

THE
RECORD
1942

Paul R. O'Connor

Robert S. Miller Jr.

Thomas J. Lockman

Richard D. B.

Charles A. Blank Jr.
Walter C. Adams

T. Carol Jones

John A. Clark

Malcolm

James St. John

Walter

Walter

Frank W. Hastings

George F. Aldridge

Alan Dawson

James Pool

Jack Elliott

Thomas

George F. Aldridge

George F. Aldridge

George F. Aldridge

George F. Aldridge

George F. Aldridge

George F. Aldridge

C. C. Albert

David M. Sauer

Charles O. Schaeffer

George F. Aldridge

Donald L. Spaulding
M. Scott W. Small
Sampson W. Thompson

John D. Thomson

Robert W. Stearns III
John A. Groat

Ken Weaver

Richard W. Brown

Richard W. Small
Mary Thompson

Hank Johnstone

Robert R. Hagar

Ray A. D. I
I. J. D. J. J.

Samuel P.

Jim Gary

Dud Burford

Lee Phillips
Lester Phillips

John H. Wise
"Buddy" Bedrossian

Gov. Hambridge, Jr.

Samuel P. D. Brown
Samuel P. D. Brown

Samuel P. D. Brown

Dallas Johnson

Patrick
W. W. W.

Wm. W. W.

Wm. W. W.

Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2009 with funding from
Lyrasis Members and Sloan Foundation

NO LONGER
THE PROPERTY
OF RECORD COLLEGE

THE 1942 RECORD



HAVERFORD COLLEGE

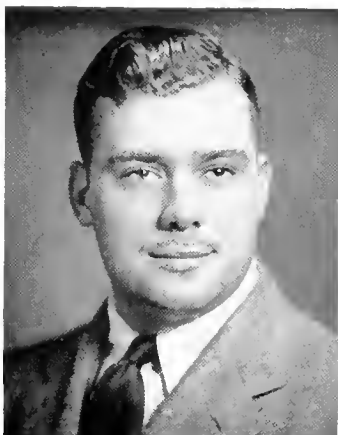
Dedicated to



Dr. William B. Meldrum

BOOK I

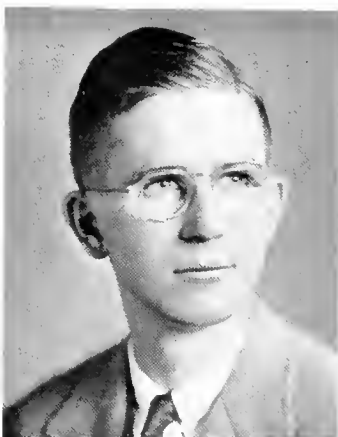




Charles Abbott. During his college career, Charlie established the impressive record of being the first person in the dining room every day—rain or shine—morning, noon, and night. Whether it was his regularity and promptness or his love of eating, it is hard to say. Probably these two qualities also led him to the Co-op where he ultimately became manager and almost achieved the Herculean task of bringing the store out of the red.

A Quaker from the country somewhere near Langhorne, Chuck arrived at Haverford to spend his Rhinie year with Adams & Kay Inc., in third entry. After moving to Founders where he could keep an eagle eye on the Co-op, he retired in his senior year to South

Bardley with Charlie Schaeffer, another solid up-country boy. Charlie never created much disturbance. He went about his work quietly and good-naturedly, whether it be as Circulation Manager of the **News** or squinting through a microscope in the Bug lab. Dependable Charlie liked nothing better than to let out one of those deep-throated resonant laughs.



James Neal Addoms. We have always looked upon Neal as a solemn and dignified chap who lived in Lloyd Hall for four years and every one of those years managed to snare a Corporation Scholarship—a fact that in itself is enough to make us wonder sometimes about **our** little life. It turns out on further examination that Neal does many other things beside study, and remember we many an envious prom evening when our James would toddle in, togged out in all his finery, and place himself gently but firmly in the very midst of the gaiety. The sciences have always captured his somewhat non-mercurial fancy more than anything else, and he has made a fine thing of them. Which

is not to say that we have never heard of Neal getting hilarious at a football game or chewing garlic au gratin in the center-bleachers. "Well-rounded personality" is one of those expressions to be avoided wherever possible since it frequently applies to someone who can do most things in mediocre fashion. With Jamie, however, the expression carries more weight, and his serious nature is topped off with a keen sense of humour—a phenomenon which will, to our minds, inevitably place him in the hierarchy of Those Who Will Succeed. Bonne chance, Amigo, and may never that golden bowl be broken!

