

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1934 RECORD



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THE GIFT OF

DR. W. W. COMFORT

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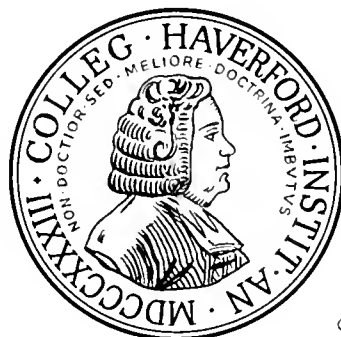
THE RECORD

OF NINETEEN HUNDRED

AND THIRTY-FOUR

AT HAVERFORD COLLEGE

HAVERFORD · PENNSYLVANIA



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B. S. LOEWENSTEIN, *Editor*

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FOREWORD

In the hope that this record book will crystallize pictorially the common interests of the past and future, we, the editors, present this book . . .

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Miss G. W. W. Conifort

DEDICATION

We dedicate this book
to the Alumni of the past
century with as deep
and genuine a sincerity
as they have dedicated
themselves to our College



RUFUS M. JONES

- There are four major events in life: Getting born, getting married, selecting the right center of education and finding a career that fits one's aptitudes.

I was born at the right spot and time, married the right person, chose the ideal college and have had a perfectly happy career of forty-one years as a teacher of Haverford men whom I have both admired and loved.



DON C. BARRETT

● Life at Haverford is full of interest and helpfulness and enjoyment. One feels a sense of deep regret in separating himself from its active duties, yet he wishes to retire with as much grace and contentment as lies within him so to do. Fortunately, retirement does not mean inactivity — only opportunity to pursue many interests crowded out hitherto.



LEGH W. REID

- Having been asked to write a few words for this *Record* on the eve of my retirement after thirty-four years' service as a member of the Faculty of Haverford College, I am glad to do so.

The recollection that I have known and taught every man who entered Haverford as a Freshman for thirty years will always be a great satisfaction to me, and I only regret that it has been possible for me to know and teach only a portion of the students now in college. The memories of these associations will always be precious to me, and I can say truthfully that among my happiest hours have been those passed in my classroom.

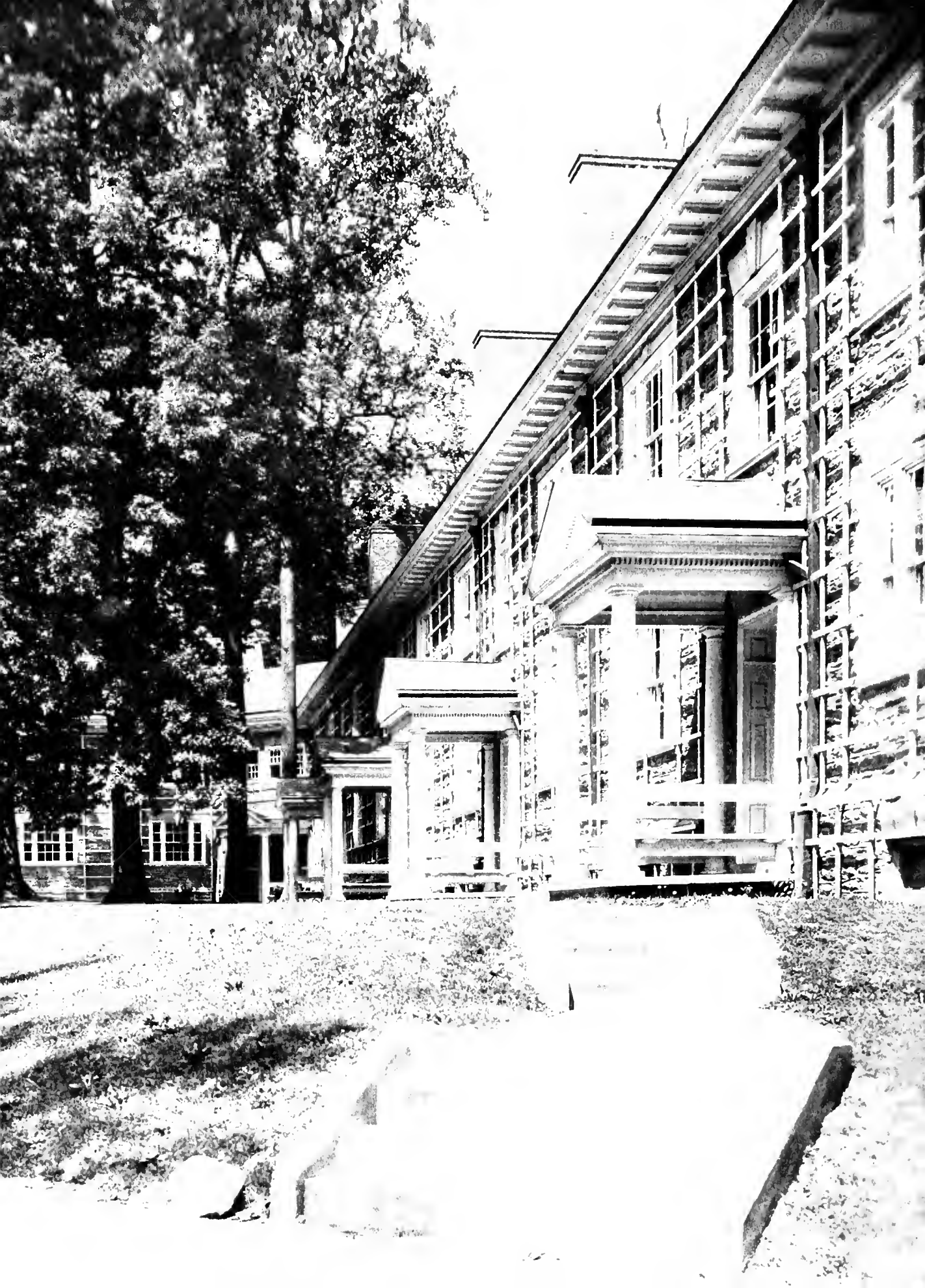
May I hope that all of you, alumni and students, whom I have known, can say "*Farsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit.*"





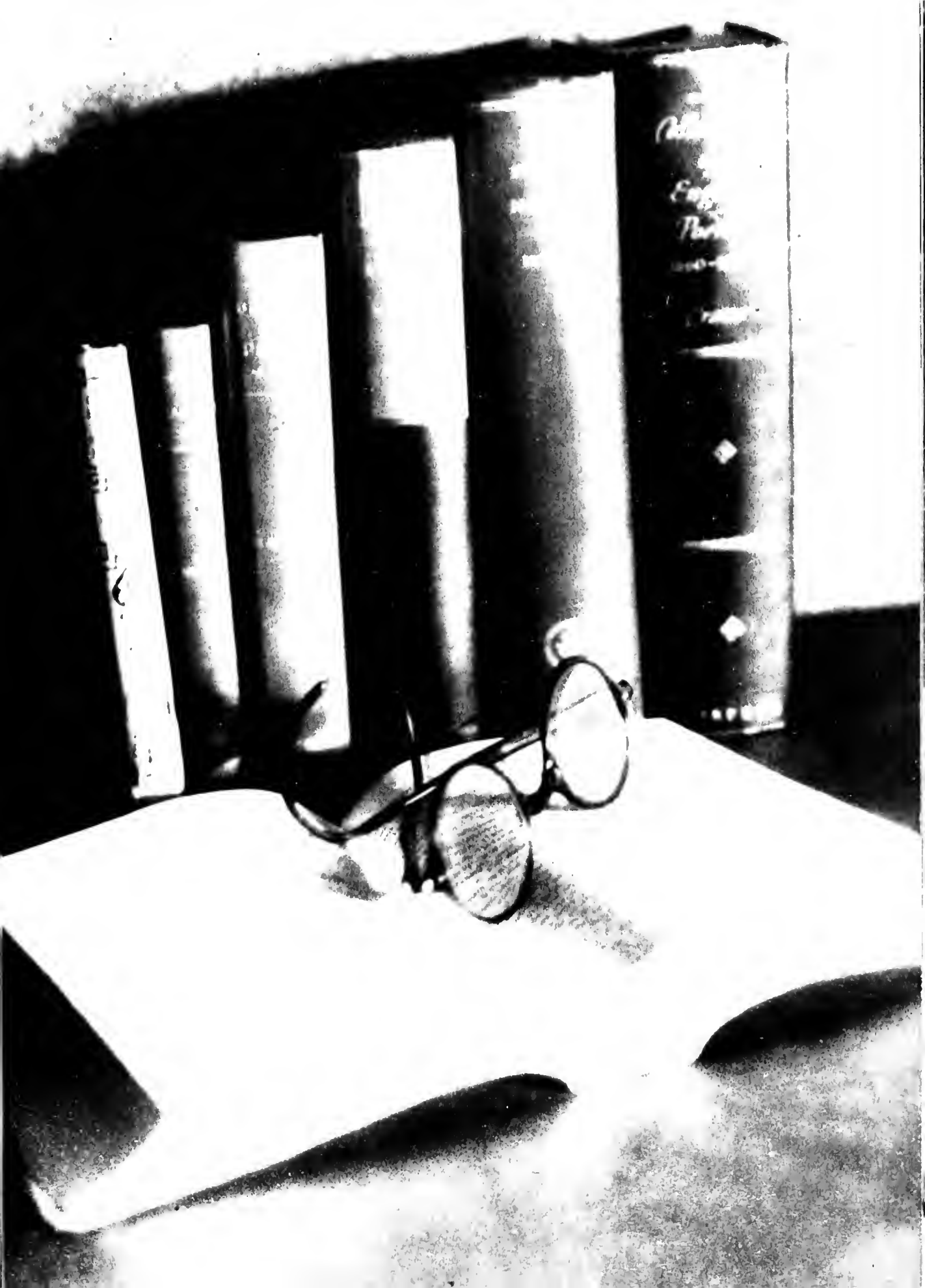














WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, *President*
A.B., Haverford College, A.B., A.M., and Ph.D., Harvard University, Litt.D.,
University of Pennsylvania, LL.D., University of Maryland and
Lake Forest College

LYMAN BEECHER HALL
A.B., Amherst College, A.M. and Ph.D., University of Göttingen
John Furnum Professor of Chemistry, *Emeritus*

HENRY SHERRING PRATT
A.B., University of Michigan; A.M. and Ph.D., University of Leipzig
David Scull Professor of Biology, *Emeritus*

ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES
Ph.D., Middlebury College, LL.D., Lafayette College
Lecturer in Commercial Law and Banking, *Emeritus*

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A.B., Yale University; A.M., Haverford College;
M.D., University of Pennsylvania
Professor of Hygiene and Physical Education, *Emeritus*

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A.M. and D.D., Harvard University; Litt.D.,
Penn College, LL.D., Haverford College,
Swarthmore College, and Earlham Col-
lege; D. Theol., University of Marburg
Professor of Philosophy

LEGH WILBER REID
S.B., Virginia Military Institute, A.B.,
Johns Hopkins University; S.M., Princeton
University; Ph.D., University of Göttingen
Professor of Mathematics

DON CARLOS BARRETT
A.B. and A.M., Earlham College; A.M.
and Ph.D., Harvard University
Professor of Economics





WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT
 A.B. and L.H.D., Bowdoin College
 A.M. and Ph.D., Harvard University
 Walter D. and Edith M. L. Scull Professor
 of English Constitutional History



FREDERIC PALMER, JR.
 A.B., A.M., and Ph.D., Harvard University
 Professor of Physics



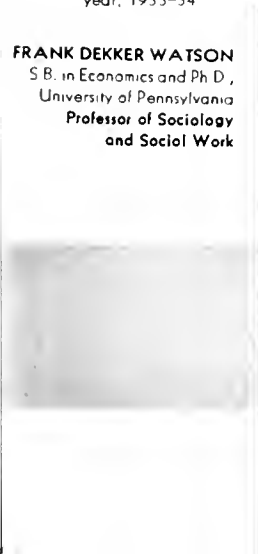
ELIHU GRANT
 B., A.M., Ph.D., and S.T.B., Boston
 University
 Professor of Biblical Literature
 Absent on leave, second half
 year, 1933-34



RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY
 Ph.B., Earlham College, M.L. and Ph.D.
 University of California
 Professor of History



LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE
 M.E., Stevens Institute of Technology
 Professor of Engineering



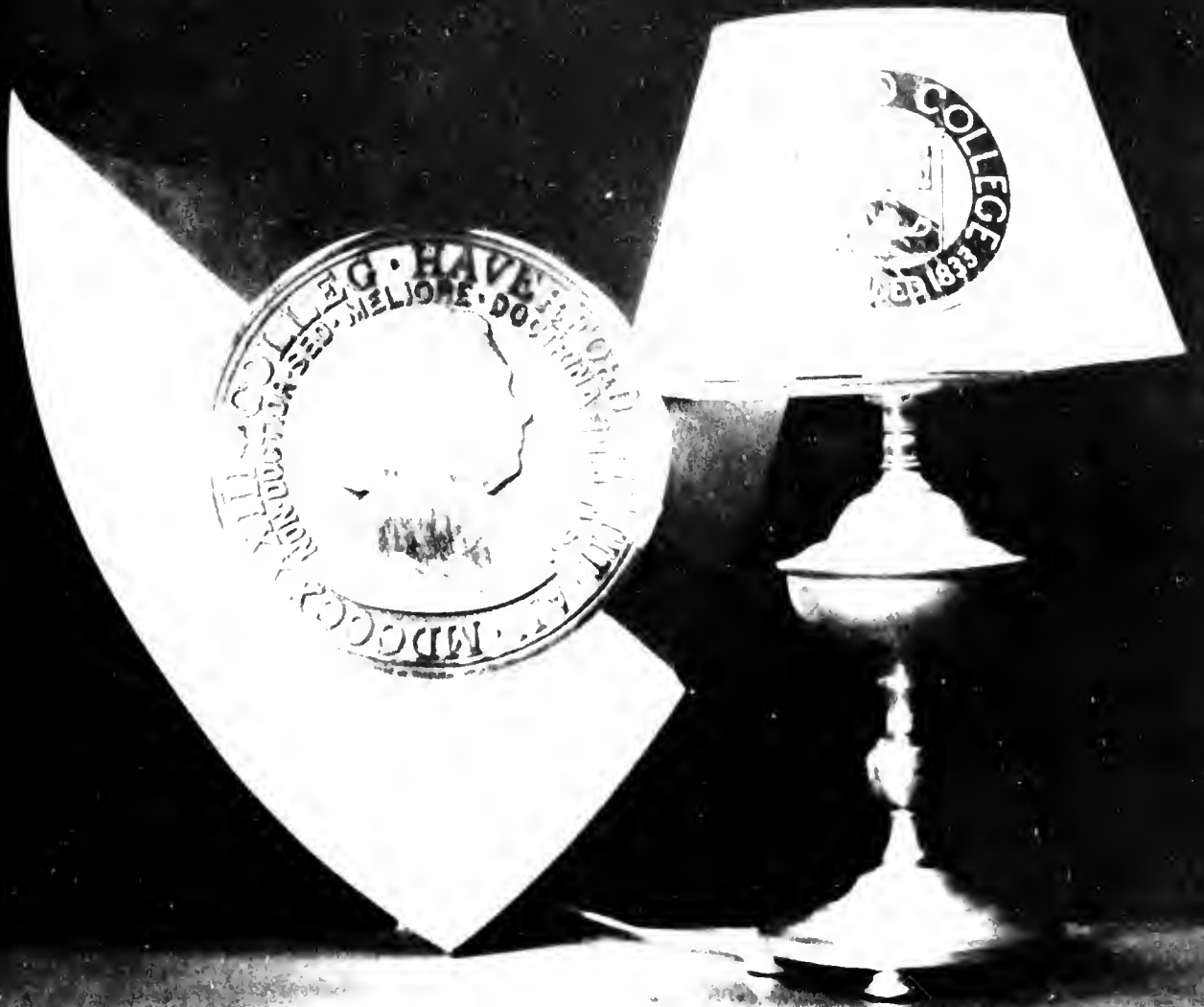
FRANK DEKKER WATSON
 S.B. in Economics and Ph.D.,
 University of Pennsylvania
 Professor of Sociology
 and Social Work

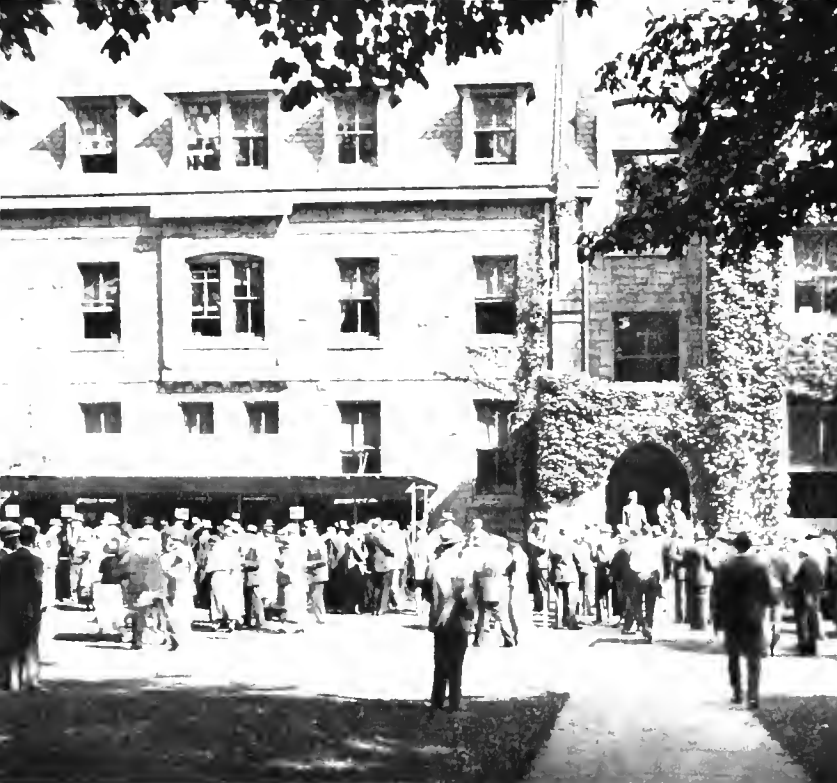


DEAN PUTNAM LOCKWOOD
 A.B., A.M., and Ph.D.,
 Harvard University
 Professor of Latin

1833

1933





"And two marshals shall clear the way"

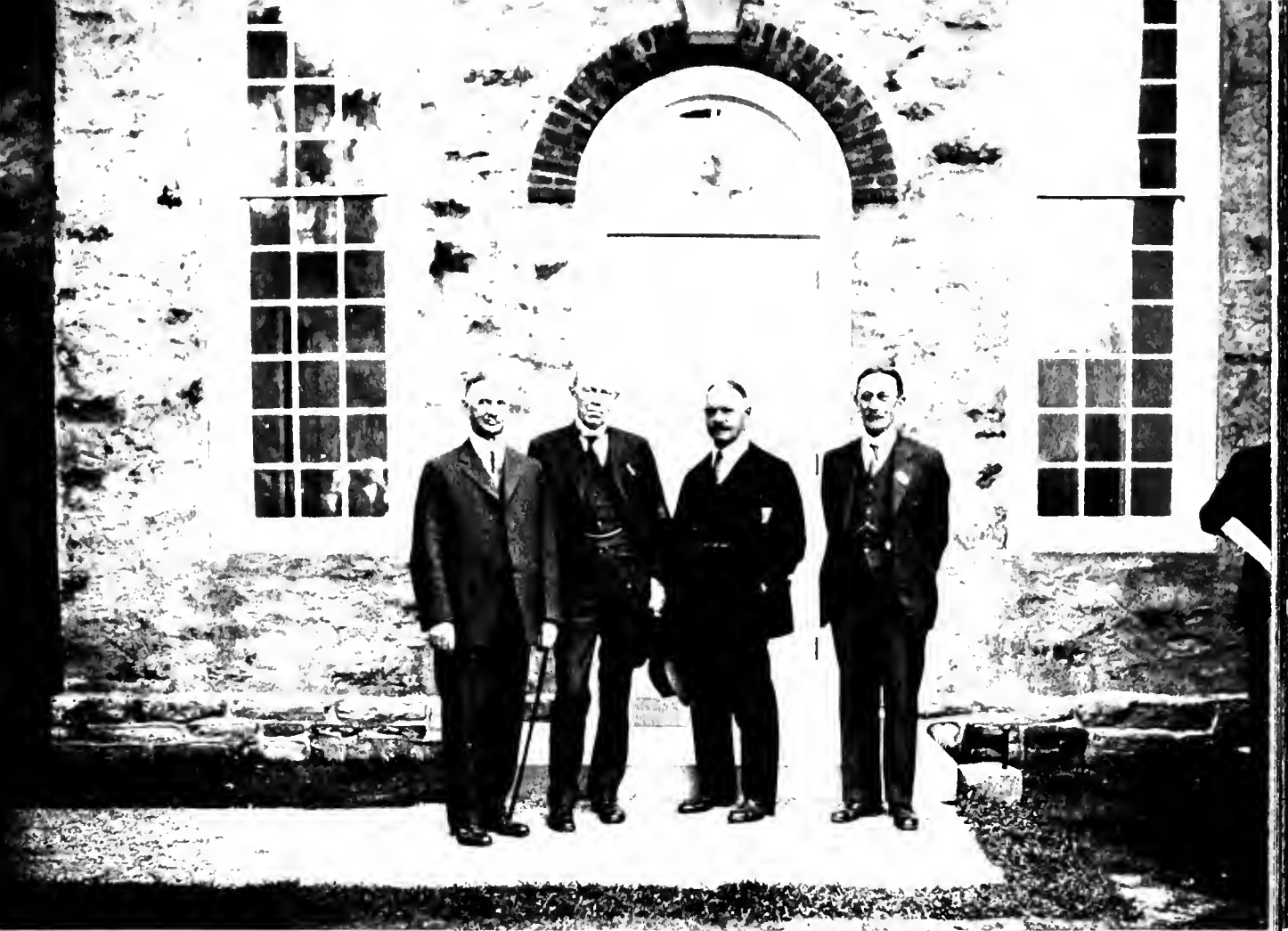
Every one agreed that Centenary Day was a glorious success. Its campus crowded with worthy old grads and their families and educational leaders from all America, Haverford forgot its famed modesty and retirement for at least twenty-four hours. Polite undergraduates, all wearing neckties, and in nearly all cases coats to match their pants, were seen everywhere, like plain clothes men, shadowing their eminent elders. The sun shone graciously all day long, and the belfry of Founders carried on the good work with a battery of spotlights at night. We realized, that day, that Haverford is more than a place where we happen to spend four years of our lives.



"And do you have
your wife and
children with you?"

That the waiting world might hear





"Merry Christmas Dr. Gummere." "Thanks a lot Mr. Stowbridge"



President Comlort
President Angell
President Lewis



"Founders' Hall, our first beautiful colonial building, in the midst of an extensive campus . . . "

Haverford History

"Leaving those who were to remain at the Institution to their own reflections"





"Marching along
together"



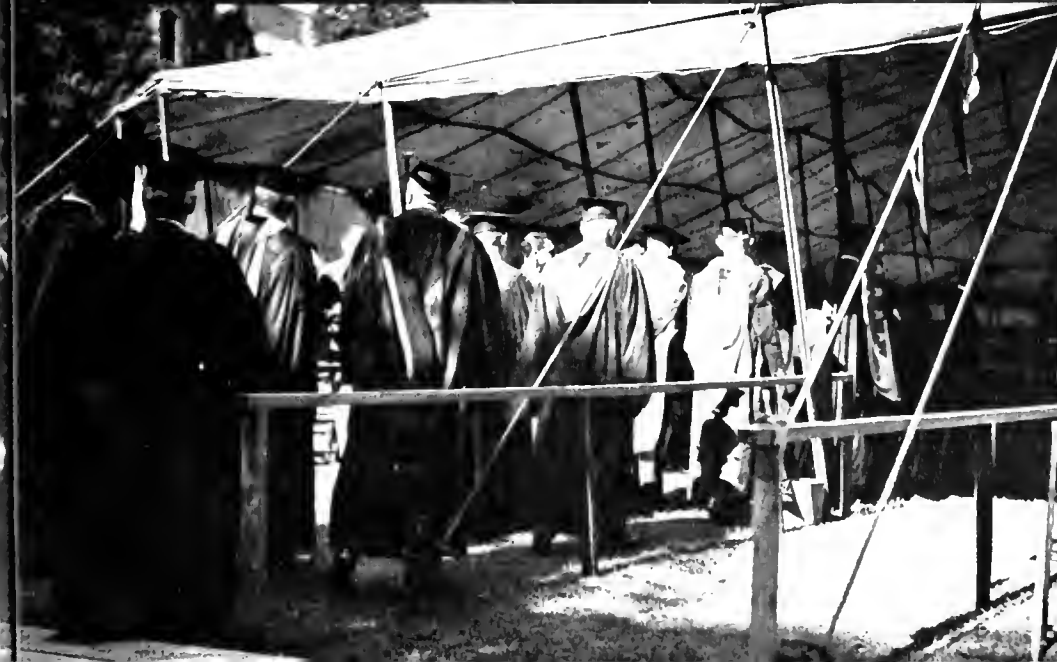
"Now, where did thee
get thy Ph.D.?"







Under the Big Top





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



Fireman—
Save my child



"Can you tell me where?"



"Non doctior
sed meliore
doctrina imbutus"



SENIORS





CLASS OFFICERS

FRESHMAN YEAR

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RICHARD R. PLEASANTS *President*
 JAMES D. LOCKARD *Vice-President*
 GERARD HOLZRICHTER *Secretary*
 JAMES A. MACCOLL *Treasurer*

SECOND HALF

PHILIP B. RICHARDSON
 CHARLES M. BANCROFT
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 GERARD HOLZRICHTER

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 CHARLES M. BANCROFT *Vice-President*
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SECOND HALF

RICHARD R. PLEASANTS
 ROBERT H. BEAVEN
 LOUIS W. FLACCUS, JR.
 HENRY G. RUSSELL





PERMANENT CLASS OFFICERS . . . Atmore (Treasurer), Richie (Vice-President), Flaccus (President), Pleasants (Secretary)

CLASS OFFICERS

JUNIOR YEAR

FIRST HALF

ROBERT C. ATMORE *President*
 WILLIAM H. HAINES, III *Vice-President*
 ROBERT H. BEAVEN *Secretary*
 LOUIS W. FLACCUS, JR. *Treasurer*

SECOND HALF

RICHARD O'B. GIBBS
 ARTHUR T. RICHIE
 EDWIN P. TRIPP, JR.
 LOUIS W. FLACCUS, JR.

SENIOR YEAR

FIRST HALF

LOUIS W. FLACCUS, JR. *President*
 ARTHUR T. RICHIE *Vice-President*
 ROBERT B. JONES *Secretary*
 NORMAN J. RUSH *Treasurer*

SECOND HALF

LOUIS W. FLACCUS, JR.
 ARTHUR T. RICHIE
 RICHARD R. PLEASANTS
 ROBERT C. ATMORE





ROBERT CRAIG ATMORE

314 LOUELLA AVENUE

WAYNE PA.

Born 1912. Entered from William Penn Charter School in 1930.

Class President (3); Permanent Class Treasurer; Class Executive Committee (3, 4); Freshman-Junior Dance Committee; Soph-Senior Dance Committee; Class Day Committee; Student Council (4); News Board (3, 4); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells (2, 3, 4); Vice-President (4); Founders Club (4).
German Major.



