that T. Wistar, '30, laughed at something which had not been duly tested and certified as properly risible.

But no matter how lumbering his sense of humour and how incapable he is of realizing that he and the College just disagree on the subject of Cousin Billy, his sketch-pencil is the most nimble and educated on the campus—as these pages bear witness.

"Rats!"





THOMAS WRIGGINS, JR.

413 Church Lane,  
GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1907

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1926.

Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3, 4); Track (1, 2); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Scientific Society; Store Committee (4); RECORD Board.

“WHY you low, lousy, jibbering idiot” (this is the expurgated version), “you don’t know a damn thing about it. You’re crazy! I say you’re CRAZY!!! I ought to know; I’ve only worked on cars for ten years. I KNOW the unsprung weight is greater than the re-inverted backslung torsion, so shut up!!!” In such manner are all people who venture to argue with Tiny crushed into quaking silence. He KNOWS; so that ends the matter. And if you dare to still pursue the subject tremendous bellows convince you absolutely that he just is right. Undoubtedly his success as a tackle on the gridiron lies in a withering line of adjectives, second only to those of the great Nappo Murray, muttered between his teeth at the trembling young gentleman across the line. Even the strong minded and argumentative Haverfordians of his own class will usually withdraw before that roar, that threat of a rush which can only be likened to a truck horse stirred by the first zephyrs of Spring.

Of the numerous “types” in the class, Tiny is the Sugar-Daddy type. Generously plump, moderately handsome (when well steamed and shaved), fairly worldly-wise, he is obviously looking forward to a lifetime spent at directors’ meetings (genuine ones) and in the bald head row at musical comedies—the tired business man so famed in American song and story. Twenty-five years from now, we venture to predict, he will be able to sit for any cartoonist in the land as the incarnation of the Republican Party. In rehearsal for this future rôle of tired business man, Tiny has spent most of his college career in resting—with the important exceptions, of course, of strenuous autumn afternoons on Walton Field and those periodic occasions when the foundations of the Wriggins household are threatened by Betz, Blair and others of the Fifth Entry Gang’s radical wing. Fortunately, his invention (early in senior year) of the “Wilhelm Strasse System” by which he can spy on “everything and everybody” has reduced this menace to a minimum and left him his time free to hold forth on the inner workings of motor cars and motorboats, and his own journeyings in the former to such places as Radcliffe, Wellesley and Smith. He has claimed to be married ever since last summer—and perhaps he is, but the tones his voice occasionally takes on incline one sometimes to doubt this.



“When’re we goin’ to the Library, Fedt?”

## Ex-Members

PERHAPS the age of romance is past and the era of cynicism has set in, or maybe we have merely quit pretending palpably false things; but nonetheless it is true that we had almost forgotten there were twenty-six members of the Class of 1930 who, for one reason or another, did not terminate their college career in the usual stupid fashion of passing across the platform to receive a diploma. Nor do we entertain any delusions that it will be different with those of us who do graduate. We fully expect to be greeted at the tenth reunion by someone who will address us with our roommate's name – and of course we shall be entirely forgotten when we approach an old classmate to borrow ten dollars.

But that is rather away from the subject and this business of leaving Haverford prematurely requires a bit of a treatise. It is uncanny how it is done. One would think that the process would involve (a) either a stormy conference in the dean's office or an extended session at the family dinner table; (b) the packing of trunks and valises, and the paying of the store bill; and (c) a long round of "Well, so long, pal, they've given me the gate." But this is not so at all. If the notice to call on the Dean arrives in the evening mail, the conference is concluded by 6.30 and by the time the dinner dishes are cleared from the tables in Founders, another "ex" is telling his roommate to sell the books and keep the money. Two days later a not-too-close friend of the departed will inquire of the roommate, "What's become of So-and-So?" If the Dean's, parents', or undergraduate's own decision for him not to remain is reached during the summer, then the college details are eliminated. The main difference in this case is that two weeks usually pass before any but the closest friends realize that So-and-So is not back this year. By the end of a semester, the "ex" has passed almost entirely into legend, for the mills of the gods, in the case of the "ex's", grind speedily and almost wholly without noise.

The first man to leave the ranks of the class was Dick Westcott who spent one brief quarter as the roommate and boon companion of Jack Carr in Merion Annex. When he dug his first report from the litter of tuxedos, phonograph records, cigarette butts, and half-used foolscap which was wont to occupy the floor of the Carr diggings, he found that he had accumulated the magnificent average of 43.1. He departed.

It would be difficult to say whether or not it was the fault of the dormitory, but Merion Annex contributed the next two victims of the chopping block also. Jack Glassmire, a Corporation Scholar, possessed that tendency to stray from the beaten path which may characterize either a genius or a nuisance. The customs committee promptly decided that he was the latter and provided the campus with several months of amusement by inflicting on him every kind of wearing apparel that the ingenious Collison could invent. Finally the college officials came to agree with the committee: and Jack was ruled out on



Ward

a technicality when he went to sleep in front of Founders after inhaling some chloroform borrowed from the chemistry department.

Fritzie Marks was, for a time, the most prominent member of the class, always taking a chair at the very feet of the professors because of his deafness. His departure is closely linked with the great Merion murder, which occurred when a blood-spattered dummy, stabbed with a dagger, was propped up in a chair in the ghastly glow of a single bridge-lamp, and Marks enticed to the scene. Fritzie took one swift look, shrieked, and roused half the dormitory. Police (who had been forewarned) were summoned, and Marks was arrested for the atrocious slaying. Although he was released a few minutes later, Fritzie never did recover. Perhaps due to his deafness he did not realize he was vindicated. But be that as it may, in a few days he left for home, taking the inevitable umbrella with him.

At the beginning of sophomore year, seven members of the class failed to reappear. Norman Bryant, he of the fair, waving hair and long chin, was no longer about, to sit on the milk cases and wait for Doctor Press to open his breakfast room. John Hagedorn, Co-op clerk, player of abominable bridge, and one of the few fur-bearing creatures in College, had gone to Yale's dramatic school. Tom Harvey and Charlie Cameron had left to appear later, like Ben Franklin's book, "in a new and revised edition" as members of the Class of 1931. Jerry Pearce had also departed with his southern drawl, as had Joe Leslie. No vacant chair seemed more desolate, though, than did that of Noel ("At hand sir!") Murray, who had taken up the study of divinity at St. Stephen's. Murray, who had been thrown out of the News Room one Sunday evening for uttering an oath of such a nature as not to be tolerated even by the liberal members of Haverford's Fourth Estate; Murray, whose stories of wine, women, and song had brightened many a first-year bull-session; Murray, who had been the life of any old party, Murray had left to study for the ministry! The fact that he later changed his mind and switched to matrimony does not alter the case: Murray left Haverford for the ministry.

The period between midyears and finals of sophomore year saw the exodus of four more members, of whom Bill Watson was one. Damon & Pythias, Strawbridge & Clothier, Abernethy & Watson. Aside from his partnership in the last of the famous firms, Bill's most distinguished characteristic was his carefully cultivated Y. M. C. A. manner which enabled him to slap more backs in a shorter time than anyone else until the Christian Union



1930

was organized. Johnny Reed, the White Plains cherub, also departed at this period, leaving behind him the reputation for being able to do more acrobatics with a cigarette in his mouth than anyone in College. George Rogers and Nick Wilbur were the other two who left: the former returned in next year's class, but Nick remained away for good, leaving only angry memories for the way in which he had distributed empty boxes labelled Wilbur Buds to the hostile audience assembled to witness the Cakewalk presented by the Class of 1930. Nick had given such an excellent performance as the defending attorney in that production, however, that the anger of the audience was somewhat mollified.

The last great trek out of the class came during the summer before Junior year. Among others who had left was one Theodore Ward Bruegel. There is little use in setting down the many outstanding feats of this lad, for they are of the sort that is not easily forgotten. There is scarcely a member of the class who does not remember how he obeyed his instructions literally and carried a mattress to the sunken garden in preparation for the Prom; how he answered the query as to what his first average was; and how he escorted the housekeeper to his room to show her the pictures of nude women with which his classmates had papered his walls. While Ward was a member of the class, the members of 1930 had the satisfaction of realizing that they were providing the college with a worthy substitute for the much-maligned Knipp, and Ward's presence also provided the advantage of presenting an outlet for the boisteous spirits of the more child'sh-minded members of the class, such as Oogley Robelen and Brewster Morris.

Lincoln Cocheu, popularly known as "Snowshoe", also chose this time to make his departure, leaving for Ann Harbor, because he felt the University of Michigan offered bigger and better engineering courses than those provided by Messrs. Rittenhouse, Rantz, and Chase. Cocheu's greatest achievement while at Haverford, in his own eyes, was receiving a Z from Mr. Wheelock as a reward for his efforts on a Greek examination. Framed, along with a notable array of over-cut notices, that exam book was his pride and glory.

Unable to exist at Haverford without the steadying influence of his boon companion, Wilbur, Snort Maxfield was another of the departers at the turn. Snort will be remembered chiefly for his miner's cap and his snarling, devil-take-you attitude as a waiter in the dining room. Although this department has had too many cares to inquire as to his exact occupation since leaving college, Snort may be seen hereabouts now and then, usually supporting a woman on one arm.



1930

Although a glance at Bill Pretzfeld's desk, loaded as it was with ponderous volumes of divers and sundry sorts of knowledge, would have convinced one that here was the class scholar, Bill nevertheless became an "ex" during the summer of 1928. Always sociable (he usually had a tin of good cigarettes in his desk drawer), and yet a consistent worker, he apparently failed to absorb the content of such ratty-looking books as the college had to offer. Bill will always be remembered chiefly for two things: his collection of pipes, and his wardrobe—Shorty Lindsay, in particular, will recall how Bill decided to spend eighty dollars for a suit at the beginning of sophomore year instead of helping to furnish the room. Bill's moans about the shabby state of his clothes when he was easily the best dressed man on the campus afforded a constant source of amusement to his friends, the whole trouble being that Bill chose the wrong college: he should have gone to Princeton.

Tux Hill left college at the same time as did Pretzfeld, returned as a junior in 1929, and departed again at mid-years. He had discovered that being amiable, a good Baptist, and scion of a wealthy Montclair family was not enough to carry one through college. Tux's chief antipathy was the food in the dining room and his chief delusion the belief that eating dry bread and rancid butter (swiped, originally, from the dining room) in his own room was a big improvement over the ordinary college fare. Ed Rudge and Charlie Rudrauf were the others who left at this time. Ed's difficulty was approximately the same as Tux's, whereas Charlie found the charms of matrimony and business more alluring than the cheers of soccer rooters (Charlie played center-half) at Haverford.

The class went through junior year unscathed, but during the following summer lost four members. Bob Doughty committed suicide near his home in Beacon, N. Y., thereby robbing this volume of some brilliantly written sketches, as had been evidenced by the *News' Crows Nest* which he wrote during the last half of his junior year. After a year in the bawdy precincts of Founders, which was quite evidently not suited to his disposition, Bob allied himself with the esthetes and sophisticates of the class who moved to New Lloyd in sophomore year. There the chief service which he rendered seemed to be the regular squelching of Ralphie Atkinson, who made his presence obnoxious at times.



Bob

June Earrows Mussey, after three years of vehemently profane statements concerning the low quality of a Haverford education, had his bluff called at this time and yielded to family pressure to conclude his studies at Columbia. In his own opinion, Muzz was quite the most Satanic young man on the campus; but after some acquaintance with him, one soon realized that his boisterous wickedness was confined entirely to speech and thought. As a matter of fact, his chief real vices were an overpowering insistence on performing sleight-of-hand tricks and a pernicious habit of thumbing his nose. Fate, it must be admitted, played an ironic trick on



Muzz

Muzz in his first year at college by having him room with Jack Blackman. That and the sad fate which his derby hat met at the hands of Dick Abbott and Shorty Jameson were probably the high spots of Rhinie year for Muzz.

Dik Ezerman departed at the same time, leaving Joe Miller as the sole representative of the formerly inseparable Onery Trio of Mussey, Ezerman and Miller. Ezerman, however, fled no further away than Penn Dental School and has crept back to the campus on numerous occasions. Dik, being Dutch, liked good music and good beer, on both of which subjects he was an authority; but authority or not, he was always willing to offer an emphatic opinion on any other subject as well. When he first appeared at Haverford he was the possessor of an innocent but low mind; and as time went on it became less innocent and quite a bit lower, which, probably, was only the result of staying in Founders for three years.

Hen Supplee, who once let down Swarthmore with one fluke hit, also left the class at this time to play professional ball. Anyone who can hold Swarthmore to one hit and has no more intellectual capacity than Cabby is obviously destined for other things, so he went south with the Athletics this spring, leaving brother Al to uphold the Supplee name on the Haverford diamond.

The last of the "ex's" is Dick Durham. Dick was all that a college man is popularly supposed to be. He was smoothly handsome, he twanged a wicked banjo and he had so many dates in his freshman year that the college authorities farmed him out to Moravian, less of a social center, for two semesters. He returned as a junior, only to get into difficulties with the Ardmore police shortly before the Christmas vacation this year. His artistic



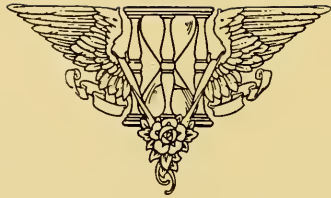
Dik

instincts and a little Camden beer prompted Dick to attempt to decorate Roberts Hall with some Christmas trees borrowed from the merchants of Ardmore; but he found to his sorrow that policemen have no esthetic sense and was dragged off to spend the night as the guest of the township. The prospect of a Haverford undergraduate standing trial in a local police court for an offense, which, as the Office put it, they had "flaunted in the face of the College", brought the college officials to let Dick seek his diploma elsewhere.

