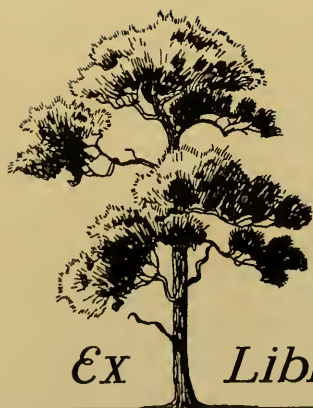


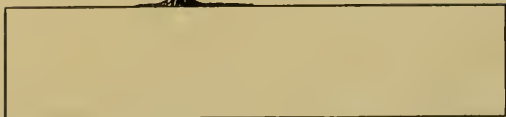
THE 1931 RECORD








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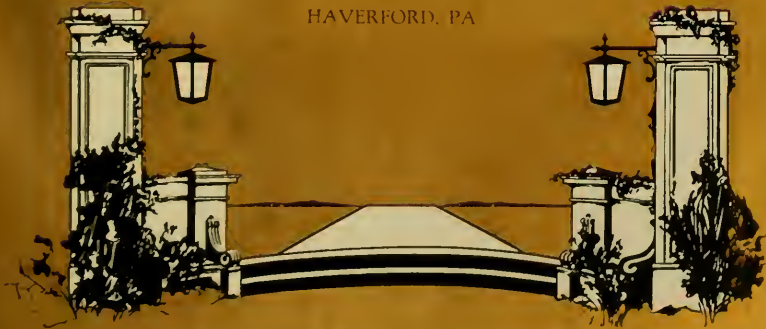
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HVERFORD, PA

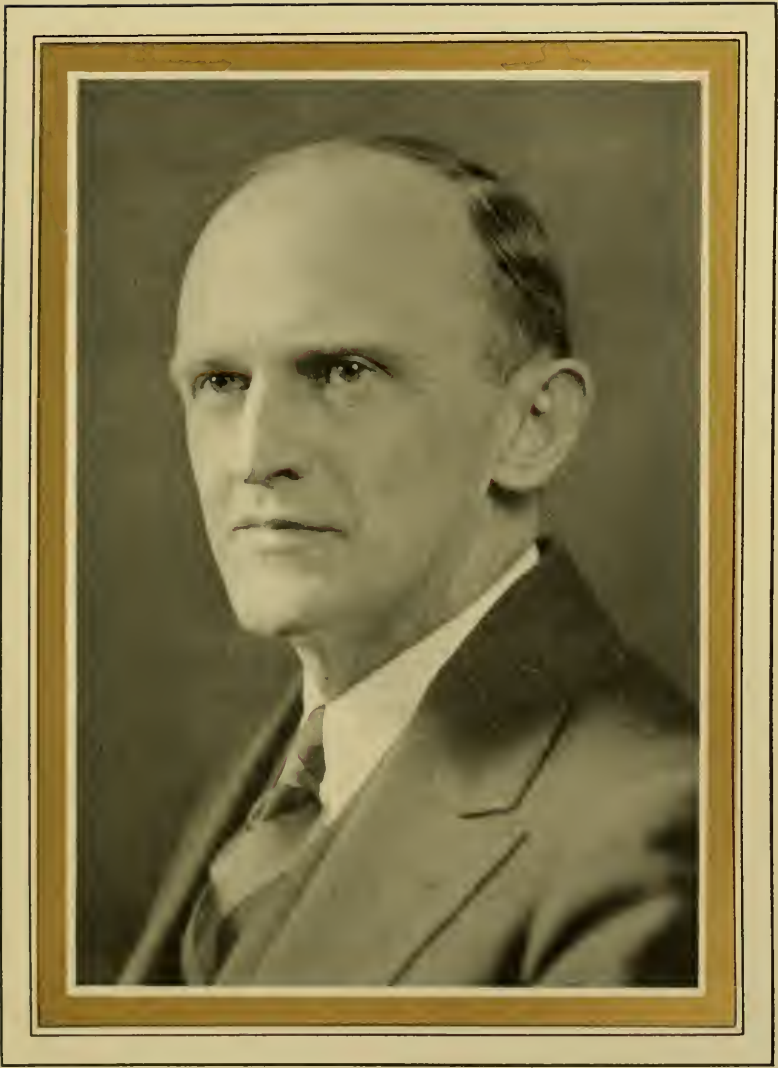


DEDICATION

TO

JOHN ALEXANDER KELLY

WHO HAS EVER BEEN A FRIEND OF
HAVERFORD, AND OF THE CLASS OF
NINETEEN HUNDRED THIRTY-ONE IN
PARTICULAR, WE DEDICATE THIS
BOOK, IN GRATEFUL APPRECIATION
OF HIS TOLERANCE AND FRIENDSHIP.



FOREWORD

BEING strong believers in tradition and what-not, the present editors felt that the 1931 RECORD should have a Foreword, since all other RECORDS have had forewords. But after the space had been left and the rest of the copy was ready to go in we found that we had no definite editorial policy about which to write a foreword, for we had forgotten to think up a creed last September—and had been working eight months with no ideal whatsoever.

The nearest approach we have been able to make to a definite stand on the vital question as to whether a yearbook should be enthusiastically collegiate or disillusionedly cynical is to fall deftly and neatly between the two positions. The articles have been written according to the tastes of the individuals who wrote them. Hence, instead of judging the book as a whole, the reader will be compelled to make separate judgments on each part.

We feel, in accordance with this cowardly compromise, that, although in the years to follow we probably shall forget each other, we may as well have our fun now and believe for the time being that ours was one of the great classes in the first hundred years of Haverford.

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1931



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LOCKHART AMERMAN

412 West End Avenue

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Born 1911

Entered from Collegiate School, N. Y., in 1927

Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager (4); Cap and Bells (2, 3, 4); Play (1, 2); Play Committee (4); Glee Club (2, 3); English Club (3, 4); Play (3, 4); Director (3, 4); Classical Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Play (1, 3); *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4), Editor (3, 4); Founders' Club (4); RECORD BOARD. 1st and 2nd Verse Prizes (3).

EXTRACTS from an unpublished drama of college life: "... Enter, with mincing steps and scholarly stoop, L. Amerman. He typifies the New Yorker gone British. (God save the King!) He is dressed in silk top hat, cutaway coat, wing collar, bow tie, and white flannels. Obviously, he has just been watching a cricket match. (Candor compels to confess, however, that the hat is Wilson's, the tie Golding's, the collar a legacy from Austin K. Gray, while the cutaway has been "borrowed" from the butler of the Amermans' exclusive Park Avenue residence. Although the trousers are so disreputable as to disclaim all ownership, they possibly were once Coach Godsell's.)

"Amerman has the high forehead of the thinker, the laughing eye of the *bon vivant*, the brain of a genius, the arms of a woman, the hands of a virtuoso, the stomach of an ox, the air of an aesthete, the morals of a college man, and the reputation of a One-Eye Connolly. Removing one of his special cigarettes from his monogrammed case, he remarks,

"I say, that match was jolly good! That great old game of cricket heats up my old ancestral blood each time I take a wicket. You know, we Lockharts used to play with other dukes and lords: we were well known, in our great day, among the Norfolk Broads... The life here bores me, with its rules concerning overcuts; give me our fine old public schools where Registrars aren't nuts! "You've cut Greek seven times this week," said Oscar Chase to me. "Oh, no," I laughed, "that wasn't Greek, that was Biology!" "

But this quotation is not altogether fair to Lock, who really does have his moments of sanity.

Unfortunately these lucid intervals are liable to occur in the dog-wagon hours of the early morning, with the result that we have only Amerman's word,—“A poor thing, Sir, but my own,” —to refute the prevailing impression, shared by the Dean, that he has an uncanny faculty for pulling the wool over the professor's eyes. When the wool is beginning to fall from the professor's eyes, Amerman dresses up in his stiff collar, practices a few epigrams, and makes a call. The wool is restored.

Lockhart is to be remembered as Haverford's Swinburne, and as the junior member of that well-known social organization, the Trinity. His voluminous contributions to the *Haverfordian* and his poetical Philosophy notes lead us to suspect that he is carried along on the wings of his mellifluous song far beyond the bounds of his own, or anyone else's, comprehension. And his friends in Philadelphia Society will testify that his marked histrionic ability has stood him in good stead, off the stage as well as on, to produce the effect among a small but distinguished coterie that he is a master of what Duggie Steere somewhat euphemistically calls the "Things That Are." Or is the Dean right?





JOHN BHASKAR APPASAMY

Ritherdon Road

MADRAS, INDIA

Born 1910

Entered from Madras Christian College in 1928

Haverfordian Board (3, 4); Classical Club; Liberal Club; RECORD Board.



IT HAS long been supposed by certain of our more naïf lower-classmen that the Fifth Entry, second floor back, must present an appearance somewhat like those celebrated Turkish corners which decorated the American home in the late nineties. It has never struck these ingenuous souls that a live Indian of the eastern variety could live in any other manner than surrounded by cushions, hookahs, tremendous diamonds, a few Sikhs, a great many taj mahals, and at least one zenana. But to their great disappointment it must be confessed that in Bhaskar's case, the oriental splendor is entirely missing—no one could be more independent than he—and the oriental mystery is for business purposes only.

And in a way, the mystery racket does Bhaskar a good turn; for as you must know, he is one of those deluded individuals who have fallen under the sway of Steere's magnetic eyes and have permitted themselves to become Philosophy majors. And it is in this field that the magic of the East stands Bhaskar in good stead. Douglas is almost respectful to him. Rufus fairly eats out of his hand—and all because he has a heritage of centuries of thought and a compatriot in the Mahatma. But it must be said in fairness to Boxcars that he never makes an extra-curricular use of this profoundness and mysticism. Besides, he has much wherewith to back it up when he does use it, for there is probably no one in college who is more widely read and certainly no one who has a better grasp of the intricacies of psychology. Bhaskar is a pornographer par excellence—few points escape him and he is a fountain of wisdom at all times on such subjects as "The Lecherous in Literature," "Scabrous Satire," or "Salacious Sonnets I Have Known." This intensified culture led unavoidably to an early election to the post of Book Reviewer on the *Haverfordian* Board from which Parnassus peak, Bhaskar has surveyed the world for two glorious years. His biting pen has brought tears to the eyes of many a budding author and we cannot doubt that he has had as strong an influence on American literature as any contributor to that famous periodical in the last few years.

Quite seriously, it has been a great pleasure to have Bhaskar among us. He is one of those blessed individuals who never depress one with their own depression. He is always ready for adventure of all sorts. He is a decided factor in raising the intellectual average of the class of 1931 . . . and he is always an addition to any bull-session he stumbles upon.





MARION ABRAHAMS ARTHUR

PORT DEPOSIT, MD.

Born 1911

Entered from Tome School in 1927

*News Board (1, 2, 3); Cricket Squad (1, 2, 3, 4);
Chemistry Club (3, 4); Engineers' Club (4).*

THERE is a story going the rounds that when Bo walked into Oscar's office to register Rhinie year Oscar stopped him and said: "Pardon me but this is Haverford College, Haverford School is over there." But Bo answered the good man back in the voice of a lad of sixteen instead of one of twelve, and Oscar retired behind his collar and pushed Alfred out to deal with this prodigy.

Marion still looks more juvenile than most of the Rhinies; but he manages to knock off the marks—and the Co-op cash register—pretty consistently. The Arthur Fog, while not so famous as the Golding Fog, is not to be overlooked. Life is all very new and wonderful to Bo, and he's the kind of a person to tell jokes to, for he giggles mildly but appreciatively and usually makes some comment, such as "Like Morgan, huh?" which no one understands but himself. But then he probably doesn't understand the joke so it's all even.

In some ways this infant is hardly human. Take, for example, the way he has demonstrated a persistently unruffled train of existence and has gone along from day to day with an uninterrupted sunniness of disposition. He has never had, to all appearances at least, one attack of the blues at any time in these four years. He has never tied himself into pretzels over an embarrassing situation. He has never once lost his temper, even during the year he roomed with Clements: a real distinction. We submit that a person like this will never be able to appreciate the old saying that variety is the spice of life. We should like very much to see him break up the furniture some day.

Bo's conversation, it is to be regretted, has not had the opportunity it might have had during his four Haverford years. First year he roomed alone. It is an even chance as to whether rooming alone improves one's line or not. The other three years he has spent with Butler and Shaw, at different times, thank God. The former's energy and the latter's persistence have all but choked any originality of his own. But, all in all, Bo is what we can honestly call "a nice boy," and he is a good catch for the sweet and managing young thing who must certainly be waiting around the corner for him—if Bo doesn't see her first!





RICHARD COLLINS BAKER

Walnut Lane
HAVERFORD, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Westtown School in 1926

Soccer, Numerals (3); "H" (4); Cricket, "H"
(2, 3).



FOR two years we knew Dick only as that red-headed day student, who seemed to spend most of his time in riding his bicycle back and forth from his home, which happens to be just around the corner. Then, for some unexplained reason, he took it into his head to move into the Barclay tower,—a far more inaccessible place than Walnut Lane,—and joined forces with the Westtown delegation. We've always wondered whether he uses his bicycle to ascend that pinnacle of Quakerism.

We do know, however, that Dick's machine has been the cause of much quiet amusement to its owner, who is gifted with a sense of humor second only to Rod Shippen's. (Yes, it's that bad.) Baker is always ready to lend his bicycle to any one who, ignorant of the fact that it has been surnamed,—and justly—the "Brakeless Wonder," wishes to borrow it for some errand or other. And then the fun begins. Smiling innocently, Dick sees his hapless victim carried off to the infirmary, and proceeds to lay his snares again.

Incidents like this are the only interruptions in the daily round for this sturdy son of the Founders. For it is pretty easy to forecast what Baker will be doing when he is not engaged in what he mistakenly considers to be joking. In the fall, lessons and soccer; in the spring, lessons and cricket; and so it goes, with an occasional round of repartee with his fellow-Westtownites. We soon learned that Dick is one of the most dependable men in the class: like the man in Cob Corson's famous monologue, he always manages to "git thar". This trait, while not exactly thrilling perhaps, is at least a relief after the odd conceits of Golding, Richardson, or some others of the more picturesque campus figures.

"Bake the Quake," as our Richard has been somewhat euphoniouly dubbed, has followed tradition closely in his choice of sports. Being both solid and stolid, and possessing an older brother prominent in the annals of Haverford cricket, Dick was the logical choice for the post of wicket-keeper. (We wonder whether he keeps it up in the Tower.) And each fall has seen him cavorting sedately about the soccer field, where the temperament of the redhead triumphed over that of the Quaker in sufficient measure to win him a letter.

A remarkable thing about Baker is his habit of speaking *v-e-r-y s-l-o-w-l-y*, a characteristic which strangely enough is reminiscent of Freddie Peck, the *débutantes'* delight and a regrettable loss to 1931. But Dick's is no calculated languor: there seems to be a genuine upheaval going on inside before the words come out. But finally, out they come, as you confidently expected they would; for Baker is to Haverford what Old Faithful is to a scarcely less interesting collection of natural phenomena.





HENRY GREGORY BARNHURST, JR.

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Born 1909

Haverford *News* (1, 2, 3, 4); Sports Editor (3); Editor-in-Chief (4); Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Tennis Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); Basketball (1, 2); Student Council (4); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Intramural Committee (4); Chairman (4); Associate Sports Editor of THE RECORD (4).

HERE is the great little man. His work on the football squad is characteristic of his progress through college. After knocking for three years at the door of a varsity position at end, where his weight (under 140 most of the season) was the only thing that kept him on the bench, Henry was shifted to guard after the Ursinus game this fall. He starred in the Susquehanna and Trinity games and was well on his way towards making a name for himself as the lightest guard in college football when a badly dislocated knee, suffered in the first half of the Johns Hopkins game, brought a sudden end to his football career.

Henry worked himself up by moves and counter-moves to the editorship of the *News* last fall. He succeeded Carl Allendoerfer, the boy prodigy from the big bad West. As editor Henry waged a good fight for the cause of public morality. Witness his first editorial last fall lambasting the 1930 RECORD. It is one of Life's Little Ironies that Henry Barnhurst should say "It's great to be dirty and rough and tough, but it doesn't get by in the long run." But as he explained at the time that was poetic license. Most of his editorials, however, were noble enough to be printed in the *American Boy*, or to be poetized by Edgar Guest in one of his worst moments. In other words Henry (in his editorials, you understand) has stood for clean American youth, and the administration of Haverford College above all.

But the big thing *Barnie* seems to have accomplished in college is to get himself embroiled in a mysterious business venture, which, as far as we can make out, involves copper. It necessitates numerous trips to St. Davids and Philadelphia. We at first thought that trips to the former place were made from another motive. But no. It appears that it was entirely—or mostly—business. It looks as though *Barnie* has the hop on those of his classmates who are going into business, simply by starting a few years ahead of them.

He should be a success judging by the dance he and Hall Conn ran last fall. In the Big Locker Robbery (the blessed event that brought Flannelfoot into our midst) that occurred in the middle of October, Henry and Hall were the chief losers. So what did they do but turn right around and announce that they were engineering a dance at the Merion Tribute House the night of the C.C.-N. Y. game. It took a lot of courage and, along about 9:30, it looked as though they were going to go under. But people kept pouring in and before another hour was up the floor was crowded and the only available seats between dances were on the chandeliers. Hall and Henry never were explicit about how much they cleared on the dance, but we have our own suspicions. Yes, Henry is a great little business man.





JOHN WILLIAM BLYTH
914 N. Fourth Street
BURLINGTON, IOWA
Born 1909



Entered from Mount Hermon School, Mass.

Football, Numerals (3), "H" (4); Track (2, 3, 4); Class Treasurer (1); Class President (3); Junior Prom Committee; Intramural Athletic Committee (1, 2); Corporation Scholar (3, 4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Play (1, 4); Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Assistant Secretary (4); Freshman Advisory Committee (3, 4); Customs Committee (4); Curriculum Committee (4); Classical Club (1, 2); Campus Club (4); Student Centenary Committee (4); Liberal Club; Senior Prom Com-

JOHN has had lots of tough luck. He was one of the most faithful men on the football squad the whole of his four years here. Those who played with him remember the fine work he did at quarterback in the Johns Hopkins night game (nightmare would express it better) last fall. But there was too much competition. No man in the class is more conscientious about his work. He just missed out by fractions of a point on another Corporation Scholarship his senior year. In the competition for a Rhodes scholarship from his own state last fall, John was one of the last seven that the field was finally narrowed down to. To have the stuff, to come that close and then miss—that's our idea of tough luck.

Johnny intends to enter the ministry. We believe that profession will be better off with a man like him in it. Not that he hasn't had his slips from grace. What about those week-ends when he used to head north? We never have believed the stories about "visiting my sister" or something. You don't go to Mt. Holyoke simply to see your sister when there's so much eligible material floating around. What about those dates with Maizie Louise? What about—oh, the list is too long. But you get the drift. John is far from being one of your sanctimonious psalm-singers. At the same time, he's no Elmer Gantry. And there you have it.

If you don't see John around for a couple of days in a row you can be pretty sure that he and Maxwell are off somewhere attending a religious conference. Since Max is entering the ministry too, he and John seem to have formed a kind of professional corporation. That was freshman year when they roomed together down in Merion. The last two years the corporation has come upon hard times, due to the fact that John migrated to Lloyd and took up his abode with two hardened old practitioners of sin: Pennypacker and Gray. (By the way, their room had more "H" certificates in it than any other room in college.) We thought at first that he did it for the purpose of reform. But time has passed and Penny does not seem to have forsaken his carnal ways. John himself has grown a lot less serious. So the change

was for the better, all right. We can just see him using Penny for an object-lesson to impress his congregation with an example of the way of the worldly world: "I am reminded of an experience my roommate in college once had." And nobody will suspect that John was along, too!





HOWARD OLIVER BUFFINGTON, JR.
216 E. 39th Street
BALTIMORE, MD.
Born 1909

Entered from Friends' School, Baltimore, in 1927

Debating (1); Mathematics Prize (1, 2); Corporation Scholar (2); Cricket (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (4); *News* (2, 3, 4).

PERMIT us to quote from that epic of modern times, *The Fairy of Faraon St.*—

"Enter clown as H. O. Buffington. He typifies the old maxim that genius is a form of insanity. He wears no necktie and appears to have slept in his clothes. Cavorting madly about the stage he sings:

We are real Hawaiians, we
Speak no English;
Hey nonny, nonny!
Fagin, youse is a viper.
That makes the cheese more binding."

While we personally feel that the above description has happily caught the true Buffingtonian quality, it would not be fair to Howard if we did not confess that all this happened years ago when we were very consciously Sophomores but newly weaned from $f(x)$'s whistle. For Howard has changed much during his sojourn at Haverford. In fact he seems to have proceeded on the basis that variety is actually the spice of life. At present he enjoys the enviable distinction of having had more roommates of every sort and kind than any one else in the class. Rhinie year, our two young entrants from Baltimore Friends, Howie and Allan Schilpp, having agreed beforehand to room together, learned the truth of the old adage—"You've made your bed, now lie in it." Sophomore year, Golding, with his usual unpredictableness, used a woman's

prerogative and changed his mind. At the end of two months time he rose up out of his bed leaving Don Clements, whom he had despicably deceived, to toss in agony upon it. This situation, lasting as it did for the rest of the year, probably explains the numerous door slammings and otherwise censorious language which disturbed the wonted peace of North Barclay's second floor. The first half of Junior year, Howard roomed with Howard. This combination not working out as well as it was anticipated, he finished out the year with Carl Schopbach—a partnership which would surely have done itself credit in early Mississippi steamboat days. Senior year he was scheduled to room with the unfortunate Cameron, so it remained for Oscar, like the benignant Santa Claus he is, to bestow the Horn of Plenty upon Howard in the form of the expansive LaDue. All of which brings us to the moral of our tale. In case we did feel like finding a moral we might say "Some are born Buffington, some attain Buffington, and some have Buffington thrust upon them."

Having gotten this off our chest, we want to wish Howard the best of luck in the amassing of his first cool million. This is not a prophecy; it is simply a *bon voyage* sentiment for someone who is setting sail for a definite destination.





JAMES WENDELL BURGER
 342 N. Tenth Street
 LEBANON, PA.
 Born 1910

Entered from Albright College in 1929

News Board (4); Field Club (4); Centenary
 Committee (4).



BUT Dr. Jones, how does this conception of Plato take the factor of evil into consideration?"

"Dr. Jones, can you account for the phenomenon of mental telepathy?"

"Professor Steere, is this theory of the emotions quite adequate? I feel that . . ."

"Dr. Palmer, why is it that light rays are always broken up into this same sequence of colors?"

Here, ladies and gentlemen, we have the philosopher from Lebanon who apparently believes that only by means of a process of Socratic argument will the Haverford College faculty be lifted up out of the morass of troubled thinking and comparative inarticulation in which it has hitherto been struggling. He is not the ordinary garden variety of bootlicker, however. (Did not the President say that no such thing exists at Haverford College?) J. Wendell is really intensely interested in everything he is doing; he is constantly coming to grips. But with a bit more imagination as to the effect which his insatiable curiosity was having upon the other members of his classes, and a slightly less insistent anxiety to have the doubtful points cleared up on the spot, he would not have been so much a victim of unfortunate misinterpretation. He would have seemed, in fact, no more offensive than one of our typical graduate students.



But all of his time has not been spent in these more serious pursuits. No indeed. Even the greatest of us must sometimes break away. Of a fine Saturday night Burger might have been seen, clad in his Sunday-go-to-Meetin's, trotting off with Boy Friend Shaw to their Happy Hunting Ground, Loeser's, where the music is great and the girls . . . hot stuff. That party provides amiable conversation for the rest of the week until it is time to go out on another bust. Just one mad whirl after another; that's life for you!

There is no doubt at all in our minds that Burger, who has always reminded us of the advertisement for Dutch Boy White Lead, will make a brilliant success of life. Although unusually conservative by nature, we do not feel that we are being unduly eulogistic when we say this. We might even go so far as to

suggest this extraordinarily keen person as a fitting successor to Mr. Steere.





THOMAS EDWARD BURNS, JR.
4109 State Road
DREXEL HILL, PA.
Born 1911

Entered from Upper Darby High School in 1927

Business Manager of THE RECORD (4); Vice-President of Class (4); Corporation Scholar (4); Dance Committee (2); Freshman Football; Class Day Committee.

AN INSANE torrent of profanity, a resounding crash, a bull-like bellow, more and still more wild profanity, and the evening fight is on! All North Barclay rushes to the third floor where Sophomore Ray, abetted by Sophomores Houston and Wilt, has begun the evening workout on Barnacle Bill the Sailor. The incensed but helpless Burns lies upon the floor tied into interesting knots by his affectionate buddies, his naked, manly chest smeared with a generous piece of Maw Patterson's cherry pie. The shattered remnants of a tumbler lie helter-skelter, and we realize what has happened when we hear Ray, in quite unprintable language, inquire if he is ever going to do it again.

Burns led a hard life that year, but it did him good, physically at least. He is still a sad offender when it comes to puns and humming and he has proved by his persistence in these two forms of self-entertainment that even Houston and Wilt must bow before his indomitable will. The feud has broken out even during the dignified Senior year, but it is really only for old times' sake.

Everybody up! Here is the perfect Haverfordian, the perfect scholar, the perfect gentleman, the epitome of all the Founders hoped. Burns has never, to our knowledge, been over-cut, he has never been forced to appear before Dreadful Dean Tat. His marks are high, mostly "A's." He is the pride and joy of the Horse and the Doll, and his economics lectures have lessened their labors to an unbelievable extent. Along with Wilson, he is a college fashion plate, for he has all of MacDonald and Campbell's at his beck and call. With these handicaps, do you not find it strange that Burns has not developed into a prig? Of course Houston and Wilt may have had a greater influence that one might at first suspect, but more than this, one feels that his unspoilable charm has rescued him and has made possible that it be said (and who does not say?) that he is a good guy and always will be.

In passing it might be well to say that to Burns is due all credit for the very existence of this delightful volume of remembrances. For all the photographers and literary lights in all the world could not have brought the masterpiece before you had not our Tommy chased ads all over the place and organized a capable staff to go out and do likewise.





JOHN GEORGE BUTLER
1427 Montague Street, N. W.
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Born 1909



Entered from Eastern High School, Washington,
D. C., in 1927

Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3); Band (1, 3, 4); Cap
and Bells Club; RECORD Board Accountant; Vice-
President, Christian Union; Chamber Music (1);
Orchestra of Hugh the Drover (2); Spoon Com-
mittee.

WHEN the band begins to play, my boys—then it is that our musical virtuoso steps into the sunlight and while the milling thousands in the grandstand cheer, the big horn-carrying Butler marches around the field gurgling "Haverford Forever." It is true that we do not know whether it is the horn or Georgie that emits the big boom boom but what matter. The effect is quite marvelous. The bass horn, the cornet, trombone, fiddle or cymbals all yield to Georgie's deft manœuvering—so does Little Dog Tray—of which more anon. But Georgie's magna vox lies in his own vocal chords. If you can't hear Georgie's plaintive call in Wayne you must be in Valley Forge.

This only begins the long list of George's various talents. As a Butler he ranks among our foremost waiters. Georgie Porgie Pudding and Pie (though we seldom have Porgie since the depression set in) is a cheering sight in the dining room where cheers are very common but light wines very scarce. Georgie's only weakness, and we forgive him this, is his tendency to serve Haverford's Graduate School before his beloved classmates. Occasionally this oversight severely and unfavorably affects the rations of the '31 men. But fortitude is a necessary virtue in the Commons. And yet again Georgie appears. This time he is our wise man bearing gifts and traveling afar. Of course he really doesn't go so far and the gifts are only the *Bulletin* or *Evening Ledger* but who would kick a gift Norse—particularly a broad-faced, blond-haired, blue-eyed, smiling one.

Then there is the famous Butler walk. Perhaps another generation of Butlers will spread the cult—at the moment there is only George. If you can combine the walk of C. Chaplin with that of a Mongolian idiot, you are able to do "the Butler" or in the vulgar colloquialism of the day, you are not walking but buting—perfectly awful if you stutter.

George, being one of those good-hearted guys and a stout upholder of the Christian Union besides, went around pleading for peace last summer. He spent two or three months giving lectures on the evils of war—why he bothered to travel is beyond us. If he'd stand on top of the Chrysler Building and murmur his speeches, farmers in New Hampshire would have to put cotton in their ears—when he slept down at the Philadelphia Shelter for the Unemployed he talked in his sleep and scared Mayor Mackey (sleeping two floors above) skinny.





WILLIAM EDWARD CADBURY, JR.
408 E. Woodlawn Avenue
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1927

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Basketball (1, 2); Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4) "H" (3, 4); Class Secretary (2); Chemistry Club, President (4); Centenary Committee; Corporation Scholarship (2, 3); Triangle Society; Class Day Committee.

WHEN Bill walked in for his physical examination at the beginning of Rhinie year, Doc Taylor glanced at him and said, "Go in the next room and take your clothes off." To which Bill thundered in the best Cadbury manner, "I have no clothes on!" Besides his remarkable hirsute development, Cadbury displayed another outstanding characteristic early in Freshman year, viz.: the ability to sit on the end of his spine with his feet on the table and convey the impression that he is a combination of (1) the authors of the "Debaters' Manual", (2) the man behind Uncle Billy, and (3) God. He has nurtured this ability so well that we still take his opinion on anything under the sun (which phrase doesn't quite cover all the things he has opinions on) and later realize that we knew all along he was wrong. But sometimes we've caught Bill without his circle of worshippers and he's stepped down and talked to us for hours, and it's been fun. Which just goes to show that we're all only human after all, aren't we?

It is safe to say that Bill can do more work, with the appearance of less effort than anyone at Haverford—while across the hall Otto is doing less work with the appearance of more effort. It's all part of the Cadbury myth. He can take an active, nay, a leading part, in any bull session, keeping an innocent looking little hook before him. When we have finished hearing why Chesterfield's are the best cigarettes, why all others are lousy, and what is wrong with the Chevrolet car, we discover that the Master has, while teaching his followers, been learning some Chemistry himself.

Cadbury's sole god is the God of the Oolate Spheroid. Football is king; long live football. He is a member of the select society of football players who think they are members of the select society of football players.

And those who don't defend Haverford's fair name in football aren't worthy of consideration. With the same spirit Bill wanted to indulge in a pants fight Sophomore year. It wasn't a childish gladiatorial show for the benefit of Dave Bevan and a few others—no, it was for the honour of '31, for red-blooded, virile American youth, for God, for country, and for pants. At the end of three minutes Cadbury was in the same state as described in the first paragraph, and thus earned for himself the sobriquet of "Sophomore ape-man."

One other tenet in the Cadbury Creed is "One woman at one time." The woman is usually miles away so Bill had to tear along in Fritzie, smashing all kinds of speed records, and never getting caught.

Masland, anxious to learn how to grow a beard, roomed with Cadbury Rhinie year. Still anxious to learn about beards he roomed with him Sophomore year and bought a husky straight razor and strop. He used to spend many an hour stropping the razor, stroking his chin hopefully, and then walking away forlornly. At the beginning of Junior year, desperate, and just dying to try his new razor he roomed with both Conn and Cadbury. Now he has to take his razor down to Ardmore to be honed every other week.





DONALD LOGAN CLEMENTS
822 Holland Avenue
WILKINSBURG, PA.
Born 1908

Entered from Wilkinsburg High School in 1927

Haverfordian Board (4); RECORD Board; Class Day Committee.



THE scene is Chase Hall—the time, any quarterly exam period. About fifteen minutes after things have gotten well under way, there comes from the quarter of the room occupied by Don Clements a series of remarkable noises—low ominous, mutterings and hissings, like the splutterings of a Chevrolet on a cold winter's morning, intermingled with a strange "ssh-ing" sound. At exactly twenty-five minutes past the hour these murmurings invariably reach (if we may mix our metaphors) the boiling points and Donald rises in a towering rage, jams his little red book into the desk and stalks out of the room in high dudgeon with an expression somewhere between calm fatality and unfettered rage. If '31 had had to judge Don by his conduct during exams and other such public functions, we would have little to show but a sharply-etched picture of "Temperament", alive, erect, and walking on its hind legs. But there is far sterner stuff in Donald Clements. Clements the Man, when considered from every angle, turns out to be Clements the poet, Clements the gourmet, Clements the genius of criticism, Clements the theatrical devotee, Clements the book-collector, Clements the anti-Prohibitionist, Clements the _____ (fill this out for yourself, and win a great big prize). After you have once mastered the mutterings and "ssh-ings" it's all clear sailing with Donald. The best way to quiet him down is to pack him off to hear a Mozart String Quartette or a nice little Beethoven Symphony, or let him follow the lithe movements of Katherine Cornell from the heights of Parnassus, or is it the Peanut Gallery?

Clements has done various things not recognized with official honors. He has been interior decorator for Mrs. Petey Lockwood, scrubman for Mrs. F(x) and midwife for Mrs. Snyder's Collie's pups. (Every hour at fifty cents, college rates, has meant half a gallery ticket to one of Philadelphia's palaces of the dramatic art.) Clements is the unsuccessful aluminium peddler of Haverford, and the successful hitch-hiker to his not entirely beloved Home Town. He is the most enthusiastic bicycler of the class, protesting that he really enjoys a ride down to Philadelphia by way of Lancaster Pike. He is the self-appointed class atheist who in one breath can vehemently

declare he does not believe in God and in the next state in quite as determined a manner that he enjoys Meeting.