To my d-d-darling S-s-sue:

Ever since y-y-you have spurned me for that f-f-filthy Princeton man I have b-b-been unable to s-s-sleep or to e-e-eat, . . . w-w-well, anyway, I haven't slept. You are u-u-unaware of my - my - my possibilities and just because I do not look like C-c-c-clark Gab--b--ble you scorn me.

Did it ever o-o-occur to you that I am the b-b-biggest man on my c-c-campus? It is possible for m-m-me to sit any place in a theatre and s-s-see without the slightest trouble . . . and I c-c-could hold you in my l-l-lap with e-e-e-ease.

I have b-b-been actively connected with the G-Glee Club ever since I have been in c-c-college. I probably know more about M-m-music than Bach, but not as much as H-H-Hunt Bach J-Jones, my friend here. I a-a-adore Bridge in all forms but S-S-Spin-the-Plate is what I am b-b-best at. I like horseback rrriding and have spent some ssssummers at D-D-Dude Ranches although now I am interested in a B-Boys' Camp.

I might not bbbbe as intel--tel--teligent as that guy from P-P-Princeton but then, it is an admitted fact that I ttttake *snap* courses such as MMMUlsic 2; German something-or-other and L-L-Logic. I have deliberately sssshunned all hard courses but, hhhheck, it doesn't ttttake hard c-c-courses to make mince-meat, which is where I will end up when I finish h-h-here.

I am a g-g-god-send to women for I can dan-dan-dance great and think Shubert's Works are just ggggreat but DO N-N-NOT compare with Gilbert and Sullivan at all!! The last g-g-girl I had thought G & S were l-l-lousy and that is why I want to go w-with you . . . S-S-Sue. You don't mind if I call y-y-you SSSSSSue, d-d-do yyyou????

I am nnot much of an aaathlete although I do have athlete's feet and can j-i-jump at cconclusions. I l-l-love to do Indian DDDDances when everybody is in bbbbed and go Whoooooo - Whoooooo and jiijump up and dddown.

I am interested in Animal Llllife and while at College have been taking care of a C-C-Crow's NNNNest. I am interested in BBBBryn Mawr College and voted ffor Hoover. PpppPlease write to me.

Your Bob

P.S. I wear Size 14 ssshoes.

Stenographic report of telephone conversation between the president of Notre Dame and a well-known track coach. Lent to the *Record* by Bell Telephone.

President: What do you know about Charles Bancroft? *Well-Known Track Coach:* You mean Charles . . . Charles . . . you mean Charles Bancroft? *Pres.:* Yes, I mean Charles Bancroft; we want a new football coach because Layden just resigned. *W-K.T.C.:* Oh, that's too bad. That's too bad. Charles is a funny fellow . . . a fun . . . fun . . . funny . . . Bancroft's a funny fellow. He sleeps the darndest hours . . . Sometimes he sleeps through sup . . . sup . . . sometimes he sleeps through dinner . . . The other day I went to see him to ask him why he didn't go out for track that afternoon . . . to ask him why he didn't go out for track that afternoon. And he says "Pop" . . . he says "No kiddin', Pop, I was goin' out, but I fell asleep." Charley's a funny fellow, what do you want to know about him? *Pres.:* Is he an athlete? *W-K.T.C.:* He and I coached a football elev . . . elev . . . eleven . . . Charley and I coached a football team last year. As fast as I took men out, he put them back. Charley's a funny fell . . . Bancroft's a funny boy. He doesn't smoke cig . . . cigar . . . cig . . . Charley doesn't smoke; he only chews the ends of 'em. (Laughter from *W-K.T.C.*) *Pres.:* How good an athlete is he? That's what I asked you. *W-K.T.C.:* Well, well, Charley's won the hard luck prize for athlet . . . far athletics. He works terribly hard and he's good . . . he's good . . . but he never seems to get to the t . . . t . . . to a letter. *Pres.:* How are his personal habits? *W-K.T.C.:* Ban . . . Ban . . . Well, Charley never seems to get very good marks in French. Dear, dear, I shouldn't have said that. You'd better ask somebody else all these questions. *Pres.:* That's all right, but could you get Mr. Bancroft to the 'phone, please. *W-K.T.C.:* Why this is only a week after vacation, and Charley nev . . . nev . . . seldom gets back to college that soon. He's at his girl's house, he's over at Anne Murphy's. *Pres.:* What was the girl's last name? *W-K.T.C.:* Murph . . . Murph . . . why, it's Murphy, Murphy like in potato. *Pres.:* Are you sure it's Murphy? *W-K.T.C.:* Positiv . . . posi . . . Why sure it's Murphy. *Pres.:* Tell Charley he has the job once held by the great Knute Rockne!



CHARLES MARCH BANCROFT

562 MOHAWK AVENUE

NORWOOD, DELAWARE COUNTY, PA.

Born 1911. Entered from Brown Preparatory School in 1930.

Class Vice-President (1, 2); Football, Numerals (1, 2, 3); Track, Numerals (1, 3), H (2, 4), Captain (4); *Haverfordian* Board (3, 4); *Record* Board (4); Triangle. Pre-Medical Major.





ROBERT HADDON BEAVEN

1122 SOUTH GOODMAN STREET ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Born 1913. Entered from Peddie Preparatory School in 1930.

Class Secretary (2, 3); Class Vice-President (2); Permanent Class Executive Committee; Chairman Soph-Senior Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Football Dance Committee (4); Class Day Committee, Chairman; Freshman Tennis Team; Glee Club (1); Band (1); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 4); Cop and Bells (1, 2, 3, 4); Record Board (4).

English Major.

Dear Alumni Editor
Haverford News
Haverford, Pa.

Dear Sir:

I found the following clipping in the *American Mercury* under the heading "American," a column devoted to revealing the weaknesses and foibles of the American body politic.

NEW YORK

Religion up to the minute and very vital as portrayed by the Rochester (New York) *Post-Scimitar*,

Last week a new minister, Dr. Robert Beaven, burst into town, and he has since stirred the town's spiritual forces to their depths. The new divine, a disciple of Rufus Jones and a follower of the Inner Light, preached his virgin sermon on the topic of "Cornetting your Way to Heaven," accompanying his remarks by appropriate snatches of lively tunes on his own cornet.

A *Post-Scimitar* reporter asked Dr. Beaven what his sermon next Sunday would be about. A great punner and man of humour, he pulled the old one, "Oh, about twenty-five minutes." "But seriously," he added, "I have prepared a sermon on the subject of 'Getting to Heaven by Making Funny Faces.' This will be accompanied by extremely uproarious grimaces which I have spent long years in mastering. Then, the following Sunday, I intend to dish it out (the some old stuff, of course), under the title 'Getting to Heaven by Funny Noises,' which, you may rest assured, will be a howl. Other subjects which should also fill the house are: 'Dancing My Way to Heaven,' 'Sunday School Teaching My Way to Heaven,' 'Getting to Heaven on Very Little Food, Even as Do the Birds of the Air,' 'Philosophizing My Way to Heaven via Rapt Attention to Haverford's Man from Maine and His Ethics Course.' In that sermon I will give visual illustrations of how a man may integrate himself although made up of two conflicting characteristics, as I am, being very serious and at the same time very frivolous." The reporter asked Dr. Beaven if he believed in Heaven. The minister replied, "Yes, if you define it in certain terms," and went on to a dissertation concerning Logic with which we won't bother the reader.



Harold dear:

I just had to write and tell you to take good care of yourself on account of the track meet tomorrow, and get to bed early. Of course, you always do get to bed right after your nightly trip to Doc's, unless you're out with me—at least your room-mates say so—and the Lord only knows when you get in. I'm sorry I've made you miss the last train so often.

We were driving Haverford way and I stopped in to see you yesterday, but you were at track practice. How neat your room is—such a methodical person I never did see! No wonder they call you Uncle Podger! One of the boys said that you usually remake your bed after Lou is finished because he doesn't do it just right. My, Oh My.

But you're not an old maid, even if some people do think so. I felt a little that way until last year when you suddenly appeared in brown and white sport shoes, instead of those everlasting brown ones. It was quite encouraging. Now please don't blow up at what I've said. You've got a quick temper, but I will say, you cool down quickly and are good-humored and playful again.

Dearest, I do want to thank you again for the Orchestra the other night. It was wonderful, especially the Wagner we both love so well. Do you remember last summer at the Dell? I'm awfully lucky to have a boy friend who loves good music, but I still think it's a pity you don't dance.

Now remember, Harold, early to bed, and win that race tomorrow. I'll be rooting for you. If you had a milk-shake instead of breakfast this morning, you'd better omit the afternoon one and just get your evening one at Doc's. Don't study too hard—I know that's one of your failings—and if you win, I'll take you to see Janet Gaynor next week.

Always,

Your own, Susie



HAROLD FORT BODINE

6723 EMLEN STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1930.

Track, Freshman Team, H (2, 3, 4), Cross-Country Squad (3, 4), H (4), Captain (4).
English Major.





LEWIS HOWARD BOWEN

LANSDOWNNE, PA.

Born 1910. Entered from George School in 1930.

Student Council (4); Manager Cooperative Store (4); News Service (4); News Board (1, 2, 3, 4); News—Make-up Editor (1); News Editor (2); Managing Editor (3); Editor (4); Record Board; English Club (4); Liberal Club (2, 3, 4).
English Major.



Mr. Arthur Brisbane
Journalistic Heights
New York City

Dear Mr. Brisbane:

I am the editor of the *Haverford News*, and I have news for you. I am going to graduate. It is practically a sure thing. In spite of the very fine advantages of this college, my term is drawing toward a close, and it looks as if I'm going to get an honorable discharge.

You are getting old, Mr. Brisbane. You can't keep that stuff up forever. Langfellow died eventually. So did Wordsworth. Edgar Guest will, too. They're all the same, and you're no exception, no matter which way you put it.

My point is this. In view of the hold you have put on the public with your platitudinous pounding, no one should gainsay the existential aspect of your column, or deny that you have figured out a way to sell the same old product with no change in price. But this country is changing, Mr. Brisbane. The American Public isn't so dumb as you think. I've got a product that can match it. I think I can confidently say that given enough office room, time, salary, and cigarettes, I'll be able to dictate stuff that will make your head swim, though to be sure, you wouldn't duck if you got caught in it. What do you think I worked on the *Haverford News* for? Nothing?

But before you mail me any papers to fill out, I want a few things put straight. All transactions are to be carried on in office hours and right in the *Tribune* Building. Nobody's going to know where I live or what I do in my spare time. If I like to do Settlement work now and then, or read Browning to my girl as we sit on the banks of a woodland stream, or go watch 'em do it at the *Burlesque*, well—that's my own business. And by "It," at the *Burlesque*, I don't mean "read Browning."

I'd like a reply at once. And by the way, could you let me have a five? My room-mates cleaned me out again last night.

Yours truly,

Lewis Bowen

Director of Record Office
London, England

Dear Sir:

This introduces my fairest-haired boy, Thomas Shipley Brown, a prophet with honor even in his own hamlet, the inspiring educational center of Westtown, Pa. I have great faith in Tam's making some brilliant discoveries in your office since he made a marvelous find here, which was, that if a student laughs at all of his professor's jokes, he is bound to make perfectly swell marks.

One thing which leads me to think he will be a success as a bookworm is the remarkable rapidity with which he turns out term papers of an extreme degree of erudition. On the same day that I announce a choice of topics, he hands me a finished essay of some 25,000 words. He intends to teach English somewhere, but his genius would only be wasted in such an arid occupation (you're asking me?). I suggested that he tackle the problem of what was, say, the influence of Petrarch on the third assistant printer's devil in Heminge and Condell's printing establishment. The result of such a study performed in Brown's painstaking manner would be an addition of indubitable value to the world's present knowledge of Shakespeare.

Besides that, the boy is no slouch at cricket. Who on earth wants to play that game, I don't know, nor care much, but Brown plays it. And, in England, it pays big dividends to be able to cavort occasionally on the crease, eh what?

An important aspect about my progeny is his Quaker make-up which shows clearly in his face, his robustness, and above all in his swearing which, while manly, is nevertheless the refined cursing of a gentleman who has glimpses of the Inner Light.

Please oblige by permitting this young man (who also plays soccer, and instructs little tots in athletics at a nearby Quaker grade school, if you care to know) to browse through your mass of . . . material. I am sure he will turn up something worthwhile or grow gray-haired and impotent in the attempt.

Sincerely,

J. Beslie Batson



THOMAS SHIPLEY BROWN
WESTTOWN, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Westtown School in 1930.

Cap and Gown Committee, Chairman; Soccer, Junior Varsity (1), Numerals (2), H (3, 4); Cricket, H (2, 3, 4), Captain-Manager (4); Corporation Scholarship (4); Poetry Prize (3); Associate Editor Record, Secretary English Club (H).
English Major.





FRITZ K. DOWNEY

5717 ROCKHILL ROAD KANSAS CITY, MO.

Born 1913. Entered from Pembroke School in 1930.

Corporation Scholarship (2, 3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa (3, 4).
Latin Major.

Dear Jack:

You call me a fool for taking Greek. You said the same when I started Hebrew (and in that specific case I agree. Of all the confounded languages, Hebrew is the worst.) I'll not answer you by tabulating the values of the classics. Instead I'll explain why I did it. Your philosophy of life and mine are different. Yours is based on religion and on the ethics ladled out by our reverend Gunga Din to poor damned souls burning in the hell of insensibility. I have cut that Gordian knot and my philosophy is based on vanity. It pleased my vanity to take Hebrew and now Greek. Everything that I have done since my attainment to the age of reason has been done in accordance with this standard. To please myself is my highest aim.

Don't mistake me. I am no misanthrope. Common sense dictates that I conform in many respects to the usage of the times. I find it very pleasant to be friendly and agreeable to others and I hope my attempts have been successful and have lit the fires of friendship in the hearts of others. To my fellows I must appear as one who is fond of company, who studies for the sheer joy of intellectual effort, who does things quietly and cheerfully, who lends a helping hand to those less gifted. Indeed they might equate the word "altruistic" with my name. These things I have done for mine own pleasure.

I know not whether in my heart I actually believe this doctrine, or whether I believe it only when defending it in argument, but this I do know: my life thus far has followed a pattern whose principle is hedonistic.

Most sincerely,

Fritz



Mr. H. J. Nichol
The Lick Observatory
Lickville, England

Dear Herbie:

Jeez it's been a long time since I've had a letter from you. What the hell's the matter over there in England? Are you working on another of those vile, uncompromisingly degrading, half cocked, superficial mathematics books? My God, it's been twenty years now since the days when I could drag you back to any kind of normal, untrammelled, existence at Haverford by making you brew me a cup of tea and listen to my reasons for thinking that Nothing Matters. Bah! Pooh! There ain't no God.

I don't know why the hell I've been working at English literature all my life. It's a disease with me. Can't quit it. One of the most ponderously pretentious, enervating, diabolically stultifying works I've had to read for YEARS was one I just finished this morning—E. K. Chombers' new work on Shakespeare. It's called *What We Perhaps Know About The Man Shakespeare*. God! It's in seven huge volumes and I've taken ASSIDUOUS notes on the whole thing. It'll go into my thesis, but I'm not just sure where. My thesis is going to be on Chaucer, but I figured I could use a lot of this blasted scholarship just as well.

Classes are terrible. Some of the professors that are highly spoken of here are so fundamentally and egregiously STUPID that they don't know which is third base. But I should worry. I've got my own classes to worry about, and I've got them all sewed up. I make my students write a thousand word theme for each class and correct each other's. This gives me more time to work on my thesis. You can say what you bloody please about duty to undergraduates, but I have found that the numbskulls aren't worth it. Let 'em talk. I used to myself. They'll find out when they start teaching the stuff.

Got another offer from the *Atlantic Monthly* to do an article on Shakespeare. I hate it, but I think I'll do it.

See you.

Yours,

John



JOHN LAFONTAINE DUSSEAU
EAST LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Lansdowne High School in 1930.

Classical Club (1, 2); Debating (1, 2, 3).
English Major.





OLIVER FLETCHER EGLESTON

922 CHURCH STREET

INDIANA, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Schenley High School in 1929.

Haverfordian Board (3, 4); Editor (4); *Record* Board (3, 4);
Associate Editor (4).
English Major.



New Yorker Publishing Co.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I hereby make application for Thurber's job on your magazine. You might say that that's an extraordinary request. Well, I am an extraordinary man. I have brilliant ideas, in fact, I think they are swell. Here's what I can do—

(1) Play the banjo—and sing a lot of long and scrimy songs, all of which will enliven your already rather ribald editorial sanctum. (That reminds me—here's one I will let you use for nothing. "An editor gave me fifty thousand dollars for an essay on 'Cigarettes'. I generally write on cigarettes, so I sanctum and took the fifty thousand dollars.")

(2) Keep a diary. Out of this I get a lot of ideas and approximately twenty-five approximately humorous essays a year. When I don't write about cigarettes, I write about my diary.

(3) Collect books. This is really my passion, picking up books of all sorts and descriptions. My prize is one that ten cents bought from Leary's, a copy of "Ala Baba and The Forty Thieves" given to Uncle Bill when that estimable gentleman was a mere child prodigy.

(4) Think up all sorts of systems. Say, you should see my desk. All I have to do is think of an object, put my finger where it ought to be—and then look for hours until I find the darned thing.

(5) Write in Old English. If you ever think of putting out a whole issue written in Chaucerian language, I'll do it for you, given a couple of rye highballs and being allowed to stay up all night.

Well, look for me on June 10, for, Good old Father Knickerbocker bless you and keep you, I need a job. Get rid of Thurber by that time, for when the Gods arrive, you know, the half-gods must scam.

Sincerely,

O. F. E.

This is an excerpt from the pages of Samuel Pepys' diary in his seventh reincarnation:

14th. Walking through Whitehall I heard the Duke of Wistar was gone to watch the Tennis, so I down to the New Tennis Court, and saw Sir Louis Flaccus play against my Lord of Hogenauer for the Virginia Cup. My Lord beat three, and lost two sets, they both, and he particularly playing well, I thought. Sir Louis, is very popular among his fellows and is Permanent Class President and Captain of the Tennis and basketball teams. Quite astounding.

15th. Comes our company to dinner, my Lord Wistar, Sir L. Read, Lord Gene and Sir Louis, my wife and daughter. At nine to sup and then to cards, and last of all to have a flagon of ale and apples, drunk out of class mugs, which made all merry, and they full of admiration for the presentation of the cup to Lord Gene. Sir Louis bore his defeat manfully.

Must see to it that he meets my niece for do feel they would come off splendidly. He is slim and very graceful, dances well, but in large company is shy and reserved unless the talk turns to Tennis. Learned from an intimate that Sir Louis is being pushed for an Ambassadorship to Germany. His command of the language is uncommon. Was greatly astonished to find his bridge so good, shows much practice and knowledge of the rules. He bid and made grand slam with poor cards well played. Sir P. Richards has failed to corrupt him, though certain low beings attempted to slander Sir L. by telling me that he strayed late at night and other frivolities to which I turned deaf ears. But after the company left me again, my wife nagging at me, begs for a new car. So, away to bed in a great huff, and feeling martyred but both agreed on Sir L. for our niece if possible.



LOUIS WILLIAM FLACCUS, JR.

109 BRYN MAWR AVENUE
LANSDOWNE, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Westtown School in 1930.

Class Secretary (2); Class Treasurer (3); Class President (4); Permanent Class President; Executive Athletic Committee (4); Soccer, Numerals (1, 2); Basketball, Numerals (1), H (2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Tennis, Numerals (1), H (2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Founders Club (4).
German Major.

Library of Haverford College

To: *Flaccus* 1 2 19 34

The following, charged for *two weeks*

including *Supplies of books*
on philosophy & ethics
science

Due Jan 1 1934 - RETURN TO LIBRARIAN

RETURNED BY *FLACUS*

THE LIBRARIAN

A fine of three cents a day is charged for books returned after due date, and a special fine for "blowers" - books kept overnight.



GRANT VAN LEER FRAZER

7102 HILLTOP ROAD

BYWOOD, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Upper Dorby High School in 1930

Philosophy Major.

The Lurid Library Association
New York City

Dear Sirs:

For a long time you have been sending me advertisements of books. It isn't entirely that I am getting sick of them; they do bore me, and I do throw them into the library waste-basket here, but they also have made me think of a way for you and me to make some money.

Have you ever really sat down and thought about your advertising methods? If you have, I'm ashamed of you. It is no wonder that the average sex book company can't make as much money as it ought to. You pound away in the same old style. A while ago I had the opportunity to sell an inexpensive pants presser. By sheer mellifluous verbal chicanery I managed to knock off a goodly number of sales.

I don't preen myself when I say I'm fairly familiar with the book racket. I've been working in this library, watching the habits of students and librarians, for years. I know pretty well the subtle relationship between book and peruser. Let me give you a few suggestions: Instead of saying "*Aphrodite*, complete and unexpurgated, with twenty-five full page drawings by Wm. Le Nude. Limited edition. Order at once," why don't you take a more conservative spirit and say, "*Aphrodite*, be sure to mark down her accession number before you go." All you sex hawkers sweat away to make yourselves glamorous. What you need to do is to make your prospects imagine that the book is already theirs. Say "three cents fine is charged for all books overdue," and your customers will realize at once that there is no time to waste.

I've studied philosophy here at Haverford and I know a thing or two about human nature. 'T ain't all honey, 't ain't all jam. There's conservatism in it. I'm conservative myself. I don't shout or scream or refuse to eat my supper. I take life as it comes, and earmark the seasons and ears that seem to sound a note of profundity. Remember what I say and quit your blatancy. Attain calm, even as I have done.

Yours truly,
Grant Frazer



AMERICAN AIRWAYS
CHICAGO, ILL.

Special to Business Manager:
re: Jack Morton Fultz, 2nd

Following orders from the main office, I wish to report that a special investigation at the College attended by the above mentioned applicant for Pilot with American Airways brings a most favorable reply.

Fultz is a tall, well-liked fellow greatly interested in airplanes and fully qualified for acceptance. He is not athletic and restricted his college activities chiefly to the Glee Club, an organization of which he was a very capable and very active member. Fultz was interested in his studies and obtained above-average grades without being a severe student. Engineering was his Major subject and it is interesting to note that he was farsighted enough to enroll in Astronomy, a knowledge of which subject will greatly increase his value to the American Airways.

He is a direct descendent of one of the signers of The Declaration of Independence although he does not make very much ado about the fact. At college he always arose on time and never was addicted to night life until his Senior year. His previous years had seen him living in Barclay Hall but when he moved to Lloyd Hall, for his last year, he took up quarters with two men named Haines and Bancroft. Suddenly, for no apparent reason, he began to stay out nights and was even frequently seen holding a lighted cigarette in his lips. In spite of these handicaps, he plugged on and maintained his usual high ideals and standards.

The report is to the effect that Fultz was of varying degrees of success as far as his private love lives were concerned. He keeps all his friends, and the girls, too, wondering just what the outcome will be. A most notorious affair was held with a Mlle. A-L. from Bryn Mawr who is reported to have caused him much loss of sleep during the early years at College. However, Sulphur and Molasses plus the intervention of a smoothie from the class above, dispelled the illusion and Fultz began his spasmodic wanderings for fairer game.

Agent 198 advocates acceptance of Fultz.



JOHN MORTON FULTZ, 2ND
44 SOUTH WYOMING AVENUE ARDMORE, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Episcopal Academy in 1930.

Senior Prom Committee, Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Cop and Bells (3, 4); Engineering Club (1, 2, 3, 4).
Engineering Major.





RICHARD O'BRIEN GIBBS

497 LARCH AVENUE

BOGOTA, N. J.

Born 1911. Entered from Bogota High School in 1929.

Class President (3); Class Executive Committee (4); Student Council (4); President (4); Football, Numerals (3), H (4), Tennis, Junior Varsity (3), H (4); News Board (2); Business Manager of Musical Clubs (4); Cap and Bells (4); Founders Club (3, 4), Secretary (4); Triangle.
Economics Major.

Mayor O'Kelly
Bogota, N. J.

Dear Snail Fingers:

Listen, crocodile, I've had enough of your lip. When ya goin' to quit tryin' to play bass viol with a fiddle bow? You rat. I told ya once who was goin' to run Bogota, and if I hear any more of this stuff about payin' hush money to the dicks, I'll give Lead Pants the word and he'll put the finger on ya. GET ME?

I suppose ya think the citizens of Bogota have enough guts to object to my conscription of school children into machine gun practice. Where the hell do you think I am goin' to get guys to run my show?—breed 'em from a flamingo? Or I suppose you think because I had to bump off the Spider that the W. C. T. U.'s going to fan me with a necktie. You must be awful dumb, Snail Fingers. Why when I went to Haverford, there wasn't a mug on the campus that didn't know where to pay his fines, OR ELSE. The sheep in Founders hardly dared come out of their boxes when I ran that joint. Heh heh. When I think how those chicken-livered baboons tried to break up my manager system on the musical clubs. Heh heh. Why I had everybody that ever tied a boiled shirt on his chest pay me a rake-off without ever knowin' it. And as for the dances, they was all graft. How do you suppose I managed to live in the only Penthouse on the Campus? I knew enough dope about all the librarians and stenogs to put any professor on the spot, and I had 'em all payin' me hush money. YOU! Why I'll tear ya LIMB FROM LIMB if I hear any more fairy stories about who's king of Bogota.

Now get this. Tell Lefty to call up the Editor of the Bogota Bugle and make him run a serial story of my life as one of Bogota's leading citizens. I got to cover up after that orphan and widow deal. Then arrange a free picnic for all the kids in the city. Get Horse Mouth to stick up a few filling stations to pay for some balloons and stuff for the kids. And arrange to have my picture taken with my Haverford football "H".

Boss Gibbs . . . OR ELSE



Dear Miss Baltimore:

Since I am to marry you in a very short time, I think it best that we should understand each other in all particulars. First of all, this marriage will be a fifty-fifty affair: in other words, we will each share the cost of the household. Another thing, I must know more about your family, how they made their money, and, incidentally, how much money they have.

Another thing, I must be allowed to read your mail, because if there is anything I hate it is to have someone (especially someone as intimate as you will be with me) know something that I do not. Another thing, I must be permitted to place my pictures all over the house—no high-toned oils or etchings for us—all the pictures will be my artistic photographs, many of which as you know, have taken first prizes in contests all over the country.

Another thing, I am going to wear the type of clothes I desire to wear, no wife of mine is going to criticize my suits, shirts or general appearance. I will have you know that the clothes I have been wearing since my father started to manufacture clothes are the best that money can possibly buy. And if I want to wear "race-track" clothes, I am going to do so as often as I please, so there, there, and there.

And another thing, if the above does not convince you as to who is going to be boss in our household, I will take the privilege of telling you—it is to be your future husband, lord and master, Leonard L. Greif.

And another thing, our library will be composed from within and without of Boccaccio, Balzac, de Maupassant, and twenty copies of "Aphradite." And another thing,—oh, I forget what it was just now, but I will tell you at the altar.

Sincerely,

Leonard



LEONARD LEVI GREIF, JR.

3 SLADE AVENUE

BALTIMORE, MD.

Born 1913. Entered from The Park School in 1930.

*News Board (2, 3); Photographic Editor (3); Record Board; Glee Club (2, 3); Liberal Club (4); Camera Club (2, 3); International Relations Club (3).
Economics Major.*





WILLIAM HENRY HAINES, 3RD

THE CAMBRIDGE

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1911. Entered from the Chaate School in 1930.