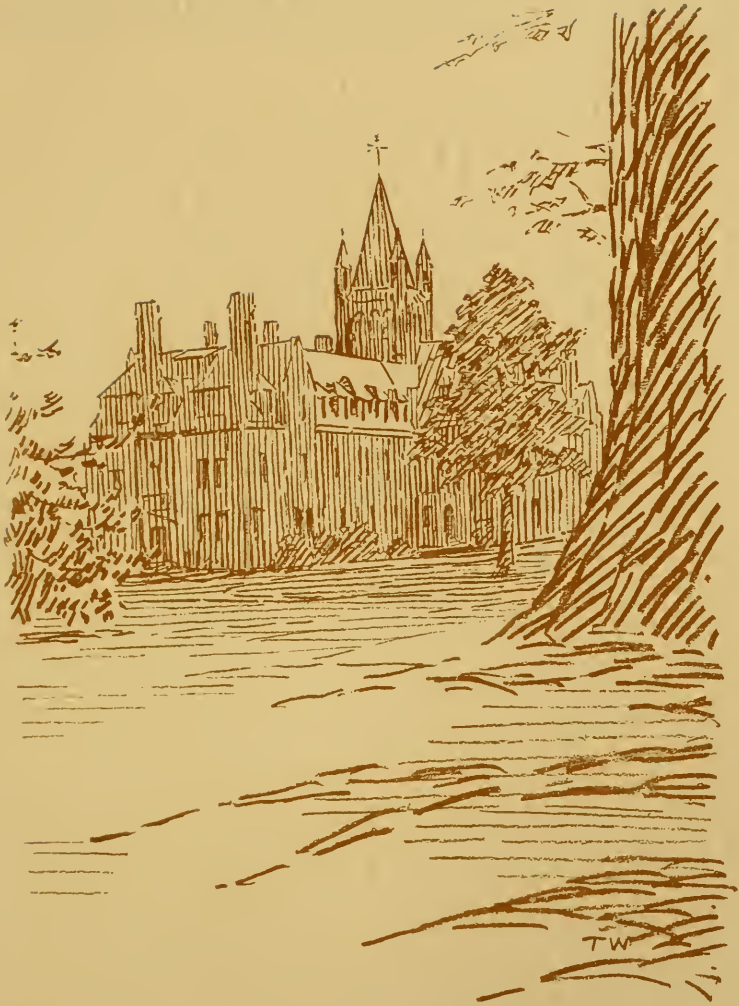


Dick

*"Ten little Indians standing in a line;  
One got shot and then there were nine . . ."*







# LOWER CLASSES






*"Oh hell! what have we here?"*





JUNIOR CLASS



## *Junior Class*

Lockhart Amerman  
John Baskar Appasamy  
Marion Abrahams Arthur  
Richard Collins Baker  
Henry Gregory Barnhurst, Jr.  
John William Blyth  
Richard D'Arnaud Browne  
Howard Oliver Buffington, Jr.  
James Wendell Burger  
Thomas Edward Burns, Jr.  
John George Butler  
William Edward Cadbury, Jr.  
Charles Sherwood Cameron, Jr.  
Donald Logan Clements  
Samuel Hall Conn  
Alfred Ross Crawford  
George Barnes Edgar  
Robert Fisher Edgar  
John Thompson Emlen, Jr.  
Frank Winslow Elliot Farr  
Robert Lincoln Farr  
Robert Ward Gabriel  
Donald Gibson  
John Thorn Golding  
John Henry Gray, Jr.  
John Dubosq Gresimer  
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  
John Grosh Lawrence  
Wallace Nathan Litchfield  
Frankland Melvin Logan  
William Morris Maier  
Edward Hamilton Mansell  
Lauman Martin  
Richard Lambert Masland  
Raymond Ebersole Maxwell  
Arthur Jacob Mekeel  
Charles Stehman Pennypacker  
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  
Ignatius M. Weiringer  
John Haines Wills  
Joseph Borton Wills  
Evan Morris Wilson  
George Charles Wilt



SOPHOMORE CLASS

## Sophomore Class

Robert Finch Allen  
Carl Barnett Allendoerfer  
Wallis Haven Ayres  
George Richard Bacon  
Howland Haskell Bailey  
Walter Conrad Baker  
Hyde Whitcomb Ballard  
Herbert Bijur  
Humphrey Francis Bourne  
William Fisher Brinton  
Joseph Moore Cadbury  
John White Conner, Jr.  
David Price Cordray  
George Knowles Crozer, 3d  
Wallace deLaguna  
Alvin Victor Dempsey  
Walter Irving Dothard, Jr.  
Nimson Stine Eckert  
Joseph Russell Elkinton  
Robert Fry Engle, Jr.  
Elwyn Leroy Fay, Jr.  
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  
Joseph Nicholson Hartel  
Landon Grier Haynes  
Henry Kirkwood Henderson  
David Hutzler Hollander  
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  
Ellis Carlton Osgood  
Barrett Parker  
Thomas Isaac Potts  
William Walmsley Powell, Jr.  
William Webb Pusey, 3d  
Kendall Endicott Read  
Joseph Rhoads, 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  
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  
Ernest Ray Webb  
Rudolph Milton Wertime  
Robert Simpson Woodward, 3d  
William Dean Wray  
John Adam Zapp, Jr.

Robert Harner Zuber



FRESHMAN CLASS



## Freshman Class

Edson James Andrews  
James Andrews, Jr.  
Ernest Theodore Bachman  
Clarence Potter Baker  
William Aldrich Battey, Jr.  
Evan Miles Blanchard  
Frederick Storey Bleuit  
Douglas Henning Borgstedt  
John Lewis Byerly  
Edmund Albert Carr  
Kelley Reginald Chadwick  
Herbert Thorndike Clough, Jr.  
Elmer Elbert Craig, Jr.  
William Beyer Daub  
Thomas Royle Dawber  
Washburn Payne DeMotte  
Horace Kirkus Dugdale, Jr.  
Oliver Fletcher Egleston  
James William Esrey  
John Jefferson Faries  
Franklin Kirkbride Fite  
Charles Edward Frank  
Frederick Langley Fuges  
DuRelle Gage, Jr.  
Richard O'Brien Gibbs  
Henry Boas Gilbert  
Philip Godley, II  
James Ramage Graham  
Luther Stehley Green, Jr.  
Stephens Tucker Gulbrandsen  
Howard Byron Hager  
John George Haines, Jr.  
Harry Louis Hansen  
William Lawrence Fraser Hardham  
John Wharton Hazard  
James Allen Hemphill  
Irwin Ralph Hogenauer  
Ray Bartholf Houston  
Francis Cheen Hunsicker

Charles Shearer Jacobs  
Franklin Pierce Jones, Jr.  
Winfield Worcester Jones  
Rayner Wilfred Kelsey  
Youart Herbert Kerslake  
Bernard Vosburgh Lentz  
John Wesley Masland, Jr.  
John Frederick McMahon  
Maurice Montgomery Mendelsohn  
Edward Adolph Moos  
Howard Martin Mossman  
Harry Pierce Pelouze, Jr.  
Hugh Brown Pickard  
George Rice  
William Henry Russell, Jr.  
John Romaine Sargent  
Henry Wismer Scarborough, Jr.  
Alfred Garrett Scattergood, 2d  
Henry Scattergood  
John Lemuel Simons, Jr.  
Charles Gregg Singer  
Thomas Russell Smith  
Wilbert Barnes Smith, Jr.  
Howard Dobbins Sordon, Jr.  
James Norman Stanton, III  
William Hooton Stokes  
John Joseph Stoudt  
Francis Reeve Strawbridge, Jr.  
Wadi Rizq Tarazi  
Robert Craig Thomson, Jr.  
Robert Walter Thompson  
Gerald Stockton Trenbath  
Phillips Stockton Trenbath  
William Luther Tripp  
Philip Ernest Truex  
Henry James Vaux  
Charles Henry Wells  
Thomas Raeburn White, Jr.  
David Livingstone Wilson

Albert Biddle Zintl





# ACTIVITIES





## Student Council

THE Abernethy régime (and, after all, who but the president counts on the student council?) rode into power on the crest of a wave of reform insisted upon by that omniscient Mabel Gulp-Gulp. Mabel, you remember, suddenly discovered that Haverford students sometimes drank, and was bent on telling the world about it—and much tumult ensued. Brad's election presaged great things: Wayne B. Wheeler's admirers saw in Abernethy, the Baptist minister-to-be, a strong arm for strict enforcement; while the Friends of Bacchus could not easily forget the champagne corks that they had seen strung across Brad's mantelpiece in years gone by. Neither group was disappointed. The Blackman wing of the Council early last fall proposed an amendment to the Students' Association law which would have made even an undergraduate whose breath smelled strongly of Fleischmann's yeast liable to stand trial for being intoxicated. When that measure was defeated more decisively than an Irish Home Rule bill under Disraeli, Abernethy, with a beautiful air of perplexity, appointed a committee to investigate the situation (or to do something equally vague)—and Blackmanesque enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment at Haverford was conveniently laid on the table. And the Christmas tree case was passed on to the Office. As a matter of fact, the docket of the tribunal, saving only *Students v. Violator of Honor Pledge* (which was handled swiftly and decisively), is as clean as it was a year ago.

In a word, the Student Council of 1929-30 went through its term as the best-paid and best-liked ministers of the Gospel always go through theirs. No runs, no hits, no errors.



## The News

ANY account of the *News* during the last year and a half of our college career must of necessity be rather closely modeled after Gibbons' *Decline and Fall*—the reason being not hard to find. The class of '30 had the fortune (or was it misfortune?) to trail into college one year later than David Hartas Hedley who, none will dispute, was the greatest editor the *News* has ever had. The class (or at least fifteen members of it) flocked to the *News* room; volunteered to commend their souls and bodies to Lord David; in a remarkably short time were taught how to write the English language; and under Hedley's curses, lashings, and kind words proceeded to put out the best issues of the *News* that this campus ever saw. That was the *News* of the fall of last year, with Hedley at the editor's desk, Blackman and Blackburn as joint news editors, the hypercritical and venom-tongued Bardolph (Joe Miller to the uninitiated) presiding over the sports page, Jim Brown cawing wittily as the first crow in the Crow's Nest; and Brinton and Turner, Charlie Miller and Joe Martin, Bob Dothard and Brad Abernethy all toiling more or less manfully as shock-troop reporters. Egmore chased ads, Benny Blair chased delinquent debtors; Vaux chased Rhinies to deliver the sheets every Monday night and Dick Blair

chased Philadelphia newspapers with accounts of games for the *News* Service board (then a part of the *News*). It was an egotistical crowd: not one of them did not believe he knew far more about the way the paper should be run than all the others put together. They cursed. They fought. But they stayed up all Sunday night; and they put out a paper which took prizes.

Then came Hedley's premature retirement and the Blackman *coup d'état*. When the smoke cleared, Jack was editor, Charlie Miller and Art Brinton were his assistants, Turner was sports *directeur*, and Egmore business manager (Charlie lasted but one semester, while Art stepped up to the editorship for the last few weeks before midyears). The remainder of the editorial board was a heterogeneous mixture of underclassmen, many of whom had never had the benefit of a good cursing from Hedley (a thing which seemed to produce better writing and more effort than all the explaining of type sizes that his successors were ever able to do). The rest of the story of the class' connection with the *News* is better left untold, for the men of '30 were by no means so successful at steering the machine as they had been at supplying the motive power. Coasting for a while on the organization which had been built up, for all of the ceaseless and devoted efforts of Blackman, it started on a down slope that was inevitable. Blackman, in this connection, has not gotten the credit really due him: in coming to the editorship he faced one of the most trying positions that has ever been given an undergraduate in ex-curricular activities. He did his best. He sacrificed friends, marks and even health to the *News*; and that these were not sufficient to equal the personality and ability of his predecessor was not his fault. Probably Jack will look back to Commencement Day of 1929 as his greatest as editor. Not only did the *News* that day appear in a bull-dog mail edition for alumni consumption (if you don't know what a bull-dog edition is, ask Jack. He will explain gladly. But be sure that you have a whole afternoon free to listen)—but also came forth with a full account of the Class Day exercises before the exercises were held. Such brilliant tactics of journalism might win Jack a deal of favor with Mr. Hearst, but they resulted in a scathing denunciation of editors of the *News*, their families, and all their relatives, on the part of the speaker who was to announce the winner of the class spoon.

The career of Allendoerfer, '32, who succeeded Jack as editor, has closely paralleled that of his predecessor. Financial woes have forced the adoption of the cheap-looking newsprint in place of the former paper stock, staff morale has declined to a point even below that which Hedley was faced with on joining the paper; and without being unduly acid about it, it may be said that the *News*, in the expressive Hibernian idiom, "gets no better fast".

This took such a turn for the worse, in fact, during the first part of May that Allendoerfer, his right-hand man, Billy Fox, and several other members of the board handed in their resignations. There were even rumors that the *News* was to be discontinued altogether. But while its demise probably would be welcomed in the East wing of Roberts Haverford likes to see its name in print too well to let it go.



THE MUSICAL CLUBS





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## The Musical Clubs

THE Musical Clubs gave the usual number of concerts this year in the usual number of out-of-the-way places. With the exception of Wilmington, the suckers in the various towns came across nicely—what happened to the Wilmington patrons and patronesses isn't known, but the college talent was wasted that night on an audience that could have been comfortably accommodated in a Statler hotel bath-room. They made up in appreciation and hominess, though, what they lacked in numbers; that is, those who didn't look as though they had been pulled out of the fish bowl for the occasion, did.

What happened that night was plenty. First off, the piano had been allowed to stand under a leak in the roof; so practically all the keys immediately above and below middle C stuck. This was funny up to a certain point, if you didn't happen to be playing the damn thing. Next Ken Read endeavored to play a sax solo without bothering to tune up with the piano; and before the ears of the people had stopped ringing from this miscarriage, Frank Lindsay up and insults them with six bass solos. The next crack-up, if you don't count the two suspender buttons that came off our pants, occurred when Lipsitz, of Lipsitz and Taylor, fell on his fanny in the midst of a tap dance. At this point we were suffering practically no pain at all as the result of a glass of nice warm milk; so we carried on, and played the "Vagabond Lover" straight through five times and dropped over the keyboard in sheer exhaustion when we got to the hard part the sixth time through. After the dance, those who weren't out on their feet adjourned to the home of a loyal Wilmington alumnus and passed out in nice symmetrical rows. And that, my dears, is the Journal of the Flood Year—water by Gordon of London.

Of course the Atlantic City, Cedar Crest and West Chester concerts were all very cute in their own sweet little ways. There was even a Home Concert too, with Cob Corson, a lousy dance and all the other usual fixin's. From here on we have to pad a bit to fill out the page, so we hope you won't mind ploughing through a few paragraphs taken at random from that old Hindoo Tragedy, *The Life of Dr. Samuel Johnson*. We hate to do this, but it is now 3 A. M. and all the copy has to be ground out by the crack of dawn:

"In accordance with the modern ideals of religious and moral education, the students enjoy ample liberty, safeguarded by their wholesome physical life, by the traditions of the College, and by the intimate association with their professors and fellow students. The deep religious spirit bequeathed by the Quaker founders has been carefully cherished, and high ideals of life and conduct are maintained; three times a month the College attends Friends' meeting in a body. The aims of Haverford have been gradually developing and its function is becoming more and more clear—to encourage the growth, among a limited number of young men, of vigorous bodies, scholarly minds, strong characters, and a real religious experience."