George Aldridge. George has been nicknamed "the Goose," why isn't exactly known. He explains it in his own way: "Well, why is a circus fat man called 'Slim'?" At any rate the Jersey sage holds forth regularly, continually, and authoritatively on bridge and baseball.

"Let's deal the placards for a while, fellows. I'm the best darn bridge player this college ever had. I think I'll give a course on the Aldridge system. Say, did I ever tell you boys what a wonderful right fielder the White Sox have?" This may go on more or less indefinitely depending on how much time he can spare away from that library alcove, his second home.

Generally about this time his colleagues contemplate washing the rosy-cheeked "Goose" down the drain. He concludes the discourse with some remark about visiting a certain fair-haired duchess this week-end.

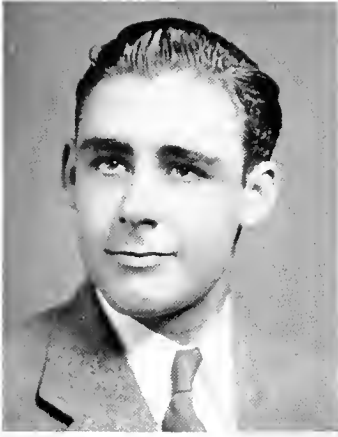
In his more serious moments he monopolizes a library alcove. After he makes his mark in this world a plaque will undoubtedly be placed in this corner stating, "He did it here."



Warren Anderson. Walk into Warren's room of an evening and you're likely to see him, sprawled Roman-like over his bed, reading Sappho or the "Litterae Hominum Obscurorum." Or, perhaps, he's finishing off the prelude to that slightly unplayable chromatic fugue. Whatever he's doing, he's likely to tell you all about it. And by now we can have no doubt as to the extent of his erudition. Fencing, fantastic schedules of five hours a week, Spengler, arranging music for the Glee Club, occasional "Corp" scholarships, give some indication of his many, and esoteric, activities. What we like best about Warren is his unerring selection of "le mot juste." We remember once when, in his capacity as

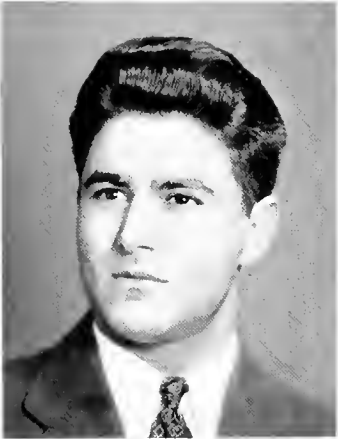
Supervisor of the Music Room, he returned from Philadelphia with such novel record additions as "Adieu Sweet Amarillis," "Maidens Fair of Mantua's City," and selections from the first jazz opera of Krenek. Our comments on which drew the devastating, "Cad, sir, you can't play Beethoven every day."





Dick Bauer. Dick is one of those enviable characters who led the complete life while in this intellectual rat's nest. Knocking down an average that was more than respectable and grasping a big gob of the extra-curricular pie, Dickie also burst out in Deborah Debbie and kept Jeanie bursting out over him. About that average though, it's rumored that he broke the record for snap courses set by A. Wearybotton, '04. Dick's voice was often the highlight of a glee club concert but perhaps we will always remember him most with his vashbasin Wagner. Weaver, Bauer, Weaver and Bauer was a quartet quite unlike anything we had ever heard before and its demise is the one bright

spot of graduation. Dick is one of the few people we have ever known to go into a florist's shop and order a narcissus corsage. We asked Dick about this and he blushingly admitted it was a sort of complex with him.

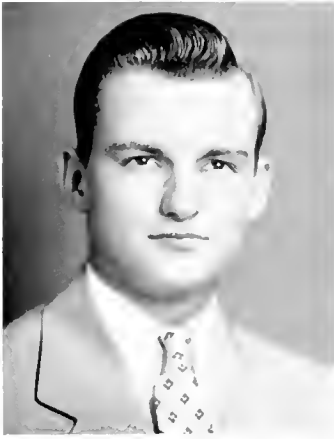


Howard Bedrossian. Bede is the only man in college to average three dates a week during his whole stay here. He certainly must have something; we have seen two letters from Mary arrive on the same day. Nurses are his specialty, but secretaries rate high. We can vouch that Howard studies. The only waste of time that we know of is the course he took in heavenly bodies. After all his experience we don't think he needs books on that subject.