Class Executive Committee (2); Class Vice-President (3); Junior Prom Committee; Personnel Manager Musical Clubs (4); Assistant Treasurer Cap and Bells (4); Advertising Manager Record; Beta Rho Sigma.

History Major.



Dear Cynthia:

I have never written to you before but I feel I must turn to someone now for advice since I am at a very important cross-road in my life. My dreams have all been blasted to teenie-weenie bits.

Four years ago I met a most charming boy at a Society Bridge Carnival. Our meeting soon blossomed into friendship and everything was beginning to look rosy. But, Cynthia, dear, this Bridge habit of his I fear does work evil. Is it wrong, Cynthia dear, for a boy to look so expert at such a game as Bridge? Maybe he slips cards out of his sleeves or something. Ever since that first night it has been my ambition to reform him. At first the experience was thrilling, the thrill of building up humanity and planning a better, richer life for both of us. Every Sunday evening he came to our house for supper. I cooked while Mother and he talked of inspirational matters. Then he and I went to Christian Endeavor where his rich voice soon won him recognition as leader of the group singing of hymns.

But, this Fall he stopped coming to see me. Can it be my cooking? Some of his college mates told him he was socially prominent and he probably thinks he is a little too good for me, although that does not seem like his true self. I love him so, worship everything he does. He has such a pleasant smile and cuts his hair such a cute way. His excuse for staying away is that he has to study history and chemistry but I am almost certain he is out with a Betty Rho. I had much higher hopes for him, too, maybe, someday he could be a big business man, a broker, a plumbing manufacturer, a book-seller, a teacher—all these ambitions teemed through his fertile brain. I fear that wine, woman and song will exact their toll and dim the Inner Light of his soul. What should I do?

Ever hopefully thine,

Miss Chestnut Hill

P. S. Cynthia, it was those evenings *after* C. E. that got me!!

Madame Ecks, Mesmerist
Pacific Ghost, Calif.

Dear Madame Ecks:

I am writing to you in weariness and disillusionment. I am tired of the life of an actress, and I am sick of the people I have to work with. I wonder if you can help me.

Madame Ecks, I need a husband, a real husband. Not one of these flashy song-and-dance papas, and not one of these half-baked personality boys. I want someone natural, quiet, courteous, and dependable. Are there any of these left in the world? I wonder if there are any who don't smoke or drink or waste time in extra curricular activities? I wonder if there are any, even, who don't have slick black hair, or any who have nice healthy complexions? Madame Ecks, I'd like that kind of a husband—a strong rawboned husband who wouldn't bat an eye at all my tantrums and funny ideas.

Some men are constantly shooting off their mouths about what they expect from marriage. I don't want that. Heavens, I'd like to have a man who would take his marriage as plainly as he'd eat Shredded Wheat. But I guess they were all killed off in the Boer War. Then again some men keep telling me "I love you, I love you." None of that fake stuff for me. Why couldn't I meet a man who would say "Hello" when he sees me, and nothing else? Oh, I am sick of life.

Please look into your crystal ball and tell me where to hunt for my dream husband, my strong, tousle-headed, silent man.

Hopefully,

Jean Scarlot

Miss Jean Scarlot
Hollywood, Calif.

Dear Miss Scarlot:

I have looked into my crystal ball and I have seen your heart's desire there. Go to Haverford College, in Pennsylvania, and get an introduction to a sandy-haired chap named Hamaker. Allah is great. Wire me fifty dollars.

Happily,

Madame Ecks



ELLWOOD MEACHAM HAMAKER

53 WEST GREENWOOD AVENUE

LANSDOWNNE, PA.

Born 1912 Entered from Lonsdownne High School in 1930.

Chemistry Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary (3); President (4).
Chemistry Major.





JOHN OGDEN HANCOCK

2708 HARRISON STREET

WILMINGTON, DEL.

Born 1913. Entered from Wilmington Friends School in 1930.

Spoon Committee (3), Engineering Club (1, 2, 3, 4).
Engineering Major.

Lonely Hearts
Philadelphia Times
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Miss Lonely Hearts:

Since you have so graciously aided other poor, lonesome souls find solace for their restrained, but, nevertheless pronounced desires, I pray that you may be able to relieve mine.

Miss Lonely Hearts, I want a WOMAN! And when I say I want a woman that's what I want! No beating about the bush by saying that I should bury myself in work. No beating about the hedge by reminding me that I am too young to appreciate the full meaning of giving one's soul and body (tsk! tsk!) to a chosen mate. Ah, is me!

Miss Lonely Hearts, such insinuations from you would be mere twiddle-twaddle.

I want me a woman! Some gorgeous, divine, statuesque-like creature with the form of a Goddess! A harmony of ethereal spirit! Truly, a paragon of the Gods.

The very personification of devotion to one man, namely, John Ogden Hancock, which is I, the writer.

For all these demands I have not so very much to offer. I will graduate (the Administration being willing) from my college in the spring of 1934. Nor am I an athlete, though I can jump at an idea or leap at a chance. I doubt if I would simply slay all the women who shall meet me in response to this my fervent plea as typified by this letter and which I hope you will print in your daily column. But, Miss Hearts, I know my *stuff*, if you'll pardon the common vernacular, when it comes to Engineering and even English. All the boys think I am just peachy.

I could write more but then I would be leaning towards bragging.

With sincere wishes for prompt attention to this little matter,

I close,

John Ogden Hancock

P. S. But, I am a devil with the slide-rule.



Manager Reading Ball Team
Reading, Penna.

Dear Sir:

You offered me \$10,000 a year to play for your poohedout team! You have as much chance of signing me up as a man in a leaky canoe in the middle of the ocean has of staying alive. It doesn't take any magnanimous mind to see that I am worth more than that. And as to your claim that I should play for you simply because my present woman lives in Reading, you know what you can do with that idea. Anyhow, Dean Brown who is my pa, says he can get me a job with the Yanks, and if I keep up my wise-cracks (?) I will probably take Nick Altrocks place on the Senators. Did you hear the one I pulled on George Rice last year at training table? Boy, boy, was he mad, was he mad!

About that money you loaned me. Listen, Charley, I mean Sam, I'll get that to you next week, sure. No kidding, next week, I'll have that dough right in your mitts. Sure Joe, and say, my father and mother want you to come out for dinner some time, and as a favor, will you bring Madge down with you.

If you are still selling gasoline, could you let me have a couple of tankfulls on the cuff. The old man says he refuses to run a free bus line to Reading any more, and I'll have to buy my own gas from now on. And it doesn't take any magnanimous mind to figure out that that's impossible, does it Jack, Joe, I mean George?

Have you seen Penn Charter play ball lately? Boy, they're going strong, going to win the pennant this year, nobody's close to them. I know that Montgomery shouldn't have beaten them, and that Penn Charter should have had more than six points, but Sam's got them going like hell on wheels now.

Listen Bill, I mean Charley, I have to go to a German class tonight, and then to an art gallery in the city. I'm very fond of art—in fact I have written an editorial on the subject. So I'll close now—but you'll have to pay more than \$10,000 to get me!

Your friend,

Bill, I mean Fred



FREDERICK HANNES HARJES, 3RD
VALLEY FORGE, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Penn Charter School in 1930.

Student Council (4); Executive Athletic Committee (4);
Baseball, H (2, 3, 4); Captain (4); News Board (2, 3, 4);
Sports Editor (3); Editor (4); Record Board.

German Major.





SAMUEL HASSMAN

4318 WYALUSING AVENUE · PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1911. Entered from Overbrook High School in 1930.

French Major.



The prize-winning essay for 1933 on

WHAT COLLEGE HAS DONE FOR ME AND WHAT I HAVE DONE FOR THE COLLEGE

is herewith reprinted with the kind permission of the writer, *Samuel Hassman*, and *The Haverford College Board of Managers*.

When I started attending college all my friends gave me the bird and five of my friends from the Bronx were on hand to give me a cheer. But, now, I may laugh at them and I may say to myself at any time, since I am a pseudo-Frenchman, "Laugh, froggie, laugh."

What has this *marvelous college* done for me? This divine institution founded in the year of our Lord 1833? Let me list the actual benefits:

1. I once kibitzed at Bridge, always the boy who kept the score but never a player. Now I play Bridge. . passionately, fondly and adoringly. To me, Ely Culbertson is Allah, before whom there is no other. Allah be praised!

2. Gasping a long sigh of shuddering ecstasy, I was formerly addicted to the smoking of Russian cigarettes. All this with exquisite tenderness. Now, I have learned to smoke ordinary weeds. My prosaic nature is affected neither one way nor the other by this acclimation.

3. For three years I was voted the worst waiter in the college dining-hall. This objurgatory epithet bothered me not a jot nor tittle. I served them one and all with perfunctory tenderness and remained aloof in my precocious wisdom. *Vive la France!* Then, after years at Haverford I soon attained a skill rarely seen anywhere.

These three accomplishments testify to the great value of what I have done for the college and what the college has done for me. Moreover, I have saved enough money to make my first trip to the *Bijou* (ooahhh . . la. LA). Eventually, to a "SPEAK" and finally *WEBER'S* (Camden).

I owe all to Haverford.

Actual interview, translated from the original Czech. The scene is poorly arranged in the bedroom of Edward Hendrickson. Edward is there of course, and there is the poor, sweating interviewer from the 1934 Annual. The whole affair went something like this:

Man from the Annual: . . . Now certainly you must have other interests than your chosen field, Engineering. Do you ever do any reading? Some people have favorite authors or authoresses. How about yourself? Is there some book you have enjoyed more than others?

Ed. the Engineer: . . . Well, I do not do much reading, only like along engineering or such. No, I have not done enough reading to talk about it . . .

Man from Annual: . . . Well, is there anything you can tell me about yourself? Everyone on the campus calls you one of the "Rope and Pulley Boys" but they cannot say anything else. Certainly you must have other interests?

Ed. the Engineer: . . . Oh, gosh, eh, heck, no, . . . that is, oh . . . shucks . . . well, I like to ice-skate . . . see those figure-skates? . . . they keep you from falling . . . and I have nosebleeds a lot and . . . oh, gosh, gee, heck . . . no, there really isn't anything I do . . . eh, oh, gosh, gee, heck . . .

Man from Annual: (who by now is beginning to realize the hopelessness of it all) . . . I see. Isn't there some peculiar trait? What kind of pie do you like? Or, do you have a favorite movie-star? *ANYTHING?* . . .

Ed. the Engineer: . . . Oh, gee, gosh, I don't know . . . sometimes I like apple and sometimes mince, but, you can't eat so much mince . . . I, oh, gee, gosh, I saw *Lillian Harvey* lately but, oh, gee, gosh . . . I guess I have no favorites . . . oh, gee.

And so, after an interview like that, the *Man from the Annual* slinks home to his room . . . a physical wreck.



EDWARD MIDDLETON HENDRICKSON
CROSSWICKS, N. J.

Born 1912. Entered from Westtown School in 1930.
Engineering Club (3, 4).
Engineering Major.





BYRON THOMAS HIPPLE, JR.

517 SOUTH HIGH STREET WEST CHESTER, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from West Chester High School in 1930.

Glee Club (1); Orchestra (1); Band (1); Cap and Bells (1, 2, 3, 4); Track Manager (4); Field Club, President (3); Founders Club (4).

Economics Major.



West Chester, Pa.
6-5-54

Editor Pacific Weekly
10 S. Milk Street
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sir:

In your letter of the 18th of last month you ask, for the benefit of my reading public, how much of my "Collegiate Rhapsody" is autobiographical. Since I did not write the poem with the thought that any one would take such an intimate interest in myself, it is with reluctance that I confess that the section beginning "Another one there was" L. 695 down to "he sweats like other men" L. 727 is largely autobiographical.

Sincerely yours

Byron T. Hipple

EDITOR'S NOTE—For the convenience of our readers we have extracted this section and print it here below:

"Another one there was, a timid Texan lad,
A gentle, only naughty, never bad
Young man with curly hair and handsome face;
A young Dan Juan, but without a trace
Of that great man's low dominating taste;
He was like sad, unchased Diana, chaste.
He drank his beer and smoked a borrowed butt
With some degree of grace, and though he cut
The cards at bridge with certain dash and style,
He spoiled the main effect, for his shy smile
Betrayed his inner, nervous perturbation;
In deed, in fact, he lacked sophistication.

The right to censor books he'd never read,
The right to dump another fellow's bed,
The right to wear a derby thus on all occasions,
He felt were sacred, safe against invasions
By any power less than God the Father,
(And even he was ordered not to bother).

Now Byron knew the economic world
Was run by statesmen who just sat and twirled
Their thumbs in tearful, fearful, impatience.
And so to prove the grand omnipotence
Of youth and theory, he rode the horse
Of economics, and by mental force
He saved the world's distress in one long paper,
A clever, senseless, intellectual caper.
This great work did, in College dialogue,
Replace our old Sears-Roebuck catalogue
Beside the seats of learning in the halls
Of Center Barclay. But, alas, those calls
To service for mankind have ceased since then;
Down to earth, he sweats like other men."

Mr. Bernarr McFladden
Bicep Apartments
New York City

Dear Bernie:

Thanks very much for the silver cup. Gee, I,— it was darn nice of you to go to all that trouble packing the thing up and everything, because Christmas, it really must have been a job. You say you'd like to have a story from me about How I Got That Way for your new magazine to go along with the announcement? I really don't have time to write a whole story, but I could give you some hints.

I won the Berserker Memorial Cup for Strong Men because I have spent years conditioning my body for it. There are certain things I believe in doing every day. (1) Eat just as much as possible, (2) Think seriously about it while eating, (3) Take good care of the digestive tract, (4) Take exercise which your stomach would never think you had nerve enough to take, (5) Gargle often, (6) Go to the first show so you can get back in time to get plenty of sleep, (7) Eat as much as possible.

To conclude your story, you might give a resumé of my intentions in life. I mean to follow along the suggestions I got from a certain course in ethics given by a man named Rufus Jones. I believe in the harmonious use of all one's potentialities. I believe that the subordinate aims of life—play, altruism, the aim at knowledge, and the aim at completion—should be fulfilled without stinting. I have fulfilled the first by playing football and tennis with all my heart and motor cue. The second I have realized by doing my bit in the college dining-room, carrying fodder to starving classmates. The third and fourth have been combined in my painstaking determination to land that college diploma. I believe in the importance of "the beloved community" and have found spiritual release in that direction by singing in the glee club, as well as leading that organization. But above all I believe human emotion reaches its height in married love. That's why I mail a letter every day to St. Augustine.

With all good wishes,

Eugene Hogenauer



EUGENE FRANCIS HOGENAUER

2640 MORRIS AVENUE BRONX, NEW YORK CITY

Born 1909. Entered from Evander Childs High School in 1927.

Tennis, H (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (3); Football, Numerals (1, 2), H (3); Editor *Handbook* (3); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader (4); Cap and Bells Club (3, 4); Triangle.

German Major.

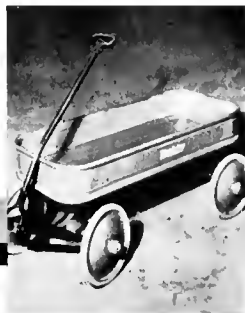




HENRY HOTZ, JR.
WYNNEWOOD, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Haverford School in 1930.

Spoon Committee, Chairman; Chairman Blazer Committee (3); Soccer, Numerals (3), H (4); Track (2, 3, 4), H (3, 4); Glee Club (4); Record Board; Everett Oratorical Contest (1). Economics Major.



Manager Pansystitch
The Give-and-Stretch Underwear Co.
Peoria Corners, Iowa

My dear Mr. Pansystitch:

As Agent No. —.07, I beg leave to report: Business conditions here in the nasty, nasty East are simply dreadful.

Report Closed.

But, I do have good news for you, Mr. Pansystitch. Remember reminding me to keep on the look-out for an illustrator? Well, never in all my experiences of girdling the globe have I stepped—into such an experience as I am now going to tell you.

I was seated in the train reading the recent report of Agent No. 91, "*BALI BRASSIERES, their good points,*" which was not such a bloomer as I first thought, when, suddenly a young chap slipped down beside me. He had been attracted by the title of the report, and, introducing himself as an Art Student from the school near Peoria Corners, we soon were engaged in exchanging confidences. His name is something like BLOTZ . . . SNotz . . . no, I have it . . . HOTZ. I saw some samples of his real-life poses (although he is shy when it comes to showing his work) and from these proofs, I am convinced he is our man.

What is all the better, from our point of view, is that he has evidently had much experience with women. In fact, he assures me that each one has been more divine and more perfect than the previous ones, either collectively or individually. Of course—it sounded like exaggeration, but, we'll guard against such stuff.

I learned from a slip that he ponts for the essence of Christian Science, as a religious dogma. He was inclined to argue upon any phase of the creed. In fact he seemed inclined to argue about anything, not caring which side he favored, as long as he could argue.

And, Mr. Pansystitch, he was an athlete at college, playing soccer (some horrid kicking game) and tossing a stick called the javelin. He attempted to croon a song to show me that he really was in the Glee Club at Haverford. (Note: Get Miss Pantibodie to find out in what country Haverford is.) Fortunately, my sample-case fell from the rack over our seat and covered him with what-nots and thing-ma-bobs, successfully stifling him for the time.

I hope this thumb-nail sketch will let you know that I have had my mind on the company's business.

Most devotedly,

Anthony C. Hemise

P. S. He is very thick when it comes to catching jokes, and, when you interview him, under no conditions should you pull his little finger at his suggestion. I assure you, Mr. Pansystitch, the result will be very disillusioning.

Mr. John Hazard
The Old Clipper Ship Line

Dear John:

No I won't go to sea with you. Since you left college, I've got back to the style of life I like—no romance and sea adventure, but good old economics, governmental studies, sociology, and banking. I admit I can still lick you, and I keep in condition by running around the track every day and chinning myself in the showers,—but I've got better things to do than to go hand over hand up the ropes on the mainmast, or to bring back the second mate after he's got dead drunk. I'm going to live right here in the U. S. A. and I'm going to make some dough.

You had me bamboozled for-a long time, I'll admit. You used to make me think that the end of life was romance and adventure, and you persuaded me to major in English so I could get a good background for appreciating Conrad. It's lucky for me that you graduated a year before me after all. During this last year I've had enough time to grind away at my practical subjects and thirty years from now when you are yelling "Thar she blows!" through grey whiskers I'll be telling my private secretary to buy me another thousand shares of Consolidated. *Then* see who's happier. Yah!

As for that trip we made to Philadelphia when we slept in the jail and found out how the unemployed live—I've managed to study economics long enough to get over all your enthusiasm. The poor we always have with us, John. Why don't you give Conrad a rest now and then and read the Bible? You'll never make any money your way. I'm sick of all your blather about an exciting life with no fears about material security. How will you ever support the 2.381 children that statistics say you must have a dozen years from now? Answer me that.

Black Jack Ike wrote me from Panama the other day. He says there's going to be a revolution down there in a couple of months. On the whole I think you might as well overlook what I have just written. Sign me up as a deck-hand and I'll be with you in forty-eight hours.

Yours,
Ray



RAY BERTHOLF HOUSTON

LONG HOUSE FARM

BELLYVALE, N. Y.

Born 1912. Entered from Warwick High School in 1929.

Commencement Day Committee, Chairman; Track, Freshman Team; Cross-Country (3); Chemistry Club (2); English Club (3); Corporation Scholarship (2, 3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa (3, 4).
Economics Major.





HUNT BRECKINRIDGE JONES

49 CASTLEWOOD

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Born 1914. Entered from Culver Military Academy in 1930.

News Board (1, 2, 3, 4); News Editor (2); Instrumental Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader (3, 4); Glee Club (4); Cap and Bells (3, 4); Cap and Bells Play Committee (2, 3).

Pre-Medical Major.



New York Times
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

In response to your request for samples of my musical criticisms, I herewith enclose one week's output for the *Haverford News*. This is to supplement my application for the position of music critic on your paper. My column, incidentally, was the best part of the paper every week.

Besides knowing an awful lot about the history and about the appreciation of music (I hate modern music, it irritates the nerves so!) I am a connoisseur of beautiful women, ticket seller supreme for bum concerts, and a promising young medico (note the use of Latin derivatives showing extreme culture) I am very frugal, hitch-hiking to and from my home in Louisville, Kentucky. Here is the sample:

Dear Music Lovers Everywhere,
just everywhere,

Perhaps we were expecting too much last night at the Bijou orchestra concert, for it seemed to us that the orchestra lacked completely the pep that they showed the last time I was there. The pieces, all well known and often played, presented no great difficulty but the output gave me a pain in my aesthetic feeling.

Gershwin's "I Got Rhythm" overture which opened the program, is a piece of little import. Therefore, we paid little attention to it, except once or twice when the raggedness of the horns was almost too evident.

We're not so fond of Irving Berlin's works on the whole, and weren't overly pleased with "All Alone," a tone poem. The counterpoint, what there was of it, was not at all clear (whether it was the fault of the orchestra or of Berlin, we can't say) and there was a great deal of unnecessary blaring by the brass, we thought. The idea of the piece is fine—the meditations of a poet brooding by the telephone and his ultimate curseword, and his finally getting the right number, but it all needs better music.

Don't expect a review next week, for we intend to stay away from the Bij until they stop playing these modern "hotcha" songs such as "You Got to Be a Football Hero," and "I've Got the Jitters." I guess we're too old-fashioned, but anyhow we're not going."

Sincerely,

H. Bach Jones

Dear Nan:

Since I saw you only last night, I have very little to report—except that I had the usual heavenly time followed by the usual long walk back. That campus—and you—would drive even Bill Carter to poetry. Away, however, with such drivel. Let me tell you about the paper I am writing for one of my English profs. The subject is "The Prenatal Influence of Godwin on Shelley." I am trying to make it as hypnotic and satiric as possible, because this particular prof likes things that way. Up to this minute I have written exactly 738 words, when I get to 1738, I shall take time out for Guy Lombardo. It has been ages since I danced with you!

Did you know I was cast in another college play? You will be proud of me yet, for this time I have six whole lines to say, and I wear a full dress suit for three of them. They offered me the lead, but when it dawned on me that the hero was a seducer of innocent maidens, I could not bring myself to accept the honor.

Sometimes my yearning for you becomes almost unendurable. I am so lonely in this world of men, and half the time even the men are not here or are here in such a way that you would not notice them. You see, one of my roommates studies every moment of his time that he isn't running around that fool track, and the other is always up at Reading, so I am generally very lonely. Your gracious allotment of some of your time to me means more than you will ever know.

Only fifteen seconds are left for completing this epistle, and then my schedule calls for memorizing some more poetry—these prep school teachers of ours are driving me to drink with their outworn ideas! Well, as Keats said to Fanny Brice, Time's up now!

Always,

Bruce

P. S. I'll come at 7.30 Wednesday. O. K. ?



ROBERT BRUCE JONES

5538 WAYNE AVENUE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1912 Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1930.

Gift Committee; Class Treasurer (2); Class Secretary (4); Soccer, Junior Varsity (1); Numerals (2, 3), H (4); Freshman Track Team; Tennis, Junior Varsity (2), H (3, 4); Tennis Manager (4); Record Board (3, 4); Handbook Editor (4); English Club (3, 4); Secretary (4); English Club Play (3); Cap and Bells Spring Play (2); Fall Play (3); Founders Club (4); Biblical Literature Reading Prize (3).

English Major.





FRANK LEE KENNEDY

610 SHADELAND AVENUE

DREXEL HILL, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Penn Charter School in 1930.

News Board (1, 2); English Club (3); English Club Play (3).
French Major.



The following is a French letter intercepted by the Post Office Department for no reason at all except that Farley felt inclined to check up on something. They translated it and sent it to the Record

Dear Le Petit Chose,—

This is indeed a strange country, and Philadelphia is its strangest city! Yesterday I was strolling across the Delaware River Bridge behind a very despondent looking young man. He was muttering to himself, and it sounded as if he were talking in French. Naturally interested in hearing my native tongue, I walked a little faster and soon caught up with him.

He kept repeating five or six sentences in French, while looking straight ahead, and walking with thoughtless but steady steps. "J'aime voyager en France. J'aime filles jollies. J'aime envoyer les fleurs aux filles jollies. J'aime la Penn Charter. J'aime etudier le francais. J'aime Ben Bernie."

"Beg your pardon," said I politely. The stranger gave no reply, nor did he even glance at me, but in the same monotonous monotone, insisted on repeating those six loves of his.

A fairly good-looking fellow, he attracted my deepest attention all the more since I sensed some impending disaster. He wore exquisite clothes, including a striking Blue and Gold blazer. But on he walked, never turning his head one way or the other, but continually mumbling to himself. When we reached the middle of the bridge, he turned to me suddenly and said something that sounded like "Yowsah."

I laughed in his face, and his face turned black, and he bellowed (still in a monotonous monotone) "Not even you appreciate my genius." "Ah," said I, "what then is your genius?"

He replied, "I can imitate Ben Bernie, have spent two summers in France, send many flowers to many pretty girls, bring the best-looking dames to the dances, and, above all, went to Penn Charter whose emblem is embroidered on the breast of my beautiful blazer."

Upon completing this list of his talents, he said dejectedly, "But you have to do more than that to be somebody," and jumped gracefully over the railing. His body floated ephemerally through the air and was in my sight through its entire downward course. But, *mirabile dictu*, when it reached the river, there was no splash of water, not a ripple—the body made no impression on the liquid, nor could I hear it. It just silently disappeared. Is this not a strange country?

Bon Soir,

Jacques Renar

The Erector Toy and Doodad Co.

Dear Sirs:

This letter will introduce my kinsman, Thomas Knight, who, I am of the firm opinion, will do you much good if you adopt him on your designing staff. It has always been my opinion that a great company like yours should pay more than cursory attention to the qualifications of the men it hires—in other words, that you should find out not only whether your prospective employees can think up Doodads, but whether or not they love to do so. Now I can unequivocally say that Tom does love this kind of work. From the cradle on through college this boy has been tinkering away at knick-knacks like nobody's business.

But I have further reasons. Thomas is the man for you, for he understands the psychology of children who like toys and adults who like gim-cracks. Tom likes to sit in a big overstuffed chair smoking a special kind of pipe with his own Tom Knight (Middleton's) mixture, as he sits there, his eye is liable to travel up the wall from the floor to the ceiling and back again. "Good place to run a cord and a couple of rheostats for that old electric cigar lighter of mine," he will likely be thinking. Before the day is out, the chances are that Tom will be able to sit in the same chair, with the same pipe between his teeth, and in the same position, and be able, without so much as moving a great toe, to throw a switch, adjust a rheostat, and light his pipe. (You see the lighter operates by a spark gap between the lighter and the silver stem core of the pipe. The rheostat is to control the violence of the bombardment of sparks on the tobacco.)

Perhaps others could show as much inventive acumen, but few could show it combined with such ideal philosophy—namely, that of ease, comfort and pleasure. Give this man a whacking good salary so he can buy himself the eases, the comforts, and the pleasures of life, and you will see a Newer and Better Doodad Company.

Yrs. etc.,

Thomas' Kinsman



THOMAS MAY KNIGHT, III

c/o HAWAIIAN TRUST CO. HONOLULU, T. H.

Born 1913. Entered from Punahau Academy in 1930.

Glee Club (3, 4); English Club (1, 2); Engineering Club (2, 3, 4); Secretary-Treasurer (3).