Just in case anyone cares, the Instrumental Club was led by W. R. Blair, '30, and the Glee Club by C. S. Cameron, variously '30 and '31. If anyone but these two happen to read this, we hope they will write and tell us about it. Just address us in care of the Peace Caravan, American Express, Paris.



## *The Haverfordian*

NINETEEN-THIRTY, like Oxford, has been the mother of lost causes—which at Haverford, of course, implies extensive interest in such things as cricket and *The Haverfordian*. Wistar was the only man in the class Oxonian enough to take on both of them at once, but many a Thirty-ite has had a hand in the latter alone. Joe Martin was editor for two years, Norr and Hymes were Business Manager and Circulation Manager, respectively, for a year or so (this was back in the days of the great Hedley and sinfully lucrative dividends), and Feidt was also on the business board. On the literary end, Jim Brown fathered the book reviews for a while, Mussey and Lindsay each had a spell as associate editor and Joe Miller (“the Haverford hack”) put in his oar occasionally. Wistar, of course, was art editor.

This year, as is usually the case, it was the Chapbook number which recalled to the College at large the fact that there was such a thing as a literary magazine on the Haverford campus. The staff, evidently feeling that Haverford dormitories are pervaded by an excess of prudery, set out to produce an eye-opener in the shape of a series of experiments in local color and foreign languages; and, aided by persistent rumours of suppression, succeeded in enducing the student body to violate longstanding custom and actually read the issue. On the strength of this and other achievements, the Martin régime kidded itself into believing that *The Haverfordian* is on the upward grade; but the College at large, recalling then creasing haphazard-ness of the publication date, still stands firm on the grand old maxim that each number of *The Haverfordian* is a little worse than the last one.



## The Play

IT WAS a surprise. After three years of wandering in a wilderness of mediocre plays, the Cap and Bells Club this year emerged with A. A. Milne's *The Dover Road* and proceeded to give the best production of any of our four years at Haverford. What is more, we can rightly hand most of the fronds of the palm to 1930 for its share in the work. Paul Martin emerged from a career on the track and in the classroom which was not exactly dazzling, to show the assembled scoffers at home-talent acting that he is not going into the ministry because he could not be a suave and urbane man of the world. Brad Abernethy (my oh my, these young pastors will have their fling!) repeated his last year's performance as a dashing young lover—this time a peer of the realm, to boot. The undergraduate section of the audience became so engrossed in the play, in fact, that there was scarcely a titter when Abernethy, upholder, stoutly declared that he'd have his whiskey straight. To give our own little back one more pat, we declare that McConnell filled his green plush footman's uniform a little fuller and tilted his chin just a little more disdainfully than any of the other sundry menials in the piece, too. Jack Gray rounded out the cast of principal male characters, while Rhinie Truex (son of the Truex, you know) and Sid Hunt took the female leads, posts long held by the beautiful bosomed Whittelsey and Alfie Mellor. Aside from a slightly masculine walk, Truex was as fine a lady as ever graced the Roberts Hall boards; while Hunt as Eustacia was excellent in a difficult part.




### *The Band*

LATEST among the strong-arm methods employed to arouse the phenomenon of college spirit at Haverford is the Band, which arose last fall to meet the crying need which its leaders had previously stirred up. After a lengthy process of education through the columns of the *News* the student body was finally made aware that the College was the object of shameful comparison with other institutions boasting a gaudily clad musical organization which could parade between the halves of football games and make the most untutored spectator realize that he was attending an affair of importance. Accordingly, a call for candidates went out which revealed that there were thirty men in College who had clipped a Wurlitzer coupon in the hope of becoming the life of the party. Frequent rehearsals were held under the baton of G. P. Rogers, '31, who sublimated his animal passions by parading the organization over the campus by devious routes. At first the Band possessed no uniforms and looked like it sounded; but the education process was continued for the benefit of the alumni, and soon funds were available for purchasing sweaters which gave the group an outward and visible sign of its inward and spiritual unity. On days when the wind was blowing in the opposite direction, the Band made a good impression on the football field; and at several basketball games as well the Band was present and provided a very commendable accompaniment for the bass drum, played by Stone. But undoubtedly the greatest achievement of the year came when the Cap and Bells Club settled a longstanding undergraduate controversy by deciding that the band actually was a musical organization and admitting its members to Mr. Mellor's fold.

### *The Liberal Club*

REFORMERS are born not made, and once born it seems that not much can be done about it. But if they take up labor conditions, peace movements, and the government of these United States as the objects upon which to expend their energy instead of the profanation of the Sabbath, Prohibition, and the Deity in general, they ought to be



encouraged. For that purpose the Liberal Club exists. After a hibernation of one year, Dougie Steere was engaged as tutor in the art of taking things very seriously and various speakers were secured. Among these were Paul Porter, of the inevitable L. I. D., Fred Libby, and Jesse Holmes (the Rufus Jones of Swarthmore). The meetings usually closed with a discussion, at which the members proceeded to show their profound knowledge by asking numerous questions which were always prefaced with as many facts as possible. Sincerely bent upon becoming intellectual, even if they have to spend money for it, a number of these banner wavers of tomorrow attended meetings of the Foreign Policy Association in Philadelphia, which supplied them with a prodigious number of clever second-hand remarks, which, unfortunately, no one was interested in hearing.

### *The Christian Union*

**E**MPHATICALLY we do not say it in a bragging spirit, but the class of 1930 is largely responsible for the Christian Union. It was long a well known fact that the Young Men's Christian Association was not Christian, but it was not until fall a year ago that it was realized that it was no longer even an association. When it was finally disbanded, frequent hopes were expressed in Collection that out of the ruins would rise something finer and better, breathing a purer air. *Something* did rise, chiefly due to the efforts of Messrs. Swan and Richie. Originally the organization busied itself with sending representatives to conferences and hearing talks followed by discussions all calculated to make the campus safe for the Deity. Soon, however, it was realized that there was work to be done along another line, and the Deity would have to be made safe for the campus. Accordingly, the warlike Jehovah was swept aside and the organization recreated Him in the image of Henry Joel Cadbury. Speeches for peace were made and finally a poll was taken of the College to determine the probable actions of the undergraduates in the event of another war. This sort of work had the effect of inducing religiously-minded students to substitute courses in Political Science for the ones they had been taking in Biblical Literature. An outsider hearing of this, might call it an improvement; but knowing both departments as we do, we prefer to leave the problem unanswered.

### *Debating*

**A**S IT must to all organizations of merit, recognition came this year to the varsity debating team. A crowd of eleven spectators turned out to hear the debate with Swarthmore and see the lucky Haverford team fearlessly pit their minds against those of the Baltimore Pikers. Since Spelt, as head of the Debating Council, succeeded in scheduling seven debates this year and cancelling six of them, and since the audience mentioned above voted loyally in favor of the home team, it may easily be seen that the percentage for the year is one thousand. C. W. Miller and Jones, in addition to Spelt, have formed the only debating material in the class. But in spite of this paucity of material, they managed to bring into existence the first Rhinie debating club since 1926, and they took keen delight in leaning on the Union mantelpiece and uttering words of wisdom to the freshmen with all the importance of the deity.

## Chemistry Club

FOR many years the Chemistry Club has existed as an organization for building up morale among those majoring in chemistry. Four years ago it was favored with two members from the Class of 1930; the next year it had one; and in the last two years it has been compelled to get along with lower-class men. The club's program is usually made up of papers read by various members: the freshmen read what everyone knows, and the seniors read what no one can understand—including themselves. However, in late years much of its time has been devoted to discussing the new major examination plan and eating refreshments at the house of Father Meldrum—this last part being a very clever scheme of the gentleman in question whereby he is able to secure easily vanquished opponents in “concentration” and bridge.

## Classical Club

INDULGING in wild orgies among themselves and in pseudo-Roman banquets of store cookies is but a small part of the program of the Classical Club. For years this organization has made it possible for numbers of preparatory school kiddies to leave their studies a half-hour early to attend the annual play. This year (Wilson, '31, in the throne and Dr. Lockwood behind it) the Club chose the *Eunuchus* of Terence and emasculated it still further by presenting it in the version entitled *Famulus*, made by Cardinal Newman for English schoolboys. The net result, however, was the most uniformly good Classical Club play of the three we of Nineteen Thirty have witnessed. The features of the performance were undoubtedly the braying of Schamberg, who took the part of the parasite, the cleverly feminine Hunt; and, if it may be said without insult to either one, Abernethy and Cameron, who really did look like brothers. But in spite of all efforts to render the show innocuous, the Roman costumes turned what was otherwise a distinctly high-minded




performance into a mere leg show: unfortunately the legs could not present much in the way of shape, but they made up for that with the heavy coating of underbrush which rustled in the back stage drafts. As a prelude to the afternoon performance the usual paper airplanes were launched from the gallery.

### *New English Club*

UNLIKE the Band, this other fledgling of the current year was formed primarily for the delectation of its own membership and only secondarily for the edification of the College at large. But in spite of various professional talks on such things as the sex lives of the poets, it was the latter object which came nearest being achieved. Feeling that the College probably needed to see Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* (staged only once before in America) and that the club finances certainly needed assistance, the members hastily collected their enthusiasm and \$5.40 worth of scenery, and set to work. As was intended, the performance was very instructive, particularly in the Vatican scene when Mephistopheles pointed out the back window of Roberts Hall and informed the audience that the gateway to the main buffalo trail in College was placed there by Julius Caesar. It was gathered that Mr. Caesar had also put the cow in the skating pond. Another high light of the performance came when Hunt (the very effective Mephistopheles) stood conjuring wildly before the curtain for a Helen of Troy, who obstinately refused to appear. For fully three minutes the audience sat on the edges of their seats; and when President Irion finally did present himself as the face that launched a thousand ships (though looking for all the world like the famous Effie), he nearly launched three gallery-ites into the pit. It was hoped that the presentation of this play would lead to an arrangement with Bryn Mawr College whereby genuine instead of counterfeited sex appeal could be imported for local productions; but the net result, after a determined siege of the Bryn Mawr dramatic organization on the part of President Irion, seemed to be that its production of *The Constant Nymph* acquired another stage-hand.





### *Radio Club*

IN THE halcyon days of Smith and Halstead radio was a major interest at Haverford; but with their graduation at the end of our Rhinie year, no one was left who knew how to operate the station which they had built; and the College up and sold it. Last year, by dint of a rider on the bill of sale, the Radio Club secured the right to broadcast for one hour a week over WFAN in Philadelphia, but the interest in this case depended almost entirely on the possibility it offered for Mama and Papa to hear little Frank's voice over the air—and when the novelty died out, the broadcasting did also. This year the Club seems to have gone the way of many another organization on the campus, and it now holds one really interested member, the president. This individual (Speakman, '31) has focused the Club's attentions largely on his own amateur broadcasting station and a series of code classes guaranteed to fit the student for a position as ship operator in ten easy lessons.

### *Engineering Club*

SINCE there is only a change of program three times a week at the local motion picture theater, the students of engineering last year decided to form a club to fill the remainder of their spare time. The resulting organization is run on much the same lines as the Chemistry Club, with talks given by the members and the professors in the department. The chief differences from the Chem Club are a slightly higher degree of evangelistic zeal, more lantern slides at the lectures, and more Thirty-ites (including even Prexy Smiley) among the membership.

### *Nature Club*

THIS organization has two purposes: to give Dunn a chance to tell of his experiences, and to re-assure Emlen, Smiley and Hiatt that in catching and tagging our little feathered friends they are doing something important. It has fulfilled them.

### *Campus Club*

THIS Club also has two purposes: to get money from alumni for the purpose of beautifying the campus, and to reward with memberships those students who do public service by making maps of the campus. It also has fulfilled them.

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IN MEMORIAM

Deceased: THE SCIENTIFIC SOCIETY



1930





# ATHLETICS



## Football

NOW that by-gones are by-gones, and all that sort of thing, it might be put in this way: Walter Hallas was just a bit too wise when he told his Drexel team to "get" Morris in their game with Haverford last fall. If Walter's boys had not "got" Morris so neatly that he had to be carried from the field early in the game, the 1930 RECORD might have had the honor of chronicling a football season without a defeat. For five games Egg and his teammates had surprised the local collegiate football world. With the loss of Gawthrop, Tripp, Murray, Collison and others, Haverford had been picked by the pre-season dopesters to have a poor year. Laboring under this impression themselves, the team had been contented to allow Ursinus to hold them to a 0-0 tie. Then, with Morris seemingly unable to be held, the team had run wild through Susquehanna, Trinity, Kenyon, Johns Hopkins and Hamilton. Prospects were superb. They would take over Drexel, and then Delaware would be easy. Half of this was correct. But Drexel "got" Morris, and the game went into red ink, 7-0.

Even with the one failure to come through, Morris had a spectacular season. Shifted to fullback after three years at tackle, the 210-pound Egg dashed through broken fields like a ten-second man and was second high scorer in eastern college football for at least part of the season. And a host of new material came up from '31 and '32 to fill the vacancies left by '29 with surprising success.

Two more minutes to play, or three more pounds of "poosh'em-up" would have given Haverford a score (and the game) in the first encounter of the season, with Ursinus on Walton Field. The team had gotten most of the bad breaks throughout the game, but had managed to keep Ursinus quite a distance from their goal. As the final whistle blew, Haverford had the ball on the four-yard line, with Morris ready to take it across. But the whistle blew.

With only the inevitable Partington and a few other Haverfordians in the visitors'



1930



FOOTBALL TEAM

stands, the team next walloped Susquehanna, 19-6, at Selinsgrove (the third station beyond Podunk). Egg was the Frank Merriwell of this game, scoring two touchdowns.

It was in the third game of the season, however, that Morris showed the coach he had not made a mistake when he had been forced to move the Egg to the backfield. Played up at Hartford, this so-called football contest ended with Haverford having 19 points (all Egg's) to Trinity's none.

By that time, the boys were primed to give their Walton Field audience, without a game for two weeks, its money's worth in the way of football. No team of corn-shucking Ohioans, not even one called Kenyon and boasting the smoothest forward passing seen on Walton Field since 1930 has been here, was going to stop them. Kenyon didn't. With their spirit that of the "birdie", Morris and Company sent their guests back to their Ohio home, beaten 16-7.