He feels that the climax of his college career came one day when the "Chairman" of the English Department called him Donald at least five times the same afternoon. He had made good.





SAMUEL HALL CONN
5026 Saul Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Frankford High School in 1927

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Captain (4); Class Vice-President (1); Class President (1); Student Extension Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Co-Chairman (4); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Instrumental Club (2, 3, 4); Class Dance Committee (1, 2); Executive Athletic Committee (4); Triangle Society.

WHEN Hall starts to tell you a joke there are two things you can do. You can either put on your Peter Rabbit expression and prepare yourself for something that is going to involve spinach, or—if you can't spare the hour and a half—you can think up some bad pun and leave him wrinkling his nose. A pun will always stop him.

Where he gets his jokes was a mystery to us until one day we got the low-down from someone—we've forgotten whom. It seems that Hall has the remarkable faculty for remembering every joke he ever hears, no matter where he hears it. Sometimes, if it's a particularly good one, he'll write it down. That's why he has a new one nearly every day. The quantity is thus uniform. As to the quality—well—as Groucho Marx says, "You can't expect a good one every time."

Hall likes to do things all at once. He will consume a package of cigarettes one after the other and then not touch another for months. He does his best studying for a mid-year or a final in the half-hour before the exam—from eight-thirty to nine. Then he comes strolling into the exam room a little past nine, probably laughing over some joke he has just run across in his notes. He pursued, till this year, the same policy with women. He set out to establish the record of never having brought the same girl to more than two dances. This ran merrily along till the end of his junior year. Then, last summer—oh cruel fate—he met what he claims to be HER. She thinks his sense of humor is awful. Well, we wouldn't put it that harshly, but we've certainly seen better. Anyway, Hall's forgotten all about the record. He can lay claim to another, though. He's rarely been known to get to a dance on time. You can usually count on him to show up around the eighth. There was one dance he did get to on time, come to think of it, the one he and Bernie gave at Merion Tribute after the C.C.N.Y. game last fall. But then he had no date.

Hall has a miraculous knack for hitting a 70 average. In fact, he's so good he can hit a 65 average and not flunk a thing! If you should say, "Gosh, that was a close call, Sam," he'll laugh and say, "I told you it'd be around 70." And 70 it was, right to the 0!

His knack for hitting an opposing tackle won him an end berth in his junior year, and the captaincy in his senior. The fact that he had played four years under Doc Geiges, Haverford's new coach, at Frankford High, made the team's adjustment to a new order of things a lot easier. Hall played every second of the first six games last fall, and in two of them he got a crack in the opening kick-off that kept him out of things till the following Saturday. That sort of spirit speaks for itself.

Hall and his mustache have been the main-stay of the Musical Clubs at the piano. The Haverfordians, too. He can shift from classical music to jazz with no trouble at all, even though he is inclined to render the former in terms of the latter. This year he has had a piano up in the second entry, from which the soft pedal (we suspect) was removed.





ALFRED ROSS CRAWFORD

40 Pleasant Street

MARLBOROUGH, MASS.

Born 1908

Entered from Lafayette College in 1928

Football (2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); *Haverfordian* (2); *News* (4); Cast of "The Dover Road" (3) and "The Queen's Husband" (4); Junior Prom Committee, RECORD Board; Triangle Society.



BEHOLD! The pride and wonder of the Class of 1931. The man who passed French 4 and never once wore a coat to class. It's always been a wonder to us that he wears anything to class at all.

Albie transferred from Lafayette Sophomore year and gave Our Will many unhappy hours. He was pretty good looking, had a nice enough voice, and didn't bite people he met, but Will just couldn't believe he could be human and wear those clothes. Cadbury's theory is that Albie looks better as is, than most everyone else does in his best oxford-grey and we sort of agree with him at that. Nevertheless once he carried it too far.

In the game, Junior year, he got a little too Bohemian for the public decency and had to be surrounded by Harry Fields and a few others while an extra pair of pants was hastily hoisted into place.

If a hair on Crawford's head gets to be over three-eighths of an inch long, Albie rushes down and has it lopped off (the hair, not the head). The Crawford hair-cut and the Cadbury shave are on a par.

Senior year Al blossomed out as a columnist. A crack that Harris made in the Crow's Nest about people that went around with their knickers unbuckled rankled so that Al decided to take over the column himself. During the whole of the year he and Harris have been waging war on each other through the medium of their columns. Albie so far has the advantage. His comes out every week, Harris says.

And have you ever seen him with children? To see Polly Longstreth walking along clutching Albie's hand with a small grimy paw is to see Crawford at his best. She's so fond of him that everytime she sees anyone—from Harry Fields to Bob Barnhurst—with an "H" on a black sweater she shouts "Ooooooh, Al."

All in all, Alfred Ross is an asset to the class in spite of his puns. It isn't everyone that can play football as well as he can—dance as well as he does—and get away with a sweater in Uncle



Billy's class .





GEORGE BARNES EDGAR
2316 E. Dauphin Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1910

Entered from Frankford High School in 1927

Track "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Freshman Track; Cross-Country (1); Basketball (1, 4); Golf (2, 3, 4); Class Soccer (3, 4); Class Football (3, 4); Football Dance Committee (4); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Personnel Manager of Musical Clubs (4); Cast "Devil's Disciple" (4); Cap and Bells Play (4).

GEORGE is the shorter and his face is shorter. The thing that we admire most about him is that ever since May 17, 1910 he has been hearing poor jokes about twins and has never once bashed anyone in the eye for it. In fact, he's never looked as if he wanted to bash someone in the eye for it. Perhaps in those early days he squirmed a bit more than most babies but now he doesn't even squirm when you come up and say "Hello Bob".

George achieved everlasting fame early this year when he wrote a mighty tome on "Beth Shemesh" for Elihu. The paper was to count for the whole quarter's mark, or almost that, and George got an "F". Elihu knows too much about Beth.

We've always liked to watch George run the two-mile. We like to see anybody run the two-mile but knowing George makes it even more interesting. What does he think about as he goes around? Our own bet is that he works bridge problems in his head.

The question of attendance and fines is a vital one for him. There's no chance of cutting a glee club rehearsal and getting away with it, with Simon Legree Edgar on the trail. What the glee club does with the fines George extorts is beyond us. Probably go to make up the money the Cap and Bells is supposed to keep losing. As the young minister George scored a big hit in "The Devil's Disciple". At the end of the second act his acting grew to such tremendous heights that the stone rafters of Goodhart fairly rang. Never have we heard anyone shout so—unless, perhaps, it was the old lady in the first act!

Both George and Bob have been on Lauming's golf squad for three years. George coached golf Sophomore year. Shane avers that he learned about golf from George. If what Harris calls "golf" is the same thing George teaches we'd strongly advise against taking any lessons from him.

George is just full of ideas on everything and there's nothing you can do to stop him from expressing them. Many of his beliefs conflict with Bob's and then all spectators might as well clear out of the room. You can't understand what they're saying to each other and you wouldn't like to hear it if you did.





ROBERT FISHER EDGAR
2316 E. Dauphin Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1910



Entered from Frankford High School in 1927

Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); 880 Record and Mile Record; Basketball (3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Golf (2, 3, 4); J. V. Soccer (4); Cross-Country (1); Cap and Bells Club; Business Manager of Play (4); Campus Events Committee (2, 3); Chairman (4); Customs Committee (2, 3).

BOB is the taller, and his face is longer. The thing we admire most about him is that ever since May 17, 1910 he has been hearing poor jokes about twins and has never once bashed anyone in the eye for it. In fact, he's never looked as if he wanted to bash someone in the eye for it. Perhaps in those early days he squirmed a bit more than most babies but now he doesn't even squirm when you come up and say "Hello George".

Bob is Business Manager of the Cap and Bells play and follows the old tradition of proclaiming to the world in general that the Cap and Bells loses money. This losing money business has been going on for years but the Cap and Bells manages to survive—even to branch out and give plays with Bryn Mawr.

This year, due to an extensive tour taken by Bob and Bill Maier the play is going to be given in Hood and Goucher. We suspect a little inside pull on Bob's part down at Hood, but, as Escher remarks apropos of Foreign Exchange, all is grist to the mill. How they got the Wilson date is beyond us—perhaps it necessitated even more library work than usual. Anyhow Bob's going to have a busy spring trying to see that the Cap and Bells isn't gypped by some wily female. Senior year he became a member of the most asinine of all societies, Delta Alpha. Bob never seemed to have all the qualifications for membership, for he really gets a lot done. How any member of Delta Alpha can hold both the mile and the half-mile record is beyond us. And on the basketball floor he never gives the appearance of being a charter-member. Perhaps Bob has one of these "air-tight compartment" minds that Duggie is always talking about.



In Bob's alphabet there is no letter "l". It may look like an "l" on the printed page, but it's a "w" to Bob. A llama-hair coat is a wama-hair coat to him. This unfortunate substitution has provoked much harmless fun for almost everyone—except Bob, who doesn't seem to think it's such a scream. But it is one way of marking him—sort of a Shibboleth—if you're not quite sure whether he is Bob just ask about the lecherous lover who lied to his

loved one, or something like that.

If he says "What wecherous wover?" it's Bob. On the other hand if he says, "No, that sounds good, tell me about it," it's George.





JOHN THOMPSON EMLEN, JR.
36 West School Lane
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1908

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1927

Scientific Society, Secretary (1); Field Club (2, 3);
President (4); Class Treasurer (3); Photographic
Editor of *News* (2, 3); Curriculum Committee (3);
Track Squad (1, 2, 3, 4).

IT'S a bald-headed eagle."

And Johnny, even if his own house is afire will stop the car, grab the ever-present glasses and scan the sky in search of a speck. Birds have ruled his life. Hiatt, compared to Emlen, is a mere tyro in ornithology. As day dawns Johnny leaps out of bed with a glad shout "Maybe I'll see a bird today" dresses hurriedly and mounts his bicycle. Two hours later he will return for breakfast filled with glorious memories of the *Fringillidae* and the *Planesticus Migratrius* he saw. Then after breakfast he opens his mail consisting mainly of acknowledgements by the Government of reports of bird-banding activities. In class he probably sketches out his next week's speech before the American Ornithological Society or wherever it is he lectures.

Every now and then he takes a pair of pliers and rides home to Germantown on his bicycle. He used to have to stop every time the back wheel began to fall off. Now through long practice he can tighten it up when he's riding.

Mention should be made of the trips to various Central American countries which Johnny has made. All were in the interest of Science, of course and most of his time was taken up by the work of the expeditions. But every now and then he lets a remark slip which makes us suspect he's not entirely innocent of some of the grand old Central American pastimes and conventions.

Johnny's life up to this year has been a simple one. The constant passing of birds overhead had given him little time for other activities. And he had to go to bed early each night in order not to miss a bird in the morning. But he's come out for track long and faithfully and he's had time to be photographic editor of the *News* for awhile. His ear was deaf to the call of social gaieties until this year. Senior year has marked the stepping-out of Johnny. His face is a familiar one at College dances now and usually he has a different girl each time. Some of these days he's going to stop the car on the way home and say:

"Let's sit here and look for birds!"





FRANK WINSLOW ELLIOTT FARR
Railroad Avenue
BRYN MAWR, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Haverford School in 1927

Blazer Committee (3).



A NICE lad, this, with a permanent and slightly inane grin and an obnoxious and highly annoying veneration for the works of Jung and his gang and the efficacy of psycho-therapy as a universal cure-all. The thing that hurts is that he is really an awfully good sort. You can't blame Elliott entirely, though, for there has been something all together fatalistic about his destiny so far—what with a father who is a psychiatrist and a brother who ambles around referring to Freud as "Him" and the "Master". Strange to say, the sum total of this environment seems to have had little effect upon Elliott's tastes, beyond instilling in him a love of the sea and the unquenchable desire to circumnavigate the globe in a Norwegian fishing boat. And, by the way, it simply must be both Norwegian and broad—Elliott likes them broad and sea-worthy whether or not they look like Noah's Ark. (Witness the copies of *Yachting* lying around the 5th entry, which were not brought there, as far as we are able to ascertain, by Joe Blanchard or James Lawrence.) This last more than redeems Elliott in our sight. We, too, have entertained speculations about cruising, but we are usually content to make Newport our destination and dream about the islands of Cathay. But of course Elliott wants to see and feel and grub about in the sand of the South Sea Isles; the point is, that he probably will someday. However, he's your man if the marine motor should balk. He can coax anything that runs on oil to move—even when he has no tools.

Of course, it must be borne in mind that F. W. E. is a disciple of Steerism, but only, we believe for reasons of state, unknown to *hoi polloi*. It is our private opinion that if he ever did give vent to his real opinions in the presence of Douglas, the Philosophy Dept. would suffer a severe shake-up, due to a very serious case of disillusionment. But our Elliott, being wiser than he looks, bides his time and holds his tongue.

A loss to Pop Haddleton's "leggers" and the pride and joy of one Arlington Evans who was wont to exhibit him to the assembled populace as the perfection of "abdominal strength," Elliott is distinguished as being the proud possessor of one of the most presentable pairs of biceps in the college, and for being the

only Haverfordian who though living practically on the Campus, seems to prefer Ma Patterson's bed and board to his own home during those delightfully empty periods—college week-ends. You'll hear from this boy someday. God in heaven knows what you'll hear but at any rate—you'll hear. It may not be over profound, but it will certainly be new. We are banking on the smile: it may be rather foolish, but it is pleasant in small doses.





ROBERT LINCOLN FARR

Railroad Avenue

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Haverford School in 1927

HERE, for subjectless essayists, is a good topic for a monograph on The Importance of Being Earnest about Trifles. If you maintain the impossibility of spending long hours of solitude in flipping a playing card from one end of the room to the other, bending a metal coat-hanger into divers shapes, or playing with a little piece of curved leather then here is your living refutation. In a sense never realized by Newton, the Deacon (see diagram above) could manipulate sea shells eternally without throwing a glance at the ocean of things beyond. For, Deacon, fortified with a potent draught of milk and brushing aside the conventional studies of Calculus, Metaphysics and Biology (ducksoup to our hero) will apply himself to the serious construction of paper boats or of saying in an adoring voice to an empty room time without number: "There in the middle of the ball-room floor stood the most beautiful girl I have ever seen".

In his Rhinie year Deek fell an easy prey into the toils of Cresson Davis. They roomed together in Merion, and life became an eternal play-time punctuated by goosing parties and other disreputable contests. Cresson and Deacon frequently disturbed the peace of the Library and incurred the wrath of Amy and Jean because of these regrettable games. In our Sophomore Year many a dull afternoon in Bug Lab. was enlivened by the sight of the enraged Deacon chasing Cresson with the noisome clam upon which in its unbroken state Cress had contrived to have his pal bestow his rear. Junior year, Deacon dwelt among the ruins of Mussey's old room in Founders but whereas that precocious wizard had lived among a medley of papers, dirty clothes and magical apparatus, our shining light preferred broken pictures, dirty clothes and milk bottles. Milk is, you see, his favorite tippie and both in and out of the dining hall, Deek can be seen quaffing flowing bowls that would

reduce many a strong man to inactive turgidity. Many a deb and sub deb has been cruelly deceived by the infantile and good humored aspect of this man's face, seemingly so cherubic, but capable of making some very corroding wisecracks. When he is awake Bob's idea of a profession is architecture. Whether this choice is prompted by his liking for a young lady whose paternal constructor is an architect, or whether her Gothic beauty appeals to the architect in Deacon we are not prepared to say but if he ever rolls up his sleeves and comes alive we predict that he may yet rebuild Barclay Hall and thus remove that blight from this ancient campus.





ROBERT WARD GABRIEL

QUARRYVILLE, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Franklin and Marshall Academy in
1927

Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club;
Haverfordian Business Board (1, 2); Co-operative
Store, Assistant Manager (2, 3); Manager (4);
Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Numerals (2); Press Club;
Engineering Club.



DURING Bob's career at Haverford College he has been made the butt of two bad jokes. One is his home town. Rather we should say the name of his home town, Quarryville, for no one else, to our knowledge has ever had enough courage to go there. The supposition must be, of course, that no really urbane person could possible hale from a place with such a name. But the absurdity of this is soon seen when one glances at Bob during one of the higher social functions of the college. To see him then takes away all point from any joke of this kind. Which, for all we know who are without a Haverfordian sense of humor, may be the whole point after all.

The other joke is even poorer to our way of thinking. That is the nonsensical conception that this lad's name is funny. "Angel this" and "Angel that" we used to hear Gentleman Johnny Blyth say over and over again during the two years he roomed with Bob, who is obviously not an emissary from any deity. And then there was the lady friend of Westerman's, who, arranging a blind date, told Ted to bring along "that nice little boy with the funny name". Again we hold ourselves open to condemnation for our lack of sense of humor, but as usual we think we are right. Who else will if we don't, for Bob himself would be the last person in the world to spoil anyone's pleasure. He is one of those so-often-to-be-avoided creatures, a sunshine boy. He is not inhumanly so; he has been known to fly off the handle several times. But usually his countenance and disposition are almost militantly pleasant and joy-spreading. He does it quite successfully, too. So many of these joyousness-at-any-cost people are quite impossible to have around, but the Angel (there we go ourselves!) is not of this extreme variety of the species. A proof of this may be seen in the engaging array of decorative females he has displayed at different times at the dances.

This dogged, and, to be honest, we must also say sincere, amiability has served Bob in good stead as manager of the Co-op store. Few more thankless jobs for an honest man are to be found on the campus. When Bob was promoted to the headship of this important Haverford institution, he found things in a deplorable state. We do not care to give a detailed description of the case. Added to the existent condition of the books was the still prevalent financial panic which extended even to the undergraduate body. After conferences with such great minds as the Dean's and the President's, the book-selling agency was transferred to the establishment of McCawley and Company of Haverford where the clerical attractions were greater for a goodly number of us (just ask Golding), and with it went most of Bob's worries. He has done such a good job in the rehabilitation that the new manager has found much easier going than Bob had.

To finish this tribute, we might say that Gabriel also ran. We shall not soon forget those flying stalwart legs of his.





DONALD LUTHER GIBSON
2805 Haverford Road
ARDMORE, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Drexel Institute in 1929

News Board (3, 4); Circulation Manager (3); Assistant Business Manager (4); Instrumental Club (3, 4); Band (3, 4); Chemistry Club; Cap and Bells.

DONALD LUTHER is an abstraction, he is probably the far-famed 'man in the street' or the mild little fellow whom the cartoonists label the Public. At the same time the world's work could never go on if a sucker was not born every minute and so we must be properly grateful for our Gibsons, pat them on the back and urge them to carry on.

Don entered the College Junior year sponsored by Phi Beta Gresimer but while his pal steadily absorbed the Baron's dates and data he has been content to mess around the Chem. Lab. and labor mightily over German. He also took to tooting a mean clarinet in the Band, chiefly, we should suppose, in self-defense. This should not be held against him since he practises at home and reserves such exquisite torture for his nearest and dearest. As a day student Junior year he spent his spare seconds in Founders using it as a cloak room. One evening he returned from Chem. Club to get his coat and cap. The coat was safe but the cap had been used for a purpose for which it had probably not been originally designed, and so just another poisonous bonfire lit up the historic corridors of Founders. Another break in the wrong direction that Don had, was last summer when he was working for a service station in Ardmore. One dark night a couple of well dressed gentlemen dropped in for a little gas. The innocent Luther arose to satisfy their wants when all on a sudden he felt the cold muzzles of two automatics prodding against his ribs. They backed their victim against a wall and forced him to disgorge seventeen dollars and some cents (they must have wanted to pay their class dues) and hastily withdrew. We are glad to be able to report that the Service Company believed this story and charged the loss up to overhead. Though prognostication is always a questionable art we feel fairly confident in predicting that Life to Gibson, when he is not spilling acid in Chem. Lab. (he is to be a chemist, God willing) will consist of a series of hold-ups, first and always by the income tax people, then by the woman who wants him for a husband, and lastly and eternally by the little flock who want lollipops and picture shows. Of such are the United States of America.





JOHN THORN GOLDING

Windmill Lane

HYANNIS, MASS.

Born 1909

Entered from St. Joseph Junior College in 1927

Classical Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Vice-President (3); President (4); Cast of Play (1, 3); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3, 4); Editor (4); Glee Club (2, 3); English Club (3, 4); Cast of "Hamlet" (4); Cricket Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Founders' Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Cast of Plays (4); Corporation Scholar (3); RECORD Board (4); Liberal Club (4).



SCENE: Golding's room. **TIME:** Three minutes before the train leaves. Surrounded by a welter of discarded clothing, John is vainly struggling with his necktie. With the aid of all the residents of the Seventh Entry, and one or two passers-by attracted by the commotion, our hero triumphs over his recalcitrant cravat, only to discover he has forgotten his collar buttons. (A minor detail for one whose mind is constantly occupied with the Higher Things.) Another delay, and he is off in a cloud of powder, his garters stuck into his coat pocket and his shirt tails flapping merrily. In an instant, however, he is back to borrow carfare.

Scenes like the above have been enacted so frequently during the past four years that the Golding Fog has become traditional. Having worked his way into your good graces by a vaguely benevolent manner, he will ask you to take a walk with him at half past four: but when you arrive at the rendezvous you will find him gone off to tea at Bryn Mawr, leaving three others dangling like yourself. It is little things like this which make knowing him a constant joy.

And yet, in spite of his perpetual coma, our John has risen to great heights at Haverford. This is no mean feat for one who, although he has tried to conceal by affecting a silk hat and what he fondly believes is a moustache, going around with Wilson and Amerman, and referring to his Eastern background, is really a product of the lonely lowlands of Missouri. Having bamboozled the *Haverfordian* board into sharing his firm conviction that he is a master of prose style, he was admitted to their councils and eventually succeeded to the editorship. And under him the Classical Club has bloomed like the rose; though we suspect Pete Lockwood has had his hands full. Unfortunately space does not permit us to mention other aspects of John's picturesque career: Golding the slinger of bull, the social-light, the Corp Scholar, the yachtsman, the cricketer, the Oxonian. At all events, he is one of the biggest men on the campus in some respects: but won't it be fun, when he is Bishop, to slip up to him and whisper, "Remember that night at the Greek's?"





JOHN HENRY GRAY, JR.
182 North Broadway
YONKERS, N. Y.
Born 1909

Entered from Shanghai American School in 1927

Tennis (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Soccer (2, 3, 4); "H" (2, 3, 4); J. V. (1); Class Football (2, 3); Freshman Track Team; Intramural Basketball and Baseball (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Play (1, 3, 4); English Club Plays (3, 4); Classical Club Play (1, 2); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Chemistry Club (2); Cap and Bells Club (1, 2, 3, 4); English Club (3, 4); Classical Club (1, 2, 3); Founders' Club (3, 4).

SOME four years ago the traditional calm of Haverford was broken by reports from China, of all places, concerning a tremendous break that the college was going to get. Jack Gray, the pride of the Shanghai American School, a six-letter man, (or was it seven?), a brilliant student, and a prince of good fellows, was coming to Haverford. Lulled into a false sense of security by this advance publicity, the authorities cast precedent to the winds and admitted Gray on faith, his credentials having been conveniently lost on their way around the world. Personally we have always felt that it was because he realized the awful consequences of this *faux pas* that Fritzie Palmer shortly resigned as Dean.

To return to our hero, he was not long in establishing a reputation, based on delusions concerning his prowess, delusions which, strangely enough, were shared by Jack himself. And it has been his persistence in clinging to the long-abandoned myth of Gray the Great that has won for him unanimously the presidency of that sterling coterie, the Hammers Club. A glance at a few of these grandeur illusions may be of use in trying to solve Haverford's Chinese puzzle:

1. An athlete? It was only natural that the son of the "father of physical education in India" should be destined to win his greatest triumphs on the playing fields of old Haverford. Indeed, we have it on the highest authority, (guess who!) that he could make any team in college. But fortunately for the others, he has confined his activities to tennis, where no one has dared dispute him the Virginia Cup since he had the nerve to win it as a Rhinie, and to soccer. In the latter sport he has adhered steadfastly to the Chinese school of play, which enables him to meet all criticisms with the remark that they don't know anything about playing soccer in this country, anyway.

2. An actor? Gray's idea of a smooth performance is to stride up and down the stage, blinking his eyes rapidly and exclaiming "Hallo theyah!" in his own peculiar brand of Shanghai-Oxonian. The result is that no matter whether it be *The Dover Road*, *Hamlet*, or *The Devil's Disciple*, the interpretation he gives is always Jack Gray, and no one else.

3. A scholar? After getting an A in French 1,—a snap if there ever was one,—Jack decided he was cut out to be a boulevardier and linguist *par excellence*, and chose French as his major. He was soon to find, however that the south side of Roberts Hall housed a better man than even he, with the result that ever since he has taken an abnormal amount of snap courses in order to balance his French marks and bring his average up to a mere 85.

4. A devil with the women? Do they fall for the big, handsome, athletic man? Just ask him. Every fresh conquest, he assures us, is but an incident in the Life of the Great Lover. But we rather suspect that some of his victims wish he would put more brains and less brawn into his tactics.

Shorn of his aura of glory, stripped of his reputation Gray emerges as the typical clean-cut American youth. You know the type. Beautiful,—but dumb.





JOHN DUBOSQ GRESIMER

2525 Bryn Mawr Avenue

ARDMORE PARK, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from University of Pennsylvania in 1928

Varsity Debating (3, 4); Class Debating (2, 3);
Glee Club (3, 4); Lippincott History Prize (3);
Corporation Scholarship (4); Phi Beta Kappa (3, 4);
Cope Fellowship (4); Scull Prize; Chairman, Spoon
Committee.



HERE, gentlemen, you have a Serious Student; this unfortunate devil makes a business of study—with what results you can see for yourself below. But we imagine that when J. D. cracks a joke in the bosom of his family they gaze at him in wide-eyed astonishment and whisper in corners about the fatal turn things are taking.

When he joined us Sophomore year the Class was not much impressed; this tubby runt who associated with rank ne'er-do-wells like Ironsides, Appasamy and Farr could not but find his level. This gang called him "Omar" and prophesied that he would make good tents; imagine their embarrassment when Omar easily hoisted himself on to the top of the class average and what is more stayed there.

Omar, always a day student, used to ride up to school in Henriette, a wench rivalling Abernethy's Lizzie in being the most hazardous assemblage of rusty tin and iron ever slung on wheels. Omar actually coaxed Henriette to school and back for two years and then sold her for twenty-five bucks. Our own idea is that she should have been decently interred and her headstone inscribed with a

testimonial of her indomitable courage in taking the road when so many automobiles were about. Despite his black suits and funereal aspect Dubosq has been involved in more than one undignified accident. His shoulders have encountered buckets of water during the period of rapine in Founders, Sophomore year, and he was often called upon to resist personal assault, but he really took it in the pants one night when he was driving a dame down to the Home Concert. On the road Henriette, who was not in the best of humors, lit into a pedestrian, carried him twenty yards and then casually threw him on the sidewalk. The cops naturally thought Omar was responsible, and so there at the hoosegow with a sore woman at his side the impeccably souped and fished young man did some of the most earnest telephoning of his life. After he had pacified the Law with thirty rocks Dubosq heaved a sigh of relief and urged Henriette College-ward. Fortunately he found a sucker on arrival and was able to borrow enough to drag his companion into the chamber

of torture where the concert was held.

You haven't known Gresimer unless you've heard him debate. To see him up behind the pulpit in Roberts, immaculate in his tuxedo, one hand upraised, and the other fastened to his vest pocket, his voice ringing out the glad tidings of the coal production in Soviet Russia or the number of drunks found in Walla Walla on September 30, 1928 (*New Republic*, vol. 80, p. 23) is to see and hear Gresimer at his highest. As he once bellowed to an audience of approximately fifteen people, eight of whom were sound asleep, "You look up in amazement, ladies and gentlemen! You cry, 'Can this be true?'"

Well, can it?





THOMAS BIDDLE HARVEY

RADNCR, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Penn Charter in 1926

Junior Prom Committee; Football Squad (2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Christian Union; (3, 4); Cap and Bells (3, 4); Vice-President (4); Member, Student Council (4); Chairman of Freshman Advisory Committee; Business Manager of Musical Clubs (4); Beta Rho Sigma; Centenary Committee (4); Chairman, Senior Prom Committee.

WE RETURNED to college at the beginning of Sophomore year to find that we had acquired a class aristocrat. Tom is not only blessed with a middle name at the sound of which all Philadelphia bows down, but he looks like a country squire. Somehow he suggests broad acres and hunt breakfasts and a hard-riding gentry,—“born and bred in the saddle,” as Shane once remarked to the amusement of History 1.

And yet it is hard to find any basis for this impression. Certainly not his appearance, which smacks too much of Quaker simplicity to be really aristocratic. And his habit of never wearing a vest but keeping his coat buttoned tightly instead, while possibly economical, would make George Bryan Brummell turn over in his grave. No, he must have that air of gentility, or is it his reputation of having been the only White Quaker in the Fourth Entry last year? Any man who could pass through that den of vice unscathed must be a peer of the realm at least.

Incidentally did you ever notice that neither of the two red-heads in the class, Harvey and Baker, is noticeable for having the traditionally fiery temperament? Of course being a red-headed Quaker must be a trial anyway, though Harvey seems to have found an outlet for his combative instinct in our great fall sport. Perhaps it was his example which led the *News* to refer to Haverford's gridders by the rather paradoxical title of “the fighting Quakers”.

Having inherited those three great Quaker qualities, an easy-going disposition, a strong business acumen, and an older brother. Harvey seemed naturally destined for the business-managership, and later the vice-presidency, of the Cap and Bells Club. Since this means going to most of the musical clubs concerts, we cannot say that we have envied him the job; but it has its compensations.

Although we disclaim heartily the usual record book habit of promiscuous prophesying, we cannot help venturing a prediction on the case of Harvey. Somehow we know that he will take his place in the Main Line aristocracy, and settle down to a life among horses and dogs on his country estate. And can't you see him coming home after a hard day's hunting, to his placid wife, (we think we know the girl, and she's of the Elect)—and his brood of little vestless Quakerkins, and his memories of that Wilmington concert? We can.





CHARLES MATTHEW HENRY
329 Meetinghouse Lane
NARBERTH, PA.
Born 1908

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1927

News Board (3, 4); Managing Editor (4); Editor-in-Chief (4); Instrumental Club (2); Band (3); President Chemistry Club (3).



CHARLIE has never been seen drunk on the campus. He has never flown into a rage and thrown his room-mate out. He has never pulled any outstanding hammers. Altogether he's much too normal a person to write about for a year book. For three years he spent most of his time in various labs and on the train to Narberth. Since his father works for the Pennsy he thought "Hell, I get a free pass, I might as well be a day-student". At the end of three years he had used up eleven hundred free passes and worn out six seats. And then he moved to Lloyd.

The year proved to be a big one for Charlie. He became editor of *The Haverford News*. True, he was editor only during the last two weeks or was it the last week—of the first semester, but an editor's an editor (just the same as a president's a president in South America). Nothing particularly spectacular happened in his rule but at least he didn't make either the administration or the students mad. Charlie helped Ed Speakman develop his timer last year. How much he helped is not known but it is thought that he added the third gadget from the left end. This is what makes the timer convertible into an ice-cream freezer. In the summer time, in order to develop his legs so that he could test out the timer more efficiently, he joined a surveying crew and lugged transits and what-not around for three months.



With the coming of Ralph the Bald, Duke of Sherberg, the pride of Northwestern and the heavy-weight wrestling champion of Haverford, Charlie took a new interest in life. Ralph and Charlie became buddies. It is rare that you find firm friendships between members of the Graduate School and undergraduates, but Ralph and Charlie were exceptions. Perhaps it was the common love for Mathematics. Anyhow, it was something, for they've reached the point now where Charlie borrows Ralph's suspenders to go out on a date.

Perhaps you have gathered that we don't know Henry very well. That's all right, nobody on the RECORD Board knows him very well, either. And of course the trouble is that he's very nice and he'd give you his shirt. If he were the kind of a person we didn't want to know we could write pages about him.





BENJAMIN CHAPMAN HIATT
119 E. Montgomery Avenue
ARDMORE, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1927

Field Club; Engineering Club, Secretary (3);
President (4); Associate Photographic Manager of
THE RECORD.

BEN is another one of those lovers of Mother Nature and her little feathered sons and daughters. Johnnie Emlen and Ben have spent many a happy hour together catching innocent little birds in vicious looking (but quite harmless) traps, sticking a band on their legs and letting them go. It seems rather futile but it does give Johnnie and Ben a good time—besides scaring hell out of the birds.

You rarely catch sight of Ben around the campus. He's either in the engine lab, in the dark room, or in the Bryn Mawr Hospital. So far the dark room has led by some weeks. He's so used to red light that he has gotten to like it better than God's own daylight.

Last summer he was photographer of an expedition in the Rockies. He brought back a lot of pictures of birds in snow and a few mountain tops. All mountains look alike, as do all birds to our unpracticed eye and after you've seen one of these pictures you've seen them all.

