



# THE 1932 RECORD



HAVERFORD COLLEGE



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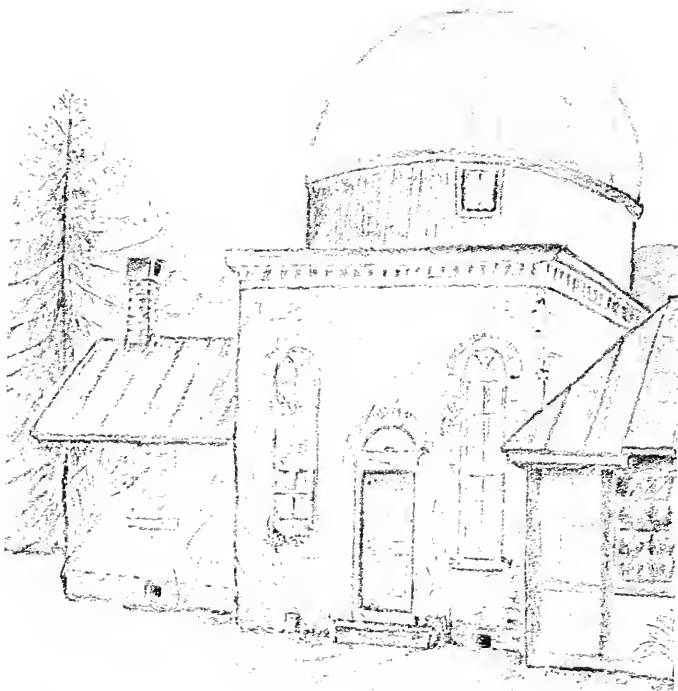
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OBSERVATORY

# 1932 RECORD

PUBLISHED BY  
THE SENIOR CLASS  
OF  
HAVERFORD COLLEGE



HAVERFORD

PENNSYLVANIA

D E D I C A T I O N

TO

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES

DEVOTED PROFESSOR  
SPIRITUAL INSPIRATION  
VALUED FRIEND

WE

THE CLASS OF 1932  
DEDICATE THIS BOOK





## F O R E W O R D

|| IN PRESENTING our fellows the Record Board has striven to avoid both undeserved eulogy and bitter sarcasm. We have tried to depict the student body and activities of the Haverford of today—conservative in its Quaker tradition and now approaching the hundredth anniversary of its foundation.

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FOUNDERS HALL—1907

# CLASS HISTORY

## Our First Three Years

being an account of student activities in Haverford College compiled from the papers of U. GESS HOO, '32, during his stay at the college from September, 1928 to June, 1931.

## PREFACE

"Hooley", as he was known to his friends, is at once the typical college student of the period under consideration and at the same time a boy unlike any of his classmates. He is typical in the sense that he did most of the things which a college student was expected to do, and unique in the fact that he alone had the foresight to record his experiences. As little editorial comment as possible will be inserted, for it is desired to let Hoo's own personal account speak for itself.

**F**IRST Impressions of College.  
Hooley's clear understanding of the position which he occupied in the College community is revealed in this following entry into his diary dated September 20, 1928.

"I'm a poor little freshman, as all of you know,  
Yet the sophomores guide me wherever I go;  
And if I would profit since leaving prep schools,  
I must carefully obey all the following rules:  
I'll respect every man of the three upper classes,  
And get off the sidewalk whenever one passes.  
I'll do all the work of the College A. A.;  
I'll perform it with neatness and without delay;  
I'll answer the 'phone bell the minute it rings,  
Although I am busy with pleasanter things:  
To evening meals, lectures, and Meeting I'll wear  
A stiff linen collar with scrupulous care;  
And I'll make it a point I'll never appear  
On the Haverford Campus in any headgear  
But the regular cap on my dull little dome . . . ."



September 20, 1928

DEAR DAD:

I got here safe and sound yesterday. The first thing I did was to buy some furniture. I got a pretty good bed and chifionier together for only five dollars from the boy that had the room last year. I paid fifteen dollars for a desk. It isn't in awfully good condition, but the boy I bought it from said it was

pretty hard to get anything for less than twenty-five so I snapped it up.

After supper last night we were told to go to our rooms and get into our pajamas. After that we were collected together out in front of the dorms and driven like a herd of sheep on our hands and knees over to the football field. There the upperclassmen had a field day at our expense with "crew races", wheelbarrow races, and the like. Meantime it was raining hard. Then they had an elimination race, the first ten men dropping out at the end of each lap. I got cramps on the second lap. After that there was a tug-o'-war down in a swamp which for some reason they call the skating pond.

I thought the activities of the night were over then, but they were just begun. I am not able to sit down today with the same equanimity and composure as yesterday. . . .

September 20, 1928.

(To girl)

. . . and so the next thing on the program was the egg shampoo. The members of the class were lined in a circle and each was given an egg which he was to use on the fellow to his right. I took mine and threw it at a member of the Customs Committee. Boy was he sore! But he never found out who threw it. Everybody was telling me how tough first night was going to be, but I enjoyed every minute of it . . .

October 1, 1928.

(To home)

. . . So now I'm having to go around college with a sponge in my mouth and a sign bearing the legend,



"I use profane language." It seems we are supposed to tip our hats to members of the Customs Committee. And it is against the rules to do it to anybody else. One of a pair of twins is on the committee and the other isn't. I was sure that the one I was talking to was not on the committee and told him to go to hell when he asked me to tip my cap. I got the wrong twin. Thursday night Uncle Billy (that's what we call the president you know) had our class down to his house for a reception. When we got back we discovered that the sophomores had stolen all our pajamas. So we had a big fight. It was pretty good sport but we didn't get our pajamas back until the next day . . .



October 8, 1928.

MR DEAR MR. AND MRS. HOO:

. . . After the appointment of permanent faculty advisers, we will try to have them keep in touch with the parents either by correspondence or by conference. Consultation will be welcomed at any time.

Very sincerely yours,

H. TATNALL BROWN, JR.\*

\*There is no further reference to a faculty adviser in any of Hoo's letters. Who he was or what was his function is an enigma to all scholars examining the material.

October 15, 1928.

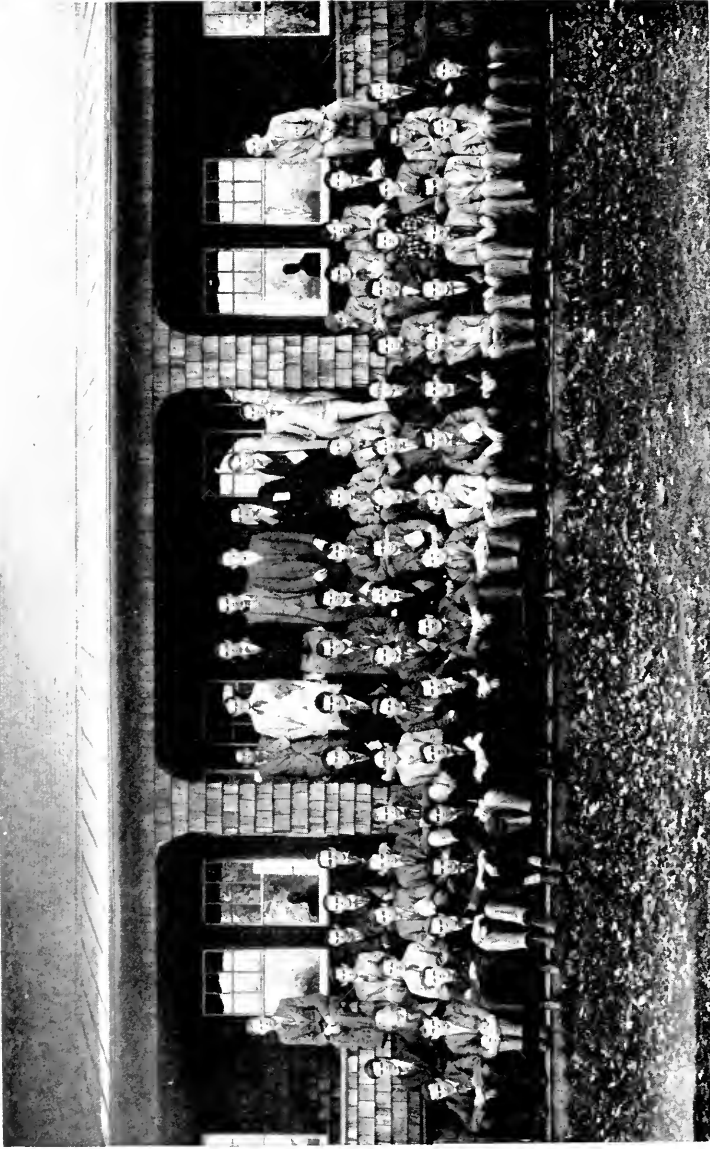
(To home)

. . . I guess you read about the football game with Amherst. It was some game. You should have seen Uncle Billy throw his hat in the air and jump around when the touch-down that put us ahead was scored.

You had better send me some more money.\* There is a dance at College next week. Besides I am having to buy a lot of books . . .

\*If there is one sentence that constantly recurs throughout the letters it is this sentence. Research shows that until the great depression





SENIOR CLASS IN RHINELAND YEAR

- Rudge, Sipple, Ferris, Houston, Lawrence, Foley, Lipsitz, Gibbs, Perce, Zapp,  
Tabakin, Strong, Crozer, Haines, Kohn, Fields, Bean, Gerbenbeck, Richards, Sutcup, Watkins, delAgama, Ayers,  
Cadhury, Conner.
- Jopson, Bliss, Fox, Young, Stockwell, Powell, LaDue, Strickler, Kretschmer, Taylor, Scudler, Osgood, Woodward, Bourne,  
Wagner, Potts, Brinton, Pusey, Hollander, Wertine.
- Bailey, Parker, Eckert, Dofhard, Nelson, Ballard, Allendoerfer, Katzenbach, Reed, McKinlay, Irion, Baker, Bijur, Smiley,  
Elkinton, Rhoads, Gaskill, Wray, Roberts.



hit the world in the following year, students were given spending money to an amount which was, to put it mildly, quite ample.

November 19, 1928.

(To brother)

. . . but I suppose  $F(x)$  was no different when you were here at College. For yesterday's algebra class we rigged up an alarm clock on one of the chandeliers. It went off at exactly nine o'clock. Effie followed some seconds later. He was already a bit put out because all the windows were *stuck* closed. It was a curious coincidence that all the handles to turn the radiators off were also missing. And you know how Effie likes his fresh air . . .

I thought this place was going to be pretty tough. So far I haven't had to do much work. But I guess I didn't get such bad preparation in Woodbury High after all . . .

November 21, 1928.

Report of Mr. Hoo of the Freshman Class for the First Quarter of the Academic Year, 1931-1932.

English 1—C	Math 1c <sup>1</sup> —D
French 2—F	Biology 1—D
German A—E	History 1—D
Math 1—A	Phys. Tr. 3—C
General Average 58.8	

November 22, 1928.

(To home)

. . . got a lot of tough breaks in my examinations. I will try to do better at the half-year.

November 26, 1928.

(To home)

. . . so the faculty, not satisfied that the college is stiff enough, has contrived a new scheme of torture, known as the comprehensive examination, to be taken in your major subject at the end of four years.

We had a big bonfire last Friday night for a sort of pep meeting before the Delaware game. After the soccer game with Swarthmore, some of their boys tried to light it. There was a general fight following. Coach Harman waded in swinging with both right and left. To my knowledge the only person he hit was myself . . . I feel better today.

December 5, 1928.

(To home)

. . . the refrain of this letter ought to be "The old grey pants! They ain't no more." We had a pants fight with the sophs. We lined up at



one end of the field, the sophs at the other. At the signal we rushed in at each other, and in no time the field was a mass of rags and wiggling humanity. I had sewed my pants on previously, so the sophs were able to do little with them. We won 3-2. The Customs Committee has let us off rules for a while.

December 17, 1928.

(To girl friend)

. . . and the dean called me into his office. He said I got sixteenth in the class on my psychological exam, while I was seventy-second in general scholastic average. He told me that they would be much more likely to kick out somebody that showed ability to do good work but didn't do it than somebody who did worse on the psych exam and had the same average. I guess I better get my nose down to the grindstone.

The Freshman class gave an entertainment for the rest of the college last night in the form of skits from the stage show of the Ne-Hi night club. Modesty rather forbids my going into any detail about the acts.

You would think from this clipping that John sent me that Haverford is an armed camp at present . . .\*

---

\*From the *Johns Hopkins News Letter*: At the present time students of Haverford are walking about the campus trying to look as innocent as possible, for a number of thefts on the campus have been the cause of a searching investigation by the authorities.

March 4, 1929.

(To home)

I suppose you have read in the papers by now about our Rhinie revolt. The Customs Committee has not given us a square deal and we are through. We have been on rules long enough, and I'd like to see the rest of the College try to get us back on.

March 10, 1929.

(To home)

. . . but what I object to most of all is wearing peach baskets as shoes everywhere I go around the campus.

March 20, 1929.

. . . anyway the Student Council has agreed to cut out the green caps and ties. Also I believe they are going to try a new system of electing the Customs Committee so the six worst hell-raisers in College won't form a burlesque court to make the Rhinies jump every time they say "Frog!".

Tat Brown is going to be made dean next year. He will have a tough time maintaining as stern an exterior as his predecessor.

April 22, 1929.

. . . our colored janitor preaches on the side for a living. At his insistence a half dozen of us went down to his little church Sunday night. But when the hat was passed we all left. Robinson told us beforehand that he gets 50 per cent of the offering as his salary, so we saved our contribution to give to him the next day.

The college food has not been getting any better. I noticed that one of the College dray-horses disappeared last week. Speaking of horses, I see they are going to give several new courses in Political Science next year.



May 21, 1929.

TO BETTY CO-ED:

. . . It was darn nice having you down to the prom, Betty. I was particularly glad to have you here while we beat Swarthmore in both baseball and track. The weather couldn't have been nicer and I thought the orchestra was o.k. It was my first college Junior Prom and believe me Betty you should have seen some of the upperclassmen looking at you and then, enviously, at me during the dance.

You know there is an old tradition with the arbor vitae tree that we sat under back of the library in the garden, Perhaps you can figure out what it is now.

The exams are just around the corner now and I really am going to have to work for a couple of weeks, but I'll be home soon and that will be the end of all green caps, artist's ties, black garters, etc.

September 23, 1929.

HOME:

. . . and the Rhinies don't even have to wear green caps and ties any more. You see it isn't in keeping with their dignity as members of the class of 1933 at Haverford College. And this year, now that we are sophomores, and are in a position to enjoy first night, what happens? We have a party for the frosh. They serve ice cream and cookies. The freshmen's chief difficulty at the present time is figuring out how the college was able to get along 96 years without them.

I suppose maybe it's for the best. We didn't enjoy first night so much last year. The new policy is to "assimilate" the freshmen.

I often wondered just what Uncle Billy's attitude on the subject of prohibition is. Well, we found out. Haverford College is not interested in educating students addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor. I trust the



College will never lose interest in my education on *that* account.

October 7, 1929.

HOME:

Last night they were showing the "Sophomore" at the Seville Theatre. About thirty of us sophomores attended to make the picture a bit more realistic. The management did not seem to appreciate or even be willing to tolerate our vocal refrain. So we were "requested to leave."



TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEWS:

As a specimen of sophomoric asininity the spectacle at the Seville Theatre last Friday night deserves honorable mention.

The running fire of comments . . . showed a total lack of consideration for the rights of others at the theatre. It is extremely regrettable that a year at Haverford has not brought with it some concern for the good name of the College as well as an appreciation of the qualities of a gentleman.

November 4, 1929.

HOME:

You might gather from my letters that I don't study all the time I'm here at College. Well I don't. You know Hallowe'en was last week. If on the next day the authorities at the College farm checked up closely they would have found one pig missing. And that pig was finally cornered in Denbigh Hall at Bryn Mawr after a two-hour chase by the girls living there. I wonder who could have taken it up there.



The next morning an ancient and honorable Model T Ford was found dozing gently, minus its wheels, on the porch in front of Roberts Hall. Uncle Bill merely remarked that it was funnier the first time it happened than the tenth.

We were all posed for our class



picture one afternoon last week on the soph steps of Founders. Suddenly a barrel of water came pouring down from the upper regions. The photographer and the whole class were really soaked. If we had found the parties responsible within the next few minutes, it would have been too bad. Rumor persists in associating the name of Irish Logan with the affair.

Our most recent attempt to enable the College to collect fire insurance on the remains of that architectural monstrosity of a Barclay Hall ended rather ignominiously. With fires blazing on the first, second, and third floor corridors and a most conscientious member of the Student Council following in our wake in the newly-invented game of Hide-and-go-seek-the-fire, all that resulted was a two-dollar fine for all parties concerned and an exorbitant bill from Doggy Johnson for the alleged damages . . .

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Subsequently it developed that the Student Council member was quite human and his duties in the years following did not seem to weigh quite so heavily on his shoulders.)

February 6, 1930.

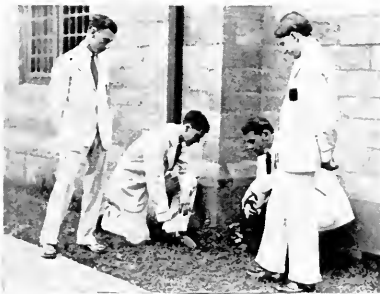
HOME:

. . . so it looks like Harvey Harman is not going to be back with us next year. He was and is a fine gentleman and a good coach and I am really sorry to see him go. I hope he does as well at Sewanee as he has done here.

We had a peace poll here last week. It seems that there are 36 of us in the College who would be willing to let Uncle Sam stew in his own juice if he should get involved in a war. There are 85 more who reserve the right for themselves to decide whether or not the war is a just one. Just

how we could help but decide that it is a just war with all the propaganda that is put out every time there is a war puzzles me.

I see that Haverford is to have an art museum through the generosity of Mr. Francis Wharton Stork. I will be interested to see how it works out.





March 4, 1930.

TO THE PHILADELPHIA NEWSPAPERS:

Attention: Sports Editors:

In response to your requests for most recent developments in the championship tiddley-winks tournament I desire to submit the following statement which may be taken as authentic:

Kendall E. Read of the class of 1932 and tiddle champion of North Lloyd was defeated last week by Logan, left tiddle on the Founders team, in a spirited match in the latter's dormitory. Read, at a disadvantage on account of his left-handedness, bowed to the tune of 6-1. Read seemed unable to reach the floor properly.

Intercollegiate contests are desired and it is hoped to book a contest with Swarthmore soon if that college can produce a team.

May 12, 1930.

HOME:

Not to be outdone by the University of Pennsylvania we had our own little miniature "rowbottom" last Thursday. Result: Two Fords on Roberts, one Ford on Founders porch, the faculty on camp stools in Collection the next morning, 275 bleary-eyed students in Collection and an administration (Uncle Willam) mildly griped.

I understand the Junior Prom on Friday was a great success. One of



life's little tragedies was that I was incarcerated with an alleged case of pink eye in the infirmary.

Last week we took the fifteen hours of examination given to sophomores in Pennsylvania colleges. We took exams in English, math, foreign language, a social science, a natural science, and "general" culture. It didn't seem to me that I went so good in the general culture.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Such honors as there were were gathered by Haverford with ten firsts when the results of the Carnegie exams were announced.)

September 29, 1930.

HOME:

It looks like I will be bringing the *Mayflower* back home to stay when I come home next week-end. The new rules prohibit keeping a car on the campus overnight and I haven't got the dough to spend on a garage. Besides one has to have a note from one's parents stating that it is with their full knowledge and consent that a car is being kept. Knowing your feelings on the subject I am not going even to bother asking for such a note.

Uncle Bill repeated the familiar formula in the opening collection of the year by stating that the college "is not interested in educating any student addicted to the use of intoxicating liquor." So have no fear for the safety of your son.

October 15, 1930.

HOME:

Some of the boys have been forming a new organization known as the Delta Alphas. It is devoted to the advantageous cultivation of leisure time through the medium of the good old bull session. It is supposed to be broadening. Personally I think that it will prove broadening in the main only to that portion of the human anatomy on which a normal person sits.



The college has acquired a new detective. What his real name is nobody knows or cares. He has been christened "Flannelfoot" and Flannelfoot he will stay as long as he stays at Haverford. He is finding his job difficult in the extreme. Imagine having



to travel from one student's room to another bumming a cigarette (Flannel will be glad to furnish matches) at each stop . . . Imagine the nervous strain involved in a job like that. He spent most of last week trying to discover the whereabouts of liquid soap dispenser supposed to have been swiped from the Union.



Tom Thorpe, the old night watchman, has been retired after sixteen years. He is a garrulous old soul, not particularly efficient, but essentially well-meaning.

October 27, 1930.

HOME:

Two o'clock in the morning. The bell rings. Rufus gets up and answers the phone. It is Mr. Rabindranath Tagore speaking. He had gone to Washington earlier in the day to see President Hoover. Unfortunately Mr. Hoover had neglected to meet Mr. Tagore at the station and the Indian poet was mad and mad clean through. Rufus finally got him quieted down and in a more tolerant mood with regard to our honored president. Such is the life of a philosophy professor. Be philosophical.

November 10, 1930.

HOME:

At the special request of our honored instructor in French I went to hear M. Paul Hazard's lecture in French on Victor Hugo. The next day in class I reported that all I understood during the lecture was the word "vache". I was informed that the nearest thing to "vache" on the program was some mention of the islands of Jersey and Guernsey.

February 9, 1931

HOME:

You know Skytop isn't such a bad place to spend a week-end. I went up to the Poconos with the Musical Clubs this last week-end. Besides doing a bit of singing we did everything from playing ping pong and shuffle-board and billiards and pool to tobogganing and skating. There was also a dance.



I see by the *News* that the College authorities are formulating a definite plan for improvement of the place during the next few years. Sixteen other colleges have been visited with a view to ascertaining their good features and adapting them to Haverford. I have a sneaking suspicion that in a few years this will be a place that one will be glad to say he has graduated from. But the Lord knows I find that it is hard enough as it is.

We had a tea at College yesterday afternoon given by the wives of the faculty. Several of the girls from the Caskin School were present. It was a pleasant surprise to find so many really beautiful damsels within call. The tea was a huge success. So huge in fact that I was unable to get my coat pockets full of sandwiches at the end as has usually been possible.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Perhaps the writer of this letter has a slight partiality towards the Caskin School. The editor knows from experience that not all the attractive girls attend that school.)

March 1, 1931.

DEAR MOTHER:

Perhaps you will be glad to know that I flunked this examination and therefore am not a really "collegiate type."

1. Describe a painting by Peter Arno.
2. What will remove gin stains from (a) Tux lapels; (b) Black bedspreads; (c) Seminar reports; (d) Suede shoes?
3. Who said Boop-ooop-a-doop?
4. Is Rudy Vallee's hair naturally curly?
5. Will Andy ever marry Madame Queen?

We have also had to fill out questionnaires for the College as to our extra-curricular activities, the time they take, and so forth. Also how to make us stay here over week-ends.

April 18, 1931.

DEAR FOLKS:

I think you would have been proud of the College if you had been down here for Pre-Centenary Day today. The place never looked better. There were 1,400 visitors to the campus all of them seemingly well-pleased. President Lowell of Harvard, President Gates of Pennsylvania and Uncle Billy all spoke. The College in session was on display all morning. The weather was perfect. Realizing the College's weakest spot, outside caterers were hired to feed the assembled multitude. We must keep our skeletons in the closet you know and the character of the food served in the College commons comes under this heading.

Bert Lown is going to play at the Junior Prom. That should be



pretty good. It also reminds me that you had better send me a few extra dollars next month to cover the cost of the prom. I had meant to save a little up ahead but somehow—well, you understand, I need the extra dough to pay my class dues.

May 17, 1931.

DEAR FOLKS:

I suppose the climax of our class' social life has been reached and is now passed. Anyway I shouldn't care to repeat the past week-end every week, even though I did have a darn good time.

Bert Lown played at the dance. I must admit I was rather startled though to hear what purported to be his band playing over the radio during the intermission.

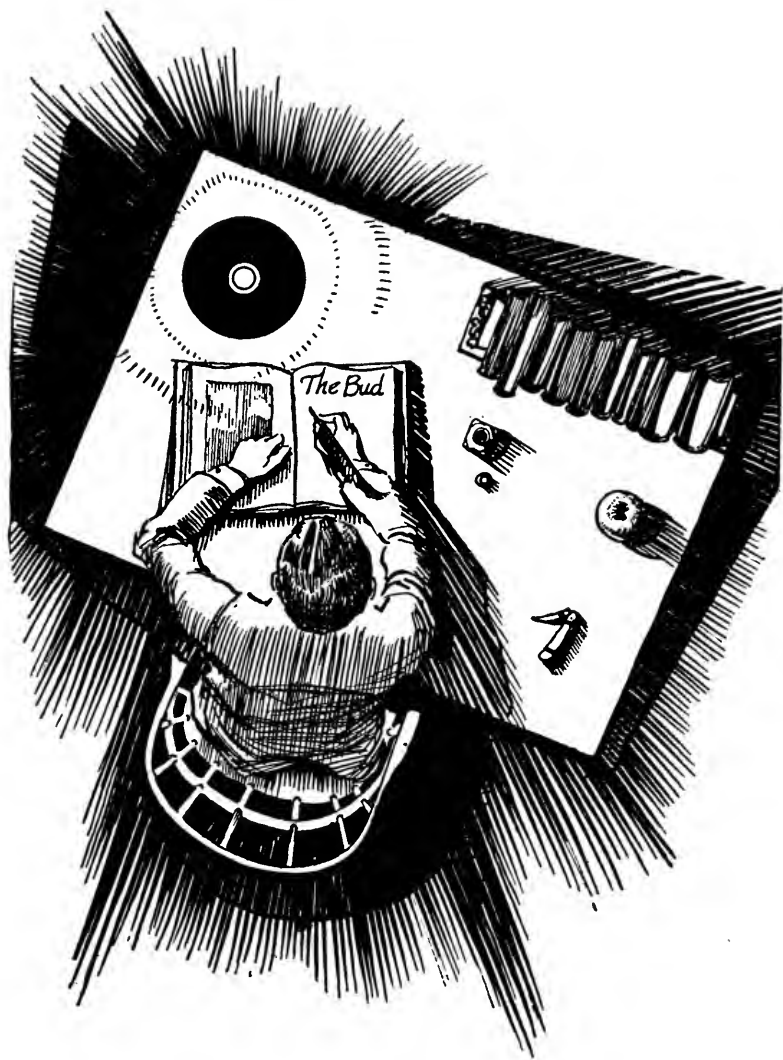
For some strange and unknown reason the weather was quite decent. The night was clear and the moon shone. Perhaps I hadn't better go on.

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EDITOR'S NOTE: During his Senior year Hooley's letter writing languished, and so it has been necessary to write the rest of this Record in order to describe his activities and friends in the year 1931-32.

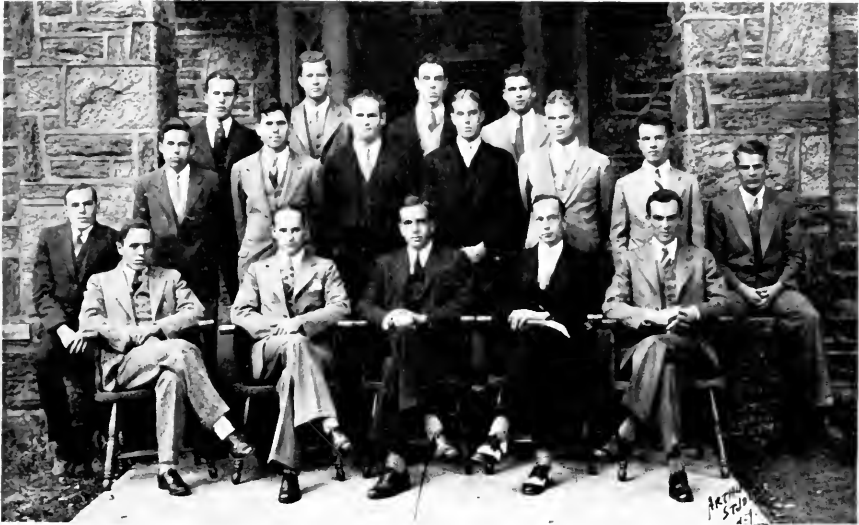






ACTIVITIES





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**CLASS RECORD**

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## STUDENT COUNCIL

**A**N AUGUST assemblage of superior, impartial gentlemen, upholding the morals and manners of the undergraduates—an organization to be feared by the common man and scarcely to be trifled with even by a Senior—such appears the Student Council (or Students' Council if you will be accurate) to the ordinary outsider.

But before one passes final judgment upon this noble organization he should look within and possibly attend a meeting if he can reach up to the back windows of the Union. Does he find a dignity surpassing that of the United States Supreme Court? Does he find impartial wisdom? In all fairness we should answer "Sometimes"; but more often one's illusions would disappear. And before him would lie a group of normal college undergraduates, quibbling over small points to secure immunity for their roommates, voting for "the usual procedure" without the slightest idea of what that might be, and fussing with each other as to who should pay for the chair that Potts broke at the last meeting. So if this account of their activities may seem a bit serious or formal, just take it with plenty of salt and realize that the matters were dropped so that the council could go to the movies.

For each of three successive years the council was due at some time or other to enter upon stormy deliberations and utter dire threats about two-week suspensions and two-buck fines. But during the past nine months President Potts has skillfully avoided all such annoying difficulties. Has the Honor System been violated? Well at least he didn't see it. Have some of the boys been drunk? Yes, but Potts wasn't around and no one else can remember anything about it. Do we want to smoke in the Chase laboratory? Sure, but Uncle Billy is afraid it might turn into an oasis amid the scholarly deserts of that mighty hall.

But—did somebody hit Wilmer in the back with an over-ripe sweet potato? Shame, oh shame. Two bucks and costs. Did somebody get really patriotic in a Waukie-Wau and try to put one of Ma Ginder's antique pitchers in its proper place? Gosh, all hemlock—the council must spring to action and pass a law (to what avail in these days of prohibition). This year, however, has not been in vain. The boys actually did petition the board of managers and get permission to skate on Sunday—for which heresy the powers that be decreed a winter of warm weather without much skating on ordinary days, much less the Sabbath.

Despite the impression which may have been given above, considerable advance has been made in the last four years along the lines of student government. Freshman year it was made explicitly clear that there would





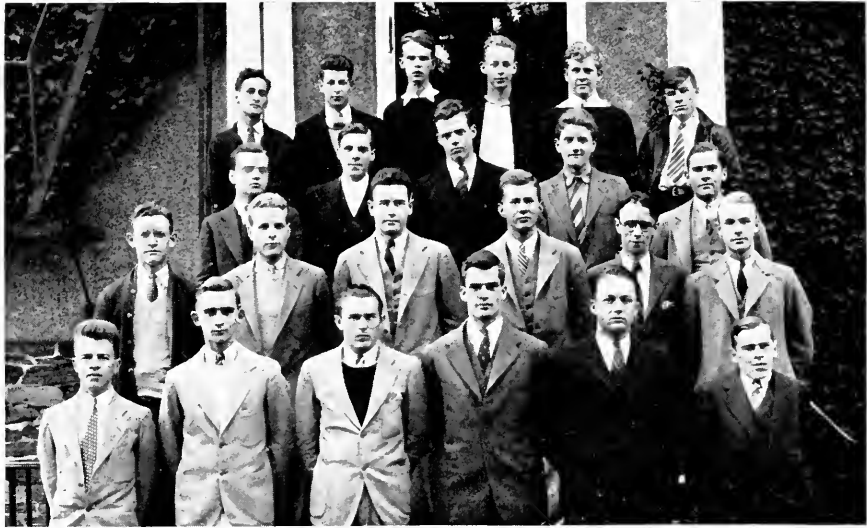
#### STUDENT COUNCIL

Settle, Russell, Pleasants, Bachmann, Scattergood, Conn.  
Sipple, Gaskill, Potts, Foley, Baker.

be no toleration of liquor and honor system violations, and this policy was continued Sophomore year under the direction of Brad Abernethy. The honor system came in for its share in the beating that year when Al Wilson nearly cried on the boys' shoulders pleading with them to do something about it; and this row was scarcely ended until Junior year when the pledge and method of administration were revised. A comprehensive survey of the undergraduates' desires in the Centenary program was undertaken at Katz's direction, and the council's activities for the year were closed with a wholesale housecleaning of the Bar Association just after spring vacation.

### HAVERFORD NEWS

EVERY Monday night just after six o'clock the campus gets just a little restless, and every Wednesday or Thursday evening the alumni rush recklessly home—"Why"? you ask—nothing much, except that the week's issue of the *News* is due. For, be it ever so humble, be it ever so inaccurate and exasperating, yet it is a week by week account of the college activities and we must all peruse it eagerly to see how many times our name appears (and more important—how many times it has been misspelled or mis-associated).




#### HVERFORD NEWS

DesJardins, Lowenstein, Wells, Jones, Harjes, Worcester.  
 Bowen, Wagner, Jopson, Kennedy, Allen.  
 Hemphill, Gilbert, Van Denbergh, Bachmann, Bourne, Kerslake.  
 Brinton, Dugdale, Gage, Baker, Lentz, Wray.

Founded by the now famous Kenderdine and Hinshaw (?) (apologies to John L. B.) the *News* has passed through nearly all forms of journalistic endeavor. Once it was of the order of a prep-school weekly, then a college weekly, then a Newspaper (with a capital N) and finally it has become a tabloid. It was in the penultimate of these conditions when 1932 entered College.

Dave Hedley was editor and that is enough said (see last three RECORDS for details). The *News* won the I. N. A. editorial cup in the fall at the expense of the Rhinies who had to turn out of North Barclay to house the convention; and the journalistic members of the class did their stuff and took their medicine. Dave retired shortly before mid-years and Jack L. (Inquirer) Blackman took the helm. Allendoerfer, Fox and Baker were filling up the *News* columns and Ferris, Gummere, and Succop were chasing the ads—that is: so far as 1932 is concerned.

Jack was a newspaper man at heart and was inspired with the desire to maintain the standard set by his illustrious predecessor. Not only must the quality of the articles be maintained, but a vigorous editorial policy must be pursued—the campus must be reformed. To the first of these goals Jack sacrificed his scholastic standing and his health—who could ask more of anyone. But he was successful; that spring the paper was



termed the best college paper in the Middle Atlantic States. But as all reformers must eventually realize, he found that the campus was opposed to any change in the status quo.

Jack wrote an editorial—"Gulp, gulp" was its name; and so the Bar Association got up a petition to get his scalp. They were woefully unsuccessful, but they caused many sleepless nights in fifth entry, upstairs on the left. The association was not disbanded, but its activities received less publicity in the future.

The next fall Fox and Allendoerfer joined with Art Brinton to dig up most of the news, while Jack spread out to greater things and arranged a lecture on Journalism and a dinner in honor of William A. White—the biggest man to be on the campus in some time.

In due course of time Jack retired and Allendoerfer became editor with Fox his right hand man. Speller was business manager and things went swimmingly. The alumni were influenced to pay more for their subscriptions, the quality of the paper was reduced, and dividends piled up. This state of affairs continued until June when the class almost dropped out of the picture with the resignations of Fox, Allendoerfer, and Ferris.

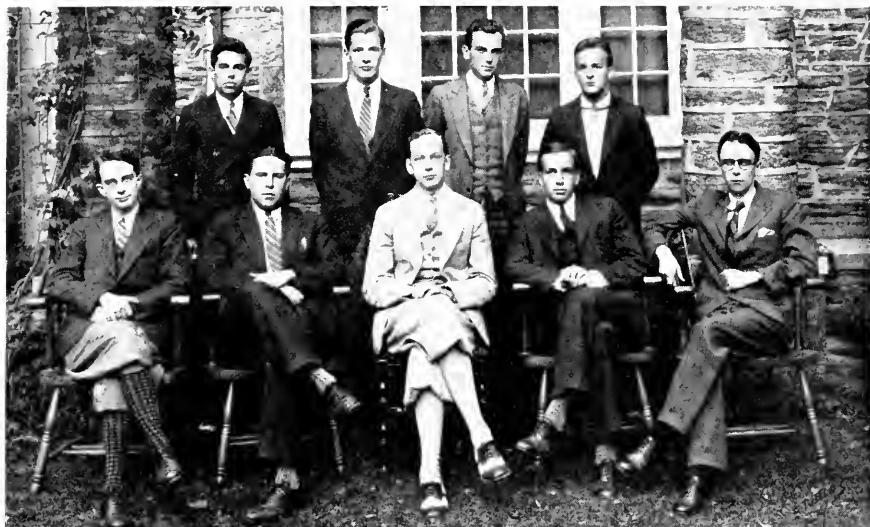
But not for long, for Walt Baker appeared as Sports Editor with Bill Wray and Harry Jopson to help him and Succop was advertising manager. That fall the boys worried along and with low ads, low news, and Barnhurst as editor; but the paper muddled through.

After mid-years, Baker took over the editorial reins, Wray the sports department, and Carr and Lentz the regular news stuff; and Gage became business manager. The shortage of copy and finances became more and more acute; and so we have the most recent stage of the *News'* development, the tabloid.

Not only was the form an improvement; but the editors, being relieved of the strain of padding each issue, were able to devote their attentions to improving the quality of the articles. The customary inaccuracies were made, the frequent hammers persisted, but the *News* again won the I. N. A. cup that spring and Lentz got his name in the *New York Times* as editor-in-chief (the *News* not being the only paper to slip occasionally).

Walt's régime as editor stirred up no campus feuds and no startling improvements; but the tabloid appeared every week, our names were printed regularly, and we were satisfied.

And so in the regular course of events even he retired along with Bill Wray, Jopson, and the rest of the crowd to give way to the eager editors of the Class of '33. Carr and Lentz became co-editors (a very crafty means of dividing both work and responsibility) and Dugdale, Bowen, Jones and Bachmann assumed the jobs of preparing the copy.



#### HVERFORDIAN

Sipple, Singer, Hunt, Watkins.  
Miller, Hoag, Walton, Allendoerfer, Bourne.

Gage was still business manager and the ads were still at rock bottom.

Branching out a bit from its regular field of activity the *News* sponsored a benefit at the Ardmore theatre in an effort to increase its diminishing income and induced a number of us to waste an evening at the movies. In the middle of April it was host to the I. N. A. and provided them with goodly entertainment.

And so we close, to await the next fad in journalism to arise so that the *News* may add variety to our Monday evenings with another change of external form.

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#### HVERFORDIAN

THE fact that the HVERFORDIAN has the longest pedigree of any organization on the campus is no sign that it has the longest subscription list. However, for those who do find its pages most intriguing, it is an object of interest and affection.

Little change has taken place in the form of this historic magazine since our arrival in College. The few issues which attracted undivided undergraduate attention (the Chap Book numbers—one containing its famous last lines) also attracted undivided faculty criticism; and so these numbers have gone the way of the Rhinie cakewalk.

On the business side of the organization, some changes were made but soon killed. At one time, this business board and that of the *News* merged to end cut-throat competition in soliciting advertisements. But soon the two boards became tired of each other. Once, there was great talk about changing the literary publication to an alumni quarterly. Both these ideas arose Junior year, and nothing permanent came from either.

Hoag, who joined the class at the beginning of Junior year, Bourne, Hunt, and Walton were named to the board Junior year. Allendoerfer served as business manager and was followed by Sipple the next fall. In February, when Amerman resigned, Hoag and Walton were made co-managing editors, on trial for the editorship. Walton was named editor in April leaving Hoag as a frequent contributor.

Jack Watkins did some drawing for the magazine and Parker and Miller contributed during Junior and Senior years. In March the Seniors withdrew, declared dividends (mind you) and turned the ship over to Baker and Sargent.

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## DEBATING

**D**EBATING that debates was inaugurated during our Junior year for the first time in the memory of the current college generation. And although the teams have not been uniformly successful in all their contests, yet the debaters have proved themselves worthy of distinguished opponents.

This year three intercollegiate debates were held, of which two were won. Zapp and de Laguna defeated St. Joseph's just before Christmas vacation, but Haines and de Laguna lost to Lafayette later in the winter. The climax of the intercollegiate season was reached in the victory over Harvard on the subject "*Resolved, that Christianity has retarded the progress of civilization.*" Zapp, Allendoerfer, and de Laguna upheld the affirmative and won despite the sour predictions of the English department.

Junior year the boys were very debatish but not well enough so. Seven times they actually took the platform, three scheduled debates were cancelled and out of all this we got two glorious victories over Oberlin and Ursinus. Fred Rudge represented the Class of 1932 on these memorable occasions, and Allendoerfer helped show our heels to Ursinus. But Rudge also fought in contests that we lost as did de Laguna, Haines, Zapp and Allendoerfer. Delaware, Lafayette, American U., Muhlenburg, and the Swarthmore co-eds dropped us by the wayside.