Sadie Thompson herself could scarcely have stuck out the Johns Hopkins game. It rained with such gusto that even His Eminence, Dr. Henry J. Cadbury, having circulated freely about the field in search of his lost son for the first half, was forced to retire (and he didn't ask for his money back, either) after the intermission. The details of the muddy conflict are not available. By counting faint cheers which floated across the campus, the spectators, safely lodged in the Union or the dormitories, calculated that Haverford won, 32-8.

The Hamilton game might be chronicled in three sentences. Haverford won, 28-0. Morris took the ball from the kick-off in the second half through for a touchdown. And Al Crawford lost his pants. Since by that time, Haverford's winning games was not uncommon, and scoring feats by Mr. Morris were not exactly rare, you can judge for yourself the high spot of the game. A circle of subs (including one heroic soul who doffed his own pants) came to Crawford's succor, however, and the innocence of the girls in the stands was not destroyed.

Enough (even too much) has been said of the Drexel game. And the usual Delaware anti-climax, much as it was press-agented, failed to be anything more than just another Delaware game (and a freezing day), with Haverford winning, 20-6.





SOCCER TEAM



## Soccer

THOSE members of the class who are gifted with short memories will within a few years probably point back with pride to the feats of Haverford soccer teams during their stay at college. At the close of the 1929 season, the team trounced Army and Navy on successive Saturdays (a fine feather in the cap of the peace-loving Friends), tied Swarthmore, and then proceeded to trim Princeton, 1-0, for the first time in fourteen years. Bill Frazier, cocky and fighting little right halfback, Newman Shirk, long-legged left half, and Dave Richie, the stocky and reliable left outside of the *bâret*, were named to Coach Jim McPete's All-American eleven.

But those of the short memory are fortunately likely to forget that the 1929 season was a very mediocre one, with more losses than had been recorded against any of the four soccer teams in the previous three years. They may also forget, for the peace of their minds, that in their four years at Haverford they had seen the soccer team change from the type which did not know how to lose a game to the type which always had to fight for a win.

At the start of the season, things did not look promising for soccer. Alsop's departure had left a gaping hole at goal, which neither Rosewater (risen in three years from Arlington Evans' "eighth team") nor Turner could likely fill. The places of Maier and Mawhinney on the second line of defense had to be filled with untested material. And in George Rhoades and Sam Brinton, the team had lost two steady substitutes. What was worse, the weakness of the previous season, on the line, was still very much present.

Nevertheless, the season opened with a win for Haverford. The victim was Moorestown; the score, 3-1. The team was unmercifully drubbed in the second game, however, by Chalfonte-Haddon Hall, which in "the good old days" would have been an easy mark. Letting seven goals slip past him, Rosewater showed that he was not the man to fill Alsop's shoes, and promptly departed for the Jayvees. In the next two games, the booters seemed to revive a bit. They took over Western Maryland, 8-1, and Lehigh, 12-2. The will to win did not carry over another week. Penn State, which the teams of the year before and the year before that had tied, finished at the long end of a 2-1 score.

The next game, with Crescent A. C., was concluded with the score one-all, while after that Penn, tied the year before, came out on top, 5-4.

Then came the brace of victories over the militarists (how Dave Richie must have chortled when Haverford won those games), and the tie with Swarthmore. In a brief digression, it might be said that the spirit of the Swarthmore game showed better than the score the difference between soccer at Haverford in 1929 and in 1926. In the game this year, the team was fighting to hold a rival which had beaten it the year before (the first time Swarthmore had ever defeated Haverford in soccer); in 1926 the team was playing to get out of the way a squad which only recently had been considered good enough even to play the Haverford varsity.

The sudden awakening of the booters on Thanksgiving morning when they held the Princeton Tiger scoreless while Jack Gray kicked the winning tally into the net made up for all the previous errors of the team, however. Half-frozen Haverford rooters gave the team one of the greatest ovations a Scarlet and Black soccer squad ever has received when it trotted off the field with the Tiger limping pitifully behind.

The Class of 1930 contributed five regular players to the eleven during the 1929 season. Turner tended goal most of the season (he played behind an enormous mask that gave the goalie even more than the usual effect of watching the game from a cage), Blair was at left-fullback, Frazier was at right and Shirk at left half, while Richie sent the ball along from left outside. Excluding the goalie, with whom no comparisons can readily be drawn, even the most untrained soccer observer, or most blatant booster for other classes, would state without a moment's hesitation that the four men last named were the backbone of the team. When the soccer fan forgets Bill Frazier's daring slides into his opponents, Dick Blair's steady handling of the long boots at full, Newman Shirk's uncanny use of his long legs in pushing the ball back, and Deacon Richie's dribbling on the outside—that fan will forget he ever saw a 1929 soccer game.

For the sake of the mathematically minded, it might be noted that during the 1929 season, Haverford won six, lost three, and tied two games.

In 1928 the team won six, lost two, and tied three. That was the year of lowest ebb for Haverford soccer. The others lacking experience and finesse, Frazier, Richie, and Alsop were the only outstanding players on the squad (it was they, incidentally, whom McPete named to his All-American of that year).

Although in 1927 the soccer team won no more (or less) games than in the two seasons since that time, it was a much more interesting squad to watch at work. That was the last year for the Great Estes, the Chinese marvel. Merely to watch Estes handling the ball, skimming through the opposing backs, and hooking it into the goal was enough to make the fans forget that the defensive work was far below the standard set the year before.

The class's freshman year was its greatest soccer year. (That statement must be qualified: freshmen do not play on Haverford soccer teams, which have a three-year rule. But from the soccer fans' point of view, that season will never be forgotten.) Eight games were won, none lost, and two tied. Only against State and Princeton was the team unable to come out on top. While not formally awarded the national collegiate championship, the team came so near that there was talk of a play-off with Penn State.







## Basketball

THINGS were looking up for Haverford in basketball at the beginning of the 1929-30 season. To be sure, the team opened its season with the usual defeat administered by Penn. But Penn won by only 19 points, 32-13, and what did the team do in its second game but trounce Ursinus, 37-33! Almost unheard of, a Haverford basketball team actually winning a game so early in the season. Was it not the year before that the court team had not won a game (excepting those with Delaware and Triangle A. C., which really now, after all,—) until they met Swarthmore? To make the team's roseate dreams even brighter, none other than the renowned Irish Logan was back on the squad to resume the captaincy to which he had been elected, but had never assumed, in 1926. With Irish and one of the first two games won, almost anything might happen, Haverford fans thought.

The millennium had not arrived. Before mid-year examinations, the team managed to lose to Lehigh and St. Joseph's, 39-28 and 34-27. Two weeks' cramming in the liberal arts did the boys no good, either. They returned to the game to lose to Pennsylvania Military College, Williams, Washington, and Temple, in that order, before they rang Founders bell by taking over Stevens, 34-28. (It was interesting to note, about this time in the season, how the "wait-till-you-see-the-team-this year" fans had slid gently over to the "well-I'll-be-damned-they-won-a-game" bench. Haverford basketball rooters pardonably have a way of doing this.) Probably finding that wins were quite a relief after such a monotonous string of losses, the team then proceeded to do the impossible.

They won two more games in a row, setting back Susquehanna, 34-29, and Drexel, 33-27. But this was not the proper order of things. Haverford teams were supposed to lose at least half a dozen games before the final gory struggle with the Hicksite Swarthmore heretics and then to trounce Swarthmore. It would never do merely to sweep Swarthmore from the boards at the conclusion of a long winning streak. So the team proceeded to drop a game to Delaware (when *was* the last time before that, that Delaware won any sort of game from Haverford?) before taking Swarthmore's measure, 23-19.

Aside from such dull facts as the scores of the games, the two highlights of the season were (a) Gummere's fouling Hay of Drexel four different and distinct times in four minutes, and (b) Assistant Manager Mansell's blowing a hole into his own hand while manipulating Pop Haddleton's six-shooter starting gun. The former event was merely incidental to Hay's scoring nine points in those same four minutes (and Haverford had enough points to win nevertheless) but the latter meant the loss of an omnipresent assistant manager for several weeks. A severe blow, since Frazier chose to perform most of his managerial duties from his apartment in Lloyd.

The Class of 1930's contribution to the team after the freshman year were the Supplees—Al and Brother Hen, as well as Jerry Pearce, and Egg Morris, started basketball their freshman year under the régime of the lost and lamented Walter Hallas. But academic difficulties brought Pearce to grief, while doctors' orders caused Morris to retire after his first season on the court. Hen Supplee departed at the end of his junior year, leaving Al to greet Coach Sam Taylor, as the lone representative of '30, during the '29-30 season. Morris was the only one of these to make the varsity five the first year, although the Supplees saw a deal of service.

As has been insinuated above, the crowning glories of basketball teams during the present graduating class's stay in college have been the four consecutive defeats of Swarthmore. With the score against them at half-time, the courtmen took over the Garnet, 33-30, in a regular dime-novel thriller in 1927. The next year, the Hicksites did the same amount of scoring, but under Coach Jimmy Brown's instruction, Haverford accumulated 36 points. In 1929 the game was played at the Palestra, where Haverford won, 27-19, in what really was one of the biggest upsets of the Philadelphia basketball season.

## Golf

**A**NOTHER inroad has been made into that fine old "sport of queens", cricket, at Haverford this spring. Still extant after track, baseball and more recently tennis have taken more and more players from the crease, cricket now finds one more competitor with the recognition, officially, of a golf team. Until this year golf was confined to the lawn behind Barclay, with infrequent excursions by a few of the better players to the links of neighboring campuses for semi-formal matches. This year, recognition was obtained (although the award of letters to members of the team remains for years to come), and the golfers, including Ken Read, the Edgars, E. J. Andrews, Sipple, and Bill Frazier set out an ambitious schedule arranged by Manager Dick Martin. In their early season matches, after dropping a 4-3 decision to Villanova, they came back strong in the Temple contest to win, 6-0.



## Cricket

CLASS Records for the last dozen years have reserved this little corner for a snickering obituary of the cricket team. But this tome, the product of a class which sent twelve of its members onto the crease at the beginning of its freshman year, which had a captain of the team for two years, and members who won just about all the prize belts and bats which are offered for unusual work, is going to set down the Haverford cricket team of 1930 ('27, '28 and '29, too, for that matter) as the best college cricket team in the country. Unchallenged? We proceed with the story.

With Captain Wistar, whose various honors as a cricketer will be recounted below, Manager Bill Robelen, and Brewster Morris as lettermen, and Ted Morris and McConnell as varsity men, the XI began its ninety-third season this year with narrow defeats at the hands of the British Officers and the Alumni. But the General Electric team was downed; and with an unusually strong batting team, there are hopes of the post-season Canadian trip turning out successfully.

Now to Tom Wistar. He started his cricket career at Haverford by winning a varsity letter his freshman year (a somewhat unusual feat) and winning the Cope prize bat for the best batting average. At the close of his sophomore year, Tom was elected captain; while last year he again took the Cope bat and was re-elected to the captaincy. Among the other recipients of prizes have been Baker, ex-'30, who won the Haines fielding belt his Rhinie year; McConnell, who won the improvement bat in 1928; and Brew Morris, who was awarded the Haines belt in 1929.



TRACK TEAM



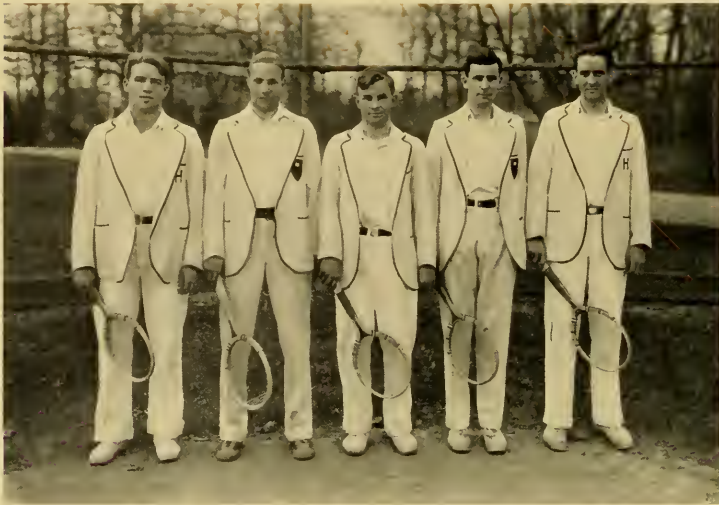
## Track

“LET me see, let me see, what have I down here for you men today? Wat Wat Watson, no Abernethy take this lane. You other freshmen fill in here to fill in this heat. Clean living and lots of exercise will make good track men out of you. All right, all right, on your marks, get set; look here, Jones, get your knee beside that instep. All right now, boys, on your marks—get set—all up. You knew I was going to hold you, Rudrauff. Try again; on your marks, fingers back of the line, get set—go! Come back, come back, get your arms working like this” (*here please picture a fair y plump, red-faced, middle-aged gentleman giving an imitation of the pistons on an old-fashioned steam engine*). “Ya know, some of you like Morris and Swan are already good enough for the Varsity but the rest will have to learn to keep away from cigarettes and late hours. Look at McConaghy—he wasn’t as good as some of you when he first came out but he has kept at it faithfully and I expect he will break both hurdle records this year. You men can do the same thing if you want to and work hard enough.”

But we didn’t. Freshman enthusiasm for track slowly died out after the first year except for those who were already good enough material to be really interested. Pounding, pounding on the board track, 12 laps to the mile and shin splints in the bargain were hardly inducements sufficient to overcome the discouraging effects of losing most of our freshman meets to Norristown, Lower Merion, and the like. Our host of men *looked* like potential varsity material, but the aging process soon eliminated all but a scant half dozen of whom Egg Morris, Swan and Shirk did practically all the scoring and Dick Blair the managing. Morris captained the team finally and has been counted on for 10 points consistently in each meet—not to mention his winning the Walton Cup for four straight years. Last year he was Junior Intercollegiate shotput champion; and this year he took second in the event at the Penn Relays, incidentally winning the discus. Each season his heave in the shotput has set the Haverford standard a little higher and ditto, of course, for the discus. Shirk, in the 2-mile, is the only other record-holder in the class; though Swan in the javelin and P. T. Martin in the half-mile have been frequent point-winners. But there it stopped.