Following out his natural genius for camera-work Ben became Associate Photographic Manager of the RECORD. This involved among other things, wandering around the stage taking pictures of the English Club dress rehearsal and by midnight Ben was extremely bored. But he waited till one or so and got a few more flashes of MacColl dueling. That veteran was also bored with stage photographing and gave Ben instructions as to the proper technique which weren't followed.

In the spring of Junior year Ben seized a wonderful chance to get a few views of the Memorial Garden. The day was bright—flowers were in bloom and so forth, and Ben went out and neatly took a double exposure. This explains the dearth of the customary Memorial Garden views in the RECORD.

Ben has proved outstanding on one respect. He's lived with that bass horn of Butler's for a year and never gotten anything more than appendicitis!





JAMES MOORE HOUSTON
1167 Murrayhill Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Born 1910

Entered from Peabody High School in 1927

Class Debating (1, 3); Debating Council (2);
Cricket (1, 2, 3); Numerals (2, 3); Curriculum Com-
mittee (2, 3); Student Council (3, 4); Class Presi-
dent (2); Permanent Class Vice-President; Classical
Club Play (1); Golf (4).



NEDDIE: "Mr. Houston, if you learn nothing else here at college, do, please learn to speak like a gentleman."
Jimmie—"But Dr. Snyder, I come from Pittsburgh."

Neddie—"Ah, Mr. Houston! I see that you have an insurmountable difficulty there."

Even though he has never learned "to speak like a gentleman" (who made Neddie an authority on that subject anyway?), Jimmie is still remembered by the long-suffering walls of the Union as one of the finest debaters ever "taught to earn a living" in English 5b. And there is not the slightest doubt in our minds that when Jimmie wins spectacular cases in the Pittsburgh courthouse towards which the eyes of the nation will be turned, Neddie will say, delicately disguising the ring of pride in his voice, "Ah, yes, I remember when I had Houston in my English 5b. I believe he did very well *there*, too."

When Jimmie came to college he established the record for shortest man and he has had no rivals for the honor. Freshman year he lived in the corner room of the first room of North. All that year, what with soccer shoes and jerseys and things, he and Wilt managed to make it one of the eye-sores of the campus. He first sprang into prominence when Jim Babbitt, of pungent memory, gave him unwanted, though well-deserved publicity as a result of his classic definition of the pancreas. Since then his energies have been more conscientiously devoted to studies, to a class presidency and to membership of the Student Council. During his Senior year he has been one of the outstanding members of Delta Alpha Sigma.

It is one of the outstanding disappointments of his life that he has never been able to obtain a machine gun and line up before it one or two of the more juvenile members of the faculty and a good part of the student body. He feels that to do so would be the biggest favor he could render Haverford, making it humanly and intelligently exclusive.

If we were asked to point out one intelligent man in the class, and one who has a genuine sense of humor and who is a good fellow into the bargain, we should without the slightest hesitation name

Jimmie. But were we asked if he is a typical Haverfordian, we should have to admit, to the shame of the Alma Mater, that he is not.





ROBERT BRAXTON JARRATT, Jr.
47 W. Main Street
PENNSGROVE, N. J.
Born 1909

Entered from George School in 1927

Business Board, RECORD; Class Treasurer (2); Class Secretary (3); Class Soccer (2); Class Football (3, 4); Manager of Tennis (4); Cap and Bells; Glee Club (2, 3); Instrumental Club (3); Band (1, 3); Press Club (2); Scientific Society (1, 2); Liberal Club (1).

BOB is a conundrum to most of us. We don't see much of him around the campus, and few of his classmates know him at all, intimately. Those who do not know him probably think he's shy and quiet. Lord! What a mistake they're making! One of our great delights is to drop in on Bob sometime after a rather warm date and tell him about it. He squirms around in his chair, emitting that half grunt, half sigh which he uses on any and every occasion to denote emotional stress. He will vary this with a sort of bark when we reach the climax. "Ohhh Gaawd! what a wench!" he'll say, and squirm some more.

Possibly because he is a doctor's son, possibly because he is built that way, Bob is frank and explicit upon every subject. He will not use abbreviations or circumlocutions when he speaks of well-known physiological features of the body. With him white is white and black is black. No conventional middle ground of expression for him. No sir! We have in mind one occasion when Bob wrote a Bryn Mawr girl and told her exactly why he didn't think he'd better not have any more dates with her. Shy, huh? Oh yeah!

... And have you ever heard him describe various college foods in those picturesque physiological metaphors he uses? Don't, if you want to keep the afore-mentioned food down! ... Bob is a great believer in Ec and Bib Lit courses. He is one of the Doll's most ardent supporters. And he does think Elihu is a "true man". One of the great sights is to see Bob preparing for an exam in either of those departments. He will sit down with a movie magazine in one hand and an Ec or a Bib Lit book in the other. He reads the magazine, pausing to emit that half grunt half sigh, "oh-h-o-h-h-o-o-o," over Sue Carol or Alice White or somebody. Along about midnight he will throw it aside and say, "Waugh! When *will* I get this

Ec done. When *will* I get this Ec done!" By four A. M. all preparation is completed and Bob can sleep 'til the exam.

He has played a guard on the class football team for four years and missed only the last one, when we suffered our first defeat since we were in college. He played fine games but was so exhausted after every one of them that any kind of physical exertion between then and the next game, the following fall, was totally out of the question. That's not quite true. Bob has bestirred himself enough to win the tennis managership this year. All spring he will be out there standing by the net during the matches, hard at work.





JONATHAN PRICE JESSOP
4321 Saline Avenue
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Born 1907



Entered from York Collegiate Institute in 1927

Intramural Athletic Committee (2, 4); Baseball (2, 3); Numerals (3); Dance Committee (2); Freshman Football; Assistant Manager of Football (3).

AS ONE of the more prominent members of Haverford's Pittsburgh set, John has distinguished himself in his four years at college by what Easterners, ignorant of the ways of that city, might call most unpittsburghesque behavior. For who, to hear him talk or to see him walk down Broad Street, not in the least abashed by the bright lights or the towering sky-scrapers, could believe otherwise than that he is the most *blasé* of cosmopolitans and not at all a near-Midwesterner?

John is a person who is ill-adapted to a record of this sort and its policy of frankness, if the frankness is to be construed as being unpleasant. If we were making an attempt to be kind to everyone and say nice things indiscriminately, we should welcome this particular task, and say to ourselves, "Well, thank the Lord, this is once we can tell the truth." Strange as it may seem, we have here a lad who is, and rightly, much liked by everyone. No one would dream of saying, without having his sanity questioned, that they don't like him. It is probably because he so sincerely and unaffectedly likes everyone else.

John does have one outstanding fault. Even he, alas, would not be human if he did not. It is that he is hopelessly and incorrigibly conscientious. When the ever-vigilant Dean discovered that his Junior average was below requirements, John took a summer course at the university of his native city, and in the fall, rather than to disappoint the afore-mentioned dignitary (?) again, he ceded his football managership to Wilt that he might devote himself exclusively to studies. (Exclusively? Well, perhaps . . . but we pass on to other things).



John is also a much-practiced participant in Spanish athletics, as the inner circle can testify both delightedly and disgruntledly. He points with pride to an incident of our last Thanksgiving vacation as his crowning achievement. Urban and Gibbs came home Sunday night to find trunks and books and clothes spread all over the place, and a much disgusted Jessop who was bitterly protesting that he was "through with this damned place". But the earnest heart-to-heart talk of these two comrades brought him around to his senses although they are still ignorant of how well they had been taken in. That it is so is a tribute to John's consummate artistry.

It is with genuine regret we record that this lad has been unable to graduate with us. The day before mid-years he was laid up with pericarditis, which is even worse than it sounds; and a three-month's convalescence here and in Pittsburgh has played havoc with hopes for "making up". However, although the latest bulletins state that his plans are uncertain, we expect that Haverford will have the honor of sending Jonathan Price Jessop out into the world with her A.B. proudly tacked to his name.





KAUFMAN RAY KATZ

2532 Eutaw Place

BALTIMORE, MD.

Born 1910

Entered from Park School, Baltimore in 1927

Class Vice-President (1); Class President (2); Permanent Class President; Football Dance Committee (2); Chairman Junior Prom (3); Liberal Club (2, 3, 4); Vice-President, Liberal Club (3); Secretary-Treasurer, Students' Association (3); President, Students' Association (4); Student Council (3, 4); Soccer (2, 3, 4); Numerals (3); "H" (4); Varsity Basketball "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Secretary, Curriculum Committee (3); Centenary Committee.

A GLIMPSE at the string of activities above suffices to show that Koffy has not been wasting his time in college. That he got the Student Association Presidency is recognition of the fact that he is the outstanding man in our class. His gentlemanly manner and ability to rate with the two wings of the college (which we didn't realize existed until last year's RECORD made the distinction) are two more reasons why he was the logical man. It is a wonder to us how Koffy has been able to do all he has done in college and still have time for the numerous social engagements in Baltimore, New York, and Atlantic City that seem to require his presence. The fact that he played varsity soccer for two years (his career was cut short both seasons by a recurring leg injury) and has maintained an 80 average for Lord knows when, added to all the rest, makes us wonder how "Koffy" managed to sleep so late mornings and get away with it.

Being President of this and chairman of that didn't change Koffy a bit. He isn't any whited sepulchre, as we used to think in school a big man around a college campus was. He can spin a yarn with the best of them, and we have no doubt that the typewritten collection of Rabelasian limericks he brought here are the common property of college bull sessions by now. Besides that, he has the ability to make the doggondest faces and to rumble his tummy at will. And have you ever heard him play his three-foot mouth organ? Yes, all in all Koffy is a very versatile person.

Perhaps his most outstanding accomplishment was our Junior Prom. We know it is a tradition with every class to believe their Junior Prom was the best one ever engineered. But we have it on the authority of graduates from several years back that ours was the best and most smoothly run Prom put on here for some time. And Koffy was the moving power behind it all.

The various social engagements mentioned awhile back are probably due to the fact that he rates with women—both daughters and mothers—to an astounding degree. We thought at one time that his flawless dancing and his equally flawless "conversational abilities" (as Our Will might say) were the two secrets of his success. But they don't explain everything. We've just about reached the conclusion that the thing that gets 'em is his complete and absolute indifference.

There was just one time when we caught Koffy dressed without a necktie. (It's not often that he can catch us *with* one!) That was last winter when he and Tom Potts spent the night at the Philadelphia Unemployed Shelter, finding out how the other half sleeps. Incidentally, Koffy practically lost all his popularity around College after that, for his clothes had been fumigated in there and for days people just couldn't stand being in the same room with him . . .

But aside from this one slip Koffy's attire through four years has been faultless (unless you want to call that pink suit a fault). On account of the afore-mentioned ability to wear a necktie all day long it is certain that he will pass his major exam (French, *ette! vite!*) with absolutely no difficulty!





JOHN GROSH LAWRENCE
Norristown State Hospital
NORRISTOWN, PA.
Born 1908

Entered from Haverford School in 1927

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Haverford News (2); Musical Club (2, 3); Corporation Scholar (1).



THIS irresponsible cuss has done so many fantastic stunts that a one page biography of his collegiate career is about as adequate as a diet of rose petals would be for Roddy Shippen. Besides, Jack is so protean. One year he wears a moustache, the next year his upper lip is bald; he takes an oath not to wear a necktie one semester and the next his collars blossom with riotous creations—even the girls find him fickle, (this inconsistency, however, has its points).

Rhinie year had no great terrors for Jack for he had tasted rotten eggs and dripped mud the previous year when, while attempting to pass entrance re-exams, he took a dose of hazing, presumably under the impression that this was also an entrance requirement. But he didn't let these preliminary honors dishearten him when he did enter. On the contrary, Jack came in as Corp. Scholar and his proficiency at Math caused $f(x)$ and little Al to shed tears of pure joy. Don't get the impression that Jack worked at that or any other time; whatever he may be he is distinctly not a sap. Some say that he does prepare for exams at 2:30 A. M. or thereabouts but we are inclined to frown upon such libellous stories. Other high spots of Rhinie year were the characteristic episodes of his desertion of the News copy on the Sunday night train to Philly and its subsequent recovery by the grace of God and the Pennsy Railroad Lost and Found Department, and the auction he held of his personal effects, (gorgeous neckwear, dirty socks, and other articles not convenient to mention), when his parents decided to sit tight on his monetary supply.

Sophomore and Junior years Jack crashed the charmed circle consisting of Martin, Westerman, Ezerman, Mussey, Lindsay, and the two Millers. They christened him "James," (a sticky nickname), and tried unsuccessfully to civilize him. All the stories and adventures connected with a certain western trip that James made with Martin and Charley Miller would fill several volumes, and we leave that literatureur Martin to write it. In that work you will be informed how James told a Texan hick that a bear chased Martin around

their car in Yellowstone Park, how he scattered the prairie with toothbrushes as a result of his habit of storing such articles in the exhaust pipe, how eagerly besought a cop to bring him to the nearest beer-parlor in bone-dry Victoria, B.C., etc.

The James we Seniors know is the one who hits the hay regularly in the small hours, who drops two bucks at poker, and picks up three at bridge, who is late to every class and every tryst (in the latter case, however, he makes up for the deficiency by working overtime).

When we asked the "Jamer" the other day what his great ambition in life was, he flung his copy of the "Theory of Algebraic Numbers" into a far corner of the room and whispered, "To avoid Math".





FRANKLAND MELVIN LOGAN

48 East Washington Lane

GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1906

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1924

Basketball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3); Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Football Team (3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Soccer Team (2); "H" (2); Captain (3); Junior Varsity Soccer (1); Executive Athletic Council Secretary (4); Student Council (4); Customs Committee (4); Athletic Cabinet (2); Founders' Club.

THE Class of 1931 has presented one tradition to the College—Irish Logan. God knows he's been around long enough to be a tradition anyway. Someday he's going to write a history of Haverford in the days when he and Falling Leaf played on the cricket team and ran down to the railroad to see Abraham Lincoln pass. The story is that Lincoln pointed out Logan, who was seated on the bank watching the train pass, and asked "Is that the president of the College?"

In these years he has done a good many things most of which are unfortunately not to be noised abroad. He once claimed that no word that his mother should not hear had ever passed his lips. From this we may judge that Mrs. Logan is an extremely broad-minded lady. In the realm of more printable things, though, he has accomplished a lot. Some years ago he was an All-American soccer player. Then after his return from the Spanish-American war he took up football and played a fighting game at quarter.

In the winters he has been one of the mainstays of the basketball team. During the years when he was out of College he was known as the "joy of the Church-League" for his fine Christian spirit on the court. We've enjoyed watching him shoot fouls more than anything else this season. He strolls up, looks at the basket a minute and *flip* the ball is through and Logan has already walked half-way down the floor. In the Amherst game he quite bewildered his man by shaking a fatherly finger at him and saying, "There, there, my boy" or similar words.

Logan, being of a somewhat asinine disposition himself, was one of the charter-members of Delta Alpha whose members meet every night until bed-time and spend most of their days talking about Delta Alpha and referring to the mystic rites. In connection with this get him to show you the portrait which the tin-type man took of him last fall. It is a masterful work, and brings out the strong points of his nature.

On nights when Delta Alpha has no formal meetings Logan flees to Germantown, or West Philadelphia or some place. He usually misses the last train back to Haverford, rushes out to 69th street, misses the last P. & W. and sleeps peacefully in the waiting room. Some of the other patrons have complained about his snoring, but the management, for fear of losing a regular customer, doesn't dare take any measures—such as strangling—to stop it.

The astounding thing about Logan is the high average he manages to knock down. To look at him you'd think he had an I. Q. of, roughly, 18, but actually he's intelligent. He had to be intelligent to give Wilt the beating he has gotten for the past two years.

This spring he will be out playing baseball—but they do say, you know, that his legs are beginning to go back on him.





WILLIAM MORRIS MAIER

BRYN MAWR, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Westtown School in 1927

Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Play (1, 2, 3, 4); Play Committee (3, 4); Chairman (4); *Haverfordian*, Advertising Manager 2); Business Manager (3); Store Committee (3, 4); Chairman (4); Chairman Welfare Committee (4); RECORD Board; Classical Club Play (1, 3); Editor, Freshman Handbook (3); Press Club, Secretary (1); M. A. S. C. A. A. Program Committee (1); Founders' Club (3, 4); Secretary; Centenary Committee (4); Class Gift Committee.



BEHOLD the Class's representative from the "fine old families" of Philadelphia. William Morris Maier (don't forget the *Morris*, if you please) is a firm believer in tradition, exclusiveness, social life, good grooming, and all the other things Quakers aren't supposed to believe in. Nevertheless he is a firm upholder of the faith—and of Uncle Billy. He has spent most of four bright college years arguing about Uncle Billy. According to Our Will the President can do no wrong, and Will is back of him every minute of the time. W. W. Comfort's *French Prose Composition* and the Philadelphia *Social Register* far outrank anything George Fox ever wrote in Bill's mind.

Bill's voice, his habit of inspecting everything in the room and giving vent to grunts which may be taken to mean anything, and his hard heels have endeared him in the hearts of his classmates. To watch Bill enter a room is a treat in itself. "Weellllllllll John", Bang, bang, bang, as he walks over to the table and three pictures fall from the walls at the vibration. "Humph" as he looks at the bottom of a vase. Rhinie year, Will made his *début* at the Saturday Evening. The rest of South Barclay also made their *début*, vicariously. Anytime of the day or night—any place—Bill was ready to drag in a reference to this haunt of the *crème de la crème*.

Sophomore year started the "Shane-Maier" tradition. They've roomed together three years now, and every night the campus resounds with cries of "Fire" in answer to Shane's cry of "Maier" for their nightly trip to split a milkshake at Doc's. A few minutes later Barclay tower shakes as Bill booms out "Well, Harris", and they're off to the druggerie once more. By the end of Junior year Bill had almost gotten over the Saturday Evening but the love of fine families persists in him to this day. There is a rumor that Bill requires a certified pedigree before he brings anybody to a dance, but this has been proved false. All he really insists on is a birth certificate.



The summer of Junior year marks an epoch in Bill's life. He climbed the Matterhorn, and learned to smoke a pipe. He was — we shudder to think of it—on the road to becoming a *bon vivant*, keeping to the proprieties on his *bon vivant*ing, of course. You'd never catch Bill out *bon vivant*ing in brown shoes after six o'clock.

He's had a part in several of the Cap and Bells plays and the parts fitted him like a glove. Will as General Burgoyne was still Wm. Morris Maier of "Harrison," Bryn Mawr, but then Will anywhere would still be Wm. Morris Maier of "Harrison".





EDWARD HAMILTON MANSELL

Nelson Street

BAYSIDE, L. I., N. Y.

Born 1908

Entered from Flushing High School in 1927

Manager, Basketball (4); Soccer (1, 2, 3, 4); Junior Varsity Captain (4); Numerals (4); Baseball (1, 4); Track (2, 3); Class Soccer (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Football (3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Cap and Bells Club, Executive Committee (3); Cap and Bells Play (1, 4); Band (3).

TED, together with Irish Logan, has been the prime mover of a new society which was started this last fall. The name of the society, dignified by the Greek letters, Delta Alpha, is directly related to the leading propensity of its members. On the door of headquarters in the Third Entry hung a picture of a donkey—or, in Biblical terms, an ass—a droopy-looking donkey. A very dead donkey, in fact. And, like everything, it had its significance. This society had the laudable result of bringing together a group of congenial spirits dedicated to the cause for which it was founded . . . And there is no cause for tittering. This is the first organized attempt we know of to give some recognition and honor to one of the best things Haverford College students seem to be able to do.

In their own modest way, Ted and Irish have been the guiding spirits of Delta Alpha. It is their big contribution. But that is not the whole story about Ted. Nor about Irish, either. Ted has been the star on the J. V. soccer team for two years. And at the end of the season he dons football togs and rips the opposing line to shreds in the inter-class games. We have a vivid picture of him going through the line, head down, nose scraping the grass, making all of 2 m.p.h.! His hard, conscientious work as assistant manager of basketball won him the managership in his senior year. He almost didn't get under the wire on the trips, though, for the team ruled that nobody could go who didn't have a derby. Came Christmas. Ted qualified.

Right here we should not fail to mention a little incident that occurred during one of the basketball games in our junior year. Ted was sitting on that little platform downstairs keeping track of the fouls or whatever his function was. He fired the gun denoting the end of the half. A minute or so later he went walking across the floor with a handkerchief wrapped around his mitt and a sheepish grin on his face. He had shot himself through the hand! What other assistant manager have we who would do that for the team? Perhaps Bulge La Due? Hell no!

Ted's chief claim to scholastic fame is the "A" he got in sophomore economics (that damnable subject which we all ran afoul of and which we, personally, liked so well we repeated). On the strength of that mark he majored in Ec. (And he's one of the few Ec majors we know who admit it was a snap.)





LAUMAN MARTIN

UNIONTOWN, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Silver Bay School in 1927

Golf Manager (3, 4); News Board (1, 2); Associate Sports Editor of THE RECORD.



LAUMING has a first initial, A. Nobody knows what this stands for. Not even Oscar. Lauming says he'll tell us next June. Braxting says it means Axle, which is a Polish name. There's lots of things we don't know about Lauming. For instance, we don't know how it is that anyone who is so thin can look so smooth, for there's no getting around it. When he is all assembled on a Sunday morning for his weekly trip to the house of God (Bryn Mawr Presbyterian) prepared to wink at his baby from the home town who goes to Wright's school and sits in the gallery, Lauming's sartorial perfection is breath-taking. It's wonderful what tailors can do.

If the mailman doesn't bring Lauming's *Uniontown Daily Bugle* on the eleven-thirty mail, there is the very devil to pay. This paper Lauming reads from cover to cover. He scans each page closely to find out what all the people are doing back home. He swears by the sheet, and, for that matter, swears by Uniontown, too. He puts it second to no city anywhere.

Well, from what we've seen of the boys from the coal district, Lauming is a shining exception to the general run. He doesn't play cards (except for a harmless game of rummy now and then, and strictly amateur), doesn't smoke, doesn't drink. And we've never known him to tell a dirty joke. Overlooking the possibility that he may not know any jokes or is afraid you won't laugh if he tells one, Lauming would seem to be the mother's dream of the Ideal Young Man. And so he may be. A joke has to be very good in order to make him laugh. And since he never tells one he has the advantage over the rest of us who blurt one out and have to take the consequences. The joke must never be on him, by the way. If it is there's nothing funny in it. It is with the greatest difficulty that Lauming is able to control his feet. They keep branching out in the most surprising manner. Derbies and the ability to sleep anywhere at any time are two other things we connect with "Lauming. When he sleeps on a couch he has to drape his feet over one end. More often than not they point towards the fireplace while his nose is buried in the back of the couch and the derby sits on one ear. Rooming with those two deep-dyed sinners, Freddie Richardson and Henry Barnhurst, has not cured Lauming of his regular habits. He gets to bed early and up for breakfast every morning just as he did Rhnie year. In the afternoon comes the daily trip to Doc Press'. Then every Wednesday night there is the *Saturday Evening Post* to read. And so four years have run by, and, having majored with Dolly and taken all of the Baron's courses—to say nothing of Bih Lit—Lauming leaves us in June to go back to the coal country for good where he will go into the furniture business with his Dad.





RICHARD LAMBERT MASLAND

1202 Stratford Avenue

MELROSE PARK, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1927

Football (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club; Track (2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Chemistry Prize (3); Student Centenary Committee; Associate Photographic Manager of THE RECORD; Permanent Class Secretary; Chairman, Gift Co.mmittee.

FOR one who sounds so dead asleep over the phone and who plays such a rotten game of bridge, Dick is surprisingly quick to catch on in other fields. Witness the shift he made in his last year of football from an end to a center. Witness also the amazing development he made on track team in the hurdles. The winter of his junior year Dick started to work out on the board track. He became a consistent point winner in the meets later and placed in the Middle Atlantics.

All of which would point to a great ability to "catch on". But that isn't the whole story. Behind the story of Dick's Horatio Alger rise in track is another story of a lot of hard work that few know about. Every afternoon that winter Dick was out on the board track for a while. And that's how he became a hurdler.

In other words, Dick has discovered the secret: "Nothing succeeds like work". It's the same with his studies. We'll wager that Dick has done more work and made less fuss about it than any man in the class. If he has something to do, he will retire until it's done and then join the fun. You get what we mean. And he isn't obnoxious about his consistently fine average. There is one woman in "Dick's" life. With her he has had many a discordant moment, but they always manage to get harmonized again before much damage has been done. She has lived with "Dick" in the Second Entry for two years, always quietly waiting, always willing. We imagine there will be quite a dramatic scene when the end of the year rolls around and he has to give her up. She'll feel bad too. For two whole years Dick has fed her her daily ration of resin! Good old Gloria . . . a better pal ne'er lived! With this exception, Dick has had little else to do with women. He admits he

has a defense complex against falling for anyone. "What's the use," he says. "With medical school and getting started. It'll be years yet." Again the old logic. We just hope and pray that the old rub of human illogicalness doesn't crop up in the form of some painted siren who will lead Dick far, far astray. The probability is remote, and if Dick can get by the handicap of never having fallen for anyone during his college career, in another ten years we'll be bringing our ailments to him. Confidence is what we mean.





RAYMOND EBERSOLE MAXWELL
521 Perry Avenue
GREENSBURG, PA.
Born 1908

Entered from Swarthmore Preparatory School in
1927

Glee Club (1, 2, 4); Classical Club (1, 2); Liberal
Club (3, 4); President (3); Curriculum Committee
(3, 4); Chairman (4); Centenary Committee (4).



RAYMOND is exhibit A of what the "guarded education in manners and morals" dispensed by this institution can do for your boy. (Apply for college catalogue at the office). For Max came to Haverford a confirmed agnostic; he leaves his Alma Mater a confirmed Episcopalian. (This is a pun in case you are not a member of that Church.) Although we have never been exactly sure just where Raymond's theological speculations were tending, we really believe that somehow or other the figure of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Fort Newton has become confused in Maxwell's mind with the anthropomorphic conception of God. At any rate, being among the Chosen, Raymond is an ardent disciple of Dougge Steere, etc., etc., and in that capacity has had a lot—too much perhaps—of practice in that old ritual of getting to grips with Reality, fellows. Consequently, we are quite willing to wager that it is Philosophy's Pure White Light that has been the underlying something which made Raymond see the error of his ways and seek the higher path.

Raymond's interest in making the world safe for humanity is second only to his love for philosophy. This feeling has led him to champion the cause of the local reactionaries—the Liberal Club. So active was he in furthering the seditious purposes of this group of Quaker Bolsheviks that he was rewarded for his faithfulness last year by being made president of the club. As to the orgies of seditious anarchy which took place under his administration, we are forced to refer you to the members of the Club, as we, being ourselves defenders of the status quo, have never yet been moved to learn the pass word to these Nihilist meetings. Oddly enough, Max is also a member of the Classical Club, that stronghold of absolute monarchy firmly founded on the rocks of conservatism, Petie Lockwood, and blue cocoa. But really when you see him ensconced behind Jean Kayser's sanctum in the library, beaming beatifically at you from behind some little thing like the "Ethical Problems of the Future" or "the Critique of Pure Reason," you can't help wondering why on earth such a likeable chap should sell himself to a clown like Immanuel Kant for a song. Which leads us neatly to Raymond's contribution to the musical life of Haverford. For two years he has been, along with Big Rod, one of the mainstays of

the Glee Club's bass. If he does become an Episcopal clergyman, as rumor hath it, he expects to become, we are sure that his sermons will contain real philosophic meat and that he will intone Even-song in a beautiful, booming voice that will echo in just the right fashion about the ears of countless adoring maiden ladies.





ARTHUR JACOB MEKEEL

104 College Avenue

POUGHKEEPSIE, N. Y.

Born 1909

Entered from Moses Brown School in 1927

Freshman Track Team; Classical Club (2, 3, 4); Liberal Club (4); Vice-President (4); Christian Union (4); Social Service Chairman (3, 4); Freshman Advisory Committee (3, 4); Welfare Drive Committee (4).

TO NINE-TENTHS of the class "Mac" has remained more or less of a mysterious stranger; he is much better known in the select circle of Quaker families around Haverford in whose midst he practices the fine art of balancing the tea-cup on Sunday afternoons. Mekeel deserted the pleasant suburban attractions of Merion at the end of Rhinie year, and anchored in Founders where he could be within stone's throw of the dining hall and the Library. His cat and dog relation to Elliott Farr lent some color to his early years—a horrible racket on the top floor could always be traced to a Farr-Mekeel argument on God or Prohibition wherein the dialectic consisted of a mutual attempt to shout the other down. Like many others whose ideas have been blue pencilled and censored in early youth Mac has definitely swung over to the opposite vices, illiberal liberalism, militant pacifism and diehard Socialism. We are afraid that some day he might try to put his theories into practice. Whatever active interests he might have once possessed Mac has now only two consuming passions: (1) Food. Steadily, silently, voraciously this unwieldy animal absorbs the College edibles thrice a day with an ill-concealed satisfaction. (2) History—His ravenous physical appetite is paralleled by an equally hypertrophied intellectual lust for historical facts and their dates. As an earnest disciple of the Baron, Mac makes a religion of knowing exactly what the brother-in-law of the great nephew of the Count of Anjou was doing on the eve of St. Crispin in 1133. He reaped the reward for this sort of hard labor and three years penal servitude in Founders when he raked in a 96 average Senior year. Whether the means justified the end is a question that we shall refer to the higher authorities. Even Mekeel, however, has his lighter side and just as Master Wilhelm is said to read crime thrillers after a diet of Close Rolls and Statute Books,

his pupil was wont to wander down to the parlors of the wickeder sophomores and to grin and giggle appreciatively when a breezy story was wafted to his virginal ears.

And, of course, there is the old tale that Mekeel is known at Vassar by the title of "Necker" Mekeel. The truth of this statement may be tested by asking a Vassar girl—they all know him.

Eut above Vassar, in Arthur's estimation, is the Haverford Community Center at Preston, Pa. He has been trudging up there many an evening, and at least one third of his time at College is spent in trying to persuade his friends that they would find happiness in conducting a class in wood carving or candy making. We will never forget one evening when we, in a weak moment, went up there to help him out. He was through with his gymnasium class about forty-five minutes before we were finished with our "journalism class" (as we liked to call it) but he waited around to walk home with us. We were flattered that anyone should wait forty-five minutes to walk three blocks in our company. We found the true reason when we left. At least twenty little Wops were lying in wait for their dear gymnasium instructor with tin cans and rocks. We're still bearing the scars and Mekeel hasn't dared look us in the eye since!





CHARLES STEHMAN PENNYPACKER

110 Ardmore Avenue

ARDMORE, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1927

Soccer (1); "H" (2, 3); Captain (4); Basketball "H" (3, 4); Track, Numerals (1); "H" (2, 3); Vice-President of Class; RECORD Board; Freshman Advisory Committee (4); Chemistry Club (4); Senior Prom Committee.



PENNY" won the nick-name of "the virgin forward" because of his unique record on the basketball floor. Up to the present time of writing (February 4, 1931), he has yet to make a field goal for dear old Haverford! Of course, he may lose his virginity any one of these nights now. But the record stands unsoiled to date.

His record on the soccer field makes a somewhat different story. Steady work for three years finally won him the captaincy and All-American recognition on some of the teams the intercollegiate soccer coaches seem to think it their duty to select. In the spring Penny works off his surplus energy breaking bamboo cross-pieces on the pole-vaulting standards. He managed to clear enough of them enough times to win his letter. He is second to Irish Logan in the number of sport letters he has collected.

Don't get the idea from this that Penny is one of those fellows who is "a champ on the field but a chump in the arms of a girl". Oh, no! He's just as much at home in the parlor as he is on the soccer field. It's the girl who's more often than not the chump. We'd think twice before trusting ourself to this lusty young man's embrace, you can bet your sweet life we would! We don't know how many times some unsuspecting young thing has whispered to him, "Oh, Penny," in that tone of voice. But the number is legion. Just glance at them blond and curly locks! above them eyes! Imagine for yourself that classic profile . . . the chin! the nose! It's just like a figure out of a Greek mythology book (though Penny's from no less romantic a place than Ardmore, Pa.). The classic strain may perhaps be traced to his habit of haunting the Bryn Mawr Confectionery at all hours of the night. Yeah, the Greek's. Me neither! I didn't know it had any other name till just the other night. We'll have to break down and confess here that we've been exaggerating. Penny's not really that bad, or that good. But he's got lots of things to account for, nevertheless. How do you explain the condition that blanket was in after your ride home in the rumble-seat from the dance at Swarthmore last winter? That's only one thing, too. We won't go into any more episodes right here, but don't try to tell us any more that you're as pure as the driven snow. We just know different . . . Don't let anybody get behind ya, pal.





HERBERT WILLIAM RESINER

MILLERSVILLE, LANC. CO., PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Manor Township High School in 1927
Class Treasurer (2); Class President (3); Class
Dance Committee (2); Junior Prom Committee;
Football Dance Committee (2); Basketball (1, 2,
3, 4); Captain (4); Track (1, 2, 3, 4); Editor,
Haverford Handbook (3); *News Board* (2); Director,
News Service Board (3); Secretary, Store Com-
mittee (2); M. A. S. C. A. A. Committee on
Preparation (2); Curriculum Committee (4); Fresh-
man Advisory Committee (3); Chairman, Customs
Committee (4); Glee Club (1); Associate Art
Editor of *THE RECORD*; Founders' Club Freshman
Prize; Founders' Club (3, 4); Centenary Com-
mittee (4); Senior Prom Committee.