Engineering Major.





HERMAN ADAM LINGERMAN

226 FOURTH STREET

BUTLER, PA.

Born 1907. Entered from Wyoming Seminary in 1930.

Cap and Gown Committee; Track (1, 2, 3, 4).

Philosophy Major.



Lamia Simple McFiercwoman
Foursquare and a half
California

Dear Lamia:

Well, well! It's been a long time, hasn't it Lamy? I've wanted to write you a letter for months, but my Theological work has kept me on the ball every minute. You know, by Jeez, it's a funny thing how I got into this racket in the first place. Twenty or so years ago when I was just a kid starting in college, I thought I wanted to be a minister. No stuff! That was before I came under your influence. Of course, then, there was a time when I thought I wanted to get a Ph.D. in Government and take bar examinations and teach in college and maybe go into public life. Public career! That's what I'm doing, all right, but being head of the First Faithhealing Spirituolist Union is something different from being state legislator. Last week I cured a couple of cases of paralysis by laying on of hands. She was some looker, too, by Jeez.

Lamy, I thought you and I could da each other some good. Why don't we team up? I'm getting rather sick of this territory around Philadelphia, and I'm also getting a little conscience-struck. Sometimes I think it would be better even at this late date, if I turned to something clean like politics. Don't get me wrong. I don't want to chisel in on you. I'll sell my outfit down here very reasonably to one of your bunch, then I'd come down to Los Angeles and do just enough work for you—stenographic if you want to—to carry me along quietly for a while. You may think I'm crazy, but I want to read some philasophy—especially Nietzsche and Talstoy and Bergsan. I'd also like to have you intraduce me to some of the babes there in Hallywood. In other wards, I want a little peace and meditation. If at the end of a year or so of it, I want to decide to go back to my original plan of economics and government, I'll do so. If not, I'll reserve the right to buy back my old outfit and tell the public I've been away to the Haly Land.

Let me know.

Yours,

Herman

TO THE READERS OF THIS ANNUAL!
ATTENTION! PLEASE!

Dear Reader:

We, the dear editorial staff, have called to your attention the fact that you are now touching a page hallowed by its consecration to one of our class-mates, Douglas Lockard, the Baltimore Chemist with an eye on The Pennsylvania Medical College, God-willing. We are awed by the futile attempts at writing an appropriate *personal letter* for this likeable young man for no one seems able to handle the delicate job.

To get a good mental image of Doug, just draw a short, straight line. There you have this young chap. For, he is as keen-witted and as neat-appearing in manner and mannerisms as the carefully plotted line. But, we cannot devote a full page to that.

Doug is delightfully dumpy and would easily pass at a masquerade for a pudding-dumpling, with gravy. Yet, we cannot write an entire page over somebody being dumpy, or looking like a dumpling with gravy.

He studies an awful, awful lot and when he finishes, he studies some more. He did next year's work, last year, and last week's assignments two years ago and he had all his Ethic's papers written when he was a Sophomore. You know, and can see the point, Doug is like that. Always days and days and years ahead of everybody else in getting his homework done. But, you can't write a whole page because a guy does his homework, can you?

He likes baked beans. Finish that yourself. A regular shark at Bridge.

Heck, all we can think of is to call him cute and lovable.

The staff admits defeat on this assignment and offers a reward for persons calling at the Staff Headquarters, said persons being able to do better than this.

Love to you all,

THOSE LITTLE DEVILS
FROM THE EDITORIAL BOARD



JAMES DOUGLAS LOCKARD

964 MADISON AVENUE, APT. H COLUMBUS, OHIO

Born 1912. Entered from Forest Park High School in 1930.

Class Vice-President (1); Chairman Freshman-Junior Dance Committee; Saph-Senior Dance Committee; Chairman Basketball Dance Committee; Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells (3, 4); Chemistry Club (3, 4); Freshman Track Team.

Pre-Medical Major.





BENJAMIN S. LOEWENSTEIN

580 PELHAM ROAD GERMANTOWN, PHILA., PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Germantown High School in 1930.

Freshman-Junior Dance Committee; Tennis, Freshman Team; Junior Varsity (2); Ivy Committee (3); News Board (1, 2, 3), Make-up Editor (1), News Editor (2), Managing Editor (3); News Service Board (1, 2, 3, 4), Director (4); Record Board, Editor-in-Chief; Basketball Manager (4); Debating (1, 3); Everett Oratorical Contest (1); Classical Club (2); International Relations Club (2, 3); Founders Club (3, 4); Centenary Committee (4).

History Major.

Dear Bennie Loewenstein, Jr.:

You have been at college two months and it is about time for you to have a little advice on

HOW TO BE SUCCESSFUL WHILE
AT HAVERFORD

From experience I know just what I am talking about so don't you go asking me silly questions.

In your first place, be friends with everybody who is of importance: professors, students or anyone else on the campus. There are, of course, various and divers ways of creating valuable friendships, but, since you are a chip off the old block, you have inherited a natural tendency along these lines.

In the first year, do not study too hard, but get out after the big campus activities. This will make your marks extremely low at first, but then you can work more assiduously in the last two years and, maybe, win the Improvement Prize.

Do not bother with a girl until your senior year and then choose her only from Vassar or some other high-class college. She herself should be of the first water and to her you should devote yourself with all your heart. Do not go in for any rough stuff, son, for sex is a beautiful thing and a man must have a happy family life, with plenty of incomes, substantial insurance, and healthy children.

Guard your tongue carefully and even though you may find it in your power to know fully what the entire campus is doing in its spare moments, do not be a "news-dispenser."

The one thing you must positively not do is to edit your class annual. I have many reasons for this warning: you lose all friendships you so carefully established and "nobody wants to write-you-up" for the blame thing.

Please give much thought to this advice from a loving papa,

Father Benjamin



Hello! Clarence:

Without a doubt I owe you an apology for letting this letter go as long as it has but you know how things have been at Dad's place and I have been head over heels in work trying to get the muddle straightened out.

With regard to this fellow Loomis, about whom you wrote, let me assure you that I believe he will be the man needed and mast suited for the job you have at hand and I am delighted that he mentioned my name for reference.

While at college he was a Physics Major and since you yaurself failed to pass your Physics I Final Exam, you are aware of what stuff this fellow has in him. He was extremely good-natured while at school and I can say without exaggerating that Dave did not have an enemy during his four years there. In fact, he was the focal point for much good-natured teasing, all of which would have driven you or me or hundreds of others to seek for means of revenge. Instead, Dave seemed to laugh most heartily when the joke was on him.

He is, though, a little bit shy and I never saw him pal around with many of the fellows. He is gifted with a friendly nature, however, and will gladly talk when once started. He is content to mind his own business and faithfully performed any tasks assigned to him, a fact which you will be especially glad to hear and have doubtless observed for yourself by this time.

He is not a rapid-fire boy and takes his time in whatever he does, reaching the ultimate goal at his own speed, but he always reaches what he goes after. I hope you will be able to get him to work a little more rapidly than when he was at College for while he has efficiency he certainly must combine it with speed if he wishes to stay with you.

The thing I remember most about him is the day he accidently set his hair on fire. It happened in the Chem. Lab. and caused much excitement. The Chem. Prof. rushed in and surprised Loomis by charging him fifty-cents for a SINGE!

This letter isn't much but it tells you as much as I know and I hope it helps.

Sincerely,

Roy



DAVID GREENE LOOMIS

275 MONTCLAIR AVENUE

NEWARK, N. J.

Born 1912. Entered from Barringer High School in 1930.

Glee Club (4); Instrumental Club (2); Mathematics Club (4); Field Club (1, 2); Rodio Club (1).
Physics Major.





FREDERICK REIMER LYDECKER

48 LINCOLN STREET

GLEN RIDGE, N. J.

Born 1913. Entered from Glen Ridge High School in 1930.

Engineering Major.



Bryn Mawr
12-1-32

Dear Jean:

I haven't told you about my boy friend at Hoverford have I? He's positively the sweetest thing. He's got curly black hair, fair skin, and SUCH eyes. . . He likes me to call him "Don Juan"—why, God only knows—but it seems to please and when he looks pleased he is ABSOLUTELY irresistible. He gets all flustered and smiles in a sheepish way and says in a big gruff voice "Cut it out."

He tells me he's quite an aviator too. He's got ever so many hours of solo flying to his credit towards his commercial license or some such thing. It's all very complicated. He knows such a lot about flying—wing spreads, and radio engines, and slip seams, and stream lines, all of which he tries to get across to me, and in self defense I nod and brightly say, "Yes. Of course."

And you know, he's a budding AUTHOR. The other night he finally opened up and let me in on the great secret. His next story is almost bound to be accepted by some pulp magazine, I've forgotten its name . . . "Hell-Birds Awing" or some such title. But he's the most self-conscious boy about it. He won't show me the stories. He says, "Aw, you wouldn't like them. Anyway, there's too much swearing in them." Pardon me. He tells me he's quite convinced the boys at college that he's never been drunk. Well, I suppose it is a matter of definitions.

He's a nice kid but he certainly does choose the wettest set of bosom pals. There was one from Norristown. All he talked about was Buicks. Can you imagine?

Well, write me soon.

Yours truly,

Bettie G.

Dear Mother and Dad:

College is great and you would never recognize your young son now since he is all rigged out in an attire commonly, and I mean commonly, called the Rhinie Outfit. But everything is done in fun and no one seems to mind so very much, realizing that the Rhinies get their chances on the next class that comes in.

Dad asked me to look up about his friend's son, Bob McKee, and I have met Bob several times. He is a large, good-natured egg, full of fun and almost always laughing with a most enormous chuckle that sounds like the bull we have down in the pasture. This Bob is really huge in size, built in the form of a rectangle with light hair. I have learned already that he has two pet hobbies, namely, Photography and Golf. Not only is he playing a big role along photographic lines for the year-book of his Senior Class, but Bob has played with a marked degree of success in many golf tournaments. You should get to know him, Dad, in spite of the fact that you just broke "two hundred."

His size, bellowing voice and good-nature have all helped to give him such nicknames as "Mac," "Dotten," "Bruggy," "Lord Plushbottom" and a host of others which it would be too difficult to remember. When he isn't tied around a camera, he is driving a golf ball up and down a nearby lawn with several of his friends.

I understand that he loves to tour the country in his Ford and has made several trips out West. One of them was a regular camping trip with a Hinkie Haines, whose father you know also, Dad. Hinkie and Bruggie must have had the time of their lives for I have often heard them speak about their journey.

I almost forgot to tell you that Bob is the Captain of the 1934 Golf Team, having received this distinction following three years of splendid play. That is positive proof that he has a host of friends.

Well, I must have this off in a few minutes to catch the mailman.

Much Love,

Your Son



ROBERT WILSON MCKEE

414 SOUTH 47TH STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1911. Entered from Episcopal Academy in 1930.

Spoon Committee, Chairman Ivy Committee (3); Golf (2, 3, 4), H (3, 4), Captain (4); News Board (2, 3, 4); Photographic Editor (3, 4); Record Board, International Relations Club (3). History Major.





WILLIAM FRANCIS MAXFIELD

217 SOUTH CASSINGHAM ROAD
COLUMBUS, OHIO

Born 1913. Entered from Columbus North School in 1930.

Gift Committee, Chairman; Instrumental Club (1, 2, 4); Band (1, 2); Cap and Bells (2, 3, 4); Engineering Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Chairman (4).

Engineering Major.

Resting in a corner of an old closet a Diary was found, relic of another day. A few whisks of the handkerchief and a slow thumbing of the pages, then to stop at:

To my Diary:

Well, old diary, I have left Bill Maxfield at the station for his trip back to Columbus, Ohio. I hated to see him go. Somehow he was so much fun and so sincere and conscientious in whatever he tried. I can remember loads of things about "Mox" as so many of us called him.

He was greatly interested in Engineering even though his father is a Psychology Prof. at Ohio State U. And speaking of that University reminds me of the way Bill used to praise it. You often wondered why he never went there. Everything the gang used to argue about would be greeted with Bill's "Now, out at Ohio State they do. . ." and then would follow a glistening tale of that apparent paragon of all colleges. And he was pretty good at German, too, altho' he was better on the Sax. Gosh, that Sax. He was kinda all pepped up with that thing, Diary, when we were Rhinies, but we gradually talked him out of it. It wasn't seen after the middle of our Soph. year.

Yes, and I remember the way he loved to skate. Morning, noon and night. . . heaven only knows when he got his work done. . . the Mox would be down skating. He was fairly clever on stunts with those steel blades. Outside of ice skating he wasn't so very much in athletics although in his Senior year he showed considerable promise as a Football player. There, as in everything else, he gave all he had.

I have often wondered, Diary, whether that girl over in Germantown was really a cousin as he claimed. Gosh, for a cousin he was sure interested in her. Although another girl named after a cigar and The World War began to rear her head into what had been peaceful harmony. But, there used to be a girl from Swarthmore College. I wonder whatever became of her. Do you know, Diary, I used to like her myself a little.

He was a fit companion for Lord Plushbottom McKee and Shorty Atmore when it came to doing Indian War whoops. Good old "Mox."

Goodnight, Diary



Mr. Edgar Blest
The Great Middlewest
America

Dear Eddie:

I am enclosing some verse I recently discovered in the *Journal of Profound Mathematics*. It is by a young graduate of Haverford, one Nichol. I think it has unity, coherence and emphasis. It is an unusual thing for poetry to appear in a mathematical publication, and I think the implications are great for you and myself. Here is the poem:

SONG OF THE PARABOLA

Surd of the North that rests in quadratic gloom,
Where are your osymptotes, your fiery binomials?
The focal points that hung on function's bosom
From the mathematical womb to the mathematical tomb,
Awoken!

Think what has gone into that poem! Think of the scope of sympathy a man must have to produce such an effect of love, forgiveness, hesitancy, challenge—all in the ineffable realm of numbers! I tell you we have made a find. Of course I found out what I could about this Nichol. He studied mathematics when he was at Haverford, developed a reputation for puns (something you and I will have to look into and suppress), and got many letters from a young Spanish girl. Putting these facts together, I determined to meet him, but when I went to his rooms in New York, I couldn't find him. They say he is so short that he often escapes notice, so I haven't exactly given up hope.

But back to this poem. I feel that it is a lesson for both of us, especially you. I'd like to see you get a little of the same rich spiritual suggestion into the poems you write about raisin pie and the kitchen range. Nichol shows that it is possible to be at once a student of that most abstract and rigorous thing, mathematics, and yet to be thoroughly human. I wager the rascal uses profanity. I know the type. And he would be one to complain about the food. Composers of verse never did bow to the status quo.

Yours,

Amy Slowell



HERBERT JAMES NICHOL

43 SOUTH CLIFTON AVENUE • ALDAN, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Overbrook High School in 1930.

Gift Committee; *Haverfordian* Board (2); English Club (1, 2); Everett Oratorical Contest (2); Poetry Prize (1).
Mathematics Major.





RICHARD RUNDLE PLEASANTS

DARBY ROAD

PAOLI, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Montgomery School in 1930.

Class President (1, 2); Permanent Class Secretary (4); Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Football, H (1, 2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Track (1, 2), Numerals (3, 4); English Club (1, 2), Play (1, 2); Glee Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cop and Bells Club (4); Founders Club (4).

French Major.

A gentleman with the air of a newspaper man, in fact smelling of printer's ink is interviewing a young man who persists in holding a football. The young man's stand-offish air implies that he is from some very respectable place, perhaps even Bryn Mawr. If we listen to what is going on, I may not have to tell you anything further about the young man. It may even get to be dramatic before it is over.

N. P. M.: Do you like football? *Y. M.:* Well, uh, football is, uh . . . *N. P. M.:* Thanks, Captain Pleasants. Now, is it also true that you hold the record of making the longest run on Walton Field? Was it ninety-eight yards or something like that? *Y. M.:* Why, uh, the way it happened was, uh . . . *N. P. M.:* Yes, I thought so. Thank you. Now the readers of our paper would like to know just what you think of pep talks by coaches before the game. Do you personally approve or disapprove of them? Do you think they are juvenile? *Y. M.:* Well, there's certainly a lot of . . . *N. P. M.:* Thank you, Captain Pleasants. I am sure our readers will be glad to hear such an unbiased opinion. Ahem! It is true, is it not, that you have held numerous class offices and that you are actively connected with the Student's Council? *Y. M. (determinedly grinding his nails through the pigskin cover):* . . . Well, uh, football has been a . . . *N. P. M.:* Thanks, sir. It is so nice to meet a young fellow such as yourself who possesses the ability of uniting sports and studies without impairing either himself or his proficiency in competition. *Y. M. (his eyes have a funny stare)* Football is, uh . . . *N. P. M.:* Captain Pleasants, since I understand that your chosen field is French literature, is it true that you desire to teach your favorite sport and study at Montgomery School, your former alma mater? *Y. M. (his biceps stiffening)* Football . . . *N. P. M.:* Thank you for your time, Capt. Pleasants, and I assure you that the article will be printed just as you wish. Is there anything more you'd like to add? *Y. M. (roaring and drawing a revolver with which he kills the reporter)* Football is no good, don't let me hear you mention it again, or I'll make you suffer!



Dean Fatnall Clown
Haverford College
Haverford, Penna.

Dear Sir:

We have, in our so-called jail, a young man, claiming to be a Senior in your so-called college. He says to write to you for reference and bail; he says if you can't give him a clean bill and bail, God in heaven above only knows. We nabbed him for going through a red light, and smashing into the car of our so-called mayor. Oh yes, his name is Asa Wing Potts (so-called Si, for short). Now, Si pulls a long cock-and-bull story about how he is slightly color blind, says he can't tell the difference between red and green.

Well, it all looks rather fantastic to my way of thinking, to say the least. Si says he tells whether to go ahead or stop by looking at the light and seeing whether the upper space is lit or the lower one, says he can tell that way. Well, Dean, it so happens that in our town things in general are reversed, and the lights in particular, and so he crashed, with little doubt existing as to whether or not he crashed. Anyhow, he crashed.

Now, Dean, can you tell me whether Si, as you know him, is telling the truth about himself. To further identify him in your mind, I might add that at the time we apprehended him (and we had to run pretty fast and jump rather high to catch him) he was unshaven, wearing the damndest-looking gold rim glasses that I ever saw, dressed in a horrible combination of red shirt, green tie and corduroys, the latter being extremely sloppy and held up by polko-dot suspenders.

Not only is he held on charges of so-called assault and battery by automobile but we also think he is a trifle daffy. His conversation is a terrible jargon of principles of economics, chemistry and socialism. He keeps repeating, "I should never have changed Majors, but maybe I should have. Well, I can play soccer and I can playsoccer, and I can high jump. Do you want to subscribe to Charity, a little bit, mister?" It all befuddles us, Dean, can you help? By the way, Si mentioned that you might need a good detective around your campus, how's about it?

Sincerely,
So-Colled Police Commissioner



ASA WING POTTS

254 WEST WALNUT LANE • GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1930.

Commencement Day Committee, Track Squad (1, 2), Numerals (3, 4), Soccer, Junior Varsity (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (4), Record Board (4), Liberal Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Executive Committee (4), Chemistry Club (1, 2), International Relations Club (3), Chairman Charity Chest Committee (4).

Economics Major.

A small, dark, rectangular object, possibly a book cover or a sign, with the word "CHARITY" printed in white, bold, capital letters in the center.



PHILIP BURTT RICHARDSON

236 VAN HOUTEN AVENUE PASSAIC, N. J.

Born 1911. Entered from Westtown School in 1930.

Class President (1); Class Executive Committee (1, 2, 4); Permanent Committee (4); Class Day Committee; Student Council (1, 2, 3, 4); Executive Athletic Council (4); Secretary (4); Customs Committee (2, 3, 4); Chairman (4); Soccer, Numerals (1), H (2, 3, 4); Basketball, Numerals (1); Track, Numerals (1), H (2, 3, 4); Business Manager Record; Engineering Club (1, 2); Everett Oratorical Contest (1); Founders Club Award (1).
Economics Major.



Miss Elizabeth Wiswall
Wellesley College
Wellesley, Mass.

Dear Miss Wiswall:

Do you, or do you not, know Mr. Philip Richardson? This is the reason we ask: Early in the fall of his Senior year, Philip who has a charge account with us, ordered some stationery—200 sheets and 200 envelopes, with your name and address printed on the front of the envelopes. He charged the order—\$4.50—but he makes so many trips to Wellesley (to see a girl he knows up there) and to Falmouth (to see a girl he knows up there) that he cannot pay our bill. Could you pay us the sum; after all, the things had your name on them, and you have most of them by this time. Could you, Miss Wiswall, would you?

There, that's our business letter, now let me tell you about this fellow Richardson. He is naturally a reticent boy, so probably doesn't tell you all about himself. In fact, if he acts around your house like he acts here, he no doubt sleeps 95 per cent of the time—and comes to meals late, never uses soap, and charges you for rides in that big, beautiful Buick of his. First of all—he is the dirtiest soccer player in the Eastern League. Then again (the thing about which he boasts most often) he took French 2 for so many years that he was eventually made Professor of Romance Languages (where he would obviously be quickly forgotten) but he was fired soon thereafter. The president asked him one day who wrote Comfort's "French Composition" and your Hero (ours also, confidentially) didn't know!

He has never brought the same girl to any of the college dances. Among one-fourth of the Student Body he is the most unpopular man on the campus because of the fiendish tortures he perpetrates on the Rhinies. He has darling black wavy hair, and the nicest skin—but, of course, you know all of his physical attributes, so we won't bother you with them.

In closing may we repeat our first plea—could you, would you, Miss Wiswall?

Sincerely,
Manager of the Haverford
Co-Operative Store

The following letter was intercepted by the Year Book's own mystic and is herewith presented minus Mr. Foxy's quaint misspelling—mainly because we're too lazy to try an imitation of his style . . .

Dear Thomas:

Much doth thy activity on Haverford's greensward warm the cockles of my heart. Never have I seen such wholehearted support of the Inner Light since my early connections with the Seekers. Thomas, believe an old hand at the game of righteousness when I tell thee that thee hath all the characteristics necessary to make a name for thyself in Quakerdom. Thy determined chin, thy quiet manner till thee is aroused, thy belief in a pure body and a pure mind, and thy distrust of war as a means of international policy—all these I had, and my predecessors before me. Thee should go far in thy chosen profession of Quaker—and those mild blue eyes which at times have a divinely earnest glint!

Oft hath my spirit watched over thee in the Students' Council meetings. Amidst all the ungodly clamour in those meetings, thee hath kept thy head and insisted on clear and concise interpretations of the rules. Although other members are intent on getting out of the conclave as early as possible, thee hath continually insisted on getting things right. Might I add that some county in the kingdom of heaven will be set aside for those rare and square-jawed men who take their jobs seriously?

And I am glad, Thomas, that unto thy heart thee has taken a virgin for love and admiration. She'll add years unto thy life, even though she bothers thee now with eight- and ten-page letters.

Thomas, I am deeply interested in thy fight against the CMTC. That institution must go, and your breaking off diplomatic relations with a dear friend because he signed up with that arm of the devil will help destroy it.

Inner Lightly thine,

George Foxy



ARTHUR THOMAS RICHIE

154 EAST MAIN STREET

MOORESTOWN, N. J.

Born 1911. Entered from Moorestown Friends School in 1930.

Class Vice-President (3, 4), Permanent Vice-President, Class Executive Committee (1, 2); Senior Prom Committee; Student Council (4); Customs Committee (4); Soccer, Numerals (1), H (2, 3, 4), Captain (4); Baseball, Numerals (1, 2), H (3, 4); Liberal Club (3, 4); Engineering Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Chairman Executive Committee (3); President (4); Founders Club (4).

Engineering Major.





NORMAN JOHNSON RUSH

1110 MILLCREEK ROAD

JOHNSTOWN, PA.

Born 1913. Entered from Westtown School in 1930.

Class Treasurer (4); Soccer, Junior Varsity (2), Numerals (3), H (4); Track Squad (2, 3, 4); Basketball, Junior Varsity (2); Chemistry Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Spring Play (1).

Pre-Medical Major.

WHOOSIS MEDICAL COLLEGE

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

5-6-40

Admiral Byrd
Little America, South Pole

Dear Sir:

I received your radiogram asking my help in getting a young man to help you in your work. I recommend most highly one of our youngest and most able graduates. His name is Norman J. Rush. I consider him mentally and physically fitted for the tasks you mention. In the first place he is chubby. Those extra layers of blubber will keep him warm, and in case of necessity would furnish you a great many units of energy if taken internally. (Shake well before using.) Also you might find it convenient to disguise him as an Eskimo Fuller Brush man in order to obtain detailed information about the private lives of your native neighbours. In the second place he plays bridge with a persistency which is matched only by his rashness in bidding. He has played through so many long evenings here at college that I am sure you would find him willing to make a fourth at any time during your Antarctic night. In the third place think of having a pole-vaulter in your party, airily jumping from floe to floe on his way to get food and supplies for your wrecked party! In fourth place he's clever with his feet, yes, a soccer player. He might possibly train a couple of seals for you with those nimble feet of his.

So you see, Admiral Byrd, I think you'll find this young man one of the most enticing bargains you'll ever run across in a day's shopping.

Sincerely yours,

Agatha T. Quack

P. S. He's a good doctor. What a bedside manner!



Dear Henry:

Mrs. Dhandi and I were extremely glad to get your letter, and we thank you for all the good recommendations from your philosophy professors, your college president and your society friends. Granted that there were the kind of position here that you want—teaching philosophy and tutoring thirteen-year-old girls,—I have no doubt that you would fill the bill perfectly. I can see that your problem is a real one—whether to stay in the U. S. and to get a good job in business so you can marry and settle down, or to return to Egypt. From what your professors say, I have no doubt that you have enough moral stamina to combat these difficult conditions in Egypt, or even in India. But, Henry, it takes more than that; you need to be religious. Have you got religion? Have you lost your faith? If I didn't have religion, I don't know where I'd be. I think you'd better stay in America another year and try to pull your ideas together. But let me give you a few suggestions.

Throw your *Rubiayat* into the waste-basket, and put Stevenson's *Apology for Idlers* into an old bureau drawer where you won't find it. Hang up your tuxedo for a year, put on your overalls and go back to the fields of Nebraska and pitch hay. See if you can go for a whole year without falling in love. Quit the cigarettes, and the pipes, too. Give movies and burlesque shows a rest for a twelvemonth. Spend so little money that you won't even have to think about that careful expense account. Leave your comrades when you can and go off by yourself and meditate. Then, and only then, should you think about coming to India and studying Indian philosophy. Am I the voice of your conscience, Henry? I have a sneaking notion that I am.

I don't want to be a wet blanket, but I have another sneaking notion that you'll end up with a good steady job with Vacuum Oil or Provident Mutual. But that's all right. You'll make a good family man.

Happy birthday, and don't take my words too seriously.

Yahatma Dhandi



HENRY GIFFEN RUSSELL

ASSUIT COLLEGE

ASSUIT, EGYPT

Born 1912. Entered from Hotchkiss School in 1930.

Class Treasurer (2); Sophomore-Senior Dance Committee, Junior Prom Committee; Cooperative Store Committee (1, 2, 3, 4), Chairman (4); Tennis, Junior Varsity (2, 3), H (4); Cross Country Squad (4); News Board (4); Glee Club (1); Liberal Club (3, 4); Vice-President (4).

Philosophy Major.





ROGER SCATTERGOOD

AWBURY, GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1930.