Strange as it may seem to those unacquainted with the one and only Pop Haddleton, the yearly repetition of the above discourse has produced track teams that have set an enviable pace. To Pop (for all his gun which misses fire and speech which does even worse) are due the series of victories over Swarthmore and the high scores piled up against such set-ups as Delaware, Dickinson and Ursinus. And last year he so successfully overawed his minions that they finally won the Middle Atlantic, after three straight years in second place. The loss of the William and Mary meet (speedily atoned for by victories over Delaware, Johns Hopkins, Lehigh, and Swarthmore) at the opening of the 1930 season was, indeed, the first defeat in more than five years of dual meets.

But though the William and Mary trip was a debacle as a track meet, as a picnic it was a howling success. With a couple of girls’ high school classes on board the Baltimore-Newport News boat, the trip down was a necking free-for-all (except for Pop, who spent half the night poking into dark corners and putting his men to bed), and a brace of dances on the card at Williamsburg, the trip was a success—no matter how wet the track how slow the times or how lousy the W. & M. food.



## Tennis

IT IS generally acknowledged that tennis at Haverford has been on the upgrade each year since 1927, but '30 stands in the awkward position of being able to claim a very small share in this increase in excellence. Bitter as this enforced modesty has been, '30 has bowed its collective head and meekly submitted to its fate. For two years the 1930 racquet-wielders were thrown completely in the shade by upperclass veterans of the net; and then for two years more they humbly retired in favor of underclassmen. Which, when added up, equals four years, the total span of life allotted to the average college class.

This year, with Gray, Hogenauer and Barnhurst, '31, still carrying the brunt of the work, 1930 has come in for some of the lesser assignments, with Ted Evans and Ted Westermann both coming up from the Jayvees to play fourth and fifth singles respectively. And, of course, the managing has been done by that irresistible force of nature, J. Freeman Bones. But there the contributions of the class to varsity tennis have ended—though Rowell has taken Ted Evans' place with the Jayvees. The various matches—of the early season, at least—have progressed just about as usual: losses to Penn, 0-9; to Swarthmore, 0-9; to Stevens, 3-4; and wins over Drexel, 5-0; Washington College, 6-0; Dickinson, 6-1; Springfield, 5-1; Johns Hopkins, 5-2; Temple, 4-3.



## Baseball

IF THE writer of these pages had his way, the story of the Class' baseball activities would begin and end with a full account of the happenings of the afternoon of May 21, 1927. That afternoon Haverford played baseball. With Hen Supplee the master of ceremonies on the mound, Brother Al behind the bat, and Deacon Richie playing a minor rôle in the outfield (not to mention numerous members of classes less noted here than '30), Haverford let down Swarthmore with one hit, a scratch single off Hen Supplee's shins by Adelman, and one run, scored after a succession of errors by Pop Vanneman. Meanwhile Haverford, groaning and straining, had pushed two men across home plate.

But a tyrannical editor has demanded that two pages be filled with a résumé of the tragical events of the Haverford baseball team during the last four years. Tragedy you shall have.

To begin with Act Four—but better still, to begin with the cast as it took the stage in Act Four—Coach Roy Thomas found only four veterans when he called the first practice this spring. Kingham, Abbott, Tripp, Corson had graduated. Keech had left for other parts. Hen Supplee was pitching to batters with the Athletics in Florida. Only Richie, Zuber, Longacre and Al Supplee were left from last year's team, though Irish Logan, a .500 batter of the 1926 squad, had returned for duty.

Rhinies swarmed the field. With three of the veterans (memories of Zuber's many slips at third last year rankled so strongly that he was ordered to guard carefully the

water-bucket), several left-over second-stringers and the Rhimies, the coach proceeded to build what has commonly been known as the 1930 Haverford baseball team.

Al Supplee was moved up from the catcher's to the pitcher's box, Richie resumed his old job of chasing flies in right field (after half a dozen games in which he went hitless, Richie turned in his suit), Logan was put at second, Longacre played first, and Gummere held down short. Of the Rhimies, Hager played left, Rice third, Simons caught, and Tripp (the younger brother, you know) was put in middle field in what proved to be a vain hope that he could clout the ball as Tripp the Elder was wont to do. This cast was not permanent. Before the Penn game, the coach asked Logan if he could pitch. "Sure," Irish replied. "Let's see your curve then," Thomas ordered. "What's a curve?" Logan queried. Nevertheless, Logan did pitch part of the Penn game. When it developed that Simons' throwing arm was scaled for two hundred feet, no more and no less, he was shifted to the outfield to take Richie's place, since (a) he could hit, and (b) the quaint custom of the ball being returned to the pitcher after a pitched ball, by way of the outfield, had come to annoy umpires who did not want to eat cold suppers. Cadbury now and again was shifted to shortstop when the coach's stomach was out of order and too many errors upset him. The bench was held down by Olton, whose balmiest baseball days were when he was hurling North Barclay to victory in the intra-mural league, ably assisted by Chadwick, who introduced the team to that fine old Mercersburg (he was a second-string catcher there) custom of tobacco-chewing. The names of the other first-string bench-warmers read like a country time-table: Hymes, Faries, Bluett, Zuber, Jessop, Mendelsohn, Ballard, Jacobs, Singer, Hartel, Conner, Carr, Hazard, Hemphill, and Stokes.

With this strange array, the season began with Haverford loser to Penn, 15-1. Dartmouth was the next college to take advantage of the team, but, being gentlemen, they did it courteously, 4-3. Lehigh came next, drubbing the boys, 15-1. Then the worm turned: the team won from Moravian, 15-5. St. Joseph's let Haverford down with a 5-2 trouncing, while Army, the next opponent, was content to win, 6-2. Once again the team revived to trim Osteopathy, 4-2, but then slumped to lose to Stevens, 5-2. In the first six games of the season Haverford accumulated 23 errors—which really tells the story.








# FEATURES





*“And ther-fore every gentil wight I preye,  
For goddes love, demeth nat that I seye  
Of evel entente, but that I moot reherce  
Hir tales alle, be they bettre or werse,  
Or elles falsen som of my matere.  
And therfore, who-so list it nat y-here,  
Turne over the leef, and chese another tale;”*



## *Introduction*

**I**T IS a quaint custom of Record Books to assume the class to be not a conglomerate of widely different personalities, but, in some mystic way, a unit in itself—a sort of glorified essence which can be conveniently and sentimentally referred to as acting like an actual person. To satisfy this apparent demand for the personified norm, the editors accordingly present to you the actual incarnation of the Spirit of 1930, Mr. J. Anyone Thirty. Not only is his age the average of the individual ages of the class, his home town the geographical center of the class's population (some 23 miles distant, as a matter of record, in a northeasterly direction from Haverford), and his face a composite of the individual photographs of the class, but his record is written up in the manner traditional in such cases. He it is who is meant when one speaks of "the Class", for he is the class.

## J. ANYONE THIRTY

EUREKA, PA.

Born, 1908

Entered from Eureka High School in 1926.

Cricket Squad (1); 4th Team Soccer (2); Sub-assistant Manager of Track (2); *News* Board (3); Instrumental Club (4); Classical Club; Liberal Club; Science Club; English Club; Outing Club; Riders' and Drivers' Club; Hammer Club; Ace of Clubs; Board of Directors.



JOHN is one of the quieter members of our Class, but we would miss him very much if he were not with us. Many of us who really know him have learned to appreciate his unassuming smile and quiet good nature. Many of us will long remember his stellar playing as reserve half-back on Coach Steele's Fourth Team Sophomore year, and his decision to give up Soccer at the beckoning call of study in Junior year was undoubtedly a loss to the Varsity. As member of the Sports Board of the *News* for two months during the winter of Junior year, he performed brilliant reportorial service which would undoubtedly have brought him the editorship if scholastic difficulties had not compelled him to relinquish this honor also. And his playing of the accordion in the Instrumental Club Senior year will long be famous in Haverford musical history; while only this spring he was one of the small group of loyal Haverfordians who took over the almost defunct Hammer Club and transformed it into a live and going organization.

It is undoubtedly a loss to the social affairs given by the Main Line debs that John has for four long years remained faithful to the little girl he left behind him in Eureka. Although John refuses to divulge any information on this subject, it seems pretty certain from the number of times a week Mac brings him one of those little pink envelopes post-marked Eureka, that John really means business and will be among the first of our number to enter upon the charmed state of matrimony.

John is undecided as to the particular field into which he will elect to turn his endeavors after receiving the coveted sheepskin, but we are sure that his unassuming smile and quiet good nature will certainly carry him far in any line of work he may choose to take up.



"Aw, gee!"



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## Shelley De-Bunked—Gray

LET'S see, what are we talking about today? . . . Oh, yes, Mr. Miller was going to talk about Shelley's early poems up to the time he met Lady Cardigan. Interesting man, Shelley, isn't he, Mr. Miller? . . . You think so? Well, I don't. All right, let's hear . . . Excuse me interrupting for a moment, but really it pains me to hear you pronounce the names of English families all wrong. Of course, the name of Shelley's mother's family was pronounced Marshbanks, otherwise why should they spell it Beauchamp? And for God's sake, call it Kirkobry, not Kircodbright. All right, excuse my interrupting . . . Oh, Good Lord, no, that's all wrong. I suppose you got that out of Carlyle's life—no, Mr. Atkinson, the Lord Keeper of the Seals is not a Cabinet Minister, he is an attendant at the Zoo in London—let's see, where were we? . . . Oh, yes, the fact of the matter is Shelley's life is the most unimportant thing about him. I always call him the Eternal Sophomore, he never really grew up. And, when you come to think of it, he was the most disgusting young prig that ever existed. If I'd been his father, I'd have taken him by the scruff of his neck and kicked him where God meant young prigs to be kicked. It's almighty fine having two wives at a time and plenty of platonic affinities on the side, but to go about saying that was the work of the Holy Ghost was too much of a good thing. It's one thing to lead a disreputable life, but it becomes a bore when all the sinners start howling that they are really saints and angels. No, Mr. Atkinson, a Privy Councilor is not a member of the Sewage Disposal Commission. . . . Excuse me a moment, Mr. Miller, that reminds me of a story I once heard about Shelley's son. He was one of the phlegmatic Englishmen that you hear of outside the American so-called humorous magazines—no, Mr. Atkinson, a Baroness in her own right is not a title of nobility in England, it's just a pompous name for a woman who practices birth-control—let's see, what was I going to say . . . Oh, yes, about Sir Percy (*anecdote follows which leaves the class respectfully puzzled*). What's the point of that story, you ask, Mr. Martin? It hasn't got any. The best stories never have. It's only American jokes which have to have points in them . . . Oh, well, we won't discuss that now. Mr. Miller is telling us about Shelley. Proceed, please, Mr. Miller. . . . Oh, please excuse my saying so, but that really is a lie—I'm not speaking to you personally, of course, but I mean to say you got that out of Smithers' life, and Smithers doesn't know a thing about Shelley. Shelley was no more a mystic than I am. No, Mr. Atkinson, the Garter-King-at-Arms isn't a royal herald, he's the man who ties the King's garters round his arms at State dinner-parties—let's see, where had we got to? Oh, yes, mysticism. A mystic, of course, is a man who has violent attacks of subliminal up-rush—let's see, who was it who said subliminal up-rush was another name for epilepsy—some one at Yale, I expect. (*A discourse on mysticism follows which leaves the class dazed.*) Well, Mr. Miller, you don't seem to be getting on very fast. . . . Yes, I thought you would say that. You got that out of Bimbawm's life. Bimbawm would say that, of course. No, Mr. Atkinson, the Prime Minister is not allowed to stand on his head in the presence of the King, that privilege was abolished in 1873—but talking of Shelley, I was looking up some old family histories of Virginia, and I discovered that





Shelley's great-uncle married a niece of George Washington's. You see the family resemblance, don't you, Mr. Saint . . . You do, do you? Well, I don't. Suppose I write it out on the board. (*A vast genealogical table goes up on the board which leaves the class suspicious.*) All right, Mr. Miller, let's hear about Shelley's *Ode to the Mocking Bird*. Probably that's his best poem—no, Mr. Atkinson, they do not give the title of *Virgin Queen* to the widows of English kings—all right, Mr. Miller. . . . You really want to know whether Shelley did murder his step-sister's half-brother, Mr. Dothard? Well, as a matter of fact, there are only three people who can give you a definite answer to that question. One of them's a deaf-mute in Potsdam, the other is a man shut up in a madhouse in Paris, and the third's me, and I've forgotten the answer for the moment. Bell gone? All right, finish up next time, Mr. Miller.



## Just One of the Boys—Brown

LET'S see now. Is Plankenhorn here? Gosh, that fellow has been cutting too much. I don't know what to do with a fellow like that. He's only been to three out of the last twelve classes, and they were exams. One of these days some of the upperclassmen are going to be hauled up like *that!* and then there's going to be trouble. Oh, he's in the infirmary? Gosh! I'm sorry. What's the matter with him? I'll have to go over and see him. Well, let's see what we have to do today. Where were we? I thought we had covered that. Well, let's begin. Charlie, will you translate the first line and a half? Yes, I see you'll have to stop in the middle of a sentence, but I want to give everybody a chance today. How did you translate *ombre*? No, it doesn't mean "pretense," it means "shadow." Yes, I see it would make more sense your way, but the vocabulary says "shadow." Gosh, you've got to be more careful about things like that. Some of you fellows are going to have the surprise of your lives when you get up in the President's class. One little mistake like that, and *zip!* the whole thing's wrong, and you get a zero. I suppose I'm spoiling you by being so good to you, but gosh, you ought to try and work harder. What's that? There's a footnote that says the word ought to be translated "pretense"? Well, the President wrote the book and he ought to know. I won't argue with him, but it just shows you've got to pay attention to little things like that. . . .

Hey, wake up, Bill. I'll bet you don't know a thing that's been going on here. Can you tell me why they don't use the article in front of that next to last noun? Gosh, how many times do I have to tell you fellows that? It's a partitive construction. You see it isn't *all* the leaves on *all* the trees; it's just *some* of the leaves on *some* of the trees. Gee, I can keep saying these things and you never pay any attention. . . .

Hoh-um! Had a hard night last night. But that's no excuse for you fellows slouching down in your seats as if you didn't have any backbone. Gee! If you could just sit up here and see the way you look. What would you think if I sat up here like

this? Well, I guess we'll have to go on with the reading. Gosh, we'll have to hurry. We've only done two pages in the last week and the other section is five pages ahead. I know I owe this section a cut, but how the dickens can I give it to you when we're so far behind! Joe, will you translate the next two lines? Don't you have a book of your own? Gee, I don't see how some of you fellows get along. If I were you, Bill, I wouldn't loan him my book. Make him get one of his own. All right, Joe. You haven't prepared this? Why, we're only at the second line. Gosh! One of these days I'm going to lose my patience and get sore at you fellows. I try to treat you white and then you turn around and act like this. Don't even do two lines of translation! Some day a few of you fellows are going out on your ear. I can put up with just so much and then my patience stops. You fellows have got to realize that you must dig in and get this stuff. I don't want to have to stand over you with a whip and pull it out of you. Gee! It's just discouraging!