Rudge, Zapp and deLaguna went down to defeat at the hands of the lowly frosh in a tilt Sophomore year. But, as Rhinies, Rudge, deLaguna and Landon Haynes won their interclass contest with good



#### NEWS SERVICE

Trenbath, G., Trenbath, R., Thomson, Vaux, Miller, Gilbert.

old 1931. Rudge was awarded the Everett Medal for delivering the best speech in that debate.

Rudge and deLaguna were on the Debating Council Sophomore year and Rudge was assistant manager of the team at that time.

#### NEWS SERVICE

**F**OURTEEN members of our illustrious class answered Reisner's call to slave when the News Service Board was formed after mid-years in Rhinie year. "Bulge" LaDue, "Pee Vee" Lawrence, Young and Oliver Gibbs were elected in March and in April, Bijur, Lipsitz, Roberts, and Zapp joined the rest.

This outfit was originally a part of the News Board with the purpose of supplying Haverford athletic news to metropolitan newspapers. According to the latest figures available, weekly bulletins of such a nature are sent to 160 such journals from Boston to Richmond and as far west as Chicago. One of the items dispatched by these stalwarts actually appeared in a publication in Paris, France.

The union with the News Board was severed in October of Sophomore year and, the following month, Reisner, who had been directing, turned the leadership of this independent organization to the aggressive Mr. Bijur who promptly signed up Oliver Gibbs as editor.



#### ENGLISH CLUB

Miller, Tarazi, Knight, Fields, Bachmann, Pleasants.  
 Clough, Morgan, H., Truex, Singer, Baker.  
 Terrell, Haines, Scudder, deLaguna, Irion, Wilson  
 Bourne, Parker, Katzenbach, Walton, Truex, Hunt, Hinckley.

An item on the front page of the *News* in February of 1930, headed "News Service Improves" announced the resignations of Lawrence and Lipsitz in the lead. Bill Pusey soon came along to make the board and was soon joined by Herb Gaskill.

"Herbie" Bijur came out with the statement in the fall of Junior year: "I have seen my duty and I have done it." Gibbs moved up and Zapp filled Oliver's shoes.

Zapp moved up another notch to the directorship in the spring and Pusey came through as editor, although Gaskill decided that it was time for the board to do some improving so he retired to better things.

By May, even Pusey decided to fall in line with the improvement movement by calling his work finished.

And so the Class of '32 passed out of the picture and let the boys of '33 uphold the honor of the College.

#### ENGLISH CLUB



WHAT is so rare at Haverford as a club with a restricted membership and a waiting list. The English Club is just that, having a membership limited to thirty and a waiting list about half as large. This club,

born in December of Sophomore year, must now be rated as the most lively on the campus.

The program for Senior year, starting with a lecture on October 14 by Clayton Hamilton on "Shakespeare's Stage and Ours" has been varied and full. Barrett Parker was president from the middle of Junior year to the middle of this year and had the help of Bourne, vice-president and stage manager, Truex, secretary and Bijur, treasurer and business manager.

The year's most important activity, the presentation of a classical play got under way with tryouts in November for parts in the first quarto version of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Plans were laid to present the play in Roberts Hall on December 11 and 12.

This difficult work was presented in a very excellent manner according to critics who should know something about it. So well was it received that the Hathaway Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia asked the players to give another performance at the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. This was given on February 26 before an audience of over four hundred in the Bellevue Ballroom.

Because of this extra performance, the club did not attempt to give the customary pair of one-act plays in the spring. The year's activities closed with a banquet for club members in May.

In December of Sophomore year, Irion told Professor Reitzel that there was need for an arousal of active interest in English literature. These two and six others met and decided that Irion's feelings were





widespread and that the formation of an English Club "to afford an opportunity for the production of classical plays and to foster an active interest in English Literature" was the logical move.

A second meeting was held shortly at which time a constitution was approved and the first officers were elected. 1932 placed Irion as president and Parker as secretary. Twenty undergraduates attended.

Immediately, plans for the production of a classical play were initiated. Christopher Marlowe's "Dr. Faustus" was selected, tryouts were held and the play presented early in the spring. This was the second time that this drama had been produced in America. Bob Haines, Hunt and Parker had good rôles while Rudge, Katzenbach, Walton, Seudder, Bourne, Irion and Gaskill were in the cast. Irion served on the directing staff, and Bijur was business manager.

Three other activities took place this same year. An informal banquet for club members in honor of the Reitzels was held at Whitehall all March 14, Dr. Snyder lectured to the club in April on "Poetry and Hypnotism," and readings from "Frogs" by Aristophanes and "King Henry IV" by Shakespeare were presented. Professor Post helped with the former, while Harry Fields interpreted the rôle of Falstaff in the latter.

Junior year found Syd Hunt as president and Bijur serving as treasurer and business manager. The membership had reached the assigned thirty and all others who wished to join, except graduate students, who do not come in under the quota, were put on the waiting list.





Shakespeare's "Hamlet," probably the club's best production, was presented in December. Bryn Mawr girls again helped to make this a crowning success. Hunt had another lead while Walton, Irion, Parker, Bourne, Elkinton, Katzenbach and Miller were all in the cast. The Classical Club gave the cast a party after the presentation. On May 11, an informal banquet was held at the Haverford Lodge.

One other event this same spring was the production of two one-act plays in the Union on March 13. Morley's "Good Theatre" and Lady Gregory's "Rising of the Moon" were the ones chosen. Bourne, Irion and Parker took part.

## CAP AND BELLS

**D**RAMATICS of the Cap and Bells variety seem to have had but slight attraction for members of the Class of 1932. It has been the business end of the club to which they have turned; for here Herb Gaskill has risen to the post of vice-president, Bijur to assistant treasurer, and Woodward to assistant secretary.

Job Taylor was the only member of the Class of 1932 to ever play a Cap and Bells lead, appearing in the female lead in "Mr. Lazarus" Rhinie year.

Syd Hunt has stuck with the club through thick and thin, playing a rôle in "The Dover Road" of Sophomore year, serving on the Play Committee which chose "The Devil's Disciple" as a joint production

with the Bryn Mawr Varsity Players Junior year, and working as assistant stage manager for a time that same year. He appeared again as Tom, in Balderston's "Berkeley Square," this year's joint production.

Harry Fields, John LaDue, Loomis, Ballard and Lipsitz all played minor rôles in the above mentioned "Devil's Disciple" presented at Goodhart Hall at Bryn Mawr in December of 1930. Jasper Deeter, famous for his work with the Hedgerow Players of Moylan, Pa., coached this effort.

Fields appeared again along with Bourne in a more minor rôle of the 1931 Spring Play, Sherwood's "Queen's Husband."

"Tons of Money," a three-act farce written by Will Evans and Valentine and given by the Cap and Bells this spring got along without any members of this class gracing the cast. Phil Truex of '33 had the lead and the female rôles were taken by Bryn Mawr girls for the first time in the club's history. The play was coached by W. W. Price of Moylan.

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## MUSICAL CLUBS

IT IS with great pleasure that the RECORD next presents one of Haverford's more artistic organizations, the Musical Clubs. Throughout the past season excellent reports concerning their receptions at distant concerts have filtered back to campus. And so high expectations were entertained for the Home Concert, which were realized in quality if not in quantity.

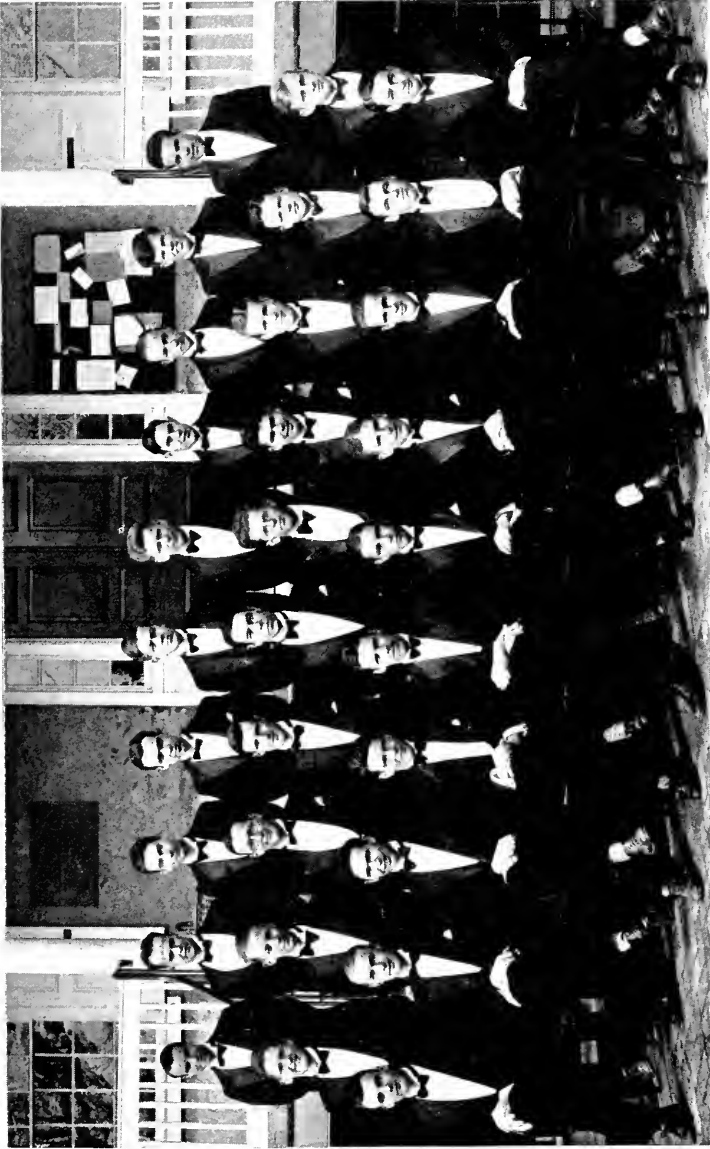
The clubs were seriously handicapped this year by a shortage of first tenors in the Glee Club, and by the lack of an Instrumental Club coach for the first part of the season. Finally Mr. Bentz assumed responsibility for both clubs and piloted them through to the end.

With Giff Foley leading the Glee Club and Longaker in Bijur's place in front of the Instrumental Club, the season opened January 13 at the nurses' home of the Bryn Mawr Hospital. From there they went to Harecum School in Bryn Mawr on January 30 and then came the week-end at Atlantic City, February 6 and 7.

The clubs entertained the guests of the Hotel Dennis Friday night and those at Haddon Hall Saturday night. W P G, an Atlantic City broadcasting station, put them on the air Saturday night from Haddon Hall.

On February 19, the Haverford Musical Clubs joined with those of Swarthmore to give a joint concert to help provide the entertainment for the biggest social event of the year for the Garnet. This same procedure was followed last year, also.

Then came the big trip to Buck Hill Falls. It was given the utmost publicity available as the winter sports party and alumni week-end,



MUSICAL CLUBS

Holden, Reid, Bowden, Daub, Chambers, Rohrer, Dudfield, Wills, Cadbury, Smith, C. Sayer, Jones, Greff, Street, Sargent, Allen, Trenbath, G., Gilbert, Trenbath, P., Skinner Dawber, Kerslake, Wilson, Foley, Gummere, Woodward, Longaker, Batley, Andrews, Truex.

being scheduled for February 26 and 27. Innocent Haverfordians who had no connection with the musical clubs were lured to go by the promise of skiing, sledding, and skating.

From all reports, the concert provided at the Buck Hill Inn Saturday night was quite successful. But the tens and tens of ice skates that poor unsuspecting Mr. College had carted over a hundred miles just got a little rusty. It did snow a little on the morning of February 28 and those who had stayed over did ski for about an hour. But before that the mountain view was only the most dismal thing imaginable, no ice, no snow, no winter sports.

The *News*, in one of its all too frequent sarcastic moments came out blatantly with the head "Winter Sports Week-end Success Despite Lack of Snow, Ice." Just what is a winter sports week-end without snow and ice? The Alumni phase of the winter frolic was another howling success. Seven alumni appeared, including the Dean and Professor Williamson.

The Home Concert was poorly attended but well received. The depression seemed to have had its effect. Holden again tickled the chimes of the xylophone, an octet was a big hit, and the Haverfordians, the College jazz orchestra, under Longaker's direction entertained with a few popular numbers. This is the first year that the Haverfordians have played on the regular program. They made a big hit everywhere.

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## BAND

C LIMAXING a mildly successful season with a joint appearance with a Swarthmore aggregation at the Garnet soccer game in November, the Haverford Band closed its third colorful year.

Early in the fall, Bijur, the director, manager and what have you, expressed the fear that there would not be enough pieces available for this year. But twenty candidates (the number Herbie sought) did appear, but somewhat later than had been expected. The first appearance of the musicians (?) came October 31 at the Hopkins game. They also played for Hamilton and Delaware.

Sophomore year, when the band first organized, a twenty-two-piece outfit appeared at the first game. Uniforms, consisting of white duck trousers and brilliant red sweaters were soon procured and have been used to date.

Bijur has been leader the last two years, succeeding George Rogers. A youngster named Holden came along in the Class of 1934 and proved himself worthy of the position of baton twirler.

## CLASSICAL CLUB

**A** CLUB for young intellectuals, the "Walton-Miller Club," or the "Tea Club" might all be used as appellations for the Classical Club and much more appropriately than the prevailing term. The members regard this group as a live organization but the non-members never heard of it so they can't argue.

Frank Walton claims that it really is an influential club, but it was inactive this last half year because Dr. Lockwood, the *deus ex machina*, was abroad.

Such master minds as Allendoerfer, Bill Miller, Haines and Crozer have been Walton's right hand men. Frank was secretary Sophomore year and president Senior year. Miller was vice-president both Junior and Senior years. Allendoerfer was a member-at-large of the Executive Committee Sophomore year while Mr. Crozer held that office Senior year.

Syd Hunt, our actor, and Herb Gaskill had parts in the club's play, "Famulus" by Terence, Sophomore year. The latter was well cast as a tipsy gentleman and Hunt had the female lead. Fields, Job Taylor and Haines had minor rôles. This was the club's sole dramatic venture during the last four years.

An occasional "Bucolic" meeting was held at the sponsor's home in Junior year. What went on, we don't talk about. One time this fall, Dr. Lockwood told the virile youths about the virtues of book collecting and on another occasion, Dr. Richard Mott Gummere, head master of Penn Charter, provided some brain nourishment by discoursing on the influence of the classicists on the makers of the American Constitution.

In November of Junior year, the Vergil Bi-Millennium was celebrated with great gusto, Dr. Edward Rand of Harvard being the speaker. Jotham Johnson lectured to the club in May of the same year. But this year it has remained largely at rest waiting for the return of its beloved Petie and his wife.

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## INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS CLUB

**I**N RESPONSE to a request coming from the Carnegie Foundation for International Peace to establish an International Relations Club here, Dr. John Goodwin Herndon,  $\Phi\beta\kappa$ , mustered his troops and had them elect Edward Adolph Moos president of his infant organization. "Leettle Billie" Fox took the post of secretary-treasurer, thus appeasing the powers that be to some extent.



All this transpired in May of Junior year and at one meeting. The same officers have controlled this year. There have been two meetings: one in November attended by thirty loyal Herndonites and the famed gentleman himself, and the other in January with ten members witnessing a farce produced by the venerable president.

The club continually announces great plans, but nothing is heard after that. Six Saturday Foreign Policy luncheons at the Bellevue-Stratford, however, were well followed by this group. Much talk of Model Leagues and Model Disarmament conferences never amounted to anything, but eight of the members did go to a Model Political Conference at Princeton this April.

Everybody intended to keep up on international affairs through the books in the club library, discussions, and listening to guest lecturers. The large number of books in the collection are almost without a fingerprint, no discussions were ever held, but two excellent speakers did lecture here under the auspices of the club.

Sir Herbert Ames, former financial secretary of the League of Nations, gave a vivid account of the treasurer's difficulties, and Leifur Magnusson, director of the Washington Office of the International Labor Organization, discussed the Labor problem in a very worth while manner.

As a matter of fact, this infant club seems to be destined for a bright future. All of its plans have not been carried into effect as yet but may in time. Aggressive leadership and sponsorship will work wonders.

## CHEMISTRY CLUB

**U**NDER the able guidance of Dr. Meldrum and the presidency of Vin Morgan, the undergraduates have been taking an increasing interest in the Chemistry Club. Meetings, which have been well attended, have been held every other Wednesday during the entire year.

As the years have gone by the programs have become more and more scholarly, and the members have done likewise. In fact it is the boast of the Chemistry Club that it is the only active organization on the campus which does not resort to refreshments to attract its members to meetings.

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## ENGINEERING CLUB

**S**ENIOR year has been the only active one for the Engineering Club. The outfit was organized on the first of March Rhinie year but little came of it. Sophomore year, nothing happened. Junior year was a period of mild activity but Senior year has seen more happen than in all three previous years together.

The highlight of the year was the sponsorship fulfilled by the club members of the Eighth Annual Student Branch Convention of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers held at Haverford March 14. One hundred and fifty students representing fifteen colleges and universities were entertained here at all day meetings.

Harold Schramm might be given the credit for supplying the club with the stimulus that produced such vigorous activity this year. He has served as president with Bob Woodward acting as secretary-treasurer.

An engineer from the Westinghouse works spoke to the club in October, W. H. MacCullum, '22, gave a talkie demonstration here in January, a Mr. Campbell spoke in February on "Water Wheel Installation" and many members have addressed the club at their bi-weekly meetings.

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## RADIO CLUB

**I**F THE Western Union and Postal Telegraph systems don't get after our boys for damaging their business, all will be well. The Radio Club, through its president, Dick Bacon, announced in March that they would send messages





for any College student or alumnus anywhere free of charge.

Of course this wireless service is slower on short messages but just who can complain when the business is done for the love of it. Latest reports indicate a rushing business.

This is made possible through an arrangement between the College radio station, W3PQ, and the American Radio Relay League of which is a member. Messages will be relayed to any part of the world.

Along with this sensational development, the club has been going through the routine of code instruction during the last year. These code classes have resulted in earning operator's licenses for the members, and this year, in addition, an all-wave receiver is in the process of being constructed.

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## CHRISTIAN UNION

**A** CASUAL reader of the *Haverford News* might think that this group was one of the most active on the campus. But do not be fooled. A few, very few, sly Quakers (or, just Quakers) have utilized the columns of the College weekly in a manner befitting a movie star's publicity agent.

But they have fallen down this year, announcing only an informal meeting at Dr. Kelsey's home and two lectures.

You all know that this club is the result of the abolition of the Y. M. C. A. in December of Rhinie year. The "Y" had not been serving its purpose, and it gave way to an organization which actually would arouse undergraduate interest in religious subjects.

The two speakers appearing this year both came in one week in February, as a matter of fact within two days of each other. Dr. Khalil Totah, a noted Palestinian educator, gave an illustrated lecture on his native country and Hornell Hart of Bryn Mawr College followed with a discourse on "Radical Idealism."

Going to Y conferences at Buck Hill Falls in February has been the thing to do each year. Parker, Potts, Engle, Brinton, Allendoerfer and Elkinton have all attended, and Potts and Parker each spent a summer peace caravanning.

The Union sponsored a few Voluntary Quaker Meetings at which

undergraduates only (and very few of them) were present and did the speaking. The flare started Sophomore year and died out completely Junior year.

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## LIBERAL CLUB

**D**ISTINCTLY a Class of 1932 project in the last two years, the Liberal Club has succeeded in bringing a multitude of famous people to the campus. The club has lived up to its name in offering lectures on a wide range of subjects.

Frank Walton who was active since Sophomore year served as president last year. The venerable Mr. Irion held that job this year. He was also treasurer Junior year when Potts was secretary. Fox was vice-president and Scudder was treasurer this year.

During the first two years that we were here little happened under the auspices of this group except lectures by Norman Thomas, the famous Socialist and Morris Leeds, the labor expert and president of the Board of Managers. Some members managed to attend a Liberal Convention at Bryn Mawr in the spring of Sophomore year.

In the fall of Junior year, Walton secured a certain Mr. Thomson who outlined the Costa Rican problems most capably. A symposium on the third party was held in the Old Y Room in February, but in March things really began to happen.

Senator Burton K. Wheeler of Montana, Representative Burton French of Idaho, Sherwood Eddy, an authority on Soviet Russia, and Norman Thomas all addressed Haverford groups in the period from March 12-April 13. The year's lecture series closed with a talk by Edward L. Stokes on the Bank of International Settlements.

Hornell Hart, of Bryn Mawr College, lectured to the club this fall on "Science and the World Crisis" offering an economic solution. Shortly after, Martha Root discussed the place of youth in the world order. Byrd Kelso, defense counsel for Tom Mooney in the famous Mooney-Billings case spoke early in December.

The two other lectures delivered so far this year have dealt with the situation in the Kentucky mines and the German crisis, the former being given by Miss Elizabeth Hawes and the latter by Dr. Herbert Kraus.

## FIELD CLUB

THE eminent H. G. M. Jopson, bow-and-arrow boy, bird chaser, reptile hunter has been leading the old time Nature Club on a steady keel this past year. Meetings of a worth while but not sensational nature have been the regular thing, and so a membership of about twenty-five has been faithful to H. G. M.

The club has seen wild-life movies, heard Professor Gummere tell of the phenomena of meteors and listened to many short talks by members. With the financial backing of the quiet-working but efficient Campus Club, many feeding stations for birds have been installed on the campus.

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## GERMAN CLUB

WAY back in the third quarter of Sophomore year, Bill Pusey and a few others expressed a keen desire for the formation of a German Club, ostensibly because of an interest in the good old language. Dr. Kelly, being a kindly soul, always willing to do as his boys wished, accepted the position of sponsor.

Twenty-three wildly enthusiastic undergraduates attended the first pep meeting. Harold Schramm, a gridiron hero, was named as chairman of the Program and Nominating Committee which soon managed to get studious Bill Pusey named as president and the more studious Landon Haynes as secretary-treasurer.

At this second meeting, the group decided that it would be "officially known as the Haverford Sprachverein." A jolly good time was had by all the Herrn who spent the time yodeling the sweet tunes of the Rhineland and making excursions to Alfredo's. Pusey and Dr. Kelly showed real leadership in this exercise.

By this time, the organization and its work had served the purpose intended for it. There was a German Club, with worthy officers, which had held two meetings. A sojourn to oblivion, equalled only by that of the Curriculum Committee, followed. A modest announcement appeared in the weekly bleat in April of Junior year to the effect that this organization of which so much had been expected had disbanded because of lack of interest.





SPORTS



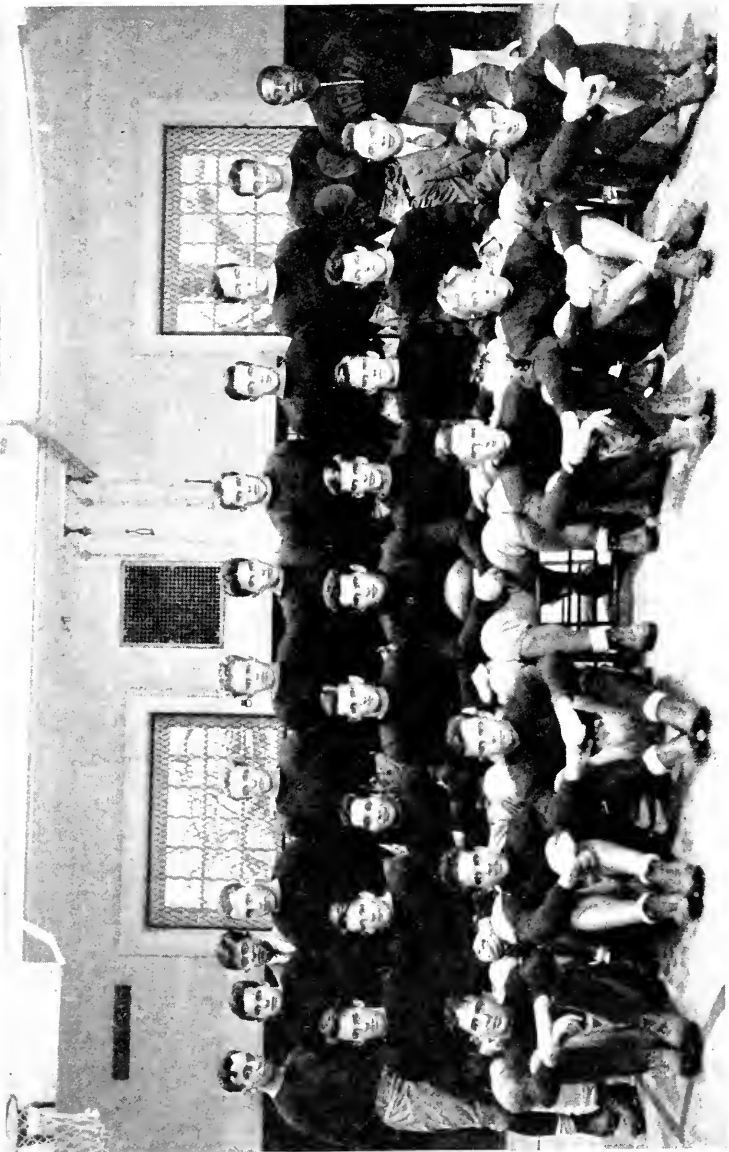


## FOOTBALL

**T**HE past decade has probably been the most eventful in Haverford football history. The Class of 1932 has seen the rise and fall of the Scarlet and Black gridiron fortunes, the pinnacle being reached in the season of 1929, when the Harman warriors went through the entire season with a lone defeat handed to them by the Drexel Dragons. Of the thirty-two games played during the class's stay on the campus, Haverford elevens have emerged victorious in fourteen of these encounters.

About twenty members of the class responded to Harvey Harman's call for candidates in the fall of 1928. Of these twenty Rhinies, many of them experienced high and prep school players, but four secured berths on the varsity squad. "Teb" Feroe, "Brud" Dothard, "Dave" Bean and "Toots" Fields were the four who remained under Harman's tutelage, the remainder being relegated to "Pop" Haddleton's team. With such veterans as Tripp, Morris, Collison and Murray forming the backbone of the Haverford squad, it is not surprising that only two of the class participated in games during the year.

The 1928 season opened with Ursinus at Collegeville, with about 98 per cent of the Class of 1932 in attendance, due to the rather forceful



FOOTBALL

Wynkoop, Hager, Masland, Moos, Hansen, Hunsicker, Bittley, Monsarrat, Jacobs, Pleasants, Surrick, Lenke  
Dothard, Foley, Lipsitz, Selmann, Fields, Baker, Webb, Gernsbeck, LaDue  
Wilson, Smith, C., Conn, Kase, Evans, Smith, B.



persuasion of Hanna and Betz, cheerleaders. The Main Liners triumphed 8-0 in a loosely played contest. Harry Fields was the first greenhorn to break into the varsity line-up when he replaced Hicks at tackle. Three more victories followed for the Haverford eleven, Amherst being subdued 23-13 in probably the most spectacular game of recent years. Fields was in the starting line-up as Johns Hopkins was defeated 13-0. St. John's College was the next victim to fall before the onslaught of the Harnammen. Franklin and Marshall College, however, broke through the winning



streak of the locals, to defeat them 20-14 after the Main Liners had enjoyed a 10-0 lead at half time. Hamilton and Drexel each took the Scarlet and Black into camp in succeeding weeks. Bean broke into both of these games replacing "Egg" Morris at tackle. The season closed with Delaware, the Haverfordians emerging on the short end of a 19-7 score, in what was a very tragic game, the details of which are clearly remembered by all who saw the fray. As a result of the work of Betz and Hanna, the Class of 1932 provided a rather mediocre band to encourage the Haverford cheering section, since this was before the times of the red sweatered Haverford musicians. Fields was awarded a letter, and "Dave" Bean received his numerals, the only recognition given to members of the Class of 1932.

In the fall of the Sophomore year, the talent of the class received considerably more recognition. Bean and Feroe had left college. No less than sixteen members of the class were on the varsity squad. Six victories were chalked up in the 1929 season. Fields became a regular member of the team, as did Dothard. Schramm, Smith, Baker, and Gerenbeck all saw action as did several others of the now famous "Minute Men" squad. Ursinus held the Main Liners to a scoreless tie in the opening game. Against Susquehanna, however, the line plunging of "Egg" Morris, who was transferred to the backfield, began to show results, as the Main Liners triumphed 19-0. Trinity, Kenyon, Johns Hopkins and Hamilton all fell under the Morris attack, which put "Egg" second in individual scoring honors in Eastern colleges, and kept Haverford in the select list of eight undefeated Eastern teams. Drexel however, put skids under the Main Line hopes of going through the season undefeated, and, by eliminating Morris from the backfield during the first few minutes of play, they topped the locals 7-0. Again, as has become almost a tradition now, the Haverford team met Delaware in



the season's finale. The Mud Hens were severely trounced, 20-6 to give the Main Liners their sixth victory and to complete the most successful season since 1916. Letters were awarded to Fields, Smith, Dothard, Baker, and Schramm, while Gerenbeck and Foley received numerals.

Haverford football fortunes received a set-back when Harvey Harman announced that he had accepted an offer to coach at Seewanee University, and resigned his position at Haverford. Elwood A. Geiges, formerly football mentor at Frankford High School, was appointed as Harman's successor. Geiges entered under a great handicap. Most of the stars under Harman had graduated and he was faced with a stiff schedule and the problem of developing an entirely new team. With nine members of the Class of 1931 as a nucleus, Geiges set about his task courageously. He had ample backfield material, but lacked linemen. From the available men, he moulded a team which, although being beaten by Ursinus in the opener, came back to hold Susquehanna to a scoreless tie. Members of the Class of 1932 played a big part in forming the team. Dothard, in the backfield, was a consistent ground gainer. On the line Fields, Schramm and Baker played regularly, while Foley was successful as a reserve end. Crozer and Lipsitz also were reserve linemen. After gaining a tie with Susquehanna, the Main Liners succumbed to the widely heralded passing attack of Kenyon College to a 6-0 score. In the next game, however, the Scarlet and Black defeated Trinity 11-6, the margin of victory being two safeties by Conn and Fields' point-after-touchdown. Johns Hopkins administered a severe thrashing to the Geigesmen on the following week, defeating them 32-13 in a night game played at Baltimore.

Again the Haverford team came back, this time to down Hamilton 7-0 in a close and hotly contested battle. C. C. N. Y. proved to be too strong for the Haverford contingent, winning 40-7 in a one sided-fray, played in a deep fog. The annual game with Delaware ended in a 14-7



victory for the Mud Hens, although the brilliant running of Dothard gave the Haverfordians an early advantage.

At the end of the season, Harry Fields was elected to captain the eleven in the 1931 season. Fields, Foley, Dothard, Baker and Schramm were awarded letters, while Crozer and Lipsitz were awarded numerals.

Last fall Coach Geiges was again faced with a problem of forming a new team, since nine lettermen had graduated. Fields and Schramm were slated for the tackle positions as in 1930, and Baker was certain to fill one guard berth. Hansen, a Junior was picked for the other. At the wing posts Foley was the only veteran. Webb and Gerenbeck, the former a halfback converted into an end, filled the positions capably. Dothard, Battey and Pleasants, a Sophomore, were the only experienced backs to return.

Fighting a powerful Ursinus team on even terms throughout the first half, the inexperienced Haverford eleven bowed to the Bears 24-0 in the opener. Fortified by a wealth of reserve material, the Collegeville team had the advantage over the rapidly tiring Main Liners and romped to four touchdowns in the last half. As a result of the contest, four of the locals were put on the injured list. Thus it was a handicapped Haverford team which journeyed to Selinsgrove the following Saturday to play Susquehanna. The weaker up-State eleven handed the Main Liners an 18-0 defeat, although the Haverfordians seemed to surpass the home team in every phase of the game.

Returning to Walton Field the following Saturday, the Geiges coached eleven gained their first taste of victory by overcoming Washington College 27-7. Although the Haverford defense was poor, the Main Liners gained an early advantage with two touchdowns by Battey in the first quarter. Moos and Pleasants each accounted for one more later in the game to clinch the victory for Captain Fields' men.

Trinity proved to be a stumbling block in the path of the Scarlet





"E Pluribus Unum"

and Black as they sought a second victory. Playing at Hartford, the Connecticut team scored in each of the last three periods. The Haverford defense was weak, and although the Main Liners twice threatened to score, the offense was lacking in driving power. The game ended with a 25-0 victory for the home team.

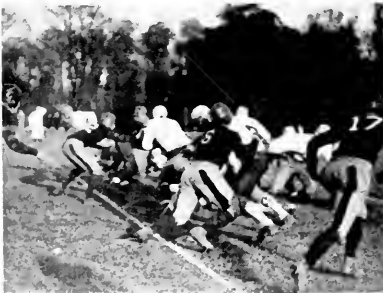
A week later, Johns Hopkins rang up a 19-0 victory, scoring all their points in the first half. The Blue Jays took advantage of the Haverford weakness in pass defense to score via the aerial route early in the game. Late in the fray, the locals launched a passing attack that carried them within scoring distance, but the Jays thwarted any attempts to tally.

Dothard led the Haverford attack as Hamilton was again defeated 18-6 for the second victory of the season. Scoring two touchdowns, and handling the team in a capable fashion, the diminutive quarterback was the star of the game. Moos and Pleasants contributed much to the Haverford offense. Gerenbeck, on the receiving end of a long pass, tallied the third touchdown for Haverford in the final period of the game.

The Haverford team was outclassed by a much heavier C. C. N. Y. team in the semi-final game of the 1931 season. The Main Liners were unable to gain ground in any fashion, but they did succeed in limiting the New Yorkers to two touchdowns. Webb, at end was the star of the Haverford defense making several brilliant plays.

Closing the season with Delaware, the Haverford team received the worst setback of the year, 31-0. Although Dothard ran for several long gains, the Main Liners seemed unable to penetrate the scoring zone. Attempting forward passes netted the Geigesmen nothing, and although the team fought all the way, they were outclassed by a much superior team.

Eight members of the class were awarded letters, Fields, who led the gridders, Foley, Baker, Schramm, Webb, Gerenbeck, Dothard, and Lipsitz. The lettermen elected Harry Hansen to captain the next Haverford team. In this write-up a word of praise must be given to John LaDue who managed the team in a capable fashion throughout the season.





SOCGER

Succop, Richie, Flaccus, Brown, McPete,  
Godley, Scarborough, Stanton, Zintle, Hazard, Richardson, Jones,  
Fusey, Brownie, Potts, Longaker, Roberts, Woodward.

## SOCCKER

**M**EMBERS of this class will do in the future much the same as previous Haverford alumni have done—they will look back with considerable pride on the performance of the soccer team. We need no short memories to forget first the defeats and then only to glory in the illusion of a halo of victories as in former years. In intercollegiate competition the booters were undefeated, although tied twice, and the only bad taste of an otherwise sweet season was the usual drubbing the Crescent A. C. handed them. Coach McPete began to be more optimistic as the schedule progressed, smiled oftener, and thought that after all this varsity of his was a pretty good team, even though the jayvees showed them up badly ever and again. When post-season recapitulation was finished, three Haverfordians found places on McPete's all-American eleven. The honored ones were Captain Potts, portsider "Pee Wee" Roberts, and sprawling, super-confident goalie, captain-elect Zintl.

Not often does a college team pass through a hard season, meet a number of time-tested rivals, and complete its season undefeated. Yet Haverford's record for the fall of 1931 is that enviable, and Jim McPete can look back on this year's team with more pride than practically any other eleven he has coached in the past nine seasons. Of the nine games played, seven were with teams of the Interecollegiate Association, the other two being extra-collegiate contests with Merion C. C.'s Maroon team and Crescent.

Of its intercollegiate games, Haverford won five out of seven, the other two resulting in a scoreless tie with Penn State and a 1-1 draw with Pennsylvania's championship eleven. One of the most important factors in the record of the past season is the scoring capitulation, which shows that the team was powerful offensively, as well as strong defensively. In the nine games, the dribblers amassed a total of twenty-five goals, contrasted with twelve compiled by the opposition.

A comparison between the starting line-up of the first game against Lehigh and the last against Princeton reveals clearly how McPete moved and tested his men in various positions before he found the smoothly working com-



ination that functioned effectively in the last three games of the season. No players except Longaker, Roberts, Zintl and Richie ended the season at the position where they began. Captain Potts, mainstay at right fullback for the first five games, shifted to left when Stanton made his debut as the other fullback in the Penn State deadlock. Hazard, beginning the season at inside right, where he was a substitute the year before, moved to right halfback in the Lafayette game and remained there the rest of the fall. Richardson was originally at right half, but when Browne advanced to the line, he found a regular berth at center half. Woodward went the way of many former Haverford fullbacks when he was transferred to left halfback after Stanton's arrival. This brief review indicates the more important changes that occurred during the season.

Lehigh, in the first game, proved to be weaker opposition than their ensuing record showed. It was early in the season and the Brown and White lacked sufficient finish in their play to keep the Redwings from winning by a one-sided 4-1 count. The following week Lafayette found the going on '88 Field as rough as usual as the local team's avalanche netted a 7-2 victory.

Navy was a real test, but even the trials of a bumpy bus ride (Longaker felt badly that MacIntosh had also weakened to the economy of bus transportation) did not prevent the peaceful "Friends" from Haverford from beating up the militant Middies. They returned in possession of the ball, which signified that they had won again, for the third successive time, from the Officers—a precedent which '32 seems to have established.

Crescent couldn't be reconciled to Haverford's winning ways and brushed the Main Liners aside with a brusque 4-2 trouncing, and the Merion game concluded a two game interlude from collegiate competition when the booters scored a 5-1 triumph.

Penn State remained peculiarly invincible as it battled Haverford to another tie, extending the number of scoreless deadlocks between the two institutions to four out of the past six encounters.

In the Pennsylvania game grim determination fought on the side of the Scarlet and Black when the two rivals met on River Field and battled two extra periods without either being able to gain the upper hand.

Swarthmore played an excellent game in spite of the Redwings' 2-1 victory in the most spirited contest of the season. Occasional outbursts of the band and sporadic cheering encouraged the players as they trampled the soggy surface of the Garnet gridiron.

As a fitting climax the Scarlet and Black continued its series of victories over Princeton in a pre-Thanksgiving Day game and equaled the 2-0 win of a year ago. When '32 men were Sophomores, Haverford, for the first time in fourteen years, defeated the Tigers. Since



then the total scoring for the three victorious Quaker teams has mounted to five goals for Haverford, none for Princeton.

Memories of Rhinie year may have become dimmed in the shades of the past, but even that long ago some of us were quick to realize that '88 Field was hallowed turf, the domain of Prince McPete where an austere varsity kicked the shins of the overworked jayvees. Six members of the class figured heavily in the line-up and the only thing that kept them off the varsity was the high toned three-year ruling which bars freshmen from varsity competition.

Potts became a familiar figure as he showed everybody how a full-back runs straight into a man without being hurt (or missing the ball). And you must remember little Billy Brinton shining at right half as one of that all-time, all-Haverford trinity, the all-Brinton halfback line.

The line was bolstered with four out of five Rhinies. They scored nineteen goals between them, and we can still see Gaskill running full gallop down the right side of the field waiting for the dramatic moment to center the ball (over the crossbar). Anyway, Zuber, Roberts and Longaker did the same thing. We still hear them talk of how they "used to beat the varsity too."

Woodward waited two years before he made his first team debut. He must have been quite attached to old '22 Field. When Hoag graced the college campus again in Junior year he persuaded "Jim" that he was his man for, say, fullback, or better still, center forward. Nevertheless, "Big John" scored the winning goals against Navy, Princeton and Swarthmore.

Six members of '32 got their coveted insignia, Potts, Roberts, Browne, Longaker, Woodward, and Pusey.

Forget Crescent and think of the fall of '31 as an undefeated season. Buses took Rhinies to the games: they all yelled themselves hoarse; and the college almost promised the team gold soccer balls. Well, here's to '32. Drink her down.





**BASKETBALL**

Foley, Foerster, Monsarrat, Dutton, Azpell, Leake  
Scattergood, Harman, Gummere, Flaccus, Searborough.

## BASKETBALL

**A**LTHOUGH the Class of 1932 provided much material for Haverford football and track teams, the present seniors contributed but six basketball players, and of this group, only one has been awarded a varsity letter. From this it is evident that little can be said about the court combinations with reference to the Class of 1932.