NO CLASS is complete without its one wholly serious member—the man who takes himself and all he does with the greatest earnestness. While a good many of us feel that we are a lot younger and crazier than we were as Rhinies we have watched Otto growing older and older right under our noses. While the rest of us are laughing at some joke Rufus has just pulled off in Senior Ethics, Herbie is cogitating on the point Rufus has just clinched with his humorous anecdote—either doesn't see the point of it or doesn't care to—and, as soon as the tumult dies, puts some weighty question at Rufus that brings us all down to earth again and bothers Rufus (we suspect) as much as it does us.

Otto can be very annoying at times. When we have just cracked the Baron's Med. His. for a high "C" and are feeling pretty cocky about it, along comes little Herbie: "Gosh, I certainly slipped up on this one." "What did you get, Otto?" say we. "Only 87" Sock! He was one of the earnest seekers after light on the personality in abnormal psych, this year. Several times we had to sit on him pretty hard to keep him from trotting out bizarre case histories right in the middle of a perfectly harmless bull-session. Not that Herbie is much given to this way of passing the time—unless, of course, he is given an opportunity to tell us how much sleep he has lost, figured out in hours and minutes. Whether or not he realizes it, Otto is so earnest and searching after the facts of life as they affect one Resiner that he is almost a case history himself.

Herbie carries his seriousness right over into other spheres. One afternoon during basketball practice two years ago he took a shot at the basket from about twenty feet, and didn't even hit the backboard. He went trotting up to Coach Taylor and said, "Gee, Coach, that was funny. Just before I shot everything went black." It is safe to say that every-
time "everything goes black" for Herb people hear about it. Hard work and conscientiousness brought him his letter in track for two years as a half-miler. The same qualities, combined with a sense of fairness and an unwillingness to be influenced by personal friendships, made him the best chairman of the Customs Committee we have had in some time. By his Herculean efforts the *News Service* was established on a firm foundation and as a distinct organization. He still looks upon it as his child.

Herbie's affairs with women will not bear too close a scrutiny. When they first meet him they treat him as an all-wise father. By the end of a week or so he's like a kid brother. As one of them said, "He's so cute! Just like a rabbit". They lead him a merry chase and cause him many hours of thought. We used to think that Herbie had a date only for the thrill he got out of coming back and analyzing his emotions and discussing them with you. But now we're beginning to suspect that there are times when he drops his Psychology (and Ethics!).

In general, however, you can sum up Otto in the words he is so fond of applying to himself, "He'd be so happy if it weren't for the pleasures of life!"





ROBERT OWEN RICE

Box 1153

BRADENTON, FLORIDA

Born 1908

Entered from Moses Brown School in 1927

Corporation Scholar (1); Class President (1); Student Extension Committee (3, 4); Food Committee (2); Intramural Committee (4); Customs Committee (3); Student Council (1, 2); Football Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (3, 4); Editor, *Haverford Handbook*; Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); "H" (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (4); Headwaiter (4); Permanent Class Treasurer; Associate Art Editor of *THE RECORD*; Triangle Society.



BOBBY is a shining example of what A. W. Pop Haddleton's doctrines of right-living will do for a man. He is not addicted to the vile weed nor to the cup that cheers. And if he happens to stay up after ten o'clock at night, he will be out on his feet for the next three days. As for dates—who of us will forget that incident during the freshman-junior dance at the Merion Tribute the winter of our junior year when a young lady collected two bucks on a bet that she wouldn't kiss Bobby. Was he embarrassed! So there was something fatalistic to his being elected captain of track his last year. It was the reward for his hard and conscientious work in the dashes and the broad jump. It was the triumph of Pop Haddleton's beliefs about training.

In football Bobby was the lightest and fastest man on the squad. When he got hold of the ball in a clear field he went somewhere. Remember his run in the Hopkins game two years ago? He got in just as it began to rain. After we had dug our nose out of the mud, we looked up just in time to see Bobby already over the goal line. We still think he worked in a bicycle on us when nobody was looking. Bobby is one of the quietest boys in the class. Probably the only one of us who knows him real well is Allen Schilpp, who was his roommate for three years. We asked Allen, and he said that Bobby has no skeletons hiding in his closet, either. So that was no help. Bobby is one of the oldest fellows in the class. Perhaps this is the reason why he is so very seldom childish and given to doing crazy things like some of the more heady ones among us. As head-waiter, his conduct in the dining room was irreproachable. He didn't see any food thrown if he could help it. This was very much in contrast with the reign of "King Swan" our junior year. Not that Bobby was careless. He simply knew that boys would be boys, and he would smooth over the very worst breaches of dining room ethics with a paternal smile.

The very fact that Bobby is always so sane and rational makes it difficult for us to get at him. So damned sane and rational, we should have said. But they combine to make him steady and dependable. And that's a whole lot.





FRED MACDONALD RICHARDSON
321 Belmont Avenue
HADDONFIELD, N. J.
Born 1909

Entered from Peddie School in 1927

Track (1, 2, 3, 4); H (1, 2, 3, 4); Customs Committee (2); Cast of *Devil's Disciple* (4); Football (1, 2).

AS THE roster of this class of 1931 was surveyed critically every June for the last three years over in the sanctum sanctorum in Roberts, the finger of Fate traveled down the list and paused regularly every time at the name Richardson, Frederick MacDonald. There would ensue a general scratching of heads, a weighing of pros and cons. The upshot of it would be that Freddie would have to take a re-exam or stand on his head or go "glub!" or something in order to be among us the following fall. He has been oftener on the fine edge of flunking out and still managing to stick than any man in the class. We don't see how he did it a couple of times. Our religious principles set us dead against a belief in any sort of miracles, but we're afraid these will have to be set aside this once. Only on some such ground as divine intervention of the Diety is the fact of Freddie's graduation with the class of '31 explicable.

A famous remark of his put Fred immediately in prominence Freshman year. When Nate Weyl, who left our ranks for the Great World at the end of Rhinie year, came striding into math class one morning with that "grand style" which he had substituted for the mere act of walking, Freddie sang out: "Who is this King of Glory!" Not a few have heard his raucous voice split the din of a Founder's meal with "forty-eight, forty-nine!" or "Whoa, Bill!" The epidemic of dog barks that broke out in the dining room during junior year are traceable to Freddie. The Lord endowed him with a voice that would delight the heart of a train-announcer, and he uses it on every possible occasion. The Lord also endowed him with a pair of head-appendages that immediately won him the cognomen, "Ears". The Lord also endowed him with—but we're getting off the subject.

Dignity and seriousness, at least the appearance of dignity and seriousness, that is supposed to

descend upon an upper-classman, missed Ears entirely. Even this last fall he couldn't keep out of the Rhinie-sophomore disturbances. During the pajama fight last fall Freddie collected a bunch and went around swiping sophomore pajamas while they were defending Center Barclay against the Rhinies most of the Rhinies thought he was one of them and expressed surprise that one so youthful enthusiastic could be a Freshman in college. Irrepressible Ears! Freddie's *affaires du coeur* have had their ups and downs. Violent spells of goin' home (and we don't mean Haddonfield) have alternated with interludes at Bryn Mawr and even Vassar. We don't know just where he stands, and we don't believe Freddie does either.

We looked to him to break the high-jump record after his fine work freshman year, but a trick knee has kept him up and down in track, too. As soon as the knee shows signs of improvement Ears goes out, falls over a wire and hurts it again. This spring there were no wires convenient for falling over so he dropped a trench knife on it. The trench knife pierced about three inches of flesh, hit the bone, and bounced back . . . and so the story goes . . .





ELLIS CHANDLER SAINT
Burlington Hotel
WASHINGTON, D. C.
Born 1909

Entered from St. Albans School in 1927

News Board (1, 2); Editor (2); Football Dance
Committee (3, 4); Baseball Manager (4).



ONLY Washington could produce a Saint. The finish of the diplomat, the *naïveté* of the sailor, the impeccable outfit of the gilded youth and the disordered life of the salesman are qualities cross-hatched in this one human being. Nature intended Monte for the night-life of a great city but circumstances hedged him for four years in the bounds of a sober Quaker institution.

Though he could make a stab at explaining most anything under the sun to you without a moment's reflection, Saint would be stumped if you asked him how he has contrived to remain here so long. In the dim borderland between the stay-outs and the stay-ins he has maintained a precarious existence and his success is, we believe, attributable to his faculty for smooth persuasion. You leave an argument with Ellis Chandler with the conviction that your pet theories were impressed in the highest degree and that he is the brightest man alive. (This feeling lasts at least a few minutes.)

Monte would be the first to deny that he is a lady-killer but his numerous fatalities in this neighbourhood, we are sure, he ultimately traced to this one fell hand. Anyway this is the tradition and it is only advancing age that makes our Lothario modest. Naturally, between the Student Council and Ellis Chandler Saint there is a sword. The Council stands for unbreakable laws, Monte indicates by his mere survival that there is no connection between him and these laws.

According to Uncle Billy, Haverford is no place for the dilettante and the idler, but we refuse to believe that a perusal of Don Marquis and Ben Hecht can prepare anybody for, say, a quiz in Sociology. Monte's talents are wasted. But not for long. It is rumored that a supplement to Milton C. Work's admirable handbook, mysteriously signed E. C. S. is in preparation, though it is only fair to add that somebody contradicted this with a statement that the Saint of Saints intends to sail eastward in order to sell Standard Oil to the long-suffering Mongolians.





ERNEST ALLEN SCHILPP
208 Woodlawn Road
ROLAND PARK, BALTIMORE, MD.
Born 1910

Entered from Baltimore Friends' School in 1927

Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Leader of the Glee Club (4); Member of the Cap and Bells Club (2, 3, 4); Class Treasurer (1); Class Vice-President (2); Track Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager, Track Team (4); Freshman Advisory Committee (4); M. A. S. C. A. A. Committee on Preparation (3, 4); Orchestra, *Hugh the Dover* (2).

LIFE, to Allen, is a path of bubbles, to be trod upon lightly, and with song. He has strolled through four years of college gazing in mild wonderment at the rush and bustle of life going on about him, and breaking into "One Alone" at the slightest excuse. Now and then he gets an important letter from Baltimore and moons over it for several classes but he's soon back to his main job of blowing bubbles. His worst days are in May when he becomes acutely oak-pollen conscious. Some people sneeze at golden-rod, some at hay, but Allen sneezes and weeps copiously at the mere sight of an oak tree.

Allen is absolutely unrideable and imperturbable. Managing the track team and leading the Glee Club all in one year never disturbed that calm exterior and those untroubled (except for the above-mentioned malady) eyes. There's only one thing we know that will get the least semblance of a rise out of him. Just speak in deprecating tones about the Glee Club. A critical remark about it will set him going. All you have to do is say you've heard they're thinking of discontinuing the Glee Club after this year because it takes too much time and there isn't enough demand for it. We did that once. The response was immediate and couched in no uncertain terms. But that's the only weakness Allen has that we've been able to discover, if you don't count a small weakness for the movies.

He's one of the best liars in the class. What we mean is that Allen has the ability to make the most absurd statements and uphold them with the straightest face of anybody we know. You never know when to believe him, for he doesn't consider life worth living if he isn't giving somebody a swift line about something.

We expect he's had a grand time exercising this talent as track manager this spring, what with keeping Pop Haddleton guessing and stringing other managers along on the matter of guarantees, etc. And it'll come in handy when he goes on to study law, too.

Allan has roomed with Bobby Rice for years. Gene Hogenaver and Johnny Emlen were the other two members of junior year. But Gene didn't come back at the beginning of this year and Johnny moved with more ardent bird seekers. That left Bobby and Allen to carry on alone. They joined forces with Otto Reinsner and left the wilds of Center Barclay for the comparative civilization of the Second Entry. But the two of them are inseparable. Allen is a little more susceptible to the charms of the fairer (and more bothersome) sex. But no violent emotional conflict has left him scarred for life, as it has one or another man in the class (or they think it has, anyway, and that's as good as scarred—for them).

In short, Allen is about as sane and rational as Bobby. That's probably the reason why they have always hit it off so well. "How about a movie, Bob?"

"O. K."





CARL ALLEN SCHOPBACH
634 Colford Avenue
COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.
Born 1909

Entered from Collingswood High School in 1927

News Board (1); Corporation Scholar (2, 3).



EVERYBODY knows Carl. Who knows him really well? I doubt if even we who have been exposed to a course in Abnormal Psychology can tell what goes on in the intricacies of the Schopbach mind. Not that Carl is not frank. He is always willing to talk about himself, his methods, how he would run America if he was Andy Mellon, and so on. But you simply cannot penetrate the mask.

When Carl entered this delightful backwater he was high man on the grade-lists. For two years he ranked infallibly, then like Lucifer he made a meteoric descent, thanks probably to the Economics department. Junior year he proved to his own satisfaction, if not to the Dean's, that it is possible to stay in College without attending any classes. Carl extroverted to the world flanked by two formidable associates, Gage and Reynolds. His thorough system of preparation for examinations, his careful selection of courses still gave him a highly respectable scholastic standing, but the lure of the newspaper racket and the bridge table left him among the thrice-damned who despise text-books and yearn for Monte Carlo. Monte Saint and Carlo Schopbach together spell out the name of that pivot of the universe, and when they roomed together Senior year all marveled at the auspicious marriage. But, alas when actually seated on parallel sides of a card-table they cancel each other out.

This tough little Methodist tackles everything with amazing vigor. He used to play a skilful game of soccer in days of yore on Merion Field, and being a good observer and an expert listener he is an ideal reporter and makes the *Evening Bulletin* good for the few losses that he is liable to in the vice-dens of Haverford College. Carlo is an opportunist first and last, he exploits his capacity for blushing as well as his million dollar smile with a ruthlessness that nobody on the Faculty realizes. He plays the game with an eye on all the legal loopholes. *Caveat Emptor!* In short here is a man ideally constructed for the pursuit of modern business.





HARRIS PALMER SHANE
5410 Wayne Avenue
GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA
Born 1909

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1927

Haverfordian Business Board (1); Circulation Manager (2, 3); *News* Board (1, 2, 3); Press Club (2); English Club, Treasurer (3); Class Secretary (3); Editor, *THE RECORD; Haverfordian* Board (4); Store Committee (4); Centenary Committee (4); Curriculum Committee (4); Founders' Club (4); Chairman, Class Day Committee.

HERE is the *Pirate King* or perhaps it's only the *Soldier of the King*, thank you. At any rate, judging from the number of more or less definite statements to that effect which Harris makes every day in the shower he is surely one or the other of these worthies. The *Pirate King*, we feel, has a slight edge over other competitors, for, as Mr. Shane himself has often remarked, "It is, it is a glorious thing to be a pirate king." All of this is simply a euphemistic way of saying that Harris has a weakness for that most public of indoor sports—*shower singing*. This use of "singing" is not to be confused with the usual meaning of the word. For the noises that emerge from "The Doorway to Hell" have little in common with the noble art of Orpheus. Harris bellows, roars, screeches, howls, cheers, whines, yodels, screams, moans, in all that magnificent range of cacophony that only chants of the jungle can produce. Sound effects by Shane for that super thriller "Hunting Wild Game in Darkest Africa," will, we feel sure, be our editor's fortune. At present, we are forced to confess, they are our misfortune. Only those who have endured the exquisite agony of hearing *Lord Jeffery Amherst* superimposed on *Bow, Bow, Ye Lower Middle Classes* with something about "sink the army, sink the army gray" mixed up in the whole mess, can appreciate what this writer means.

Two other Shane traits deserve mention. (1) Shane women and (2) Shane naps. Both are very unusual. The chief thing to be observed about topic (1) is the prolixity of the Shane feminine ménage, a populous group extending from Miss MacCracken of Bryn Mawr and points north (who rescued him from a mechanical horse at Atlantic City) through Nancy, the hysterical ha! ha! from New London and points west, to Anne of Vassar and points south, and someone with a name that sounds as if her family was Dutch and had taken to playing bridge and crying the name of *trumps* every minute. At any rate these females are liable to appear in the 7th entry of Lloyd at almost any time, usually when one is taking a shower. Let us turn now to topic (2)—the whole problem of Shane naps. At twenty minutes past eleven, Harris will enter your room and say, "Please wake me at eleven twenty-eight. I'm going to take a nap." Which he proceeds to do behind an ever-present screen with all the pomp and ceremony of a royal *coucher* of Louis Quatorze.

In conclusion, for the benefit of those who don't know their Shane by heart (and are there any?) we here set down an incident—perhaps a description—of our editor on a cold winter day late in March. (N. B. This is Pennsylvania.) Enter—in preparation for exit—H. P. Shane in old fur coat. He wears for head-gear an old fur hat. On his hands he wears a pair of old fur gloves. His feet are encased in old fur boots. Around his neck is an old fur scarf, and over his legs are old fur leggings. With a rushing and a roaring he is off to the druggery. Yes, boys, somewhere concealed in the depths of them furs, is Harris Palmer Shane, Germantown's gift to Haverford.





PHILLIP BORIS SHAW
63 Ferndale Drive
HASTINGS-UPON-HUDSON, N. Y.
Born 1909



Entered from Evander Childs' High School in 1927

News Board (1, 2); Composition Manager (2);
Circulation Manager (3); Cricket Squad (1, 2);
Numerals (3); "H" (4); Captain (4); Cope Prize
Bat; Chemistry Club (4).

WHEN Phillip (don't forget the extra "l" unless you want to bring his wrath upon you) burst into our presence in the fall of 1927, we had before us a fellow whose face was queerest of all our motley throng, whose freckles vied with the stars in number, whose hair was the most worshipfully cared for, and whose was the Godawfullest singing voice that ever echoed in a shower room. Today, four years later, nothing is changed. Nor face nor freckles, nor curls nor song have had the advantage of any imaginative reform. Why should they? Phillip is as cock-sure as his goddess Mary Baker Eddy, and those of us who have heard his "No . . . no . . . no" are quite satisfied as to the reason for this static condition.

That glittering hair of Phillip to which no photograph can do justice is perhaps the secret of his conquest of the feminine population of North America. Do we exaggerate? Perhaps. But at least we are quite confident that a scattered line of female hearts stretches all the way from Hastings-upon-Hudson to Wayne. Alas, poor Belinda! We knew her well before she met Phillip. Now she toils not, neither does she spin, but keeps a lantern burning in her window, hoping and waiting for Phillip's return. But dashing young Phillip has gone into the West, leaving only the memory of his locks behind him.

Phillip has only one amusing topic of conversation besides women. That is the movies. For the finished product he has no more discriminating taste than he has for literature. But he has worked for a couple of summers in the Paramount Sound Studios on Long Island where his father is a big shot. He is on speaking terms with Chevalier and Colbert, and has even carried on a conversation-about-Life-with-a-capital-L with that coming star, Joan Peers. To return to matter-of-fact Haverford after summers of hobnobbing with the great is a had come-down for Phillip, but he is very generous, and consistently avoids patronising us.

Ab yes! We nearly forgot! Phillip is the college's star cricketeer. Junior year he startled the whole grandstand with phenomenal runs, and when it came time for elections, Phillip walked away with the captaincy, breaking the tradition that the cricket leader be a Quaker. This spring it is his romantic glamor which has thronged the pavillion with so many rooters that we hear on good authority that the management is planning to charge a gate fee next year.





EUGENE RODMAN SHIPPEN
802 Lake Formosa Drive
ORLANDO, FLORIDA
Born 1909

Entered from Broctor Academy in 1927

Glee Club (2, 3); Track Squad (3, 4); Football Squad (4); Cap and Bells Stage Manager (4); Freshman Advisory Committee (4).

ONE of the first persons incoming Freshman learn to know is "Big Rod." After he's barged up to your table every night for a week and said "Anybody going to eat this dessert?" you naturally wonder who he is. And since he makes the rounds of the dining room each night in the search for the one "goody" that may have eluded him, Rhinies soon catch on.

If you ask Rod about this remarkable power of assimilation he will tell you rather solemnly and with rather a grieved note in his voice: "Well, I'm a big fellow; I have to eat a lot because there's more of me." And nobody can deny that—viewed from certain angles Rod is positively enormous!

With all his scavenging, Rod is what it popularly known as "a good-hearted guy." He never hurt anyone intentionally in his life and he'd do anything within reason for you. Once he offered to give us his fourth ice cream, a rather hesitant offering to be sure, but an offering it was. He is really quite earnest in his desire to help people out and waggles up to Preston along with Necker Mekeel in an endeavor to fill forty squealing Wops with a desire for the Inner Light. Rod conducts a newspaper up there and, according to all reports it's sure a live little sheet, fellows. At the beginning of Junior year, Rod, with a desire to forge new trails, arrived at college with no hair on his head. This caused no little consternation for it was felt that, if ever God created a head to be profusely covered with hair, that head was Rodman's. The hair, in spite of numerous wagers to the contrary grew again. But the memory of its absence still rankles.

With the urge for music in his soul, "Rod" has acquired more queer musical instruments than anyone we ever saw. His prize possession is his saw—the one he calls his "Musical Saw." He tried many times to break into the headlines by performing a specialty act for the Musical Clubs. But somehow, the Musical Clubs didn't care for his technique, so Rod and the saw (in company with an orcino, and a Jews harp we suspect) packed off and went to Europe. Shippin in Europe, last summer, must have delighted and charmed a great many people. It would be awfully hard to get away from Rod and his saw in Europe. In fact, on the crossing, Rod gave a recital at the ship's concert. At the close of the first number the ship had to be brought to a full stop in order to rescue eleven men and eight women who had jumped overboard.

No description of "Big Rod" is complete without the mention of (1) his smile, (2) the complete disappearance of his eyes when he laughs, and (3) his hammers. Probably never in the history of Haverford College has there been an *undergraduate* with a more remarkable faculty for asking the most absurd questions. If, after you're in medical school, during a lecture on histology someone booms out "Do orcls drink water?" that, friends, will be Rod—the good-hearted guy.





EDWIN AARON SPEAKMAN

234 Hampden Avenue

NARBERTH, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1927

Autocar Company Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); President of Radio Club (3, 4); Class Treasurer (4); RECORD Board; Glee Club (3, 4); Scientific Society (2); Engineers' Club (4).



EDS' rise to fame and fortune has been nothing if not meteoric. Yesterday we knew him vaguely as a day student, connected with that somewhat nebulous organization, the Radio Club; today he is Haverford's Ambassador of Good-Will, and is flooded with invitations to address alumni smokers, scientific gatherings, and the like. And all because of the Speakman Silent Automatic Wear-resisting Non-corroding Fool-proof Electric Timer, a device apparently constructed by Ed out of some loose parts he found hanging around in the lab. Backed by the Physics department, our boy-inventor succeeded in inducing Father Haddleton to adopt the contraption as timer for track meets; and thus the first rung of the ladder to success was passed.

The immediate result of this innovation was that the track team had an even better season than usual: which was all to the good,—but greater developments were to follow. Imagine our surprise when we came back to college last fall and discovered the columns of the *News* laden with tales of how Speakman, our Speakman, had set out, like Uncle Billy two years ago, for the Middle West, where under the guise of exhibiting his timer he was disseminating propaganda about Haverford. He returned to the campus a nationally-known figure, as well as No. 1 publicity man for the college, and ever since honors have poured on him thick and fast. Although the Nobel Prize Committee overlooked him this year,—perhaps timers are not used in Sweden,—we feel sure there was some mistake; at all events Ed realizes that it pays to room with the managing editor of the *News*.

And yet in spite of all this publicity, in spite of these crowded demonstrations and enlarged enrollment, no one seems to know what the Speakman Timer really is, or what it does. It is said to be a burglar-alarm on the side, but who wants a burglar-alarm at a track meet, or for that matter who wants a timer on a bank vault. It's all very confusing. Sometimes we even wonder whether Ed himself completely understands his brain-child. But after all this is asking a bit too much of such a staunch defender of the Wheel and Rod,—no, not Shippen,—as Ed has come to be. He has demonstrated, to his own satisfaction at

least, the benefits accruing from the pursuit of Science: while we are sure that his career will be held up to future Haverfordians as an example of the advantage of taking Physics in college.





FRANK NEWMAN SPELLER, JR.
6411 Darlington Road
PITTSBURGH, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Shady Side Academy in 1927

Glee Club (1, 2); Manager of Soccer (4); M. A. S. C. A. A. Program Committee (1, 2, 3); Chairman (2, 3); *News* Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Advertising Manager (3); Business Manager (4); Class Blazer Committee (3).

IT HAS recently been remarked that America has become autobiography-conscious. If the present national taste in that particular direction keeps up, it is safe to prophesy that the public will someday be treated to "The Life and Times of Frank Speller" by Himself. And what an amazing revelation it will be. "Big Business Bared" might serve very well as a subtitle. And assuredly the book will be written at the master's dictation by a special phalanx of stenographers while he sits before a huge mahogany desk puffing innumerable cigars and buying and selling innumerable shares of stock.

In other and more pointed words there can be little doubt that Frankie has a genius for business; wherever he goes, he runs up against the problem of handling money, and as far as the public has been able to remark, he is more than ordinarily capable in this direction. Furthermore, it is apparent that he has an eye to the future—a decided advantage in any business man. At Haverford he has set up a definite hierarchy of Pittsburghians who will succeed him in his various posts of importance and reap the harvest which he has sowed for them. Craig Succop is a remarkable example of the Master's patronage. The managership of the *News* is his inheritance, as it was once Speller's. Likewise he is the future soccer magnate, another inheritance from Frankie. There is to our eye, something almost magnificent in the far-sighted policy which has built up this hereditary line. There are those who whisper that it does not stop with Succop, and it is easy to conceive that plans have been laid which extend even unto the third and fourth generation of them that love Speller and keep his commandments.

All this, however is mere rumor, likely though it may be. But one thing is certain—Speller's régime over the *News* finances was a successful albeit stormy one. His managing of the soccer team was highly comparable to the great industrial and financial movements which are sign-posts of the Twentieth Century. Possibly Frankie will go through life just littering the world with such sign-posts, all reflecting glory on the astute brain and terrifying acumen of the great Speller. Now just sit back in your easy chairs and see if he doesn't make the class's first million.





WALTER MAGNES TELLER

15 E. Tenth Street

NEW YORK, N. Y.

Born 1910



Entered from Friends' Seminary, New York in 1927

Haverford *News* (1, 2); *Haverfordian* (4); RECORD Board (4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Stage Manager (3); English Club (3); Vice-President (4); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Founders' Club.

FOR the past few years the campus has been interested at frequent intervals by the perusal of that popular propaganda-play, *Teller and Snyder, or Just Pals*. There is something almost sweetly child-like in the implicit faith which these two have in each other. Perhaps it is the result of a mutual love for the smoking of foul-smelling pipes. Certainly a more touching attachment has seldom existed between an undergraduate and one of Haverford's carefully chosen faculty. At any rate, it is a campus axiom that in the realm, of somewhat biological cognomen, wherein the winning smile and earnest manner are the most useful arts, Teller is master—the laurels are quite definitely his.

The bad boy of Founders' Hall—this was Walter as a freshman—and a sophomore. But with his attainment to the dignity of an upperclassman, "Maggie" got to grips with reality and embarked on an upward-seeking course of complete self-realization. The curious may find a reason for this change of heart by application to Miss Jane Simon, Barnard College, New York City.

With the advent of Christopher Morley to the campus, another intellectual friendship blossomed in the life of the young Teller.

In a quiet and unostentatious manner he produced a juicy "A" average and started writing stories for the *Haverfordian*. It has been a question of wonderment for the college all through senior year just how Teller ever got any work done with Amerman as his roommate. It is an amazing tribute to his will-power.

As stage-manager of the Cap and Bells, in junior year, Walter was responsible for the only decent indoor set that organization has possessed within the memory of man. His further dramatic interests have been exhibited in the English Club's production of *Hamlet*, in which play some of his more intimate friends were almost able to recognize him through the suit of armor.

It can be said of Walter that every step he has made in college has been an improving one. If he keeps it up, there is no telling how many fine friendships he may have with English professors all over the world.





JOSEPH TREXLER URBAN
15 S. Overbrook Avenue
TRENTON, N. J.
Born 1909

Entered from George School in 1927

Soccer Squad (1, 2).

JOE is the apple-cheeked boy from Trenton who has been the faithful buddy of Jessop almost since the beginnings of his college career. Joe's story is a Damon and Pythias one without the more spectacular element of self-sacrifice. Who knows but that Oscar is not more farseeing and clairvoyant in his assignments of Freshmen roommates than we give him credit for? Who knows but that, had these two been thrown together in the fall of 1927, there would have been a falling-out? It is only too true as William Blake once said, "If you trap the moment before it's ripe, the tears of repentance you'll certainly wipe". For even Jessop is forced to recall the time when, at the very beginning, Joe refused to help him carry furniture for the redoubtable Hawthorne from Founder's Hall to far-away Merion Cottage. But we think it is a conclusive proof of friendship matured and ripened that these two have stuck together for three years in spite of the fact that they can each wear the other's shoes, those tiny shoes no one else would dream of trying to put on.

Sophomore year came and Joseph and John moved to the country club, permanently as it has turned out. Sophomore year was spent in the Annex, that stronghold of the Rhinies. They managed to keep their younger Haverford brothers at bay. In that year happened one of those tragic affairs through which most of us pass and are loath to relate even to our dearest friends until time has passed and it hovers before our eyes, luminous in its romantic glamor. It seems there was a lovely little nurse . . . But that is all anyone knows. Mystery lends enchantment.

Since that Joseph and John moved over into the more aristocratic and exclusive Cottage. In its quiet and sedate atmosphere Joe has been acquiring a taste for philosophy (one of his many distinguished uncles is a professor in that subject at Dartmouth), and he has become a staunch supporter of Episcopalianism even to the point of believing in Bishop Manning's sanity, and being a militant anti-Prohibitionist, although in this last respect we are forced to admit that he has never put his beliefs into practice in such a way that the college authorities have had any cause for complaint.

Oh, and have you ever heard Joe's dog story, or the tale of how the Urbans were gypped out of the Girard millions? They are both prizes; we advise you to make up for your loss if you still are ignorant of them.





JAMES EDMUND WALMSLEY
4938 Penn Street
FRANKFORD, PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1909

Entered from Frankford High School in 1927



IN A crowd of people there is always at least one person that even a child can have no difficulty in spotting. This is he. Exactly why Teller bestowed on him the descriptive title of "Ironside" is not very clear. You can see for yourself that there is not much surface resemblance between our hero and the mighty English warrior who fought King Canute. Anyway "Walmsley" is unknown to Haverfordians to whom "Ironside" is a familiar figure.

When "Iron" entered there were all sorts of rumors going around that he was a great long-distance runner. People pointed him out and said, "That's Walmsley, the man who can run for hours". After Thanksgiving Rhinie year Edmund went over in the gym and ran around the track twenty times and then he took up smoking a pipe. Since then it's all anyone can do to get him out of bed.

Iron was a day student Rhinie year and it wasn't until he became a Soph and took a smart apartment in Founders that he became one of the elect and could be seen any time loping up and down the top floor puffing at a foul corn-cob, and looking like a lost soul. For obvious reasons his room became the rendezvous for all Sophomores and day students who desired to get rid of the post-prandial hangover in some convenient place, and so after lunch the little half-furnished cubby-hole would overflow with a noisy bunch listening to Helen Kane's ecstatic inanities emanating from the tinniest victrola, this side Hades. Through the dense fog of tobacco smoke the wispy outline of the presiding genius could be seen lying on the bed with his head propped up against the wall, drinking in the sensuous boopings and doopings of his favorite prima donna.

Junior year, Iron learned that card games were an efficacious cure for ennui; his yell of "Bridge!" never failed to produce out of the warren three rotten players all eager to desert their assignments and the long night watches thenceforward sped by on the heels of vanishing rubbers. Iron also found an endless diversion in solitaire and when he came out even (about once a month) his shrill "Whoopee!" would vibrate through those moth-eaten walls. It was at this time, too, that he made some half-hearted attempts to familiarize himself with

the love-habits of the human species but his experiments collapsed and he finally resigned himself to a dateless life. Senior year Iron moved into Fifth with Deacon Farr and Bhaskar Appasamy.

The odds are that if anyone wandered into the suite presumably occupied by these gentlemen of leisure he would at first imagine that he had stumbled into a vacant barn but that if he should tiptoe into the bedroom he would find them all there engaged in the ancient indoor pastime of seeing who can sleep the longest.





IGNATIUS M. WEIRINGER
2612 N. 17th Street
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
Born 1897

Entered from Ursinus College in 1929

Class Secretary (4); German Club.

IGNATZ is a recent acquisition; we never fully understood his reasons for deserting dear old Ursinus, but his gripe with a certain Lady of Authority in that seat of learning indicates that there is more here than meets the optic. Anyway he made a perfect landing in Founders, and lay steeped in that sink of iniquity for two whole years. In its horrific chambers he occupies a position like that of a Dean of Freshmen, that is, if you drop in casually you are liable to find him instructing his charges in the dreadful German language, socking them hard for repainted desks, and kidding them in his elliptic Austrian way. Yet we have to confess, though we hate to, that Ignatz is a very bad influence in Founders. He ignores the beautiful old tradition that men like Carr, Mussey, Bardolph, Teller and others were so careful to cherish, i.e. the habit of expressing oneself in potent and colorful language. Even when he is at an emotional boiling-point his language, like that of Tennyson in Enoch Arden, could bring no blush of shame to the cheeks of a modest English maiden. But to compensate for this vituperative impotence Weiringer holds certain ideas that could not be endorsed by the trustees of Haverford College. We dare not say more for fear that Ignatz might be deported to his native Austria for being a damned radical, and though he would thus save his fare across, still it might interrupt his career, for we must tell you that he means to stay here and teach Deutsch.