Senior Pram Committee; Track, Freshman Team, Numerals (2), H (3, 4); Cross Country Squad (2, 3), H (4); Liberal Club (1, 2, 3, 4), Secretary (3); President (4).

History Major.



"PEACE MARCHES ON"

ACT I

Setting off stage can be heard the roaring of cannons as they fire a nineteen hundred and one-half gun salute. A military band is playing "LONG LIVE THE DEMOCRATS". Twenty million and seven fully armed soldiers stand with bayonets drawn. Suddenly a bugle is blown. Then another bugle is blown. Then, to make it even, two blows are bugled and a path exactly seven-eighths of an inch wide appears through the angry mob of drawn bayonets and a young man is seen walking on his hands across the bellies of the dead and wounded, collecting postage stamps before him.

It would be foolhardy to say he appears war-like, as he places on the floor his revolvers and two gas-masks. From around his neck hangs a chain of withered human skulls. Roger Scattergood, for 'tis none other, has been doing some tall skull-diggery. In an instant, in an instanter instant, he is before the microphone. He speaks:

I am Scattergood, leader of the movements for peace. I am against everything concerned with War . . . War . . . Wars. Crimes and Wars . . . Wars you there, Charlie? (*here Roger ducks a rotten pineapple plant which explodes with a bang, blowing off the back of the auditorium*) . . . I have done much peace caravanning for my cause and should be made the head of all Peace Movements . . . Drop your arms . . . Might will not make right . . . My experience in the College Liberal Club has shown me that . . . I am the head of my College Club, (so there) (*someone stabs him in the leg with a penknife, but Roger, does not seem to mind since the doctor told him he was to have as much iron in his blood as he could stand. Roger is still standing*) . . . What if I am a Quake? . . . I can hold my own with the white people . . . I am equally at home with the common people and the conventional types . . . Down with Capitalism . . . Hurray for Capitalism . . . (*notice how he plays with the mob!*) . . . I am a man of many interests, and have been on my college track team . . . I am ever awake . . . (But, here Roger is interrupted by a voice reminding Roger of the night he, Roger slept out all night when his car became frozen, Roger not even telling his Dad. Roger, at this unexpected attack on his good name, wilts like a lily, and flies thru the ceiling).

Somewhere in Tabasco, Mexico
December 22, 1933

Dear Father:

I meant to call up before leaving for Mexico to tell you I was going and why, but a card game got going in Fifth Entry (incidentally, my luck changed, and that's where I made enough money to take the trip) and it continued so far into the night that by the time it was over I knew you'd be in bed.

This is why I came down here—last week I read about the convention of the National Revolutionary Party in Queretaro in which Senor Perez, a delegate, said, "There is no God. God exists only in petrified souls. Down with God." Says I to myself, that Perez son-of-a-gun is a genius, for I have noticed that all genii have been atheists. So I hopped off by plane from Camden (after stopping at Weber's for a beer or two) and am now in Tabasco at Perez's home, having a darn fine time. Already I know enough of the language to talk about calculus to his son's tutor, in fact beginning next week I am going to be the tutor.

I plan to go back to college in time for the comprehensives, and since I am only taking two of them, there will be no trouble from that quarter. What I am worrying about is the Math Club, what they and Little Al will do without me is more than I know. But I will write to them often.

Senor Perez has asked me to join his party, but you know how much I detest joining any organization, the only reason I joined the Math Club was because I couldn't help it.

This will have to be a short note I fear, because some of those lousy Mexicans are shooting things up to beat all hell down in the town below our hacienda. Senorita Perez (what a babe she is, too) says they are clearing the way for a new president, and I want to be there at the finish of the present administration.

As Einstein says in "Relativity," $x_1, x', = p_1, Q'$, or "Merry Christmas to you, Pop, and three good glasses of beer."

The blessings of Ingersoll on you,

Ernie



ERWIN SCHMID

1529 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Northeast High School in 1930.

Soccer, Junior Varsity (4); Cricket (3, 4); President Mathematics Club (4); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Phi Beta Kappa (3, 4).

Mathematics Major.

2/2/36



M. V. CLINTON SCILIPOTI

BOX 143

TOWACO, N. J.

Born 1913. Entered from Newark Academy in 1930.

Liberal Club (3, 4), Secretary (4).
Government Major.



To my adorable Dr. Horsedon:

Do you realize that the ape can catch your cold and you can catch his?

That sentence means nothing, and I only put it there to catch your eye and to attract your attention to that bit of composition which I am now writing to you, so to speak, that is to say, as it were.

I have always admired you and respected your opinions and it is for those reasons, mainly, that I am taking the Government Major. Your thoughts and ideals spur me on to better thoughts and reasoning and it is for your own good and my personal benefit that I am interested enough in you to remind you tactfully that you can catch the ape's cold and he can catch yours! It is from your guidance and inspiration that I once carefully decided to go out and conquer the world, although I have long since given the idea up as a bust. (You Mae-West assured I do not hold it against your dogma. Get it? The pun, I mean? About Mae West and —?)

I wish I could find your romantic side, for I, too, am a little romantic and the boys take secret sport, some of them do, anyway, in making sport of my marcellishly shaped hair. I do wish you would find time to drop into my room for a cup of coffee, which I frequently brew. Romance is a great thing. Even horses have romance and sex, I am told.

You can see how our minds run in different lanes together. I am also interested in automobile designing and I would be very glad to show you my drawings at any time you mention. Added to this will be found my passion for horses since they are such dumb but understanding animals. I love them. Do you?

I am not much of a one for athletics but do adore indoor sports and games. I think "Scratch-as-scratch can" is swell. Don't you play that sometimes?

But, there goes Founder's Bell for dinner, and with this I leave,

Anticipatory,

Clinton Scilipoti

Scalpswell Medical School
Scalpswell, Pa.

Dear Sir:

You ask me for a recommendation of Frank Siebert to your Medical School. I believe I can throw both light and mud on the subject. This Siebert, it should be said at the outset, has a passion for the art of medicine, he is serious, and, without a doubt, it could be said that he is a boy of irrefutable probity. He also wears glasses. But there are details I must come to in a minute which may put rust on these golden words.

This Siebert boy loathes women, and he abhors English literature, especially Byron, Kelly and Sheets. Do you think it is right for the American public to have such a one-sided whippersnapper learning the art of needle, scalpel, saw and axe? He might very well be called to the bedside of a bleeding poet or a jittery woman and throw over all his art merely to cash in on, consummate, and materialize his theories. He might kill. Think of that.

But let me not to the marriage of true minds admit predicaments. If Frank Siebert doesn't cultivate the humanitarian graces, he certainly cultivates flowers. Was denken Sie? Quien sabe? Et la! A heart that goes out to leaf and tendril cannot be adamant to vein and artery. A man whose ground-swell ideal goes deep enough to include xylem and phloem, cannot, I state, be wholly destitute of the bowels of compassion. And may I add, Sir, that I am having a hell of a swell time writing this letter.

To conclude briefly with pertinent facts. Siebert likes Indian archaeology. Siebert hurdles on the track team. Siebert likes to work in the laboratory. Siebert is a gangling youth, but has faith, hope, and charity. Can you say the same of yourself?

Yours awfully truly,

H. Hotnall Pink, Dean



FRANK THOMAS SIEBERT, JR.

127 MERBROOK LANE

MERION, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Episcopal Academy in 1930.

Track Squad (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (3), Chemistry Club
(1, 2, 3, 4), Field Club (2, 3, 4).

Pre-Medical Major.





ARTHUR GREGG SINGER, JR.

4661 LEIPER STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Frankford High School in 1930.

Spoon Committee; Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4), Numerals (3), H (4); Basketball Squad (1, 2), Numerals (3); Engineering Club (2, 3, 4); Vice-President (4); Pand (1, 2); Corporation Scholarship (3).

Engineering Major.

MR. BUGGER SINGER
HAVERFORD COLLEGE · HAVERFORD, PA.

Mr. Daniel C. Raper, Sec'y
U. S. Department of Commerce
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

I understand that the Bureau of Fisheries is in your department. If so, you are the people I would like to talk to. My personal ambition is to have installed in the Federal Government a Bureau of Buggeries. If fishes have fisheries, certainly bugs may have buggeries. That is only logic, pure and simple.

For the head of this new bureau I recommend my roommate, I am modest myself and would only desire to be Administrator of Firecrackers and Water Fights. The directing personnel of this bureau should be extremely youthful in order to carry on the necessary arduous labors entailed in thinking up novel and annoying buggeries to be carried out. We two are admirably fitted for the jobs in that direction, being very youthful indeed—for reference, write to the Haverford Students' Council or the *Haverford News*.

I would suggest that the new bureau be called BIA. The government has already installed the NRA, ECPC, FCA, CWA, CCC, AAA, HOLC, and the new part of the "alphabetical soup" could be called, as I said before, the BIA—Buggery Inception Administration. Win Smith and I have already thought of a slogan from these three letters out of which and around which a propagandical poster might be drawn. The slogan is, "Bia firecracker and blow up the whole contraption." This attention to the smallest details shows how thoroughly we have delved into the plan we propose.

Haverford graduated me as an engineer, Win is planning to be a preacher of no mean repute for "slinging it," so you may be sure, Mr. Secretary, that our plan is both technically, and spiritually perfect.

I must close now since someone outside my room is yelling "Fire," the call to arms that tingles the blood of every true Bugocrat.

Sincerely yours,

Singer



Haywire Sweater Co.
Pumpkin Center
Iowa

Dear Mr. President:

My name is Bruce Smith, BRUCE DONNAN SMITH and I am a student at Haverford College in Pennsylvania. I am quite an athlete at Haverford, participating in almost all of the Major Sports and being an interested spectator to those sports which are not fortunate enough to have me participating in them. All the coaches will gladly make mention to you of my athletic skill and ability. I am directly connected with the Football, Basketball and Baseball Teams and only the other day told the coaches that I was undoubtedly the Greatest Athlete ever to attend Haverford. Besides that I play Bridge and even Mr. Culbertson says I am a card. (Do you get it, Mr. President?)

Now, Mr. President, what I want to write to you about is one of your sweaters. Since I am a Varsity man, I have many Varsity Insignia to display. At the present time I am wearing two letters on the front, two on the back and one on the front inside. I have a set of numerals sewed on under the right arm-pit. Now, I wear this sweater practically all the time so that the boys will know I am an athlete and of late I have noticed that one of the sleeve's knitted threads has started to give. Mr. President, isn't there some way your company will make amends for this imperfection?

I am also connected with other activities at College, namely the Day-Students League, The Bridge Playing Club, Howard Comfert's Latin Guild, Haverford College Bounders Club, Attend-Every-Dance Club, Be-a-Big-Shot Union, and The I-Am-for-Smith Propaganda Society, among many others. I am well known to all the boys and played an important part in the celebration of the Centenary of the College. Naturally, I put your sweater to the most severest of tests and am a splendid ad for the Haywire Sweater Company.

Please let me know, Mr. President, as soon as possible, your intentions.

Authoritatively,

B. D. S.

P. S. I am a devil with the women, too, Mr. President.



BRUCE DONNAN SMITH

2715 OVERBROOK TERRACE

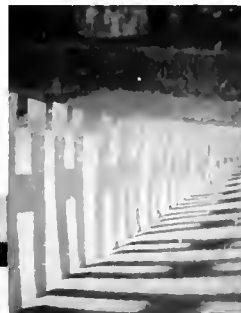
MERION GOLF MANOR

ARDMORE, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Haverford School in 1930.

Football Squad (1, 2), H (3), Numerals (4); Baseball Manager (4); Basketball Junior Varsity (1, 2, 3); Centenary Committee (4).

History Major.





WILLIAM WHARTON SMITH

535 CHURCH LANE

GERMANTOWN, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Germantown Friends School in 1930.

Track, Freshman Team, Numerals (2, 3, 4); Chemistry Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Mathematics Club (4).
Chemistry Major.

Dear Bill:

What time are you coming home this week-end? I've got a couple of your Main Line debts on the line, and you're in for a sure-fire evening. Save all your energies—let Pop fume a day or so. Of course I know the aim of your life is to make good in your track efforts, but for the sake of our passion flowers, take just one day off. Don't take your lap on the track this time.

I stopped by to see you last Sunday. Asked a Freshman where you lived, but he needed a graphic description before realizing you were one of the denizens of Quaker Heaven. I said you were the Quake with the convict haircut, the beaming smile, the brownish brown suit, and the pigeon-toed bouncing walk. Then he caught on. "Oh I know who you mean. I generally see him walking down to the Chem. Lab., but sometimes I see him walking back."

Now I know where you spend your time. How do you get along at Newport in the summers without a laboratory? Your sister told me you go sailing all day, and steer by slide-rule. She said your suit has a specially designed slide-rule pocket. Then when you want to know what time it is or which way the wind is blowing, your instrument is right handy.

But you can leave your slide-rule behind this time, Smeese my boy. You won't need it with these Main Liners, so let Norm play with it. He'll wonder at your leaving it behind, but he always wonders about your week-ends. Sometimes I even do myself. Your nanchalance is utterly mystifying, but perhaps sameday I'll be able to figure you out.

This note is getting longer and longer, so I'll stop and let you finish that Math. problem. Let me know when to expect you.

Ike.



PEREAU'S GARAGE
EAST HARTFORD . . . CONN.

Dear Johnny:

9-4-33

You needn't put on airs just because Miles traded me in, me, a perfectly good 1921 Franklin whose speedometer was just about to turn 200,000 and who had three trips across the Continent to my credit, for you, you a 1933 Plymouth with nothing but a shiny coat of paint to recommend you. With all your polish you haven't got Miles a new girl yet. He dropped the last one because of her paint job, so watch your step.

Yes, he learned a lot in me. I helped him all I could. I've coughed and died as though I hadn't seen a gallon of gas for a month, even though the gauge said $\frac{3}{4}$ and there was an emergency gallon beside. I nearly split a gasket one night. She said, "Oh, Miles, please don't park here." And then "Oh, Miles, please don't park." And then "Oh, Miles, please don't." And So On.

On the other hand I've run five miles with nothing but a faint odor in my gas tank when we've been off on trips to Vermont or to Stanford. We had great fun roaming back country roads that you'll not see till a little of your pertness is worn off. He knew I could take it and believe me he put it on. I suppose you think you've seen life on your trips to get hunks of rock for his geology course. Never mind, youngster, you'll learn. Write me some time and tell me how you like Mount Mansfield. Of course all your weaknesses are congenital and you can't help it. But that makes it all the more incredible to me that Miles should pull such a boner. After all he's supposed to have benefited by a four-year Engineering course. While he was under my management all went well. He stuck to the road. Since he lost his head, he's got some crazy notion about osteopathy instead of aviation. If he thinks he can jock peoples' bones around according to rope and pulley principles he learned in College, he hasn't learned as much anatomy as I thought he had.

Well, drop me a line when he trades you in or a car. I'll be very interested.

Sincerely yours,
Your Respectable Predecessor,
Frankie



HORATIO MILES SNYDER

GREENSBORO • VERMONT

Born 1911. Entered from Leland Stanford Jr. University in 1931.

Cap and Gown Committee; Glee Club (3), Engineering Club (2, 3, 4).

Engineering Major.





MATTHEW WYNN STANLEY

PARK MANSIONS

PITTSBURGH, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Shady Side Academy in 1930.

Soph-Senior Dance Committee; Junior Prom Committee; Chairman Senior Prom Committee; Track Squad (1, 2); News Board (1, 3); Secretary (3); Haverfordian Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Business Manager (4); News Service (2, 3, 4); Editor (4); Football Manager (4); Golf Manager (4); Glee Club (3, 4); International Relations Club (3); Founders Club (3, 4); Vice-President, Secretary (4); Centenary Committee (4).
Economics Major.

ALUMINUM COMPANY OF U. S. A.

General Offices
PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

Who's Who Publishing Co.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sirs:

I am astonished to find that one has to pay to get his name in your yearly publication. But I am truly ongored to find that I must pay double to customary price because my activities take up so much more room than the ordinary man's. Enclosed please find the check, however, you have a monopoly on this sort of thing, and my name must be included.

There are several mistakes in your listings which I desire to correct. For your convenience I will write out the activities which you have published incorrectly. The Sounders' Club of Pittsburgh is the thing I cherish most highly, and you have omitted it altogether. To be in that club one must have several important offices, a host of minor posts, and, above all, a character above repute for the two years prior to admittance. In order to join that organization I have taken on a great many little jobs for which I am now paying double to have listed in your book.

The other corrections as corrected are: Business Manager of the Pittsburgh Literary Magazine, Manager of the Pittsburgh National League Football Team, Secretary of the Pittsburgh Press Association (for two months or less), Manager of the Pittsburgh-Mellon Golf Team, one of the founders of the Pittsburgh International Relations Club, and founder of the Pittsburgh Anti-War Society.

If you will pardon the intrusion, I would suggest that you delete from your book the name of that fabricator who wrote "Mellon's Millions." I thank you.

You wouldn't want to buy some aluminum would you? I thought not.

Sincerely,

Matt. Stanley

P. S. Almost forgot—be sure to include Grand High Master Penna. Gombler's Association.



WILLIAM J. BURNS DETECTIVE AGENCY
Interdepartmental Report

Case—No. L9-H34
Name—Samuel Taylor

Address—God knows, chief, I can't find it, chief.

History—This man is wanted for one and only one simple reason. That reason, chief, is that his classmates at Haverford College would like to see if there really is such a man. And if there is such a person as Samuel Taylor (colling all cars) they would like to know just who he is. There are two conflicting reports concerning his identity, both of which are very plausible though neither have any real basis in facts. One theory is that he is the ghost of Boyard Taylor who also came from Kennet Square, Pa., and uses Sam merely as a clever alias. This theory receives support from all those who have made a study of American Literature, for to these people Bayard came very suddenly into the midstream of American Literature and then as quickly disappeared. The other theory is that he never came to College at all, but Mr. Chase thinks he did and still has his mail sent to No. 35 Lloyd Hall, and has a seat reserved for him at every meal.

FACTS: re.—Samuel Taylor

(A) Subject likes blonde women as well as he likes anything.

(B) Intends to go to a medical school when he evaporates from Haverford.

(C) Was host to a lot of tea-parties in his Freshman year, with real brass kettles and all sorts of chic accessories to serve the steaming liquid.

(D) Subject walks about the campus as if in a deep trance, looks up once in a while with a faint glimmer of intelligence.

REMARKS: Those facts are pretty good, chief, for never having seen subject nor found anybody else who had.

Agent No. 34



JOHN SAMUEL TAYLOR

359 NORTH UNION STREET KENNETT SQUARE, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Kennett High School in 1930.

Pre-Medical Major.





HARCOURT NEWELL TRIMBLE, JR.

1307 BEECHWOOD BOULEVARD
PITTSBURGH, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Shady Side Academy in 1930.

Chairman Junior Prom Committee (3); Chairman Football
Dance Committee (4); Track, Freshman Team, Soccer Manager
(4); Record Board (4); Haverfordian Board, Advertising
Manager (3, 4) International Relations Club (3).
Government Major.

To The Editor of the *Nation*:

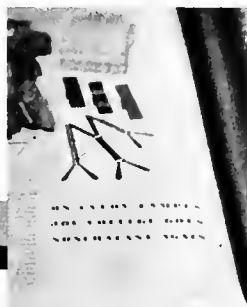
All these dirty old capitalists give 'me a pain in the place where pains are really trenchant. There they are in their beautiful homes (those Mellons in Pittsburgh are the worst) while we are forced to live in one or two rooms. There they are in their magnificent cars equipped with luxurious radios, while we poor unfortunates must walk. Are they blind that they see not our poverty, our want and our misery? Are they deaf that they hear not our heart-rending grumbings, our soul-twisted prayers to unheeded Gods, the whimperings of our hungry children?

I have slaved for three years (maybe it's four, if so, it is worse yet) and what do I get—nothing but God-forsaken managership of soccer. Can we not arouse the masses, compel them to do something about their down-trodden condition? Must we remain dumb and humble as the beasts in the field, must we, I ask you? Think of those people working in glassware factories, my heart goes out to them especially. And their bosses, what do they do, but go out and play the stock markets!

This whole civilization is about to crumble, war is inevitable, laissez-faire economics are running rampant as is sex and other sins—Socialism, Communism and Marxism will help this deplorable state of affairs, because they will do away with rugged individualism. I may be sort of rambling in this letter, but the strong force of righteous indignation is coursing through my blood. What I want for this country is dimes and beer for everyone, a car with a radio for everyone, and a girl like my Anne for everyone—Heil Stalin, Lenin, Trotsky and Norman Thomas—the heroes of today.

Comradishly yours,

H. N. Trimble



(This is a scrap of a letter found in an old fireplace. The edges were badly charred but the main part was legible. Anyway, this is the part that interests us.)

. . . after all these months you should be set. Of course, your school is not as splendid as my alma murder, Bryn Mawr. Anyway, being at Bryn Mawr gives us the first crack at those positively ducky boys from Haverford, and you know how that . . . (here a part was burned) . . . to us, Marge. Speaking of the Quake College, reminds me of the cutest boy I met there last week.

George J., you know that . . . (here another part was destroyed by flame but it must have been awful for look what follows!) . . . God forgive me, took me to A Dance there and one of the dances traded was with a darling little boy named Tripp . . . Edwin Prescott Tripp. Marge, he is divine. Such a little dear, scarcely five—five with the cunningest, wavy hair. I understand he is from Falmouth (George, the cat, told me Falmouth is nothing more than a water-tank town in Mass.) and that he is a darn good pitcher for the college nine. He is a little bit shy and has the darlinest twang, saying "whaaaatter" for water, "tyeeer" for tire and such things. Marge, and can THAT boy dance!!

I like him loads and he is so funny! He entertained a crowd of us by imitating a college Prof. named Bones or Jones, I think the name is. Everybody who knows the Prof. said it was perfect. His friends tell me he is interested in Art, spending much of his time at a place called THE BIJOU. I am a stranger around here so I do not know what kind of art they have there, but, Marge, it DOES show he has ambition, doesn't it. Just think, a young fellow devoting himself to Art.

He has the duckiest little roadster and we . . . (this part was obliterated) . . . so please do not tell any of the others but, you should see his HAIRY chest. O Marge, I . . . (the carbon-charred paper ended here at what might have interested us even more!!)



EDWIN PRESCOTT TRIPP, JR.

MAIN STREET

FALMOUTH, MASS.

Born 1912. Entered from Lawrence High School in 1930.

Class Secretary (3); Blozer Committee (3); Ivy Committee (3); Baseball, H (1, 2, 3, 4).

Pre-Medical Major.





WILLIAM JOSEPH WAGNER

277 WEST END AVENUE NEW YORK CITY

Born 1913. Entered from Townsend Harris Hall High School in 1930.

Freshman Track Team Squad (1, 2); Cricket Squad (3, 4); Cheer Leader (3, 4); News Board (1, 2, 3, 4); Advertising Manager (2, 3); Business Manager (4); Record Board; Glee Club (2); Centenary Committee (4).

Pre-Medical Major.

SURE-FIRE AUTOMOBILE LOAN CO.

777555 We'll-Get-You-Yet Lane
GIRL-AND-DANCEVILLE, PENNA.

Mr. William Wagner
Haverford News
Haverford College
Haverford, Penna.

Dear Sirs:

We address you in the plural, "sirs," because surely no one man could give so many different promises. To be frank, we need that little sum advanced to you to buy a car. You said "when the time comes, Wagner will take care of it." Well, well, well, the time has come, and come again, and also fugited, and still what do we get—nothing but smiles, and pleasant (?) slaps on the back.

And about our secretary (nice blonde, swell dancer, and all that, we admit) we really pay her to work here and for us. We have added \$49.52 for the time she gave to you instead of her work, after all, Mr. Wagner, someone has to get money for it, and since you did not give her any, you might as well pay her employers. We try to be fair and square, but we are *not* running a taxi dance hall.

Your last letter (which came to us something like three months ago, are you actually still living?) mentioned the possibility of accepting something instead of money for the debt. Nothing doing! We don't want the car you bought (even if it were still intact) nor do we want our suits cleaned and pressed, nor do our wives want dates with a former Brown gridiron star, nor do we want to buy your loose-haired wolf-hound (he's been here for three weeks board free now, and we are getting a little tired of it—but we'll write another letter about that or else sic MacIntosh on you.)

We have written to your father, but he says he can't bother with your troubles what with Tammany getting overthrown, and everybody turning vegetarians and all.

Please may we have a check to show us you're alive?

Sincerely,
Sure-Fire Automobile Loan Co.
per Dolores Delight,
Contact Manager



I had a strange dream, or as Choucer would put it, a "streange drame." Edwin White appeared, walking into a fortune teller's tent. She spoke to him, promising to tell him of his past so that he might believe her forecast of the future.

"Look at me and I shall read in your eyes what your profession is." At this point a slide rule tumbled self-consciously from his pocket. "Ah, my spirit tells me you are an engineer and if you are an engineer, you are an interested and hord working member of the Engineering Club." Unable to control itself any longer, a large smooth egg with eyes and nose and a heavy beard waved an emphatic affirmation of this fact from the back of a long store counter on which electric motors were humming, "The Old Spinning Wheel."

"Look at me again and I shall tell you what musical instrument you play." Strange to say Edwin snatched a violin bow from beneath his coat and began to pick his teeth with it. "Ah, you are a violinist, but not a good one. Look at me again and I will tell you whot you long to do." But seeing the mast of a sailboat sticking fram his pocket, she went right on talking. "Ah, you long to go to sea and soil a boot. You are a sailor and a dreamer at heart. Beware the Jabberwockey of Math and Science.

"Look at me and I will tell you whot you did last summer." At this point a T-square and a large pair of dividers began to caper wildly around the floor and finally quieted down beside the slide rule which edged nervously away from them, managing at last to hide under o book of multiplication tables. "Ah, I see you were a draughtsmon. Look at me and I will tell you what girls you took to what dances." Strangest of all there was no movement of anything. Even the slide rule stopped squeaking. "Ah, I see you ore afraid of the ladies. Do not be so. Never write anything to them and you will be absolutely safe."



EDWIN CHANDLEE WHITE

185 WARRENTON AVENUE
HARTFORD, CONN.

Born 1913. Entered from Westtown School in 1930.

Engineering Club (1, 2, 3, 4).
Engineering Major.





JOHN CYRUS WILSON

323 RUGBY ROAD

BROOKLYN, N. Y.

Born 1912. Entered from George School in 1930.

Senior Prom Committee; Baseball, H (1, 2, 3, 4); Football Squad, H (2, 3); News Board (3, 4), Sports Editor (4); Store Committee (4).

Economics Major.

James B. Eastman
Coordinator of Railroads
18th and Pennsylvania Avenues
Washington, D. C.

Dear Sir:

In response to your request for my opinions on railroad coordination and possible further improvements in train service I enclose some suggestions which I consider very worth while. It is with great pleasure that I realize favorable reports have reached you concerning my speech on railroad stabilization in the Doll's Ec 9 course.

Here are my suggestions:

(1) Practically free train fare from Brooklyn, N. Y. to Troy, N. Y., and faster service between those two cities, because when I want to get to Troy I generally want to get there in a hurry.

(2) Same as No. 1, only with Sandy Springs, Md., substituted for Tray.

(3) Drop the Prince Plan. My sentiments on the Boston financiers' proposal are summed up by saying that you can spell his name two ways.

(4) Continuous movie shows on all through trains, the more the better. I see as many as five a week, but please, no ballet dances!