"Jim" McAvoy was the basketball coach that greeted members of the Class of 1932 when they reported in the fall and winter of their freshman year. Four Rhinies responded to the call for candidates. "Teb" Feroe, "Bart" Gummere, "Jack" Young, and "Brud" Dothard. Of this group Feroe showed the most promise, and the college lost a versatile athlete when he left college at the end of his Freshman year. Young also left college after his Sophomore year. Thus only Gummere and Dothard were left to the squad. Gummere saw action as a reserve in his Junior year, and was named captain by the team members in the fall of his Senior year, after the failure of Jack Simons, '33, captain-elect, to return to college.

The squad was re-enforced with the return of "Lank" Browne, and he and the "Dote" saw considerable service as members of the Jayvee quintet and varsity substitutes. Gummere, the only letterman in the class, received his award in his Senior year.

During the one year that McAvoy coached here, the quintet, led by "Jim" Downard, with such stars as "Duke" Mawhinney, "Hen" Supplee, and "Dave" Bevan amassed two victories in ten games. These two victories, however, were over Delaware and Swarthmore, so that the season was not a total failure.

In 1929, Sam Taylor replaced McAvoy as basketball mentor with almost a completely new team succeeded in winning five games of a thirteen game schedule. The team, captained by "Irish" Logan, included Reisner, Penny-packer, Katz, Edgar, and "Al" Supplee. Ursinus, Drexel, Stevens, Susquehanna, and Swarthmore were the victims of this Taylor coached aggregation. The Garnet were succumbed 23-19 in a bitter struggle in the local gymnasium.

With almost the identical team, Jack Simons having replaced "Al" Supplee, the



Haverford quintet enjoyed its most successful season in recent years in 1930-1931. "Herb" Reisner captained the team, which won nearly half its games, emerging victorious in six of the fourteen carded struggles. The victories were chalked up over Gallaudet, Wesleyan, Textile, Moravian, Amherst and Delaware. The game with Swarthmore resulted in a 32-29 win for the Garnet, although the outcome of the game was in doubt until the final whistle blew.

Sam Taylor had a mighty hard job on his hands when basketball practice started last fall. Of the group that reported, there was not a single letterman, and only three winners of numerals. Thus it was necessary to build up an entirely new team. Harman, a freshman received a regular post at center, while Flaccus, Monsarrat and Scarborough performed at guard. Gummere and Scattergood won regular positions as forwards. On the list of reserves, Dothard and A. Singer were the outstanding upperclassmen, while a group of four freshmen completed the squad, Dutton, Foerster, Patten, and Azpell. The season opened with Princeton in Tigertown. The Orange emerged on the long end of a 30-11 score, although the Main Liners played a careful guarding game. South Jersey Law School, Dickinson, Lehigh, and Stevens overcame the Scarlet and Black in succession. The Haverford team seemed to lack ability to score from the field. The next game against P. M. C. resulted in one of the best exhibitions of floor work seen on the Haverford court during the season. Although Captain Gummere's men were defeated 32-31, the game showed that the team had potentialities. In the next three games, the Taylormen failed to seriously threaten. Amherst, Navy and Susquehanna, chalked up successive triumphs over the locals. Against Drexel, however, the fighting Haverford spirit again came to the fore, and the Dragons were limited to a 35-33 victory, with the outcome of the game continually in doubt. Only two victories were won, the first over Moravian by a 28-21 score, and the second over Philadelphia Textile by a 40-21 score.

In the most-looked-forward to game of the season, Harvard easily triumphed 32-19 over the Haverfordians. The Crimson quintet had difficulty getting started, however, and the Main Liners led most of the first period. Delaware sent the Scarlet and Black to defeat 36-19 in the semi-final although the locals fought doggedly until the finish.

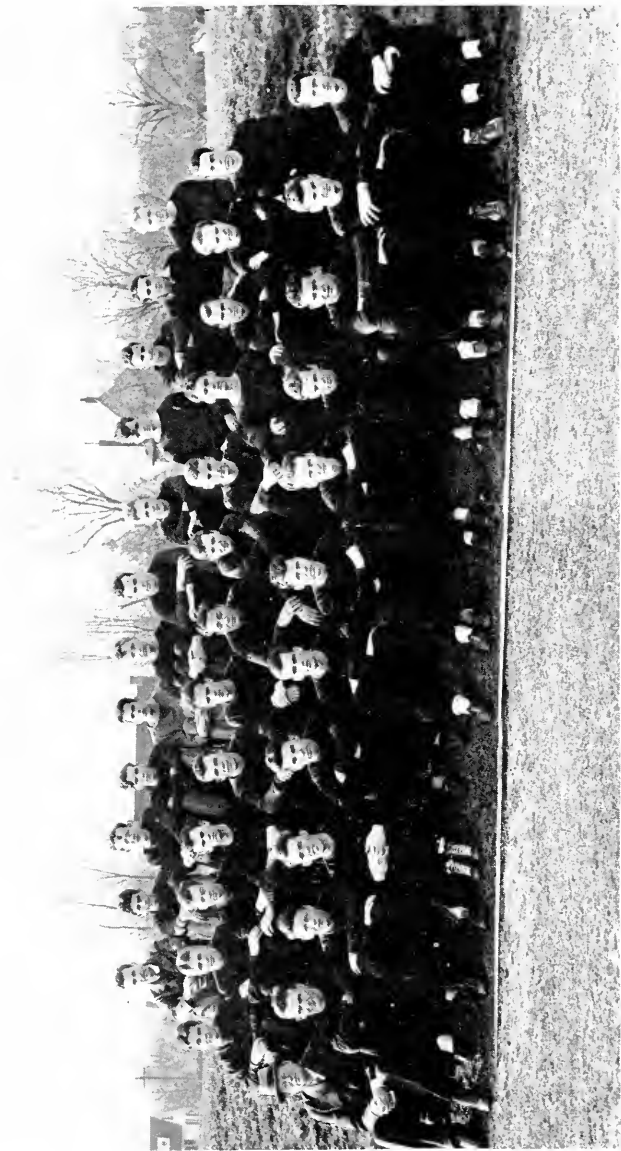
For the second consecutive year, the Swarthmore five downed the Haverford team, this time 46-27. Although the outcome of the game was never in doubt, the team, encouraged by Captain Gummere, staged a brilliant rally which carried the Haverfordians within eight points of the Garnet. "Hank" Scattergood led the team in scoring, with "Bart" Gummere a close second.



## WRESTLING

THIS year witnessed the introduction of wrestling to the field of organized Haverford sports, after several seasons of priming a group of prospective grapplers through local wrestling tournaments and unofficial competition with other college teams. To Harry Fields and "Giff" Foley, adept performers on the mat, belongs a large part of the credit due for this recent athletic addition. To their efforts were added those of Coach Geiges, with whose help a capable team was evolved and exhibition meets arranged. Among the colleges thus met were Ursinus, Gettysburg, and Temple. In their first encounter a year ago, the Grapplers creditably tied an experienced Ursinus team, while this season victory barely eluded their grasp. In facing Temple, Haverford met a strong and skilled aggregation. The resulting score, 30-25, favoring the Owls, speaks for itself; Haverford staged a brilliant exhibition and lost by but one fall.

Both Fields and Foley have been consistent victors and each has been entered in the National Collegiate Wrestling Championships. Fields was runner-up in the heavyweight class last year. Job Taylor and Bill Hardham also showed up well in their encounters this season, Taylor having defeated each of his opponents at Ursinus and Temple. Watkins, Stokes, Moos, Blanc-Roos, Rhoads, Conn, Barrett, Hires, and C. G. Smith, all performed well in competition indicating that wrestling at Haverford bids fair to having a sound and successful career.



#### TRACK TEAM

Bijur, Fuges, Siebert, Wagner, Smith, Meehling, Pleasants, Skinner, C. Brown, P. Brown, Richardson, Hotz, Rush, Scattergood, Bodine, Vance, Conn, Bailey, Lipsitz, McGrimley, Eshleman, Potts, Gage, Lingermaun, Sargeut, Haddleton, Baneroft, Foley, Dothard, Battey, Baker, Gerenbeck, Zintl, Jopson, Fields, Schramm, Van Denbergh.

## TRACK

WHEREVER the praises of Haverford teams are sung, there will always be a place for the tales of "Pop" Haddleton's track teams. In the last decade, under the tutelage of "Pop", Haverford has become known far and wide for the strength of its tracksters. It is significant that in the four years the Class of 1932 has been here, the track team has lost but five dual meets, and two of those defeats have been suffered this year.

With the advent of spring in 1929, about thirty members of the present senior class reported for the track team. They had their own captain, "Wally" Ayres, but due to scholastic difficulties, George Gerenbeck was acting leader. In that year two members of the class were awarded letters, George Gerenbeck and Harry Fields being the first year men to achieve that distinction. "Giff" Foley was awarded numerals. Ferris also won several points for the team.

In 1930 the Haverford cindermen won four of their five scheduled meets, losing only to William and Mary. Swarthmore was downed in one of the closest meets in the history of track,  $62\frac{1}{6}$  to  $61\frac{5}{6}$ . Six members of the Class of 1932 received the varsity "H", Gerenbeck, Gaskill, Foley, Ayres, Fields and Katzenbach being thus honored. Ferris and Schramm were awarded numerals.

Last season the tracksters continued in their winning ways, losing only to William and Mary and Lehigh. Two records were broken, the half mile by "Bob" Edgar and the pole vault by "Giff" Foley. Gerenbeck, Fields, Foley, and Dothard were the members of the class to receive letters, while Bailey, Baker, Jopson and Hoag were recipients of numerals. George Gerenbeck was elected as captain of the team for 1932.

Since it is necessary for the printers to start work on this book, it is impossible to give a complete summary of the 1932 season. However, after losing the opening meet to Lehigh, 71-55; the Haddletonmen came back to trounce Dickinson  $78\frac{1}{3}$  to  $47\frac{2}{3}$  on Alumni Day. The following Friday, Johns Hopkins nosed out the locals  $67\frac{1}{3}$  to  $58\frac{2}{3}$ . Meets are scheduled with Swarthmore, Delaware and St. Joseph's which should be tough for the Main Liners.

The Haverford team is well-provided with sprint men this year. Captain Gerenbeck has been victorious in both his starts in the 100-yard



dash. Gage and Bancroft have also won several places in the century. These same three men have accounted for many points in the 220-yard dash, Gerenbeck and Gage having each unofficially equalled the Haverford record of 22 seconds for the furlong.

Fields, Schramm, and Sargent are the leading contenders in the shot and discus. Vance, Brinton and Bailey in the two mile have placed first, second and third in two of the meets so far this spring, and should secure many more points before the end of the season. A dark horse, in the person of Rhinic Mechling, has greatly improved Haverford's position in the half-mile event. Although he has won but one race, he has finished second in two fast halves.

"Gif" Foley has cleared 11 feet, 6 inches in the pole vault so far this season, and should again equal his record of 12 feet, 2½ inches which he established last spring. Potts and Richardson have showed marked improvement in the high jump, Richardson having cleared 5 feet, 10 inches against Dickinson. In the one-mile run, Roger Scattergood and Bodine are the leading contenders, while Baker, Dothard and Hotz are the mainstays of the trackmen in the javelin throw. In the high hurdles, Van Denbergh, Zintl, and Jopson, represent the Main Liners, while "Jim" Andrews and Jopson are the low hurdlers.

Captain Gerenbeck is Haverford's best quarter-miler in addition to being a sprinter. W. W. Smith has placed in two of the three meets in this race. The Scarlet and Black's chances in the broad jump have been greatly improved by "Chap" Brown, another freshman, who has jumped 21 feet, 3 inches. Sargent and Eshleman are also point-getters in that event.

While at Haverford, the Class of 1932 has seen their Alma Mater make very respectable showings in the annual M. A. S. C. A. A. meet, held on Walton Field. In 1929, the local cindermen won; in 1930, tied for second, Lafayette winning; and last year finished in fifth place. The meet this year is to be held at Allentown, Muhlenberg playing the rôle of host.





# BASEBALL

**W**HAT a whale of a difference just three years make. For instance, just look at the Haverford nines way back in 1929. The team in that year won exactly five of its twelve games, a record infinitely better than the one being made this spring, for to date the ball club has not only failed to win a game, but has compiled a record of making more errors than runs.



The Class of 1932 can not be blamed too severely, for when Oscar looked over the list of applicants for admission, he must have forgotten about the baseball team. Rhinie year found only four or five ambitious freshmen gamboling about on the green of '22 field. Three members of the class achieved the distinction of playing on the team for which "Hen" Supplee pitched. Rice "Pansy" Longaker became regular first baseman, a position which he has held ever since, except for last year when he occasionally deserted the initial sack to toe the mound and toss up a few balls for the opposition to hit. "Teb" Feroe won a place at shortstop, and he covered the position too capably for the powers in Roberts, for he was soon removed from the rolls of the college. "Bob" Zuber played occasionally in his Rhinie year, and regularly in his second year at third base, but in his sophomore year, he also was too good a ball player for a Haverfordian, so he also was forced to leave college.

In 1930 the Haverford team crashed through with a stupendous total of two victories in 14 starts. "Hen" Supplee, the best pitcher seen on a local team in many a moon, left college to join Connie Mack and his famous A's, leaving mound duty to his brother "Al". "Al" did a good job, but a ball team needs more than a pitcher. The two victories were at the expense of Moravian and Osteopathy. The nine came within one run of beating Dartmouth, until the green called upon their ace hurler, Millykangas, who regularly sent the Haverford batsmen down in one, two, three order for the remainder of the game. Swarthmore only beat the Scarlet and Black twice,





BASEBALL TEAM

Gilbs, Hager, Jacobs, Singer, Harman, Nicholson, Harjes, Thomas  
Worcester, Richie, Longaker, Gummere, Wilson, Rice, Tripp.

but that was only because the Quaker institutions met but twice. "Bob" Zuber and Longaker were mainstays of the team, and "Bart" Gummere joined the club to give the Class of '32 three representatives. All three won letters.

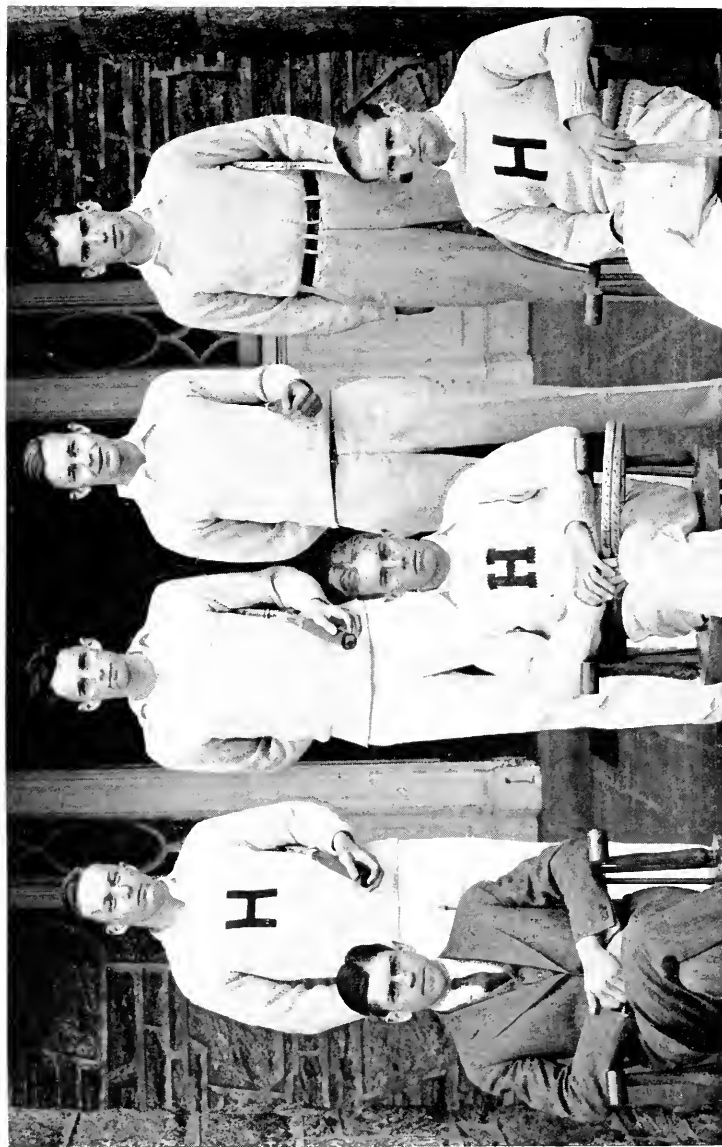
Last year, but seven games were played by the locals. Osteopathy again provided the Main Liners with their victory, but since the game with Moravian was washed out, we were unable to stretch the total to two. Manager Saint had arranged two games with Osteopathy, but the does downed the Scarlet and Black in the second. Gummere and Longaker still stuck with the club, but underclassmen predominated in the line-up. Swarthmore won two games again, sending a total of 24 runs across the plate in the two frays. Army had little difficulty in downing the Scarlet and Black, 21-1 on Pre-Centenary day, when the whole Haverford system of education was on display.

This spring Manager Oliver "Vas" Gibbs arranged a schedule of some dozen games. Of course he included Moravian and Osteopathy. But in addition to this, he arranged an early season game with Elizabethtown in hopes that we might win three games. Gibbs' hopes received a severe setback when the newcomer to the schedule toppled the locals, 8-4, in the opening game. Muhlenberg had little trouble winning, 16-4. On the following Wednesday, the little Quakers managed to hold Lafayette to an 8-0 victory. On Alumni day, the contest with Moravian ended 19-14 favoring the up-staters in a weird game.

The following week, an inspired Haverford team held Delaware to a 2-1 score and almost emerged victorious, but the Army tallied 15 runs to win 15-3, in a "very closely contested battle" at West Point. Gibbs' last hopes for victory were blasted on May 3 when Osteopathy pulled a 20-6 victory over the eyes of Captain Gummere's men and sent them back out the Main Line looking for some "Ful-Vue" glasses (not an advertisement.)

Besides Captain Gummere, this year's team is composed of Tripp and Nicholson, pitchers; Richie, catcher; Longaker, first base; Wilson, short-stop; Worcester, third base, and Rice, Harman, and Harjes, as fielders. Six games remain on the schedule, including two with Swarthmore. So far, the opposition has scored 88 runs, but then the season was yet young when this went to press.

Seriously, however, we must give a word of praise to the spirit which members of the team have manifested in the face of such bitter defeats. It is mighty hard to support and work for a losing team. Every Haverfordian is pulling for the nine and hoping that before long, the team will play another game as they played against the vastly superior Delaware outfit.



TENNIS TEAM

Lentz, Flaccus, Menhard, Monsurrat  
Pusey, Ferris, Roberts

## TENNIS

**B**EFORE the current season began any one who gave a casual thought of the tennis situation at College probably turned to something else in despair, or reflected on last year "When we had Gray and Barnhurst". Hopes sank lowest back in March when Roberts suddenly became ill with appendicitis and left Captain Ferris, supported by Lentz, Monsarrat and Flaccus, as the only sure-fire nucleus of a new team.

The Class of '32 was not particularly strong in furnishing material for the team. "Pee Wee" Roberts got the first recognition when he rated numerals in sophomore year. Ferris, a former track man, decided on tennis for his spring exercise; so as a junior he came out, made the team, and became captain in the post-season elections.

After winning seven and losing five team matches last season, the team was hardly expected to equal that performance this year. But at the time of this writing (May 1), it has registered some surprising victories which have put at rest the worries which had hung over the hopes of all those concerned.

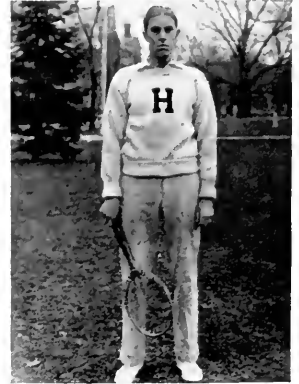
Penn sent Haverford off to an inauspicious opening when its Red and Blue netmen blanked our team, 9-0. That was a rather unkind shock, but it seems to have done much good—for since then they have turned in a streak of six victories in eight starts.

Most outstanding of these triumphs is the defeat of Swarthmore, something that had not been accomplished since 1916, or, just sixteen years ago. To say the least, it was a distinct surprise when the team got back just in time for dinner and announced that they had taken seven out of the nine matches. That 7-2 victory is the most unusual thing that has happened in local sports in a long time.

The next day, April 23, they invaded Rutgers, and Coach Brammall's men took over the New Brunswick players by a narrow 5-4 margin.

Dickinson and St. Joseph's were also among the defeated, each losing by a single point. With Osteopathy things went the same way. Hamilton invaded the home courts with a four-man team led by Murphy, sixteenth player in National ranking, but the Main Liners came through to win, 4-2. Johns Hopkins put an abrupt end to this winning streak when they halted the return, 7-2.

Temple also downed the locals, 5-4. Seven matches remain on the schedule.





GOLF TEAM

Andrews, Gordon, Dutton, Hemphill,  
Sipple, White, Smith.

## GOLF

**H**AVERFORD'S most recent officially recognized sport is one which gives the College that breath of country club atmosphere of which most institutions of higher learning like to boast. After two years of unofficial putting-around, a period during which our Main Line links aspirants pooled their ambitions to demonstrate how really serious this middle-aged man's recreation could be taken, the Executive Athletic Council persuaded the higher authorities in Roberts Hall to put golf on the list of approved sports.

It was mainly through the individual efforts of Kendall Read, ex-'32, that golf received its official ranking in the spring of 1930, although no awards were made!

Merion Cricket Club graciously cooperated with the College and allowed our golfers to use their splendid course both for practice and regular matches.

After six practice matches when '32 were sophomores, our junior year saw the first schedule carried to a finish which credited Haverford with four victories and an equal number of defeats.

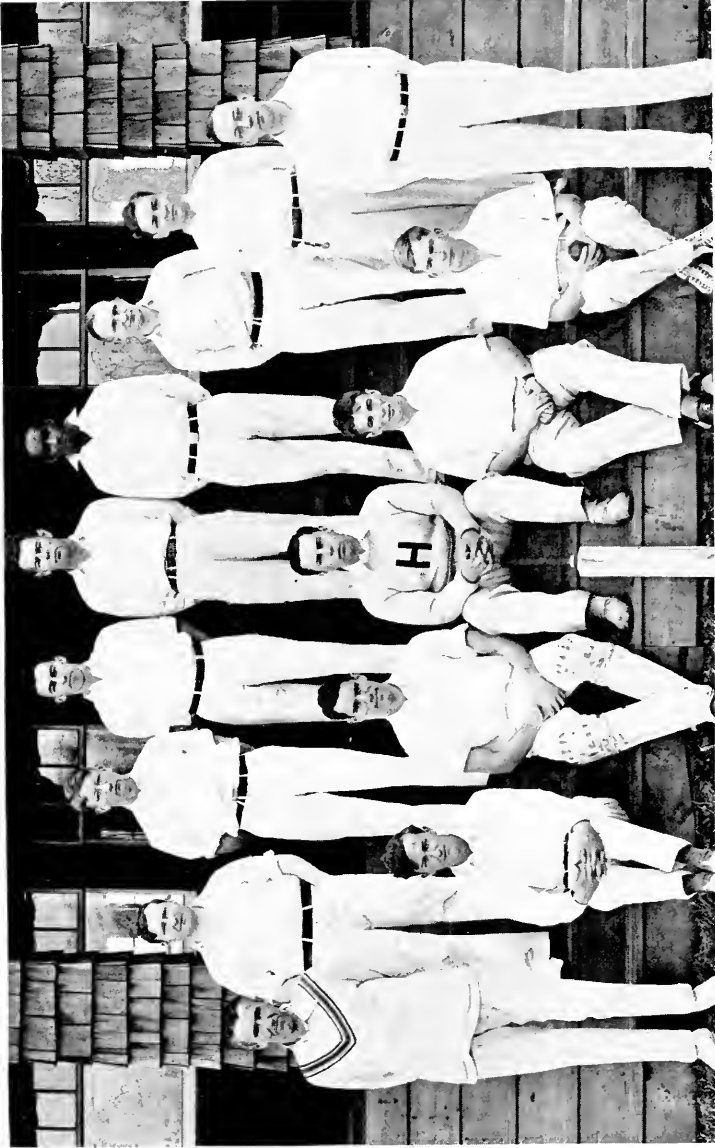
This year the team is turning in about the same type of performance as before. Of the four matches played so far this spring the golfers have lost two nineteen-hole tiffs with William and Mary, and Delaware. The other two encounters, both with St. Joseph's, resulted in one-sided victories.

Early in April Captain White and his men took over St. Joe to the encouraging count of 8-1. But after this noble beginning the William and Mary linksmen came here and got away with an exciting match which was more closely contested than the 4-2 score would indicate. Delaware's Blue Hens continued to be the nemesis they were last year and handed the local golfers a close defeat by a 5-4 margin in a nip-and-tuek affair that hung fire until the nineteenth hole of the final match. After that St. Joseph's returned and this time was shut out 9-0.

The matches yet to be played include a trip to the Army at West Point, Lehigh at Bethlehem, Swarthmore at Swarthmore, a return meeting with Delaware, and the wind-up with Lafayette.

Of last year's team four members remained to perform this spring. White, Sipple, Andrews and Sordon are the veterans who have been ably supported by Hemphill, '33, and Dutton, '35, newcomers to the squad.





CRICKET TEAM

Godsell, Clough, Hendrickson, Hardham, Stoudt, Pitter, T. Brown, Truex, Walton,  
Irion, Potts, Hoag, Scattergood, Hodgkin.



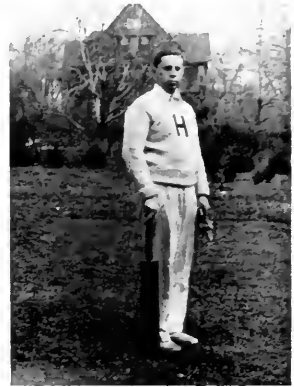
## CRICKET

THE "bally old" game of cricket seems to be slowly losing its grip on the students of Haverford College. We are very sad to have to report this, since, for many years, the Main Line institution has had the one remaining collegiate cricket team in the United States.

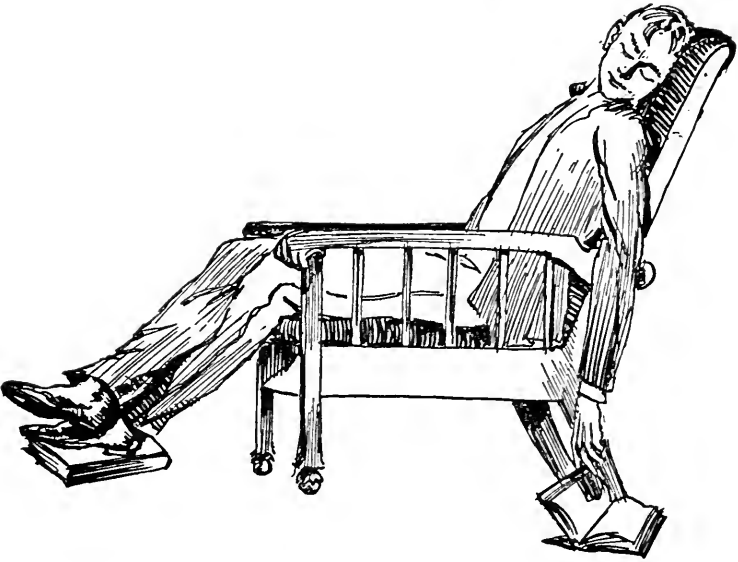
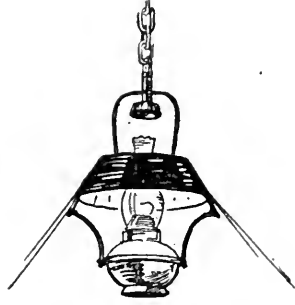
In 1929, the XI won four of the nine scheduled contests, losing twice to the alumni. The only member of the Class of 1932 who played regularly that year was "Tom" Potts. In 1930 the team was not so successful, winning but three of eight starts. On the Canadian trip, which was taken in June of that year, the Scarlet and Black emerged victorious in one of the five matches, and that, by a three-point margin. Again Potts was '32's only representative, receiving his numerals.

Last spring, the cricket team, captained by "Phil" Shaw, broke even, winning three of the six encounters. John H. Hoag, Esq., who had returned to college in the Class of 1932 in September, was a valuable addition to the XI. He was second to "Phil" Shaw in batting, with an average of 37.33 for the year. At the end of the season, Hoag was elected captain and was awarded the cricket "H". Potts again received numerals. Hoag won the Improvement Bat, Potts the prize Fielding Belt for the 1931 season.

This year the team is sadly depleted by the loss of many of last year's stars. With Potts and Hoag forming a nucleus, reinforced by Irion and Wertime, Coach Godsell is striving vainly to develop a winning combination. So far, the XI has failed to register a single victory. The Viscose Cricket Club downed the locals 97-38 in the opener, with Potts, Hoag and "Tom" Brown, leaders for Haverford, both offensively and defensively. The General Electric cricket club administered a severe trouncing, 232-35 in the other match to date. Hoag again led the Haverford batters, scoring 7 runs. Several more matches have been scheduled for the cricketeers by Manager F. R. Walton, including the annual battle with the alumni. Just what showing the team will make is unknown. That interest is not as high in the sport as it was five years ago, is evident from the fact that but seventeen men reported for berths on the eleven this spring.







CLASSES

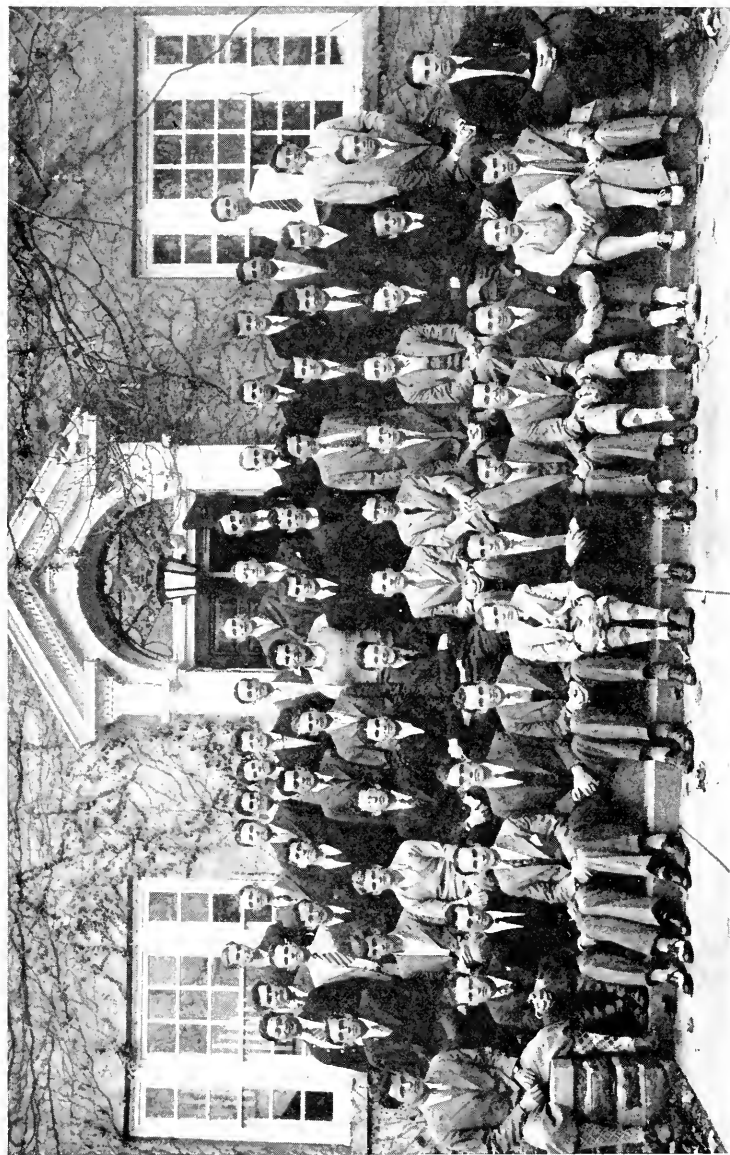




SIPLE  
POTTS

WRAY  
CONNER

**Permanent Officers  
Of the Class of  
1932**



SENIOR CLASS

Roberts, Gibbs, Strickler, Webb, Morgan, R., Morgan, V., Haines, Longaker, Osgood, Browne, Hartel, Zapp, Irion,  
 Tarazi, Gummere  
 Lipsitz, Cadbury, Eckert, del Laguna, Pusey, Gaskill, Cordray, Fields, Baker, Jopson, Bacon, Street, Loomis, Wertime, Foley,  
 Allendoerfer, Tabakin, Kretschmer, Allen, Conner, Settle, Wagner, Bourne, Walton, Seudder, Miller, Watkins, Parker,  
 Gerenbeek, McKinlay, Hunt, Elkinton, Potts, Katzenbach, Wray, Bailey, Sipple, Bijur, LaDue, Taylor, Brinton, Hoag.

# OFFICERS OF THE CLASS OF 1932

## FRESHMAN YEAR

### *First Semester*

### *Second Semester*

H. HALL KATZENBACH.....	<i>President</i> .....	CARL B. ALLENDOERFER
KENDALL E. READ.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	GIFFORD P. FOLEY
CARL B. ALLENDOERFER.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	WALTER C. BAKER
FRANCIS B. GUMMERE.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	WALLIS H. AYRES

## SOPHOMORE YEAR

GEORGE GERENBECK.....	<i>President</i> .....	THOMAS I. POTTS
HERBERT BIJUR.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	D. RICE LONGAKER
FRANK WALTON.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	WILLIAM D. WRAY
JOHN A. YOUNG.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	JACK W. CONNER

## JUNIOR YEAR

WALTER C. BAKER.....	<i>President</i> .....	WILLIAM W. PUSEY
SIDNEY A. HUNT.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JOHN A. ZAPP
JACK W. CONNER.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	WILLIAM E. MILLER
PHILIP L. FERRIS.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	HARRY FIELDS

## SENIOR YEAR

### *First Semester*

### *Permanent Officers*

WILLIAM D. WRAY.....	<i>President</i> .....	THOMAS I. POTTS
HOWLAND H. BAILEY.....	<i>Vice-President</i> .....	JACK W. CONNER
H. HALL KATZENBACH.....	<i>Secretary</i> .....	WILLIAM D. WRAY
WILLIAM W. POWELL.....	<i>Treasurer</i> .....	WILLIAM V. SIPPLE



ROBERT FINCH ALLEN

401 Sharpless Street  
WEST CHESTER, PA.  
Born 1911

Entered from Germantown High School in 1928.

HERE, ladies and gentlemen, let us introduce to you exhibit "A", one of the more chameleon-like specimens in the collection. The keynote of Bob's college career has been change, and it has been all his friends could do to keep up with the latest permutations and combinations of his brain cells. To begin with, he arrived here with his mind definitely made up regarding the "one and only." Thus far he has shifted only some four or five times.

Furthermore, he has never lived two years in the same dorm. He started out in Merion, where, under the expert tutelage of Smitty and Succop, he soon became one of our most expert cigarette bummers. But the effort of commuting from the suburbs was too much

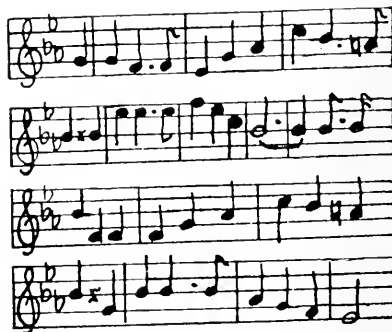
for him, so the following year he followed Woodward to South, where thanks to Bob there reigned a continual uproar. However, climbing three flights of stairs eventually began to pall on him, and Junior year found him taking up residence in the Fifth Entry with Schraumm and Read. This year, after working all spring to get into new Lloyd, he fooled us and became a Day Student, burning up the roads from here to Chestwester in his beloved "Bertha".

After pursuing his studies for some time as an alleged Pre-Median, he was eventually converted to the truth, and became an ardent disciple of Dr. Dunn. The last we heard his great ambition was to go in search of snakes in the far-off isles of the South Seas. Well, as we French have it, *chacun à son goût*.

No picture of Bob would be complete without mention of his trombone—but then, perhaps that has already been allowed to speak quite sufficiently for itself. We would only suggest that he be sure to take it along to the South Seas—it might come in handy.

Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Instrumental Club, 1, 2, 3; Band, 1, 2, 3; Field Club, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 3, 4.

Biology Major.





CARL BARNETT ALLENDOERFER

10 East 56 Terrace  
KANSAS CITY, Mo.  
Born 1911

Entered from Southwest High School in 1928.

WE NOW present that maestro of old-time songs, Carl B. (Kansas City) Allendoerfer. The thunderous rolling asheans have reached the bottom steps and are merely rumbling in the first floor hall. Clear and strong rises Carl's plaintive *Sweet A-adeline* three notes off key, followed by a program of rollicking songs my mother never taught me. The unseen audience feels the haunting beauty of these melodies reechoing in their innermost souls and in clamorous welcome go off to collect water to greet their hero.

Allengriper, Allenbiter, or Abadaba, as he was affectionately known by his *News* minions has ever been a big man on the campus. His averages, list of activities and voice all have this largeness, and only in track has it been a handicap to him. The only weakness in his otherwise so perfect nature is a periodical and irresistible desire to go on a *bender*, and an Allendoerfer bender generally means that peace and quiet fold up their tents like the Arabs, and, amid the raucous screams of their desecrator, as silently steal away.

His fame rests largely on his leadership of the Rhinie Revolt. Never will we forget the



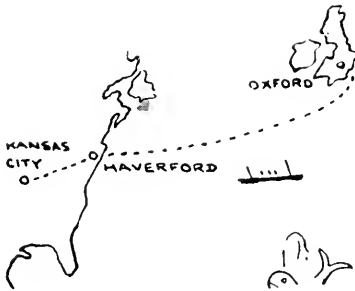
time that he got up and told Bevan and a few of his diabolical cohorts the plain facts of life and then walked out in high dudgeon with our entire class at his heels. The fact that the revolt collapsed without any noticeable concession to our high principles is one of Carl's numerous claims to the presidency of the Hammer Club.

But Carl's greatest achievement is that he roomed two whole years with Bill Miller. We find it difficult to understand why Bill's delicate and classical nature was not offended at a spade being called all sorts of unprintable things.

"How's that?"

*Haverford News* Board, 1, 2, Editor, 2; *Haverfordian* Business Manager, 3; Editor of *CLASS RECORD*, 4; Class President, 1; Class Secretary, 1; Student Council, 1, 2; Founders' Club, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3, 4; Debating Team, 3, 4; Rhodes Scholarship, 4; Corporation Scholarship, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Mathematics Major.





### GEORGE RICHARD BACON

616 Warwick Road  
HADDONFIELD, N. J.  
Born 1910

Entered from Westtown School in 1928

**G. R.** IS the reserved and dignified member of the class, who is known only by a select few. To be sure to all of us he is the thoughtful and considerate guy who is always lending a nickel for a phone call, or pressing our pants on his own private ironing board for no extra charge. But to those fortunate individuals of the inner circle, Dick expands into a being of far wider, more varied, and greater interests and possibilities than those of the reserved bashful student. He has either sublimated ("almost", adds his roommate) a wild cowboy nature, which unfortunately will still burst out sporadically in demonstrations of appalling excess of energy, or else he is a relative of Mr. Stevenson's character of double personality.

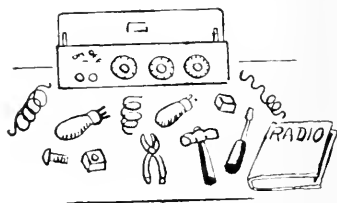
This dual life is kept concealed as far as possible, but vague rumors of dissipated week-ends, of midnight rides on motorcycles, or of record-breaking trips in fast automobiles occasionally get out only to be quickly hushed up and never allowed to circulate on the campus. No one could ever guess that there could be any truth in the above statements from looking at him. Only a close glance will show the lines under those weary eyes on Monday or Tuesday. Perhaps that is why he wears his glasses more than any other time.

"G. R." is the guiding spirit of that noble organization, the *Radio Club*, and passes many a weary and patient hour in teaching miserable, offending, perverted Rhinies and Sophs how to pass the code test.

Last but not least it is almost a phenomenon that Dick seemed to keep his sweet personality intact and unharmed after rooming with that super-smoothie Gaskill. However, the degrading influence of the Parker-Engle combination has recently, we fear, been nurturing the insidious seed of evil that is in us all.

Class Executive Committee, 1; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Christian Union, 2, 3, 4; Radio Club, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; Liberal Club, 2, 3.

Chemistry Major.