Weiringer battled for his bread and butter in life's bloody arena years before he entered our hallowed halls, and it is remarkable that at a stage when most men wive and beget (or, if you like, beget and wive) he is grabbing the torch and running the race with what are to him a flock of growing children. The class recognized his pluck and made him secretary, partly, it must be admitted,

because they enjoyed hearing him read the minutes in a heavy Teutonic accent. The tactful editor of the *News* spoiled the general effect considerably by printing the details of Weiringer's birth on the front page of that much-to-be-pitied weekly; his victim said that he wondered if they would print that Editor's skull-measurements in the next issue. Among the things that "Ignatz" excels at are shooting the bull, carpentering (the best in College) and talking German (this he learnt while still young). He is bound to make a good teacher if he does not allow his pupils to sidetrack him into telling stories (no, not that kind).





JOHN HAINES WILLS

MEDIA, PA.

Born 1908

Entered from Westtown School in 1927

Soccer, Numerals (3); "H" (2, 4); Cricket Squad (2); Numerals (3); Improvement Bat (3); News Board (2); Westtown Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President (4).



BEVAN, there isn't any sense in this pants fight. We're not going in it—and you can go to Hell."

It might be almost anyone than Jake Wills we thought. Then we turned around and it was Jake, his face livid and his fist clenched. Perhaps others had seen him in such a mood before, but it was our first experience with the fighting Quaker. All through Freshman year he had been comparatively quiet but in the fight over the pants fight the hot Latin blood of some ancestor rushed to the fore.

Since then we've seen him mad over many things, and it's always a treat to see a quiet, good-natured person like Jake burst one or two blood vessels.

Jake is the older of the two Willises by a year but you would never know it. Both of them giggle over the same things but Jake's giggling is even more unrestrained. Bort succeeded his first year in College. It took Jake four years to get to the position Bort held his Rhinie year, *i.e.* president, and supreme exalted commander of the Westtown Club. Under Jake's régime the club has been quieter than ever which is a blessing indeed. Brother "Bort" used to get 'em together to drink cider, use plain language for an evening, and weep over their memories of "Master" Carroll and the wild times they used to have at the dear old school. Occasionally there was a notice in the *News* about the meeting, now all is past and the Club is as dead as the Scientific Society. This has been Jake's greatest contribution to Haverford.

Of course Jake plays soccer—and cricket. While Bort is way out in mid-of, or wherever it is, playing pease-porridge hot with Christopher "Burple" Cadbury, Jake is gnashing his teeth at the bowler and muttering quite un-Westonian words. In the summer eves they both play cricket with their father and chase balls that go into the weeds in the meadow.

All in all if you want an example of the joys of the simple life—the wholesome atmosphere of the traditional Quaker Barclay

tower Jake is it—even if he does smoke cigarettes sometimes.





JOSEPH BORTON WILLS

MEDIA, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Westtown School in 1927

Soccer "H" (2, 3, 4); Cricket, Numerals (2, 3); Improvement Bat (2); Westtown Club (2, 3, 4); President (1); Freshman Advisory Committee (4). Spoon Committee.

FOR years the Wills brothers have kept watch from their lair in the Barclay tower, that haunt of Westtownites, sallying forth at intervals to display their prowess on the soccer field, cricket crease, and gymnasium floor. Sturdy sons of the soil, they stand for a life of simple pleasures, with plenty of fresh air and a strict adherence to those Quaker principles which have made Haverford what she is today, whatever that may be. To distinguish between them is rather difficult, especially as they are as inseparable as Damon and Pythias, Amos 'n' Andy, or that stellar combination, Carpenter and Hoag; but you're all right if you keep in mind that Bort is the one whose chin swoops out and whose hair is usually combed.

Bort, also, has proved to be more of an athlete than brother Jake; not that he possesses any more strength exactly, for it is a campus byword that one Wills brother is as hard as the other, and both are as hard as nails. No, it must be that Borton is a little more dependable, a little less flighty than Jacob, at least in the eyes of the powers that be on '88 Field or Cope Circle. For the fact is that the redoubtable McPete, when looking for good forward material several seasons back, chose Bort thus accomplishing one of the few separations of the Wills brothers on record. (How the ties of blood proved strong enough to override all opposition and how soon Jake also was playing on the varsity, is another story.)

Another thing we've always noticed about Bort is his friendship for the distinctly younger set about the campus. It's a rare day when he doesn't make his appearance for cricket practice followed by a miscellaneous brood of little Cadburys, Posts, Lockwoods, or what not, a proceeding which succeeds at least in enlivening the aura of tranquility which habitually surrounds the sacred crease. Whether Bort stands in loco parentis to these waifs and strays, and just how far his duties as nursemaid or guide, philosopher, and friend extend, we have never been able to discover; but he does seem to have the knack of dealing with children. And well he might after a lifetime of putting up with Jake. Taken all in all, our Borton is a pretty solid citizen. A man of simple tastes per-

haps—witness his choice of cricket as a spring "sport"—he none the less shows a certain persistence in carrying out what he starts to do—witness equally his winning of the improvement bat in this same field of endeavor. You might set him down as a typical Westtownite—not a very romantic appellation, to be sure, but one which in this case is entirely complimentary. For no one can deny that Bort is a credit to the long line of Quaker ancestors of which he is the 1931 version.





EVAN MORRIS WILSON

Born 1910

Entered from Montgomery School in 1927

Corporation Scholar (1, 2, 3, 4); Class of 1902 Prize in Latin (1); Class of 1896 Prize in Latin (2); Class Secretary (2); News Board (2, 3); Classical Club (1, 2, 3, 4); President (3); Record Board; *Haverfordian* Board, Griffon (4); Cricket Squad (1, 2, 4); English Club (3, 4); Student Centenary Committee (4).



IN FRESHMAN year Evan was known as the Hermit of South Barclay. He was to be seen only when he leaned out of the window for nefarious purposes, and when, toothbrush in mouth, he stalked down the hall at 9.30 every evening. This was carried on throughout sophomore year to the hourly bane of the aesthetic Harvey. But after two years of close contact with Golding and Amerman, he will never feel at home again in the smoking room of a pullman car. It is, nevertheless a redeeming trait in one who has for so long betrayed the sartorial standards of the Faculty by his faithful adulation of Jacob Reeds', *Vanity Fair*, J. Stanley Reeve, the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, and the fleshpots of Philadelphia Society. Evan will tell you that he has the Irish eye for beauty, and visitors to the Seventh Entry of Lloyd are usually surprised to see him perusing the *Social Register* and punctuating it with mutterings of "She's mah woman!"

A Corporation Scholarship for four years, and an intellectual buddieship with the Horse, the Doll, the Baron, and the Banana Man, indicate our hero's successful application of "old world charm". As the Rosemont Rabelais, he is famed as the author of such literary productions as *The Fairy of Faraon Street* and *The Naile and the Spike*. His French *vers de société* is pleasing to both eye and ear and it is to be remarked that since the appearance of some of this in the *Haverfordian*, the circulation of that organ has increased notably in Northampton, Mass.

The interests of this paragon include the Classical Club, a brilliant future in the diplomatic service, the Pilgrims' Chorus from *Tannhauser* as a piano solo, a knowledge of innumerable celebrities of late 19th century football, a desire to suppress Amerman and wash his hands of Golding, considerable experience in Bee-keeping, and a deep conviction that "there is no justice".

If Evan keeps up the improvement which has marked his career hitherto, it will be easy to envision him as the successful diplomat, married to Siamese twin princesses, and taking tea between treaties at the ballet of the *Folies Bergéres*, to the muted accompaniment of a chorus of "I-told-you-so's" from Uncle Billy.





GEORGE CHARLES WILT

112 S. Beaver Street

YORK, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Mercersburg Academy in 1927

Basketball (1, 2, 4); Junior Varsity Football (1, 2, 3); Manager (4); Glee Club (1, 2); Class President (4); Vice-President (3).

ON MARCH 5, 1931, a most unusual disturbance occurred in the dining-room. Dick Masland, *faute de mieux*, after having screamed out several announcements of transitory importance, ended his remarks with this momentous piece of information, "Today is Wilt's birthday!" With one exception the hall burst forth into rapturous applause. That one exception, we do not need to tell you, was George Charles Wilt, aged twenty-two. The childishness of his fellow Haverfordians was quite deplorable, he felt, and he did not find boisterous though genuine enthusiasm at all to his liking. Even Ma Patterson's present of a birthday cake for his very own did not soothe the ruffled state of his temper. This is only one of the many annoying ways in which George's friends have used to show their esteem. He has not even seemed pleased when made the inspiration for some of the Wily Pole's most delightful puns. For example, the one about the Wiltizer which is not run by a generator. On all these occasions George expresses himself very pungently while the look on his face is one to defy all attempts at description. And the wilder the language, and the more typhoon-like his appearance, the more exquisite is the elation of the entire third entry. It is quite unnecessary for us to expand at length upon the good nature of all these kiddings. There is no one we can imagine who would willingly hurt this sterling son of York, Pa. Any such person must automatically be written down as a misanthrope.

When George first came to college, he found himself mated, by Oscar's not invariable lack of clairvoyance, to Houston. The combination is the only one so arranged which has weathered all the storms of unavoidable proximity, and has been, as far as an outside observer can ascertain, as successful as it was apparently unpremeditated. For the first part of his Senior year George was president

of the class. This necessitated the suppression of his habitual retiring attitude, and the temporary disregarding of his stage-fright in the class meetings. Last fall, when the conscientious Jessop stepped down from his managership of football to attend more closely to lessons, George took over the job. The boys tried their best to make it hard for him by attempting to swindle the College through him. Some one of them would come up to him, for example, after an away game, and say, "Wilt, I want to stay over Sunday here. Will you give me the money for my railroad fare now so that I can get back to College?" But Wilt was not so simple that he could not see through the trick. The funds were safe in his possession. George and the Giant Wiltizer foxed all such sharpers. No one could put such stuff over on the Great One.

You hesitate to prophesy, but we should like to leave this picture with you: Wilt, one of the most successful business men of York, Pa., on the course of the York Country Club of a bright June day. He pushes the ball over several fairways into the distant rough. He says . . . But no need to prophesy at this point. We know what he says. The important part of the picture is Wilt, the successful business man of York, Pa.





EX-MEMBERS

WAY back in 1927 Fritzie thought he'd scare us on the night of his annual advice-giving talk to Rhinies by predicting that "at least ten of you sitting here tonight will never get your diplomas." He did scare us, especially since every man in the class swore that Fritzie was looking him straight in the eye. But if we had known that not ten, but twenty-seven members of the class of 1931 were to wander off into the blue during the course of four years, most of us would have shivered more than we did.

The class had hardly gotten to know Edgar Covington when he contracted pleurisy. After a severe illness and a long absence from college he died.

Jack Newton played football all that fall, but when mid-years had come and gone, Jack was no longer at Haverford. At the end of Freshman year Nathaniel "King" Weyl decided that Haverford presented too limited a field for the unfolding of his talents and announced that he would grace Columbia with his presence the next year. The Class wept. Bob Rich, having written an essay proving that "if Princeton is a glorified prep-school, then Haverford is a glorified high school," moved on to a most glorified business school—Babson Institute. Percy Snyder, Rich's constant companion on many wild trips to points nearby, left to study something-or-other at Johns Hopkins. Better liquor is available in Baltimore. Haverford was just too slow for this pair. Gideon Peirce also left us at the end of Freshman year and went to California. This year Gideon came back as a Rhinie; but a social Senior—and, a very social one, too. It is probable that Dick Reynolds left then too. In 1929 he came back in a lower class only to vanish again. Perhaps he will pop up again sometime.

In the one year that he was at Haverford, Tommy Rhoads won the everlasting respect and liking of the class. Of a normally slow disposition, he was hindered by a bad ear but he fought doggedly to keep up. A few days after entering college he broke his leg in soccer and was handicapped by a plaster cast for some months. Soon after sophomore year started he developed mastoditis and died. His death is the greatest loss the Class of 1931 has suffered.

Adrian Mann, who had dropped out of the Class at Christmas time Freshman year came back the next year in the class below, but left them after a few months.

By the end of Sophomore year, Win Ray had decided to finish his education at Northwestern and Fred Peck realized he was cut out for a "landscape architect" and went down to Penn to learn about manure, shrubbery and so forth. Good old Yiu Kui Chu also left, and is probably engaged in sacking Pekin in his gentle way—at this very minute. Dick Keech, broken





hearted by the graduation of all his friends in the upper classes, left College and got a job. Bob Feroe's younger brother, Teb, couldn't make the grades in his Freshman year and transferred to Dickinson. Bob went along with him taking the Feroe Packard, and the Feroe Klassy Kut Klothes, with him. Barnie Walter's family moved away and he went with them. A bad attack of typhoid fever caused Joe Hartel to lose so much work that he was forced to repeat his Sophomore year. Houston fell heir to the distinction of being the shortest man in college when Kenneth Egolf dropped out at the end of Sophomore year. Like Schilpp, Kenneth had a name the professors couldn't pronounce, and so had afforded the class a considerable amount of raucous amusement in two years.

According to rumor Jastrow Levin was dropped because of a one or two point discrepancy between his grades and the standard of the College. However true that may be, it was on a close margin, and more than one bull session lamented his departure.

After the Sophomore hiatus all went along easily during Junior year until—Crash! Came the Christmas trees—and exit Messrs. Davis and Gage, Interior and Exterior Decorators par excellence, imbued with a generous amount of Christmas spirits and the idea that it would be uproariously funny to decorate the porch of Roberts with the lousy looking little potted trees with which the Ardmore Business Mens' Association had cluttered up the streets, Cress and Homer, in conjunction with an upperclassman, transported Birnam Wood to Dunsinane in three trips. On the fourth trip they were transferred to jail. Shortly after getting bailed out their names were espinged from the rolls of Haverford College, which, while granting a penalty of only two weeks for the first offense against the Eighteenth Amendment, could not stomach the double desecration of the streets of Ardmore and the porch of Roberts Hall at one swell foop. Along about mid-year's Junior year Martin Crane, who had entered on a Corporation Scholarship, began to realize that his standing had fallen, and to hint in a manner which he no doubt considered subtle that he was going to end it all. Nothing onward took place, however, and the college ended it for him by removing him. There was some talk of his studying and coming back to cheer us all up again, but he evidently became too interested in other lines of endeavor. We wonder if he still wears those collars, and if he still thinks he'd be a second Barrymore if it weren't for those freckles!

From mid-years to spring vacation, and from spring vacation to Junior Prom the class moved smoothly. Finals, however, were the finishing touch for Lank Browne, and for Gene Hogenauer. Lank has made the all-American soccer team in the fall and was,



besides the best waiter we've ever had, one of the better eggs in the class. They do say that he'll be back next year. Gene was Captain of the tennis team and a star full back. He was, we believe, the next to the last of the Hogenauers, and once the succession was assured by Irwin's entrance, Gene may have felt that it would not be necessary for him to stick around college. At any rate it hasn't been so bad, for this year Gene is tutoring a boy in Florida and winning tennis tournaments while the rest of us are worrying about the Comprehensive Examination. Any further information on this subject can probably be found in the library.

Ira Schamberg, after three rather foggy years at Haverford went to Penn Medical School. Ira had been one of the first members of the Class to enter the sacred North end of the Union. Filled with a desire to do something rea'ly big on his first assignment for the *News*, he broke in and wrote a lengthy, and rather gruesome description, which, needless to say, was never printed. During his Freshman year he took one of the worst beatings administered to anyone in the class—every day for a week he perched in a tree and read the Rhinie Rules out loud. On the *News* he provided much wholesome, and unconscious, humor to while away the dreary Sunday afternoons. He drops back to College now and then with horrible tales of "Stiffs-I-Have-Met."

Charlie Cameron also failed to come back at the beginning of Senior year. He had been leader of the Glee Club, Managing Editor of the *News*, a member of the cast of the Cap and Bells play of 1929, Activities Editor of the *RECORD* and so on and so forth, but the lure of Penn was great and he is finishing out his career there, and directing a church choir on the side, as well as doing some radio announcing.

Before the end of the first quarter of Senior Year Johnnie Tabakin, one of the four corporation scholars in the class left. We haven't heard much about him since then and whether or not the rumor that he is married is true we couldn't say. His leaving caused quite a mix-up since no one seemed to want the Corporation Scholarship. It was finally passed on down the line and someone got three hundred bucks as a pleasant surprise.

Jonathan Price Jessop failed to return to College after mid-years also. Johnnie spent his mid-year exam period in the infirmary with pleurisy but somehow we can't quite consider him an ex-member. In fact, we refuse to do it!

Then there's Conrad Fromowitz and George Rogers. Conrad was the mystery man of the class. He was in the catalogue for some years but no one could ever find him on the campus. Some-





day perhaps he will turn up and introduce himself at a class reunion, and at least half the class will be under the impression that figure out George Rogers. He was in our French Class Rhinie year and the way he and Carpenter chatted on we thought he must have been here for years and years. Some of the women he used to drag around looked as if they had been here for years and years too. Seriously speaking, he seems to have been in all the classes since 18 or so. We know for certain though that his name was listed in our class at one time. Anyhow, he organized the band and left college. The band is still with us





OTHER CLASSES



GRADUATE STUDENTS

Alson Hunnicutt Bailey
Floyd Durham
Alexander MacLeod Fraser
Sumito Fukasawa
Robert Melampy

Ivan Clendenon Milhous
Frank George Nelson
Mahlon Hale Newlin
Ralph Omer Sherberg
Newman Sidney Shirk

Joseph Richmond Silver



JUNIOR CLASS



JUNIOR CLASS

Robert Finch Allen
Carl Barnett Allendoerfer
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, 3rd
Wallace deLaguna
Walter Irving Dothard, Jr.
Ninson Stine Eckert
Joseph Russell Elkinton
Robert Fry Engle, Jr.
Philip Livingston Ferris
Harry Fields
Gifford Pinchot Foley
William Thornton (Rickert) Fox
Herbert Stockton Gaskill
George Gerenbeck, Jr.
Oliver Gibbs
Francis Barton Gummere, 3rd
Claude Robert Haines
Joseph Nicholson Hartel
Landon Grier Haynes
Henry Kirkwood Henderson
John Hacker Hoag
David Hutzler Hollander
Sydney Alfred Hunt
Henry Gifford Irion
Henry Gorgas Michener Jopson
Herbert Hall Katzenbach, Jr.
Lewis Leberman Kohn
Albert Herman Kretschmer, Jr.
John Byron LaDue, Jr.
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 Walksley Powell, Jr.
William Webb Pusey 3rd.
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 Sibley, Jr.
Franklin Jonathan Smith
Dana Morris Street
Charles Suplee Strickler
Augustus Craig Succop
Edward Alexander Tabakin
Wadi Rizq Tarazi
Job Taylor, 2nd
Philip Vincent Wagner
Francis Redding Walton
John Robrecht Watkins
Ernest Ray Webb
Rudolph Milton Wertime
Robert Sirpson Woodward, 3rd
William Dean Wray
John Adam Zapp, Jr.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

1931



SOPHOMORE CLASS

James Edson Andrews
James Andrews, Jr.
Ernest Theodore Bachmann
Clarence Potter Baker
Evan Miles Blanchard
Douglas Henning Borgstedt
John Lewis Byerly
Edmund Albert Carr
Kelley Reginald Chadwick
Herbert Thornkide Clough, Jr.
Elmer Elbert Craig, Jr.
William Beyer Daub
Thomas Royle Dawber
Washburn Payne DeMotte
Horace Kirkus Dugdale, Jr.
Oliver Fletcher Egleston
Franklin Kirkbride Fite
Charles Edward Frank
Frederick Langley Fuges
DuRelle Gage, Jr.
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 Bertholf Houston
Cecil Ainar Howard
Francis Gheen 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
Harry Pierce Pelouze, Jr.
Hugh Brown Pickard
George Rice
William Henry Russell, Jr.
John Romaine Sargent
Henry Wisner Scarborough, Jr.
Alfred Garrett Scattergood, II
Henry Scattergood
John Lemuel Simons, Jr.
Charles Gregg Singer
Wilbert Barnes Smith, Jr.
Howard Dobbins Sordon, Jr.
James Norman Stanton, III
William Hooton Stokes
John Joseph Stoudt
Robert Craig Thomson, Jr.
Gerald Stockton Trenbath
Phillips Stockton Trenbath
William Luther Tripp
Philip Ernest Truex
Frederick A. Vandenberg, Jr.
Henry James Vaux
Thomas Raeburn White, Jr.
David Livingstone Wilson
Albert Bidde Zintl

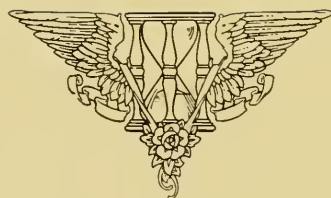


FRESHMAN CLASS



FRESHMAN CLASS

George Breidenhart Allen
Robert Craig Atmore
Charles March Bancroft
Charles Scudder Barrett
Robert Haddon Beaven
Harold Fort Bodine
Lewis Howard Bowen
Thomas Shipley Brown
Charles Halstead Cloukey
Robert Wilmot Colomy
James Huston Cowan
John Paul Desjardins
Fritz K. Downey
John LaFontaine Dusseau
John Sharpless Edwards
Louis William Flaccus, Jr.
Grant VanLeer Frazer
John Morton Fultz
Leonard Levi Greif, Jr.
John Lewis Gross, Jr.
William Henry Haines, III
Charles William Hart
Ellwood Meachen Hammaker
John Ogden Hancock
Frederick Hannes Harjes, 3rd
Samuel Hassman
Ottho Gerard Heldring-Bye
Edward Middleton Hendrickson
Byron Thomas Hipple, Jr.
Patrick Henry Hodgkin
David Justin Holden
Gerard Holzrichter
Henry Hotz, Jr.
Hunt Breckenridge Jones
Robert Bruce Jones
Frank Lee Kennedy
Thomas May Knight
James Barclay Leeds
Herman Adam Lingerman
James Douglas Lockard
Benjamin Steinberg Loewenstein
David Greene Loomis
Frederick Reimer Lydecker
William Francis Maxfield
John Benjamin McClintock
Robert Wilson McKee
John Monsarrat
Herbert James Nichol
William Benson Nichols
Edwin Chouteau Perkins
Cuthbert Altamont Pitter
Richard Rundle Pleasants
Asa Wing Potts
Harry Edmund Rice
Philip Burt Richardson
Arthur Thomas Richie
Norman Johnson Rush
Henry Giffen Russell
Roger Scattergood
Erwin Schmid
Michael Vincent Clinton Scilipoti
Frank Thomas Siebert
Arthur Gregg Singer, Jr.
Bruce Donnan Smith
William Wharton Smith
Matthew Wynn Stanley
Francis Wharton Stork
Richard Munn Suffern
John Samuel Taylor
Harcourt Newell Trimble, Jr.
Edwin Prescott Tripp, Jr.
Douglas Selby Vance
William Joseph Wagner
Edward Chandlee White
Mason Williams
John Cyrus Wilson
Charles Knickerbacker Merrill Winne
Samuel Acker Woolford
Paul Harmon Worcester
Frederick Hamilton Wright
Willard Moore Wright, Jr.





ACTIVITIES



BACK ROW—Sipple Stanton, Baker, Settle, Lentz, Wray. FRONT ROW—Logan, Barnhurst, Harvey, Katz, Conn, Houston

STUDENT COUNCIL

THE proximity of the much-publicized Centenary caused a furor in the ranks of the Student Council this year. Gone was the peace and tranquility of the round of two-dollar fines, warnings and other police jobs necessary for the safety of the campus. The Centenary was coming—make sure the oil is in the old lamp!

The faculty felt that they should know more about student life, although the general student opinion was that the less known the better. Accordingly Katz picked committees to investigate every phase, a questionnaire which made an income tax blank look like a "Peter Rabbit" story was sent out to the students, and the campus seethed with discussion on Rhinics, dances, meals, exams—and the mysterious Mr. Rose. When the reports were finished—and Mr. Rose had changed them to conform with his views,—the Council sat over in the Union for a week on end and discussed them, making pencil marks here and there. Occasionally Wray was sent out for sandwiches and milk, and when it was all over they all went for a nice long walk feeling tired but happy, and all agreeing that it was the best meeting they had had yet.

About a week before Pre-Centenary Day the Council acted on violations of the liquor rules during vacation and six Haverfordians departed for vacations of two weeks. With no prejudice, no personal bias, and with absolute impartiality, the Council did their unpleasant task, thus setting an ideal for future Councils.

Except for these two matters—and the ruling that the Honor System shall cover all quizzes and hour examinations—the year went about as usual in the Council Chambers. Moos was in there so often that they began to consider him a member, damage to windows was earnestly discussed, etc., etc. But wait! One more important matter: after Flannelfoot broke a door down to find out what was going on in the first entry one night, the Council had the prevention of white-slaving cut out of his list of duties. Loud cheers were heard from all but Flannelfoot, who must have his ten-cent thrill!



HAVERFORD NEWS

BACK ROW—Carr, Kerslake, H. B. Jones. SECOND ROW—Monsarrat, Haines, Gaskill, VanDenburgh, Gross. THIRD ROW—Jopson, Gibson, Bachmann, Gilbert, Bourne, Trenbath, Greif. FOURTH ROW—Allen, Burger, Stanley, Gage, Des Jardins, Lentz, Dugdale, Wray, Lowenstein, Bowen, Hogenauer. FRONT ROW—Baker, Speller, Barnhurst, Henry, Succop

THE history of the *News* is, by general opinion, divided into two eras, A.H. and P.H.—Ante Hedley and Post-Hedley. During Hedley's rule it wasn't the *Haverford News*, it was a newspaper.

When we entered Horton was in the editor's chair. Eight Rhinies signified their willingness to learn about newspapers. Five dropped out on the way and at election time the remaining three, Saint, Schamberg, and Shane, were elected to the board. "Joe" Miller gave them weekly classes in newspaper style, "Dave" swore at them, and they came back almost every Sunday afternoon to sweat over the sheet in an atmosphere crackling with profanity, and blue with cigar-smoke. But when Monday night rolled around the College had a paper which was as nearly free from mistakes as possible, written in a style equalling most city papers, and containing editorials, which, if somewhat bombastic and revolutionary, at least stirred up thought.

All fall Arthur, Lauman Martin, and Bob Barnhurst had been helping cover football and soccer games for the sports board. Arthur was elected at the beginning of the second quarter and proved to be the star cricket man of the board. Bob and Lauman turned out some excellent football and baseball stories—oh, but we're leaving out Frankie Speller and Frankie has never been left out of anything yet. This remarkably shrewd



financier started his business life with Teller under Sullivan, who was business manager Rhinie year. Teller went out and chased ads religiously but after Frankie had been on the board a month he was teaching Sullivan a thing or two.

Evan Wilson decided to lend his services to the editorial board and was elected in November. Phil Shaw started out on the business board Sophomore year and later assumed Vaux's job as circulation manager. When Hedley retired prematurely Blackman took the helm, after much dirty work on both sides.

Several outstanding events occurred during his editorship. The most creditable one was the *News* banquet which he arranged. Being a pal of Hinshaw, who founded the *News*, and has never ceased talking about it, Jack pulled some wires and got William Allen White and Owen Wistar to speak. It seems Hinshaw knew White and then Wistar heard White was coming to speak and he wanted to come, too. As a result the *News* gave a twenty-first anniversary banquet which set a record for famed and interesting speakers. Not the least interesting feature was the amazed and frightened expression which came to White's face when the boys in the dining hall started singing "Waukie Wau."

After Jack's ill health forced his retirement and after Art Brinton had been editor just long enough to say he'd been editor, Carl Allendoerfer of the Class of 1932, mind you, took the chair. Charlie Henry had gotten on the board, Schamberg and Wilson were still there. Jack Lawrence took a job under Sporting Editor Barnhurst, and Shane occupied the lofty heights of the Crow's Nest. The class was getting along in the world.

At the end of Junior year the usual *News* political orgy took place, and Allendoerfer left the board. Bernie took over the editor's desk at the beginning of this year and Charlie Henry became news editor. Albie Crawford fell heir to the Crow's Nest and continued punning all year. The Speller organization had the business board gripped pretty hard, and the *Haverfordian* being in tight straits, a financial merger was arranged, after a heated conference at which Blackman's pal Hinshaw took a leading rôle. But the merger didn't work, and the *Haverfordian* was cut adrift.

Gibson became circulation manager and got the *News* around before Monday at supper most of the time. Schamberg left college at the end of Junior year and Shane had decided to write for the *Haverfordian* on condition that he get a signature cut. Lauman Martin and Evan Wilson had resigned some time previous. The underclassmen were beginning to seep in.

Barnie turned out a fair paper, with some of the worst editorials ever seen. But the proof was read carefully, stories were gone after conscientiously, and the paper contained less mistakes than usual. Towards the close of the first semester of Senior year Bob resigned the editorship to Henry, who edited the one or two remaining issues in a noncommittal fashion.

The end of the first semester of Senior year marked the end of the class's connection with the *News*. Baker became editor and proceeded to make the paper a five column sheet, as it was before Horton. Whether or not this change is "permanent" really makes little difference; it seems to be the inevitable final step of the decline begun in 1929—but someone will come along before long and change it back. That's the way the *News* works.



MUSICAL CLUBS

Top Row—Mayfield, H. B. Jones, Atmore, Haynes, Foley.
Second Row—Blyth, Hipple, Gray, Borgstedt, Masland, Taylor, Lockard, Pleasants.
Third Row—Jacobs, Beaven, E. J. Andrews, Fuges, Clough, Russell, Holden, Winne, Des Jardins, Lipsitt.
Bottom Row—Sertle, Gabriel, Speakman, Bijur, Schilpp, Harvey, Manager, G. B. Edgar, Manager, Conn, Grestmer, Zapp, Connor.



THE MUSICAL CLUBS

EVERY RECORD for ninety-eight years or so has contained at least one write-up which drools on about how hard it is to do RECORD write-ups. This is it for 1931. But Emily Schilpp probably wants to hear about the Musical Clubs; so for Emily's sole benefit (the rest of you can skip this) we'll devote a page to them.

The Princeton Concert was the first really important one. There was a hot debate on the question, "Resolved: that the Haverford Musical Clubs rent tail coats to keep up with Princeton," but Maier, *et als*, lost out and the boys stuck to Tuxes. Who the hell *wants* to keep up with Princeton? Schilpp was in the infirmary, but the concert seems to have been a success, anyhow.

We're prejudiced about Atlantic City because we always have such a swell time that everything looks rosy in spite of the saxophones. It really was a nice concert though, and the instrumental club didn't have the *Bolero* craze then. Probably the usual number of people went for a dip in the ocean, and the usual number of people ate oysters for breakfast but that isn't news—now if an oyster ate a man! We'll never forget the way the old dowagers that are such a fixture down there broke into mild huzzahs when the instrumental club reached *Dixie* in the American Fantasia. We'll never forget that mechanical horse in the gymnasium, either

Following the new policy of more and better concerts the clubs journeyed to Skytop the next week and broke their necks on toboggans. We never heard much about the concert since Bijur seemed to be impressed mainly with the lousy driving weather, and Schilpp with the Skytop cocoa. But the clubs got asked back next year and that ought to prove something.

At the Swarthmore concert, held in the new Clothier Memorial Hall, Bijur sprung *Bolero* upon a waiting world. One old gentleman in the front row got up and stalked out but, undaunted, the band struggled on through. Swarthmore, it might be remarked, had a darned good glee club. The dance afterwards wasn't so hot, though. We'd never been to a Swarthmore dance before and it was all very new and wonderful to us. My, how they do bounce around in that dimly-lighted, odoriferous dining-room they dance in! But the memorable feature of the evening was when we went to get our coats and wandered up to the second floor of Parrish by mistake. Don't get up, Lady Astor!

Of course, there was a concert in Moorestown, at Westtown, and one at the Women's Club of Germantown, but they weren't particularly important and we can skip them very easily.

The season, as always, closed with the Home Concert in luxurious Roberts' Hall. Blanchard sang some solos which the *News* would say were "well received"; there was a bang-up double quartet which sang the kind of stuff college glee clubs *should* sing, and the instrumental club reached what we thought was the height of their season. Holden's work on the xylophone was even better than it was at Atlantic City, and the saxophone duet was good! In explanation of the baffled appearance of Messrs. Read and Longaker it might be mentioned that they forgot their music and had to go home for it. But it wouldn't be a Haverford concert if somebody didn't forget something. It's amazing that Masland remembered to bring Gloria along at every concert!

So there's your write-up, Emily we're going home for vacation now.



NEWS SERVICE BOARD

BACK ROW—Lydecker, Gaskill, Vaux, Lowenstein. FRONT ROW—La Due, Pusey, Zapp, Fite, Roberts.