(5) Same sort of athletic event on each short run, I have swell plans for railroad car palestras, stadiums and swimming pools.

(6) Burlesque shows—not too arty—on some through trains. This is, of course, a very radical suggestion.

(7) A Magazine Library on every train, including all the smutty pulps, and the wild west pulps, also Red Book and Colliers. There should also be easy chairs, the kind where your rump almost touches the floor and your knees hit your chin.

(8) Of course there should be radios and cross word puzzle books at every seat, numerous bars, plenty of free Chesterfields, a golf course, plenty of French novels, and innumerable Sunday magazine novels.

These suggestions are purely personal and are the outgrowth of much intensive perusal of dry time-tables and out-of-the-way statistics of any kind—and some experience in the first two suggestions at least.

Sincerely thine (I am a Quake)

John C. Wilson



Here we find an imaginary letter by Bernard Shaw to his beloved Ellen Terry

Dearest, darling Ellen:

What a week! nay, a fortnight!

Just after my last letter was posted, when I was on the point of falling asleep, I suddenly recollected that your eyes were not strong and that I had been inflicting a ream of tiny crabbed writing on you. Forgive me: man is by nature inconsiderate.

I have read carefully through that copy, but, worse luck, I must either write hurriedly or miss the post, as some people have arrived here and I have to spend a lot of time in mending punctures in female bicycle tyres. Therefore, brief and blunt I must be.

After all your mentioning and praising I was naturally on the lookout for that fellow Winne the other night when I was at the party after *Doll's House*. He has probably changed a lot since you last saw him. I introduced myself and we were on very friendly terms before the evening was on the start. I chided him as best I could about keeping all his expenses in a budget as, darling Ellen, you wrote. However, he has changed in that respect for he swore up and down that he gave up the "silly" habit after he had been in college some time. No: I've no courage: I always am and always have been as timid as a church-mouse and accordingly, I did not seek to find the answer to your question as to why he spends so much time in the Physics courses, when he is so much better in other things. I gathered from his freely-flowing discourse that he plans to enter Medical School someday. Is that right?

He was right smartly interested in your acting and so forth and, of course, I painted you in the purple. I notice he wears a slave bracelet. A friend tells me it is a token from one of the fair sex (poor boy!) and from which he never parts himself. Ellen, you never told me he is such a romanticist.

Plainly and bluntly, darling, college has changed him from the sweet boy he was when he first entered (as you tell me) to a sophisticate. And, darling, did you ever hear him swear? From your letters I understood he never did such! Anyway, we took the tram home together and I was pleased to meet one of your friends.

Night, you gorgeous thing,

Bernie



CHARLES KNICKERBACKER MERRILL WINNE

151 CHESTNUT STREET • ALBANY, N. Y.

Born 1913. Entered from The Albany Academy in 1930.

Senior Prom Committee; Band (1, 2); Instrumental Club (1, 2); Cap and Bells (2, 3, 4); Stage Manager Cap and Bells Play (3, 4); Play Committee (4); Record Board.

Physics Major.





FREDERICK HAMILTON WRIGHT

2134 WYOMING AVENUE WASHINGTON, D. C.

Born 1912. Entered from Western High School in 1930

Commencement Day Committee, Radio Club (1, 2), Mathematics Club (4), Liberal Club (4), Corporatian Scholar (2), Philosophy Major.

Dear P. B. Shelley:

It is with the deepest sense of tragedy that I realize that I have been born one hundred and ten years too late. In this world of cold, hard, facts, great idealists of our calibre cannot find suitable environments in which to express our innate potentialities to the highest. Even at Haverford, where esthetes are looked upon with tolerance and compassion, I have never been fully appreciated. I have cultivated a vague and ethereal attitude of mind, rather maddening, I understand, to more practical souls, such as professors who like papers to be handed in on time, or approximately so. This chronic lateness is due in part to the largeness of my ideals.

A man's reach should exceed his grasp
Or what's a heaven for?

So I have gone through college, taking six, seven, eight courses, honors work, and never doing justice to more than three of them. In fact, one course proved so interesting that I didn't bother to take the mid-year exam, so that I could study over the summer and take the course again. Yes, I agree with you, that's idealism.

Instead of a Venetian gondola, I find a Packard touring car quite as efficacious in achieving romantic effects, affections, and affectations. Another one of my poses is that of a cricketer. ("Cricketeers have hairy ears"—some rhyme, eh boss?) as a matter of fact—most abhorrent as facts are—I really took to cricket like a duck to water. Now my only concern is not to get ducks or dunk in my tea.

Having a brilliant mind, I have yet to reach the depths of writing such poetry as Roos's and Hoover's. However, I am beginning to realize that only through the medium of verse is it possible to give real expression to all within me.

Had we been born at the same time, we might have changed the world—separated by a century, the forces of idealism are dissipated and nullified.

The time is out of joint, O cursed spite
That ever I was born to set it right
Nay, come, let's go together.

Just

Ham



Mr. Elmer J. Babbitt
Pres. Rotary International
New York City, N. Y.

Dear Mr. Babbitt:

If the Rotarians have been hard hit by the depression, and have lost many boosters because of serious disillusionments, we offer you a man that will take the place of thousands of them. In fact, you wouldn't need a single other booster, if you hired this one—Willard M. Wright, Jr., strict believer in Sportsmanship, Cleanliness, Orderliness, Capitalism, and The Purity-Of-Most-Modern-Girls.

Just those few qualifications are enough to make him a thirty-third degree Rotarian upon application, are they not? AH, but besides those the boy is really clever. Willard knows innumerable card tricks which will come in handy when your meetings get dull. And he can always laugh, with an extraordinarily enthusiastic guffaw at any of the attempted witticisms you speakers pull off. One trouble that we find with him is that he may laugh when there is absolutely nothing at all to laugh at, like sometime when someone is speaking on the holiness of the after-life, or something else really serious like. We are generally pretty fortunate in staving off such momentary outbursts by telling him that he is not setting a good example and he is such a motherly soul and hates so to lead others into sin and wickedness that he often stops laughing immediately.

One of his greatest attributes is his geniality and ability to bulldoze people into believing he really is somebody, and not just good ole' Bill. The two things which make this possible are his genial smile (it literally goes from one ear to the other) and his graceful dancing. His favorite foreign country is Russia, about which he knows three wards in Russian and a lot of things young lovers did under the Czars. Please give him a job, or else he will be driving trucks filled with dry ice or selling neckties, I am afraid of such a thing because it would hurt the fair name of our college.

Sincerely,

H. Batball Town



WILLARD MOORE WRIGHT

1828 NORTH 13TH STREET

PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Born 1912. Entered from Episcopal Academy in 1930.

Class Day Committee, Blozer Committee (3), Football Dance Committee (4); Student Extension Committee (1, 2, 3, 4); Track, Freshman Team; Football Squad (1), H (2, 3), Numerals (4); Manager of Cap and Bells (4).

History Major.





GEORGE BREIDENHART ALLEN

BORN . . . MAY 29, 1913

DIED . . . AUGUST 8, 1932

CHARLES HALSTEAD CLOUKEY

BORN . . . APRIL 15, 1912

DIED . . . SEPTEMBER 28, 1931





FRANCIS WHARTON STORK
Meadowbrook Lane, Chestnut Hill, Pa.



CHARLES SCUDDER BARRETT
Lawrenceville, N. J.



JOHN SHARPLESS EDWARDS
Walnut Lane, Haverford, Pa.

JOHN MONSARRAT
EDWIN CHOUTEAU PERKINS
CUTHBERT ALTAMONT PITTER

HARRY EDMUND RICE
DOUGLAS SELBY VANCE
MASON WILLIAMS

JAMES A. MAC COLL
Quaker Ridge, New Rochelle, N. Y.

JOHN P. DES JARDINS
7 Becker Avenue, Rochelle Park, N. J.





OTTHO GERARD HELDRING-BYE
901 Harvard Avenue, Swarthmore, Pa.



JOHN LEWIS GROSS, JR.
Sellersville, Pa.

ROBERT WILMOT COLOMY

JAMES HUSTON COWAN

WILLIAM WORCESTER DORMON

JOSEPH GORDON EARP



WILLIAM BENSON NICHOLAS
120 Greeves Street, Kane, Pa.

PAUL HARMON WORCESTER
672 Putman Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y.

DAVID JUSTIN HOLDEN

GERARD HOLZRICHTER

JAMES BARCLAY LEEDS

JOHN BENJAMIN MCCLINTOCK

RICHARD MUNN SUFFERN

CHARLES WILLIAM HART
625 Lexington Place, Washington, D. C.





CLASSES



GRADUATE STUDENTS . . . SEATED—Sargent, Hiatt, Shafer, Hale . . . STANDING—Bridger, Mekeel, Parsons

GRADUATE STUDENTS

James Matthew Bridger
 Wilmer Baily Clement
 Franklin Kirkbride Fite

Edwin Peelle Hiatt
 Francis Doan Hale
 Arthur Jacob Mekeel

David Henry Parsons, Jr.
 John Romaine Sargent
 Mervin Cecil Shafer

JUNIOR CLASS

Hugh Hayes Aikens, Jr.
 William Leshner Azpell, Jr.
 David Hinrichs Bates
 Howard Sloan Bevan, Jr.
 René Blanc-Raos
 Clifton McCausland Backstoe
 Arthur Brenton Boggs
 William Robert Bowden, Jr.
 Frank Boyle
 Chapman Brown
 Paul Willits Brown, Jr.
 Benjamin Bartram Cadbury
 John Barrett Christopher
 John Adams Church, III
 Meredith Bright Colket, Jr.
 Charles Blankley Conn, Jr.
 John Campbell Duffield

David Dennis Dunn
 George Elliott Dutton, Jr.
 John Habersham Elliott
 Waadruff Jones Emlen
 Ernest Mervyn Evans
 Frederick Erwin Foerster
 Richard Edward Griffith
 William Henry Harman, Jr.
 Joseph Haywood
 Richard Wesley Hires
 Sidney Hallander, Jr.
 William Nathan Huff
 Robert Franklin Hunsicker
 James Baird Case
 William George Kirkland
 Edward Charles Kunkle, Jr.
 Jerome Henry Lentz

Edward Joseph Manning, Jr.
 Edward Wayne Marshall, Jr.
 Edward Jones Matlack
 Jackson Kenneth Matthews
 Edward Hammel McGinley
 William Thomas McIntyre, Jr.
 William Harrison Mechling, II
 Allen Ray Memhard, Jr.
 Harry Chamberlain Meserve
 Edward Rass Miller
 Vincent Putnam Morgan
 Charles Thomas Nicholson, Jr.
 William Benson Nicolas
 Fred Fletcher Patten
 Kenneth Eccles Paul
 Samuel Potter, Jr.
 Alan Robert Pretzfeld



JUNIOR CLASS

JUNIOR CLASS, Continued

John Biddle Rhoads
 Russel Warner Richie
 Kimberley Sidney Roberts
 Graham Rohrer
 Frederic Noble Rolf
 Rowland Greenough Skinner
 Charles Graff Smith

John Winslow Smith
 Richard Reed Smith
 Martin Pullinger Snyder
 Glenn Cameron Stayer
 Alfred Gilbert Steer, Jr.
 Philip Pendleton Steptoe, Jr.
 William Sabin Stoddard
 Francis Joseph Stokes, Jr.

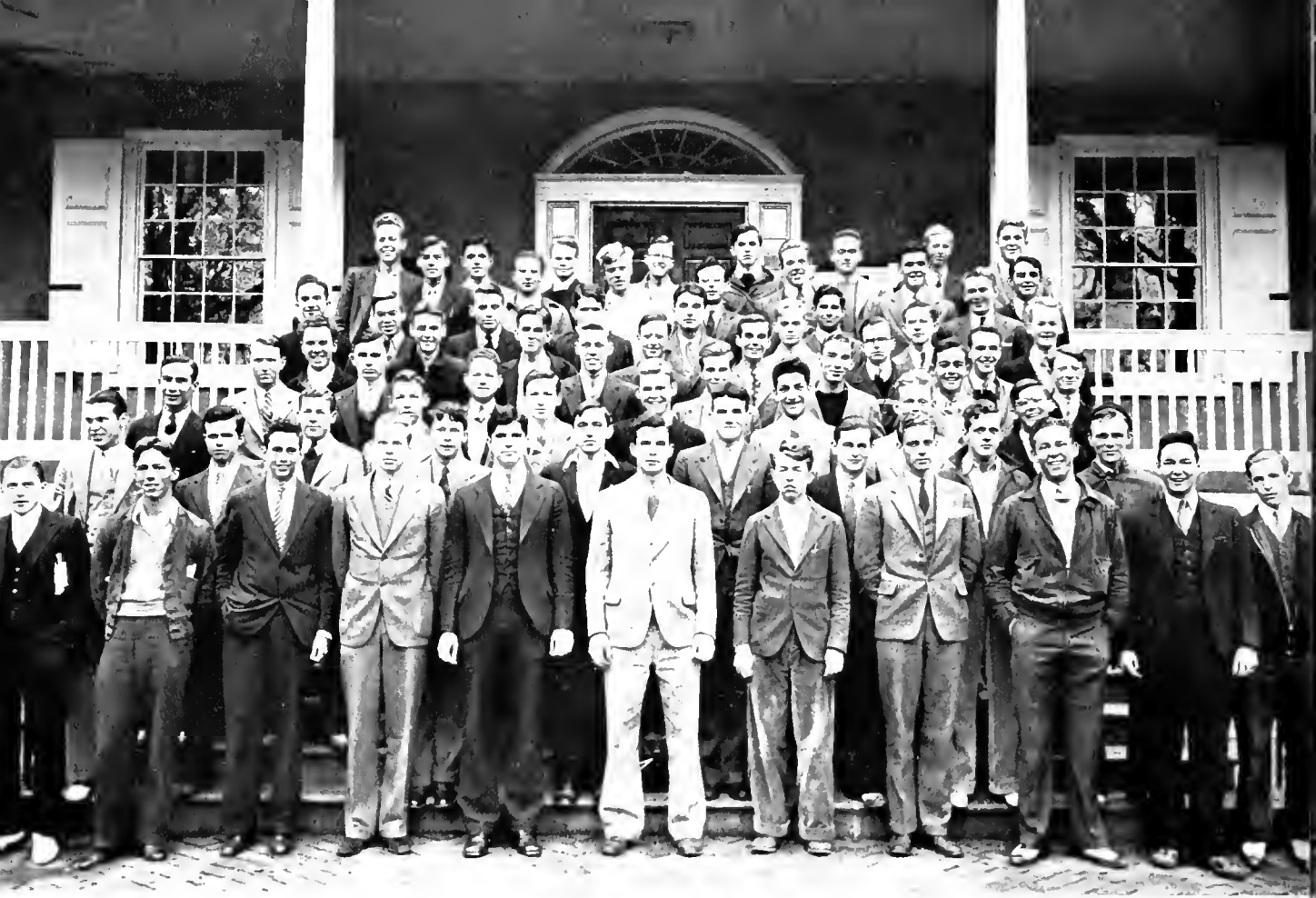
William Hammond Tatem
 Robert Stockton Trenbath
 James Ernest Truex
 Clarence Bradley Watkins
 Henry Dean Wellington
 Alexander Cooper Wood, III
 Paul Harmon Worcester

SOPHOMORE CLASS

Elijah Dale Adkins, Jr.
 Robert Crozer Alexander
 Robert Wilson Baird, Jr.
 Joseph Barton, Jr.
 Henry Corneau Beck
 Thomas Ralston Bevan
 George Baruch Bookman
 Samuel Lippincott Barton, II
 Robert Braucher
 John Briggs, III
 Donald Wesley Brous
 Jonathan Allison Brown
 Thomas Downing Brown

William Richard Brown, III
 Daniel Francis Coogan, Jr.
 Ben Thomson Cowles
 William Avery Crawford
 Ellis Irving Curley
 Marion Bostwick Davis, Jr.
 John Robert Diehl
 Arthur Sim Dulaney, Jr.
 David Cope Elkinton
 Edward Sifton Evans
 Francis Cope Evans
 Grant Clippingier Fraser
 William Reed Fry, Jr.

Lafayette Ross Garner
 Robert Smith Gawthrop, Jr.
 Milton Fager Glessner, Jr.
 John Nichols Goodridge
 Howard William Green
 Allan Clyde Hale, Jr.
 Henry Strong Huntington, III
 Robert Midgley Hutchinson
 Arthur Raymond Kane, Jr.
 Samuel Kind
 Dean Carey Klevan
 Robert Ellis Lewis
 Howard Thomas Lodge, Jr.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

SOPHOMORE CLASS, Continued

William Herman Loesche, Jr.
 William Alexander Macan, III
 Lewis Bach Maier
 David Kempton Maxfield
 David Pollock McCune, III
 Samuel Stuart McNeary
 J. Don Miller, Jr.
 Park Hays Miller, Jr.
 Warren Brooke Morgan, Jr.
 Charles Christopher Morris, II
 Lloyd Emery Morris, Jr.
 Ralph Christian Most
 Peter Kimball Page
 John Lindley Parker
 Edward Owen Parry

Henry Frazer Parry
 Harry Theodore Paxton
 James Watson Pearce, Jr.
 Frank Gardiner Pearson
 James Girdwood Peirce
 Charles Perry
 John Sebastian Pugliese
 Joseph Dixon Purvis, Jr.
 William Rothermel Reynolds
 Albert Lyon Scott, Jr.
 Wayne Sensenig, Jr.
 Thomas Kite Sharpless
 William Edward Sheppard, II
 James Olson Stass

Caleb Allen Smith
 Walter Tausig Spaeth
 Allen Woodruff Stokes
 Edmund Moore Taylor
 Joseph Hooton Taylor
 George Brinton Thomas, Jr.
 William Francis Tiernan, Jr.
 Henry Llewellyn Tomkinsan
 John Van Brunt, Jr.
 Hubert Mayo Vining
 Joseph Kenneth Weitzenkorn, II
 Alexander Coxe Williams, Jr.
 Robert Benjamin Wolf
 Charles Wistar Yearsley
 Ellis Bardiner Youtz

FRESHMAN CLASS

Charles Jackson Allen, Jr.
 William Williams Allen, III
 Bruce Ambler
 Howard Aston Andrews
 Thomas Seth Barker, Jr.
 Kenneth Antrim Beck
 Sidney Willis Blackman

William Henry Bond
 Robert Clarke Bone, Jr.
 Walter John Bragdon, Jr.
 Robert Franklin Brattan, III
 Oliver George Brown
 John Abbot Cantrell
 James Gray Carr, Jr.

Joseph Reed Carson
 Stephen Grellet Cary
 William Wilkie Chambers, Jr.
 Richard Melvin Clayton
 William Ward Condit
 Thomas Armour Conway, III
 Thomas Norton Cook



FRESHMAN CLASS

FRESHMAN CLASS, Continued

Richard Cooper
 James Albert Dailey, Jr.
 William Herbert Daudt
 Henry Sandwith Drinker, III
 William Morris Dugdale
 Thomas Evans Edwards
 Hans Bernhard Engelmann
 Bruce Hartung French
 Henry Herman Freund, III
 Daniel Chappell Frysinger
 Carleton Gaines
 Allan Walton Gilmour, Jr.
 Roger Louis Greif
 Roger Wisner Griswold, Jr.
 Henry Clark Gulbrandson
 Marshall Crapon Guthrie, Jr.
 Roy Conrad Haverkern, Jr.
 James Robert Harrison, Jr.
 Edward Lupton Hawkins, Jr.
 Bernard Hollander
 Charles Elmer Holzer, Jr.
 James Dawson Hoover
 Harry Samuel Hopper, II
 Andrew Dickson Hunt, Jr.
 Bryden Bordley Hyde

Harrison Kimball
 William Lawrence Kimber
 Robert Henry Kriebble
 Harry Howard Kruener
 Paul Grimley Kuntz
 John Jacob Lawser
 Robert Waltner Leibold
 Boyd Conlin Lentz
 John Ashby Lester, Jr.
 Morris Albert Linton, Jr.
 James Harrison Lockwood
 John Brockie Lukens
 Richard Barron McLaughlin
 Ralph Henry McMahon
 Frederick Johnson Morgan
 William Newton Nelson, II
 William Bullivant Nichols
 Gregory Nicholas Nicholsky
 George Norris, Jr.
 Francis Edwin Nulsen
 John Edward Osmanski
 William Allen Polster
 Samuel Sturgis Poorman
 Edward Pugh
 Edgar Moskedal Rector

Henry Dawson Riley
 Joseph Tracy Rivers, Jr.
 Peter Picard Rodman
 Edward Hoffman Rosenberry
 William Taussig Scott
 Edward Bettie Scull
 Leslie Birchard Seely, Jr.
 Henri Cleret Seibert
 Thomas Louis Shannon, Jr.
 Richard Bailey Shoemaker
 Archibald Stark
 William Mason Stevens
 Herbert William Taylor, Jr.
 Michael Leonard French Taylor
 Irving Telling, Jr.
 Daniel Field Tillotson
 James Wallace Van Cleave
 Melvin Atwood Weightman
 Frederick Hawley Wheeler
 Philip Martin Whitman
 Carl Edward Wilbut
 Stephen Vincent Wilking
 Edmund Culbertson Wingerd
 Jay Wesley Worrall, Jr.
 Frederick Dunstan Wright

ACTIVITIES





THE RECORD BOARD

FRONT ROW Brown Richardson Loewenstein Haines Egleston SECOND ROW Greil Hotz Trimble Boncroft McKee
 BACK ROW Harjes Beaven Bowen Jones Wagner Stanley

RECORD BOARD

Synthesized from the stuff men are made of, this bewildered-appearing collection of editors, assistant-editors, photographers and "I'll-have-done-by-tomorrow" boys is responsible for your Record Book. Procrastination, a disease valiantly fought by Editor-in-Chief Loewenstein, threatened to throw things for a while, but by prodding on his temperamental staoges like a top sergeant, he eventually won, for here we are, aren't we?

Editor-in-Chief
 BENJAMIN S. LOEWENSTEIN

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 WILLIAM J. WAGNER



STUDENT COUNCIL

FRONT ROW

Harjes Atmore
 Richardson
 Gibbs (President)
 Richie Pleasants
 Bowen

BACK ROW

Kane Froser
 McGinley Nichalson
 Hormon Hyde

STUDENT COUNCIL

The old moral backbone of Haverford broke into print this year for the first time in a long while by threatening to resign when its authority was questioned. To be sure the occasion was only a matter of snowballing and the culprit was just another one of the boys who traipse around Lloyd. But then look at John Wilkes and think how much trouble he started. Maybe we ought to be thankful. Anyway our friends of the moral backbone may cut a notch in their gun handle; they won. They're in dead earnest from now on, so be careful.

NEWS

The college newspaper, containing all the old news, some of the new news, sportslight, and sidelights on campus activities, continues to be the big activity machine of Haverford. It had its twenty-fifth birthday this year, but the age of twenty-five is purely chronological; the age of its members is considerably less. They work pretty hard, and as you see, fill up a good-sized picture.

HAVERFORD NEWS

FRONT ROW

Wilson Harjes
 Bowen (Editor)
 Wagner Kunkle

SECOND ROW

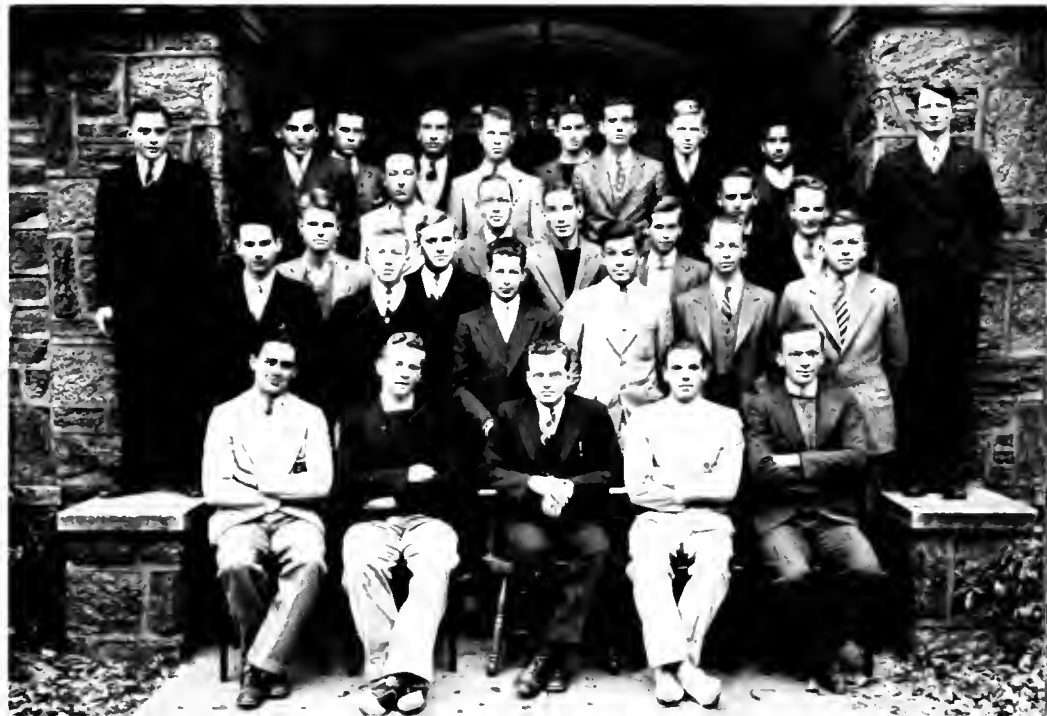
Bowden Matlack
 Wood Skinner
 Loewenstein
 Wellington
 Jones McKee

THIRD ROW

Parker Morgan
 Atmore
 Greif Wolf
 Baird
 Kase Cowles
 Brown

BACK ROW

Barton Sheppard
 Russell
 Roberts Lewis
 Steer Kind





HVERFORDIAN

SEATED
 Bancraft Stanley Egleston
 Blanc-Roos Griffith

STANDING
 McNeary Dunn

HVERFORDIAN

Our magazine, the *Haverfordian*, at whose name every head is bared and every heart does leap—our magazine, God bless it, with Oliver Egleston at the helm, has sailed the dubious seas of college literary taste for another year. The sails flapped a little when at mid-ocean a change of pilots took place, and there were not enough old salts to put over another chapbook. But issues have appeared regularly, and in spite of the usual mud-slinging from the *News*, the boys have served their Muse as honestly as they could.

PRESS BUREAU

All the news from our campus that might provoke interest elsewhere reached the outside world through the Haverford Press Bureau. From the exchange material printed in the "College World" we suspect that most of this college news consists of quips and cracks and wanton wiles. However, this organization, revamped and renamed this year, is one of the few campus activities with monetary recompense.

PRESS BUREAU

FRONT ROW
 Stanley Loewenstein
 Bowen

BACK ROW
 Wolf Morgan
 Lewis



GLEE CLUB

BACK ROW

Vining Bates
Taylor

SECOND ROW

Bostace Rivers
Kimber Huntingdon
Coogan Rodman Hole
Greif Duloney
R. Smith
Hoines Steere
C. Smith
Perry Bowden
Fultz Guthrie

FRONT ROW

Maxfield
Skinner Lockard
Hogenauer (Leader)
Jones Beaven Atmore
Hotz Rohrer



MUSICAL CLUBS

The Instrumental Club, which was getting to be a myth, suddenly popped into existence again this year. Hunt Jones, the wand wielder, sweated and agonized to get his young band of musicians to keep practicing and managed to get them to do their stuff at four of the concerts, including the brilliant Home Concert. Brilliant it was, and made the Glee Club have reason to feel proud, especially after the difficulties they encountered this year. One of these difficulties was the dearth of tenors (so masculine this college seems to be) and another was the cruel accident suffered by Gene Hogenauer, which necessitated Bob Atmore's stepping into the breach as leader for a few weeks. Atmore's solo hits and other special features made it an excellent season, and a hard one for next year's boys to beat.