## HOWLAND HASKELL BAILEY

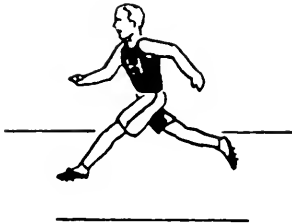
89 Beacon Street  
HYDE PARK, MASS.  
Born 1912

Entered from Hyde Park High School in 1928.

"HM!" said Oscar thoughtfully as he perused the list of prospective members of the Class of 1932. And out of that sage comment it came to pass that a Mr. Bailey of Hyde Park (Boston) and a Mr. Fox of Hyde Park (Chicago) roomed together in Center Barclay, second floor. Howland, early in his college career, established his proficiency in two lines, mathematics and hell-raising. Ask Howland why he dictated his exams to a stenographer at the end of freshman year. He may tell you it was the result of a bad case of writer's cramp. Well, it wasn't. It was the result of some good, clean fun, and we say clean because its results were cleansing—it was a water fight.

The scene changes. It is sophomore year. Howland is progressing. He is now on the third floor of Center Barclay. But fear not—here is a boy who is fighting his way up, one who will reach the top. New proficiencies are demonstrated in science and track, but these are as nothing. We are interested in the Alger-like rise of our young man to the heights.

And sure enough, junior year finds him in



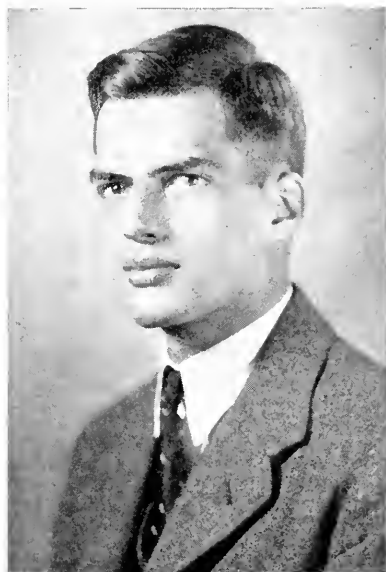
Barclay Tower, and the end is in sight though the crowning play is yet to come. Howland has cast his lot with the Quakers, for the Tower is a notorious Quaker stronghold, than which there can be no stronger. Finally he consents to run as the Quaker candidate for class vice-president, and is elected.

It is January 10, 1932. The first and only snow of the season has just fallen. And where is Howland? He has reached the top. He is on the roof of Center Barclay, throwing snowballs down.

Now if you want to get at the true nature of Howland's character, examine the windows in No. 32 Barclay to see what is scratched thereon. And we advise that you do so rapidly, for that window has already lasted far, far too long.

Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Numerals, 3; Corporation Scholar, 1; Math Prize, 2; Phi Beta Kappa, 3, 4; Blazer Committee, 3; Class Vice-President, 4; Glee Club, 4.

Physics Major.



**WALTER CONRAD BAKER**

308 W. School Lane  
 GERMANTOWN, PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1911

Entered from William Penn Charter School in 1928.

PICTURE, oh gentle reader, a tall, slender youth with expression serious and legs of gigantic length. Well, that is Jopson, Walt's roommate. Baker is fairly tall, but there the resemblance ceases. Indeed one of the first things one remarks about Walt is that sweet gentle smile which plays so delicately around the corners of his mouth.

Baker is a very persuasive person. One has only to observe the irresistible manner in which he cajoles a second, third, and fourth for a half-hour bridge game to realize what success he has had with women. And you can count on his subtle wit to make all the obvious puns, either a split second before, or in unison with Gaskill.

Walter was a pure innocent Quaker lad when he entered Haverford. He is still a

Quaker, but three years on the *News* board have had the inevitable effect on his innocence. Every action, however, has its reaction, and under Walt's guidance the board's turbulences were calmed and another topic for midnight bull sessions passed into oblivion. His real inner nature was not revealed until he joined the Customs Committee to which he dedicated his heart and soul, also the subtlety of a fruitful and diabolical mind to the thinking up of the most ludicrous punishments for naughty Rhinies.

An interesting sight is that of Walt sitting in one of those exquisitely comfortable chairs in the Library in what has become the Baker-Pusey Alcove, behind an enormous pile of enormous books of various shades and hues, with brown predominating. Here he can be found almost every morning, when he is not conferring with the Baron, nor attending an occasional class, a nuisance which he may eliminate by taking a course in Archeology along with the Italian.

Classical Club, 1, 2, 3, Secretary, 3; Student Council, 3, 4; Customs Committee, 4; *News* Board, 1, 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor, 3, Editor-in-Chief, 3, 4; Football, 2, 3, 4, "H", 2, 3, 4; Track, 2, 3, 4, Numerals, 3; Founders' Club, 3, 4, Secretary, 4; Class Secretary, 2; President, 3, Permanent Executive Committee.

French Major.



**HYDE WHITCOMB BALLARD**

227 N. Bowman Avenue

MERION, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1928.

ONE need only sing "Way Down, Bingo Farm," to get an idea of where the "Hyke's" real interest lies. Anyone who has failed to hear him tell about the way they kill pigs down on the plantation in Delaware, has missed the biggest part of that broad education which one attains in the process of attending our noble institution.

Not only is Hyde an authority on rural life and its chores, but he is also an engineer of no mean repute. Who has not seen him, his slip-stick under his arm, ambling amiably across the campus toward Hilles Lab? At his command, motors whirl and generators hum. Nonchalantly, he throws enormous switches, and bravely holds his ground, while the timid and uninitiated beat hasty retreat from those grinding, pounding, roaring giants!

"But "Hyke's" mechanical genius is not all confined to the laboratory. Give him a

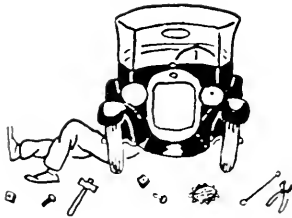


barrel of automobile parts and watch him construct a car what is a car. Perhaps it will turn out to be a Ford or then again (who knows?) it may be a Packard twin (not an advertisement); it only depends on the type of hubcap you give him.

Little need be said about his pugilistic tendencies. The boys of Eighth Entry have aptly christened him "One Punch" Ballard as the result of a fistic encounter early last Fall. However, after all's said and done, "Hyke" is really a sheep in wolf's clothing.

Hyde's activities in the Liberal Arts may be summed up by mentioning his interest in football which has led him to the job of center on our class team, a talent for baseball which put him up with the big boys of swat right off, and lastly a desire to be a good Contract player, which he has been realizing of late.

Engineering Major.





**HERBERT BIJUR**  
 28 West 73rd Street  
 NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.  
 Born 1911

Entered from Horace Mann School in 1928

The man who saw "Monkey Business" seven times; the man who roomed with Cappy Bourne two years running; the man who remained faithful to Bryn Mawr (fem. sing.) for three years; the disciple of Whitman, modern art and Be-kind-to-your-Feet shoes. What a man!

Herb spent the major portion of his first two years in a vain effort to pass Dynamics—the Mystery Math course. But the Age of Miracles is not yet passed. For while Herbie was spending the following summer in Germany, his marks were being subjected to a strange metamorphosis—perhaps aided by the aroma of Flor de Manuels?—and Herb returned in September to find himself credited with an 85.

The chiefest function of his existence was to be the college Organizer *par excellence*. Rhinie year he and Otto Reisner, after months of toil, realized their brain child, the *News Service*. Then came the Band, followed by the brilliant success of the English Club, which, with the triple aid of Herbie's financial genius, Willy Reitzel's directorial abilities, and Wally Scudder's car, made the Cap and Bells rear its haughty head and sneer defiance at this "upstart fly-by-night".

From what has just been said one might get the idea that Herb is the most methodical and consistent of persons. But not so. One has only to watch him pack a suitcase, get dressed for a dance, hunt for mislaid books, or better still, to look at his room (the bane of Walton's existence) on a Sunday morning. All illusions are soon dispelled.

But the *real* tragedy of Herb's career is this—he has the soul of a poet and the mind of an economist, and after four years of internal debate, he is still doubtful which is the real Bijur.

Instrumental Club, 1, 2, 3, 4, Leader, 3; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Band, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 2, 3, 4, Assistant Treasurer, 3; Founders' Club, 3, 4; Manager of Track, 4; English Club, 2, 3, 4, Business Manager, 3, Treasurer, 4; Class Vice-President, 2; *News Service*, 1, 2, Director, 2; Chairman Co-operative Store Committee, 4; Chairman Senior Prom Committee, 4.

Economics Major.



**HUMPHREY FRANCIS BOURNE**

756 Sterling Drive  
ORANGE, NEW JERSEY  
Born 1910

Entered from Haverford School in 1928.

**A** LANK, quiescent figure with a book whose pages are bright under a shaded light. A gurgling chuckle is heard. Silence broken by the sharp flip of a turning page. Another gurgle. "What's so funny, Frank?" "Oh, nothing." There you have Frank Bourne in a nutshell,—mysterious in all his ways. The sinister reputation for practical joking which Frank brought with him from Haverford school has not been borne out in practice, though many are the ideas he broaches to whoever will listen.

If you are looking for the man, do not look for him in the library (he seldom studies), nor in the office of our Will (well, he may get there yet), but rather in his own room with Boswell's Life of Johnson (incredible though it may seem, not being read for a course) or on the stage of Roberts Hall fiddling around with props.

For two years he and Bijur had the same dormitory address; but that was as far as the union extended. If you wanted to find Frank, the quickest way was to stand in the middle of the campus shouting, "Bijur,"



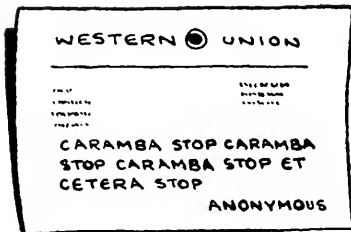
and to run rapidly in the direction opposite to the answering bellow. You couldn't miss him that way.

His third year Frank went into a tri-class combination which was one of the strangest on record. Shippen and Clough were the other two members. The room bull-sessions featuring Shippen and Clough discussing the messier aspects of medicine with a bit of Black Magic thrown in by Frank now and then, must have been novel in the extreme.

If Frank does not make the grade, it will not be for lack of ability, but because he has excited someone to violence upon his person by one of his execrable puns, for which may Heaven pardon him! for we won't!

Liberal Club, 2, 3; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Cast, 3; News Board, 3, 4; Haverfordian Board, 3, 4; English Club, 2, 3, 4, Cast "Dr. Faustus", 2, "Hamlet", 3; Stage Manager "Romeo and Juliet", 4; Vice-President, 3, 4.

Chemistry Major.





**WILLIAM FISHER BRINTON**

327 Sharpless Street

WEST CHESTER, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Westtown School in 1928.

Through the majesty of motion  
 From the boundless everywhere  
 Comes the mighty Quaker atom  
 Billy Brinton . . . and his hair!

**A**ND here we have it, the Frank Merriwell of Quakerdom, the blooming flower of Westtown, the reason why barbers go crazy. For you must know that Billy has always been an advocate of the type of coiffure popularized by Crawford and Shippen. But how does he continue to make his hair stand erect after it has reached a length of four inches? Even the incontrovertible insight of the Haverford student body, was unable to cope with this, the inexplicable of inexplicables.

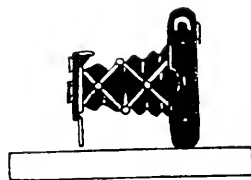
After which brief introduction, let it be

said that Brinton is the type of American youth that enables Dan Beard to keep his faith in the Boy Scout movement. He never smokes, drinks, chews, nor swears (except once, when he whispered "damn" under his breath, and threw the ghosts of a hundred years of Barclay Tower inhabitants into consternation). He plays soccer, runs cross-country, and is a veteran waiter, which makes him a well-rounded athlete.

But wait a minute, folks. It is with pride that we announce that Billy is one of the truly creative artists on the campus. He is a leading exponent of the modernistic school of photography. This new technique was achieved only after years of adjusting the *News* photography to the caliber of its articles. You know, anybody can take a picture that we all recognize, but taking a picture that even the subject himself can't recognize, man, there's an achievement for you. (It has always been our own personal belief that Editor Baker of the *News* had something to do with those *News* photos. Baker always was a great one for subtlety.)

*Haverford News* Board, 1, 2, 3, 4, Photographic Manager, 2, 3, 4; RECORD Board, 4, Soccer Squad, 1, 2, 3, Numerals, 1; Class Soccer Team; Cross-Country Team, 4; Freshman Track Team; Westtown Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Camera Club, 4; Field Club, 3, 4; Christian Union, 1, 2, 3; Class Executive Committee, 2; Cricket, 2.

English Major.





## RICHARD d'ARNAUD BROWNE

1816 E. Kane Place  
MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN  
Born 1910

Entered from Ridgewood High School in  
1927.

WHO is that tall thin lad, clothed in white garb, who butters Oscar's bread for him, who passes Sandy the potatoes, and who chats gallantly with Amy and Jean. That hard-working individual, my friends is Dick Browne, whose name is spelled with a final *e*.

Lank, as he is called because of his gaunt stature, was a member of the Class of '31, but thought better of his folly and took out a year to work, returning to graduate with our class (Hooray!). We can remember him as a Sophomore cussing out some of us Rhinies. Now however, Dick has grown up and his tongue is no longer so vituperative, but sweet, gentle and un-profane.

Dick's favorite pastime is listening to the snappiest orchestras. Cab Calloway is the best, he thinks, with Guy Lombardo not far behind. It is not uncommon to see him over in third entry, upstairs on the left, head back, drinking in the harmony of saxophones, and the shrill piercing notes of the brasses. Lest he should be thought inhospitable, it must be remembered that he is the most delightful of



hosts in his own right, and always has a supply of cigarettes, food, and cheap magazines on hand, over in his Founders chamber.

Lank is quite the ladies' man. He had some interesting experiences along this line on his way east last fall. And we have been wondering whatever happened to that beautiful portrait which disappeared from his bureau recently. The boys in Founders say St. Valentine's day had something to do with its removal.

Browne seems to be awfully keen about certain week-end trips to New York. Personally, we have a slight suspicion that he doesn't limit his activities to viewing hockey games. And if you want more information on this subject, oh gentle reader, just drop in No. 11 Lloyd some night before half-past one and ask the boys, who will give you all the inside dope with the greatest of pleasure. "Geey's, fellers!"

Soccer "H", 2, 4; Track "H", 3.  
Biography Major.





**JOSEPH MOORE CADBURY**

260 E. Main Street  
 MOORESTOWN, N. J.  
 Born 1910

Entered from Moorestown Friends' School in 1928.

[T HAS become a well-known college tradition that only three things can make Joe put on a necktie, to wit, Meeting, D. V. O. C., and Adele. However that may be, it is not an unusual sight to see him on fine afternoons in a costume suggesting a hobo or a western explorer, with his lovely curly locks fluttering in the wind, with cheeks of ruddy hue, with a bow and arrow ready for a shot, and Jopson at his side. He is out to sweeten the existence of our feathered friends by the slaughter of domestic felines, stray or otherwise, which are later cut to pieces in the interests of science. Though it is beyond a doubt that the birds appreciate the great service rendered them (poor dear things) a number of inhumane and cat loving faculty

members unfortunately are of other mind, and when Tommie fails to wend the weary way home for the evening milk, they look upon Joe with eyes of ire.

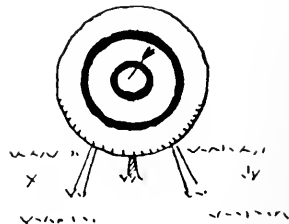
Joe's existence until this past year has gone to prove the old adage—"College bred—a four years' loaf". With Senior year came Physics I, and Fritzie's moderate demands almost produced a metamorphosis in Cadbury's behavior. This was, however, somewhat balanced by the arrival of one Ford of unknown vintage and eccentric habits which also refused to be slighted.

But Joe, essentially so calm and lovable, can really be aroused to fervid activity. Once Rhinie year, having taken offense at Freddie Rudge for having saturated his room with a scrap-basket or so of the best quality North Barclay water, he showed us the inner man of fire and henceforth was allowed to resume his peaceful existence.

The association with Adele has exerted of late a sweetening and civilizing influence on Joe, often barbaric as he was. We can well imagine him becoming the paragon of blissful and quiet domesticity in the very near future.

Class Executive Committee, 4; Senior Prom Committee; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 4; Classical Club, 1, 2; Field Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Campus Club, 3, 4.

Biology Major.



JOHN WHITE CONNER, JR.

1100 Wakeling Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Frankford High School in 1928.

WEDNESDAY afternoon—Jack shaves, shines, showers, and shampoos. This constitutes the preliminaries to his weekly trip to Leary's Bookstore. Just why he is interested in books no one has been able to find out but that's his story and he sticks to it. At any rate last winter he announced his engagement and that's an engagement if we ever saw one. Suffice it to say that Jack has finally gotten on the books and has climbed out of the seventies into the more aristocratic eighties.

In spite of the fact that in his Junior year Jack was elected the Adonis of Haverford, he has been successful in other lines. If all the ice Conner delivered in Ocean City during the last summer were laid end to end—Well, anyway, Jack is a full-fledged iceman—no, not what you're thinking. He came to college in wonderful shape, all set for the annual football classic, '32, vs. '33. It might be added that by holding down his end berth for four years, Jack has greatly helped to set the perfect record hung up by the Class of '32,—no hits, no runs, no errors.



Settle and Conner have roomed together for four years and Conner's humor is at last breaking down Settle's dogged resistance. Conner's persistence has taught Jack to listen the first time in order to avoid numerous and monotonous repetitions. The only thing on which the two Jacks agree definitely is the "Tiger Rag"—they both try to play it at once on the piano Hall Conn so unwisely bequeathed to them. This proved a rather forceful way to make their fellow entryites realize that the library was the place to *try* to study.

Bijur's cigarette supply has often suffered neavy drainage at the hands of Conner. Herbie's fickleness in tobacco tastes leads him to change his brands often, whereupon Jack must accustom himself to the same—rather inconsiderate of Herb.

Permanent Class Vice-President; Cap and Bells; Class Secretary, 3; Class Treasurer, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3.

Biology Major.



DAVID PRICE CORDRAY

College Avenue  
HAVERFORD, PA.  
Born 1905

Entered from U. S. Military Academy in  
1929.

“Can you tell me if David Cordray is married” responds a naive feminine voice in a hopeful tone in reply to Oscar’s tentative “hello”. Although Dave has been with us since Sophomore year, his private life is so mysterious that we can do little more than second the Registrar’s dubious denial to the above question. Occasionally rumors of his past do come to our attention, and we learn that his quite placid existence at Haverford was preceded by a turbulent period at West Point.

Mars, personified by football, and Venus, left Cordray but little opportunity for academic research, so of late he has found it wise to sacrifice the God of War, and run no danger of repressing strong biological drives.

Perhaps this is due to tri-monthly Meeting and the Quaker influence construed in its widest sense to include Baker and Gaskill.

Dave is a philosopher, not in the pure sense of a Kant or of a Gaskill but he has constructed a workable hypothesis on which to base his life, to the effect that “work is a nuisance but must be accomplished to realize the better side of life”. He has his own peculiar ideas on the meaning of “better”. “Life is just a bowl of cherries”, he exclaims as he sums up his philosophy.

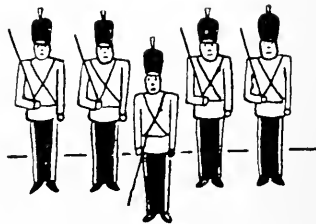
Dave is smooth on the outside, but tough enough underneath. Such a combination should place him well up in his chosen profession, medicine, and help him to build up a broad practice (women . . . and children confide in him).

Cordray, a day student, eats lunch at college. He says he likes to watch the animals feed. He convinces himself of his own superiority by the utterance of an occasional “oint, oint” with which he scornfully characterizes the gluttony of his comrades as he grabs the applesauce from beneath Woodward’s ravenous clutches.

“Come on over to the house and have a cigarette, Harry.”

Chemistry Club, 2, 3, 4; RECORD Business Board.

Pre-Medical Major.



GEORGE KNOWLES CROZER, III  
Montgomery Avenue and Cherry Lane  
WYNNEWOOD, PA.  
Born 1910

Entered from Montgomery School in 1928.

SCION of a socially prominent (do you read the social column) Philadelphia family, George has spent all too little of his time on this our hallowed campus. Four years as a day student have left most of us only with the impression of a genial well-dressed, well-car-ed visitor who always seemed to pay attention to even the dullest professors and whose marks amply confirmed that idea.

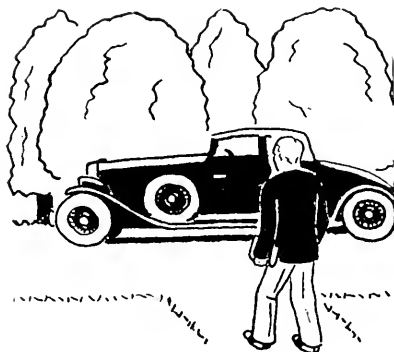
Once in a while between classes George would drop into the Baker-Jopson dive over in Eighth Entry and join the boys in study, but towards the end of his collegiate career, the siren Lockwood drew him into idyllic Latin courses where brainy people meet once a week (two lumps, and a little cream please, sir!) and consider a 90 a disgracefully low mark.

Along this line, we cannot refrain from picturing for you, gentle reader, George in Italian class. Comfortably reclining on one



of Sandy's many luxurious chairs, cigarette or pipe aristocratically lying between his lips, he reads off his fifty lines of Dante with a studied indifference, is mildly annoyed with Baker's quibbles, and occasionally engages in an argument with his host about the pronunciation of some ancient name or another that nobody gives a damn about anyway. These conference courses removed his joyous person from the campus and his companions lost touch with his amours which were carried on with surprising degrees of success.

Everybody who meets George likes him; and when in future years as a comfortable, portly and dignified family man and social lion he returns to Haverford in his Cadillac 16, we'll be glad to see him and to talk over the good old days we wish we had spent together at college.



Football, 1, 2, 3; Numerals, 3; Classical Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Executive Committee, 3, 4.  
Latin Major.



WALLACE DE LAGUNA

221 Roberts Road

BRYN MAWR, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Haverford School in 1928.

WALLY comes from a family of philosophers, as you would probably guess after a few minutes conversation. It's not that he is specializing in philosophy, or talks about philosophy, but he gives the impression of having devoted deep thought to subjects which would seldom occur to anyone else. In fact, Wally is original.

His specialty at our little college has been Physics, but living as he does at Bryn Mawr College he has found time to spare from his studies while pursuing various hobbies, not the least of which is doing things to his trusty Ford and much abused motorcycle. Incidentally, not the least among the things he does to these vehicles, is to Drive them—drive with a capital D. Yes, an automobile

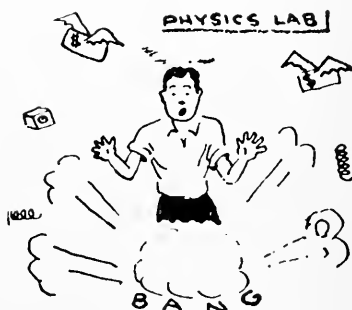
ride with Wally is like going up in an airplane without a parachute—you are crazy to do it in the first place, and yet don't dare jump out. Not that he isn't a good driver, but if he doesn't go in for taxi driving, he will have missed his calling.

But really, as we endeavored to impress on you in the beginning, you must not look for the ordinary in Mr. De Laguna. In debate he is an extremely dangerous opponent. For in a slow killing way, he is sure to pile up devastating arguments which would never have occurred to anyone else. Carrying this ability a little farther, the class concedes Wally to be unexcelled in the Art of Asking Professors Embarrassing Questions. "Now Dr. Sutton, if what you said last is true, then the universe must be upside down, which is obviously absurd because of the law of gravitation and the Compton effect, etc." "Yes, De Laguna, the point is obscure, but etc."

However, just to illustrate that no one is perfect, we don't hesitate to point out that Wally is not only the champion X-ray tube destroyer in the Physics department, but that he also engineered that famous Bryn Mawr Pig Plot—but you'll find that described elsewhere in this volume, so we'll say no more.

Debating Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club, 4.

Physics Major.



WALTER IRVING DOTHARD, JR.

417 Haverford Avenue

NARBERTH, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1928.

**R**OUGH, tough, and full of fight! We think right off of Brud, or in more intimate terms the "Dote". We will long remember those exhibition boxing bouts Junior year when he took on the hardest Quakers in college, Jake and Bort, and then Phil Wagner.

Football gave Brud a chance to show us what he really could do and as the typical high school *Record* would say, he showed us plenty. While carrying the ball he never gave up hope of getting somewhere with it, even if he had to run the wrong way.

Things were not quite so easy for Brud in his Spring occupation. The trouble was to find what he should do. He could sprint, high-jump, broad-jump, throw the discus and the javelin. He even claimed he could beat Foley in the pole vault if only they would not put the bar up so high. Naturally no one could do all of these things at once, not even a Dothard, so a choice had to be made. It turned out to be largely a matter of elimination. After losing meals every day as a result of races on the board track, run-



ning was given up. Bad knees and ankles from football were hard on jumping and the size of Harry Fields and "Egg" Morris would discourage any discus thrower. They insisted on raising the bar so he left that field of activity to Giff, finally deciding to dedicate himself to the javelin.

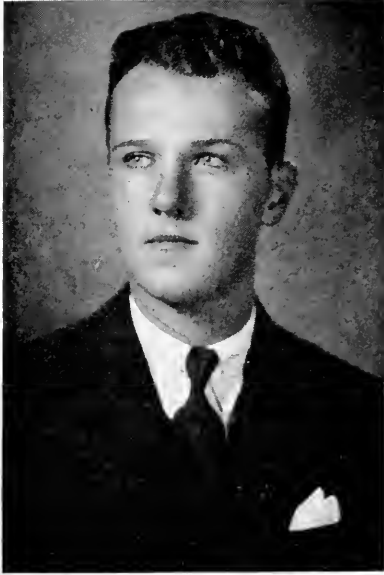
Brud is another one of that too numerous throng who dares to risk incurring our Father William's wrath by playing cards (oh, shame!) which is a not infrequent past-time with him. We are not sure but are afraid that he plays Lenz, and all we can do, as in the case of the Strick, is to suggest he get himself a Culbertson.

Brud majored in the difficult department of engineering which gave him sufficient spare time to care for his numerous and pleasant social obligations.

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4, "H", 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 4, Numerals, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4, "H", 3; Student Extension Committee, 1, 2, 3, 4; Engineering Club.

Engineering Major.





**NIMSON STINE ECKERT**

33 South 16th Street

ALLENTOWN, PA. .

Born 1911

Entered from Haverford School in 1928.

**N**IMSON STINE ECKERT is the lad whose noble features you will notice in the picture above. Familiarly called "Nims" he divides his time between bridge, economics, and a certain young lady whom he looks upon as the personification, nay the epitome of virtue, of all that is good in this evil world.

Stine spent the first two years of his life amongst us on the bottom floor of South Barclay where he and his pal Archie McKinlay were responsible for some of the best conflagrations which that venerable hall has seen in its long years of existence. They took satanic pleasure in shattering the panes of the windows with a regularity which may perhaps explain why Doggie looked so prosperous at that time. Eckert's

moderate ability in missile hurling was far outshadowed by the rowdy gang on the third floor headed by Quaker Engle, West Chester Allen, and Staten Island Woodward.

Junior year, he and Ballard made common fortune and have roomed together ever since in Eighth. There a bridge circle has come into existence consisting of Ballard, Eckert, and the boys across the hall, which bids fair to assume predominance over the down stairs gang underneath. Due to this diabolical organization, Stine finds it necessary to spend most of his time in the library. But do not be deceived, he is not a book worm. For Nims the Library is the College gymnasium where he and Longaker daily engage in the national basketshooting championship.

Stine almost didn't come to the Junior Prom in Sophomore year, due to a mix-up over the measles. If you haven't heard about this ask Woodward who is very wise and knows just lots and lots of things.

Our hero has in his possession a swell set of furniture which he defends ardently against the carelessness of his roommate. He won't admit it, but we are pretty sure he is saving it for his future menage, if he ever can convince the young lady.

Glee Club, 4; Soccer, 2.

Economics Major.





JOSEPH RUSSELL ELKINTON

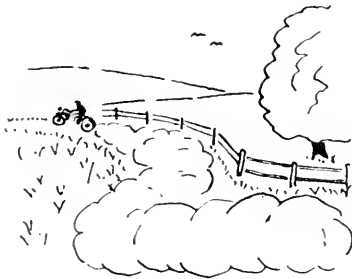
MOYLAN, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Westtown School in 1928.

IT IS invariably on a delightfully peaceful evening of study that Russ Elkinton—and let it be made clear here that his last name contains no *g* of any kind, burst in on the boys across the hall to tell them how much overtime Dougie kept him tonight, or that a new applicant for the motorcycle called up from who he thinks he can snaffle \$75 for his cement-mixer. With Elkinton once in the room all further effort at concentration is at an end, and the suite at once becomes noisy and riotous in bull session. Sometimes such visits take place more than once during the day in which case the earlier ones inevitably end in a pitched battle from which Russ always escapes unscathed.

But his most important task in life is writing at least one letter a day to a certain somebody out West. The third entry doesn't object so much to his constant retirement to secret quarter for the purpose of composing endearing missives. What it does object to, however, is the fact that almost all the mail for the entry is solely for one person and from the same place. And that isn't mail, it's fe-mail.



Behind his serene good nature and easy-go-lucky manner, Russ conceals a first class mind and business head. The fact that he can pull an A with Dougie proves the truth of the first assertion and his business management of this our *Record* (Hooray!) confirms the second beyond all possible shadow of doubt.

Perhaps it is this high-powered brain which is causing Russell the gradual loss of his locks. Less and less often does he trot to the barber shop and thinner and thinner grows that topping thatch. Remember, though, Russ, that all distinguished medical men grow prematurely bald of pate, and be of good heart!

One summer Elkinton went to Europe and he hasn't been the same since, and we doubt if the change was due to the Friends' Conference he attended in London.

RECORD Board, 4; Business Manager, 4; English Club, 3; Cast of Play, 3; Christian Union, 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 4.

Philosophy Major.



ROBERT FRY ENGLE, JR.

Haverford Gables

HAVERFORD, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Westtown School in 1928.

**B**OB is one of those fortunate creatures, says his roommate, who spends most of his spare time sitting in an easy chair reading the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Collier's*, or *P. G. Wodehouse*, and comes out with a high B average much to the disgust and admiration of the whole entry. Ever since he has been at Haverford, Bob has preferred the quiet sedentary pleasures of scholastic pursuit (in an easy chair) to the more boisterous pleasures of college life.

But this is misleading. We cannot forget those battles of fruit and vegetables in which he took part in South Barclay back in Sophomore year. He used to use especially prepared oranges and apples which had degenerated to the proper condition of maturity in the rain gutter outside his third-story

room, so that upon hitting their object, which they usually did, be it a Woodward or Pusey, they would burst and squash in almost the messiest way imaginable.

Also he is occasionally overcome with a seizure of unwonted energy which usually displays itself in a weekly resort to the Engle tool chest at the hour of eleven o'clock at night when a serious attempt is being made by the other members of the "studio" to do some work (that's what they say; and they are Parker and Bacon, if you must know their names). At such moments of quiet concentrated thought, Engle decides to "fix" the lamps or saw off the legs of the sofa. Consequently the next half hour is one of hammering and banging until Bob is exhausted, and retires to sweet slumber.

Oftentimes it is after such a night that he is likely to arise in the wee small hours of the morning, for he never believes in half-doing a thing, to go duck hunting with Rhoads or rabbit spearing with Joe Cadbury. However, following such long periods of dissipation Bob comes back to college vowing that he will never again be led astray by the false allurements of big game stalking.

Record Board, 4; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.

Chemistry Major.



PHILIP LIVINGSTON FERRIS

Oliphant Avenue

DOBBS FERRY, NEW YORK

Born 1909

Entered from Moses Brown School in 1928.

YOU remember in 1920 when Harvard went out to California to play in the Rose Bowl games. The score was 6-0. It was getting dark. Thirty seconds to play . . . It is the walking dictionary on athletics holding forth. We caught him up once. He didn't know who won the Kentucky Derby in 1897.

But Phil is more than an almanac. He is conscientious. He is the world's most conscientious sleeper and the second most conscientious breakfast eater.

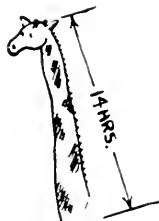
But as for the sleeping. It is 11.30 P. M. "Honest to goodness, I wish you guys would clear out. I have to get some sleep. I have a hard day ahead tomorrow," says our Phil, and bang! goes the bedroom door. And some hours later those whom he so rudely addressed tiptoe across the hall to a point of vantage where they can observe the sunrise, which is the signal for all Haverford bull-sessions to terminate.

Phil is the first person in the class to have a social secretary. He is a busy man. Although he graciously condescended to sign his name to his Christmas cards, the social secretary addressed them. And who was that? Well, whose picture is on top of his



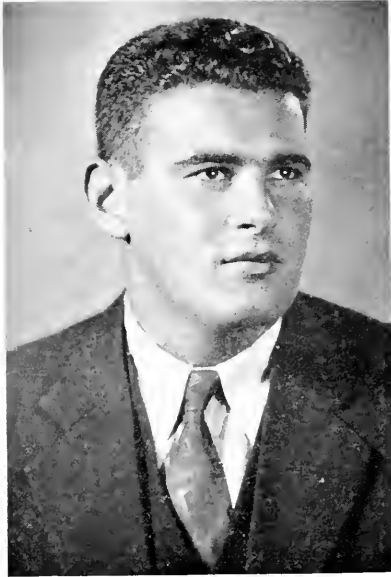
desk? Yeah, and whose on top of his dresser? What, you think that they are pictures of the same girl? You are right. Now guess who addressed those Christmas cards.

We were also going to mention some of Phil's numerous "affairs" about his dream-girl at the Baldwin School, about Rosemont, Bryn Mawr, Swarthmore, and Connecticut colleges, about cemeteries and garbage cans and June moons and the like, about the girl up in Boston who, when she heard that Foxie had broken two ribs in a little auto accident, replied in terror-stricken tone, "But how's Phil?" But then we happened to think. Suppose Jane should read this.



Tennis, 3, 4; "H", 3, 4; Captain, 4; Track, 1, 2; Numerals, 2; Football, 1, 2, 3; Class Treasurer, 3; Executive Committee, 1; Class Constitution Committee, 1; *Haverford News* Board, 1, 2; Advertising Manager, 2; RECORD Board, 4; Liberal Club, 3, 4; International Relations Club, 3, 4

Government Major.



**HARRY FIELDS**

5006 N. 7th Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1911

Entered from Frankford High School in 1928.

**C**HILDREN scream, women faint and strong men turn pale when this modern superman makes his appearance. Possessing the head of an Apollo, the body of a Hercules, the brain of an Einstein (he is probably a first cousin, anyhow) we gaze in awestruck wonder at this quintessence of perfection, this supreme realization of the Almighty's handiwork, this all of alls, than which there is no aller. **BUT**—the heel of Achilles has been found—Harry has no capacity for exploding with a good red-blooded, virile outburst of righteous indignation. He is the gentlest of lambs, compared with which a zephyr would appear to be a raging tornado. He has been known to get angry but twice, once when he ran wild and electrified us all by placing as runner-up for the National Heavyweight Wrestling Cham-

pionship and again when he had to give up on the eighth luncheon dessert, thereby forfeiting to Lipsitz who consumed nine of those delicacies.

At different times Harry has been variously mistaken for "Egg" Morris, Harvey Harman, and the U. S. Akron. In the latter case, his great breast begins to heave, his breath comes in short gasps, his eyes flash, and shaking a menacing fist heavenward, amidst a general fusillade of popping vest-buttons, he proclaims in stentorian tones, "I'd still rather be Fields". And there you have it—the Fields Philosophy.

But don't be misled by all this airy persiflage. Beneath that stout exterior lies a stout interior; beneath that hairy chest thuds a poetic soul. Never shall we forget the occasion when, soaring on the wings of Pegasus (heavy-duty model) with the wind in his hair, and the divine light of the Eternal shining from his eyes, our hero dashed off the inspired lines which we here immortalize:

Roses are red,

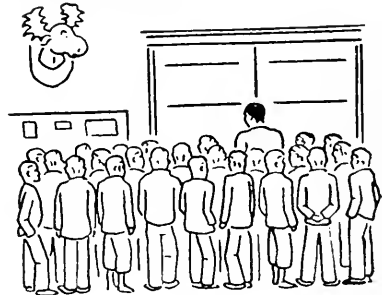
Violets are blue,

By me is all right,

How's by you?

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 1, 2, 3, 4; Walton Cup, 3; Wrestling, 3, 4; Class Treasurer, 3; RECORD Board; Executive Athletic Committee, 4; Founders' Club, 3, 4; Charity Chest, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club Play, 2, 3; Cap and Bells Club, 3, 4; English Club, 3, 4; German Club, 3.

Pre-Medical Major.



## GIFFORD PINCHOT FOLEY

413 Oak Lane

WAYNE, PENNSYLVANIA

Born 1910

Entered from Haverford School in 1928.

**S**UITS PRESSED!" Giff is our combination tailor's boy—football player—ladies' man—pole-vaulter. A very versatile young man, you see. Giff's football career smacks of Horatio Alger. Some of us who were not so good can remember how as captain of Pop's squad Giff spurred us on to bigger and better things in the way of drubbings by such nationally known scholastic institutions as the Goldie Business College of Wilmington, Delaware. But under Pop's careful tutelage Giff developed. In the final game of the season, sophomore year, Harvey Harman substituted everybody except the band and President Comfort. Here it was that Giff got his big chance. The next year he blossomed out as a regular and we learned what the expression, "Fighting Irish," really means.

But, lest we forget, Giff was the leader of the glee club. It seems that in all good college glee clubs the leader conducts in a suit of tails. Witness Giff the night before a concert, assembling his outfit. You have no idea the effect produced by Vaux's coat, his own pants, Trenbath's tie, the lord-only-knows-whose white vest, and, as a crown-



ing glory, La Due's opera hat. Hats off to our inimitable glee club leader.

If Giff ever needs a recommendation as an efficiency expert, let him come around to us. He was chairman of our incomparable (ask any member of the Class of 1932) junior prom committee. For some strange reason Giff seemed to fear that some of our less scrupulous brethren might try to crash (imagine that) the prom. They were fooled. Every window in the place was nailed shut. Giff was just one jump ahead of the other clever minds in College. He always is.

Class Vice-President, 1; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Numerals, 1; "H", 2, 3, 4; Manager of basketball, 4; *News* Board, 2; Chairman Junior Prom Committee, 3; Glee Club, 3, 4; Leader of Glee Club, 4; Student Council, 4; Customs Committee, 3, 4; Chairman, 4; Executive Athletic Committee, 4; Undergraduate Secretary, 4; Chairman Class Day Committee, 4; Founders' Club, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club; Engineering Club.

Engineering Major.





**WILLIAM THORNTON RICKERT FOX**  
5617 Dorchester Avenue  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS  
Born 1912

Entered from Hyde Park High School in 1928.

**M**AY we present here the nice boy, the infant prodigy of our class. Taking the last statement first, no one can deny that Foxy is an infant in years, and Oscar and Horse-face Harry will testify to his scholastic attainments. And who should know better than those eminent gentlemen just how brilliant our William is?

But we will best remember Bill as the most accommodating, pleasantest, most obliging—in short, the nicest—of us all. Is there a book to be returned to the library, a schedule to be filed at the office, a cigarette to be bummed, a compact review of Phil sought the night before the mid-year? Page Bill Fox. Would someone like to walk to Doc's, play

solitaire, Russian bank, rummy or even bridge? Page Bill Fox. Is last-minute aid needed in any scholastic assignment no matter on what subject? Page Bill Fox. To sum up, if there is anything to be done in which assistance is desired or demanded, find Foxy and your troubles are ended.

According to the above paragraph one might imagine that Bill merely sits around college waiting for people in distress to approach him. Nothing could be further from the truth. His activities extend from Conshohocken to New London and are just as varied. Any one of them would have sufficed to fill the prosaic life of most college students, but not so Foxy. Perhaps the outstanding example was the Empress, whose untimely demise was mourned throughout the countryside for a radius of almost ten miles. These are but two examples of a versatility that includes the difficult feat of rooming successfully with Ferris for three years as well as the simpler pastime of just Horsing around. Truly, "This was a man."

*Haverford News* Board, 1, 2; Managing Editor, 2; Liberal Club, 3, 4; Vice-President, 4; International Relations Club, Secretary, 3, 4; CLASS RECORD, 4; Cooperative Store Committee, Secretary, 1, 2, 3.

Government Major.