THE NEWS SERVICE

WITH the *News*, the *Haverfordian*, and *THE RECORD* all falling deep into the slough of debt, the Cap and Bells forced to charge two dollars a ticket for the Home Concert, and the Co-op in a hell of a situation, it is a relief, not to say a miracle, to find one organization which pays expenses. In fact, this child of Reiser's actually declared dividends of ten dollars apiece this year.

You may think that's the most striking thing about it but that's just because you don't realize the importance of the work the News Service is doing. Over there in the seventh entry Jack Zapp is in contact with the entire world, making everybody Haverford-minded. (Zapp, in case you don't know it, is director and Bill Pusey is editor). One of the articles which Zapp sent out appeared in the Paris edition of the *New York Herald Tribune* and all the time we're reading stuff about Haverford in the *New York Times*.

From the above chromo the reader may notice that the Senior Class is not represented on the Board. No one had heard of the possibility of dividends. But the important point of this little squib is that there wouldn't be any News Service if it hadn't been for H. Reiser, of the Class of 1931. Otto, finding that he didn't have enough work to make decent conversation, decided to reorganize the publicity at Haverford. The News Service had always been under the control of the *News*, and you know what that means. Otto took it over, put it on a separate basis, signed up most of the Philadelphia papers that the other publicity genius, Schopbach, didn't have an understanding with, got a Founders' Club major for the director, and in general got the thing going.

At the beginning of this year Bijur was forced to resign from the directorship because of other activities, and Zapp stepped up from the editor's chair. The former policy of "covering all home games, writing future stories on games, feature stories on players, special articles, supplying pictures and in general trying to insure Haverford maximum sports publicity" was followed. Then they had those mimeographed publicity sheets which they mailed to about 150 papers through the world.

So all in all, it's a pretty good organization—and it does pay dividends.



HVERFORDIAN BOARD

TOP ROW—Appasamy, Clements, Walton, Shane, Teller. BOTTOM ROW—Golding, Blanchard, Amerman, Maier

NINETEEN Hundred Thirty-one has good reason to cry "Ichabod! How are the mighty fallen!" Last year there was only one man conservative enough to embrace both of Haverford's forlorn hopes—Cricket and the *Haverfordian*. This year there are two! Both Golding and Amerman elected Cricket some four years ago and the *Haverfordian* somewhat later. Each has risen (or fallen) to be editor-in-chief of the *Haverfordian* and a member of the Cricket XI. But in spite of this most inauspicious beginning, the *Haverfordian* this year has actually managed to give the appearance, at least, of waking out of its venerable sleep. The so-called (apologies to Dr. Flight) new policy, begun as the swan song of the Amerman régime, evidently appealed to the imaginations of the staff under Golding, for the *Haverfordian* has appeared in every color under the sun from vermilion to a rather sickly *café au lait*. As for the material between these brilliant covers, most of the credit for persuading anyone to open the *Haverfordian* goes to Harris Shane who valiantly did a Walter Winchell each month with a special signature cut and everything. Don Clements and Walter Teller each had a spell as associate editor in Senior year, and Albie Crawford and Bhaskar Appasamy managed successively to hold up their end as book reviewer.

A more recent addition to the Board was that of Wilson, who had sat in on so many Haverfordian meetings in the Seventh Entry that Golding, in desperation, or in weakness perhaps, finally made him Griffon. No one seems to know the duties of this functionary, least of all Wilson himself, whose claim to election was as slim as his contributions to the magazine had been. These contributions having consisted of some rather dubious French verse, (yes, Evan is the mysterious "J. M. de G.") his main *raison d'être* appeared to be his rooming with the editor, no mean task in itself.

On the business side Maier was business manager for a year, the ever-versatile Shane was circulation manager before being received into the bosom of the editorial board, and Gabriel was also on the business board. A financial agreement with the *News* made at the beginning of the year proved unsatisfactory to both parties and the *Haverfordian* is at present engaged in trying to break even at the end of the year. (Shades of Hedley and Norr and actual dividends!)



CAP AND BELLS PLAY

THE Cap and Bells celebrated its twentieth anniversary not only by giving two productions during the winter but by having real girls in a play instead of the usual raw-boned female impersonators. This last innovation appeared when the club joined with the Varsity Players of Bryn Mawr College, to give Shaw's *The Devil's Disciple* in Goodhart Hall last December. Thus another chapter was added to the story of Closer Relations between the Two Main Line Colleges—(see Features section)—although there were some confirmed cynics who gave the larger credit to the English Club, whose production of *Hamlet* the week before had also included Bryn Mawr girls. Such insinuations, however, were indignantly denied by Bill Maier and his Play Committee, which, we are told, had been negotiating for an alliance for several years. Be that as it may, this was a step in the right direction, and *The Devil's Disciple*, under the direction of the fire-eating Jasper Deeter, was quite successful. The Class of 1931 was represented by Gray in the title rôle, Maier as General ("Gentleman Johnny") Burgoyne, George Edgar as the parson, and Amerman and Golding in minor parts.

Unfortunately the Bryn Mawr authorities would not allow their *protégées* to go on the extensive tour which Maier and Business Manager Bob Edgar had arranged for the Cap and Bells play this spring, so the cast of *The Queen's Husband* had to be purely masculine. The choice of Sherwood's adroit comedy proved to be a most happy one, and it afforded young Truex as the henpecked, diletant king a chance to walk away with the show. Maier and his cigar capably portrayed the blustering General Northrup, while Gray, our eternal juvenile, sighed for the somewhat adipose charms of the Princess Anne (rhinie Rush). Mention must also be made of J. T. ("Monocle") Golding, the smirking diplomat; Ted Mansell, the bearded politician; Major Blyth, who was apparently a Civil War officer; and Fields, Vaux, Clough, Bourne, and Gaskill in other rôles. And for us the climax of the Home Play came when Footman Albie Crawford, drawing himself up majestically, announced "His Majesty, the Queen!"



THE LIBERAL CLUB

FOR the first two years the club went through a period of slow extinction in the capable hands of Sondheim. On leaving he convened a meeting, gracefully yielded the presidential mantle to Maxwell and bequeathed to us the total assets of the organization amounting roughly to one dollar. New juice was squirted into the decrepit mechanism. Radicalism hit Haverford with a sickening thud. Jesse Holmes, Paul Douglas and Fred Libby stirred up the local scum to some purpose.

The following year opened with a scholarly talk by Dr. Cyril James on the tariff. Attendance was poor—the tariff seems to be a live issue with Rayner W. Kelsey only—but it leaped into real figures when the next speaker discoursed on "Birth Control," its cause and cure or something of the sort. There were no "first nighters."

The club continues to sizzle merrily with scheduled speeches by Democratic Senator Wagner on his Unemployment Bill, Representative French on Disarmament, and Sherwood Eddy on Russia. Bombs and red neckwear are not *de rigueur* at the last named. The years activity will terminate with a brilliant display of fireworks by Pyrotechnician Norman Thomas. Mr. Thomas will endeavor to please with that old classic "Why I Became a Socialist."

THE CHRISTIAN UNION

SOMEONE has called this fine organization "Haverford's W. C. T. U." Now it's all very well to joke about such things, but when you come right down to it seriously and consider, there isn't much here to joke about at all. The fellows who are members of the Christian Union are all serious-minded themselves and would never think of laughing at any such good work as theirs—in fact, we do not believe they ever laugh at anything at all. Take the Senior members for example. There are Big Rod Shippen, and George Butler, and Art Mekeel. "Rod's" basso cackle, George's braying, and Art's girlish giggle can hardly be called laughter. Good Lord, we should hope not.

These boys have done a valuable job in their Holiness League. They have showed the lads at Preston how to make radios and rubber-plant stands; they have taught Sunday School at another settlement where they told the kids about George Fox, and other pleasant and diverting mystical planets in the Quaker Heaven; and they have tried to uphold the old Quaker traditions of Haverford College at voluntary Meeting every next-to-the-last Thursday in the term. This last, surely, is a proof of the usefulness of the Christian Union. Anything which can keep the fellows above mentioned quiet for at least six and a half minutes can only be viewed with supreme respect and awe. Therefore let there be no more tittering and unseemly laughter henceforth, and let the Christian Union go down in this history of our class as having been of inestimable value to us.

FIELD CLUB

WE SUSPECT that this thriving organization will come upon evil days after its two great backers, Ben Hiatt and Johnny Emlen, graduate with this year's senior class. As far as we can make out, the two of them have about carried the whole



club on their shoulders this year, after Dan Smiley graduated last June. But there's another Smiley coming along. He may take up—whatever there is to take up. We've been meaning to ask "Ben" but we never got around to it: Do you have to have a bicycle in order to join the club?



THE BAND

WITH Rogers and Stone gone it looked like a pretty bad year for the band. But no! Rhinie Holden stepped in and grabbed the stick at the start and for the rest of the season continued to thrill everyone in the stands with his astounding feats of twirling. Never before has Haverford ever had anyone who could do the things that boy does with a stick. Schilpp wandered into Stone's place and stayed by the drum most of the year. Although he never was able to work up to Stone's double criss-cross, it must be admitted that he gained some very odd and original effects in his drum-beating.

The rest of the band was about as the rest of the band was last year. Annoying at practice, but rather nice on the field if you didn't have too sensitive an ear. Their marching seemed to lack the old flash and snap but they formed some very lovely "H's" at various games.

DEBATING

GRESIMER—besides winning the Cope Fellowship—has put debating over on Haverford—at Haverford, we mean. This year the debating council has been tearing around the Eastern circuit losing debates on every conceivable subject. But the boys have had some wild times! You get "Freddie" Rudge and Carl Allendoerfer together and there's *some* goings on—yes sir, some goings on!

The season started off with a snappy set-to at Ursinus. The Scarlet and Black crashed through with a victory. The subject was "Resolved that the best interest of American Colleges and Universities demand the universal adoption of the Honor System." Which side the Main Liners argued on is a moot question—it was a moot question at the time, we understand.

Passing rapidly over Lafayette and St. Joseph's, both of which outsmarted the



Fighting Quakers, we arrived at the Muhlenberg debate, the first home contest. This was a dual encounter and we never have understood dual encounters. Who wins 'em? But there were eighty-seven people in the audience, anyhow, and that proves somebody cared.

The contest at Delaware at least showed how other colleges treat their janitors. The student chairman, stalling to fill in time, announced "Er, pardon me, I will go find the janitor and have him play the organ for you." There's a job for you down there, Wilt!

In January the team was defeated, down at Washington this time, by the American University. Nothing interesting happened and there were the usual cracks made about "Remember me to Hoover" as the team left Haverford.

The big events of the season will take place in the spring when debates are scheduled with Bryn Mawr and the Swarthmore Women's Team on "Resolved, that the emergence of women from the home is detrimental." To whom it is detrimental is another one of those moot questions. But anyhow it all goes to show that the debating council is up to the pace set by the English Club and the Cap and Bells.

THE CLASSICAL CLUB

THE Classical Club, as usual, passed a prosperous and uneventful year. No play was presented as the club has decided to give a production only in alternate years. Several outside speakers addressed the club, notably Professor E. K. Rand of Harvard, and there were also informal meetings for the singing of "carmina" and the reading of classical works. The Class of '31 did well by the Classical Club (or should we say vice versa)—what with Wilson in the presidential chair last year and Golding filling it amply and ably this year with Petey Lockwood behind him in his usual rôle of *deus ex machina*.

RADIO CLUB

EVERY now and then we hear references to the good old days the Radio Club once enjoyed. That was when two amateur radio kings descended upon Haverford and set up a throne room on the top floor of the bug building. Of course, they had to organize a club. It was made up, we suppose, of adoring satellites who—well—just sat and drank in the wisdom of their twin-rulers: Smith and Halsted. Them was the days! The college had a regular broadcasting station on the third floor of Sharpless (which floor is now littered with pottery from Beth Shemesh), and the word of the college went forth just like the Pope's is from the Vatican right now—but not in Latin. Then the kings departed. The club languished, disintegrated, till now not even the dust remaineth. No, we're wrong, there's a little dust . . . President Speakman conducts code classes still, we believe . . .

NATURE CLUB

WE WERE assigned the Nature Club to write up, so far be it from us to go back on the editor. We have searched long and diligently—for all of five minutes—through the Rhinie *Handbook* and last year's *RECORD* for some trace of such an organiza-



tion. But our efforts have come to naught. If there ever was a nature club at Haverford we suspect it went out for a stroll one day and never came back. Like Little Boy Blue's toy dog and tin soldier, we wonder . . . what has become, etc. But we can't get sad about it. The Nature Club, rest its soul, has departed. It may have eloped with the Radio Club.

CAMPUS CLUB

THIS club is supposed to have the welfare of Haverford's sylvan beauty at heart. Every once in a while you hear of them planting a tree or something. We don't know whether they had anything to do with agitating for better and more manure on the campus. But we do suspect that the dressing the lawns have had every autumn of our four years here has increased in quantity and amount of area covered. If we are right and if the Campus Club has been behind this crusade, more power to it, then! But, as in the case of the two preceding clubs, we can find no evidence for any organization in this club. So we can't compliment anyone in particular. But the presence of the manure did give everyone a chance to make a crack about there being plenty of material around for the psych or ethics exam. For all small blessings, Lord, be this club remembered.

THE NEW ENGLISH CLUB

DESPITE the somewhat dubious adjective which modifies its name, the English Club of 1930-31 is the same organization that was responsible for *Dr. Faustus* last year. For some strange reason, the corporate title of the campus' youngest dramatic organization is worded to suggest that it sponsors a very modern version of our mother tongue. But this is not the case. As a matter of fact, the club might well be known as the Old English Club if one were to judge by the plays which it has undertaken to produce.





A moderately good start last year with the production of *Dr. Faustus* by a cast of members of 1932, under the direction of Amerman, was succeeded this year by what is generally conceded to have been the best college play in history. On the advice of Mr. Reitzel, the first quarto version of *Hamlet* was selected, and the title rôle was entrusted to a freshman, MacColl. 1931 was well represented with Amerman as Corambis (the Polonius of the first quarto), Gray as Horatio, Teller as Marcellus and Golding as a sentinel. Hunt and Truex as the King and Laertes gave excellent portrayals. But the feature of the performance was undoubtedly the acting of MacColl, and the two Bryn Mawr girls, Peggy Nuckols and Betty Young, who were imported specially to give the college its first glimpse of a co-educational dramatic spectacle. Under the direction of Mr. Reitzel and Amerman, the production was a complete success, and Roberts Hall resounded to the applause of a capacity house at each of the two performances. Mention should be made of the fact that the feminine element in the play was further emphasized by the appearance on the stage of Mrs. Reitzel and Mrs. Dunn in the rôles of court ladies. (The feminine element was also emphasized by the startling absence of Betty Young at one important scene in the evening production. After frantic shouting she was found, and the play went on.)

Despite a feeling of somewhat bitter feud which sprang up between the English Club and the Cap and Bells, the latter organization paid its young rival an undoubted, though perhaps unintentioned compliment, when close on the heels of the *Hamlet* it hurried into a joint production with Bryn Mawr at the College.

From its beginning Haverford drama has struggled along with no women. And here we have both dramatic clubs securing sex-appeal in the same year! Nevertheless, injustice it must be said that the English Club was the first organization to present a play with a mixed cast, and is to this day the only one to have done so on the Haverford Campus. (Ed. Note: Think of that!)



The *Hamlet* was produced early in December. But the efforts of the English Club were not complete in that. With the resignation of Hunt, the new president, Parker, arranged for an invitation performance of two one-act plays, Lady Gregory's *Rising of the Moon* and Morley's *Good Theatre*, which were given in the Union on Friday evening, March 13th. But the inauspicious date was not capable of suppressing the abilities of our little theatre movement, and with coffee in the club-room of the Union served by Miss Nuckols, Miss Young and Miss Marshall (the box-office girl of *Good Theatre*), the English Club season closed, as it opened, in a blaze of glory.

ENGINEERING CLUB

RESORTING to the good old *Handbook*, we find that "The Engineer's Club is an organization of undergraduates interested in the problems of engineering. Semi-monthly meetings are held and occasional inspection trips taken." There the account ends. And so does ours. The trouble with this RECORD board (you've probably noticed) is that it contains no radioites or nature-lovers or engineers.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

THIS club, like the one for the engineers, is organized "to meet every other week to discuss the various phases of chemistry." Bill Cadbury was president of it this year. We didn't hear of the club's taking any trips, but we do know that Professor Meldrum would have a couple of its members at a time down to his home for dinner. But from all accounts that was just a dodge to get two to play bridge with him and Mrs. Meldrum. For the fortnightly meetings individual members would read papers or there would be some outside speaker dealing with some "phase of chemistry." There's no chemist on this board, either.

Haverford Police Force

THE great locker robbery last fall, in which a number of men who were out for football practice that afternoon lost a good deal of cash, brought into our midst no other than Haverford's finest contribution to the Moral Uplift Movement: Flannelfoot! For a number of weeks after his arrival, he kept the campus in convulsions over his feats of detecting. Since then he has settled down somewhat and concentrated his efforts on seeing to it that the rule about women in the dormitories is strictly enforced. Purity League!





ATHLETICS



FOOTBALL



EIGHT football candidates from the class of 1931 answered Harvey Harman's call to practice back in the fall of 1927. Of these eight, five remained faithful throughout the three years of Harman's régime, and their final year under Elwood Geiges; three dropped by the wayside because of scholastic difficulties, while four other members of the class joined the ranks as time went on.

The original eight was composed of Hall Conn, who was to captain the team his senior year, Bill Cadbury, Dick Masland, Bobby Rice, Gene Hogenauer, Bob Barnhurst, Wally Litchfield, and Jack Newton. The last named proved to be a brilliant end his only year in college and his loss was severely felt. Hogenauer and Litchfield left college at the end of their Junior year after contributing much valuable aid to the success of the eleven during their three-year stay.

To this original eight, reduced to seven at the start of the Sophomore year, were added Al Crawford, a transfer from Lafayette, and Tom Harvey, back in college after a leave of absence. Fred Richardson stuck with the squad through the year, but knee trouble forced him to withdraw from the game, while Johnny Blyth was continually hampered with injuries.

During these two years because of the preponderance of veteran material with which Harman had to deal, few members of the class got much chance to show their ability. Jack Newton won a regular end post his Freshman year, while Conn, Hogenauer, and Cadbury also saw considerable service at times. All the men, however, were putting on weight and becoming more adept in the methods of college football. Harman's record for these two years was good. His team won five games and lost three in 1927, and split even in eight games the following year, after winning the first four. Included in victories of 1928, when Tripp and Co. starred for the Little Quakers, was the brilliant victory over Amherst. Haverford trailed, 13-3, until the last quarter, when an irresistible push overwhelmed the boys from New England, the Scarlet and Black scoring twenty points in the last quarter, amid scenes of wild excitement.

It was during their Junior year, that the boys from the class of 1931 began to make their presence felt. Hall Conn, who up to this time had been playing guard, was shifted to a wing position by Harman with big success. Conn's play made him considered one of the best ends that ever dug his cleats in Walton field. His chief forte was his deadly tackling, his work down the field under punts being particularly spectacular. He was flanked on the opposite side by lanky Al Crawford, who showed marked ability to snag passes. Incidentally, in the Hamilton game, which Haverford won 28-0, Crawford batted an opposition pass into the arms of Conn, who ran some sixty yards for a touchdown.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Top Row—La Due, Surick, Coach; Bancroft, Pleasants, Battrey, Wilt, Manager; Leake.
Second Row—Crozet, Foley, Fields, Schramm, Dothard, Tripp.
Third Row—Baker, Cadbury, Harvey, Masland, Rice.
Bottom Row—Blyth, Crawford, Conn, Captain; Barnhurst, Logan.



Bill Cadbury took over the quarterback post, and did a thorough job throughout the entire year. Under the Harman system this post never gives the signal caller much chance to be spectacular. The work of the barker must be felt; but is seldom witnessed by the spectators. Bill handled this difficult position with much acumen. He was ably assisted by Frank Logan, who deserted the soccer field for the grid game, after winning All-American honors in the former sport.

Gene Hogenauer played splendid ball. He was a fast hard-hitting halfback, who rose to great heights in that previously mentioned Hamilton game when he rang up two touchdowns.

Wally Litchfield and Bobby Rice, two members of Haverford's "pony" backfield were both exceedingly fast and hard to stop. Each was an important cog in the Scarlet and Black machine. In the Hopkins game, with the Blue Jays leading 6-0, Bobby entered the fracas. His signal was called immediately and he dashed forty yards to tie the score.

It would be unfair not to mention in this article that the 1929 eleven to which these men contributed a great deal, compiled the second best post-war record made by a Quaker eleven. The team, captained by J. Howard Morris, familiarly known as "Egg," opened up with a tie game against Ursinus. Inexperience cost Haverford the victory, although the ball was on the Bears' four-yard line at the end of the game.

Susquehanna, Trinity, Johns Hopkins, and Hamilton fell in order before the onward rush of the Scarlet and Black. Two touchdowns and a safety was the sum total of points scored against Harman's fighting team in this period. The team gave its most brilliant performance against Hamilton, who boasted of its strongest team in years. The final count stood Haverford 28, Hamilton 0, mute evidence of the Morrismen's power.

As is generally the case, the inevitable letdown came the week later, when Drexel put a finish to Haverford's hopes for an undefeated season. One touchdown was the margin of victory. Morris was hurt early in the game, and could not carry on, although he did his best. The rest of the eleven fought bitterly, but could not seem to turn the tide, although many of the substitutes showed great promise.





Delaware was the final victim. Rebounding from the depths of the previous week, the team swept ahead and easily crushed the Blue Hens.

Haverford was stunned following this season to learn that Harvey Harman, who was all that a coach, all that a man could be, was to leave for Sewanee University; but the college was fortunate in replacing him with Ellwood Geiges, director of athletics at Frankford High School, who proved to be a splendid and capable successor.

Geiges started the year with a squad hard hit by graduation of numerous mainstays. In addition Gene Hogenauer and Litchfield failed to return to college. Numerous changes were made in the line-up, and the confusion that always results with the installation of a new coach was present.

The Seniors in the line-up at the start of the first game with Ursinus were Captain Conn and Al Crawford at ends, Tom Harvey at tackle, Dick Masland now a center, and Bill Cadbury at quarter. Ursinus had a strong eleven and won by three touchdowns after a hard fought game. Two of the Bears' scores resulted from long runs, and the third from a pass.

Following this setback, Geiges made some important changes. Frank Logan took the regular quarterback post away from Cadbury, while Bob Barnhurst moved into guard, being the lightest lineman Haverford has had in years.

Improvement was shown in the Susquehanna game, which Haverford should have won but which ended in a stalemate, although the Scarlet and Black threatened all the time.

Kenyon put on a brilliant passing attack to win by a touchdown from the Scarlet and Black, although at numerous times the Quakers had the ball down to the four-yard marker. They just couldn't seem to click.

The team received its first serious loss at this point when Crawford received an injured shoulder which put him out for several weeks, and he did not return until the Hopkins game. His loss was severely felt. Conn also had a leg injury which slowed him up all the time, but capable reserves were few, and he could not be given a needed rest, although Gifford Foley, '32, up from Pop's squad, stepped into Crawford's shoes and displayed lots of scrap.



1931



Trinity proved to be the first victim, losing by a count of 11-6. Conn was an important factor, twice tackling men for safeties. Haverford's touchdown came as a result of an eighty-yard run by a Freshman, Pleasants, who was aided in this dash by Bobby Rice, who took out the Trinity safety man with perfection.

Although Johns Hopkins defeated Haverford 32-13, the score does not tell everything. It was the Scarlet and Black's first and only night game, played in Baltimore. At the end of the first half the count stood three touchdowns to one against Haverford, but the Quakers began to fight in the third quarter. Johnny Blyth got his chance at quarterback and led the team down the field to score, bringing Haverford within one touchdown of the Blue Jays. They scored again, but fighting with grim determination Haverford brought the ball to the two-yard line, but lacked the final push. There is no question that if the Quakers had tallied then, they would have walked off the field as victors. Two regulars were lost as a result of this game. Bob Barnhurst ended his football days at Haverford in this battle, receiving a severe knee injury, while Bill Tripp was hurt.

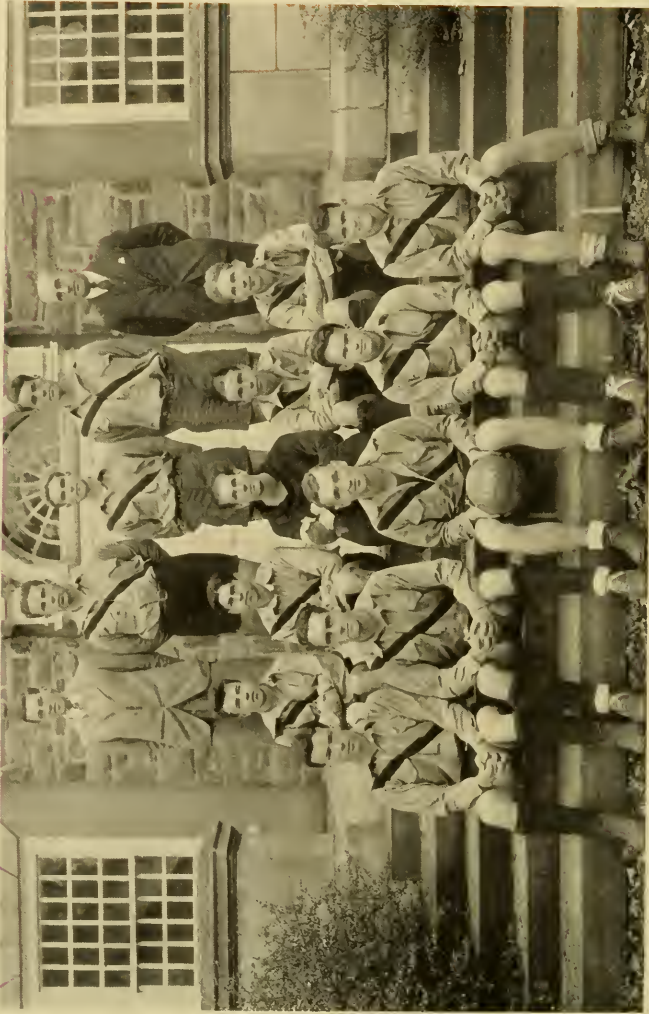
Despite this succession of disappointments the squad rallied together and pushed over Hamilton in a bitter battle. C. C. N. Y. brought down a big college team to Haverford the next week, and enjoyed a romp on Walton Field. Something evidently was missing in the play of the Geigesmen.



With the final game only a week off the college got together and spurred the spirit of the squad, undoubtedly reviving the morale. Geiges suffered another loss during the week, when Walter Baker was injured, leaving a big hole at the guard post, since Baker, a Junior, had plugged the gap vacated by Barnhurst. After a hard-fought battle, in which Haverford led for the first half, the Blue Hens finally triumphed 13-7, on two lucky breaks.

This story of the football men of 1931, would not be complete without the mention of two men. Johnny Jessup gave his time and service to the eleven as assistant manager during 1929, but was unable to carry on this post. George Wilt stepped in and proved a capable director of the business affairs of the squad for its final year.





SOCCKER TEAM

Top Row—Speller, Manager; Hoag, Roberts, Potts, McPete, Couch.
Middle Row—Branton, Pusey, Katz, Woodward, Longaker.
Bottom Row—Baker, Gray, Pennypacker, Captain; J. H. Wills, J. B. Wills.



SOCCER



BACK in the good old days when the Haverford Jayvees defeated the Swarthmore varsity (Irish Logan told us about this one evening as he was reminiscing about his youth), the Scarlet and Black had a real varsity soccer team. Nevertheless, the class of 1931 can point with pride to a major portion in two victories over the Princeton Tiger in our last two years among the Friends. And let us remind you all that these two victories in '29 and '30 were the first conquests in fourteen years. Even the mighty Logan never contributed to a Princeton defeat.

Seriously now, 1931 has seen four fairly successful soccer teams in action. Way back when, in Rhinie year, our own classmates had to be content with playing on the Jayvee team, we watched the original Shanghai Jester in the person of Estes scintillate on '22 field as he led his charges through a season ending in six wins, two defeats, and two ties. Penn State and Penn were held in deadlocks.

As Sophomores the class of '31 came into its rightful heritage on the soccer field. The entire forward line with the exception of Ritchie came from the sophomore class. The two Wills (you'll remember those fighting chins in years to come), Pennypacker, Gray, and Lank—ex-'31—Browne won the coveted "H". The team won six, lost two and tied three. Another in the series of ties with Penn State was recorded and a very satisfactory victory over Penn was chalked up. "Lank" Browne was the hero of the Penn game and sprang into the All-American limelight. The burden of fame was too much for "Lank" as he failed to win a letter the following season. Of importance, too, was the fact that we lost to Swarthmore for the first time in history.

We dismiss the 1929 season rather rapidly. The figures show that the team won six, lost three, and tied two games. May we again call to your attention the fact the Princeton team was defeated for the first time in fourteen years. Also worthy of note is the fact that the team defeated the Army and Navy on successive Saturdays. How the peace-loving Quakers from Westtown were persuaded to play against both of the standards of militarism is quite a mystery to us. Suffice it to say, they did a mighty fine job.

We attribute some importance to the 1929 season as the year when our own Shanghai Jester—Jack Gray—received the title "Fiddlefoot." And appropriate it is, too.

It must not be forgotten, also, that 1929 marked the appearance of Baker, the fighting Quaker, as a varsity fullback, to swell the representation of '31 in soccer. Katz might have been the varsity goalie had not injuries put him on the shelf while the season was still young.

The past season is the one which most of us will probably remember best, more for



the reason that it lies most fresh in our memories than for any spectacular success achieved. The captaincy of the dribblers (is it unkind to say fiddlers?) was awarded to Pennypacker. After being a high scorer at center forward in his sophomore year, the Packer was shifted to center half the following year to form with Frazier and Shirk, both of '30, one of the best halfback lines that has ever graced a college eleven.

Under Pennypacker's leadership the team conquered Princeton for the second time in fourteen years. Pardon the incessant reference to Princeton if you can, we think those victories worthy of mention. The boys also redeemed the college in the eyes of the world at large by defeating the Hicksites from Swarthmore by a 2-1 margin.

Chronologically, the season was opened with a tie with the team from Chalfonte-Haddon Hall. This showing augured a successful year. The following week, the soccer men tasted defeat at the hands of the Crescent A. C. of Brooklyn. The encounter with Lafayette proved to be a field day for the 1930 protégés of Coach McPete; the final score was 10-2 or in that general vicinity.

Lehigh was defeated by the narrow margin of 3-2. Normally a weak team, Lehigh's showing against the Scarlet and Black caused Captain Pennypacker to utter the famous phrase, "Our team lost a moral victory." "Penny" certainly was right about his team losing something connected with morale as the match with Penn two Saturdays later proved. The soccer men seemed to have lost all talent and the will to win. The final score, we blush to say, was 8-1. This marked the worst trimming given a Haverford team since the advent of J. McPete as coach. In the intervening week another tie with Penn State was recorded.

1931 can proudly relate the close of what promised to be a disastrous season. Princeton, Navy, and Swarthmore were subdued in the order named. After a disastrous showing against Penn the fiddlers became dribblers and brought the season to a successful close.

Concerning the personnel of the soccer team, may we present Captain Pennypacker as the efficient center half, a brilliant leader and a hard player. Coach McPete thought so well of him that he placed Penny on his All-American team. "Fiddle-foot" Gray and Borton Wills starred in the line. Pennypacker was assisted at the halfback posts by Jake Wills and Baker, who was moved up from fullback to fill the gap created by the graduation of Newman Shirk. Katz held down the goal position all season until the last two games when injuries overtook him. Katz's work in the Princeton game was worthy of mention. To use the phrase of the girl on the street (apologies to Dr. Watson), he looked "swell" as he made many miraculous stops.

As chief taker of the blame when the oranges were forgotten and the recipient of little praise for his efforts,—and he did work,—we now accord to F. N. Speller, Jr. his due praise for efficient management of the team. We almost forgot to mention Mansell who led the Jayvees to a 5-0 win over Swarthmore's second best. To do that, he must have been an inspiring leader, or something.

Finally, the class wishes to respectfully extend its congratulations to Coach McPete who has turned out good soccer teams here for years. We wish him many more successful seasons.



BASKETBALL

TOP ROW—Taylor, coach, Flaccus, Gummere, Richardson, Wilt, Mansell, manager. FRONT ROW—G. B. Edgar, Logan, Reisner, captain, Katz, R. F. Edgar, Pennypacker.



DURING the membership of the basketball players of the class of '31 on the court team, there have been three coaches, two of their own captains—and three victories over Swarthmore.

Back in 1927-28 Camden Jimmy Brown's call to colors was answered by eight yearlings, four of whom were to make very definite contributions as time rolled on.

This group consisted of Herb Reisner, Koffy Katz, Bob Edgar, George Edgar, Jack Gray, Bill Cadbury, Dick Browne, and Bob Barnhurst. Reisner and Katz had the most success, both playing frequently during the year. Bob Edgar also had the good fortune to make training table. Basketball was just beginning to pick up from the low ebb

of the previous years, and the team ended its year with a 36-30 victory over Swarthmore in the home gym, which was packed for the occasion.