CAP AND BELLS PLAY

This Club which has been mysteriously silent for about five months suddenly crashed through with announcements about try-outs for *Three-Cornered Moon*. The casting accomplished, there has been little more for us to report, although as we break into print, we are willing to make a hypothetical reminiscence and say it was a howler of a success.

CAP AND BELLS CLUB

BACK ROW

Bowden Truex

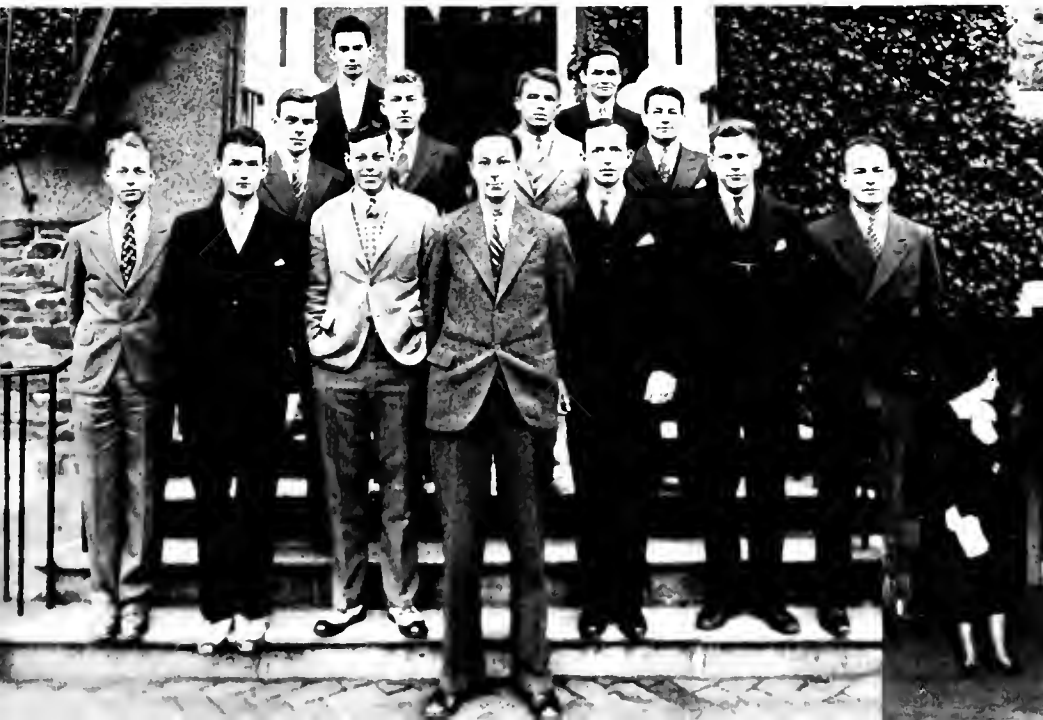
SECOND ROW

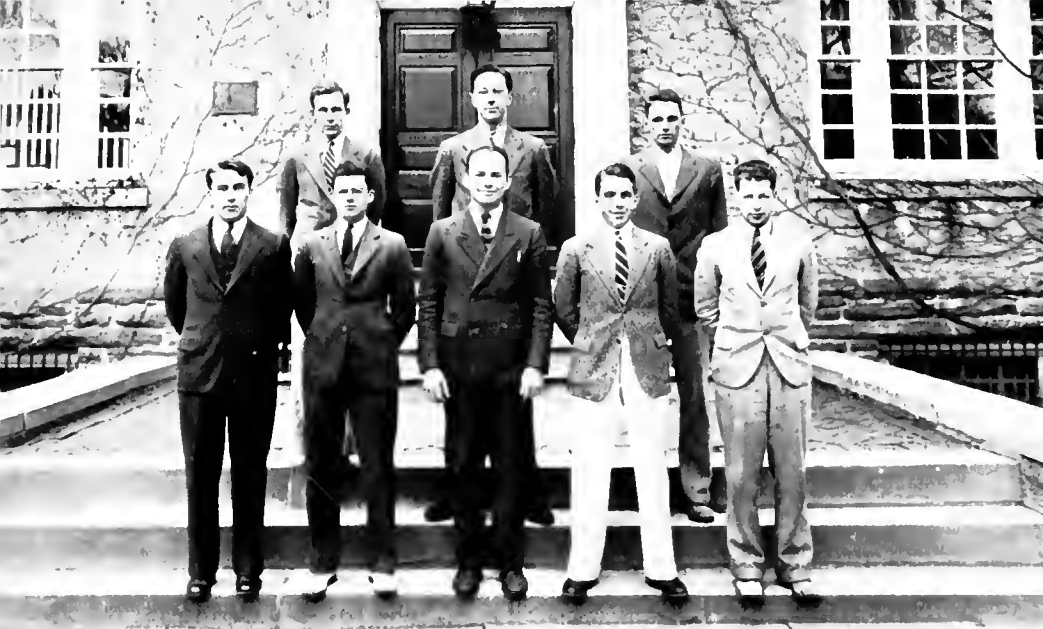
Fultz Haines Hogenauer
Lockard

FRONT ROW

Jones Beaven Wright
Atmore (Vice-President)
Maxfield Rohrer Gibbs

Three-Cornered Moon





FOUNDERS CLUB

FRONT ROW

Richie Trenbath
 Gibbs
 Stanley Laewenstein

BACK ROW

Janes Almore
 Flaccus

FOUNDERS CLUB

This select group is still an unknown quantity to most of the College—despite efforts at reform. There are banquets and fight talks for the Rhinies, and a neat schedule telling how to work your way in. Once in, the idea seems to be Good Fellowship and a Further Tie with Haverford. But most of us must say, with tears in our eyes, "Farewell, thou art too dear for my possessing!"

LIBERAL CLUB

Liberty and justice for all! Here is an array of students seriously attached to the idealistic principles of better human understanding. Under the chief instigator, Roger Scattergood, the ensemble has been nourished on chocolate-coated capsules of lectures, addresses, arguments pro-and-con with frequent flights of white doves bearing olive branches.

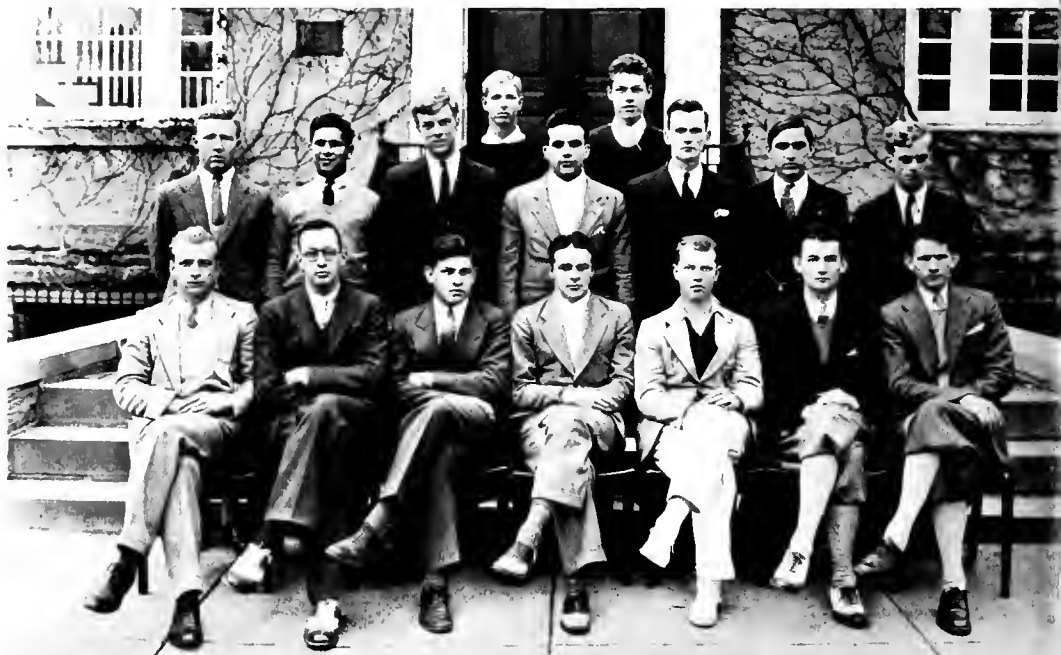
LIBERAL CLUB

BACK ROW

Wood Kind
 Scott
 F. Evans C. Smith
 Taylor
 Elkinton C. Smith
 Perry

FRONT ROW

Hotz
 Greif Hollander
 Scattergood (President)
 Russell Beaven
 Miller



ENGINEERING CLUB

FRONT ROW

Aikens Knight
Singer Richie
Moxfield
Rolf Fultz

BACK ROW

Hunsicker
Miller Snyder
Bevan
Hancock White
Hendrickson

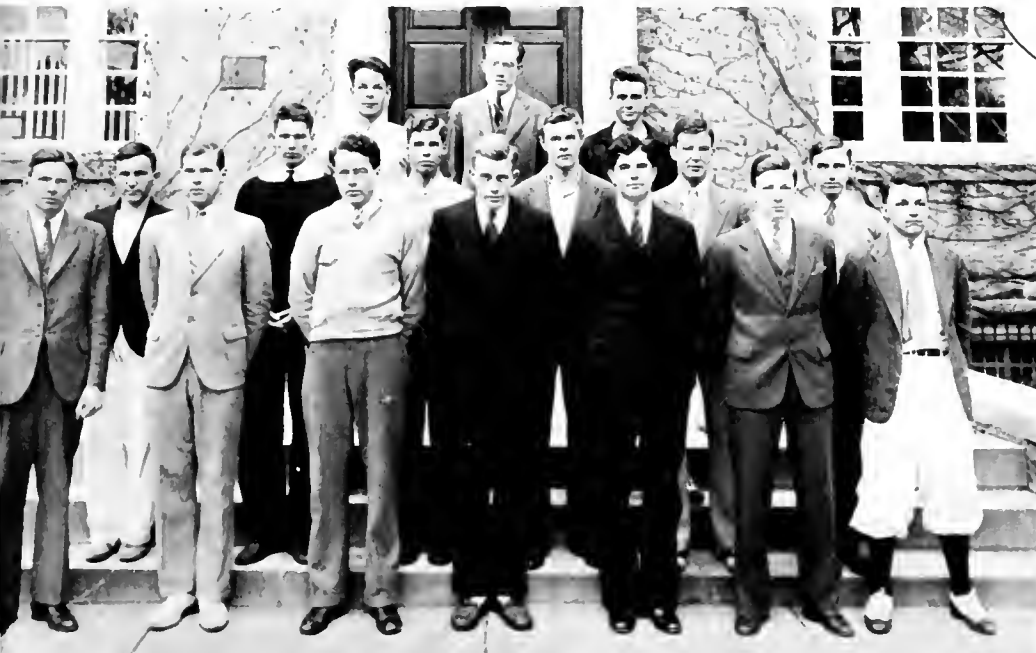


ENGINEERING CLUB

The Engineering Club gives our future bridge builders, aviation experts and what-nots a chance to try their hand at practical problems. These addicts of the slide-rule and try-square make many trips to interesting manufacturing plants and museums. They are frequently found around old engines, drills, buzz-saws, etc.

CHEMISTRY CLUB

Guided by capable professors, and activated by promising student-chemists, this group has advanced by leaps and bounds until it is one of the most vital and most effective clubs on the campus. Oxygen, nitrogen, hydrogen, test tubes, beakers and flasks are the pre-requisites.



CHEMISTRY CLUB

FRONT ROW

Fite
Dunn Elliott
Hammaker
Morgan Dulaney
Lentz

SECOND ROW

Rivers
Hunt Linton
Bockstoe
Stokes Smith

THIRD ROW

Guthrie Siebert
Vining



COMMUNITY CENTER

FRONT ROW

Vining Greif
Flaccus

BACK ROW

McNeary Kind
Stokes
Spaeth Bookman

HVERFORD COMMUNITY CENTER

In the little bungalow at the corner of Railroad Avenue and Buck Lane, some Haverford students, led by Joe Stokes, have been helping in the education and edification of the younger inhabitants of that territory. Games have been refereed, various stunts have been put on, and, as this book goes to press, we blush to say that the Haverford Fencing Team gave an exhibition of its prowess.

FIELD CLUB

The Field Club makes interesting studies in bird-lore and general out-door life. Several trips over country trails and roads are made during pleasant weather. The Club makes special effort to arrange for the actual feeding of migrating birds in the appropriate seasons. Vive Audubon!

FIELD CLUB

FRONT ROW

Dulaney Dunn
Cadbury
Evans Marshall

BACK ROW

Roberts Siebert
Kunkle



ENGLISH CLUB

Less attention to dramatics than in the past, and concentration on literary efforts by Club members, made the English Club more worthy its name this year. Perhaps after a while, like some of the more practical clubs, this Club will arrange for regular outside speakers. Outsiders they will have to be, for the present members don't relish preparing informal lectures any more than they like to write theses for English courses.



FRONT ROW—Egleston, Spaeth, Trux, Hollander, Dunn
SECOND ROW—Stoddard, Brown, Blanc-Roos, Jones
THIRD ROW—Bowden, Roberts, Griffith



FRONT ROW—Kruener, McNeary, Smith, Singer, Curley
BACK ROW—Kuntz, Stoddard, Frazer, Dalley

EVANGELICAL LEAGUE

Art Singer and Win Smith cheerfully direct a gathering of students interested in religious ethics. Christian men from prominent sects are frequent visitors to meetings where they arbitrate many discussions and aid in Bible study. The only hitch is that the two "Knights of Firecracker Abbey" (apologies to Dave Wilson, '33) are torn between the desire for destruction and their religious compulsions. But God willing, religion will win.

FRONT ROW—Elliot, Smith, Schmid (President), Huff, Haywood
BACK ROW—Watkins, Boggs, Scott, Azpell

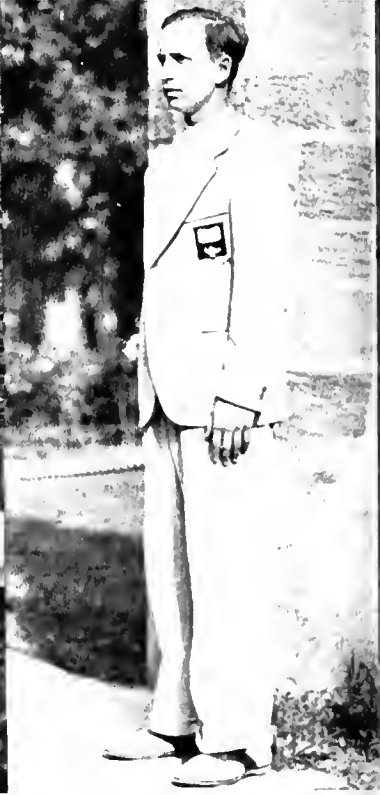
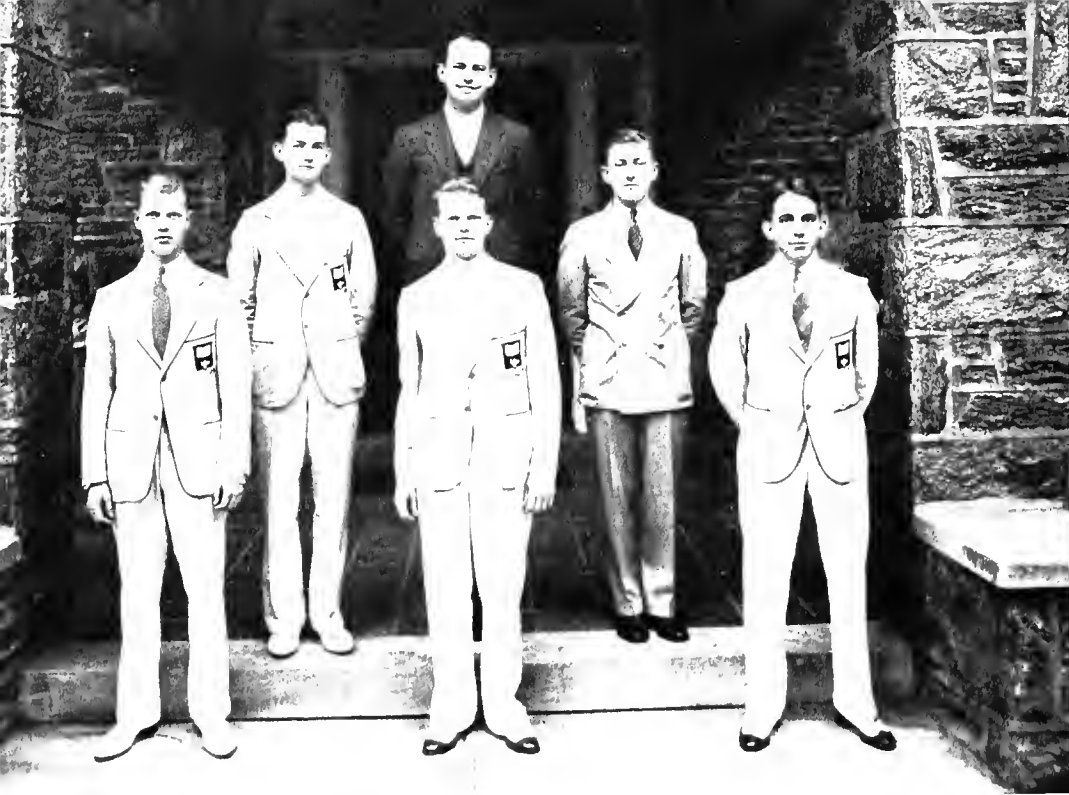
MATH CLUB

Though little known and less understood, this little group of prospective Einsteins meet regularly, and those that know say the discussions are interesting. Here's hoping President Schmid remembers to use English and not equations when addressing his less mathematical friends.



JUNIOR
DAY



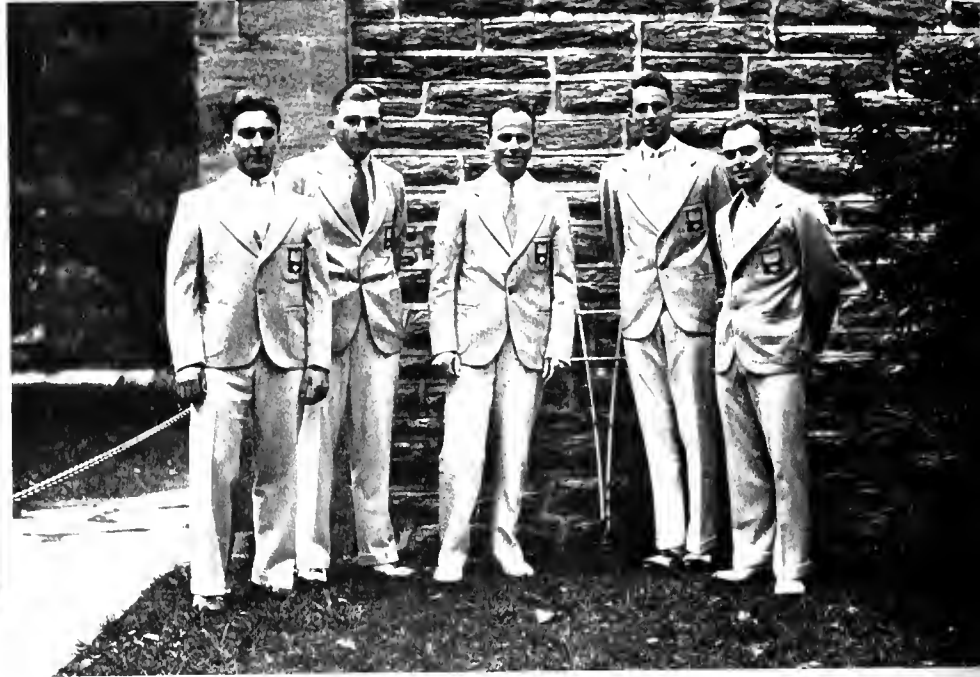


THOSE RESPONSIBLE FOR IT ALL
 FRONT ROW H. G. Russell, H. N. Trimble, Jr. (Chairman), M. W. Stanley
 BACK ROW R. H. Beaven, R. O. B. Gibbs, W. H. Haines, III

Where, ah where can my little girl be?



Madame Chairman
 and haw



The traditional ivy is also present

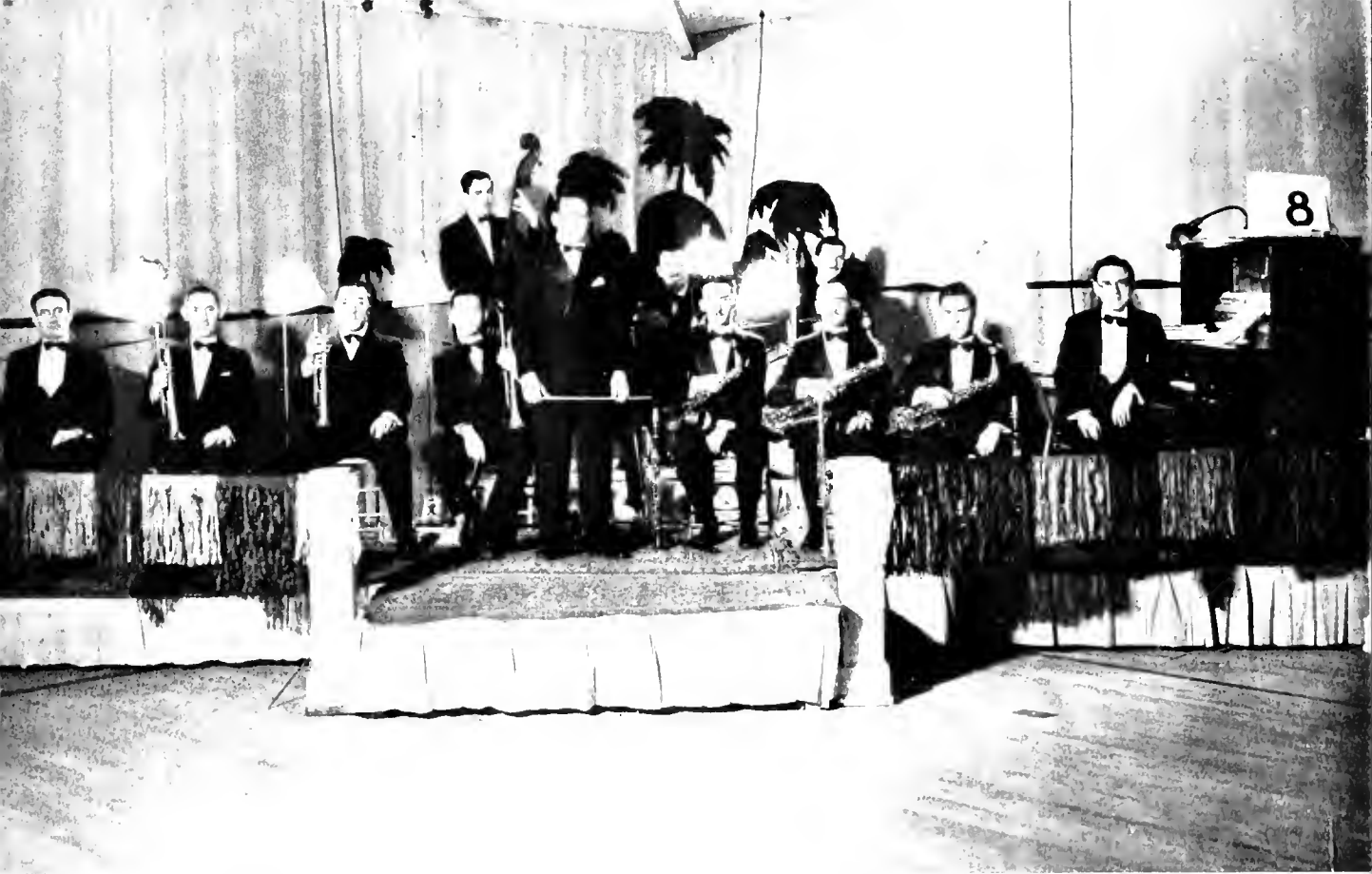
The social high light in the undergraduate career of the class of '34 was reached on May 5, 1933, and was carried out with all the proper enthusiasm and sunny weather. Shown herewith are the more notable, picturesque, and striking scenes



"Shlek" Which One?

Our Gang

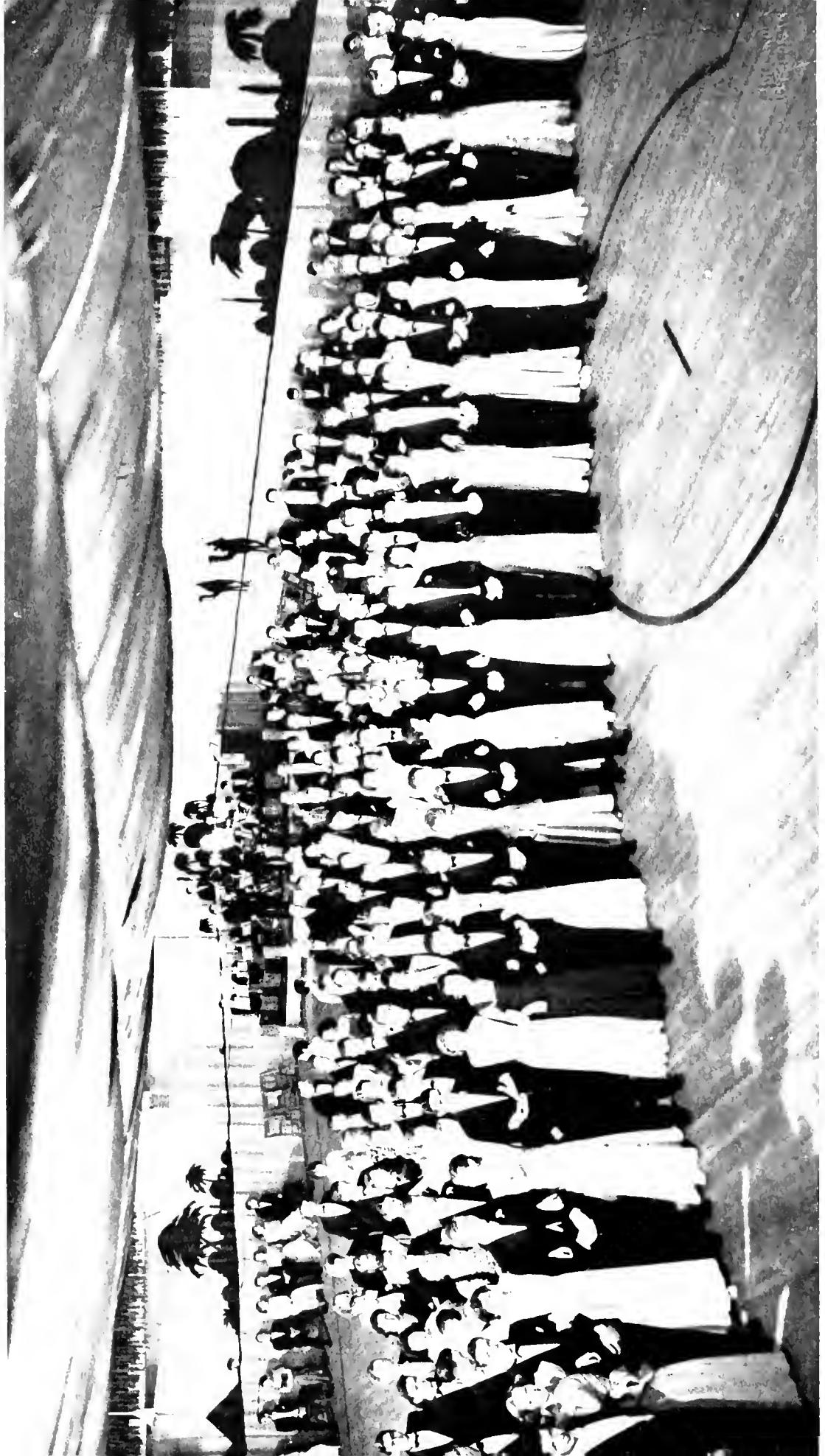




Paul Sabin contributed the essential for the Prom

"Doc" Hyder and his Southernaires lived the Teo Dance





Just one big, happy family







FOOTBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW

Fraser	Bayle	Taylor
Cann	Pleasants (Captain)	
Tiernan		Kane
C. Smith		Bevan

SECOND ROW

B. Smith	Wright	Watkins
Lentz		Rahrer
Hale	Walf	Gawthrop

THIRD ROW

Laesche	Gibbs	Gaines
	Osmanski	
Ambler	Hagenauer	McNeary

FOURTH ROW

Weightman		Scull
Wilking	Holzer	Evans

BACK ROW

Stanley (Manager)
Randall (Coach)
LeTaile (Assistant Coach)
Meserve (Assistant Manager)

FOOTBALL

Inaugurating the new coaching regime headed by Roy Randall, Haverford's 1933 eleven gained only a single victory in six games, a 7-6 conquest of Wesleyan. However, the true success of the season can best be estimated in terms of the foundations laid for larger returns in the wins column next year.