## HERBERT STOCKTON GASKILL

12 Mulberry Lane

MEDIA, PENNSYLVANIA

Born 1909

Entered from Westtown School in 1928.

SCENE: Eighth Entry.

TIME: Any old . . .

CHARACTERS: Gaskill and others.

HERB: Gee Woodward, I can't bid three, but I might get two . . . All right Woozie, that's enough out of you. Pass. I can't think tonight, those dumb . . .

CHORUS: Dumb women!

HERB: All right, all right. They just don't have any sense at all, and I told them when I was up there that the costumes would have to come from . . .

BOB: Well, what do you bid? It's gone around again to you.

HERB: And on top of that Dougie told me to write a paper on the sentiment of self-regard. How would you do that Woozie?

BOB: Shut up, shut up, shut up . . .

HERB: Yes, now what did you bid? Oh, four hearts not three hearts . . . Gee, Baker I don't know what to do. Why hello, Sandy. I just called her up and she said that . . . Yes, you better go up there and see about it. I'm just up to my ears in work, and I've got a date for the week-end starting on Thursday.

CHORUS: Bid, will you!

WALT (in his subtle manner): Hooray for the English Club!

HERB: Shut up, that wasn't funny. And she said we couldn't use any costumes

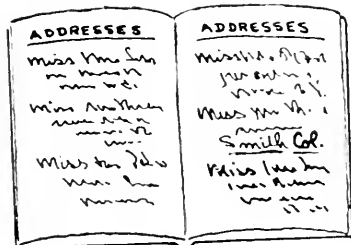


. . . You would Wayward . . . mind down in the gutter . . . Who me? Why I'm sweet and pure and innocent and immaculate. It's just you guys. You say you can't go up, Sandy, you've got that Italian class to prepare for? I've never seen anybody quite so dumb as they are. Yes, that's right Walt, it was funny as . . .

*(One partner crawls under the table in agony. Bob and Walt utter remarks more fitting for Eighth Entry than for the pages of this book, while Herb shouts wildly at Sandy who is leaving to prepare for next week's Italian class.)*

The Philosophy Reading Prize, 3; Cap and Bells Club, 3, 4; Play, 3; Manager, 4; Vice-President, 4; Glee Club, 3, 4; Track Team, 2 3, 4; "H", 2; Soccer Squad, 1, 2; Numerals, 2; Student Council, 4; Customs Committee, 4; *Haverford News* Board, 3; *News Service* Board, 3; Class Executive Committee, 2, 3; English Cub, 2; German Club, 2.

Philosophy Major.





GEORGE GERENBECK, JR.

136 Upland Terrace

BALA, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Lower Merion High School in 1928.

WELL, I suppose you saw what Lower Merion did last night? *Only* scored fifty-five points. That makes twenty straight. It's the same old story." And with these remarks Gerry would start another day telling all who would listen about the grandest high school in the country. Rare indeed was the "bull session" into which he did not manage, by hook or by crook, to lug in some anecdote about his beloved Alma Mater.

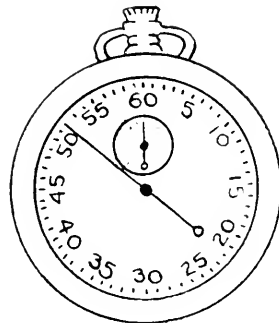
But it was on the cinder path that Gerry did most of his "talking", and proved sufficient of an "orator" along this line to wind up four years of successful endeavor by capturing the track captaincy. He is said to hold the unique record and honor of never

having been the cause of making "Pop" Haddleton lose a wink of sleep—which, considering that gentleman's propensities for worrying, is quite an achievement. But then it must be confessed that "Pop" remained in blissful ignorance of the existence of a certain young lady in far-off Erie, Pa., and of the many, long nocturnal hours shamefully consumed in letter-writing. Whether because "Pop" learned of this latter affair, or for other more immediate concerns, in any case certain it is that this last year Gerry grew restive at the inadequacy of epistolary communication, and decided to see more of the country. Most of his Xmas holidays, it seems, were spent in exploring the romantic shores of one of the Great Lakes.

During the long winter months, Gerry has beguiled away much of his time strumming a banjo or guitar in that well-known jazz orchestra, "The Haverfordians". And does he have the fancy associations? Ask him about his pal, Rudy Vallee.

Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; Football, 1, 2, 4; Numerals, 2, "H", 4; Class President, 2; Student Council, 2.

Economics Major.





OLIVER GIBBS  
497 Larch Avenue  
BOGOTA, N. J.  
Born 1909

Entered from Bogota High School in 1928.

OLIVER, like Osgood and a few others, having been afflicted with Merionitis in freshman year, never recovered from the contagion, and through all four years has valiantly upheld the honor of the class in those nether regions against each successive invasion of freshmen. When even the prospect of Lloyd was unable to lure him away this year, we began to suspect that the reason might be a lingering desire to get from the current freshmen retaliation for the numerous offenses inflicted upon him in his own Rhinie year.

Towards the end of Rhinie year Oliver achieved a brief fame, or rather notoriety, as the co-possessor and co-wielder, with Tabakin, of the Merion Shillaly, the cause of many a fruitless pursuit on the part of all the other Merionites. What with his constant exercise of that instrument and his participation in water fights and other forms of Merionitic vice, it would seem impossible that he should have been able to devote the time he did to the *News Service* board. How-



ever, for two years Oliver could be found at every college game, writing thrilling dispatches for the Philly and other small-town papers.

In addition to acting as a waiter, at which he excels, Oliver has spent much time these latter years in the interests of baseball. In fact he seems to divide his time about equally between managing the team and keeping up a dogged defense against those (to him) depraved individuals who insist that baseball is declining as a college sport. Figures, statistics and score-sheets to the contrary, Oliver, by some mystic communion with the tutelary gods of the game, keeps up his robust faith in the future of his team, and when challenged will stoutly maintain that "next year the team is bound to be stronger than ever."

Manager of Baseball, 4; *News Service* Board, 1, 2; Editor, 2; *News Board*, 4; Intramural Athletic Committee, 4.

History Major.



FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE, 3rd  
 8 Argyle Street  
 ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
 Born 1911

Entered from Haverford School in 1928

WHEN Francis Barton Gummere, III, rolled into South Barclay in the fall of 1928, after a summer abroad, his classmates promptly elected him to guard the treasury of 1932, which he did in a manner befitting the fifth lineal descendent of the Gummere tribe.

In sophomore year, Bart made his headquarters in Fourth Entry, and has reigned there ever since. (We say "reigned" advisedly.) Once when asked by a freshman if he was Tom Harvey's roommate, he looked at his inquisitor scornfully, and announced: "No, son, I am not Harvey's roommate; Harvey is my roommate."

With basketball, baseball and trying out for the managership of the Musical Clubs taking so much time, Bart decided that

a biology major would most perfectly fit in with the general scheme of things. A keen interest in Biblical Literature became apparent about this time also, and any day with more than two hours of classes was a bleak one indeed. How could a fellow go in for athletics during the afternoon and spend the evening in Camden if he didn't get a bit of rest in the next morning? We ask you! How?

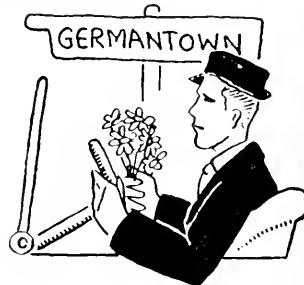
During class elections at the end of Soph year, Bart pulled the prize hammer of his career. Gaining the floor during nominations for the presidency, he asked: "Who appoints the Junior Prom Chairman? The first-half President?" When answered in the affirmative, he shouted dramatically: "I nominate Foley!" On the strength of this his roommate received three votes.

Not content with two sport captaincies, Barton saddled himself with another responsibility last winter—this time a permanent one. Germantown proved to be the oasis in the desert, and now everyday a Ford touring car carries a groom-to-be to the home of a bride-to-be.

We wish them every happiness!

Basketball Team, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4;  
 Baseball Team, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; Business  
 Manager Musical Clubs, 4; Cap and Bells  
 Club, 3, 4; Executive Committee, 4; Junior  
 Prom Committee, 3; Chairman Football  
 Dance Committee, 4; News Board, 1; Class  
 Treasurer, 1; Football Squad, 2.

Biology Major.



CLAUDE ROBERT HAINES

140 West Drexel Avenue

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Lansdowne High School in 1928.

**V**OICI, Messieurs et Mesdames, M. Claude Robert Haines (Bob to you), the man who would rather speak French than English. Actually he hails from Lansdowne, Pa., U. S. A., but four days in Gay Paree changed him into a first class "Frog," and as such he arrived at Haverford, to take the College and Uncle Bill by storm.

Bob has three main passions in life: French (as has been intimated), oratory and the drama, all of which he has (more or less) successfully pursued here at College. But besides these—shall we say—virtues, we can mention off-hand at least three deep and besetting sins: women, a blue cape, and a mania for clipping coupons from magazines for free samples and the like.

The women Bob has already told you about (when he could catch you) so that it is scarcely necessary to list his conquests in this place. But many were the happy hours he and Rudge, aided and abetted by Katzenbach, whiled away in discussing Love as expounded by Emerson, Havelock Ellis and other authorities.



The matter of the cloak we shall pass over lightly—in fact it might be better if we were to cloak it in utter oblivion. For some reason it has appeared but little of late, though we suspect that it is still treasured away in Bob's closet. And speaking of closets—but that's another story, one which can't be told here.

As for the mail, all we can say is that the rest of the Seventh entry began to notice that all the coupons were being surreptitiously clipped from their magazines, and that shortly thereafter Bob began to receive hundreds of replies to his nefarious requests. We do hate to mention it, but some of the replies were addressed to *Miss Claudia R. Haines*, and were not fit for self-respecting young men to read.

Corporation Scholar, 1; Alumni Prize for Oratory, 3; Glee Club, 2; Classical Club, 2, 3; English Club, 2, 3, 4; Christian Union, 2, 3; Debating Team, 3, 4; Liberal Club, 2.

Romance Language Major.



JOSEPH NICHOLSON HARTEL

45 West End Avenue

HADDONFIELD, N. J.

Born 1908

Entered from George School in 1927.

JOE is a human time-piece. He retires every night with absolute regularity at the outrageous hour of ten-thirty. He is extremely punctual to meals and to classes, always arriving at least five minutes in advance of everybody else so great is his hunger and his thirst for knowledge.

It has been a considerable mystery to us where Hartel got all his varied nicknames. Be that as it may, he is variously called "Spike", "Room and Bath," and "Hotel". He has been around these parts long enough however to have received almost any moniker from the inventive genius of his fellows.

Every morning after breakfast, and you can count on this, my friends, summer or winter, Joe gets his newspaper and with his back to the fireplace, regardless of whether

any heat is issuing from therein, proceeds to read it thoroughly.

Hartel's dissipations consist of *vitrose*, and pinochle. Who can forget him intoning in deep Luntish voice:

"I have a considerable meld."

The thorn in his flesh, the cause of his insomnia, is that estimable and apparently harmless creature Jack Settle who bothers him by interrupting his consistent studious efforts.

There are two things which have become intimately identified with his person. In the first place his mustache which is of two year standing, blond, respectable, and forgivable, Secondly his race track suit. This is unpardonable.

One time Joe was coughing and nearly broke his back so that he had to indulge in a vacation in Mabel's sanitarium where he was taken for a prof. We recommend Old Golds or the Smith Brothers.

Hartel is majoring in Government, and under excellent equine instruction and aid is making great strides in it. He expects to join that army of the poor, the school teachers, and instruct this branch of science, or maybe history.

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 4; Varsity Soccer squad, 1, 2; Varsity Baseball squad, 1, 2.

Government Major.



## JOHN HACKER HOAG

Haverford, Pa.

Born 1905

Entered from Westtown School in 1923;  
re-entered 1930.

**S**HORTLY after the opening of Junior year, a certain open letter to Smith College announced that "a mountain, entitled John Hacker Hoag, has been more or less permanently installed on the Haverford campus". Thus was heralded far and wide John's return to the fold of the faithful.

John was soon recognized as the glibest and most polished *raconteur* in the class. Each story told served only to remind him of further incidents and adventures. Moreover, he had the jump on the rest of us in that he has not merely heard of, but *knows* all the characters of Haverford legend who shone about the time we were entering prep school. John is the only undergraduate who was on the last cricket trip to England, and the only one who knows at first hand how our Haverfordian ancestors conducted Rhinie cake-walks, cane-fights and other honorable institutions which we moderns have utterly debased or completely forgotten. But John, too, proved himself an iconoclast, smashing all precedent by inveigling the faculty into letting him finish in February. Accordingly, when once he had recovered from the strain

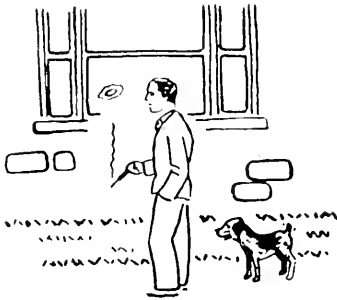


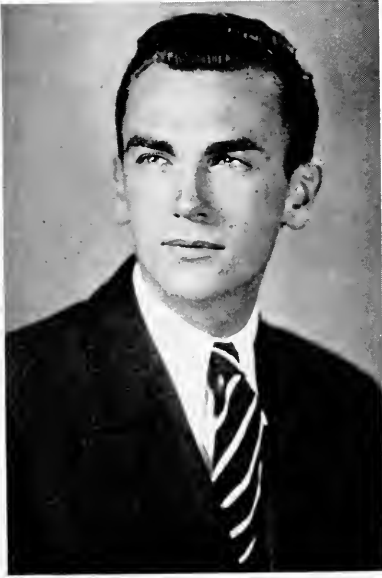
of mid-years, John hastened to join the rapidly growing ranks of those enmeshed in the holy bonds of matrimony.

But his chief claim to fame was gained in cricket and soccer. It was a sight for the gods to watch John waddle down the field after what always appeared a peculiarly insignificant soccer ball. At one time he entertained track aspirations, thus causing continual strife with Pop about the proper training for putting the shot—John's conception being to walk out smoking a cigarette in the inevitable holder! His career with us was brief, but with the help of the faithful "George" he firmly established himself as one of the class's most picturesque characters.

*News Board*, 1; *Haverfordian Board*, 3, 4; Soccer Team, 2, 3; Numerals, 2; "H", 3; Cricket Team, 2, 3, 4; "H", 3; Captain, 4; English Trip, 1925; Track Team, 3; Numerals, 3; Second Hibberd Garrett Verse Prize, 3; Instrumental Club, 2.

French Major.





### SYDNEY ALFRED HUNT

The Valleyview Farm, Whitehall Road  
NORRISTOWN, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from West Philadelphia High School  
in 1928.

THE best place to raise the curtain on Sid is right where he lives: on the stage. That tall, spare figure with the wig-like head of jet-black hair and the circus-trained eyebrows is unmistakably he. Like a dancing master he gyrates about giving suggestions as to stage directions, helping other people with their lines and gestures, whispering sweet nothings into the ears of Bryn Mawr, and even doing a little acting himself, just to show that he practices what he preaches.

He has walked away with most of the productions in which he was cast, and ended his career in a blaze of glory as Romeo, giving the entire Hathaway Shakespeare Club (exclusively for women) emotional delirium tremens—not excluding the old lady with the ear trumpet in the forty-second row.

Nobody has ever been able to figure Syd out. His likes and dislikes are violent. He is serious in his frivolities and vice versa. Syd is disconcertingly sincere and so is an unmerciful critic; but since his criticism falls heaviest on himself, his occasional victims grin and wish him well.

For four years we have been vainly trying to ascertain his six or seven middle names which he refuses to acknowledge. We have a lasting respect for anyone who can keep a secret for that long against repeated attacks from all sides. The rumor has gone the rounds that one name is Roman and begins with a "C". We guess Caligula. (There, Syd, that ought to make you 'fess up).

Tom Potts, serious, unimaginative pillar of morality, and Syd, emotional, fiery, and sensitive, have lived together for two years. Despite their dissimilarities, they generally seem to arrive by widely divergent paths at similar conclusions in any serious matter, and that is about the biggest compliment we can pay to either one.

Junior Prom Committee; German Club, 2; Classical Club Play, 2; English Club, 2, 3, 4; President, 3; Play, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Play, 2, 4; Play Committee, 3, 4; Cheer Leader, 2, 3; Head, 3; RECORD Board; *Haverfordian* Board, 3, 4; Class Executive Committee, 1; Vice-President, 2; Student Head Waiter, 4.  
German Major.



## HENRY GIFFORD IRION

1430 Belmont St., N. W.

WASHINGTON, D. C.

Born 1909

Entered from Eastern High School in 1928.

*"An ultra-poetical, super-aesthetical  
"Out-of-the-way young man!"*

THESE famous lines represent perfectly the key-note of Gif's existence. He is one of the most incorrigible romanticists ever to tread the well-worn paths from Haverford to Bryn Mawr—and back. Because of his unswerving devotion to romance and aesthetics, Dame Rumour has found in him a subject worthy of her art. Rhinic year, they say an irate sophomore, frenzied by the never silent Vic, burst into Gif's room to find him clad only in mystic veils, performing an esoteric dance to the voluptuous strains of "Salome".

In "Dr. Faustus" he again created a sensation when, after much vain conjuring, he eventually appeared—an epic moment in the annals of Roberts Hall stage—as Helen of Troy: flaxen locks, a painted face, "a sight to dream of, not to tell". The unruffled calm of Junior year was shattered for Gif, when he suddenly discovered that his "tech-

nique" was lamentably imperfect. But the real blossoming of Byron came in Senior year when he fondly boasted a sweetheart in every Bryn Mawr Hall. Whether or not this is strictly true, it is at least certain that in the eyes of Bryn Mawr he is one of the better known Haverfordians.

During Junior and Senior years Gif's exuberance, Scudder's car, and the pernicious influence of Bijur and Walton made the Sixth Entry the scene of numerous and noisy co-ed revels, in which Gif always played a prominent part. Whether or not the feminine pulchritude there gathered formed the inspiration for Gif's sonneteering we do not know—Gif and the muses alone can tell.

English Club, 2, 3, 4; President, 2; Cast of "Dr. Faustus," "Hamlet", "Good Theatre", and "Romeo and Juliet"; Liberal Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer, 2, 3; President, 4; Classical Club, 3, 4; Cricket, 4.

English Major.





HARRY GORGAS MICHENER JOPSON  
 1824 Pine Street  
 PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
 Born 1911  
 Entered from William Penn Charter School  
 in 1928.

TALL and lanky, Harry's range of interest has been almost as wide as his body is long. His diverse activities fall into three general fields, viz: the pursuit of nature, the pursuit of other huddlers, and the cultivation of a hopeful attitude.

The first started, when as a lowly Rhinie he discovered that three of his classmates, Cadbury, Loomis and Smiley, were also infected with an unwholesome desire to pry into the innermost secrets of the campus birds. The *Bird Club* emerged from this disease, and has provided under various and assorted names amusement for us all ever since. Harry rose from the ranks to the Presidential chair and under the more general title of the *Field Club*, the bird trips were supplemented by cat hunts, geological expeditions and other forms of perversion.

As a result, Harry has been following the customs of his beloved wild life, and after a hard night of *Field Club* activities, returns from his daily class, and hibernates, usually arising in time for dinner which he consumes in true animal fashion.

Much of Jopson's time has been taken up by arranging inter-dorm basketball games for evenings which he has free, by frequently swearing off smoking, by receiving Gaskill's practical advice on the seven best ways of avoiding Pop's eager clutches, and by playing with his shot gun (beware, Woodward!)

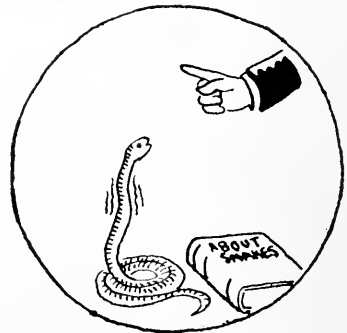
As Baker's roommate he has come in for his share of bridge, which may be one reason why that *Hadfield* came in about three months late.

His Sophomore year marked the beginning of his optimistic hopeful attitude, and he has been most gay ever since. Well, Harry, may it always be thus in the weary days to come. Never give up hope! More power to you! And remember where there's a will, son, there's a way.

"Why shouldn't I hit that pitcher? dammit!"

Glee Club, 3, 4; Track Squad, 1, 2, 3, 4; News Board, 3, 4; Assistant Sports Editor, 4; Sports Editor, 4; Field Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; Intramural Committee, 3, 4; Chairman, 4; Chemistry Club, 2; Campus Club, 4.

Biology Major.





HERBERT HALL KATZENBACH, JR.  
 497 West State Street,  
 TRENTON, N. J.  
 Born 1909

Entered from George School in 1928.

WHEN you see a fellow walking over the campus with the leaden step of a sleep-walker and a melancholy, far-away look in his eyes, you can be pretty sure either that somebody has just smitten him violently on the head with a twelve-pound mallet or that he is in love. When we consider that being hit heavily on the head steadily for four years is bound to have a deleterious effect upon the constitution and that Hall is still fairly robust, our deduction is plain.

Such unswerving fidelity as Hall has exhibited through four long years is quite unique. The more so because in the past he has variously roomed with Read, the play-boy, Haines, the philanderer (*soi-disant*), and Rudge, the man of the world. The climax came this year with Allen—(supply at will, who of all people is least likely to sympathize with love's young dream. At any rate it has been a strenuous test of the strength of Hall's interior fire.

Hall was our first-class president and, believe us, we never saw anything like his



presiding. Bang (fist on table). "Order Yes, Mr. Jopson." Bang (foot on floor) "Order!! Who knows whether Mr. Taylor is in order. Mr. Secretary, you had better find out from the constitution." Bang. "Order!!! I wish the dickens you'd sit down, Mr. Haines. Stop that chalk throwing back there." Bang. "Order!!!! Great balls of fire!" Bang.

Once upon a time Hall was a track man, but his wind soon gave out due to the strain of talking continually over the long-distance phone. A very affable chap (except when mooning over the next trip to Baltimore) and if you back him into a corner and choke him he'll give you a cigarette, and that's as much as one should ever ask of a pal.

Class President, 1; Secretary, 4; Student Council, 1; Customs Committee, 2; Soccer, 1; Track, 1, 2; "H" 2; Classical Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; English Club, 2, 3, 4; Cast of Play, 2, 3, 4.

English Major.





LEWIS LEBERMAN KOHN

1516 N. 15th Street  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Born 1912

Entered from Central High School in 1928.

**S**ELDOM, if ever, are records set which it is well nigh impossible to break. Lew set one of these. Lewis has enjoyed two college breakfasts in four years of college. That is to say, he has indulged in two college breakfasts during his career at Haverford, for nobody with the possible exception of Oscar, who has been sampling them for thirty years, has ever confessed that they enjoyed even one college breakfast. Lew would have had a perfect record, but once he stayed up all night studying for one of the Baron's examinations and on another occasion, in an insane fit of scholastic endeavor, he got up at six o'clock for one of Postie's exams.

Lew and Zephyr, the two Gussies, during their three-year period of association were noted for one thing. They were, to use

somewhat technical language, absolutely and entirely uninhibited. Lew's first reaction to any crazy proposition is always "Why not?"; and with that he goes for his coat and hat and we are on our way, that is, if the other parties to the transaction have not backed down.

In addition to being Scudder's only rival in the field of music, Lew is a profound and extensive reader. The only reason he isn't a *Phi Beta* is that he chooses to do his reading along extra-curricular lines. Taking a course in "Italian Literature" of the Eighteenth Century" would, for example, exclude Casanova automatically from his reading list, although at any other time Lew might possibly be able to find something of interest in it.

One final picture. Lew is playing bridge. Herbie Bijur is his partner. "Six diamonds" says Lew, indicating no losing tricks in diamonds. "Pass" says Bijur. Previous to that we thought Lew had no temper worthy of the name.

Instrumental Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 3, 4; English Club, 2, 3; Classical Club, 2, 3; International Relations Club, 3.

History Major.



ALBERT HERMAN KRETSCHMER, JR  
614 Redman Avenue  
HADDONFIELD, N. J.  
Born 1910

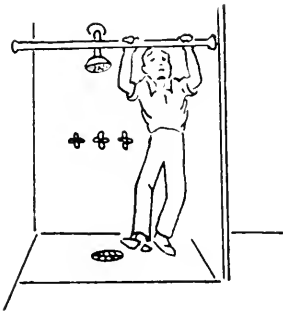
Entered from Camden High School in 1928.

ALBIE entered our midst with the reputation of being the handsomest man in Camden High School, with the only exceptions to his otherwise flawless beauty being a chisel chin and a pretzel figure. The old adage that a protruding chin is a sign of— etc. is certainly true in Albie's case. To put it in his own quaint and inimitable way, his motto is "We don't mess wid 'em!" Even in the good old days when Rhinies were put through a first night and kept in their places, Albie started his career at Haverford with a policy of taking no "stuff" from anyone. Accordingly, instead of reporting in front of Barelay on that memorable eve of our arrival at this institution of higher learning, he went straight to bed. And not only that, but when Bevan's cohorts came after him, he told them where to get off, and actually got away with it!! And speaking of Freshman year, Albie then had one almost daily



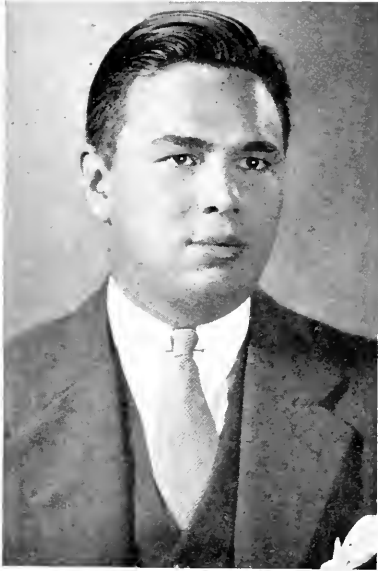
but little known pastime. That was throwing Lipsitz-the-H-out-of-the-room". The continual necessity for recurrence of this feat is a sad commentary on Al's success.

During his first two years Albie served on Pop's squad and was an important factor on the Class of '32 football team. But about the last half of sophomore year he began to be seen on the campus only at infrequent intervals. The curious were given to understand that Haddonfield had a decided attraction (feminine gender) for Albie. So much so that his idea of going home for a week-end came to mean leaving College Thursday and coming back Tuesday. By Wednesday he was laying plans for the next week-end. However, by senior year Al had reformed his exaggerated ideas on such matters and had returned to the normal conception of a week-end.



Football, 1, 2; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4;  
German Club, 2.

Mathematics Major.



JOHN BYRON LADUE, JR.

25 E. Washington Street

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Born 1911

Entered from Chicago Latin School in 1928

THE last surviving member of the Jarratt League for the suppression of all squaws on the reservation . . . The last surviving member of the Haverford College Bar Association. The last rose of summer, that's what he looks like when he gets up in the morning (or if he has gone to bed exceptionally late, when he gets up in the afternoon) . . . *The last*—that is our idea of Johnny. He stands for a generation that is passing, that is past, which now that he is graduating is no more.

“Honorable Mention in German—JOHN B. LADUE.” So read the commencement program at the end of freshman year. But alas! we hear no more of it in the years that follow. John is undoubtedly one of the type referred to by Uncle Billy, when he

described the intellectual genius who, at the age of twenty, has burned himself out through overstudy.

Passing over John's other scholastic accomplishments, we come to John's extra-curricular performances. He was a journalist *par excellence* and a football manager of distinction. But this is all very unimportant. John's real reputation was for his hospitality. He was a better host than he knew, or than he cared to be. For ninth entry, downstairs on the right was the scene of an almost eternal game of contract. The old maestro, Professor LaDue, was not always playing, but that did not prevent the disciples of Culbertson from foregathering in his absence.

But we have not as yet touched on John's relationships with the fair sex. We were puzzled about that so we asked him. “A hit with the parents, a flop with the daughters,” was the terse reply. And we congratulated him, for he was one up on the rest of us, who find the parents also hard to handle.

Manager of Football, 4; *News Service* Board, 1, 2, 3; *Haverford News* Board, 1; Cap and Bells Play, 3; German Club, 2; International Relations Club, 4.

Economics Major.



ELMER GILBERT LIPSITZ

1256 Magnolia Avenue

CAMDEN, N. J.

Born 1910

Entered from Camden High School in 1928.

*Harry had a little lamb,  
And now it seems to me  
That everywhere that Harry was,  
"Lip" was sure to be.*

SOMEWHERE in the immediate neighborhood of the colossal Fields the careful observer will notice a dark thick form. That, my friends is not "Toot's" shadow but "Lip", embryo doctor, highpower salesman of pipes, class mugs and what have you, insistent renter of U-drive it cars, and famous as co-dictator and assistant boss of Merion.

His greatest triumph was achieved at the Wilmington concert in Sophomore year where he and Job Taylor gave an unrivaled exhibition of tap-dancing in which both tumbled gracefully to the floor. The 64 spectators, probably thinking it was part of the act, were not particularly surprised. But then they had just listened to the Instrumental Club.

Immortal fame and a position just slightly under Allendoerfer in the Hammer Club came to him at another concert. It was a dual affair and after the final curtain had fallen, our hero walked up to the exhausted Foley,



slapped him fraternally on the back and with comforting smirk ventured. "Well, Giff, there's one Glee Club worse than ours anyway." The Swarthmore lad who had been congratulating our leader uttered an embarrassed "excuse me" and walked meekly away.

Lip is quite the psychologist. There is nothing more amusing than to listen to him attempt to defend Freud. With words all over eleven syllables in length, he was often almost successful in convincing Dougie Steere that he knew what he was talking about despite the latter's conviction of the inability of others and of the infallibility of himself.

Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; Numerals, 3; "H", 4; Wrestling, 4; Manager of Wrestling Team, 3, 4; News Service Board, 2, 3; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Play, 3; Cap and Bells Club, 3, 4; Debating, 1.

Biology Major.





DAVIS RICE LONGAKER

15 Montrose Avenue

KIRKLYN, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Haverford School in 1928.

FOR THE first year of college, we watched Rice tapping his foot and fitfully scrawling queer signs in his notebook when he should have been listening to  $F(x)$  in the Large Math Room, or absorbing Billy Reitzel's lectures. Many took it for a slight nervous disease and let it go at that, but now we know that a new *Tiger Rag* or *St. Louis Blues* was in the making. Ever since our Rhinie Cakewalk, when the harmonious trio of Longaker, Settle, and Read was introduced, Rice has made steady progress along this line, in evidence of which we mention the *Haverfordians* and with slightly less enthusiasm the *Instrumental Club*. Should this continue Rice might even become a crooner, who knows? He certainly has the head of hair for such an enviable occupation.

Rice is just as efficient on the athletic

field as in the ballroom. In soccer he has been on the forward line for three seasons. Here we have the secret to his perpetual good humor. Whenever anything unpleasant happened, he just laughed and murmured to himself: "Well, that's all right, I'll take it out on the goalie this week." And he did, as the Swarthmore game will bear witness.

Longie spends most of his time in the Library in the neighborhood of some one hundred and twenty thousand books, and even opens one if nothing more inviting comes up. Otherwise he discusses current questions of importance with men of importance like Woodward or Strickler, or lets his childish nature get the better of him, and annoys the industrious occupants of the Baker-Pusey alcove by presenting them with one or two of the Library's best scrap-baskets in no too gentle fashion.

Many people will ask where such accomplishments as these will get a man when he launches out into the cold world of today. Well, Rice was no *Phi Beta*, we will have to admit, but he did finally pass Government I and our money is on him every time.

"Check your oil, Woodward?"

Vice-President of Class, 3; Executive Athletic Committee, 4; Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 1, 2; 3, 4; Instrumental Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Leader, 4; Cap and Bells Club; Basketball, 1, 2.

Economics Major.



EVARTS GREENE LOOMIS, JR.

275 Montclair Avenue

NEWARK, N. J.

Born 1910

Entered from Barringer High School in 1928.

EVARTS is one of those who has persisted most faithfully in making life miserable for the "poor little birds." He was an ardent disciple of the Emlen-Hiatt ornithological guild and has particularly annoyed the smaller species (of which he wasn't afraid) by setting traps for them.

Yes, we said "Species", thus lending the atmosphere of scientific biology, for Evarts is a biologist. You can find him in the Bug lab most any day—or night (we were going to say when we remembered certain occasions when Street took him up to Bryn Mawr.) There, in Sharpless, we mean, you will see him carefully sticking long pins through flies which obviously are already dead, or even pulling the insides out of a cricket, or a grasshopper, or a worm, or a dog-fish, or a lamellabrancheata.

Such has been the trend of Evart's college career, which he has carried forth with an eager enthusiasm for all manner of impossible projects, which once aroused cannot be quelled by his pals' most potent objections.

There is a story about the campus concerning a certain excursion on nearby waters, on



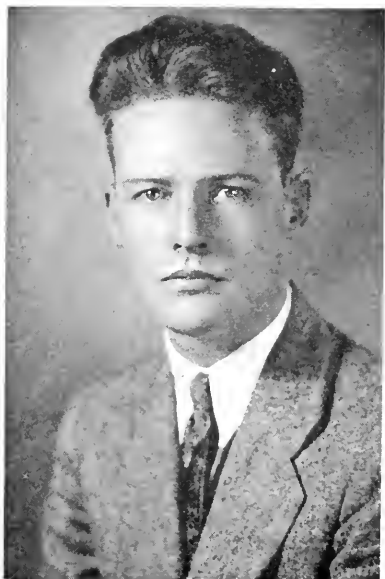
which it is rumored that Evarts wasn't fishing. But unless Dana has entirely corrupted this child of nature, we feel sure no one swam back. For he is a child of nature. One look at his foot wear shows that. The mocassins are the result of his summers in the White Mountains where he carries tremendous loads of food to the Lake of the Clouds for starving Girl Scouts to eat. After packing over rocks, mocassins feel good; so he puts them on at College when he isn't working just out of force of habit; that is—he wears them all the time.

The only thing that has kept him so free from the ordinary vices is the fact that he doesn't realize how good looking he is, but one year in New York after commencement should take care of that. We hope not at any rate.

Field Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 3; Radio Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 2, 3, 4; Cast of "Devil's Disciple"; Social Service Chairman, 4.

Biology Major.





**ARCHIBALD McKINLAY, IV**

200 Midland Avenue

WAYNE, PA.

Born 1911

Entered from Radnor High School in 1928.

**T**O Archie must be attributed the dual honor of being the first father in our class and being our most ardent supporter of mediaeval fundamentalism. Once upon a time Archie lived in South Barclay where he had to read his Bible amid smoke, the chatter of a bull session, and the racket of the radio. He always had large stocks of food which endeared him to one and all. But all this is gone. At the close of Junior year Archie was married, and he deserted the crowds on the campus for more secluded surroundings. But Archie is not a man for solitude; he is happiest when surrounded by his friends; and so he has become a family man and given the class its first honorary member.

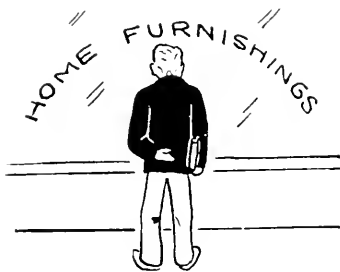
The church militant is symbolized in him.

He doesn't drink, he doesn't smoke, he doesn't even cuss, but my how these non-smoking, non-drinking, non-cussing birds can raise hell when they set themselves to the job. So it was that when Archie's stentorian voice rallied his first floor cohorts to a row-bottom, the worldly-wise third floor prepared waste-baskets and looked to its rotten fruit and water supply. Those were battles royal indeed.

But now Archie has left us. We must admit that this fact is not an unmingled sorrow. For Archie was the vilest punster that our college ever knew. He would brave bitter vituperation and even blows merely to have the pleasure of saying, "You don't like puns; how punny." Ha-ha-ha (laughter Archie's).

Archie is going to be a preacher and all we hope is that he doesn't one day so forget himself as to overturn the pulpit, yell "row-bottom" and start to throw water at his respectful congregation. However, the presence of mind produced by four years hard labor in Greek under Mr. Post should save him from any such critical situation.

Greek Major.







**WILLIAM EDWARD MILLER**

106 West Gay Street

WEST CHESTER, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from West Chester High School in 1928.

*"Cheer boys, cheer,  
We're all got diphtheria."*

THE infirmary song? No. Only little Willie taking his Thursday afternoon shower in preparation for Petie's little Latin "class". From which it should be implied that Bill's love is in the classics, and that he has the reputation of being Haverford's most original translator.

His first year was endured under the supervision of the Schramm Air-Compressing Combine, and it is no wonder that the strain resulting from this peculiar combination caused Bill to cut his mid-year exams. For this year and the next two, which he spent subduing the rampages on one Alledoerfer, he was the earnest student, inspired with a desire to be one of those ideal Haverfordians "of vigorous bodies, scholarly minds, strong characters, and a real religious experience."

But it was mere illusion. Bill's environment had not been of the proper nature to bring out his tender nature, and Senior year he moved to Lloyd. Although officially an inmate of the first entry, he was a frequenter of the Sixth, and most important of all, he became a member of the cast of "Romeo and



Juliet." For three long years, Bill had refrained from evil associations; and then, for shame, he met a girl. No longer the pious monk, no longer the paragon of scholastic effort, he made his visits to Bryn Mawr more frequent and more prolonged. The final chapter is still to be written to this epic romance, but our dough is on Miller.

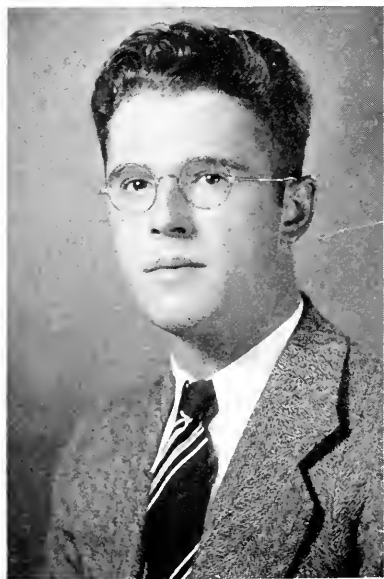
Bill has one serious fault—he works too hard. For instance, he will study something he already knows for hours for some silly quiz, on which he would get an A without writing a word because of his reputation. But he is a mine of information, and if ever asked any serious question, his inevitable comeback is:

*"See my book on the subject."*

Class Secretary, 3; Phi Beta Kappa, 3, 4; *Haverfordian* Board, 4; Record Book; Corporation Scholarship, 4; Chairman Charity Chest, 4; Class of 1902 Prize in Latin, 1; Classical Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Vice-President, 3, 4; English Club, 3, 4; Cast of "Hamlet" and "Romeo and Juliet".

Latin Major.





**ROBERT HANDEL MORGAN**

6728 Woodland Avenue

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1911

Entered from West Philadelphia High School  
in 1928.

OUR tale is of a Horse, not any horse, but, you will note, one particular Horse, not to be in any way confused with others bearing the same name. Some deluded persons seem to be in a state of confusion about the matter, as the famous episode of the tennis court and the soccer score will bear witness! (If you haven't heard the story ask Syd Hunt.)

Rhinie year, Syd Hunt harbored two unfortunate day students. Sophomore year Syd lost his roomers, one to the campus, and one to Vin Morgan. This was the beginning of that famous firm of Morgan and Morgan, the most peculiar thing about which is the attitude of either partner toward the other.

"If you value your health, don't be so rash as to think we're brothers, 'cause we're not and we don't even look alike," they say, a smothered smile of satisfaction on the lips of each of them.

Horse, or Bob, if you prefer, is a running mate of Rudy in Petie's Play House, the Library, where under the guiding eye of Jean he sits with librarial dignity recalling that of a Maxwell or even a Leeds.

Bob has attended most of the dances which have been thrown around this place for the last four years. His roommate claims he can never be found after midnight though he doesn't know where he goes, but we think that is mere nonsense and suggest that Vin by about that time is not particularly interested in the whereabouts of his straying roommate.

Horse, starting soccer with Arlington's motley crew worked his way up to a scarlet and black striped jersey and the captaincy of that snappy aggregation, the Third Team, leading them to one of the most successful seasons they have had.

Second Cope Fellowship; Class Executive Committee, 4; Class Gift Committee, 4; Blazer Committee, 3; Third Soccer Team, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; English Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cast of Play, 4.

English Major.



VINCENT ELMORE MORGAN

117 Hale Avenue  
WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.  
Born 1910

Entered from White Plains High School in 1928.