Koffy and Herb continued to lead the class in its contribution in the following year. Herb began to show his remarkable ability to cover his man and shut him out from the floor, while Koffy showed particular adeptness with his one-hand stick-up shots. The season as a whole proved to be a very drab one, and prospects for another



victory over Swarthmore seemed low. In the traditional game, however, the five showed an astounding reversal of form, out-fighting, although not outplaying the Garnet courtmen. When the final gun went off at the Penn Palestra, the scene of the encounter, Haverford had triumphed by the largest margin which has ever separated the two teams, 27-19.

Logan was the first valuable new contribution of the class in addition to Katz and Reisner, but other unfamiliar faces were appearing. Bob Edgar, tall and angular, gained the center position despite his inexperience. Charlie Pennypacker came out and staged a battle throughout the entire year with Katz for a starting booth on the first five. Lank Browne managed to win a suit, so the class was well represented.

Under Sam Taylor, as fine a basketball coach as can be found anywhere, the team undertook the most ambitious schedule ever confronted. Although the first game was lost to Penn, things looked considerably brighter after a victory over a strong Ursinus five. But the two weeks lay-off at mid-years proved almost fatal and it took the team some time to get organized into a smooth working five again.

The team lined up in most of its games with Supplee, the only Senior, and Pennypacker at forwards, Reisner and Captain Logan at guards, and Bob Edgar at center. Katz seemed unable to find his best stride and split his duties with Pennypacker.

When the night of the Swarthmore game rolled around the home gym was jammed to the rafters and someone had gone out and re-organized the band, which presented a colorful picture, anyway. After a dismal first half, which ended with Swarthmore on the long end of a 15-7 score, the home team, led by Reisner and Logan, began to creep up. Swarthmore scored only two points in the first eighteen minutes of the second half, gaining another two pointer just before the end of things, after Haverford had established a fairly safe lead. When the gun went off, Haverford was ahead, 23-19. The streak had been prolonged.

Prospects for the final year of '30-'31 looked bright, with only the loss of Al Supplee, but as things turned out something went wrong with the inner machinery. Two new men, from the class, George Edgar and George Wilt, donned the colors this year, both seeing varsity service and aiding the Jayvees. Bob Barnhurst also came out, late in the year, owing to a football injury.

Herb Reisner was elected captain for the year, while Sam Taylor, was retained as coach. Jack Simons, from the Sophomore class, filled Supplee's vacancy, but otherwise the line-up remained the same, with Katz and Pennypacker still fighting it out for the other position.

Contrary to tradition the five opened with a two-point victory over Gallaudet, but the following week fell before Ursinus in a miserably played game. A startling reversal in form gave the Main Liners a splendid triumph over Wesleyan, one of the outstanding victories of the year. The team hovered near the five-hundred mark until nearly the close, checking in a beautiful win over Amherst in the college gym. Incidentally the team won every game on the home floor.

The team lost three of its last four games, all of which were bitterly contested. Lafayette won by one point in the second extra period, Stevens triumphed by three points after barely holding a one-point lead to the final whistle, and Swarthmore finally crashed through with a 32-29 victory, after the Main Liners had three times rallied and come within one point of the Garnet total.



STANDING—White, Martin, Mgr., G. Edgar, Andrews.
SITTING—Sipple, R. Edgar, Capt., Houston.



THE Class of 1931 is the first to witness the award of official recognition to a Haverford golf team.

Largely through the individual efforts of Kendall Read, ex-'32, golf was recognized as an official spring sport in 1930, although no awards were made for the season. The 1930 season was successfully completed with four victories and only two losses. Delaware and Swarthmore were the only teams to overcome the new aggregation. Defeats were inflicted on Franklin and Marshall, Osteopathy, Temple and Delaware. The players on the 1930 team were Captain Read, White, Sipple, E. J. Andrews and 1931's contributions in the way of the Edgar twins.

For this year a more ambitious schedule has been attempted and a total of ten matches has been arranged. Matches have thus far been lost to Franklin and Marshall, Delaware and William and Mary while the team has begun promises to be a winning streak by defeating Villanova. Matches remain to be played with Swarthmore, Lafayette, Lehigh, Osteopathy, Delaware and Villanova.

The 1931 golf squad is headed by Bob Edgar. Four veterans for the 1930 season remain in the persons of White, Andrews, Sipple and George Edgar. The graduating class has also supplied Dick Martin to manage the squad for both seasons.



TRACK TEAM

Top Row—J. Masland, Plesants, B. Jones, Downey, Siebert, Lydecker, Smith
Second Row—Hetz, Bancroft, Hunsicker, Wright, P. Richardson, Wagner, Bailey, Vance, Rudge, Gage, Sargent
Third Row—Huddleton, coach, Schilpp, Mgr., Smith, Russell, Trembath, Borgardt, Hansen, Plouze, Vandenbergh, Foy, Daub, Hurdham, Leake,
Bottom Row—Fields, Garenbeck, Foley, Pennypacker, Gabriel, K. Masland, Netter, Rice, Capt., F. Richardson, W. W. Jones, Zintl, Jopson
Katzbach, Baker, Gaskill.



TRACK



TRACK is a venerable institution at Haverford for the mere and simple reason that none other than Alfred W. "Pop" Haddleton presides over the destinies of the track men. Through some kind stroke of fate, way back in 1922, Haverford added unto itself as track mentor none other than the aforementioned "Pop". With him begins the story of successful track seasons at Haverford. How Haddleton manages to turn out good track and field men year after year, is simply beyond us. Understand now, we don't mean for a minute to intimate that the good father is lucky with his material. What we do mean to imply is that we marvel at how he makes such good trackmen out of what appears to be such mediocre material.

The Class of 1931 materially aided in the production of Haddleton's greatest machine, namely the 1929 aggregation, which won for Haverford for the first time the Middle Atlantic States Collegiate Athletic Association track and field championships. The then sophomore athletes who aided in this victory were Richardson, the long eared high-jumper, two Edgars in the middle distances, and Rice, the broad jumper. This foursome is also famous in that all of them won their letter freshmen year.

It is also to the credit of Haddleton and his protégés that during the stay of the Class of 1931 in college there have been three consecutive triumphs over our bitter and unorthodox Hicksite rivals Swarthmore. No other athletic team of our four-year sojourn among the Friends has so enviable a record. And with the telling of this victory string of our noble tracksters we must include the story of how the 1930 encounter was won.

It seems that Dr. Mercer developed a strong squad to match points with the Haddleton men on this occasion. In fact the meet was just about to be awarded to Swarthmore on the thin margin of one-third of a point (although honestly forces us to admit that they really weren't actually awarding the meet yet) when Jack Lawrence of the Class of . . . need you ask? by a mighty leap of something over nineteen feet gained for himself a tie for third place in the broad jump and the Haddleton record went unscathed. Dramatic? You said it. Lawrence never won a track letter. In fact, he never trained too strictly but he did produce for the Alma Mater at the crucial moment.

This somewhat disjointed review of the track prowess of the college and our own dear class in particular has as yet failed to disclose just what did happen in the way of victories or defeats upon the cinder path in the past four years. With the aid of a vague memory and one athletic record book, we hereby declare to those interested that Haverford has lost but one dual meet during the past four years (with some of the 1931 season not counted because the editor has demanded this chronicle entirely too early for the writer's convenience). William and Mary played host to our cinder catchers in 1930 at Williamsburg and played hob with our dual meet record. Again a vague memory informs us that we got about thirty-



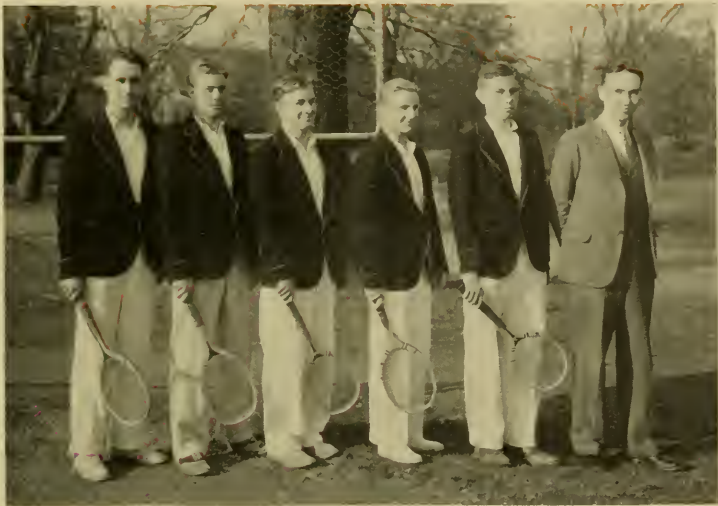
three points out of the meet (a storm of protest will greet the writer, we know, as the tracksters read this for the boys may have gotten thirty-seven points).

Aside from the William and Mary debacle (and we were a bit out of our class there) our dual meet sheet is unscathed. Delaware takes an annual drubbing. John Hopkins, Lehigh, Lafayette, and Ursinus have all gone down to defeat on various occasions. (On the memorable eighteenth of April, by the way, the team rolled up a lovely score against Hopkins—while the Army was licking the baseball team by the slight margin of 19-1 or something like that. As Crawford remarked in his *Crow's Nest*, this situation fitted in exactly with the new athletic policy, so perhaps Mr. Rose was behind all that, too.) All in all, the tracksters have accredited themselves nobly.

So far as the Middle Atlantics are concerned, Haverford has a record of a second place, a win, a tie for second, and for 1931 good hopes of placing well. This completes the record of four years' activities in track.

As to the personalities of our team, we recommend to the dear reader's recollection our four four-year letter winners, Captain Robert O. Rice, the Edgar twins, and Fred Richardson. These men have been Pop's pride and care for four years. Others, less worthy, but nevertheless letter winners or point getters are Pennypacker and Blyth in the pole vault, Otto Reisner, the speed and endurance king who threatens after three years of second place running to win a letter through victories in the 440, and Dick Masland, our hurdler. Dick didn't give the track team the benefits of his services until Junior year when he came out and hurdled his way to many first places. In the Hopkins meet Otto won the 440 and Dick crashed through with firsts in both hurdles. Finally we bring to your kind attention the fact that that our own Allen Schilpp of Schilpp, Schilpp, Schilpp, and Schilpp, is manager of the track squad and will be the chief host to the Middle Atlantic contestants when they appear on Walton Field for the third consecutive year.





Gray, *Captain*; Ferris, Barnhurst, Harris, Woodward, Jarratt, *Manager*.

TENNIS



A STUDY of the records of the tennis team for the past three years and of the information we have available for this spring of 1931, would of necessity, be devoted in large measure to the work of the netmen of the Class of 1931.

Jack Gray was the first man to clinch his position on the varsity back in 1928. He was followed immediately by Gene Hogenauer, Toward the close of the year they were joined by Bob Barnhurst.

Sophomore year, Coach Norman Brammall, Haverford's new mentor, built his team with these three men and Captain Johnson as a nucleus. Gene Hogenauer captained the team his Junior year, and led it to a successful conclusion.

Ten matches were won against four defeats.

Due to Hogenauer's failure to return to college, the team is left this year with only two men of 1931 still at the guns. Gray was elected captain and Barnhurst has been an able lieutenant. At this early writing they have carried the team to five victories in six starts, Fordham, Drexel, Delaware, Temple, and Dickinson have all fallen, with but a single reverse to Penn.



TOP ROW—Godsall, Hodgkin, Walton, Hoag, Potts, Scattergood, DeMotte, Mallinson.
BOTTOM ROW—Baker, Golding, Amerman, *Manager*; Shaw, *Captain*; J. B. Wills, J. H. Wills, Arthur.

CRICKET



IT HAS often been suggested that cricket is the weakest of Haverford's traditions, and it is generally taken for granted that it is one which is rapidly approaching a natural and painless quietus. But it is only just to advance the claim that Thirty-One has done more to keep up the old game than any other class in the last four years. During that period our class has been represented on the cricket squad by some twenty-odd aspirants, and of this number, ten have received insignia.

The present season, though uncompleted at this writing, bids fair to be a very successful one. The batting strength of the team is bolstered by such hardies as the Wills brothers and Dick Baker. The latter excels behind the stumps and is in constant receipt of bowling from Shaw, Buffington and Amerman. Captain Shaw entertains high hopes of a season unmarred by defeat. Certainly the opening matches would seem to justify him, for the cricketers opened their schedule by defeating the British Officers on Pre-centenary Day to the tune of 103-73.



TOP ROW—Gilbert, Stork, Allen, Colomy, Worcester, Harjes, Hazard, Smith, Gross, Gibbs.
MIDDLE ROW—Thomas, Haines, E. Tripp, Godley, Craig, Scarborough, Hemphill, Singer, Wilson, Mansell,
Jacobs, Saint, Manager.
BOTTOM ROW—Chadwick, Carr, Hager, Conner, Ballard, Simons, Cadbury, Longaker, Gummere, Rice,
W. Tripp, Richie.

BASEBALL



ALTHOUGH a great contributor in the way of personnel to all the other sports on the campus, it would appear that the Class of 1931 was never baseball-minded, and as a consequence never contributed much in a numerical way to the diamond nines of the *Scarlet and Black*.

It would also appear that baseball will eventually be dropped from the list of college sport activities now that golf and tennis are coming forward so rapidly, and with track holding its own. In fairness to the baseball players it must be said that Haverford's student body does not go in for baseball in a very big way, and as a consequence, it is difficult for the Main Liners to keep their heads above water.

As freshmen we had had some fairly good men out for the club. The most outstanding



of these was Dick Keech, a ball player of ability, who gained a varsity berth in the outer garden. Bob Feroe also saw considerable service pulling down flies in 1928. The other men of the class included Bill Cadbury, who played in the infield; Wally Litchfield, a catcher; Joe Hartel, a fielder; Johnny Jessop, a catcher; Dick Masland, a first baseman.

Perhaps if all these men had stuck baseball fortunes might have been better. Dick Keech was the first to leave, making his exit after playing varsity ball his Sophomore year. Bob Feroe, who also won a varsity post in 1929, also decided to transfer his allegiance elsewhere. Dick Masland left the national game to become a pride and joy of dear father Haddleton. Joe Hartel became sick and was forced to drop out of college for a while until he returned as a member of '32. Wally Litchfield left college at the end of his Junior year leaving one more vacancy, while Johnny Jessop took sick before baseball season of this year, leaving still another hole.

In addition to that, misfortune has dogged the other ball players that remained. Frank Logan, who became a member of the class at the beginning of Junior year, performed in spectacular fashion and was awarded the captaincy for this year. During the fall football season, however, he received a bad injury to his salary wing, which forced Thomas to move him from shortstop to first base. Of all the others mentioned above, Bill Cadbury is the only one left.

The best record compiled by a ball team since we have been here, was that made by the team of 1929. All of the games were close and hard-fought. An even break was gained from Swarthmore, Haverford dropping the first 6-7, after almost tying the score in the ninth, and winning the second 7-1 before a large Junior Day crowd.

At the time that this article goes to press two games have been played by the ball club to date, with a .500 percentage resulting. The team opened the season with a victory over Osteopathy, but fell on Pre-Centenary Day before the West Point Cadets. It was a case of the Army versus the Quakers, and the soldiers certainly proved they were the better ball players, before a crowd of over a thousand interested Haverfordians. Chances for the remainder of the season aren't particularly bright. Q. E. D.

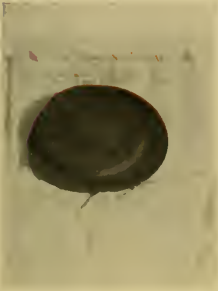




FEATURES



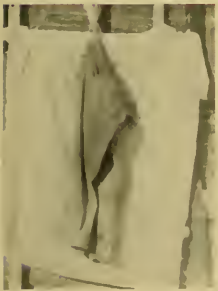
FOR THE
CLASS OF 1931
WING OF THE PROPOSED
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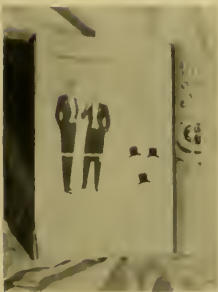
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6



3

1. Two things that have made life worthwhile for Lauman.

2. Pants worn by Wilt for four years continually. (Taken off especially for *THE RECORD*.)

3. Bible used by Evan Wilson during his stay at Haverford.

4. From the Gray Collection.

5. Found in a secret closet of Katz's room.

6. Headgear worn by Amerman at his birth.

7. The only one of its kind in the world — Baker's Brakeless Wonder.



7



BETTER RELATIONS OR DAISY SAVES THE DAY

PROLOGUE

EARS (*enters, dressed in knickerbockers hanging around his ankles, no socks, moccasins, and old hat and a track sweater over his underwear. Advancing to the center of the curtain he speaks the following lines*): Listen, lady, never before have there been such fine relations between Bryn Mawr and Haverford. Up till this year everybody thought Bryn Mawr was a—er—washed-out place. Now we know different, see? It is only fitting that some commemoration of the different attitude be commemorated. In this playlet, representative types appear. We couldn't get youse all in, because there are sixty of youse that go up there—me and Gideon, f'r instance, have been left out, but we've selected for your delectation and amusement a few of the vast world of commuters. One more thing—don't be too serious about it—Shucks . . . (*He exits, throwing his knee out of joint.*)

The scene is laid in Rockefeller Hall, Bryn Mawr College, Bryn Mawr (and Haverford), Pa. It might perhaps be laid in any one of a number of other halls, but somehow Rockefeller seems more fitting. The set is a moderately large sitting room, or "show case." Through a doorway (rear) is the smoking room and between the two rooms is a hall running from right to left (or, if you will have it, from left to right). From time to time select young ladies in various stages of attire pass through this hall. Some are in hockey tunics, some in bloomers, some in overalls. Once or twice during the course of the drama a girl in a dress is seen passing through. Another door (right) opens to the main entrance of the dormitory. There is a board bearing the names of all the inhabitants, and the inevitable glass enclosed key reflects the wing lights dimly.

As the curtain goes up we find Daisy MacCohan seated on a chair (right). She is holding a cup of tea, looking at her wrist watch, and biting her nails. This may seem rather difficult but Daisy can manage it. Daisy as a matter of fact, can manage anything.

DAISY (*soliloquizing*): Gosh it's time for Captain Nickelhacker and his company to arrive. Where can they be, huh?

MELLOUISE MASTERS (*enters and coos*): Daisy, my dear, I haven't seen you for ages, how are you? My dear, hasn't the Haverford horde arrived yet? Oh I do think they're the *darlingest* things, don't you? You know I had the funniest thing happen . . . She is, fortunately, prevented from continuing by the peal of a bell. Mellouise powders her nose, and Daisy smoothes her hair back. Three or four minutes later a negro lady creaks through the hall and opens the door. In stomps Jack Hay, of the U. S. A. He is tall, slightly Grecian in appearance, English in accent and Chinese in education.

DAISY: Oh, I thought it would be Hacker.

JACK (*in a manner he thinks is dashing*): Oh I say, I say, where are all the fellows? Heh, heh, heh!

DAISY: Yes, where are they, huh? But sit down, have a cigarette?

JACK: Cigarette? Oh gracious no! I never use them. Two years ago I smoked a pipe, but only on the stage, heh, heh, heh.



It bids fair to fall into the usual discussion of Jack's histrionic talents when the bell peals again, the maid gradually approaches the door, and Captain Nickelhacker, accompanied by Captain Blotto Seizer, the flying Dutchman, enter. Mel faints quietly in a corner but soon revives, with much fluttering of eyelids, while Daisy lets out a whoop and extends a hand to each of them.

BLOTTO: By damn, Daisy, I'm glad I dated this afternoon. You know my mind was just turned upside down. I've been working on Psych. I think Kunkel knows his stuff all right but I don't quite agree with his interpretation of the personality as a well-integrated whole . . .

DAISY (hastily): How's basketball, Hacker?

BLOTTO: Basketball's fair but I haven't been getting enough sleep lately. You know I went over there to shoot fouls, and missed over half of them, by damn.

HACKER: Have you any Energine, Daisy?

DAISY: No, not a bit.

HACKER: I'll have to get some at a drug store, Bob Edgar's going to be sore if that . . .

He is interrupted by the squeals of greeting at Lou Langdon's entrance. Lou crosses the stage and sits down in a corner, remarking "I'm sorry." Enter Gall-bladder Goldstein.

GOLDSTEIN: How are you, Lou? Hello, everybody. Bevan will be along in a minute. He's just putting on a clean collar and a new tie.

Bevan Stillson enters, removing his eleven-dollar derby, and tucking his eight-dollar gloves in his pocket, out of which shines a grade sheet with a ninety-five average indicated.

BEVAN: Where's mah woman? If I can't have my appendix I must have my woman. *He interrupts himself every now and then to blow his nose loudly. I'm a man of the world, a superbly urban playboy—and by all odds the best dressed man on the campus.*

Enter Esther Loomis breathless. Calling "Hello Bevan," she immediately crosses the stage to Goldstein and starts a long discussion as to the relative merits of a balloon jib and a whiffle-tree.

Suddenly the door (right) is thrown open and in stomps Bill Daier, with Toots Mwyer on his arm. Trailing Toots is Byron, the great lover of book—and book stores.

BILL: Well, Bevan. Miss Meyer and I were just discussing "Twelfth Night." Wonderful, isn't it? It isn't much like "The New Yorkers." I can't see how anyone who came from a really fine family could like "The New Yorkers." It was abominable . . . abominable. *(He crosses over and picks up a small vase, inspects the bottom of it carefully, mutters "Humph" and sets it down with a thud. For the first time he catches sight of Byron and roars "English Club, bah! A fly-by-night organization—no tradition, bah!—yiss, Miss Meyer?"*

TOOTS: Of course, when I was playing Mrs. Cheyney in the Lahst of Same . . .

During all of the above dialogue Byron has been making violent love to Daisy, who, turning her back on him, murmurs to Nickelhacker. Blotto is over in a corner talking to Lou about his work and quoting appropriate passages from books he has read—of course Lou doesn't know they are quotations. Toots is still drawling on about



the glories of Mrs. Cheyney as portrayed by Toots when Rod comes skippin' in. At first you think it is two people, but then you realize that he has a large tender behind.

ROD: Hello, fellows, anybody seen Peg MacKelvie?

No one has seen Peg and Rod is just sitting down to wait when he spies a plate of cookies on the table. With a leap and a hoarse "Ah!" he scoops them into his mouth. One is left over and he deposits this tenderly in his pocket to rest beside some of last week's strawberry ice cream. He has forgotten all about Peg and the scenery and during the rest of the play the crunch of cookies is in time with whatever action there may be.

LOU: I'm sorry.

MEL: Darling, what are you sorry about?

LOU: I don't quite . . . (she stops, nods, murmurs something to herself, and then retreats, pouting).

BILL (all of a sudden): England is a wonderful country!

MEL (adoringly, but at large): Yes, it certainly is.

BILL: Yiss, sir. England is a wonderful country. The Englishmen are great people—great people.

NICKELHACKER: Who cares about Englishmen?

MEL: English women.

Nickelhacker sinks back against the wall and a few minutes later Rod cries "That's a good one." Brushing the cookie crumbs from her lap Esther goes right on talking about the Cape.

ROD: Oh say, I heard a good limerick just yesterday. Do you want to hear it?

No one pays any attention so he recites:

"There was a young man named Blake
Who thought he was quite a smooth snake;
The clothes that he wore
From the co-operative store
Made everyone yell, 'For crying out loud!'"

Still no one pays any attention, and Rod remarks "That's a good one" and goes back to his cookies. A knock is heard at the door, and after repeated cries of "Come in!" Addison Schipple enters, crooning.

MEL: Addison, dear, how are you? I haven't seen you for ages.

ADDISON: No. Blows three bubbles in quick succession, resumes "My Future Just Passed" and sits down, looking like Topsy without Little Eva.

ADDISON: Harry'll be along in a minute.

Enter Harry Hammer wearing a fur coat which his grandfather won at a raffle during the Civil War. He nods to the assembly and sits down, remarking to Addison, "Bryn Maur is but an empty shell since Christmas! Oh well"—This remark seems to appeal to him and he makes a note of it for future use.

"But wait, important news." (He rises, sings one stanza of "I am a Pirate King" and announces:

I have just found out that the Student Council has decided that after tomorrow under-



graduates shall have no dates with Bryn Mawr except on the walk in front of Lloyd Hall, on the terrace of the gymnasium during dances, and on the skating pond during skating season. Koko is coming up this afternoon to announce it formally. *The murmuring has reached a crescendo by the end of Harry's announcement and Hays shouts: "We just won't stand for it, that's all!"*

MEL: Oh, my dear, what will we do, what will we do?

DAISY: (Censored).

BILL: They must be insane!

The door is opened quietly and Koko Ratz, the villain, enters accompanied by his henchman Bob Wharat. Bob catches sight of the multitude of people, shouts "Wauuuughh!" and flees.

KOKO: Pardon the interruption, ladies and gentleman. I just came up to announce that after tomorrow—

ALL: We know! we know!

DAISY: How could you, Koko. *She crosses over and sits beside him. Have some tea?*

KOKO: Thank you, this is most palubrious.

As he drinks the tea, Daisy turns the full power of her luminous brown orbs upon him. Koko adds another lump of sugar.

ADDISON: Shucks, I'm late. I gotta go to Glee Club. Good-bye Mel, good-bye Daisy.

Mel and Lou hold a whispered conversation and then go about and speak to everyone in a low voice. Soon the cast leaves on one excuse or another. Daisy and Koko are still talking and do not notice their departure.

DAISY: It's been a long time, hasn't it? You're really the first person I knew at Haverford. KOKO: It seems impossible that there ever was a time when you knew only one Haverford man.

DAISY: And now you're taking all my friends away from me. I can bear leaving the rest, but leaving you is going to be awfully hard, Koko.

KOKO: Yes, but it's my duty, Daisy. Father William likes to see a few Seniors on the campus when he walks around and no one from our class has been at Haverford for over a week. We simply must stop this exodus to Bryn Mawr.

DAISY: Duty! What's duty compared to the love of a pure woman!

KOKO: Well, I never thought of it that way.

DAISY: Think, Koko, think! Never again will you drink tea here. Never again will you see the buttresses of Goodhart silhouetted against the evening sky . . . the new moon . . .

After this lyrical outburst there is a long period of silence. Dusk is creeping on and a ray of moonlight falls on Daisy's head. The stage grows very dim and in the distance the soft strains of a musical saw are heard.

KOKO (suddenly): I am but mortal flesh—the rule must not go through!

DAISY: Victory!

ROD (coming out of a corner towards the table): Is anyone going to eat this cookie?

* * *

As the curtain is slowly lowered Captain Nickelhacker and Mel enter with a large floral offering for Daisy. The cast is seen filing slowly back arm in arm. They are chatting gaily and some are singing "We are From Bryn Mawr". Daisy has saved the day!



IMPRESSIONS OF HAVERFORD COURSES—BY ONE WHO
HAS BEEN THERE—SOME OF THE TIME

"We are so many little pitchers, into which the professors pour from their store of learning. At examination time we pour it all back again, and feel thankful if a few drops stick to the sides of the pitcher."—*Old Hindu Saying.*

* * * *

BIBLICAL LITERATURE 1: "Today I intend to make a comparative study of the cosmological myths of the so-called Old Testament . . . According to Tubal and Jubal Cain, the Hebrews thought of the sky as an inverted vegetable dish."

* * * *

BIOLOGY 1: "The liver is the warhorse of the body."

BIOLOGY 2: "Marriage is no longer a leap in the dark."

BIOLOGY 7: "Do owls drink water?"

* * * *

ECONOMICS 1: — — — —

ECONOMICS 4: "Now let us see what Kemmer has to say about the Federal Reserve System. He's such a little fellow, you'd never take him for an economist, but he's diabolically clever . . . Is that so, Schlipp? . . . Do you agree with that, Maier? . . . Now only the other day I was talking to a very good friend of mine at the Reserve Bank, Mr—er,—what was his name? Wouldn't he be surprised if he knew I'd forgotten his name?"

* * * *

ENGINEERING 1: "Heh, heh, heh, you got that drawing all wrong."

* * * *

ENGLISH 3: "Really now, what can one expect of the Theatre today when all that the tired business man wants is fifty naked Jewesses singing sentimental smut?"

ENGLISH 8: "This is living stuff! I want you to get all steamed up about this."

ENGLISH 13 (*Junior Year*): "A friend of mine was telling me . . . well, I don't remember exactly but it was something to do with . . ."

ENGLISH 15: "Yeaaaaaaaasssssss".

* * * *

FRENCH 2: "Vite! Vite! *ensuite monsieur!*"

FRENCH 4: "Ah, but then Georges Sand was not like other girls."

FRENCH 5: "*Ce monsieur Hoag, c'est un vrai sale type* . . . Clements, wake up!"

FRENCH 6: "Yes, Mr. Haines, let's talk English . . ."

* * * *

GERMAN 1: "Little Fritz, have you (*second person singular*) seen the pen of-my-grand-mother? . . . Yes, to be sure, but the nights are cool."

* * * *

GOVERNMENT 2: "This morning Mr. Wilson is going to tell us about the low countries, or the Netherlands, whichever way you want to put it . . . Do you mind if I interrupt there for just a minute? I had a rather interesting experience while I was at the Hague. It seems Queen Wilhelmina . . ." (*Follows half an hour of*



reminiscences) "Well, time's up, Mr. Wilson, that was an excellent talk, I shall give you a 97 at least."

* * * *

GOVERNMENT 3: "Those members of the class who have ever collected postage stamps—and I hope you all have—there could be no better preparation for this course—will of course be familiar with the Republic of Outer Mongolia, created in 1912. Yes, Mr. Cowles, in 1884 German missionaries in Zululand were allowed to sell shoe-strings and chalk—"

* * * *

HISTORY 1: "King Edward had two sons, both boys."

HISTORY 3: "You know, boys, even if I believe in peace and all that, I can't help getting a thrill out of the fighting in that old war of 1812. Now who's got some good stuff about the Battle of the Thames? Ah, Tom, what does thee have?"

HISTORY 6: "In this course we shall contemplate the rice of mawdern institutions."

* * * *

LATIN 1: "Now Milphidipper had the idear of going to Chiner, so you see human nature is always the same."

LATIN 2: "Medieval Europe was a kaleidoscope . . . Even if you lived in the Fiji Islands, you could talk Latin to the Pope."

* * * *

MATHEMATICS 1: "Ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ha-ya-

* * * *

MUSIC 1 (*Moosic*): "For the choirs of the early Church they cultivated male sopranos."

* * * *

PHILOSOPHY 1: "Have you ever thought of what a wonderful life a dog must lead, so to speak?"

PHILOSOPHY 5: "Have you anything to say about the first night?"

PHILOSOPHY 6: Grips . . . grips . . . grips . . .

* * * *

PHYSICAL TRAINING 1: "But I didn't cut that day, Mr. Evans."

* * * *

SOCIOLOGY 1 and 2. (*From an actual notebook, believe it or not*) The man with the hoe held face down through the ages . . . ever since man became man and releases the upper limbs for higher things . . . carry water on both shoulders without spilling either . . . put on the screw so hard . . . found themselves with white elephants on their hands . . . taking the wind out of another fellows sails and stealing his thunder . . . more people are on wheels or in the air, and are globe trotters . . . has a mailed fist on one hand . . . weaned from the bottle of protection . . . more square holes for square pegs and more round holes for round pegs . . . tighten up a good many loose nuts in this organization . . . it depends on whose ox is being gorged . . . he wasn't the only child and thereby hangs a tale . . . blood will tell and cream will come to the top . . . cut down to the bone to make ends meet, and then whistle to keep up appearances. . . .



OUR OWN CENTENARY COLLECTION

A QUESTIONNAIRE TO END QUESTIONNAIRES

WHO HAS:

1. *the biggest feet:*

Bob Edgar leads the pack here with plenty to spare over Wilson, Shippen, and Martin.

2. *the biggest appetite:*

Shippen has no competition here, unless you call one vote for Bill Cadbury, Maier, and Mekeel competition.

3. *the toughest beard:*

Lloyd divides the honors. Conn and Cadbury split the vote. Dick Masland got one! Ike Wilt also runs with three.

4. *the seediest moustache:*

Lawrence wins over Golding by a hair. Cadbury polled a few votes, with one added remark: "If you call that a moustache."

5. *shortest haircuts:*

Landslide for Crawford, with one or two rocks, we mean votes, for Big Rod.

6. *the worst (lousiest) sense of humor:*

Shane barges home just a nose ahead of Otto Reisner. Conn and Crawford are next in line. Don Clements made a few suffer.

WHO IS:

1. *Haverford's Anthony Comstock:*

For some strange reason (see his write-up) Pennypacker broke the tape in this one, closely followed by Butler, "the peace man", and Bill Maier. Schopbach and Flannel got one apiece. The rest didn't know who Anthony Comstock was.

2. *the largest eater:*

This was closer than we expected. Shippen and Maier ran a dead heat with Cadbury and Mekeel gaining honorable mention. Bob Edgar, being 6 feet 4 inches, was the choice of one logical voter.

3. *is going to get married soonest:*

For Reisner and Wilt shot-gun weddings were predicted. Harvey, Conn, and Pennypacker finish next in that order. "Who wouldn't," (the correct answer) got one vote . . .

WHAT IS:

1. *the favorite movie place:*

The Ardmore has it over the Seville in this one, with the center section of each entry next in order.