Aside from Captain Dick Pleasants, back-field star, only three members of last season's squad will be absent, when the first practice session is called this Fall. These are Dick Gibbs and Bruce Smith, both of whom were letter winners, and Bill Wright, who received a numeral award.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

Haverford 0 . . .	Earlham 6
Haverford 0 . . .	Susquehanna 6
Haverford 7 . . .	Wesleyan 6
Haverford 7 . . .	Hamilton 14
Haverford 0 . . .	Johns Hopkins 14
Haverford 0 . . .	Washington College 8



Captain Pleasants



Reverse play

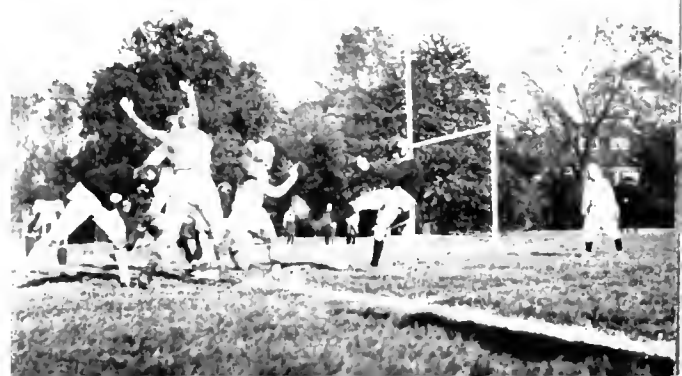


Action



Interference

This little piggie stayed at home



Punt!



SOCCER TEAM

FRONT ROW

A. Stakes Rush Richardson
 T. Richie (Captain)
 T. Brown Hotz R. Richie

SECOND ROW

C. Brown Evans
 Harman Tamkinson Sharpless
 J. Stokes P. Brown

STANDING

Trimble (Manager)
 McPete (Coach)

SOCCER

A record of five victories in eight starts tells the story of Haverford's 1933 soccer season. Headed by Captain Tom Richie, All-American forward, and including Richardson, Rush, Brown, Hotz, and Jones among its Senior members, the local eleven finished second in the Intercollegiate league, losing only to the University of Pennsylvania, champions. A hair-raising 2-1 conquest of Swarthmore concluded another banner season.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

Haverford 5 . . . Lafayette 1
 Haverford 3 . . . Crescent 5
 Haverford 4 . . . Princeton 0
 Haverford 1 . . . Cornell 0
 Haverford 4 . . . Lehigh 0
 Haverford 0 . . . Navy 2
 Haverford 2 . . . U. of P. 3
 Haverford 2 . . . Swarthmore 1



Pair old Swarthmore!



A familiar scene



Taking a high-ball at Navy

Foul throw!



Chief kickin'-Theball



Captain Richie





BASKETBALL TEAM

FRONT ROW

Kane Harman
 Flaccus (Captain)
 Poorman Tiernan

BACK ROW

Randall (Coach)
 Taylor Dutton
 Loewenstein (Manager)

BASKETBALL

Reaching the crucial Swarthmore game with a record of only three wins in a dozen contests, the prospects of a basketball victory over our ancient rival seemed extremely remote and almost out of the question. However, with the newly-installed system finally showing results, and Captain Lou Flaccus, the team's only Senior, leading the scoring parade, Haverford stamped the season a distinct success by drubbing the visiting courtmen 31-25.

THE SEASON'S RECORD

Haverford 23 ... Philadelphia Textile 9
 Haverford 17 ... Wesleyan 22
 Haverford 27 ... Trinity 30
 Haverford 22 ... Upsala 26
 Haverford 13 ... Lehigh 28
 Haverford 21 ... P. M. C. 32
 Haverford 19 ... Delaware 28
 Haverford 38 ... Maravian 14
 Haverford 17 ... Hamilton 25
 Haverford 20 ... Lafayette 23
 Haverford 21 ... Stevens 22
 Haverford 31 ... Princeton Seminary 29
 Haverford 31 ... Swarthmore 25

The frag



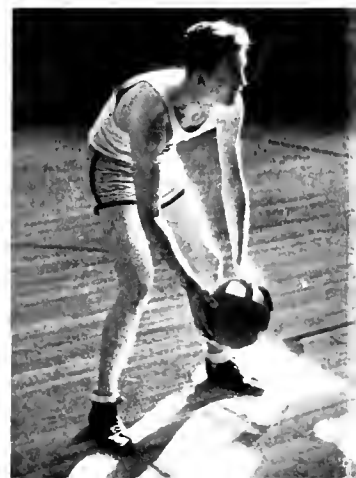
Ouake Flaccus, the high-scoring flash



Avel



Rhinle center





WRESTLING

In its first season as a recognized major sport, the Haverford mat squad failed to win a single meet, although gaining an 18-18 deadlock with Gettysburg in the opener. With a squad composed entirely of underclassmen, next year's team, which will again be led by Captain Blanc-Roos, should succeed in compiling a more successful record.

FENCING

Also assuming the role of a newcomer to Haverford athletics, the fencing squad, under the tutelage of Henri Gordon, gained four victories in nine starts. Oliver Egleston was the only Senior member of the squad to be lost by graduation.

WRESTLING TEAM

SEATED
Trenbath Frysingier
Blanc-Roos (Captain)
Skinner Steptoe

STANDING
Truex Taylor
Totem Brous Aikens
Holzer McGinley



FENCING TEAM

BACK ROW
Lukens
F. Wright
Egleston

FRONT ROW
Gordon (Coach)
Conwoy
Mathews
Dunn
Stayer



CROSS-COUNTRY TEAM

FRONT ROW—Shaemaker
BACK ROW—Vining

Russell
Hipple (Manager)

Badine (Captain)
Scott

Scattergood

Rivers

CROSS-COUNTRY

Likewise competing for the first time as a recognized varsity sport, the Cross-Country team was equally unsuccessful, failing to gain a single victory in five starts. Captain Bodine and Scattergood, the team's only Seniors, were its outstanding performers, the former gaining one first place, two seconds, and a third in the five meets.

SQUASH

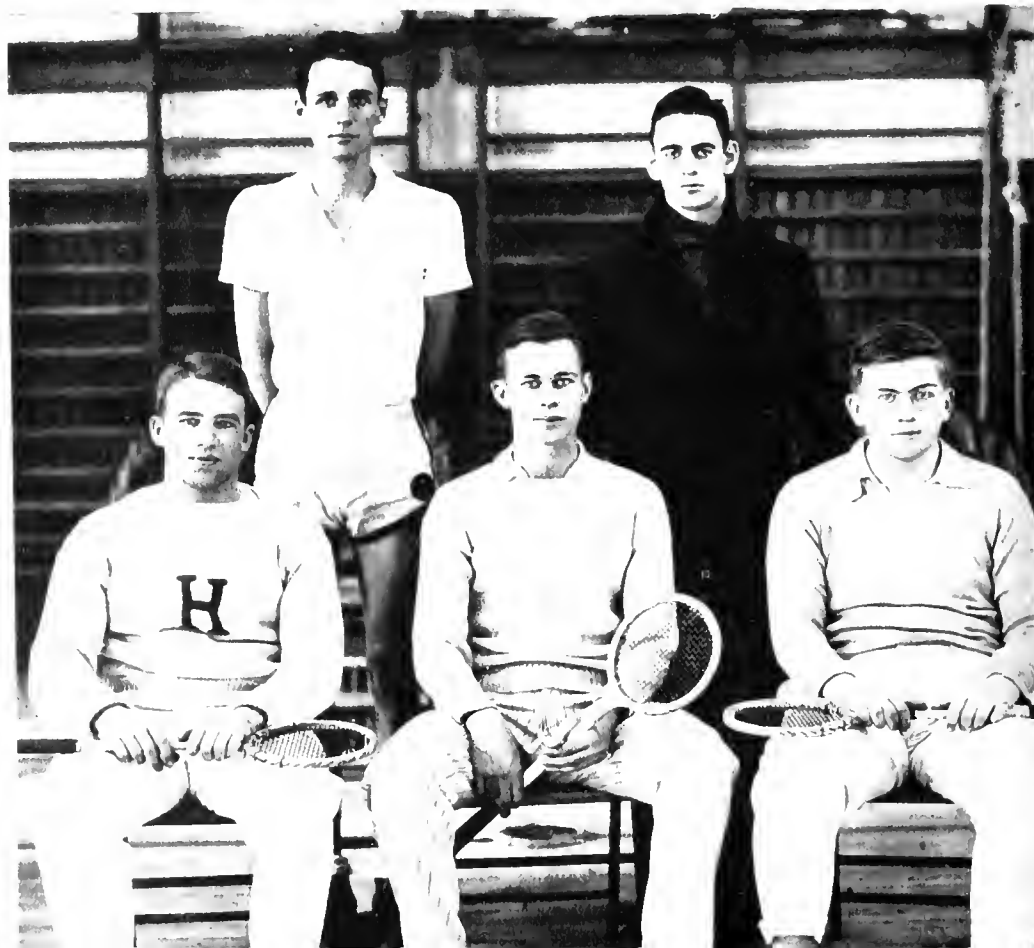
A new addition to Haverford athletics, the squash team, in its first season fared poorly. Meeting a group of nearby Prep schools, the local racquet-ers gained only a single victory in eight starts. However, with the exception of Flaccus, Hogenauer and McKee, who played in a few matches, the entire squad will return next year and should compile a more enviable record for 1935.

SQUASH TEAM

SEATED—Hagenauer
STANDING—Flaccus

Memhard (Captain)
Paul

McKee





TRACK TEAM

BACK ROW

Hutchinson	Seely	McNeary
Vining		Sloss
Haddleton (Coach)		
Hipple (Manager)		
F. Morgan		Most
Lester	Holzer	Ambler

SECOND ROW

Nelson		Scott
Rodman	Beck	Potter
Skinner		Huff
Hunt	Walf	Marshall
Bocsoce		Mechling

FRONT ROW

Duffield	Lingerman	Bodine
Scattergood		Rush
	Bancroft (Captain)	
	Hotz	Smith
Richardson	Potts	Siebert

TRACK

Preparing for their opening meet with Dickinson, the local trackmen found themselves extremely poor in the hurdles and the field events, with the prospects for a successful season greatly dimmed by these weaknesses. Hotz, Rush and Richardson in the field events, Bodine and Scattergood in the distances, and Captain Bancroft in the dashes, appeared as the most likely point winners among the Senior members of the squad.

TRACK SCHEDULE

April 14	.. Dickinson, home
April 21	.. Amherst, away
April 28	.. Johns Hopkins, away
May 5	.. Open
May 12	.. M.A.S.C.A.A. away
May 19	.. Swarthmore away

The home stretch



In the lead



Goose-step



Taking the low hurdles





They're off



Umph! Yuh got mel



The weary trek





BASEBALL TEAM

BACK ROW

Hawkins Smith (Manager)
 Randall (Coach)
 Wellington Maier Aikens

SECOND ROW

Pugliese Lentz
 Baird Gowthrop Fraser
 Purvis Tiernan
 Carson Griswald Gaines

FRONT ROW

Harman
 Nicholson Singer Richle
 Harjes (Captain) Willson
 Tripp Foerster Taylor

BASEBALL

For the first time in many years Haverford's baseball prospect this season was unusually hopeful. With only two members of last year's team having graduated, and with the entire infield returning, the local tossers had, in the early spring, high hopes of turning in an enviable record during the campaign. Captain Harjes, Richie, Wilson, and Tripp, all of whom have had three years of varsity experience, are the Seniors who will contribute to the team's success, and are looking forward to their first victory over an ancient rival, Swarthmore.

BASEBALL SCHEDULE

April 14 . . . Delaware, away
 April 18 . . . Moravian, home
 April 21 . . . Osteopathy, home
 April 25 . . . Stevens, home
 April 27 . . . Williams, home
 May 1 . . . Lehigh, away
 May 2 . . . Lehigh, home
 May 7 . . . Hampton-Sydney, home
 May 9 . . . P. M. C., home
 May 11 . . . Swarthmore, home
 May 16 . . . Lafayette home
 May 19 . . . Moravian, away

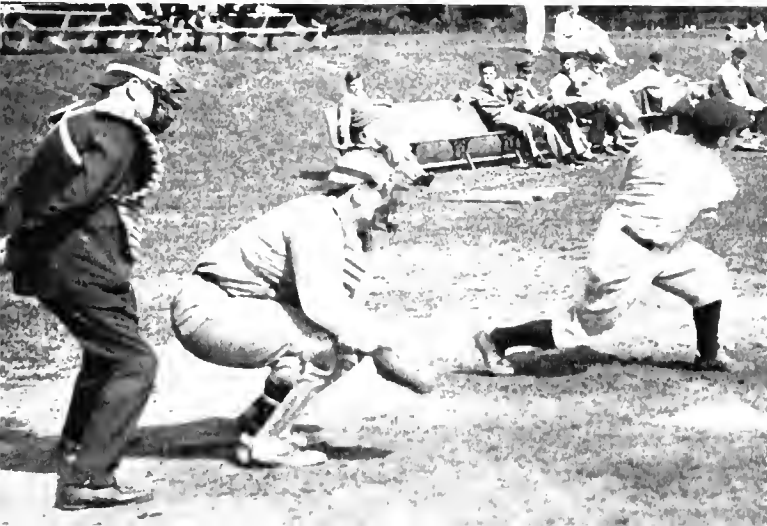


One of our boys



At bat

Well, why don't you run?



Junior day game with Swarthmore





TENNIS TEAM

Hunsicker
 Weightman
 Parry
 Russell
 Memhard
 Flaccus (Captain)
 Jones

TENNIS

Although decisively beaten by Virginia, Navy and Pennsylvania in their opening matches, the local netmen, with a well-balanced squad, gave earnest of more substantial results during the remainder of their season when meeting teams of their own calibre. Captain Flaccus and Manager Jones, playing first and third singles respectively, are the two Senior members of the team.

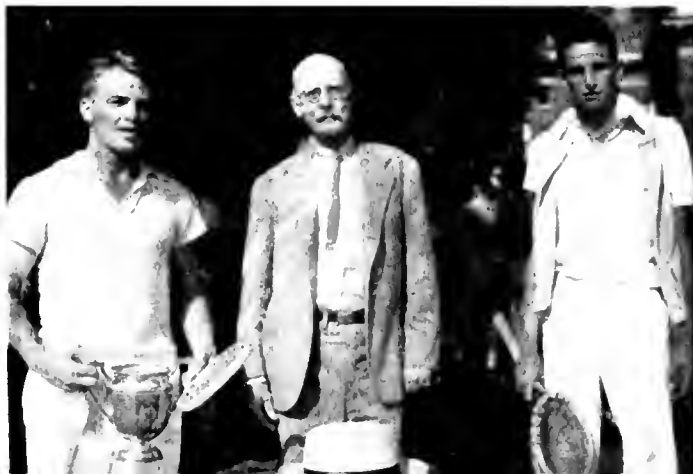
TENNIS SCHEDULE

March 30 . . . Virginia, away	May 2 . . . Lafayette, away
April 7 . . . Navy, away	May 4 . . . Lehigh, home
April 14 . . . Pennsylvania, away	May 5 . . . Bucknell, away
April 18 . . . West Chester Teachers, home	May 9 . . . Dickinson, away
April 20 . . . Union, home	May 11 . . . Johns Hopkins, home
April 21 . . . Hamilton, home	May 12 . . . Brooklyn, home
April 25 . . . Stevens, home	May 15 . . . Swarthmore, away
April 27 . . . Williams, away	May 16 . . . Temple, home
April 28 . . . Wesleyan, away	May 18 . . . Bucknell, home

As manager and player—
equally good



The climax of the tennis season



The winning stroke



Balance





CRICKET TEAM

BACK ROW

Schmid Smith Haywood

SECOND ROW

Knight Rector Matthews
 Bowden

FRONT ROW

Bridger Wright Crawford
 Brown (Captain)
Reynolds Wagner
Mollinson (Coach)

CRICKET

A group of veterans led by Captain Tom Brown, strengthened by the addition of a few promising Freshmen, carried on Haverford's distinction as the only cricket-playing college in America this spring.



Lemon or cream?—Lemons!

CRICKET SCHEDULE

April 14 . . . Ardmore C. C., home
 April 21 . . . Baltimore C. C., home
 April 28 . . . General Electric C. C., home
 May 5 . . . Crescent A. C., home
 May 12 . . . Viscose C. C., home
 May 18 . . . Alumni, home
 May 26 . . . Open
 June 2 . . . Princeton Graduate School, home
 June 9 . . . Alumni, home

The chirping cricket



Punk!

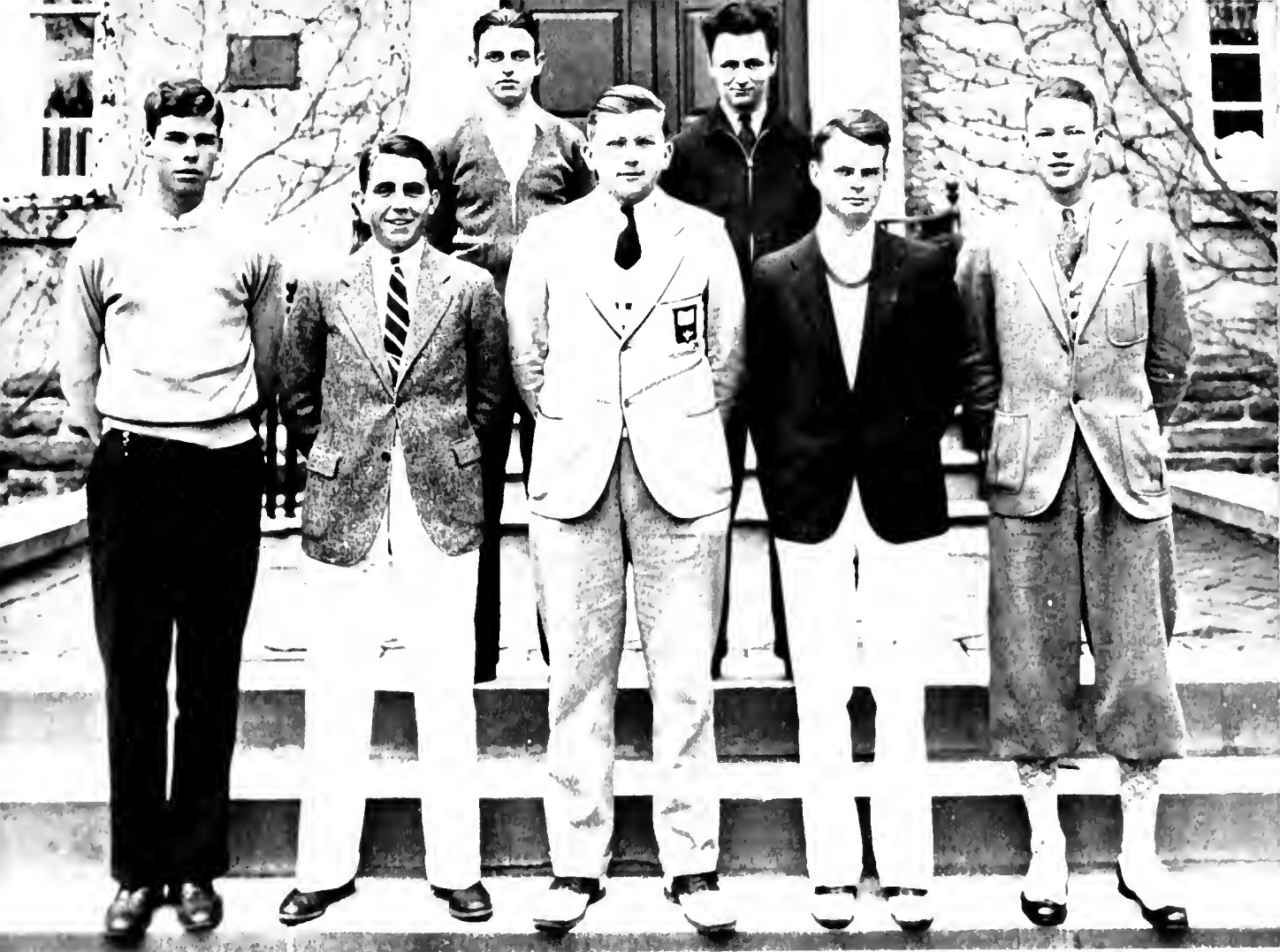


How-we-doin'?



Bowling





GOLF TEAM

FRONT ROW

Linton
 Stanley (Manager)
 McKee (Captain)
 Williams
 Dutton

BACK ROW

Allen
 Stoddard

GOLF

Under the leadership of Captain McKee, the local linksmen started their campaign by garnering a pair of easy conquests over West Chester and Swarthmore. The team is a group of veterans augmented by the addition of two Freshmen, Linton and Allen.

GOLF SCHEDULE

April 13 . . . Villanova, home	May 3 . . . Swarthmore, away
April 16 . . . Pennsylvania, home	May 5 . . . Hill School, away
April 19 . . . Osteopathy, home	May 7 . . . Johns Hopkins, home
April 20 . . . Cornell, home	May 9 . . . Rutgers, away
April 23 . . . Delaware, away	May 15 . . . St. Josephs, away
April 25 . . . Franklin and Marshall, home	May 18 . . . Cornell, away
April 27 . . . Temple, away	May 21 . . . Faculty, home
	May 23 . . . Alumni, home

Voted the most popular course

"I wandered, lanely as a cloud"

Trap-shooting



FEATURES





The Quakes last stand



The necessary steps



Little comfort in the prospects

After the wor



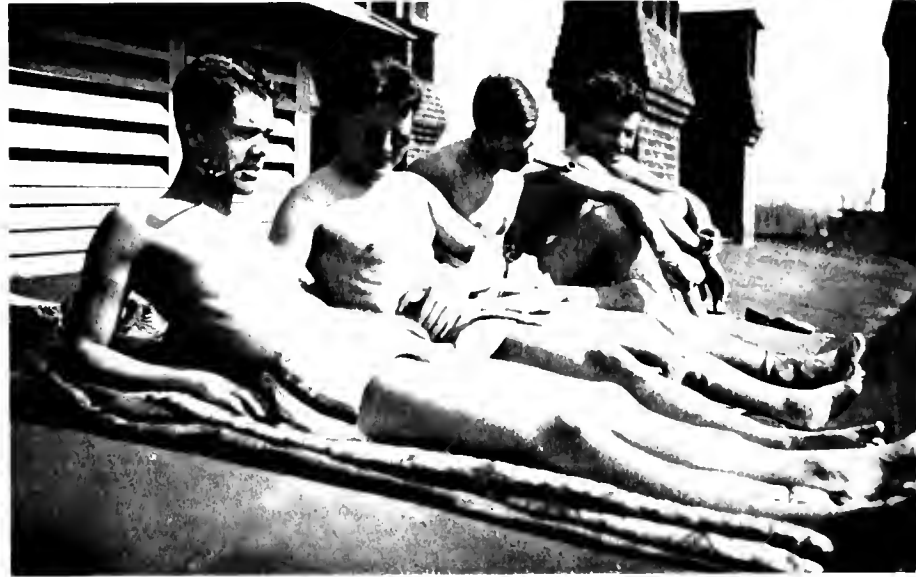
Snaps of College Life,
usual and unusual,
we think to be more
interesting
than a prosy and
probably-not-to-be-read
class History



The pouse that lost us the Penn soccer game



The early birds get the worms. And how!



The nudist of the new

Loyalty or college spirits





The anatomy of flits



A mess hall (in truth)



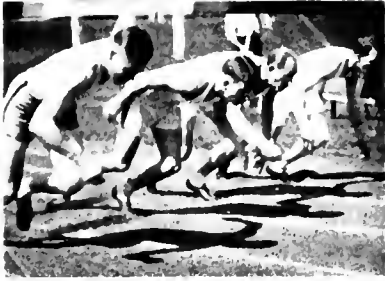
An atmosphere of slumber pervades the library

The eve of the Delaware game





Ovaltine



They're off—
all, just a little



The sublime and the ridiculous



Recess

Study hall





The radio doesn't work, either



For miles around nothing may be seen but quaint old carts and children at their play



"All hope abandon,
ye who enter here"



Mac—the flying
Scotchman



Some jockeys, eh, boss ?



'Statue, Mae?



Just like a child with a new toy



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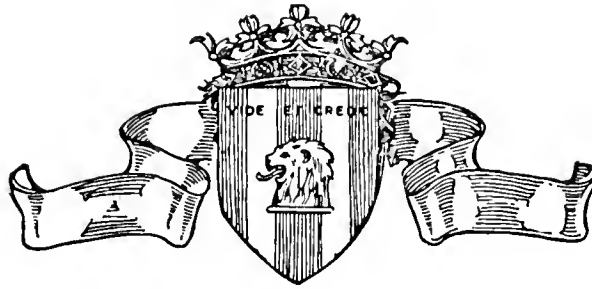
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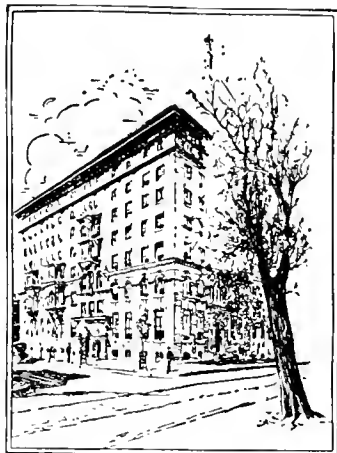
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