HALF a dozen times a day for three years and a half lusty cries of "Store, Morgan, store" were wont to inform the inhabitants of Founders Hall that somewhere another cog in the machinery of the Co-op store had slipped and Vin must go and locate the difficulty. The Coop has been his pet and he has spent long hours of toil and had endless conferences with Bijur in the process of restoring it to an honorable condition. But now the store is no longer his, and he is seen around there only when he is surreptitiously taking advantage of his private key to help himself to some goodies.

But you would never take him for a hard-headed business executive when on Sunday afternoons he used to snake himself out and invade West Philadelphia to waste eleven hours at a stretch. What a man! Or perhaps we should say, what a girl! And then he became call boy of the production of Romeo and Juliet and the trips to West Philly came to an abrupt conclusion, and Vin spent his Sundays (and also his Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays) haunting the wilds of Bryn Mawr.

There has been just one disappointment in



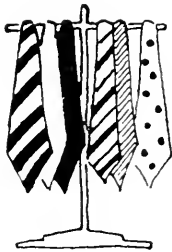
Vin's career at Haverford. And that was when in Rhinie year little Al made the horrible mistake of thinking that Horse and Vin were twins. Vin almost gave up the ghost. Although he finally recovered his self-respect by making it clear that he was not a twin, he never quite regained all his self-esteem, for some people still insist on believing that Vin and Horse are brothers.

We understand that when Vin came to College he hadn't quite decided what career he would follow. But after he had met the wives of the professors of the Chem department, he decided that perhaps it paid to be a chemist. We hope you'll not be disappointed, Vin!

"Movies, Allendoerfer."

Manager Co-operative Store, 4; Member Junior Prom Committee, 3; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 2, 3; President, 4; English Club, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Senior Gift Committee, 4.

Chemistry Major.





ELLIS CARLTON OSGOOD

3 South Richards Avenue

VENTNOR, N. J.

Born 1910

Entered from Dickinson Seminary, 1928.

THE scene is the Chemistry Laboratory; the time almost any afternoon; the characters, a number of earnest students of the noble science of the molecules. The room is pervaded with a certain air, not of hydrogen sulfide or chlorine, but of activity carried on to the accompaniment of music and song. (It is necessary to differentiate the two.) Suddenly the sickening sound of breaking glass and spilling solutions (how valuable only a quantitative analyst knows) disturbs the peace, followed quickly by a stream of most unQuaker language. Osgood has broken something more. He seems to enjoy the sound of breaking glass—at least the frequency of its occurrence at his desk would tend to make one believe so. Otherwise he is a careful if somewhat impetuous and eccentric chemist but not, however, anywhere

near being in the class of Bourne in this respect.

“Oz” is one of the members of the “country club” group who insist that all who live on the campus proper are imbeciles and that the only true home for a Haverfordian is the “country club” or Merion Hall as it is known to the readers of the college catalog. Rhinie year he roomed there and for the remaining years of his college course he has remained true to his first love. Senior year “Oz” made the bond firmer by taking another confirmed Merionite for his wife.

Outside of the Chem Lab. there are one or two great interests that absorb his time; one is his “fiddle” and the other is medicine. From this we see that he, also, belongs to that class of beings who are tolerated but not entirely respected by the true chemists; namely, the “pre-meds”. Incidentally he took some extra work in organic chemistry under Dr. Florsdorf’s direction this year, which makes him—well you guess.

Cap and Bells, 4; Instrumental Club, 1, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 1, 4.  
Pre-Medical Major.



## BARRETT PARKER

376 Vose Avenue  
SOUTH ORANGE, N. J.  
Born 1908

Entered from Columbia High School in 1928.

**B**ARRIE is the one member of our class who takes things too seriously. Be it the inalienable rights of Haverford freshmen, the high benefits to be derived from the Christian Union, the worth of the Peace Caravan, or the English Club—he has his ideas which he sticks to with might and main. He does, however, have the unfortunate habit of expressing his views concerning the English department at the most inauspicious of moments imaginable.

Possibly a librarian would be in the best position to write Parker up. At least he is never at home in his entry, and he professes to spend most of his time keeping the Parker Chair of Sitting warm (opposite the Baker-Pusey alcove). Callers knock on his door:

“Is Barrett around?”

“Well,” his roommates reply, “we think he sleeps here, but we’re not sure. He might be back when the library closes its doors unless there is an *English Club* practice.”

Perhaps because of his prolonged daily absence, Barry is so loath to get up. But once up, he cannot depart for breakfast until he has made himself into a perfect example of sartorial perfection with coat, tie, and hair



all in proper place. We are quite sure that it is he who wakes us up when he takes his morning shower at about six-forty-five. All of this because he at one time wished to reform Haverfordians and make them dress like gentlemen. Though our William’s new derby may be attributable to Barry’s letter to the *News*, we have noticed no change in ninth entry’s attire.

Engle tells us the only defect in Barry’s otherwise noble character is his love for puns, which are terrible we admit; however we think Bob is just jealous and a bit prejudiced on this subject. But dress Barrett up in a Shakespearian costume so that his puns are respectable and honored, and he is right in his element.

English Club, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 2; President, 4; Cast of Play, 2, 3, 4; *Haverford News* Board, 2; Christian Union, 2, 3, 4; President, 4; Classical Club, 2; Charity Chest Committee, 4.

English Major.





THOMAS ISAAC POTTS  
 254 West Walnut Lane  
 GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.  
 Born 1909

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1928.

LIKE all great men, Tom has some eccentricities which can be adequately described only as *Pottsisms*. One of the remarkable features of his nature is his changing fancy for clothing. Most of the time he prefers to be seen in informal attire, which usually consists of a blue work shirt, an old black sweater, and a pair of white trousers, that are not so white, girded by a strip of green cloth, a material reminder of Rhinie year, which Potts has carefully preserved throughout his college career. Occasionally he dons a gorgeous shirt of bright green hue in an attempt to keep up with younger brother Cy and his equally gorgeous red abomination.

In the domestic atmosphere of the dormitory one sees Tom issue forth from his inner sanctum arrayed only in an ancient and

decrepit felt hat, a towel neatly arranged about his middle, and carrying a cane in his hand. This is worn for evening dress, and is sometimes accompanied by an empty corn-cob pipe on which he chews with great vigor. When he retires on cold cold nights, however, he amasses socks, sweaters, sweatshirts, bathrobes, overcoats and arctics which he puts on in a mad effort to keep warm.

Members of four women's colleges vie for the changing affection of our hero who of late has overcome an aversion to the gentle art of dancing. He has attended our few dances with a regularity surprising for the staid and sober Quaker who kept the lethargic Christian Union alive so long that at the date of writing it still utters an occasional death groan.

Beginning his college days with Brinton as a soul and roommate, Tom completed them by taking Elkinton and Hunt under his extensive wing in third entry which, save for a few dubious individuals on the second floor, became Quaker *en masse*.

As fullback on the soccer team, Tom showed an eager desire to trade places with Longie and play center-forward which he did on numerous occasions in practice. He wanted to get some pot-shots at the goal we suppose.

"Back to your box, Elkinton!"

Student Council, 2; President, 4; Soccer, 2, 3, 4; "H", 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; Class President, 2, Permanent Class President; Cricket, 2, 3, 4; Numerals, 3; Customs Committee; Christian Union, 2, 3, 4; President, 3; Chemistry Club; Liberal Club; Junior Prom Committee.

Chemistry Major.



WILLIAM WALMSLEY POWELL, JR.  
7342 Rural Lane  
GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.  
Born 1910

Entered from Germantown Friends' School in 1928.

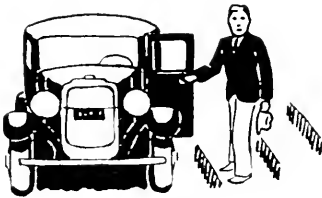
**B**ILL POWELL, we feel reasonably sure, is the person *par excellence* who occasioned our William's remark in Collection one fair Tuesday morning (or was it Friday) that he "knew who was playing cards". At any rate it is a fact that Bill has a great love for bridge and has of late shifted his affections from auction to contract. He also takes part in another variety of card game which has received names ranging from *blip* to *grobsch*.

Though he has roomed off campus for his four years, he is a familiar figure in the third entry or wherever Bill Wray, Pewee Roberts and Ray Webb have held out. He is notable for his black felt hat which he wears the day through. This is sometimes replaced by a queer contraption made of white duck which is in slightly better concord with his inevitable white shoes. His pockets are usually full to overflowing with candy delicacies which he is eager to offer to his companions.

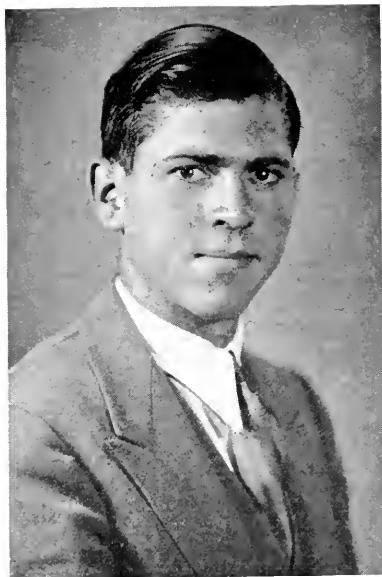


Powell, however, visits third entry, upstairs on the left, not for the purpose of work. Oh, dear no! But he indulges in cards, in cigarettes of the Chesterfield variety and in listening to the radio which is going from dawn to midnight there, making his contribution to the conversation in the form of terse epigrammatic statements which are *à propos*. None the less he has been known to spend long hours in the suite immersed in the mysteries of German A or Astronomy when the boys were not there, and he had good reason to believe that they would stay away for a while.

There is a rumor afloat to the effect that our hero is even more ticklish than that most ticklish of ticklish creatures, Bill Wray, and that he resents any attempt at such intimate approach which may be made even by his best friends.



Class Treasurer, 4.  
Astronomy Major.



WILLIAM WEBB PUSEY, III

1605 Broome Street  
WILMINGTON, DEL.  
Born 1910

Entered from Wilmington Friends' School in 1928.

HOW about a half hour of bridge?" is heard with the accompanying sounds of the wrapper being sloughed off Bill's inseparable package of gum. The purchase of this elastic wad is the only thing which can delay Bill in his precipitous flight to the Eighth Entry after lunch in his vain effort to stretch out the short half hour with Culbertson.

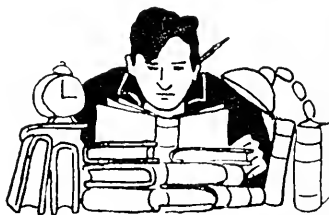
However, Bill's sporting activities are by no means limited to such sedentary pursuits as bridge. How much the soccer squad was strengthened by his work as a halfback was attested after the games by the nursing of shins and ankles. In the spring managerial duties were combined with active ones on the court. In the latter, his renowned

intellect was no doubt responsible for the deadly precision of his placements.

To omit mention of Bill's intellectual capacities would be unpardonable. His devotion to the gods who preside over studies is best shown by the rapid manner in which he consumes work. Bill has always completed the required work for the week far, far in advance. The dogged determination with which he sets out to do this is perfectly calculated to have a most depressing effect on his weaker brethren. But most noticeable of all is the respect which profs pay him (Uncle Billy excepted). It is not infrequent to hear a professor's hasty and subservient query, "What do you think of that, Mr. Pusey?", after he has noticed Pusey's sardonic grin at some unauthenticated statement. With that blush of his which greatly assists the reprimanded prof to regain his shattered dignity, we learn from Bill that on page 462 of such and such a book the facts are thus and so. We can't imagine any of Bill's future pupils being able to turn the tide in the opposite direction.

Class President, 3; Permanent Member of Class Executive Committee; *News Service* Board, 2; Editor, 3; RECORD BOARD, 4; Soccer, 3, 4; "H", 4; Tennis Manager, 4; Freshman Tennis Team; "J. V." Tennis Team, 2; Corporation Scholar, 2, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3; Founders' Club, 3, 4; Glee Club, 4; Instrumental Club, 1, 2; Band, 1, 2; Cap and Bells Club; President of German Club, 2; Editor of Rhinie Hand Book, 3.

German Major.





## JOSEPH RHOADS, JR.

1105 Franklin Street  
WILMINGTON, DEL.

Born 1910

Entered from Westtown School in 1928.

LADIES and Gentlemen, may we introduce to you 1932's first married man. Allow us to inform you that Mr. Rhoads set a new low record by slipping at the end of his Sophomore year. This, however, was to be expected, since never in all our long and varied experience, have we seen in his first two years at this institution such an erotic young man. At the slightest excuse, nay, without any excuse at all, he would hike down to the P. and W. and wend the long weary way to Westtown, the center of attraction.

However, all things must end, and our hero took the irrevocable step one nice June afternoon. Then, ladies and gentlemen, we snickered to ourselves, expecting his interest in college to decline, his grades to fall, and the list of cuts to lengthen. But did this occur? No! Our faith in human nature was shattered. Marks gradually rose to the zenith, even under the shattering fire of the Doll and the Baron. Rufus and Dougie can point with satisfaction to the added incentive by more complete self-realization. Others desirous of the same performance can take Joe as a shining example and a good argument to put up to the folks. Several of our class, needless to say, have already done so.

At college Joe is noted for a bird of a straight left to the nose, which he has been known to use when socked unexpectedly on



either ear with an orange or other round objects. His chief interest at the present time is in furs, being extremely fond of "tetching off" a squirrel or two from his back window. At one time a fast reckless driver, now he guides his chariot down the road sedately and conservatively as he comes from Westtown, as a family man should (or perhaps the memory of a certain \$13.50 and costs has something to do with it.)

The temptation to predict is irresistible. We can see him in a later year, leaning back in his office chair, his feet on the desk, a foul smelling cigar in his mouth, his thumbs in his vest, having just completed a couple of mergers and bought a lot of rising stock, surrounded by a number of graphs and charts: he reaches for the telephone and calls up his wife saying: "Sorry, won't be home for supper. Going south for a couple of days for the quail shooting."

RECORD Board, 4, Senior Prom Committee,  
4; Liberal Club, 4.  
Economics Major.





**ARTHUR SAVERY ROBERTS**

75 W. LaCrosse Avenue

LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born, 1910

Entered from Westtown School, 1928.

TO "PEEWEE" goes the distinction of having the most widely known nickname in our class, being known to one and all simply as "Pee wee". But then this is only to be expected, for anyone can see at a glance the appropriateness of the term and will probably be led to wonder if this wee bit of a fellow is really a Senior in college.

But lest the above tend to give a false impression of "Pee wee" we hasten to point out that what he lacked in size was made up for in spirit and an aggressiveness that enabled him to hold down a varsity position on our soccer team, and score many an important goal during the past three years.

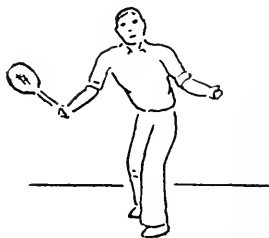
At this point we can't refrain from uttering that old bromide about the two types of

Quaker, those of mulatto type, and just Quakers. And in justice to our comrade we hasten to add that he belongs to the species of lighter hue. This is proven only too well by his interest in what one might term the lighter and more frivolous side of life, for Pee wee is first, last, and always a "ladies' man." This may be due in part to the fact that he is a Westtonian, which in turn probably accounts for numerous week-end trips to Westtown, but not for intermittent journeys to Swarthmore, Jenkintown, and neighboring points, which cause some of the rest of us to wonder just what is his power of women.

Back in Rhinie year Pee wee roomed with Bill Wray and one of the daily rituals of these two was what we shall euphemistically call "Field Day". Well do we remember trying to study while the shrill anguished cries of help emanated from our masochist friend Bill.

Varsity Soccer Squad, 1, 2, 3, 4; Numerals, 2; "H", 3; Varsity Tennis Squad, 1, 2, 3; Numerals, 2; "H", 3; Varsity Basketball Squad, 2; *News Service* Board, 1, 2, 3; Class Executive Committee, 2.

Government Major.



## HAROLD JULIAN SCHRAMM

412 W. Miner Street

WEST CHESTER, PA.

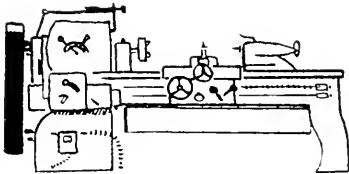
Born 1911

Entered from West Chester High School in 1928.

SCHRAMMIE, as he is known in fifth entry and elsewhere, hails from the good old Quaker town of West Chester, and brought with him from that thriving metropolis some football knowledge and Bill Miller. The former has made him quite an asset on the football field for four years. The latter—well, Bill majored in Latin.

If any of our readers should want to hear the advantages of the *Schramm Air Compressor*, which is no doubt a subject of vital interest, let him mention casually to Harold that such and such a compressor far exceeds anything of its kind anywhere. Just let him, we say, and beguiled by Schrammie's smooth talk he will immediately send in an order for at least five of Harold's machines.

"Julian," as he does not like to be called, is one of those engineers—a fact which may go a long way toward explaining why he astonished the academic world, and probably himself, by tying Walton with a 91 something



for a quarter average way back in Sophomore year. Schrammie, however, puts his engineering talents to more useful purposes and got himself a heap of free rides on the new P. and W. cars in an attempt to discover what makes the wheels go round. His pride and joy is the Engineering Club whose meetings generally degenerate into an argument of Schramm vs. Rittenhouse with the former always on top.

To look at his rugged exterior no one would guess that Harold has a soul, a passionate, tender, yearning nature. And perhaps he has none (for who of us mere men can really understand him); yet we feel sure that there must be some such basis because of his evident and faithful devotion to a single student at the West Chester State Teachers' College. But don't ask Schrammie to explain. You are likely to get a pillow in your face.

Engineers Club, 2, 3, 4; Chairman, 4; Football, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 2, 3, 4; Track Squad, 1, 2, 3; Numerals, 2; German Club, 2.

Engineering Major.



WALLACE McILVAINE SCUDDER

510 Parker Street

NEWARK, N. J.

Born 1910

Entered from Morristown School in 1928.

WHEN better records are brought to the Haverford campus, Scudder will bring them." So might the proverb run, indeed, for Wally's Victrola has done more for the musical enlightenment of the campus (as well as being the cause of profuse profanity on sundry occasions) than all the music courses combined. But Wally has other accomplishments as well. He possesses an oral wind percussion which can be heard for great distances. Scudder's chief extra-curricular activity has been to furnish transportation for all Bryn Mawrites participating in English Club functions. He was, in fact, one of the founders of the Club and once even took the part of a scholar in "Faustus".—the only time, he proudly claims, he ever played that rôle.

The one really startling and theatrical event in Wally's career occurred in Sophomore year. He had gotten back to Merion late one evening after one of his musical debauches in the big city. A seemingly frightened group of his classmates met him with the news that a strange man, presumably a stray drunk, was asleep in his bed. When a summary investigation by one of the more adventurous Merionites announced that the man appeared to be dead, Wally sprang into action. He at once began to phone for the police, and brought detachments from as far as Norristown. The conspirators secretly retired, leaving Wally alone to face the police—and a carefully manufactured dummy!

One of Wally's chief diversions for the past few years has been to entertain the pleasant thought that someday he would go over and argue Arlington (Abdominal Strength) Evans into a realization of the fact that he really did pass off the exam in Gym 1a. As we go to press, we learn with joy that he has finally gathered together the requisite energy for this ordeal, and that this blot on his 'scutcheon is now permanently erased.

English Club 2, 3, 4; Cast of "Dr. Faustus", 2; Liberal Club, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer, 4; Classical Club, 4; Charity Chest Committee, 3.

English Major.



JOHN WILLIAM SETTLE, JR.

1110 Fillmore Street

FRANKFORD, PHILA., PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Frankford High School in 1928.

THE disciple of Plato, Freud and Ballyhoo—the idealist of second entry and the college comforter is fast approaching the cold world of realities. Enter Jack Settle with a two-days' growth of what he so optimistically calls beard, a quizzical smile and brimfull of wise cracks, torts and retorts. Pop's stellar fullback and kicker de luxe is once more bound for the delightfully home-like Jenkintown—one more psychological test for the master.

Jack has successfully worried his way through college. First night at college he worried about the absence of his jaundiced roommate and having thus got the habit he has been worrying ever since. They agree on nothing, they argue on everything and J. C. is home a good part of the time. Nevertheless they get along splendidly. Settle argues for the sake of developing his mind and, or, as he so aptly phrases it, "Argumentation is the key to progress, agreement retards."

During Rhinie year Jack was thrown into the company of a strange and queer collection of undergraduates. In North Barclay were Zephyr, Miller, Feroe, Schramm, Kohn, P. V. Lawrence, Bourne and Bijur. It was here that the famous Hollander-Settle entente was first formed and it was here that the



F(x) alarm clock escapade was first thought out. It was here that Jack developed his tendencies to stay up until the wee hours of the morning discussing sex and other important matters. Here in the atmosphere of vice and blatant immorality, Settle learned the true value of will power. It was not until Senior year that Jack forgot and began to resort to mild swearing, extensive smoking and wide use of a private phone.

He is usually on the verge of another violent spell of going home (and we don't mean Frankford) and whenever you see him mooning, you can be sure he is trying to organize another plan of attack for the week-end . . .

Student Council, 3, 4; Customs Committee, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 2, 3, 4; Band 1, 2, 3; Classical Club, 1, 2; German Club, 2; Charity Chest Committee, 4; Junior Prom Committee; Senior Prom Committee.

Pre-Medical Major.





WILLIAM VIRDEN SIPPLE, JR.  
MILFORD, DEL.  
Born 1910

Entered from Mercersburg Academy in 1928.

WHEN the firm of Sipple and Zapp was organized back in Rhinie year, it brought a smile to our lips due to the peculiarity of the partners' respective names. However, their *menage* has successfully weathered all the tempests of college life for four years of North Barclay and New Lloyd. These two seem to be of great comfort and encouragement to one another, for they have both pulled down all sorts of high grades. Bill says his greatest claim to fame is that he beat Carl in averages for a quarter sometime back in the hazy past.

With his Alma Mater's golf team he went through a season's arduous divot-smacking only to miss his own initiation into the aged and respected society of Phi Beta Kappa because of a golf-match. In fact, he

received the glad news in his own unagitated manner long after that ill-starred match was over. To us to whom golf is a Scottish mystery allied to Masonry and Druidism, Bill always seemed to be taking a delight in the game which would more than recompense him for missing his initiation. Once in a while the ball would go far to the right and his lips would move as though in prayer, thanking the Deity, no doubt, for permitting so beautiful a curve.

To his glory let it be said that he offered himself up to take over the managership of the *Haverfordian* from Allendoerfer. Bill is already showing signs of wear and tear, and we expect to be able to pick out the white from his beautiful brown hair before the time he gets every bill paid.

Sipple has a very subtle sense of humor, and is, at times, almost as clever as Herb Bijur thinks himself to be. We can hardly tell if Bill is kidding or if he's kidding. Usually, however, we think he's kidding. At any rate he has imparted us some ideas up in that corner room in North which if taken seriously would put even Cappy Bourne to shame.

Permanent Class Treasurer; *Haverfordian* Business Manager, 4; RECORD Board, 4; News Board, 1, 2; Golf Team, 2, 3, 4; "H"3; Student Council, 3, 4; Store Committee, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3, 4; Founders' Club; Liberal Club.

Economics Major.



ALBERT KEITH SMILEY, JR.

MOHONK LAKE, N. Y.

Born 1910

Entered from Mohonk School in 1928.

FOR three and a half long years Cuy had been with us; for three and a half long years we had known him to be a quiet, unassuming, conscientious fellow and let it go at that. But then we all took Ethics and Rufie recommended that we write him a thesis, whereupon Cuy decided that the hour had come when he was to rise above the common herd, to do his masterpiece. And every night for weeks the midnight oil was burned and Smiley delved and delved and finally there appeared—we pause to gather strength to stand the shock—a fifty-two-page account of his researches. A. K.'s name is made, and Dougie's eyes are ruined; but small matter, another contribution to the world's knowledge has taken place.

In addition to his great love for "Self-realization" Cuy has but one fault and that is his exaggerated love of nature. We do not mind if he cheerfully helps our little feathered friends in leading useful and helpful existences. We look with approval on the various Field Club activities, and we do not even



object if he de cat and de-squirrel the campus in the company of a Jopson or a Cadbury. Nay, these are most commendable pastimes. It does, however, offend our sensitive natures to have the booty from the expedition brought to us to be admired and then be dissected before our very noses just as we are on the way to supper. But Cuy is an expert and to those lucky members of the Field Club his demonstrations are the highest form of art.

Imagine our surprise when Al purchased an auto—a Ford roadster right in the middle of his Senior year. We don't know whether he expects to get more and more of these *Voegelfeinde*, the felines, or whether it is not connected in some vague way with Cuy's secret and mysterious visits to West Chester every other week-end or so.

Field Club, 2, 3, 4; Campus Club, 2, 3, 4; Engineering Club, 2, 3, 4; Christian Union, 4; Spoon Committee, 4.

Engineering Major.



**FRANKLIN JONATHAN SMITH**

300 Goshen Road

SALEM, OHIO

Born 1910

Entered from St. Albans School 1928.

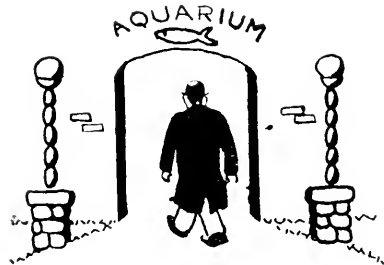
WITH the decease of General Wayne, that dear old benefactor of Haverford undergraduates in times gone by, rosy visions of the future came tumbling down about the ears of our Frankie. Now that that great motivating factor in the life of the community had been placed in the discard, Frankie, under the influence of his buddy, Fields, turned to football for refuge and solace. All went well till he finally fell before the onslaught of that devastating disease, voluntary inertia. But it would be hopeless to attempt to cover all of Frankie's career, inasmuch as there are countless chapters, variously entitled, for example, Elizabeth, Mush, Licia, etc., etc. Hence it may be well to content ourselves with one part.

All through the kaleidoscopic career of our adipose Casanova runs the underlying motif of the tragedy of Sue (better known as Susie). (1) During these four hectic years, Susie, though forgotten was not gone. She alone stuck to Frank through thick and thin (somewhat of a contradiction in terms), and mutely plead with him to forsake the gilded pleasures of the gay world and come back to her. Now, at the very last moment, it is a great pleasure to be able to announce that Frankie has at last seen the error of his ways, the injustice that he was doing to Susie. He has settled down to a quiet and restful life. Susie and he spend the evenings at home or at the movies content to let the rest of the world go by. Never does he go out without her, and such fidelity does he show that we are sure she will never abandon him. We leave the happy pair on the swing in a softly lighted rooms in fourth entry whose pregnant silence is broken only by the gentle creaking of the swaying swing and an occasional stentorian eruption from Frankie . . . curtain!

1. For identification of Susie, see Taylor, Watkins *et al.*

Football, 1, 2, 3; "H", 2; Manager of Golf, 4; Classical Club, 4.

Economics Major.





DANA MORRIS STREET

4 Ridgeview Avenue

WHITE PLAINS, N. Y.

Born 1910.

Entered from Roger Ascham School in 1928.

COME on, Ev, let's go to Bryn Mawr. Got a nickel?" (To be heard every other night at 9:30). Yes, Dana is always ready to call Bryn Mawr 297. You'd be surprised what a snake in the grass he is behind his serious and philosophical countenance. You know Flannel caught him jumping out of his window in Lloyd one night in junior year, thinking he had his first robber. We suggest that he continue to keep tabs on our "Axel" and his nightly escapades. Dana even had to take a woman along on an all-day hike out to Valley Forge. "What's the use of going without one?" says he.

In all seriousness, we think Dana is one of the most promising men in the class. Slow, but sure; very level-headed and always dependable; and this dependability inspires our confidence. He is solid to the core. He is also somewhat of a philosopher—not that he has taken as many of Dougie's courses as some—but he likes to think about the serious sides of life. If you ask him a question he will stop a minute—the least bit as



Dick Baker used to—and then give a clear and logical answer, whether you agree with it or not.

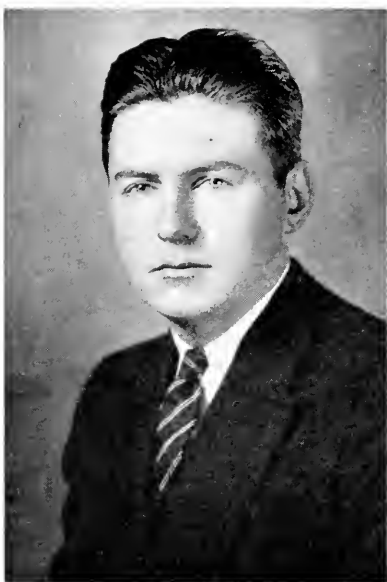
In spite of this serious side to Dana, he is by no means hard to get along with. He is friendly with everybody, though a stranger hearing his deep croaking for the first time might not think so. Speaking of his voice, he has made two good uses of it: one as a valuable member of the Glee Club, and the other as cheer leader. Remember him out there "doing his stuff" in the cold, cold wind all for Haverford?

One of Dana's ambitions is to cut our throats, meaning simply that he belongs to that great group in our class who are going to be doctors. His other ambition is to dissect and mount the bones of a skunk. We wish him luck.

Cheer Leader, 3; Head, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Charity Chest, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 3, 4; Radio Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Field Club, 3, 4.

Chemistry Majory





### CHARLES SUPLEE STRICKLER

126 Greenwood Avenue

WYNCOTE, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Lower Merion High School in  
1928.

“WHAT are we doing tonight.” is “Strick’s” usual way of greeting one at dinner. When the occasion is a momentous one Charley will vary his usual method of salutation and ask, “What’s on for tonight.” Movies, musical comedies and revues are his specialities. However of late “Strick” has contented himself with the great game of bridge as an evening’s diversion. We predict that he will soon rise to the top of the bridge-playing world if he will but throw away the *Official Book* and buy a *Culbertson*. Already he has mastered the technical language of the sport and we will long remember his “well, de bull got dat one,” or “tird spade” in tone of studied nonchalance.

In the light of the above it is of theoretical

though not empirical interest to note that one time in the distant past it was rumored that he spent an entire evening in the Library. No evidence has been discovered to date, however, that will substantiate the report. Which all goes to show that Dougie was right when he said that slander spreads.

As a Freshman, Charlie roomed with George Gerenbeck in Founders, as a Sophomore, Charlie roomed with George Gerenbeck in South Barclay. As a Junior, Charlie roomed with George Gerenbeck in South Lloyd. As a Senior, Charlie roomed with George Gerenbeck in North Lloyd. All of which goes to prove that you can’t teach an old dog new tricks. For two years “Strick” has been master and pilot of the good ship S 23-10. Many a stormy voyage has that sturdy vessel endured, under the guidance of its pilot and first mate Gerenbeck.

Strickler has followed the fortunes of neighboring school teams with enthusiasm unequalled, during his collegiate stay and is in the deepest abyss of dejection when the boys don’t come through for him.

Charles admits that he is going to be a broker, but the current depression is sending him to Penn for a year, so that he can learn the racket. Let a word to the wise be sufficient: Don’t buy any stock he recommends. It’s sure to go down.

Sophomore-Senior Dance Committee,  
Class Football, 1, 2.

Economics Major.



AUGUSTUS CRAIG SUCCOP

5030 Castleman Street

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Shady Side Academy in 1928.

AUGUSTUS CRAIG SUCCOP, known as Benny to his public, and as "the man who knows no pain" to his more intimate associates, has been wasting his time here at College when he might have been spending it more profitably in a side-show, showing amazed spectators how easy it is to drive a three-inch pin through a bared leg with a sledge hammer.

Although our hero is quite jealous of his topper, he is not at all adverse to sharing his many honors with others. As charter member of the "Love Lifted Me Club" (a long hard pull, at that) he has generously taken into his care that mighty man of brawn, John R. Watkins. These two exhort degenerate Haverfordians to come back to the paths of righteousness, using as a horrid example of loose living none other than our pal, the "Senator".

"Little Angie of the Roman Nose," as he might be called, is a man of mystery. Rumor has it that his topper and radio cost twenty bucks apiece, his slide rule some fifteen, and shouldn't be thrown around. He spends hours writing letters to a certain

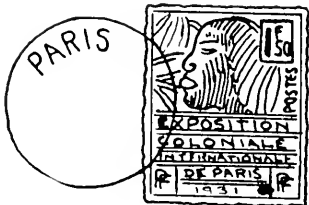


young lady abroad. Perhaps that is an effort to keep the damsel's thoughts from dwelling on titled Europeans. Our motto has always been "America and America's money for America". Stick to it, Benny! But beyond this he is a closed book. The longer you know him, the less you know him.

Benny says he's as pure as the driven snow. There is still one unexplained incident up in Canada that puzzles us, and have you ever seen the snow out in Pittsburgh?

As manager of soccer, Craig was more or less (ask him and then a few of the players for an explanation of this expression) responsible for the success of the team during the past season. And then, gentle reader, the little gold soccer ball that he now wears is his pride and joy—God bless his little heart. "Chocolate-malted with a coupla raw eggs, George."

News Board, 1, 2, 3; Business Manager, 3; Soccer Manager, 4. Engineering Major.





EDWARD ALEXANDER TABAKIN  
510 Park Avenue  
COLLINGSWOOD, N. J.  
Born 1911

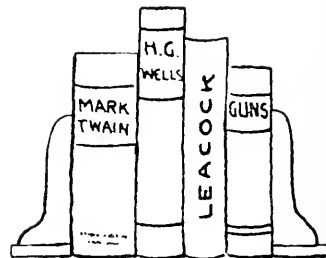
Entered from Collingswood High School in 1928.

OF COURSE, the best way to do it, to get the job over both neatly and in a manner offering least resistance, is to use an ordinary saw-toothed bayonet. Dispatch with ease, gentlemen, that's the way I'd put it, 'cause all you have to do is stick the thing in and push and pull in a general westerly direction. Besides playing hell with your opponent's entrails, you derive entertainment from the spectacle of his facial contortions—why just imagine the expressions prompted by having your liver worked upon by a band-saw crudely applied—. Here the already fidgety listeners begin to show signs of weakening—evidenced by sickly pallor and a general trend towards the door.

According to his own reports, Ed hails from parts "whar" literal swimming in sweat is typical of a mild summer, and "whar" the eating of one's neighbors throughout the ordinary snow-bound winters gives patent proof of the survival-of-the-fittest theory.

Every now and then a woman interrupts an otherwise exclusively virile outlook. On such occasions he stoutly maintains that "the champion feels confident," though, as a matter of fact, the "champ's" knees tend to be at odds with one another—they actually come to blows. You see, even E. A. cannot resort to bayonets and such with proper effect in such a case, so he falls back on a psychological approach, and asks, "Where was Steve Brody when he jumped off the bridge?" Then, while this is being pondered over, the "champion" covers up, and marshalling scattered forces, tries to deduce more potential witticisms conducive to raucous results. But regardless of how things turn out, in any situation whatever, there is always one dependable conclusion: "The champion feels confident."

Engineering Club, 2, 3, 4.  
Engineering Major.



## WADI' RISQ TARAZI

GAZA, PALESTINE

Born 1908

Entered from Friends' Boys' School, Ramallah, Palestine, in 1929

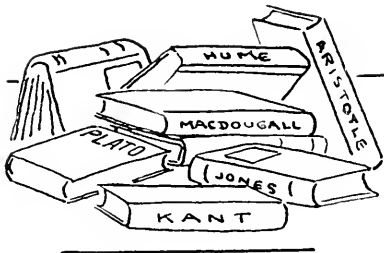
LITTLE was heard or seen by us of this dashing brunette of our class during his first year at Haverford. This resulted from a number of reasons, chief of which were that he entered with the Class of 1933 and roomed in the darkest cell in Founders (otherwise known as number twelve). However by the beginning of his second year, he had convinced the Uncle that he should be allowed to forsake his companions of the Class of 1933 and throw in his lot with our class

From that time on all of us have known him, chiefly because of his great capacity to twist up his fingers in philosophy class in the inimitable way exemplified by a certain getter-to-grips-with reality. Truly, though, he is not only a finger-twisting philosopher, but a poet and playwright besides. For instance, he can write poetry in Arabic which sounds like a Western Pennsylvania buzz-saw as he reels it off and tries to con-



vince us (even though we can't understand a word of it) that it has the rhythm of Shakespeare's blank verse and the beauty of Milton. He got tired of poetry this last spring, however, and turned his attention to writing plays.

Besides all these things about Wadi', Haverford has done a lot for him, which he never ceases to talk about. Chief of these benefits has been his contact with the patron saint of Quakerism, and so we feel sure that with the training Wadi' has received at Haverford in Philosophy, History, poetry writing, playwrighting, and speech making, Ramallah School in Palestine is destined to have on her faculty from this time forth a man who in every way will worthily represent both her and Haverford.



Liberal Club, 2, 3, 4; English Club, 4; Christian Union, 4; Charity Chest Committee, 4; Executive Committee of International House, 3, 4.

Philosophy Major.



**JOB TAYLOR, II**

1305 Singer Place

WILKINSBURG, PA.

Born 1911

Entered from Shady Side Academy in 1928.

**I**N THE spring of 1928, Jobie was offered the choice of going either to work or to Haverford. In the fall of that same year, strangely enough, we found him comfortably (?) established in the "barn," a rebellious subject of "King" Miller and his henchmen. The Quaker calm of Founders was thereafter often and rudely shattered by the Rabelaisian outbursts of Taylor when he returned from class to find his quarters in chaos. Rapid and startling was the change from the shy, cherubic-looking youth into the romantic figure, which, under expert tutelage, he soon attained, of the polished man about town. During this latter period Jobie was seldom in evidence on the campus, but when we were favored with a visit, we caught a glimpse of Joe College at his best. Who can ever forget

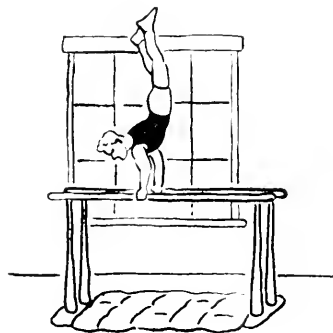
that blazer, with the pearly flannels and the brilliant cravat?

Truth to tell, the one vital bond that united Job to Haverford was the gymnasium. Ye who have seen him perform on the parallel bars must admit, as Job does himself, that he is without a peer in this art. It was in this same hallowed spot that he gave the local girls a break with his polished dancing, and beyond the shadow of a doubt it was here that was first conceived the noble vision of that now famous tap-dancing team of Taylor and Lipsitz.

But all this is now past and gone and for our senior year was reserved the most striking metamorphosis of all. Having seen all there was to see and having done all there was to do, Job decided that "life is but a sorry game at best"—and reformed. Whether he will stick to the straight and narrow is still an open question—but if you're placing any bets don't be deceived by that innocent and cherubic countenance!

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Play, 1; Wrestling, 4; Lightweight Championship, 4; Track, 2; Football, 2; Class Football, 1, 2, 3, 4.

English Major.



PHILIP VINCENT WAGNER

277 West End Avenue

NEW YORK CITY

Born 1910

Entered from Townsend Harris High School in 1928.

**I**F YOU really want to stir up a deep-seated and abiding resentment in Phil's heart, ask him what he thinks of the "No Parking" sign in back of Lloyd Hall. He unquestionably has acquired the unique distinction (not honor) of having his car towed away twice by the police authorities at six dollars per tow. We also seem to recall some incident down on Lancaster Pike in front of Whitehall when Phil had another unfortunate experience with his car.

Phil is naturally quite reticent and will not volunteer information unless he is sure that it is desired. That is an excellent trait. But one thing we always desired information on was his trip to Cuba and Mexico last summer. It seems hardly possible that Phil and Henry Henderson could have spent the summer batting around down there without having some experiences worth relating.



What is more they did have experiences worth relating, or else the writer of this—obituary, shall I say—is a rather gullible soul.

One of the "playboys of Merion" was Phil during his first years at College. But then he saw the light and realizing that one must needs study if one is going to get in medical school we find the serious student beginning to assert itself. But the girls just couldn't seem to forget him. Result: whenever the phone rings and a plaintive female voice timidly asks for someone, it is Phil Wagner. Otherwise it is Bill Wagner she is asking for.

It remains to be said that Phil Wagner and Henry Henderson have always been the best of friends, through choice. Now they are going to have to get along together whether they like it or not. Henry is marrying Phil's sister, and our Philip is thus acquiring a brother-in-law-classmate.

Pre-Medical Major.





FRANCIS REDDING WALTON

4531 N. 20th Street

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1910

Entered from Germantown High School in 1928.