## Horsing the Boys—Herndon

GENTLEMEN, we have gotten two or three days behind our schedule according to the sheets but I am going to start today to discuss two subjects in one lecture, so that we will be caught up by December 18. Oh, yes, I want to tell you about the marks on that last examination. On the whole, they were excellent—far better than I expected. But there were two or three men who didn't do so well. Mr. Cowles, I know that you won't mind if I tell the class that your paper was the best, one of the finest papers I ever have seen. You made a 99.9. Mr. Richie was second with a 98. There were seven other A's, nine B's, one C, and one D. You want to know your mark, Mr. Richardson? Come up after class. Now the next examination will come tomorrow. By the way, that reminds me: I must see the *News* about that funny-paper (it's going to be funnier than any cartoons you ever saw). In this last examination one member of the class said Jameson's Raid was an attack by natives on the house of Cecil Rhodes after he had accumulated a large number of valuable diamonds from the mines of the veldts. (*Well trained after a year with f(x), the class snickers appreciatively.*)

This morning we are going to deal with the economic status of Timbuctoo as the result of her entrance last year into the League of Nations. In 1928 the exports from that country exceeded the imports by only two zannas (let me see; before the war there were three zannas to the lire, and four lire to the dollar—that makes the zanna worth about eight cents—a little more than eight, but it doesn't matter—let's say eight cents). But last year, the difference was *three* zannas. I asked Ramsay MacDonald about this at Geneva last year and about its significance—whether Great Britain would change her policy toward Timbuctoo. "Hoot Mon, No!" he said (we were speaking in Scotch). By the way, speaking of Geneva, I want you gentlemen to know that most of the really big accomplishments over there are not effected at the conferences but at the little dinners where we get together personally. I remember one night when I had Briand at supper. . . .

But to return to Timbuctoo, I wish, as I often have said before, that every one of you collected stamps. If you could only see that letter "F" surcharged on the upper right-hand corner of the purple issue of 1916, you would never forget that a French consul was arrested for smuggling in Timbuctoo that year. That led to severe economic decline for a period of several months.

Well, that will be enough for this morning. Remember that on Friday you are to have a report prepared on the work of the League in connection with sleeping sickness in Bolivia. Mr. Miller, C. W., and Mr. Miller, J. L., may I see you for a moment after class?



## Getting to Grips With Reality—Steele

I WANT to first of all before I do anything else here this afternoon get to grips, so to speak, with this whole problem of emotions. Norr, what did you get out of the chapter on this subject in Woodworth? . . . Yes, you have a very good point there. Now, Atkinson, can you develop that a little further? . . . Yes, that's very good, but we don't want to stray too far from the subject we're discussing. I hope you all see that we're face to face, so to speak, with this whole problem of whether the emotions or the reason are the supreme thing in man, so to speak. I am inclined to firmly believe that this whole question presents one of the most vital challenges, so to speak—Yes, Blair? . . . Well, I don't agree with you there, but I should be interested to fully thrash out the matter with you some time. See me after class if you will. But as I was saying this is a question which is occupying the minds of most great psychologists. McDougall says that—Yes, Olton? . . . I think you have a good point there, Robert. Could you bring it out a little more strongly? Or what would you say to that, Lindsay? . . . Well, I wouldn't say it was exactly esoteric or *macabre*, but I think your point is very well taken. This whole problem of emotion in religion is brought out very well by Schleiermacher in his *Reden*. If you ever want to realize the absolute dependence, as it were, of man on God, you should read that book. It will give you, so to speak, a real thrill. You'll just want to get up and cheer. I'd really be very glad to meet with some of you down at my house some evening and get to grips, as it were, with this tremendous, vital question of the nature of God. . . . But to get back to our main subject, McDougall brings out a very good point in a case which he furnishes, and which I shall read: The patient, John B. Smith, S-M-I-T-H—you needn't take that down—was the only child of an idiotic father and a mother who was, so to speak, a prostitute. As a young child he had no companions and appeared to be content playing with his ball, so to speak, in the streets. At the age of eight he raped his mother and set fire to an orphan asylum. When he appeared at the clinic—

MASKED INTRUDER AT WINDOW: "I'll teach you to break up my home!!!"

(He throws in a paper-wrapped brick.)

You have a good point there. Could you bring that out a little more strongly?

## A Very Contemporary Drama

Featuring E. D. Snyder and an all-star cast

SNYDER (*starting off briskly*): Today, gentleman, we discuss the play "Anna Christie" by Eugene O'Neill. Note, if you will, that it came out in 1920, that it is another one of O'Neill's plays about the sea and the "submerged tenth" and that it is—(*here follows a prolonged pause while he stares out the window at the P. & W. tracks with the fond, rapt gaze of the company's largest stockholder*)—in four acts. Note also, if you will, that the action of the whole play depends on Old Chris not recognizing his daughter Anna as a prostitute, and that this situation has been criticized as very improbable. Now, Mr. Durham, would you be inclined to agree with such a criticism?

DURHAM: Well—er—yes, I think it is improbable. It's a more or less easy thing to spot a woman as a prostitute.

SNYDER: Mister Durham, as I have had occasion to point out many times in the past, it is a peculiarly pernicious habit of undergraduate speech to be forever weakening every statement made by tagging on the loose modifier, "more or less". Now, Mr. Durham, do you mean a *more* easy thing, or do you mean a *less* easy thing?

DURHAM (*after prolonged and not unpleasant reflection*): More.

SNYDER: All right. Now does anyone disagree with Mr. Durham? (*No one dares; Snyder consults his roll-book.*) Mr. Drake, what would you say?

DRAKE (*painfully turning the grindstone*): Um—um—um—well, looking at it from the viewpoint of old Chris—

SNYDER: Pardon me, Mr. Drake, but as I have had occasion to point out before, the word "viewpoint" does not exist in good English usage. One may have a "standpoint" or a "point of view" but never the barbarously colloquial "viewpoint". Continue, Mr. Drake; I apologize for the interruption, but from the view—er—point of view of a professor of English, such misuse of the language is unpardonable.

DRAKE (*having to start turning the grindstone all over again*): Um—um—well, I only wanted to say that—er—uh—Old Chris isn't very bright and—uh—he's drunk, anyhow.

SNYDER: Yes. I really don't think it's so improbable. It's incredible, gentlemen, how naïve and unconscious towards such matters even comparatively alert people can sometimes be. Why, would you believe it, only last fall in my Chaucer class I found a man who didn't know what the word "swyve" meant. He thought it meant "to work"! (*The humour of this situation temporarily overpowers him.*) But now, gentlemen, disposing for the moment of the criticism that the situation is improbable, let us take up the criticism that it is immoral. I refer to introducing a prostitute as the heroine. Most of us today are not in the habit of putting a narrow and rigid system of morality ahead of every other consideration, but it is important to realize that such straight-laced people exist. You will recall how Gulliver, among the Lilliputians, saved the royal palace from burning to the ground by putting out the fire with the only available water supply; and then was taken severely to task by the prudish Queen for the disgracefulness of his act. There was, of course, no river nearby and

he—(There follows another lengthy period of meditation on the P. & W. and other entrancing objects to be observed out the window.) Pardon me, gentlemen, but there seems to be a fire in my backyard. (A momentary thrill of excitement runs through the class.) Well, it seems to be well under control by now; let us go on. Note, if you will, that the question of morality is bound to enter, sooner or later, into any discussion of art; people's outlook on life, for instance, is very materially influenced by the sort of plays they go to see. Now about this question of having a prostitute for a heroine—(still more communion with the P. & W.)—what do you think, Mr. Jones?

JONES: Well, of course, we don't want to be dogmatic, but in the first place, it seems to me that, speaking by and large, as it were, and—

(Here the curtain is momentarily lowered to denote the passage of one-half hour.)

. . . —but then, on the other hand, or perhaps in the second place, you've got to remember that—

SNYDER (in vast irritation, breaking in like the Day of Judgment): Impossible, Mr. Jones; this cannot go on! The immorality of it depends entirely on the personal viewpoint—point of view. "To the pure all things are pure." But let us pass on, gentlemen, to the question of whether Mat Burke would have actually come back to Anna in real life, or whether O'Neill just tacked on the happy ending in the fourth act to please the public. Mr. Durham, will you tell us what you think about this?

DURHAM (waking up with a start): Brumph! Well—er—uh—yes. I guess it's more or less true to life.

SNYDER (acidly): Well now, Mr. Durham, do you mean more, or do you mean less?

DURHAM: Er—uh—well, I guess I more or less mean more.

SNYDER (with a wickedly determined grin): Well now, Mr. Durham, do you mean more more, or do you mean less more?

DURHAM (in desperation): Oh, I don't know, and I think this whole affair is getting more or less tiresome.

SNYDER (from force of habit): Well now, Mr. Durham, do you mean more or do you mean less?

THE ENTIRE CLASS (with intense conviction): More!!!



## The Census Takers

- (a) Does the vile practice of "bootlicking" exist at Haverford?
  - If not, what do you call your method?
    - Everyone in the class, except Atkinson, sorrowfully admitted that it does.
    - Atkinson cited the 100 per cent Faculty attendance at Meeting as an example of the more high-powered method.
- Do you really believe that "Haverford College is not interested in educating any young man addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor?"

The consensus seems to be that the statement is quite correct; but that, on the

other hand, Haverford College is most certainly addicted to educating young men interested in the use of intoxicating liquor.

3. Why are (a) Snyder's check suits and coats? (b) Lockwood's scarf? (c) Cadbury's bicycle? (d) Steere's walk? (e) the College wagon? (f) the Gingko trees in front of Founders?
  - a. His passion for chess combined with a desire to look like William Gillette in *Sherlock Holmes*.
  - b. His love of children expressing itself as an attempt to look like Peter Rabbit.
  - c. A modern Quaker's improvement over Balaam's biblical ass.
  - d. Following in the footsteps of his Lord and Master, Rufus.
  - e. A museum piece: the last relic of the pony express.
  - f. Those with strong religious backgrounds mentioned God; a few, more materialistic, attributed them to other Gingko trees 50 years ago.
4. What did you do at the last Meeting you attended?

Reading beat out sleeping by a nose in this one. Six members of the class placed bets on Rufus to speak first; one remembered an excruciatingly funny joke which caused him to laugh out loud; three confess to having listened to the words of wisdom; and two others were fascinated by the beard of the old Quaker on the left of the top row.

5. What is your frank opinion of (a) the News? (b) The Haverfordian? (c) the Musical Clubs? (d) the baseball team? (e) cricket?
  - a. Among the printable answers was the suggestion that the editor be tarred and feathered; but this was undoubtedly mere spite born of the realization of approaching graduation, coupled with the memory of his frequent editorial appeals to the alumni for money.
  - b. Nine-tenths of the class have never got beyond the cover, but those who have are convinced that the quality of the paper is not so good as it used to be.
  - c. A useful thing, reminding Lloyd Hall occupants to close their windows on cold winter evenings.
  - d. In the absence of fraternities, an excellent means of segregating the College undesirable.
  - e. Indubitably a cheerful little beastie.
6. What is your favorite (a) character in history? (b) living actress? (c) present-day periodical? (d) contemporary comedian? (e) cigarette? (f) shaving cream?
  - a. The Quaker element split its vote between Jesus Christ and George Fox, thereby allowing Henry VIII to win out by a small margin.
  - b. Even the Quakers were unanimous on this: the one with the mole over her fifth rib in the chorus at the Bijou.
  - c. Captain Billy's Whiz Bang distances the College Catalogue by a head.
  - d. Home talent won this one, Uncle Billy breaking the tape just a stride ahead of Neil Hamilton.
  - e. Someone else's.
  - f. One's roommate's—by a landslide.
7. Who is (a) the most open-minded and intelligent person in the class? (b) the most stupid and opinionated?
  - a. Everyone, we blush to confess, voted for himself.
  - b. Everyone (we blush again) voted for his roommate.

8. *Who of the class has got the most out of Haverford?*

This is one of the few questions in which no one voted for himself. The consensus is Westerman, who, if he has not got the most out of Haverford, has certainly got the most out of Haverfordians.

9. *Who of the class has wasted the most time?*

A landslide for Norr; he is generally considered to have studied far more than anyone else.

10. *What is the biggest thing the class has produced?*

Wriggins' rump wins out by a cheek over the successful protest the class made against a quarterly exam in Phil. lb.



## And (of Course) as We Leave—

WE, the Class of 1930, being of reasonably sound mind and as sober as black coffee can make us, do therefore attest and affirm this to be our last will and testament.

We, the undersigned, do hereby will and bequeath:

*Item.* Our prowess on the fields of sport to the Class of 1878 for use in their next athletic contest.

*Item.* One set of ethics theses (very bright and new) to the Class of 1931.

*Item.* One set of psychology theses (rather worn and tattered) to the Class of 1932.

*Item.* One set of empty bottles (very large and varied) to Rayner W. Kelsey.

*Item.* The Joseph L. Miller Endowed Chair of Profanity (*vide* p. 58) to its logical occupant, Kelley Chadwick, '33.

*Item.* One bound volume of all the gems of wit and wisdom we have assimilated in four years of Collection addresses, to the British Museum.

*Item.* One copy of the *News*' "Gulp! Gulp!" editorial, to the campus at large, to be engraved in bronze and affixed to the northwest wall of the College barn.

*Item.* One, Horseface Harry, to the Los Angeles Rotary Club.

*Item.* Monday lunch to our little snouted friends on the College farm.

*Item.* Barclay Hall (with our most fervent hopes) to whoever was responsible for the Devon explosion.

*Item.* All the unused matches in our collective rooms to the often-dying fire in Neddy Snyder's pipe.

*Item.* All the cigarette butts to be found in same, to Pop Haddleton, to exhibit to future Rhinie classes as alibis for failing to make record-breaking hurdlers of us all.

*Item.* Our alma mater song (commonly known as "Comrades") to the Oliver H. Bair Company of Philadelphia, for exclusive use in its funeral services.

*Item.* Haverford's reputation for social exclusiveness to the College of the Ozarks.