2. *the favorite eating place:*

The dog-wagon gets a four-bagger. Doc's rates a double. Home gets a clean single. The dining-room was an infield out.

3. *most useless course:*

Economics, 1; Math, 1; Phil, 1b; and Bib Lit, 2b are so close we can't be



bothered figuring it out. Saturday lunch was right up there.

4. *most useless activity:*

Cricket, opinion seems to favor answering these questionnaires. "Trying to get something to eat in the dining room," rates one vote. Studying, Collection, and the Crows Nest one each. So we know where we get off.

5. *the War-Horse:*

The Liver leads Ike Wilt and Horsie home by a wide margin.

6. *the most worn stone at Haverford:*

Grindstone wins this. The Soph entrance to Founders and the mile-stone on the east side of Chase fight it out for second place.

HOW:

1. *deep is the hockey pond:*

We got into trouble over this one. "What hockey pond," "Deep enough to drown the author of this," is as far as we'll go.

2. *high is the sliding door of the senior entrance:*

Fields+Shane is the answer. Figure it out for yourself.

HOW MANY:

1. *sundials on the campus:*

You'd be surprised how many put down "2". Also "Who cares".

2. *times have you mistaken "Maier" for "Fire":*

"Why" is about the most sensible suggestion we got. "Not our Will!" is another.

3. *times did you get up for breakfast:*

One truthful man admits: "ten since sophomore year". "Once each morning." That's another. (Damn you, Conn.)

4. *trees on the campus:*

"How many stars in the Big Dipper" is most all we got for this. "Ask any dog" is another clever suggestion.

5. *cents in a centennial:*

The boys are beginning to lose their heads. "Can you stuff birds" is the best answer we got. We won't print the puns.

GENERAL:

1. *Where is the college fire department located:*

Most of the fellows missed the point in this one. "Roberts, upstairs, left" is the correct answer. "The Dean's office" got some votes. So did the Library.

2. *Do you think there should be stricter clothing rules for faculty members?*

Sentiment in the affirmative: overwhelming majority.

Specify:

The Horse rated the largest number of suggestions. Blanket, chaps, and a shave were some of them. Williamson's loud suits came in for a beating. Here are some other suggestions: shovel and a spike for Tat, new tie for Watson, low-shoes for Petie, new hat for the Baron, 16 pound shot for Uncle Billy to hitch at the bottom of his dress shirt, burn Snyder's coat, stiff collars for Morley, trap for the Rat, baby carriage for the Doll, wheel-barrow for the Horse, straight-jacket for Uncle Billy, shoes for the Horse. . . . Here we draw the curtain discreetly.



LOCKHARTIAN LIMPINGS

Though much discussed, a somewhat worthy drama man
Is present in the person of Lock Ama man.
Before this poem goes a wee bit farther,
'Tis unavoidable to mention Arther
Who is quite mild and never mutters "Damme!"
But leaves such vice to Bhaskar Apassamme,
And joins the cricket team like Dickie Baker,
The ideal type of calm, contented Quaker.
Our next when young, was by a loving ma nursed
And raised to be the tennis terror, Ba nursed.
The exercise has rendered him as lithe
As football's worthy addict, Johnny Blithe.
The boy that gets the most successful Bluffing done
Is poker's perfect paragon, young Buffing done
A finer lad, though I have seen a subtler,
Is hard to find than newsboy Georgie Bublter.
Untiring at doing one good turns
And getting advertisements, is Tom Burns.
In scientific spots a constant lurker
Is ever sweetly smiling Wendell Burker.
Although the hair does almost all this lad bury
His friends can recognize him as Bill Cadbury.
And noted for his genius for vehèment
And critical good taste is Donald Clemence.
A leader on the griddle, Sammy Conn
With his piano eggs the music onn.
The Crow's Nest is for sale, what are we offered
For rights to take the place of Albie Croffered?
As thin and much alike as two steel pins
We beg to show the long-legged Edgar twins.
Though never seen within the sacred Kremlin,
A lover of the higher things is Emlin.
Now at an easy rhyme at last we are
With Philosophic, Psychologic Fare.



*That was one was Elliot; on another star
Is Robert, the more somnolential Far.
The co-op patrons sigh and whisper "Maybe he'll
Give us a discount." They don't know their Gaybre he'll.
He must be paid, as when one fakes or fibs on
The bill-collecting, paper-selling Gibson,
Success is seldom—you are soon unfolding
Your pocketbook, or borrowing from Golding.
An athlete of such prowess as Jack Gray
Leaves very little for a rhyme to say.
At lessons Johnny Gresimer's invincible,
Much work, and very little play's his principle.
'Tis said of that great horseman Thomas Harvae,
His family are horsemen when they're larvae.
When taking NEWS proofs townward Charlie Henry
Made frequent use of trains upon the Penn. Ry.
Appendix out and ether over, Hi at
Sat up and asked, "Please tell me, where am I at?"
Like some wee bird, continually roostin'
Upon a fence and crowing—this is Hoostin'.
Affectionately fond of Dr. Barrett
And tennis-boss— a picture of Bob Jarrett.
He rooms in one of Lloyd's luxurious flats
With Student Council Chairman, Koffy Kats.
With Browning's leave I'll use the word abhorrence,
Though inappropriate, to rhyme with Horrence,
"Practically losers" is the mournful slogan
Of that most merry Andrew, Irish Logan.
The finest type of landed country squire,
Sprung from the soil and so on—this is Mire.
If Delaware has court-games for to cancel
Consult the court authority, Ted Mancel.
When Delta Alpha first began to start in
Their greatest propaganda man was Martin.
Who slaps the bass, but would not seem in Jazz land
At all at home? — the camera-maniac Mazzland.*



If anyone knows philosophic facts well
'Tis "Oversole," who's known as Raymond Mactswell.
The gustatory philistine Mekeal
Can swallow an exam just like a meal.
In soccer there's no room for any slacker—
The team is captained by a Pany packer.
To dazzle in a track-suit or a derby,
An it-boy, this is Reisner surnamed Herby.
Scuttling through the dining hall is Rice
Who runs that room and the 220 twice
As well as any other. I'm not ready
To find a rhyme for Richardson, so Fready
Will have to do, and as for Monty Saint
His name is just exactly what he ain't.
Schopbach and Schilpp are names that simply snarl
My rhymes; I'll call them fondly Al and Carl.
Equipped with editorial-office brain,
The paragon of journalists is Shain.
A stylish bat and bowler without flaw—
The cricketer par excellence is Shaw.
And there is something grisly, grim, and grippin'
About the food-capacity of Shippin.
Proverbially a mild and very meek man
We have the great inventor, Mr. Speekman.
I can save space, and rhyme big-business Speller
With Dr. Snyder's buddy, Walter Teller.
To think of that great Merionite, Joe Urban
A Clergyman—I find the thought disturban.
Ignatius' girl may never fear his tiring her
With English; for er sprachte Deutsch, der Weiringer.
A desperate soul, the next youth's body hides.
Name—Walmsley, but they call him "Ironsides."
The Westtown brothers like as peas or pills
At soccer or at cricket—are the Wills.
Wilson can work and win some six or seven
Prizes and scholarships, so good for Even!
Class president without a tinge of guilt
Of politics—the last of us is Wuilt.



Class History

5 B. C. (*Before Centenary*)

WHAT a redoubtable place Haverford seemed to us, newly arrived and arriving! Especially uneasy were those of us who came from such far-distant places as Pittsburgh, Chicago, St. Joseph, and China. Our only knowledge of Sophomoric behavior had been acquired from the movies and "The Plastic Age." Our friends at home said, "Well, well. Those fellows will make you wish you hadn't been born, all right." Most of us were wishing it long before we had fearfully tipped the porter at Broad Street Station. On the Paoli Local we looked around us curiously and found that other likely young men were eyeing us in the same way. We thought, "Are they Freshmen, too, or are they—are they Sophomores?" When we alighted at the now familiar station, we compared notes and were speedily enlightened. Directed to an imposing building of a hybrid style of architecture, we were informed by a soft-footed African where we would find our rooms (and our room-mates), and where we should betake ourselves to have our schedules arranged by faculty members. After that, there was nothing to do but wait.

Eight o'clock found us, as ordered, in bed, apprehensively expectant in our oldest pajamas and sneakers. There followed roll-call on the lawn behind Barclay, water from the tower, the horrors of penny-pushing and candle-light procession viewed by the entire populace of Ardmore; the bloody disaster at the skating pavilion. Hot showers and bed again, but not for sleep. Wrestling with temptation; Gookeley balls; the howness of what; why we came to Haverford. Such were our first-night experiences. We should not have cared to repeat them every night in the week, but we all felt that our cinema-inspired fears had not entirely been realized.

A few nights later as we were in our beds trying to make up the sleep we had lost the first night, the cry of "Fire" sounded over the campus. At first most of us thought it was those old devils, the Sophomores, again, but the ominous red glow soon proved something besides waste-paper was burning. The barn was burning . . . the barn was burning . . . Oh God, do we have to go through an account of that fire again. We won't do it, that's all. Jimmie Carpenter pulled a pig out of the blazing furnace and got a medal, and if you want to know any more about it read the RECORDS for the past three years.

One of the first official recognitions of us was the occasion when we were requested by the two Deans to be present at a little get-together after dinner one night. Dean Fritzie spoke first. He told us the dangers of drink, and how Haverfordians never drank, at least never got away with it if they did, which had better amount to the same thing. (We had all been awakened by several drunken Juniors that first night, and were rather





CLASS PICTURE: FRESHMAN YEAR

BACK ROW—Jesson, Crane, Richardson, R. Edgar, Speller, Saut, Feroe, Petree, R. Farr, Peck, Litchfield, Speakman, Hartel.
SECOND ROW—Wilt, Burrs, Butler, Houston, Mansell, Masland, Wilson, Davis, Martin, Jarratt, Penypucker, Gabriel, Emlen.
THIRD ROW—Ray, Katz, Maxwell, E. Farr, G. Edgar, Clements, Cadbury, Gage, Schupp, Maier, Buffington, Henry, Schopbach, J. Wills.
FOURTH ROW—Levin, Golding, Shaw, Browne, Walter, Walmsley, Reynolds, Schamberg, Shuppen, Hiatt, Urban, Reiserer, Rhoads.
FRONT ROW—Gray, Arthur, Egolf, Hogenauer, Mckeel, Blyth, Rice, Conn, Cameron, Barnhurst, Shane, Weyl, B. Wills.



skeptical.) Also he said that we should work hard lest we die a "Haverford death." The more impressionable of us thought he might be trying to say that Haverford students were under some sort of dire curse, but our neighbors reassured us by telling us that "death" meant a one-way ticket back to Pittsburgh or Chicago or St. Joseph or China.

The next speaker on that memorable occasion was Dean Tat. Ought we not stop here to consider the remarkable fact that this great Haverfordian made his beginning with us, and that as we have grown, his official position on the campus has correspondingly

increased until now he reigns supreme in that fearful sanctum which another famous Haverfordian has named "Much Ado About Nothing"? Well, good old Tat got up and beamed upon us. Here was a fellow we could trust. Here was a real big brother. He was to be our Dean. He was to know each one of us by name. And, friends, we are here to tell you that he has come to know us all so well that he calls us by our first names. Good old Tat. He has kept faith with us.

Other gatherings of a more social nature it was our privilege to attend. First there was the Faculty reception, chiefly remembered for Dr. Meldrum who ran hither and thither asking everyone, "Are you the fellow from the West? My wife's from the West, and I want to find out if the Freshman from the West knows her?" Poor man. All he got for his pains was Golding, and that Missourian had never had the pleasure of Mrs. Meldrum's acquaintance. At the "Y" reception we heard Rufus talk about why he loved Haverford College, and after that we ate some synthetic-strawberry ice cream.

But the most memorable function was the President's reception. While we were sipping marshmallowed cocoa, listening to the Baron in evening clothes discuss the weather, and looking at the pretty pictures in Uncle Billy's books, the Sophomores were raiding our bureau drawers for pajamas. They had planned to drape Roberts Hall with them so that morning collection might for once be interesting. But thanks to the vigilance of Ot-to and some of his buddies, we were saved the indignity of a public exhibition. Only temporarily, however. Not long after this, the dastardly second-year men again made away with pajamas while we were in a class-meeting. Next morning, during the Customs Committee examination, the same despicable gang draped our intimate night-apparel in gay festoons from the chandeliers of the dining-room and around the portraits of the sainted Friends who look down from the walls. A scene of carnage ensued which did not receive the subsequent approval of the faculty. Neither did the pajamas, for that matter. Uncle Billy seemed to feel that they had been a dire insult to the shades of the Founders or whoever those portraits are. But, Lord, what's a pajama or two compared to those beards?

Other exciting events occurred in those early months.





We were invited along with the rest of the college to the Ardmore Theatre, on what was destined to be the last of its free parties, to witness a private showing of "Fireman, Save My Child." The lack of artistry in the production was forgotten by an appreciative audience which was getting something for nothing. That fall saw the publication of "A Book of American Literature," by the Snyder boys. We were not all aware of this worthy addition to the already overflowing anthology market, but most of us were painfully aware of it later.

Later, when it came time for the Delaware game, we were exhorted by the cheer-leaders to die for dear old Haverford, and bring back some wood for the bonfire as we died. With the words of the ever-excited Rogers ringing in our ears, "Boxes, signs, anything goes so long as you don't get caught," we set out merrily to see what damage we could do to the surrounding property owners. Clements, Speller, and Reynolds (alias William Williams of Uniontown) were so enthusiastic and reckless in their searchings that they were apprehended by the local Irish custodian of the law, John Stagg, for attempting to put a Rotary Club sign to the best use of its existence. They spent a night in the Ardmore lock-up. Notwithstanding the bonfire was a huge success.

About this time we had our cake-walk, the last one which has had any claims at all to entertainment value. The lowest point was reached in an imitation of "The Two Black Crows" by Cress Davis and Harry Barnhurst, and the highest in "Wild Nell of the Plains," featuring the Arrow Collar boys, George and Bob Edgar. No, not the highest. The cider and pretzels were more appreciated by the low-brow upper classmen.

Just before mid-years the *News* began to become agog over Elihu Grant, who was setting out to dig up Palestine. Most of us had never seen the man, but most of us knew his book, "Haverford Moods," which we had bought in our early innocence. We used to hang about his house to see if he was doing any practice digging, and after he sailed we eagerly awaited the publication of "Beth Shemesh Moods," or "Get the Boys Out of the Trenches by Christmas!"

By now we were pretty well settled down to a round of studies and movies. We listened to lectures by Adler, Pupin, Daly, and Grenfell. Also we took intelligence tests (Amerman got first place and you couldn't talk to him for a week). We moved in to all of (x)'s bum jokes. We protested futilely among ourselves at the insipidity of Jimmie Babbitt's course in what he was pleased to call Biology 1, and we delightedly passed around the story of what the ex-Yale coach said to him when they met on the Haverford campus. The only high spot was when we were allowed to take a ride on the "merry-go-round" chair. At regular times during the week we took "exercise" under the direction of Arlington Evans, B. P. E., M. S., I. O. O. F., which was to result in big differences in the graphs showing our bicep measurements and chest





expansions sometime in the dim future. We heard P. P. Harris solemnly announce that he did not propose to have us view his course in Public Speaking in the same light as Math. 1. After all, he could hardly blame us for facing the facts. We went off-again and on-again Flannigan where rules were concerned, and staged a first-class spring rebellion in that connection. When the end of the year came we were formally received by the Sophomores at that grand old powwow, the Love Feast, and we were fast becoming to feel that we, too, occupied that doubtful state of second-year bliss ourselves.

4 B. C.

THIS was the year of gyps and dirty deals for the Class of 1931. At last we had gotten into power and were all set to use it, but the Rhinies, an exceptionally snotty bunch, made heroic efforts to force us to treat them like human beings. They were unsuccessful, but they monkey-wrenched the works for good. We remember one Rhinie last year who when told to convey our roll-top desk from Founders to Lloyd looked at us as if we were a species of insect, and intimated that "he had an appointment." And before we had time to ejaculate, "*O tempora! O mores!*" he had disappeared.

The inauguration ceremonies started auspiciously enough with the induction of the Rhinies through the pond and their ornamentation with egg-nog. On Walton Field they wrestled with temptation and pushed the mugs of their comrades into the deep-delved earth for the greater glory of Haverford. Down there in the mud the seeds of revolt were sown for worthies like Parker and Allendoerfer writhed with offended dignity and began laying deep plans.

A few weeks later we removed the Rhinie's pajamas to a place of safety. Rumor had it that the old-clothes men were Reisner and Richardson, on the third floor of South. Here the enraged Rhinies hurled themselves through the door and proceeded to pick the place to pieces. Herbie and Ears were both annoyed and pleased. Annoyed to have to reassemble their doo-dads and pleased to think that the aforementioned gents' nightwear was in Koffy Katz' room in Lloyd. From there they (the night clothes) ascended the flagpole which was duly greased. From late at night into the wee hours the interesting sight of enterprising Rhinies buzzing up and down the pole could be witnessed by satisfied Sophomores.

After a terrific battle and dramatic speeches by almost everyone, including Jake Wills and Hall Katzenbach, it was decided to have a pants fight for the edification of Bevan. The fight itself provided amusement for all concerned, however. The battle that raged around Fields was truly Homeric, and we sighed with satisfaction when that gigantic rump was bared to the March wind. The issue was dubious. Some misbegotten Rhinie had sewn his pockets up and it was impossible to rip off his pants without thereby removing certain essentials of his anatomy.

In spring, revolt stank ripely in the nostrils of the





Bevan, Morris, Edgar aggregation—in this connection we think that the softening of Rhinie discipline has increased Haverford's share of drabness. Rhinie Fay's daily after-lunch cheer-leading stunt brightened our afternoons and we shall not forget Petie's request to Hollander, who rode into Latin 1 on rollerskates, please to leave his toys outside the door—well, the whole thing reared its ugly head in spring when the Rhinies walked out on Bevan. They used phrases like "class spirit" and "moral struggle," and got pretty excited. It petered out, of course, but it gyped us while it lasted.



Among the great events of the year was the completion of the Hilles lab. Although this architectural gem looks like part of the University of Southern California it seems to have pleased Rittenhouse, for he went around beaming for at least three weeks.

Second Great Event. Reisner begot the *News Service*. What matter if "Bardolph" Miller did expose the carefully nurtured plot and queer the pitch with the broad-browed Uncle William by calling up the Philly papers? The Service flourishes now despite the execrations of Carl Schopbach.

But the greatest tragedy of this gyp year was undoubtedly the fastie pulled by Uncle Billy at the suggestion of Meldrum and Wilson. This was the special Major Exam or, what Tat has so appropriately called in his gush letters to parents, the Major Concentration—and what others have so appropriately called a cheap imitation of Swarthmore. We, the Class, protested. We, the Class, were told to go to hell. The only consolation is that future Seniors will sweat, too, and when we say sweat we don't mean perspire.

Like everything else the football season was a frost. We slew F. and M. (Keech busted one guy's neck, pretty near) and plowed through Amherst, but after that—well, the less said . . . Soccer was O. K. Sophomore soccer also dates the opening of the Maier-Speller feud. It started over the soccer managership. Their friends, however, will be glad to hear that it was healed during the S. T. C. A. trip to Europe. Let this be a lesson to you. Don't be left waving at the pier. Get tight with the heels in your class.

Among other catastrophes we note that Fritzie succumbed to the dumps. Hence Tat-



And then to make the year end like unto a Greek tragedy, Bram Linn shot himself the night before Commencement. At lunch Collision told us to keep our mouths shut. But by morning Blackman won fame and a job with a Philadelphia paper by handing out a complete expose of the whole works. At last the "Gulp! Gulp!" editorial was eclipsed. The frightful year was over!

3 B. C.

WHEN we returned to college in the fall of '29, we found that College Lane, down which we had

1931



stumbled many a night and oft through mud and wet to the Ardmore, had been paved right up to the Bug lab. And a liberal quantity of paint and wallpaper had been spread to cover the scars in a lot of the dormitory rooms. All in all, it took us a good while to become used to this new order of things. But before so very long there were fresh scars in the aforementioned rooms, and the smell of paint had died out. The road, we mention in passing, is still (March, '31) holding up. The hope is that it will hang together till after the Centennial.

We got our first taste of how it is to be upper-classmen when the pajama fight came off. It was great, standing around egging the Rhinies on, and boozing at nothing in particular. We failed to get awfully started up and felt very high church and all about the whole affair—an indication that we were approaching the years of discretion or something. But deep down our suspicion was that none of us felt as old as we tried to appear. In fact, we were about reaching the opinion that the further you go in college the more childish you get, and that there's nobody quite so old and dignified as a prep-school senior. But, of course, we didn't let on.

Along towards the early part of the fall there was the sophomore invasion of the Seville, but we didn't have anything to do with that. And don't let anybody tell you different. See?

The big surprise in the fall of '29 was the football season. We gave a yell all right when the team held Ursinus scoreless (or the other way around it was), but imagine our amazement when we ran through the next five games in a row, winning every one. The week-end of the Hamilton game, which culminated our streak of wins, Uncle Billy, with rare tact, crashed the Philadelphia papers with his address on "over-emphasis in college football."

After our brief chance to indulge in a little college spirit, we settled down after the season was over. The only thing to remind us of the slight inebriation of that fall was a couple of dozen sweaters that blossomed out just before Christmas vacation with blazing scarlet "H's" on them, a gift to the squad by some enthusiastic alumnus. There was a *News* banquet at this time at which William Allen White and Owen Wister spoke. The *News* board went around quoting them for a week and Blackman was in a haze of joy. About this time there was the big strike in South Carolina, and Dirty Dick went down there. But, hell, it blew over.

Then the annual vacuum set in. There was the usual diet of Faculty Women's Teas, quarterly averages, speakers, bull sessions, the kick about the Sunday hours of the library, and other little details that somehow manage to keep us from going around cutting each others' throats. Vacation came and went, as it has a way of doing, and we settled down to loaf right up to mid-year, beginning the Friday before to study for our three exams or four in a row, or fifteen—it takes up more space! in the approved upper-class fashion. We got the news that Ec I was no longer to be required of everybody. After the first instance of





the Comprehensive exam, we all felt that that was an entirely unnecessary kick in the face.

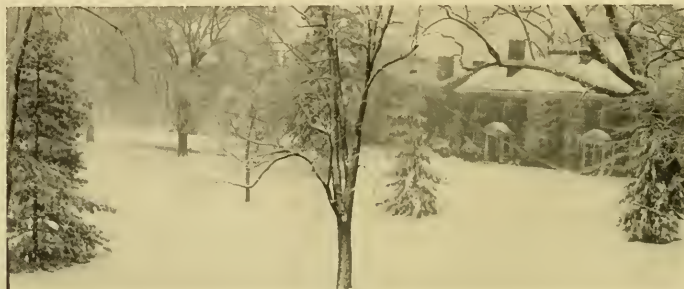
We forgot to mention the Rhinie cakewalk which took place just before Christmas. It gave us the chance to throw things and so on. "Great Loves of History" was the advertised feature. We forgot, also, to say that Jack (Gulp-Gulp) Blackman passed out of the picture as editor of the *News* and that good boy Scout, Allendoerfer, stepped in (after Art Brinton had been allowed to get out a couple of editions, to make the Founders' Club major or something, perhaps). But it wasn't very important.

As we see it now, two major issues gripped the campus during the whole of our Junior year, unbeknownst to most of us. The first of them was the liquor question. Way back in the fall we got the welcome news that Brad Abernathy, in behalf of the Student Council, was going to take a firm stand on the question. He took said stand and didn't get down till June, and things went along about the same. Egg Morris's proposed amendment to the by-laws of the Student's Association, to the effect that "any person on whom the effects of alcohol can be detected" is drunk, was voted down. We saw just how much actual authority the student government really has in the Durham-Gage-Davis incident just before mid-year. The three of them got half a can on and drove through the streets of Ardmore one evening, corraling spare Christmas trees that the merchants had set out and bringing them up to campus. Evidently this impulse towards beautifying the college grounds was misinterpreted by Roberts 1, for Cress and Lew and Dick were on their way home the next day, the authorities having left the Student Council at the post in their (meaning, his) haste to see justice done before Christmas vacation.

The other issue was about peace. Richie and Swan and the rest of the Christian Union boys got all steamed up about it. There was a peace poll taken in Collection (the majority in our class favoring a moderate position), Dave crashed the letter column of the *Ledger*, and there's no telling where we'd have gone if it weren't for Uncle Billy's strange disappearance around the first of February. He went to England.

The *News* for that week says that no inkling was given out as to the nature of William's trip, except that it was "of a delicate nature." The time-honored crack made the rounds to the effect that he went to bail out Rufus, who was on sabbatical leave. That *would* be delicate all right, but we know somebody who heard Rufe speak overthere in December and there wasn't

(Continued on page 152)





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CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 148)

no cops around. So everything turned out all right and the College got a new English Professor even if the class didn't.

Doggy Johnson did his better than best by the lawns that winter. The good old remark was passed. One mild evening in February, just before the Susquehanna game, there was a spontaneous celebration in the form of bonfires in front of Lloyd, boudoir tissue all over that tree in front of Barclay, much racket, etc. We won the game. We also won the Swarthmore game. With no celebration, either.

Oh, well. Came the spring. News from Beth Shemesh. Groundhog day (or should we have mentioned that earlier?). That's pretty neat, though. Beth Shemesh and groundhogs. Well, as we were saying. Came the spring. John, the peanut man, went on a trip to Chicago. Tat got a new stenographer. Our pal Emmett got married. The grass began to overcome the handicap of all that manure on top and started to struggle up.

Everybody wore his undertaker jacket Junior day. The Prom that night, even though it was our own, had it over any we'd seen like a blanket. The usual set of varied stories were spread around for the next week about what had happened to you and what you'd seen happen to others. The ground in front of Lloyd was torn up more than usual by the campus baseball league. The last few weeks skidded by at the usual high rate of speed and another year was over.

2 B. C.

THE first collection of the year found Uncle Billy in his usual form. We were told once more that Haverford College is not interested in educating young men addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor, the sylvan beauties of the campus were pointed

(Continued on page 154)

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CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 152)

out (together with the fact that grass doesn't grow when you walk on it) and we were informed that all play and no work make Jack a dull boy, and very soon make him a North Carolina or a Dickinson man. To some of the Class who had been playing for three years this statement came as a distinct surprise. Armed with these edifying dicta we embarked on our last year, knowing that each event was the last of its kind.

The two names on every man's tongue for the first two weeks were those of Christopher Morley who had consented to "help Dr. Snyder in the English department" for the first semester, and Ed. Speakman who, we discovered, had been assiduously winning name and fame for Haverford during the summer while the rest of us were merely working or lolling around in bathing suits. Apparently that greatest of all inventions, "the Speakman timer" had been taking people's breath away at various exhibits from Maine to Mexico. At any rate it certainly aroused campus curiosity as to what on earth it might be. As near as we can deduce from eulogies in the *News*, it is a cross between a burglar alarm and a census-taker with a few other little uses like cooking, heating, and playing the piano thrown in.

Morley proved to be as charming as his essays. His method of announcing at the beginning of each class that he didn't know anything about the subject, and that he had left any notes which he might have at home met with wide approval, since after this announcement he usually launched into stories and anecdotes which anyone from Mrs. Conrad to Heywood Broun had told him. He took the center of the stage in December with two Shakespeare lectures, the first of which set many a good Quaker tongue wagging and provided an entertaining

(Continued on page 156)



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CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 154)

evening for the White Men and more liberal Quakers.

The Board of Managers, moved by God knows what (perhaps, though, He has his suspicions), at last decided to admit non-Quakers alumni to their august councils, and three Philistines were elected (*O Tempora! O Mores!*).

The unusually bad business conditions led to a financial merger between the *News* and the *Haverfordian*. This was terminated somewhat abruptly, and for nearly a month members of the two boards passed each other with averted faces.

A real innovation occurred in December when that old favorite "The Cap and Bells" surprised everyone by giving—in a very loud tone of voice—Shaw's "Devil's Disciple" with the Bryn Mawr Varsity Players. No one, we believe, was more surprised than the Varsity Players, what with the floral tributes of lilies at the Saturday night performance, and the already legendary remarks of that remarkable dramatic coach, Jasper Deeter, who, believe it or not, was secured mainly through the efforts of that great upholder of the *status quo*, Will Maier.

The English Club's performance of "Hamlet" a few weeks earlier marked probably the first appearance of a Bryn Mawr girl on the boards of Roberts. Uncle Billy's fears as to laxness in morals were, it might be added, groundless, if you except Reitzel's use of the word "Damn" on two occasions. The performance will linger long in our minds, pungent as it is with two joyous memories, (1) MacColl, by all odds the most remarkable Rhinie we have ever witnessed and (2) Hunt's desperate aside through the curtain "Where in Hell is the Queen?"

The football season, with Elwood Geiges as coach, was fairly successful, considering

(Continued on page 160)



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CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 156)

the handicaps of a new system and the loss of a large part of the team through graduation. the soccer season went well with the exception of a drubbing at the hands of Penn. But the team managed to beat Swarthmore. The Swarthmore game was also outstanding, for the somewhat spectacular performance given by Woody Bond of Swarthmore and his off-again, on-again headgear worn because he had hurt his head, yet insisted on heading the ball at every conceivable chance he got.

Skating was good. The skating pond receipts, with an eye towards 1933, swelled appreciably and Mac sat in his den and gleefully watched the quarters pour in.

As usual life, after Christmas, drifted along without any wind in its sails. There was a lovely grippe epidemic just before mid-year's and Johnny Jessup contracted a bad case of pleurisy, or something of the sort, and lost so much work that it was impracticable to try and make up. It might be added, in this paragraph of miscellany, that no ground was broken for the Art Museum.

After mid-year's activity in preparation for that great day of days "The Centennial of 1933" began in earnest. Koffy Katz and Mr. Rose (who seems to be the mysterious man behind the gun) spent most of their time in conference over in the little sanctum in Sharpless, and student committees began investigating every phase of student life.

The basketball season proved successful, in spite of the heart-breaking loss of the Swarthmore game by three points . . . the English Club presented two one-act plays in best "Little Theatre" style, with coffee and cigarettes . . . and a considerable number of promptings . . . the remarkable growth of a warm feeling between Bryn Mawr and Haverford was further evidenced by the invasion of four Bryn Mawr girls at

(Continued on page 162)

WE DREAM OF THE TIME

WHEN we will be able to enjoy our own home.

WHEN we will perhaps have a business of our own.

WHEN we hope to travel or partake of some of the better things of life.

WHEN we shall be able to take care of all emergencies without being dependent upon others.

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They are big dreams.

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ARDMORE

CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 160)

Sunday night supper, accompanied by cheers, Bob Edgar and ten other Seniors the first baseball game was played in front of Lloyd on March 14 spring was just around the corner.

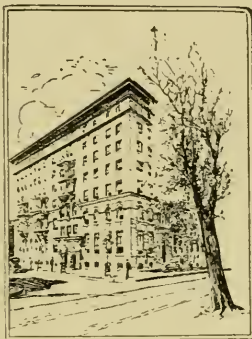
The first evidence we had that the college was very much in earnest about this business of Pre-Centenary day was the news that the Cap and Bells must cancel its performance at Goucher and put on a special show for the guests. That was rather a gripe, for the gals down there had planned to have their equivalent of the Junior Prom that evening, appointing dates for the members of the cast, etc. But the aforementioned Mr. Rose spoke the word, the powers began to set the wheels to turning, and the Cap and Bells had to forego the promise of a big time in Baltimore the 18th of April and set its heart towards pleasing the multitude.

And we mean multitude! Before vacation we took with no few grains of salt the reports about the 1000-odd personages that would be galloping about the campus on Pre-Centenary day. But as the great day approached it became pretty evident that there was going to be big doings and no mistake. Holland's was engaged to cater for 1500 people at lunch and supper. The double quartet in the Glee Club was engaged to render selections at lunch. Student committees were appointed with Herbie Reisner (who is never happy unless he is working like the very devil) as general chairman. A. Lawrence Lowell, president of Harvard (incidentally of the firm of Cabot and Lodge, Inc.), was signed up for a talk at the Convocation service. So was Gates, president of Pennsylvania. Our own William completed the Trinity.

Well, came Saturday the 18th. Also, came the crowd. It couldn't have been a more perfect day. As Neddy remarked, the weather was probably worth a half-million

(Continued on page 164)

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Bryn Mawr, Pa.

CLASS HISTORY

(Continued from page 162)

to the college. The herd registered one by one, barged around from one class to another and appeared to be enjoying themselves almost as much as the boys themselves. We were all dressed up, and that was an exhibit in itself. Came 12:15 and the Convocation parade, with Fritzie in the lead. The college was not allowed to go, but we heard it over the radio (Columbia Broadcasting System, by Gad), and even if we do say so, our William had it over Gates and Lowell like a tent.

In the afternoon we took Hopkins in track and got riddled by the Army in baseball. There was also a cricket match. Then after supper the Cap and Bells gave "The Queen's Husband," which terminated with the whole cast singing "Comrades" in too high a key. (And you know how that sounds in any key.) Uncle Billy was quoted as saying, when the day was over: "I'm very tired but very happy." It must have been a huge success.

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