THE scene is laid in 6 College Circle or in Sixth entry (it little matters which), a half-dozen or so undergraduates lounge lazily about balancing tea cups on their knees and enjoying the benefits of high class conversation (so it is purported). A social occasion? Yes, but more than that—Latin 4 is having its weekly meeting. And at the center of this august assemblage is Frankie talking for all he is worth to keep the conversation away from the lesson assigned. Perhaps these meetings are what caused him to forsake our Uncle Bill and to devote his efforts to the pursuit of the secrets of the Romans; or maybe he is just plain nuts. At any rate he majored in Latin.

The latter hypothesis is hardly borne out by his discretion in choice of roommates. Realizing the insidious influence of Merion

Hall, Frank took up residence with Bob Haines Sophomore year and it is said that they still speak to each other on occasion. But Frank's masterpiece has been keeping Herbie on the straight and narrow these last two years. His ability to curb the follies of that eccentric fire-eater and still retain his sanity and power to pull down high averages is a feat unequalled in the present college generation.

Frank's versatile literary ability first directed itself toward the *News*; but when he discovered the horrible effect such work has on one's week-ends and on one's sleep he deserted it for that more leisurely publication, *The Haverfordian*. There he became associated with the Trinity (Amerman, Wilson, and Golding to you), learned the peculiarities of Bryn Mawr, and became a sophisticated young gentleman.

Frank prides himself on being the father of lost causes; for look at the list of activities below and you will see that he has been connected with none but the most languishing enterprises: witness cricket, *Haverfordian*, Liberal Club, et al—

*Haverfordian* Board, 3, 4; Editor, 4; Manager of Cricket, 4; Corporation Scholar, 1, 2, 3, 4; First Cope Fellow, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3, 4; Founders' Club, 3, 4; Class Secretary, 2; Classical Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Secretary, 2; President, 4; Liberal Club, 2, 3; Secretary, 2; President, 3; English Club, 2, 3; Cast of Play, 2, 3; Instrumental Club, 2, 3; Sophomore Latin Prize; RECORD Board, 4.

Latin Major.





## JOHN ROBRECHT WATKINS

121 East Bertsch Street

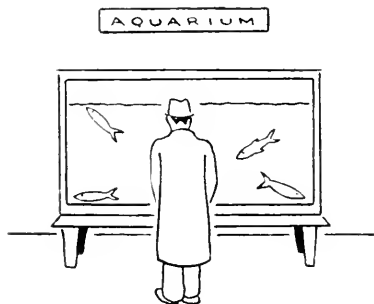
LANSFORD, PA.

Born 1909

Entered from Mercersburg Academy in 1928.

IT IS with great glee that we take this opportunity to expose that wolf in sheep's clothing, Jack Watkins, who for four long years has successfully passed himself off as the least talkative person in the Class of '32. Jack's clam-like qualities puzzled us from the very beginning, and many were the fruitless hours spent in seeking some explanation of the mystery. At first we thought he might be just a small-town boy who was tongue-tied at the magnificent spectacle of Philadelphia's bright lights. This hypothesis met an early death, however, when we learned that he came from the great metropolis of Lansford, and was already an accomplished man about town at a time when most of us were in our social swaddling clothes.

But further research proved that Jack was not dumb (and we mean literally dumb). It was found that on occasion he has been known to talk for three hours straight, much to the exasperation of his listeners. If the gentle reader finds this unbelievable, just induce Jack to "tear a page" from his life for you when you have hours to spare.



But Jack is an artist with brush as well as tongue—witness Walton's Scandal-Sheet and Ye Class RECORD. One of his pet avocations has been to visit the Philadelphia Zoo on any and all occasions where he is wont to gaze fondly at a tiger to which he affectionately refers as "Prince". Also from the amount of time he *alleges* to spend in the Aquarium, he should be Haverford's foremost piscatorial expert. With the possible exception of Taylor, Jack is the only man who has ever been able to stop Arlington (Abdominal Strenth) Evans on a piece of gym apparatus. In closing we would mention that Jack has a very fine Stetson hat which he is willing to sell at a great sacrifice—or at least so he has told us continually for the past four years. We wish he would take the hint!

*Haverfordian* Board, 4; Record Board, 4; Wrestling, 4.

History Major.



**EARNEST RAY WEBB**

1611 Church Lane  
PHILADELPHIA, PA.  
Born 1910

Entered from Germantown Friends' School  
1928.

**A**FTER the most exhaustive researches we have come to the conclusion that Ray Webb got his nickname "plug" on the football field. To one who has seen him, first as a line plunging half-back, and in his Senior year, as a doughty end, it will be clear that the name is well deserved.

Ray has not confined his interests to football, alone, however, for he has been a member of "Pop's" track squad, hurling the weights, and in his off moments, attempting to throw a javelin through the steadfastest oak trees on the campus.

Aside from his athletic interests, Ray has spent much of his time in the Physics lab, where his experiments with aeroplane wings caused him great consternation. Drop into

his room sometime, and if you escape being hit by Pewee's soccer ball you will find him planning some new type of airfoil which will revolutionize the airplane industry.

However, to catch Plug at his best, you must discuss bridge with him. He will point out for your edification, any number of examples where Lenz and Culbertson have both misplayed hands, going down three on a four bid, where a little slam was perfectly possible with the right kind of play. If corporation scholarships were awarded on the basis of knowledge of that honorable game, Ray would have been a sure winner for four years. We hope Ray realizes that our William knows all about those bad boys who waste their time playing cards.

Plug has a great weakness for tearing off to the movies in the evenings. This form of divertisement is particularly popular with him on the night before an examination. He also has a weakness for the legitimate drama.

Football, 2, 4; "H", 4; Freshman Track; Class Executive Committee, 2; Class Day Committee.

Physics Major.



## RUDOLF MILTON WERTIME

CHAMBERSBURG, PA.

Born, 1912

Entered from Chambersburg High School in 1928.

A TALL, lanky, reserved looking fellow is our friend Rudolph. With cheeks blessed with the delicate blush of a peach, and with the fuzz, too, Rudy is indeed one of the babies of the class. Just to look at his innocent exterior, one would never believe that he could be a nuisance. But beneath the placid, quiet surface all is not so calm nor still as those unacquainted with Rudy would imagine. For when he decides that the Freshmen have become too impertinent, it is ten to one that some poor Rhinie will feel his wrath and be flooded out, or be suffocated with the horrible stench of burning rubber.

Now, if for any reason you should happen to be in Founders after all the good boys have gone to bed (we are not quite sure why anybody should *ever* visit Founders, let alone at such an hour) you are sure to hear, "Well now . . . you see it's this way," and there is Rudy deeply engaged in coming to "grips with reality," telling the bull-session what life is all about, or else narrating for them the latest joke. Perhaps one of the unique things about Rudy is his laugh, or more properly, his guffaw. Just tell Rudy a good joke, and all of Founders is sure to know just where he is.



Yet, if the truth be admitted, it is not because of these facts that Rudy is so well known to all of us. He has worked for over three years in the Library. Almost any night he can be found there, surrounded by math books and papers, sitting in all his majesty in the "Holy of Holies" directing befogged Rhinies in solving the mysteries of elusive books. Perhaps no one in college, not even Amy nor Petie knows so much about the Library as he does.

One real question that arises everytime we think of this handsome young chap is how he manages to keep away from the women, and to keep them away from him. But we are not sure that he does. He always seems so anxious to get home to dear old Chambersburg.

Class Executive Committee, 4; Biblical Literature Prize, 3; Student Assistant in Library, 2, 3, 4; Liberal Club, 4; Chemistry Club, 4.

Mathematics Major.



ROBERT WOODWARD, 3rd  
Dongan Hills  
STATEN ISLAND, N. Y.  
Born 1910

Entered from Staten Island Academy 1928.

NO, I can't play bridge tonight, got some engine problems to do," says our Robert and proceeds to misinstruct Sandy for an hour or two, so that he gets set many, many points. Bob's major in Engine is very difficult. He is alleged to have spent a whole evening studying for an exam in it once.

Back in Junior year, the beauty of his name as uttered by the worthies of the department of Biblical Literature, seemed to have captivated the five members of the class who were still awake when roll was called to such a degree they answered "here" to a man to the mellifluous sounding "Woodard". Bob, it is needless to say, soon forgot to attend the class.

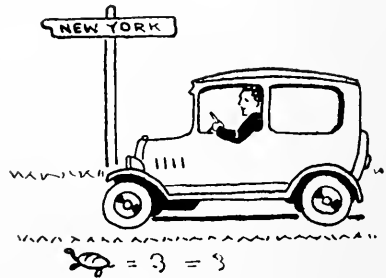
That was long ago in the b.G. days—before he roomed with Gaskill. The Wood-

ward of today is just a degree smoother than b.G., and more subtle too. We have noticed that it is extremely difficult to find him on the floor after about the second dance, despite the fact that he maintains he allows Jopson to take care of the Field Club activities, which are Harry's forte.

Bob's outside activities are multifarious and varied. In soccer he got his letter twice and tells wild tales about how he and Jimmie playing from Merion C.C. certainly set those Hill School boys down so hard on a particular region of their anatomy that they couldn't tell their—that is, whether they were coming or going. We must not forget that "Wayward", as he is affectionately called, is at least the third most important executive of the Cap and Bells, nor that he thinks he is one of the best card players in New Lloyd, nor that he is a member of the Engine Club, a remarkable organization whose aim appears to be to further engineering and those who wish to show how interested they are in their work.

Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; "H", 3, 4; Personnel Manager of Musical Clubs, 4; Cap and Bells Club, Assistant Secretary, 4; Engineers' Club, 2, 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, 4; Tennis, 3, 4; Class Executive Committee, 1; Intramural Committee, 2, 4.

Engineering Major.



## WILLIAM DEAN WRAY

111 Orchard Place

ITHACA, N. Y.

Born 1910

Entered from Ithaca High School in 1928.

COMING to Haverford from the frozen wastes that enfringe the far-famed Lake Cayuga, Bill has never lost the outstanding characteristic of all dwellers of isolated communities, to wit, the loyal and whole-hearted support of the home-town team. Say "Pennsylvania" to him, and he will immediately start a lengthy argument on the merits of the "Big Red Avalanche" from Ithaca, the "Cornells" as he calls them.

Bill started in Rhinie year by rooming with Peewee Roberts in Center, but as a Sophomore he decided to do some work and moved to South Barclay with Joe Rhodes. The latter spent most of his evenings in Westtown, and the inevitable result was that Bill fell into evil ways. Consorting with Gerenbeck and Strickler led to but one thing, and that was bridge. He soon became as adept in fulfilling a contract as at juggling Physics data, a field in which he is no slouch.

When Rhodes joined the ranks of the married men, Bill heeded the call of the wild and returned once more to Center where aided by Peewee, Ray Webb, and Bill Powell, he soon managed to fill the second floor with cigarette butts, old copies of the *News* and much-used playing cards. It was at midyears that he finally ascended to the height of



Sports Editor of the above mentioned publication. From this position he has heaped coals of fire upon the heads of his underlings, descending when occasion demanded to engage in bitter verbal strife with Moos or Lentz.

Bill managed to keep away from the "weaker" sex until his last year in our midst, but then the blow fell with startling suddenness. She liked "Camels", and "Wheezer", a hardened and devout Chesterfield fan, turned to the product of the A. J. Reynolds Co. with great alacrity. At the time of the Soph-Senior dance, he set an all-time record of twelve (12) calls to Swarthmore in 6 days, thus breaking by three, Gaskill's best efforts with the Bryn Mawr exchange.

Class Secretary, 2; Class President, 4; Permanent Class Secretary; *Haverford News* Board, 2, 3, 4; Sports Editor, 3, 4; RECORD Board; Sports Editor; Students' Council, 3; Secretary-Treasurer Students' Association, 3.

Mathematics Major.



JOHN ADAM ZAPP, JR.  
PAOLI, PA.  
Born 1911

Entered from Tredyffrin-Easttown High School in 1928

LADIES and gentlemen, we have as our last exhibit, unless this is Friday, Saturday, Sunday, or Monday morning, a visitor from the West. No, Oscar does not consider him a day student, but every Friday afternoon he feels the thrill of adventure and dashes down to the station, brief-case in hand, bound for Paoli. Over the week-end he spends his time in study and in entertaining his parents, until he has to return to Monday classes.

Now that is his story—but it must be taken with a whole cellar of salt. We have noticed an attractive blonde who lives within a pleasant Sunday afternoon's walk of Paoli, and who has attended most of our dances in the last four years, and we are in-

clined to think she has a lot to do with his week-end absences.

Jack's biggest mistake was made in his Junior year, when he should have known better. There are plenty of snap courses left, so nobody is forced to take Physics, but apparently our Corporation Scholar of two years let his ambition get the better of his common sense, and he certainly plunged into the stiffest courses he could find. It may have given him an education, but only a Rhodes Scholar can pull down 95's without a few soft spots in his schedule.

We can't predict which of two professions Jack will engage in after graduation. The Herr Doktor has tried his best to make a chemist out of him but his real love is for the Pennsylvania R. R., in which he has sublime faith even in these times. If General Atterbury doesn't offer Jack a vice-presidency or a job in one of his ticket offices, he'll never find another fellow who would spend the night in Broad Street Station waiting for the six o'clock train rather than take the P. and W. back to College.

Class Executive Committee, 1; Class Vice-President, 3; News Service Board, 1, 2, 3; Director, 3; Corporation Scholarship, 2, 3; Editor *College Handbook*, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Club, 4; Founders' Club, 4; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; German Club, 2; Debating Team, 3, 4.

Chemistry Major.



## EX MEMBERS

THE majority of the boys," said Fritzie from the rostrum in Roberts, "who leave Haverford before they have graduated make good. Now there was one fellow who didn't get along here very well and now he is the head of a large pineapple concern in Hawaii, and another who is a college president." Then, with a rather sheepish smile, he added, "You who stay in can make good too." Our too numerous "ex's" are still too young to have achieved the fame that was assured to them, but we feel quite confident that in time these our departed will attain their due measure of success in the fruit business and in other fields.

Bill Nelson, fresh from George School, arrived at College, roomed in Lloyd with Vic Bullen, played around on the soccer field, and departed, the first of our class to have this privilege.

Next on our honor roll is Stockwell, a soccer player from Haverford School of no mean caliber. We seem to remember him playing a trumpet in our orchestra for that now forgotten institution, the Cake Walk. Since he ranked in the first five on the psychological test, and in the last five in half-year grades, Dean Brown managed to come to the conclusion that Stockwell wasn't working, and so he is now at Penn studying to be an architect.

When college opened to find us Sophomores, six more had left the happy fold. Dave Bean, who played football well enough to get his





numerals, succumbed to History 1 and other courses, so that even his announcing his intention to take honors in German could not save him from the axe. He is said to be at Penn, the foundlings' home for Haverford athletes.

Bliss is the only man who ever flunked out by failing in one-half course. Dubbed a "supercilious smart alec" by one of our charming but frank professors at a meeting of the delinquent students' committee, he received official permission to enter the wide world. As a punishment he was forced to take a trip around the world, and is now at Dartmouth.

Perhaps his greatest fame lay in his ability to accompany  $f(x)$ 's mathematical explanations with a gentle soft and contagious whistling which was appreciated by all present with the possible exception of the professor himself.

Fred DeCamp will always be remembered for his revealing lecture on the nature of the Oedipus complex in Austin K. Gray's special English course for Freshmen, for his imitation of the mannerisms of the Barron, and for the ride for which he took Tat in French 1 in the good old days before the latter's increasing executive duties forced him to give up teaching. Merion didn't seem to agree with him, nor did the Dean; so we lost DeCamp.

Teb Feroe came from Hill School, raised hell at Haverford, got a letter in baseball, and departed with his brother to attend Dickinson where he is now a basketball star. His powerful victrola attracted large crowds to his room which became *the* meeting place for half the College.

A would-be tenor voice and a passion for Dreiser's "American Tragedy" characterized Norm Houston. He roomed with Dick Bacon, sang in a church choir at Bryn Mawr, got on probation in short order which prevented him from falling into Pop's hands, and made his exit to study music at Oberlin College.

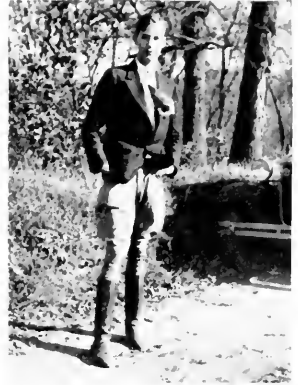
Richards was another of our losses in Rhinie year. Cousin of the tennis player, he showed his athletic ability in the gym where he was one of Evans' shining lights.

Our class remained intact in Sophomore year except for Jack Young who decided that it was not worth his while to take his midyears.





The unprecedented dropping of five courses was enough to make the Dean decide that Jack was not making the best use of his time here. Rhinie year saw Young rooming with Allendoerfer whom he emulated in hell-raising but not in scholastic diligence. He is now a Junior at the University of Minnesota and is reported engaged.



The end of Sophomore year marked the exit of five lads who were all champions in their own lines and worthy of descriptive superlatives. Wally Ayres had the heaviest beard and the oldest Ford on the Campus, the latter named "Old Man River". Wally was a gymnast, wearer of the track "H", and quite an artist. After a sojourn at Dartmouth, he went to sea in a fishing boat off Gloucester and was last reported on his way to join the army.


Roy Fay had the loudest speaking voice of anybody in our Trig class or in any other class at Haverford, we suspect. He was playing manager of the Freshman Tennis Team, and in Sophomore year played more or less on Captain Gene Hogenauer's varsity. Coming from Boston, Roy was able to express himself in the most beautiful and sweetly flowing English without, however, saying anything. He left us to work in Philadelphia, and is now in Brookline, Mass.

"P. V." Lawrence was the class smoothie and, in fact, the smoothest fellow we know of outside of Princeton. Coming from Andover, and living in fashionable New York, Parker's rise to fame culminated in his election to the temporary chairmanship of the class, a place on the Freshman Tennis Team, and a friendship with Partington who took him under his wing in Sophomore year.



The quietest man of our class was Al Strong. Even taciturn Ki Smiley appeared verbose in comparison with Al. But he roomed with Lipsitz in Sophomore year and maybe that had something to do with it. Al was the founder of the music column in the *News*, and was therefore a godsend to the copy-needing editor.

Bob Zuber had the reputation of being the sleepest of a very sleepy class. This was, no doubt, due to the fact that only Jack Zapp could compete with him for the back seat in the classroom. Bob was a soccer player and a



baseball star, but Ec. 1 was too much for him.

With the opening of Junior year we had reached a position where there was little danger of a further depletion in our membership, but then along came Fritzie with his inspiring speech in Collection which enticed several of us away from these ivy-covered halls to other ivy-covered halls or out into the world of reality.

Business ambitions got the best of Ken Read; and he shifted to Peirce Business School, saxophone and all, in the middle of the year. We suppose that he couldn't stand the strain of majoring in engineering—it allowed him too much free time in which to amuse himself. We see him often at our concerts, where he and his horn bolster up the ever-needy Instrumental Club. Ken was the Captain of the golf men and is largely responsible for its recognition as an official college team. He was clever enough always to have a car at his disposal, a feat remarkable in these days of night watchmen and eagle-eye flannel-feet. Also he was, and still is so far as we know, quite the ladies' man. It must be his hair that gets them.

When most of us had become hallowed Seniors, we found that another exodus had taken place and that we were four less in number. Landon Q. (Grier) Haynes found women more interesting than German, so he got married and found himself a job in Macy's, leaving behind him some old packs of cards and Job Taylor and Tom White broken-hearted. Haynes was active in the German Club, especially when certain members adjourned to Alfredo's for some German culture—at twenty-five cents a glass.

Rumored to have an estate in Mexico and a winter home in Cuba, possessing an automobile more important looking than Crozer's, claiming relationship with the Duke of Buckingham, Henry Henderson was the mystery member of the class. Picture him dressed in a loud-checked suit reminiscent of the race track, seated in a dignified manner on the back seat of a car of foreign make with chauffeur and accompanying trappings, and you see him in a characteristic pose. He is the only man whom the Students' Council has ever reprimanded for having honorable intentions; and he is the only student who has brought a Miss America, though of slightly ancient vintage, but a Miss America just the same, to one of our dances.

Fred Rudge was unable to return to college at the beginning of Senior year, but is completing his work at Columbia. A Junior Phi Bete, a member of Pop's track squad, and the manager of the debating team, he did his best to escape Bob Haines' inevitable conversations in four (4) different languages. Freddie was particularly amusing in History 1 quiz section. "Now, Dr. Lunt," he would suggest in a voice at least a tone lower than that of the Baron's, "wasn't that battle fought at three-thirty on the 17th of May, 1346?" It of course pleased the Baron immensely to see what



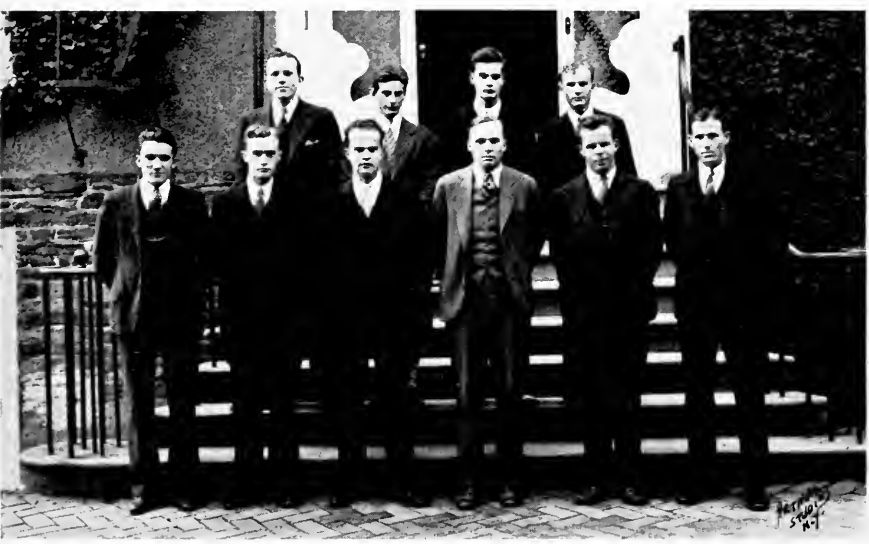
interest his star pupil was taking in his work; but certain skeptical members of the section would wonder if a certain practice didn't exist at Haverford College after all, despite our William's assurance to the contrary.

"Zephyr", as Dave Hollander was commonly called, was gentle as a lamb most of the time, but when he was aroused he was as wild as a raging lion. Building fires in North and then drowning them with gallons of water or with the handy fire-extinguisher, hauling ash-cans up two flights of stairs and then watching them tumble and rumble down again, breaking windows, smashing doors and beds, "Zephyr" was irresistible when thus excited. He had a strange interest in incense; in fact, not content with perfuming his own room, he would generously scent those of Sipple and of Schramm, much to their delight. He also had a surprising collection of lousy victrola records which he covered up by a nice red-seal record containing something by Wagner. Dave is now pursuing a pre-med course in his own home town at Johns Hopkins.

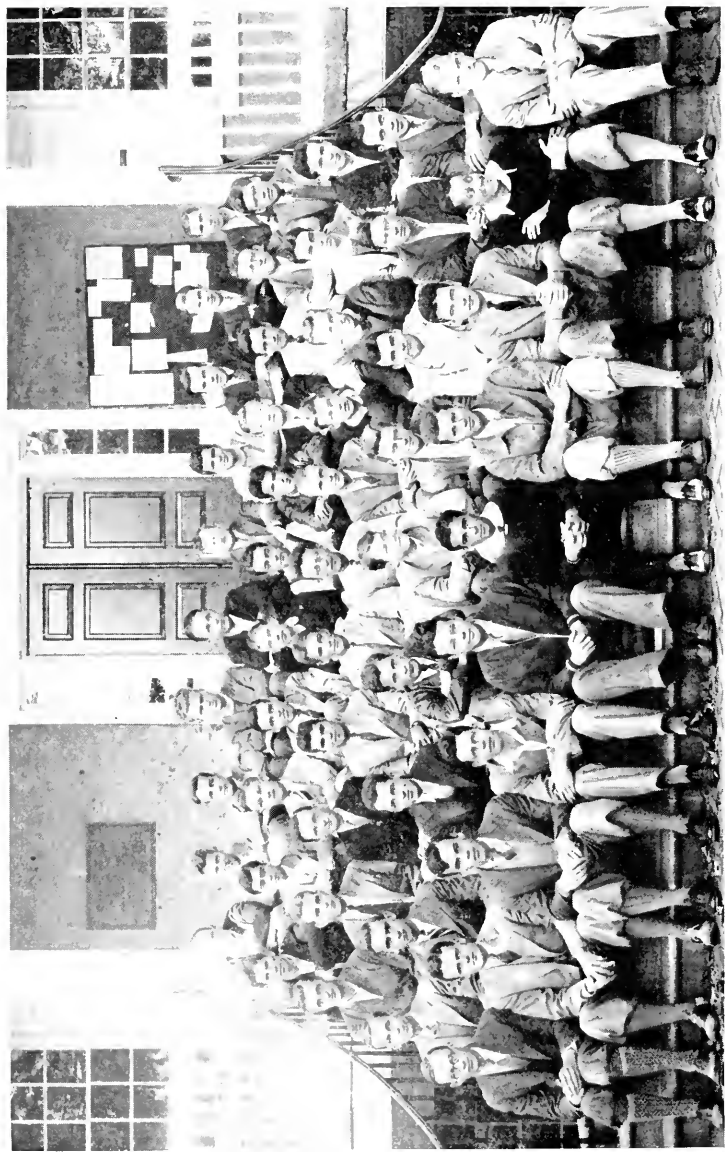
**GRADUATE STUDENTS**

Bunyan Hadley Andrew  
 William Edward Cadbury, Jr.  
 Donald Luther Gibson  
 Charles Matthew Henry  
 William Wheeler Hincley

Horace John Melton  
 William Denver Myers  
 Wilson Bennett Reed  
 Allen McKay Terrell  
 Paul Douglass Tew



**GRADUATE STUDENTS**  
 Hincley, Henry, Gibson, Tew.  
 Andrew, Terrell, Reed, Melton, Cadbury, Myers.



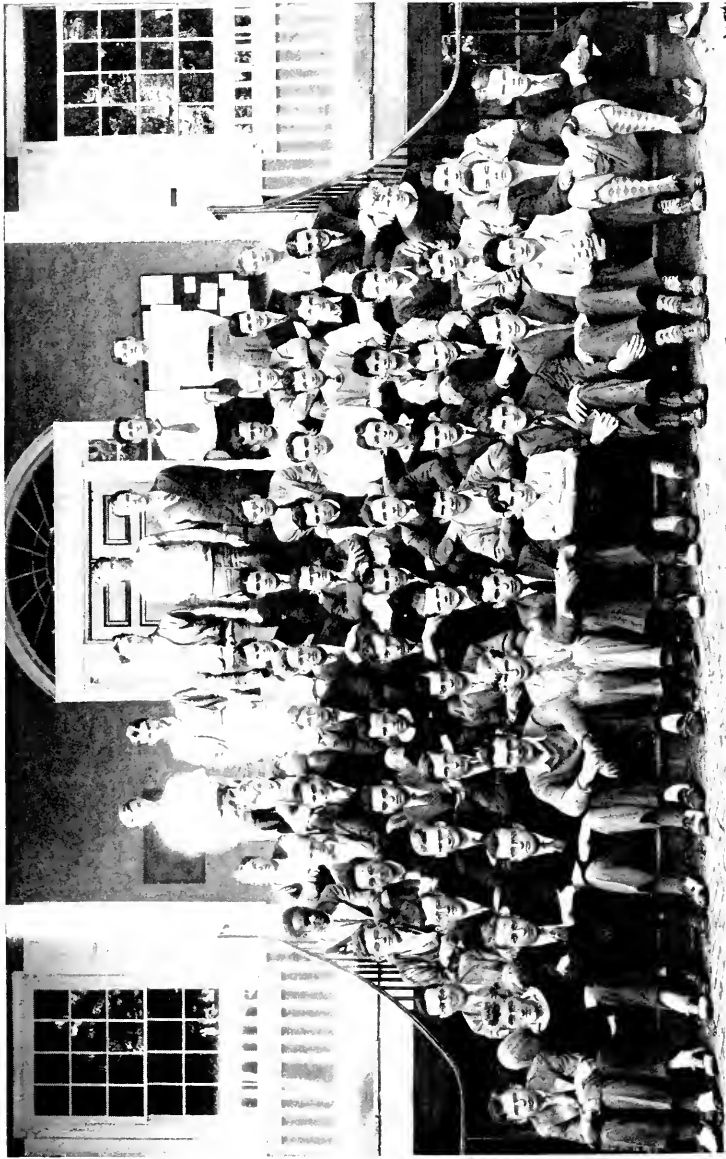
JUNIOR CLASS

- Gage, Haines, Jacobs, Hunsicker, Lentz, Clough, Hager, Carr, Jones, McMalton  
Andrews, Masland, Peckard, Andrews, Stokes, Truex, Fuges, Byerly, Russell, Hemphill, Baker.  
Hansen, Gilbert, Vaux, Trenbath, G., Scattergood, Green, Kerslake, Trout, Hardham, Sargent, Wilson.  
Pelouze, Dugdale, Rice, Singer, De Motte, Sardon, Dawber, Fite, Daub.  
Thomson, Trenbath, P., Smith, Godley, Stanton, Scarborough, Bachmann, Van Deunbergh, Craig, Scattergood.

## JUNIOR CLASS

Edson James Andrews  
James Andrews, Jr.  
Ernest Theodore Baehmann  
Clarence Potter Baker  
John Lewis Byerly  
Edmund Albert Carr  
Herbert Thorndike Clough, Jr.  
Elmer Elbert Craig, Jr.  
William Beyer Daub  
Thomas Royle Dawber  
Washburn Payne DeMotte  
Horace Kirkus Dugdale, Jr.  
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  
Ceil Aymar 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 Wismer Scarborough, Jr.  
Alfred Garrett Scattergood, 2nd  
Henry Scattergood  
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  
George Baily Trout  
Philip Ernest Truex  
Frederick A. VanDenbergh, Jr.  
Henry James Vaux  
Thomas Raeburn White, Jr.  
David Livingstone Wilson  
Albert Biddle Zintl

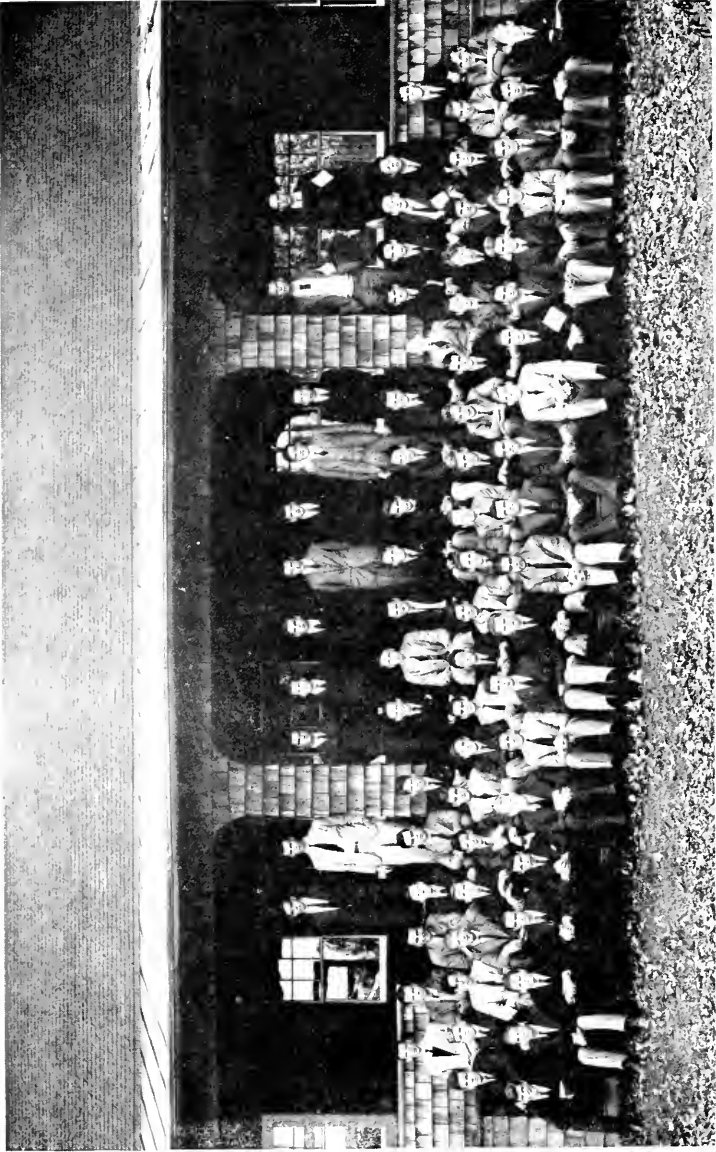


#### SOPHOMORE CLASS

Worcester, Nichol, Richie, Downey, Hart, DesJardins, Woolford,  
Potts, White, Russell, Vance, Wilson, Wright, Barrett, Hotz, Hippie, Colony,  
Pitter, Brown, Allen, Hendrickson, Stork, Dusseau, Nicholas, Tripp, Lowenstein, Beaven, Richardson,  
McKee, Amore, Hassnan, Holzrichter, Smith, B., Holden, Schmidt, Scattergood, Rush, Flaccus, Harjes,  
Greif, Siebert, Frazer, Jones, B., Bodine, Trimble, McClintock, Perkins, Gibbs, Sufferin, Lockhard,  
Hancock, Haines, Jones, H., Bowen, Bancroft, Hodgkin, Monsurrat, Wagner, Kennedy, Pleasants, Winne, Singer, Wells

## SOPHOMORE CLASS

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



FRESHMAN CLASS



## FRESHMAN CLASS

Hugh Haynes Aikens, Jr.  
William Leshner Azpell, Jr.  
David Hinrichs Bates  
Howard Sloan Bevan, Jr.  
René Blanc-Roos  
Clifton McCausland Bockstoece  
Arthur Brenton Boggs  
William Robert Bowden  
Frank Boyle  
Chapman Brown  
Paul Willits Brown, Jr.  
William Butler, 3rd  
Benjamin Bartram Cadbury  
Palmer Smith Chambers, Jr.  
John Barrett Christopher  
John Adams Church, III  
Meredith Bright Colket, Jr.  
Charles Blankley Conn, Jr.  
Orlo Rutledge Cook  
John Campbell Duffield  
Charles Bullen Dunn, 3rd  
David Dennis Dunn  
George Elliott Dutton, Jr.  
John Habersham Elliott  
Woodruff Jones Emlen  
Benjamin Franklin Eshleman  
Ernest Mervyn Evans  
Frederick Erwin Foerster  
Richard Edward Griffith  
Seth Hammond  
William Henry Harman, Jr.  
Joseph Haywood  
Richard Wesley Hires  
Sidney Hollander, Jr.  
William Nathan Huff  
Robert Franklin Hunsicker  
James Baird Kase  
William George Kirkland  
Edward Charles Kunkle, Jr.  
Jerome Henry Lentz  
Edward Joseph Manning, Jr.  
Edward Wayne Marshall, Jr.

Edward Jones Matlack  
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Charles Thomas Nicholson, Jr.  
Fred Fletcher Patten  
Kenneth Eccles Paul  
Samuel Potter, Jr.  
Alan Robert Pretzfeld  
Edward Pugh  
John Biddle Rhoads  
Russel Warner Richie  
Kimberley Roberts  
Graham Rohrer  
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Sari Khalil de Constantine Sakakini  
Dwight Lord Satterthwaite  
Rowland Greenough Skinner  
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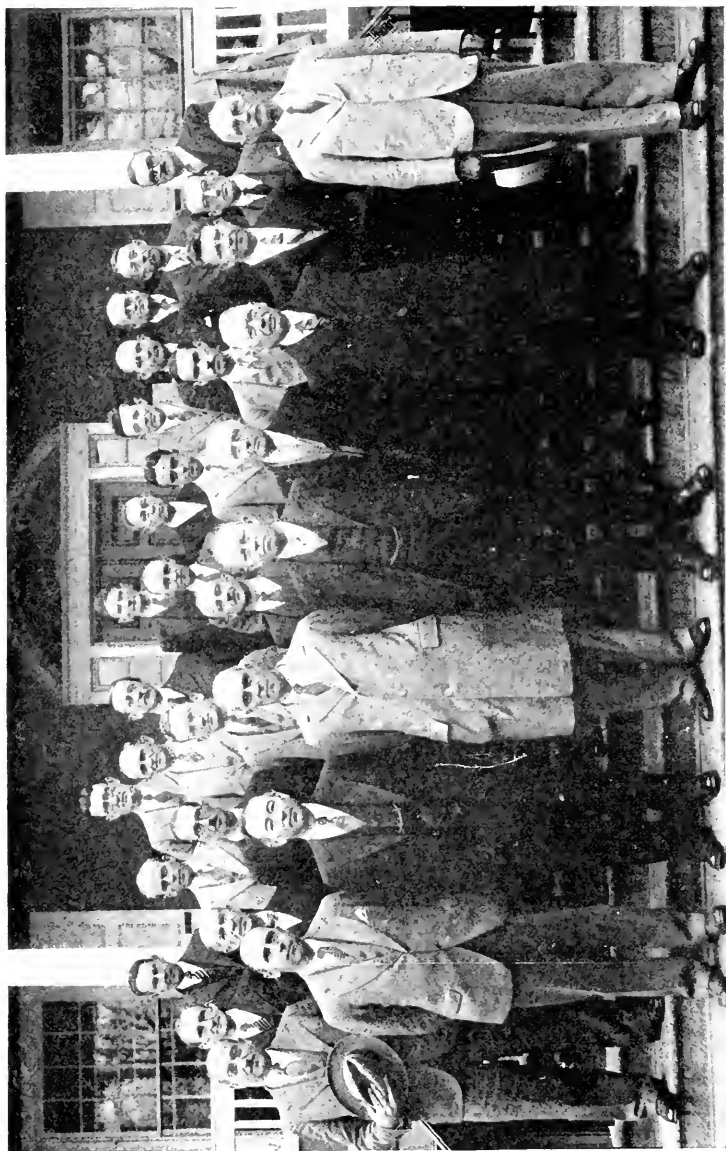




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President



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In Memoriam

JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, JR.  
Associate Professor of Romance Languages

1890 - 1932



RUFUS MATHEW JONES

A.B. and A.M., *Haverford College*; A.M. and D.D., *Harvard University*; Litt.D., *Penn College*; LL.D., *Haverford College* and *Swarthmore College*; D. Theol., *University of Marburg*.

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Instructor in Light Athletics

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Physician in Charge

ROBERT J. JOHNSTON

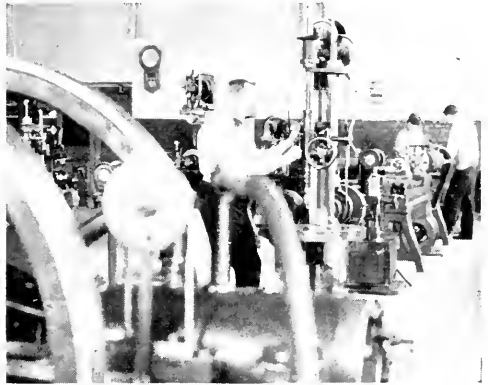
Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds





HILLES  
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METAL LATHE



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DRAWING ROOM





FEATURES



## A TYPICAL COLLEGE DAY

The Record Board presents a typical but composite college day with an occasional extravaganza. You will kindly consider the Record Board a Bird (Hail to thee, blithe spirit!) which has flitted back and forth across our green campus constantly for four years.

### 4:30 A. M.

The campus is deserted and dark except for two lights which burn in Old Lloyd. Beneath one of them sits "Ki" Smiley polishing off page 41 of his monumental ethics thesis. Crouched near the other is Jacobs studying for a quiz. Smiley is bleary-eyed from lack of sleep; but Jacobs, who commonly rises and pines about twelve-noon, is wide awake.

### 5:15 A. M.

Smiley, like the gentle Quaker that he is, says "Bless this ethics paper" (meaning nothing of the kind) and goes to bed. Jacobs returns from the dog-wagon and continues to study.

### 6:00 A. M.

Baker rises to make up the *News*. His quiet but forceful comments regarding proof readers break the early morning silence of the Union in a musical monotone. The cadence rises slightly as he answers a wrong number on the telephone.