*Item.* Our beautiful campus to Uncle Billy and Doggy Johnson, whose minions labored so strenuously to enrich it this spring.

*Item.* Ourselves to the wide, wide world, as horrible examples of a collegiate education.

*Item.* This book to profit and loss.

Signed and sealed etc.—HAVERFORD, '30.



RHINIE YEAR





## Class History

A CLASS Record Book and particularly the Class History section of it (it should be carefully re-emphasized) is a definitely propagandist document. Every incident, every insinuation must be carefully calculated to bring out the fact that never before have so princely a set of fellows been gathered together on God's green earth as the herein described youths, who, for four long years, have absorbed their educational milk-and-water from the breast of the same Alma Mater. Add a delicate hint as to the probable dreariness of the campus before the advent of these illustrious sons, imply grave doubts as to the college's ability to go on running after their departure; and season to taste. Unfortunately, however, the seasoning is usually done with so heavy a hand and the sugar spread on so thick that one begins to suspect these beautiful panegyrics of being written not so much to attest the virtues of the class to a supposedly admiring world, as to silence certain insistent misgivings the class may have about itself. For any, therefore, who look to the Class History thus to sustain them in the faith, we fear this chronicle of the doings of 1930 will provide but sorry comfort.



### *Freshman Year*

Our arrival at Haverford, in spite of some half-hearted help from '29, rather failed of being the spectacular affair that some of us (nourished on Harold Lloyd in "The Freshman" and like movies of vintage 1926) had imagined. In bewildered but comparatively untroubled twos and threes, we kept straggling in for several days before the actual opening of college—some of us for football or soccer practice, more of us to take College Board re-exams. In such time as was left over from these pursuits we carried furniture for upperclassmen or explored the campus, timidly mistaking for juniors spindling youths who later turned out to be our own classmates, and blithely forming fast friendships with others who might have been our classmates had they not flunked the exams and passed out into oblivion—unnamed, unhonored and unsung. This process continued until enough of us got here to be properly designated as the Class of 1930. There was not, so far as can now be ascertained, any special conjunctions of the planets at the time.



All in due course Wednesday night also arrived, and from then on through the next few weeks our career at Haverford was largely a matter of reverentially going through the time-honored rituals which (as the deep-browed Stew Hoskins solemnly explained to us) would turn us collectively into real, honest-to-God Haverfordians. We shuddered at the

Collision beard and the Collision growl at first-night roll-call; we skipped collectively on command; we staged crew races on the lawn; we gave each other egg shampoos to stave off the menace of middle-age baldness; we prayed to Jupiter Pluvius for rain and got it from the second floor Center; we wallowed in the fertile ooze of the skating pond and served as targets for fifteen (count 'em, fifteen) baskets of tomatoes; and we were at home individually in our rooms to upper-class callers far, far into the night. Thursday morning we milled our way sheepishly into the Union (Roberts was then in the throes of alteration) and finally found the seats the gods had allotted us; and at 9:10, just as advertised in the catalogue, College officially opened with oratorical solos by one man named Comfort and another cryptically referred to as "The Dean," various other faculty members forming a silent choir of moral support in the background. The former speaker electrified us with the information that another academic year was commencing, that Haverford College expected every man to take full advantage of the opportunities offered him, and that students were requested not to walk too much on the grass; the latter simply invited us to remain behind for a short extra show staged for freshman benefit by the professor of mathematics. We did; and we kept on remaining for, or going to, extra shows for the next week. We went to the free midnight show (Red Grange's first football picture) at the Ardmore and returned to find that the sophomores had arranged another free show (the disappearing pajamas) for us on the campus. We went to a Faculty reception in the old Y room; we went to a Presidential reception at Uncle Billy's house; we went to a Customs Committee reception in the small math room. We went to our first Students' Association meeting and voted obediently for unlimited cuts for the upper classes and the honor system for ourselves. We underwent instruction from Fos Webster in class organization; from Bready and Horton in cheering; from Collision in Rhinie apparel. We even managed to find time for a little instruction by Faculty members in the things we had supposedly come to college to learn.

But this was too much. By then we were tired of the forced diet of official functions and wished for nothing so much as leisure to sit, feet up, in bull sessions and exchange with each other the few Rabelaisian classics we had brought up with us from prep school, or acquire new ones from upper-classmen along with the inevitable information on mirth in Math. 1. Most of the class, it must be confessed, took to this style of education in the facts of life with far more enthusiasm than had been displayed towards any of the more formal varieties; and a few even took it upon themselves to go in for individual laboratory work as extensively as was possible under the system of Rhinie evening report which



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had early been clapped down on us by the Dean. Rhinie report, of course, was only one phase of the extensive campaign which Fritzie inaugurated to instill us with the fear of God and of Fritzie—a campaign carried out with such fervor that many of us were in danger of confusing the two, until some sharp-tongued soul relieved us by pointing out that this was an error to which Fritzie also was occasionally liable.

Having no one in our midst to stir up a Rhinie revolt, we did all the things expected of yearlings with a fair degree of docility. If long-standing custom demanded that enough of us break rules to give the Customs Committee an excuse for inventing new styles in freshman dress, enough of us were obediently disobedient; if the cheer-leading department demanded that every red-blooded he-Haverfordian support the football team on the Johns Hopkins trip, we mortgaged our next month's allowances *en masse* to get down to Baltimore and back; and if the two upper classes demanded a Roman holiday in the shape of a Soph-Rhinie fight, we did our best to work up a really efficient blood-lust. In the last case, however, it was a comparatively unobserved preliminary skirmish which provided the keenest excitement of the day. The sophs, by the clever use, early in the afternoon, of the ageless stratagem of managerial work, had managed to entice a scattered battalion of their opponents into the springhouse down by the board track and lock the door on them. There was aimless jostling about within the prison, shouting and confusion and more barrels of manure than we were to see in one place again until Doggy Johnson went in for bigger and better lawns in the winter of senior year; but the smart sophomores had made one fatal mistake: they had included Egg Morris in the beleaguered group of Rhinies. When the springhouse door finally burst open, the regularly scheduled fight turned out to be somewhat of an anti-climax, with '29 having twenty-five men (to our none) left on the field at the concluding whistle.

Of the few things in which 1930 can boast of excelling all other classes now in College, the Rhinie Cake-walk show is undoubtedly one. Merion and Center Barclay put on the best acts, both of them extremely topical skits at the time, the latter being a straight burlesque of the contemporary Halls-Mills murder trial, with Shorty Lindsay and Nick Wilbur as opposing attorneys and Vic Bullen rather appropriately cast as the pig-woman. The Merion act (drawing its inspiration from the then popular operetta, *The Student Prince*, and its revised book from the versatile Jack Carr) presented *The Stewed Prince in Haverburg* and capitalized Uncle Billy's recent departure for China to take as its hero Dean Fritz, cutting up in his sire's absence with the heroine, one Effie played by Jim Brown. The specific hits of the show were probably the utter drunkenness of the chorus



and the theme song sung by Rogers:

*I'm a rollicking lord from Haverford,  
And a hell of a student prince;  
I once got stewed on Founders' food,  
And I've not been sober since;  
But I've learned the means of eating their beans  
With never a single wince:  
So, I'm a rollicking lord from Haverford,  
And a hell of a student prince!*



The only other real event before Christmas vacation that first year was the Rhinie-junior dance. It is doubtful whether any other social affair of our college career—even our Junior Prom—got us so excited as this first dance. For weeks before the event we carried on sporadic but extremely vocal arguments (in such forums as the Center Barclay corridor during Rhinie report) as to whether it should be formal or informal, whether the “Haverfordians” or an outside orchestra should play at it, whether it should be held at the Merion Cricket Club or elsewhere. Discussion was possibly enlivened somewhat by the rumor which got around to the effect that the Faculty also had had some debate on this last point. At the official meeting (so the story ran) one professor, already well-known for his advocacy of the Eighteenth Amendment, had arisen with the objection: “I hear that *hkkker* can be obtained there.” Whereupon (the story continued) a smothered laugh, perhaps even better known to us as freshman, was heard from the rear of the room together with the remark, “Last time I was down there you couldn’t.” But this, of course, was only an unsubstantiated story; and true or not, we held our dance at the Merion Cricket Club.

As is usually the case, most of the interesting events of the year seemed to occur before Christmas. Mid-years, naturally, presented some novelty and a little valuable training in how to pass a required course on ten hours cramming the day and night before the exam; but, on the whole, the only real excitement of the winter was provided by the opening of the snowball season. Drastic threats of expulsion by Uncle Billy managed to keep Founders Hall windows intact, but the Administration had unfortunately neglected to include Library Lecturers in his list of tabooed targets: the chief result of this was that Provost Penniman of the U. of P. prefaced his address on the Bible by remarking, “I arrived at the door this evening accompanied by your Dean and a snowball. Your Dean I brought in with me at my side, the snowball on my coat.” The real nub of the joke, however, was that Perera had originally aimed for Fritzie.

The rest of the third quarter, from a Rhinie point of view, seemed largely a matter



of being turned into expert chair-movers, by the basketball management, in the gym; and champion half-milers, by Pop, on the board track. We resisted both as best we could.

Came, like the dawn in old-fashioned movies, the Prom. It being 1928's affair, our only official part consisted in hauling the davenports and easy chairs back and forth between the gym and Lloyd—a task at which our inimitable Ward Bruegel probably set an all-time record for something or other when he obeyed the sophomore order to take a mattress to the sunken garden. A good number of us, of course, went to the dance; and, as we remember it at this late date, behaved ourselves somewhat more seemly than the '33 flea-hoppers of the current year.

And when the Prom was over, Rhinie year itself seemed practically gone also. The beginning of finals was marked by two things: (1) the appearance of an anonymous publication entitled *The Black*, being a series of lampoons and epigrams on the usual professorial subjects, composed by four of our number to while away the duller moments of Math. 1; and (2) the disappearance of the last vestiges of respectability in freshman clothing, coincident with the soph-frosh love-feast and the end of Rhinie rules. Neither of the two was very enthusiastically received by the powers that be. Except for the destruction wrought by a couple of unexpectedly murderous math exams, however, we managed to make our exit from the campus comparatively unscathed. There were no catchings-of-the-breath to be observed at the departings.



### Sophomore Year



We returned in September in much the same desultory fashion we had arrived the year before—and not feeling nearly so big and bad as we considered necessary for the ferocious rôle we had to play to 1931. Being nothing if not generous, we did our best to pass on to the new Rhinies all that we had received from '29 together with the little extra usually thrown in for interest; and doubtless 1931 secretly appreciated the disciplinary value of the first-night we gave them, but to us it was somewhat less interesting (and even less enjoyable) than our own. Probably the most amusing part of the initiatory process was the annual pajama confiscation: this time the Rhinies decided to retaliate in kind and, not being sure very just who the sophomores were, managed to swipe a goodly number of junior and senior pajamas instead. But the real *coup* was pulled by the South Barclay Rhinies who, wiler than their other compatriots, hid most of the stolen negligée in the trunk of an inviolate junior, Bill Lane — and for three days Gucker, '29, sat on that trunk proclaiming to the world what he was going to do to those damned Rhinies who had his pajamas.

Sophomore year, of course, was nowhere near so important or memorable as freshman

year had been. Viewed in retrospect, we seem to have been characterized chiefly by the negative qualities—such as lack of neckties, absence from Students' Association meetings and being the only class in College which didn't have a scion of the House of Hogenauer in it. New Lloyd, for which ground had been broken the December previous, was now open for habitation and some of us (mostly the sophisticate fringe) managed to squeeze into it, owing to an apparent suspicion of such unwonted luxury on the part of '28 and '29. But most of us clung to the Spartan simplicity of water fights and dumping parties back in Barclay.

To start the year off right, the College barn burned down, an event which had not occurred for some half-dozen years previously—and that about sums up the whole story. Those who were here when it happened will remember all the details, anyhow, and those who weren't will probably see it happen again before they graduate. Carpenter got an S. P. C. A. medal out of it for rescuing the pigs, horses and whatnot; and some of us got gratuitous seatings in the mud through being bowled over by the said pigs in their hurried exit.

Football games, soccer games (neither so generally successful as the year before), and a Rhinie Cake-walk from 1931 which—all class bias aside—was feebleness itself compared to the one we had put on the year before. Thanksgiving vacation. Christmas vacation. Mid-years. So ground the wheels of the College calendar, with very little either to impede or accelerate them. A momentary jar occurred when Roedelheim, '29, returned from the Christmas holidays as Rodell, Sondheim (also '29) became unofficially Sondell and Hymes (of our own charmed circle) is supposed to have started wondering what would happen to his name if the process continued. But this was soon exhausted as a bulling topic.



All through the second half, as 1928 began gradually hand over the campus pork barrel to 1929, we began to step up into the secondary sinecures in the various campus organizations. Ever since Rhinie year we had been among the leading noisemakers of the Musical Clubs; and now, with Dave Hedley's rise to Editor-in-Chief of the *News* and the consequent ascent of Joe Miller and Jack Blackman to divide Hedley's old job of the managing editorship, we began to be among the leading trouble-makers of the campus in general. Joe Martin and Tom Wistar made bids for what they considered fame by getting jobs which no one else cared a damn about (editor of *The Haverfordian* and captain of cricket) and the Supplee brothers, Egg Morris, Shirk and Swan held on to more coveted positions in baseball or track. Egg also got the secretaryship of the Students' Association. Haverford beat Swarthmore again in a track meet, of which the most exciting feature was Shirk's coming from behind to win the 2-mile and incidentally break the College record; and the local boys were again second to N. Y. U. in the Middle Atlantics,



held this year on Walton Field. Jimmy Babbitt resigned as Director of Athletics (among other things) and the Eddleman Contracting Company started digging for a new engine lab just to prove that the old order does change, after all. We did our required-course cursing over ec this year instead of math, lit out for home two hours after the final exam.; and the year was over.

The fourth quarter had held just one specific incident worthy of note and that centered around a member of '28 rather than '30. Jock Keith, trying to put up a friend for the night upon an occasion when there were no empty beds in Lloyd, had bethought himself of the expedient of improvising one on a davenport with the help of some of the sheets in the unused Union bedrooms; and so, into one of the darkened upper chambers of the Union, he carefully groped his way. His feet stumbled against the foot of a bed, his hands felt the cool smoothness of a pair of sheets: he tugged at them vigorously and started back for the door, pulling them with him as he went. Suddenly there came a sad but insistent protest from the bed: "Oh, but I sye!" He had got into the bedroom of the cricket coach.