### 7:15 A. M.

Baker, after fermenting for an hour and a half, comes to a boil as Bowen slouches into the *News* Room. In five minutes the Crow's Nest emerges under the crack of the door as a grease spot and slides quickly down the stairs as though impelled by an unseen hand. In Lloyd the alarm clock of some ambitious soul goes off in the key of C. There is a loud crash of breaking glass as the clock describes a graceful curve from a window to the lawn. Syd Hunt, Peewee Roberts, Jack Settle, Ray Webb, and Hyde Ballard rise as one man.

### 7:45 A. M.

The Freshmen enter the dining room. Buzz of cheerful conversation arises.

### 7:50 A. M.

First Senior arrives, wrapped in a deep fog. As he inspects the food situation, his frown becomes aggravated. Scowling darkly at President Sharpless, he sits down heavily and breaks a chair. He spends the rest of the meal complaining about the dining-room furniture.

### 7:59 A. M.

Six Seniors arrive at the door en masse, colliding violently. They occupy a table and eat in weighty silence, broken only by an occasional gulp or crunch.



**8:10 A. M.**

Campus awakens to life. There is a chorus of yells for Parker, who proceeds to Roberts escorted by five forgetful souls who want their Collection cuts counted.

**8:15 A. M.**

One hundred and thirteen unfortunates, too sleepy to count their cuts, stagger into Roberts, eye Dr. Flight suspiciously, and immediately resume their interrupted slumbers. The little Bird arrives, perches on the back of one of the five hundred unoccupied seats, takes out his note-book, and observes the proceedings. He writes:

### **Collection**

*Scene, Roberts Hall.* A cold auditorium, rows of seats untouched by the cheering hand of pulchritude, and a pregnant platform upon which can be seen seated some individuals of serious mien. Especially noticeable is a youth on the left of the stage with a small book; and he looks very worried indeed (by his dress you shall know him—a gentleman). This panorama is displayed on a background of streaked yellow.

You climb over five people (fly, if you're a bird), whose knees are deadly traps for the unwary, only to find that the guy sitting next to you has forgotten to bring the sport sheet and you have picked up the weather and shipping news from the *Times*, your roommate having walked off with the bulk of the paper as usual. No hope.

There is a hasty tread down the side aisle, an attack on the desk—"Hymn No. 2." Voices are raised (any key will do), "Holy, Holy, Holy" is dimly sounded forth, and the battle with the piano is begun. But the piano is very persistent and invariably wins; it makes the most noise and the best time. In fact, it makes the four verses in two minutes flat—very flat. Those who know the song sing it; those who don't do likewise; the effect is somewhat bizarre.

A familiar figure in Collection arises from his chair. "'What will ye? Shall I come unto you with a rod, or in love, and in the spirit of meekness?'" (Will you please get your everlastingly blanked knee outa my neck?) Come to think of it, I suppose people do glean some knowledge from Collection. What innocent Haverfordian would ever have thought of the danger of having an oasis in Chase Hall? Desert, oasis, camels, cigarettes; ha, ha, pretty good for our Bill. Haverford College is dry too; Haverford College is not interested in educating any young man addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors.

Memories! Memories! "Thou, O King, hast made a decree that every man that shall hear the sound of the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music shall fall down and worship the golden image." "Therefore, because the king's command was urgent, and the furnace exceeding hot, the flame of the fire slew those men that took up Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego." (You know—"Good Night Sweetheart"—and Abednego.)

". . . and as I said to Secretary Stimson, it is absolutely imperative that the calendar be reformed. But when I was talking to Briand in Geneva—"

". . . and, friends, do you realize the great power of prayer? I found twopence on Trafalgar Square one day; and Dr. Bernardo said to me—" Quite the little orator, Dr. Bernardo!

"Juba—Juba!

"Juba this and Juba that:

"Juba killed a yellow cat

"To make his wife a Sunday hat.

"Juba—Juba!

"Who ish thish king of glory?" Those teeth would make a good mouse trap.

". . . Phi Beta Kappa. Of course, we wanted a real celebration. So I suggested Willow Grove to him. He also thought Willow Grove would be the place to go, for we wanted a real celebration. But, on our way we met a little boy—"

"And now, fellows, I have a few announcements to make. F(x)—"

wow—ah—rumph—Dr. Reid would like the members of his Freshman Math Class to remain seated after Collection. All those interested in an art class will *please* sign the slip in Mr. Chase's office, and geez to mack, fellows, somebody's got to sign for this. Golly, fellows, one guy can't do all this. And the Freshmen are to remain seated after Collection—after Collection."

A nod. "Down Rhinies!" Ahah! The mail! Darn it, Wes. Why trot out your waving palms and sun-kissed sands in mid-winter? We're not a good risk anyhow; we room near Fields.

**8:40 A. M.**

Sleep period ends amid daggered looks from professors with 9:30 classes.

**An Hour With Fine**

**8:41 A. M.**

Math class, at least so far as  $F(x)$  is concerned, begins. One-half the class slips into a peaceful coma; the rest can't sleep when there's a lot of noise around. Little Bird flies gayly in and pecks Fields on the head, inflicting serious injury. Fields pays no attention, thinking the pain is caused by one of  $F(x)$ 's jokes. He writes:

$F(x)$ : Closador, please, genlmun! Closador, please! Mr. Potts, would you all mind opening that back window. They keep this room so hot a person can hardly breathe. I spoke to Mr. Johnson last week about it, but it didn't seem to do much good. Why is college such a depository of knowledge, Mr. Zapp? (Without waiting for an answer): Because the Freshmen bring so much in and the Seniors take so little out.

(As this is a new joke, everyone is too much surprised to laugh.)

The first thing this morning, I want to explain to you all what we mean by infinity. Suppose we take a mountain in Peru and let an eagle sharpen his beak on this once a year. Now you might think that by the time the mountain was worn away it would be infinity, but uh, uh, uh—(Chorus of guffaws from class which starts laughing at the first joke: Effie glows with pleasure.) I wish you genlmun wouldn't laugh so much until I come to the point: you miss the whole essence of the thing.

(Strains of the Tiger Rag float down the ventilator from the Barn.) Mista Fields, would you please go upstairs and take care of that situation? They must not realize there is a class in here. Have you all any questions you would like to ask me on the work assigned?

Bourne: Dr. Reid, what does Fine mean by "sheets" in describing hyperboloids of two sheets?



F(x): Well, you know, there are sheets and sheets. It depends on what you are talking about, but here Fine is just talking about sheets. Does that answer your question? Any more questions? (Silence.) Then I guess I'll send some of you to the board.

Wertime (the hero): Say, Dr. Reid, I didn't quite understand the twelfth problem; would you mind explaining that?

F(x): Coitanly, coitanly—let's see now. Just read me that problem, Mr. Vairtime. Just a minute now, I'll see how I worked that before. (Refers to dog-eared book containing solutions of all problems.) Yes, here it is. Quite obvious. It's funny you couldn't do that by yourself. Did any of the rest of you all get that problem? (Silence.) Well, you had better try again; I can't take time explaining such elementary work. (Problem appears on the next exam.) I guess there's still time for you all to go to the board. The first three rows may go.

Chorus: We went last time.

F(x): All right then, the last three rows. (There are four rows in all.)

(F(x) (much later): We will have a written recitation over two months ago's work on next Saturday. Class dismissed.

Exit the Bird, not waiting for the class to give him to F(x).

Exit F(x) bound for taxi and golf in Virginia on Saturday.

## Serendipity

9:30 A. M.

Our little Bird, dazed from his recent experience, flutters weakly in an open window of Whitall in search of Dr. Hotson's Chaucer class. He was dazed, you understand, or he never would have been so foolhardy. He had just sense enough to pull his notebook out from beneath his wing and write the following:

"Let us today look into the 'Wyf of Bath's Prologue'." "Her what?" whispers Bijur, leaning over to Walton. "Oh, twaddle!" returns Walton quickly.

"Are there any questions?" "What, Mr. Irion, you don't know what the word 'queynte' means? It's obscene. You'd better look it up in the glossary. By the way, I don't believe you gentlemen are getting the most out of Chaucer. There will be a day of reckoning, you know. That reminds me of the story about an Indian who owed a white man \$200. The Indian finally paid off his debt and, in doing so, asked the white man for a receipt. 'Why, don't you trust me, Mighty Bull?' 'Oh, I trust you all right.' 'Then, why ask for a receipt?' 'Well, you know, some day I'm going to die and when I get to Heaven the Lord is going to say to me, 'Mighty Bull, have you been a good Indian?' I'll say, 'Yes, Lord.' 'Have you paid all your debts?' 'Yes, Lord.' 'Let's see your receipts.'"

Now I don't want to have to go chasing all over Hell to get my receipt from you." "

Those who don't yet know the technique of artistic bootlicking guffaw loudly; two pencil chewers swallow their pencils in a startled way.

"Before I go on, I want to remind you to do considerable reading outside of class. It will enable you to appreciate Chaucer's poetry more in later life." This is concentrated horseradish; but it sounds good. "Turn to the 'Wyf of Bath's Prologue.' She is talking about her fifth husband, who was something of a scholar.

'And whan I saugh he wolde never fyne  
To reden on this cursed book al night,  
Al sodeynly three leves have I plight  
Out of his book, right as he radde, and eke,  
I with my fist so took him in the cheke,  
That in our fyr he fil bakward adoun.  
And he up-stirte as dooth a wood leoun,  
And with his fist he smoot me on the heed,  
That in the floor I lay as I were deed.'

Nice little pair of playmates, if they didn't cause each other's teeth to part company with their mouths too early in their married lives. Dr. Hotson pares another hour off the rind of infinite time reading Chaucer in the voice of one rapt to Heaven.

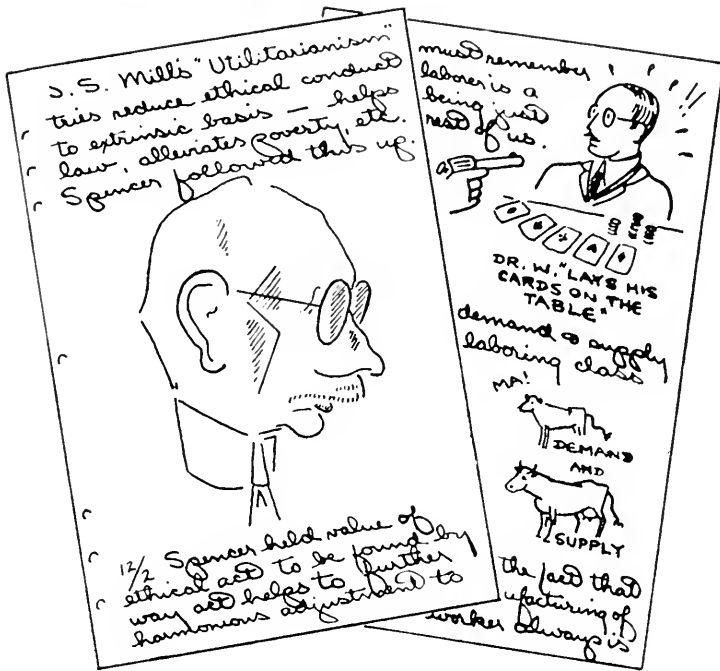
"That is all for today, gentlemen. Peruse the 'Tale of the Wyf of Bath' for next time." *Really*, Dr. Hotson.

## The Pause That Refreshes

10:30 A. M.

The little Bird, feathers ruffled, his beak yawning with exhaustion, flops towards the Library, falls into a side-slip, and finds himself on the milestone outside Chase Hall. Filled with memories, he pauses for a moment of contemplation on this monument of bygone times, then, after discharging his obligation to antiquity, decides to see what is happening in Chase Hall. Frightened by a terrific bass rumble at the foot of the stairs, he beats the air and arrives at the top thereof just in time to be greeted by a blast of sound from the open door on the left.

Professor A. is just holding an elementary French class. He has just been in search of chalk and has been refused admittance to the little conference room by Professor B., who is attempting to hold a sort of class within. Since no chalk was to be obtained, what was to be done but hold a class in the pronunciation of vowels? Roars of ah, oh, ay, oō thunder forth at separated intervals of a second or two accompanied by corrections



in the stentorian bellow of Professor A. "Not oō: say oō," says Professor A. "Oō," yells the class in dutiful unison. "No-o-o, not oō, but oō," comes the response with simulated irritation. And the chorus chants, "Oō." And so on for forty minutes. The bass rumble at the foot of the stairs suddenly ceases, a door slams with vicious force, and the bass rumble continues, diminished in volume. Professor C. (you would never recognize this as Petie unless we told you) is heard on the right: ". . . and Hōraee was óne of the móst impórtant figúres of Clás-si-cal Ró-man Lit-er-a-ture." Shouts issue from the door of the end room where the President is endeavoring to make himself heard over the racket outside. "Vite, vite, monsieur."

## The Greeks Had a Word For It 11:30 A. M.

Our little Bird returns to Founder's Hall hoping to find peace in the room of that noted Guggenheimer, Mr. Post. He now perches on the top of a blackboard out of the reach of flying Greek verbs—quite dangerous weapons indeed. He writes:

Mr. Post: Now, Mr. McKinlay, will you kindly translate this chorus?

McKinlay: Oh, ah—

Mr. Post translates the entire chorus at top speed. The class, after a vain attempt to keep up with the game, gives up and listens with the vast calm of ignorance in the presence of erudition.

Mr. Post: That will do, Mr. McKinlay. (McKinlay has said nothing but "oh, ah.") Regarding the chorus . . . (There follows a fifteen-minute, discourse on an unannounced subject which brings in literature, philosophy, physics, chemistry, geology, and a few well-girded facts of geometry. Music is not discussed.) What do you think about it, Mr. Zintl? (A vague "Oh, ah" from Zintl, who doesn't think much of it, starts Professor Post off on another discourse.) (Finally) Will *you* translate, Mr. Walton?

Mr. Walton, by dint of getting off to a fast start and shouting Mr. Post down every time that worthy starts to rumble in his throat, gets through in creditable fashion.

Mr. Post: Mr. Walton, why do you think Homer omits the Song of the Sirens?

Walton gives a lengthy series of sound reasonings, consuming four minutes by the clock.

Mr. Post (after Walton has finished): Well, Mr. Walton, you will be interested to learn that Homer *does* include the Song of the Sirens.

Walton retires within his shell and is not again heard from.

Mr. Post: What is the form of the second word in line 471, Mr. Hunt?

Hunt: I don't know, Dr. Post.

Mr. Post: My name is Mr. Post. Mr. Zintl, do you know? Mr. Walton—Mr. McKinlay—Mr. Bailey—*anybody*? Nobody knows. This class knows less about forms than Greek A. Come back *next* time prepared to give forms. Class dismissed.

Everybody goes out in high fettle, rejoicing in the knowledge that this is the only time in present history that Prof. Post has dismissed a class early.

## The Hungry Mob

12:30 P. M.

Wilmer and His Collegians Present Ptomaine Poisoning  
in 3 Acts.

Clapping, announcements. Yells of, "Shirt, Potts." (It's bright green.) "Dinner at six." "Why?"

Cheers crash out and the companion of the accordion man goes about collecting coins. The depression seems to be acutely felt in some quarters. The little Bird, thinking he has come to Scotland, twitters, "I can't give you anything but love," and simultaneously becomes the target of seventeen potatoes, which, oddly enough, finally come to rest on the Faculty table. Bird flits out amidst loud cries for Wilmer to effect his removal.

## Uncle Bill Makes a Call

3:20 P. M.

Little Bird transfers scene of operations to Lloyd and there finds bull sessions, bridge games, etc. in progress. He enters ninth entry and is never the same Bird again. He writes:

*Scene—Ninth Entry, first floor.* In Number 35, safe behind an imposing "Do Not Disturb" sign, the restful bodies of Fox, Ferris, and Allen lie in state. The atmosphere resembles that of a model Meeting, the quiet of the siesta being disturbed only by an occasional buzz from the depths of Ferris' manly bosom. In 36, directly across the hall from this haven of souls worn out by scholastic endeavor, four disciples of Culbertson—Jacobs, Kohn, La Due, and White—are in the foreground, bowing their heads over the altar of Contract. In the right background the Majestic, and Zintl, draped over the davenport, with head back and jaw limp, supply atmospheric music. The brilliant sunlight of the outside world cannot quite penetrate the dense, blue cloud that permeates the room. On the left, on the mantel above the fireplace, several dead soldiers of varied labels and ages stand on guard. The room is well furnished and tastefully decorated, but its order is somewhat deranged. At the left, in the background, a small vestibule and one of the bedrooms which open on it can be seen.

The interest of the occupants of 36 (excepting Zintl) is at a fever pitch as White attempts to make five clubs. Footsteps are heard in the hall and there is a knock at the door.

Voice Outside: This is Dr. Comfort. *May* I come in?

La Due (in a weak and not too clear voice): Come in.

More sharp knocks.

Dr. Comfort: I say, this is Dr. Comfort. *Can* I come in?

La Due (louder and more emphatically): Come in!

Dr. Comfort and a grey-haired gentleman enter cautiously, peering through the haze; and the quartet around the bridge table arises as one. Zintl continues in his blissfully unconscious state.

Dr. Comfort: Oh, they're having a little game of cards. Excuse me, boys. Don't get up. I just wanted to show Mr. — of — School, Detroit, a typical suite of Haverford rooms. Possibly you have heard of this school, John, if your knowledge extends that far. (Sweeps his arm in the general direction of the fireplace.) Oh, I see that you have some bottles on the mantel!

Mr. —: Three rooms to a suite, I see. (Signs of life on the davenport.)

Dr. Comfort: This is the study—

Mr. — (interrupting): Or, perhaps the cardroom. (Looks behind.)

And here we have two bedrooms—— (Zintl sits up and rubs his eyes in astonishment.)

Dr. Comfort (interrupting): Probably two bars. (After a marked pause.) Thanks for letting us disturb you; we don't want to keep you from your game.

The two visitors leave and are next seen quitting the entry, their faces covered by broad smiles. All is quiet in 36 until the outside door clicks shut; then the silence is broken by loud and hearty laughter. (N. B. This little story, says the Bird, is intended to illustrate President Comfort's statement in the *Public Ledger* that he would feel free to drop into a student's room at any time and discuss his personality with him.)

Bill Wray, heard shouting from afar: "Bridge! Gerenbeck. We have ten minutes to play. Come make a fourth." Urgent wailings from Peewee Roberts and Ray Webb confirm Bill's beseeching shout. Gerry comes on the run.

**"If Youse Guys Wanna Play Soccer . . ."**

**3:30 P. M.**

Little Bird goes over to the running track and there finds a large man running about exuding perspiration and stutters, carrying a pistol which won't work, several blank shells which are duds, a mind which won't remember names, and a large load of woe which occasionally becomes vocal. Little Bird is much bothered by this gentleman's agitation and departs for Merion Field.

Mr. Evans: Now I want youse boys to learn this goal-kicking. You can't expect to get up to fourth team soccer, if you don't, uh—what was I talking about? Oh yes, heading the ball. Now, that aids abdominal strength. You can't smoke cigarettes and expect to get the ball in the goal. (A non-smoker proudly throws out his chest, kicks, throws out his knee, and misses the goal by ten feet.)

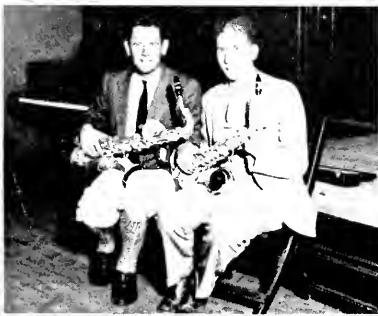
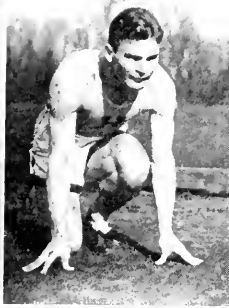
**A Quiet Evening at Home**

**6:30 P. M.**

Dinner, as occasionally happens, is of such surpassing excellence that nobody can find anything to criticize except the eleven who have read the Crow's Nest. (It has been the custom from time immemorial for the RECORD to beef about the Founder's food; it is because we are no iconoclasts that we have followed tradition. Anybody who doesn't think that "Ma" does nobly by her boys is invited to step around to our offices and receive a handsomely bound copy of "Where to Get Worse Meals Than at Haverford". Bring your horse and wagon with you.)

**7:00 P. M.**

Little Bird puts on a clean collar, preens his feathers, and goes around to the Field Club Meeting. He comes out in half a minute



without his collar, a band like a manacle on his leg, dusty and bedraggled from beak to claw. His nervous system is completely shot. He shakes his wing vindictively; and, muttering something about taking the matter up in Congress, he finally gets to the Hilles Laboratory, where he hopes to learn some engineering.

The meeting is *not* called to order by President Schramm, who, after earnestly exhorting the boys that they must infallibly be at Engineering Club, has himself forgotten the meeting entirely and has gone off on a date. The chaps who like to ride on P. and W. cars discuss speed for a while; but our little Bird, who can make 70 m.p.h. himself when being chased by the little woman, goes back to his room and starts to study.

### 7:45 P. M.

Five men, who have been talking to Bryn Mawr and Baldwin School since supper, leave various phones. Bill Wagner, Ed Carr, and Bill Pusey, who are using private phones, still going strong. Yell from Bill Wray, "Bridge! Gerenbeck! Got to study in twenty minutes." (Bill starts to study at 11:00 P. M.) Several Bryn Martyrs arrive in the Sixth Entry. A vast noise soon arises, causing the Haverford Detective Agency to send all its operatives to the scene, followed on horse by the Dean of the College. The horse's name is B and she's a great old nag.

Tat: A little noise is O.K.; but when the Library and the boys up in Barclay Tower phone in a complaint——

Parker: But we weren't making noise; we were singing.

Haverford Detective Agency: Heh, heh, heh——

### 11:45 P. M.

The serious business of the evening begins. Bull sessions begin at scattered points throughout the dorms. Some soon die of inanition; some capture that fleeting spark of interest and last far into the night. Little Bird sits in on a seventh entry session to which members have drifted from all over the campus, attracted by the bull roar of Moos. The subject is prohibition, which, as everybody knows, is half-way between religion and sex in any bull session. Sipple, Zapp, Lank Brown, and Tarazi are stoutly defending the present law against the rest of the room. The exit of La Due at 3:30 A. M. loudly proclaiming, "I've got an exam tomorrow; got to get some sleep; and I don't care what anybody says, I prefer blondes", finally breaks up the meeting.

### 4:30 A. M.

"Ki" Smiley is polishing off page 42 of his ethics thesis. Jacobs is studying for another exam. Save for their two lights, the campus is dark and deserted.



*A Right Sportive, Pleasaunt, Murye, and  
Pastoral Comedie Yclept:—*

SHEEP AHOY! or AS EWES LIKE IT—

ACT I

SCENE: *The Haverford "Gym". Students discovered dancing with their dates.*

CHORUS (*Students and Bryn Mawr girls sing*):

If you want to know who we are,  
We reply with one accord:  
We're students of Bryn Mawr  
And also Haverford.

TRIO (*Misses Schwab, McMaster, and Gerhard*):

Three little maids from Bryn Mawr we  
In search of a Bachelor of Arts degree,  
Sophisticated, you'll all agree.  
And, oh, so wise are we!

SCHWAB: Life is a date that's just begun.

MCMASTER: Always mix our work with fun.

GERHARD: Out every night and up 'til one.

ALL: Three little maids are we.

LADIES: We, with certainty rare but well-founded,  
Will define a man's life as well-rounded,  
When he enters the strife  
And captures a wife  
And leaves his opponents confounded.

GENTLEMEN: This is brav'ry distilled and compounded,  
With hardships beset and surrounded.  
But the ladies make life  
Worth living, though rife  
With suspicion, by jealousy bounded.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN (*together*):  
But a college is not for laments.  
We're pulling a terrible hammer.  
This song doesn't make the action advance;  
So let's get along with our dramer.

(Enter President of the Student Council.)

ALL: Hail, "Kauffy" Potts, our glorious president,  
Soccer "cap" emeritus and ad for Pepsodent.

PRESIDENT: My friends, I thank you kindly for this glowing sentiment;  
And if you've got the time that generally is spent  
In sitting in the garden or otherwise absent,  
I'll tell you with succinctness exactly what is meant  
By "typical Haverfordian"—a most exclusive gent!

LADIES: Yes, yes, report  
Whate'er import  
By "typical" may be implied.  
Is he pretty and fair  
And as debonair  
As the escorts here by our side?

SOLO—PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT COUNCIL:

Here's a typical Haverford man of today.  
He's witty—as Toogood and Morley display.  
He's learned but merry  
Like Jones and Cadbury,  
And sometimes, like Simkin, he goes to Cathay.  
With a touch of the aristocrat—not very much of it—  
On any party you'll find him such a fit!  
His merits at wooing  
Are proved in the doing.  
A chance in the garden? He always will clutch at it.  
He's not very chary of drug-store expenses;  
He sometimes likes novels and movie romences:  
The arts are his rage,  
So are sports and the stage:  
It's patent a man of wide interests he hence is.

(Enter Chorus of Faculty Members, dignified and stately.)

CHORUS: Expositors of learning we  
And authors of the lore you see  
Set forth in books both large and wee  
With marvelous callidity.

INCREDULOUS GROUP OF STAGS (hidden in the gallery):  
Well, what the hell's callidity?

CHORUS: Now Greek we think should be required;  
And Physics 1 is much desired.  
Of Music 1 we've grown quite tired;  
But that French 2 is so inspired!

STAGS (mournfully):  
So damnably inspired!



*(Enter, singing and dancing, the Faculty Wives.)*

CHORUS:     The wedded wives of learning, we,  
              Upholders of maternity,  
              But victims of prolixity,  
              For which we bear grim enmity.

STAGS *(in enthusiastic agreement)*:  
              Most bitter, bitter enmity!

CHORUS:     Our children, though by learning sired,  
              Their fathers have deserted, fired  
              By learning, and in books are mired,  
              Forgetting those they erstwhile squired.

STAGS *(sorrowfully)*:  
              Forgetting those they squired.

POTTS: Dear friends, it is exceedingly pleasant to see you all here again.

ALL: Hear, hear!!

POTTS: These festivities are highly appropriate to a project now on foot  
          upon our campus.

ALL: What project may that be?

PRESIDENT COMFORT: Listen and I'll tell you.

SOLO—PRESIDENT COMFORT:

You possibly have heard,  
If the *News* you ever scan,  
Of that great experiment—  
The Centenary Plan—  
Whereby each eager student  
Of our cloistered little clan  
Will take his sheepskin to the world,  
An educated man.

You would do ourselves a favor—  
The faculty and me—  
If you proffered your suggestions;  
Don't restrain for modesty.  
Should we give a course in Sanskrit  
Or Welsh philologiee,  
Or do away with Tuesday steaks  
And serve you better tea?

We might construct a swimming pool;  
New tennis courts would do,  
A theatre and an art museum,  
A dormitory or two.  
We might abolish all snap courses,  
Now, of course, quite few:  
The dining room might serve you chops  
Instead of college stew.

ALL HAVERFORDIANS: Yes, yes, whate'er you do,  
Abolish college stew.

MRS. TAYLOR—PRESIDENT OF THE FACULTY WOMEN'S CLUB: While all these suggestions sound very charming, isn't there something more romantic than the abolition of college stew which will further this great enterprise?

SMILEY: Romantic? Why should Haverford want anything romantic?

MISS YOUNG: Since MacColl left, Haverford has been—oh, *so* unromantic!

RECITATIVE (*Mrs. Taylor*):

Suppose that we women, in the interests of good taste,  
See that something of aesthetic quality, something fair and pure  
and chaste,

Is placed upon the campus. Shall we go into a huddle  
And confer in secrecy so the men our plans won't muddle?

(*The women and Bryn Mawr girls gather in the center of the stage while the men, disgusted at being excluded from such councils, dance about indifferently.*)

CHORUS (*Men*):

So you don't want advice?  
Do you think it is nice  
To leave us alone and go straying?  
But it's nothing to us;  
We don't give a cuss.  
Pst! Can you hear what they're saying?

CHORUS (*Women*):

List ye guardians of this sacred spot:  
Scholars, students, teachers, what-not;  
Hypatia turns her mind to contemplation  
Of the campus' impeccable beautification.

MRS. DUNN: Do you think that the ebullient offspring of our fructiferous cerebella should be offered to the masculine auditory organs without due ceremony?

MISS ANN HAWKES: Let us preserve a pauciloquent attitude and reserve our suggestion for a more august occasion.

FOLEY: I don't know what you're talking about; but pray tell us, what is this secret that you keep?

RECITATIVE (*Mrs. Taylor*):

We propose to utilize the greensward back of Barelay Hall  
For purposes most poetic—pastoral!  
You may take the plan we offer or take none at all.  
This it is; that Haverford shall keep  
About its verdant meadows a flock of little sheep.

MEN: Sheep? Never!

WOMEN (*dramatically*): Then we sever—forever!

(*There is great consternation among the men as the women hurry to secure their wraps.*)

PRESIDENT COMFORT: Alas, what an unforeseen catastrophe!

DEAN BROWN: This is what comes of women having too much freedom.

"KAUFFY" POTTS: Gentlemen, in this crisis we must stand together.

HAINES: Je m'en fiehe pas mal.

MRS. COMFORT: From college functions we will stay away  
Until the sheep are grazing back of old Barelay.

MRS. MELDRUM: O, unpoetic ones, this rashness shames;  
We'll ne'er attend your dances or your games.

MRS. BROWN: Until fair flocks delight our verdant fields,  
You'll find us hid by adamantine shields.

MISS SCHWAB: Every girl from Bryn Mawr states,  
"Get the sheep, or no more dates."



MRS. PALMER: Furthermore, unless you dress in shepherds' clothes,  
Let grow your flowing locks, and pastorals compose,  
We'll never (or scarcely ever), if you please,  
Agree to give the students any teas.

STUDENTS: What, no teas?

BLUR: Oh, shistlepot!

ALLENDORFER: This will mean another revolution.

MILLER: But where will we meet women?

SCHRAMM: Alas! O Kronos, that I should have lived to see this hour!

HUNT: Pray, dear ladies, do not be so dour.

LIPSITZ: No more tea? Oh, fate severe!

BAKER: My manly eye doth raise a tear.

GERENBECK: And mine a glistening drop hath shed.

PUSEY: Well, let's go home and get to bed.

(*Finale to Act I*)

MEN

WOMEN

Night is drawing on apace;

Night is drawing on apace;

Towards our homes we now must  
face.

Towards our homes we now must  
face.

Our cry resound:

Stop your song,

We'll stand our ground!

And get along.

Sheep our campus won't disgrace!

ALLENDORFER (*testily interrupts*): This song is taking too much space.

ACT II

SCENE: *The lawn back of Barclay Hall. Early morning. Students and faculty are seated with doleful expressions in a circle on the grass.*

CHORUS (*All*): Rosy-fingered dawn is rising over Ardmore town.

Ah that in some potable our anguish we could drown.

Since the damsels went sheep-conseious, life is drab, alas,

Colorless as Barelay tower, hard as Hotson's Chaucer class.

See Aurora rise afar


O'er the works of Autoccar.

This is another day, I fear, like mathematics, hard to pass.

(*Exeunt all but Potts, Sipple, Comfort, and Palmer.*)

PRESIDENT COMFORT: Gentlemen, what is to be done?

POTTS: We must be adamant. We have so far withstood the most determined efforts of the ladies to thrust a flock of silly mutton on our campus and to enforce upon us the unseemly habiliments of shepherds and pastoral poets. They have denied us their services in all manner of things; but we must not give in.



PRESIDENT COMFORT: *Now* the library is paralyzed; our wives will no longer accompany us to the theatre; and the work in my office all devolves on me. Imagine me typing my own correspondence! (*Others moan dutifully.*) But we must not give in.

SIPPLE: The student body has become desperate. There has not been a Faculty Tea for months.

PALMER: But you forget—

SIPPLE: Of course, there was one. But what happened? Ballard and Frank Smith acted as hostesses and forgot the names of the guests. Dr. Reid and Mr. Chase poured tea and invariably put in too much sugar. That sort of thing won't do.

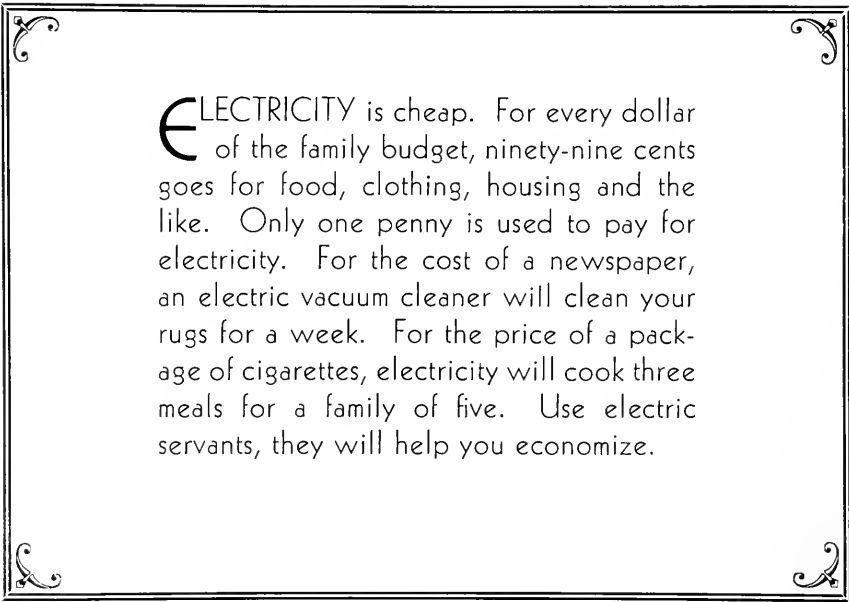
POTTS: The corporation of Haverford College is not interested in educating any young man addicted to the use of too much sugar.

PRESIDENT COMFORT: However, we must hold out. You perhaps are acquainted with my singular distaste for pastorals. In view of my feelings on the subject, I shall never consent to have sheep on this meadow, nor to let my hair grow, nor to don shepherds' clothing, nor to write virelays.

PALMER: In that we are with you.

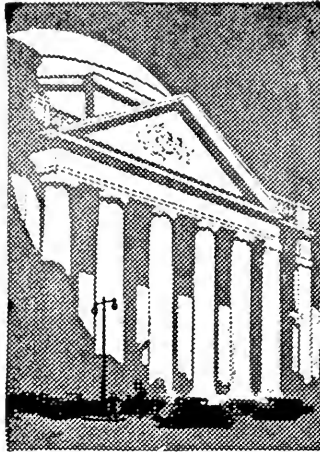
POTTS: Lo, what's here?

*(Enter Dean Brown dressed in a flowing gown. In one hand he carries a shepherd's crook, in the other a scroll. He is very much enraptured and is startled by the others.)*



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PALMER: What ho, Dean!

POTTS: Tally ho, Dean!!

BROWN: Oh, it's you gentlemen. Alas, ye have with sudden speech dispersed the thoughts which soared through my brain. What was that word that rhymed with "Ganymede"?

PRESIDENT COMFORT: My dear sir, what's the meaning of this?

BROWN: Philomel hath beckoned with her tuneful note. List to the eclogue which I have indited to Phyllis. It's an allegory; and Phyllis is Mrs. BROWN.

(*Reads*) Once more ye laurels, yet once more, ye Main Line bards,

From Lethe-wards arise and sing light-winged Dryad of the trees—

PRESIDENT COMFORT: Oh, I can't bear it. (*Exit.*)

BROWN: Alas! Ye, whose folded wings have not been sung by the sacred flame of Arcadian love! Lo, here is a tune whose luscious notes will set you tripping. Hail, Pierian spring, font of loveliness. For you I shall compose a roundelay, a tender thing, fraught with beauty.

(*Enter Fields as the god Pan. He plays a pipe and dances about, followed by the chorus of Bryn Mawr girls.*)

CHORUS: Sing, ye woodland nooks, so fresh from showers.

From our bowers,

Halls, and cloisters comes each gladsome, merry maiden,

Sweetly laden

With a garland deftly decked with fragrant flowers.

Happy hours

Are these in youthful, sportive spring

To dance and sing.

FIELDS: Haste, ye nymphs and buxom damsels, follow me;

Dance to luring lute and tabor merrily.

POTTS: I beg of you, ladies, give me an explanation of this business.

MISS YOUNG: You! You, who have never danced a cavatina, whose lips have never sung dithyrambs or triolets to Rosalind, whose hand has never even written a georgic!

POTTS: I don't like georgics.

BROWN: Thou art behind ye times. Knowest thou not, fair swain, that this is an Arcadian landscape? Yonder humble cottage—I refer to Merion Hall—looks out upon a meadow whereon shepherds watch their flocks 'neath Phoebus' friendly eye. Elves bewitch the copse beside yon rivulet. Titania nightly gambols with her fairies in the woods back of Lloyd Hall and Queen Mab hath galloped o'er the Chem. Lab.

(*Enter Dr. Snyder and Dr. Dunn as pastoral poets.*)

DUNN: Sayest thou a bucolic hath issued from thy quill?

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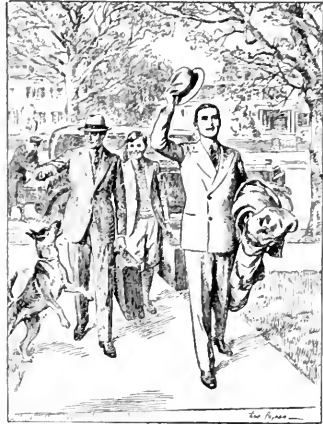
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SNYDER: True, good shepherd. It is writ in daetyls. Hast thou also been kissed by the tuneful nine?

DUNN: Yea, verily. As a slight professional concession, I have written mine in pterodaetyls.

*(Enter entire chorus of Faculty Wives, Faculty, and Students as shepherds.)*

CHORUS: Tripping hither, tripping thither,  
Gayly sound the tuneful zither,  
Tra, la la,  
Hotcha, cha.

SOLO (*Walton*): Allow me to announce that the editorial staff  
Of the *Haverfordian* has applied its lyric craft  
To assembling just one issue  
(I think that this will please you)

Devoted to idylls, bucolics, and such draft.

ALL: Let eclogues to our journal's columns creep  
And glorify with verse the college sheep.  
Baa, baa, baa!  
Hotcha, cha.

MISS SCHWAB: Isn't this glorious! Haverford has acceded to our wishes and turned pastoral.

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DR. SNYDER: All except Dr. Comfort.

KATZENBACH: And Scudder. Where *is* Scudder?  
(*Enter Scudder in his car.*)

SCUDDER: One moment. Hold these proceedings. A singular idea has occurred to me.

SIPPLE: Remarkable!

SCUDDER: The stew, for which every man of us has such a consummate detestation——

ALL: Hear, hear!

SCUDDER: Is a product of these much-lauded sheep.

POTTS: True. What of that?

SCUDDER: Well, we're abolishing Haverford stews: is it not illogical to maintain on the campus anything reminiscent of these gregarious, woolly, sometimes horned, and ruminant mammals?

SIPPLE: Nothing could be more satisfactorily correct. Then, of course, this pastoral business comes to naught.

ALL: True. (*All shed their pastoral garb as far as the occasion permits. Students dance around singing.*)

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 We're practical, sane young men,  
 We're horn-rimmèd focal,  
 Paoli Local,  
 Go-to-the-Greek's young men.

SOLO (*Bourne*): Conceive me, if you can,  
 A punster big and gran',  
 A care-free and jolly,  
 Market Street trolley,  
 Five-and-ten-cent-store young man.

SOLO (*Scudder*): Conceive me, if you can,  
 A silk hat and tails young man,  
 A saddle and bridle  
 Debutante idol,  
 Symphony orchestra fan.

*(Enter President Comfort in afternoon dress attire.)*

PRESIDENT COMFORT: AS I might have predicted, you have all come to my way of thinking. Georgics, and satyrs, and sheep are henceforth merely memories so far as Haverford is concerned. Now, "revenons à nos moutons."

PORTS: I think we might have listened to the President in the first place.

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MRS. TAYLOR: Perhaps our plan *would* have made the campus look a bit sheepish.

MISS SCHWAB: Forgive us, Uncle Billy.

PRESIDENT COMFORT: Of course—

*(Enter Foley draped with a miscellany of unpressed suits.)*

FOLEY: Suits pressed!

*(The men all kneel to the women and press their suits.)*

SOLO (*Pres. Comfort*): I am a monarch of these fields,

Whose power he wisely wields.

Every problem of importance on my will depends.

ALL: And we are his students, his professors, and his friends,

His students and professors—

And he's all that can repress us—

And his friends.

CHORUS: For he is a Haverford man.

He might have gone to Harvard,

To Swarthmore, Yale, or Oxford,

Or to far-off Michigan,

But he is a Haverford man.

*(Exeunt omnes.)*

*(Finis.)*

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