### Junior Year

By this year we had grown somewhat tired of Uncly Billy's opening day quips on the rather evident fact that College was opening again; and even some new gags about the possibility of adding tone to the campus by the purchase of a flock of sheep—always providing one of us would volunteer for the post of shepherd—failed to move us to any great pitch of enthusiasm. Still, College undoubtedly had re-opened, so we set about corraling members of the latest crop of Rhinies to move our furniture over to Lloyd, re-juggled our schedules a bit to try and get rid of that one Saturday class, and formed book clubs by twos and threes to buy the required copies of that masterpiece, "O. B. T.," for Bib Lit. Haverford, on the whole, appeared little changed over the summer. Elihu, Petey Lockwood and  $f(x)$  were all back again in full force; and a new institution, very welcome to the night owls of the class in search of a coffee dispensary which stayed open till a gentleman's hour, had also been added in the shape of a Hy-Way Diner next to the Auotcar factory in Ardmore.



The year started off with a couple of deaths. The first was that of Ma Swinburne, Lord High Keeper of the College Stomach; but the rise in general edibility of Founders fare under her successor kept the student body from being particularly prostrated with grief. Even less productive of lamentation was the second demise, that of the College's ancient if not exactly honored uplift organization, the Y. M. C. A. In spite of the dramatic suddenness with which the whole thing took place, it is probable that the event created more stir in the Board of Managers and the Four A's,

respectively, than it did upon the campus: most of the undergraduates seemed to regard it merely as the formal reading of the burial service over a body already dead in fact. The small Christian minority of the Association immediately set to work to stage a resurrection under another name, and in due time the Christian Union rose lily-white from the tomb to ascend to the old Y room where it has since carried on in a way most satisfactory to the rest of the College—providing a genuinely purer and more rarified atmosphere for those thus minded and, on the other hand, generally leaving the wicked to stew peacefully in their sin.



In the meantime the football team had risen to great heights to beat Amherst 23–13 and give Haverford its biggest sporting thrill in our four years here; and a few weeks later the same football team had sunk to just as great depths to lose four games straight—even one to Delaware. Football, as a topic for enraptured discussion, somewhat declined. Uncle Billy, with another one of his Collection philippics against campus styles in haberdashery, was much more successful—not that the number of neckties to be observed in Chase Hall rose appreciably, but the *News*' Crow's Nest was at least provided with several weeks' material and enabled to cash in on its Bib Lit course by

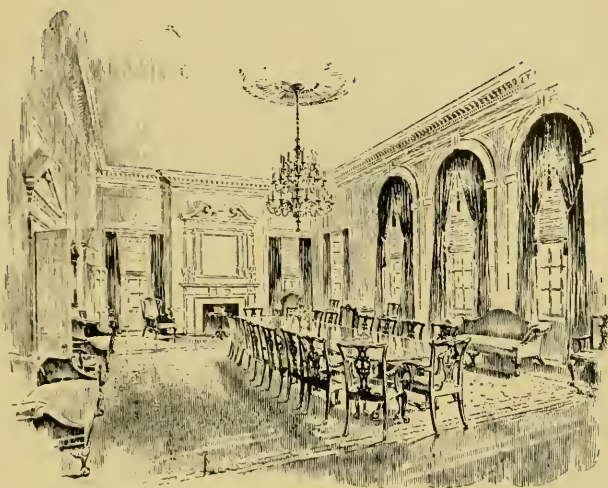
quoting to the President, Jesus' snappy retort: "Go and do thou likewise."

It was just about this time, indeed, that things seemed to be stirring on the campus generally. The Hilles Lab was finally opened to the great delight of Rittenhouse and the engineering coterie of the College, and the *News* went through a period of "internal dissension" (not to mention "subsequent economic decline") which would have delighted the lecturing soul of Lunt. The *News* upheaval, though complicated somewhat by the premature retirement of Hedley at Christmas time owing to his sudden departure from College, was basically the age-old conflict between the forces of sin and the minions of righteousness. The minions of righteousness ultimately won and, elated by their victory, set out after a month or two on a campaign to pull the rest of the College up to their exalted level. Having observed that the Musical Club concerts, being very dull affairs, were apt to be livened up with a little bottled stimulus, the editor breathlessly burst into print with the information one Monday night and inquired, with something he fondly believed to be devastating sarcasm, what the Student Council intended doing about it. There followed a period of general undergraduate anxiety and frantic scurrings about the dormitories in search of witnesses who would swear before the Council that their old pal had been cold sober on the night in question. The Council labored nobly, as in the sight of God and Uncle Billy, through several fervid evening meetings, at the end of which time the campus soaks were still with us and a couple of first (or almost first) offenders had had two extra weeks tacked onto their regular spring vacations.



(Continued on page 150)





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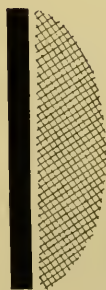
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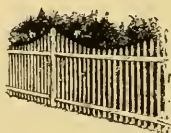
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## CLASS HISTORY

*(Continued from page 146)*

The Soaks, insulted by this lack of due recognition, soon started circulating a petition to oust Blackman from his editorial throne; and since the College generally had grown rather tired of reading Jack's what-a-fine-Administration-we-have editorials, the petition waxed fat with names, and various other plans—ranging from physical violence to an amendment to the Constitution of the Students' Association—were laid to render vacant the top position on the *News'* masthead. But the affair, having already served its purpose as an outlet for spring spirits, finally cooled down, leaving Blackman still in possession of the field.

Dougie Steere also contributed his little bit to campus excitement with a fake case of assault and battery in psych class. A carefully hooded figure suddenly appeared at the window and threw in a few angry words, which the class could not afterwards agree on, together with an unmistakable brick—Dougie rising to assure us it was all an experiment just in time to save the masked intruder from massacre, at the hands of Killer McConnell.

And then, of course, there was the Prom. It is a well-recognized axiom of Junior Proms that each one is the Best Prom in History. During our stay at Haverford there have been four Best Proms in History and, in the natural course of events, we had to give one of them; ours had conscientious planning, good weather and general jollity—which is precisely the same thing that could be said for all three others. Whether or not it was one of life's supreme moments depended, as usual, very much on one's particular frame of mind at the particular time it was held.

About the only other enlivening event of the year seems to have come in the shape of an addition to the Doggy Johnson saga. The incident took place during the wee

*(Continued on page 152)*

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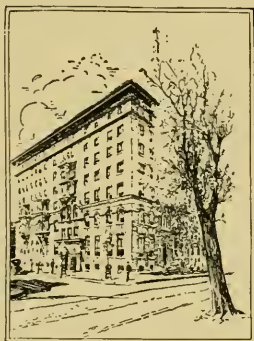
*(Continued from page 150)*

small hours with, naturally, very few witnesses and so such details as we have been able to ferret out are of necessity a trifle vague—but it appears to have occurred somewhat as follows. As such things will, a waterpipe somewhere in the basement of East Founders had gone a bit haywire late one spring night. Doggy, eager that none of the Faculty housed there should be without water in the morning, sacrificed his own beauty sleep and hastened to the scene. He shut off the main and probed for the trouble, crawled around with a flashlight and wrench in the dirt of the cellar, labored hard and long, eventually found and fixed the source of the trouble; then, well after 3 A. M., started for home. He got as far as the walk outside when a window above opened and a head peered out. "Oh, is that you, Mr. Johnson? Why, Mr. Johnson, we haven't any water at all up here." It was not a situation for half-measures. Doggy mastered it at a word: "You put your god-damned head in again and get back to bed!"

The year ended in the usual Students' Association elections (Brad Abernethy got president and Koffy Katz secretary) and a perfect flood of retirements and departings. Rufus and Carpenter left for Europe on sabbat, and Elihu persuaded the Board of Managers to ship him somewhere east of Suez for another year's carrying on with the shovel. Fritzie stepped down from his throne of Dean in favor of Tat who, in turn had, been ascending a step nearer it each of the past two years. Pratt left off his thirty-four years of labor proclaiming that "now in the oyster, here you see your reproductive organs, here you see," to depart from the Faculty altogether, with farewell dinners and sentimentalities on every hand. And, the psych exam being finally over, we also departed from the campus, more abruptly and without any farewell dinners.

*(Continued on page 154)*

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PHILADELPHIA

*Senior Year*

We got ourselves up for the inevitable ceremony at 9:10 Thursday morning with considerable inward protest and much expectant boredom. Uncle Billy, however, fooled us with a speech full of new and unsuspected treasures. There was the usual advice to the freshmen in a new disguise. There was the Eighteenth Amendment war-cry (for newspaper consumption to counterbalance the unfortunate publicity of last June): "Haverford College is not interested in educating any young man addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor." And there was the *pronunciamento* to the effect that the vile practice of "bootlicking" did not exist at Haverford College—or that if it did, the Faculty had not recognized it as such. Atkinson *et al.* accepted the compliment in amused silence. But Uncle Billy, it might be added, was unable to sustain this snappy pace throughout the year. Before Christmas he was back on "personal neatness" again, and by the middle of the winter he had repeated his famous Hints-to-the-Lovelorn-on-Marriage address of our Rhinie year, pointing out once more that it was a good idea to get the lay of the land "before going too far." All this, as usual, was appreciated, though with some bewilderment as to just what was the Presidential idea of "too far."

Senior year, curiously enough, turned out to be rather like freshman in general atmosphere—Williamson and Heller were back on the campus as Faculty members, and various names of established Haverford houses (which we had looked up to in the elder branches of 1927 and could now look down on in the younger stems of 1933) kept reappearing on the Rhinie roll. Just as in 1926, Rufus was away during the first half, with Uncle Billy dashing off around mid-years (so the

(Continued on page 158)



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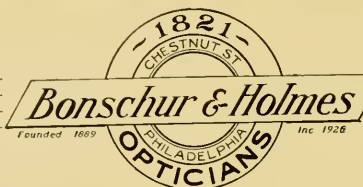
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## CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 154)

rumor ran both years) to bail him out and bring him home.

Besides the subject of an unexpectedly successful football season, and the inevitable ones of religion and sex, the bull sessions of the early part of the year seemed to feed largely on several questions of politics. The first and most hotly debated was confined to our own particular bailiwick alone, and concerned itself largely with the insertion of sharper teeth in the Haverford Volstead Act; the second one took the world as its parish and strove to stir up sentiment for international peace. After due electioneering on all sides, the 1930 recorded its sentiments as emphatically against those of both Anti-Saloon League and D. A. R. Another question, that of the muddled party situation in these United States, was agitated in Collection about this time by Howard Y. Williams, of the newly-formed League for Independent Political Action. The occasion probably reached its most piquant moment when Williams pointed out that in Pennsylvania practically the whole state government was "in the hands of the corrupt coal interests"—while Tat Brown sat behind him on the platform trying bravely not to look like a lump of corrupt coal.

As always happens, college life generally struck the doldrums soon after Christmas, the only new subject of wide conversational appeal being Doggy Johnson's extended operations for the enrichment of this spring's lawns. For a full week the invariable watchword of the Lloyd Hall walk was: "Well, they seem to be getting ready for mid-years!"—uttered each time with the proud smile of conscious originality. Of other excitement there seemed to be little enough except for two unusually warm nights—one back in February and the other the eve of the Junior Prom—when spring fever reached

(Continued on page 160)



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## CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 158)

epidemic proportions. On the first occasion nothing occurred more violent than undergraduate bellowings, newspaper bonfires and garlands of toilet paper draped from the branches of the large tree near North; on the second, the usual vocal tumult was augmented by a noble physical activity which resulted in Lindsay's and Petey Martin's Fords occupying the porch of Roberts, and Hanna's bicycle the first crotch of one of the Lloyd lawn trees on Friday morning—with results from the Roberts rostrum that are easily to be imagined.

Aside from these two evenings, however, all the excitement of the second half of the current year seemed to be of the statistical sort. We beat Swarthmore, in one of the weirder track meets of 1930's experience, by exactly one-third of one point; Katz and Wray were elected president and secretary respectively of the Students' Association for next year without any great ballyhoo; the *News* board staged another of its cyclic revolutions. But that was about all. Except for the mere formal "approved" stamp of a degree, our college careers were over.

It is traditional, of course to finish off a Class History with a bit of high-flown blurb, pointing out that these last few months have been in some mystic way specially memorable and (after throwing in a few gratuitous sentimentalities about leave-takings and such like) capping the monument with *Ave atque vale* or some similar gem to prove that Latin 1 was not entirely wasted. But though this mystic-sweet-communion is undoubtedly the most touching picture for the fade-out, the harsh camera of truth breaks in with an entirely different picture. This one is largely composed of hurried measurements for caps and gowns, worryings about how to drag down a graduation present from Aunt

(Continued on page 162)

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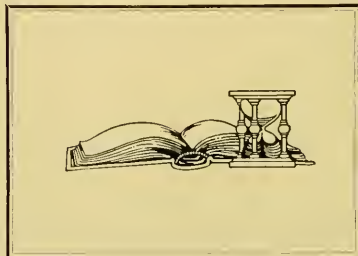
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**CLASS HISTORY**  
 (Continued from page 160)

Sadie without inviting her to Commencement, and dashing hither and yon to get one's ethics thesis finished in time. And it is on this discordant note of frenzied activity, rather than on any deep tones of calm review of the four years' span, that our Haverford careers end. To us, naturally, the four years, which have been bestowed upon us, have been a unique and interesting experience; and, no doubt, they have had their memorable moments. But there is no reason to suppose that they have been any more so than the same period was to '29 or will be to '31, and absolutely no excuse for calling on high heaven to witness that we have added something definite and precious to the world-wide spirit of brotherhood by merely accepting the gift of these four years in each others' company. Nor for invoking that worst of all alma mater songs and defying Time ever to "part the ties that ever bind the hearts of every son of Haverford": personally we would put our money on Father Time any day in the week. The four years, granted, have been pleasant, carefree, valuable, and all that; but the four years are gone, and the focus now turns from the four dreamy years behind to the forty bustling years ahead. And with these, the four years behind have very little directly to do. So, since a Class History really seems expected to conclude with some sort of pat quotation, let us be content with unpretentious English: *Good-bye to all that.*





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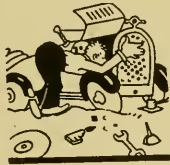


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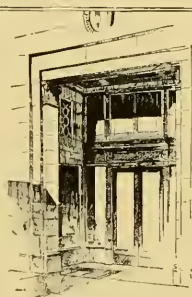
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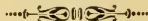
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