He has always tried out for sports, but just misses out. We can't blame him for that, since our own record is nil. He continually worries over his weight, but you can't live off the fat of the land and not gain weight.

His favorite meat is Lamb, we hope that's right.

Howard is moving on to Temple to prepare for medicine. We wish him our best, and hope he succeeds.



Edgar Bell. Pitt's loss was our gain. Bud, though he started there transferred in time to join us as a Rhinie and proceeded quickly to show that he was really one of the gang and an integral part of the College. Becoming Chairman of the Store Committee in his Sophomore year he rapidly proceeded to bring order out of chaos and has the distinction of starting that institution back along the road to financial success. And he was not above snagging high marks in classes where he inevitably sat in the first row ready to confuse the professor with his favorite query "What I don't see is how . . .?" while at the same time earning a reputation for squiring with the aid of the white-side-walled

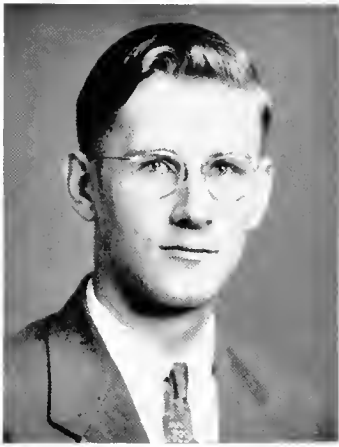
Becky, the two of whom were inseparable to the last. She was his trade-mark and they could be seen everywhere when classes were over all ready for a good time with never a dull moment.



Burns Brodhead. Burns is the boy with the serious, searching look in his eyes; but you'd better keep your guard up when you're talking with him or you'll find yourself wide open for one of his south-aw wisecracks. College hasn't changed him a bit—he's still as naïve as he was the day he carried Dick Mayer's furniture for him but he could argue Einstein into believing the world was flat if he wanted to. George taught him how to do that.

Burns is an authority on Media nightlife and Swarthmore women. He also knows quite a bit about the world west of Philadelphia. As an athlete, he once accidentally entered a cross-country meet; and almost won it, by golly! He is a skilled and competent driver, but through a quirk of fate Burns must ask his roommate's permission whenever he wants to bring his car on campus.

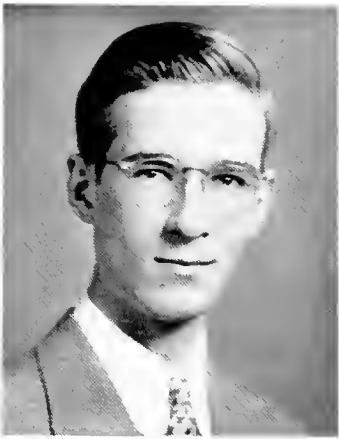
Burns hopes to be a minister. It's hard to imagine anyone who could more deftly punch the devil out of the Devil!



Norman Brous. Of the strong, silent men in the Class of '42, Norman Brous is outstanding. Quite often he was seen striding across the campus, briefcase in hand and a very serious expression on his face. During his Senior year he wore the broadest grin of any of the Day students after completing his Comprehensives in January, the first in the class to weather that storm.

Called to the armed forces in the middle of his last year, Norman left before his basketball talent could be put to good use on the court. His athletic ability was evident in his junior year when, as one of the five fighting Day students, he played a sterling game as guard on that championship intramural team. Yet

Norman's reputation rests not on his basketball prowess, but rather on his purposeful and systematic endeavors as a student and scholar. Becoming a Day student after his Freshman year, Norman lost many contacts with the resident students, but to those whom he favored with his friendship his fine qualities were an inspiration.



Knox Brown. Knox is a tall, pleasant chap who means a thing when he says it; and can always prove it if he has to. His dress is as smooth as his speech; and as the time approaches for putting **THE RECORD** to bed he looks like a sure thing to win the **News** poll hands down. His wit is ironic and sure-fire. His boogie piano is genuine and impassioned. Besides being a gentleman and a scholar, Knox is also somewhat of a businessman and somewhat of an athlete. As manager of the Clec Club in his senior year he put through deals with Hood and Beaver that would cause a minor shake-up on Wall Street, were the details to come to light. As a member of a championship

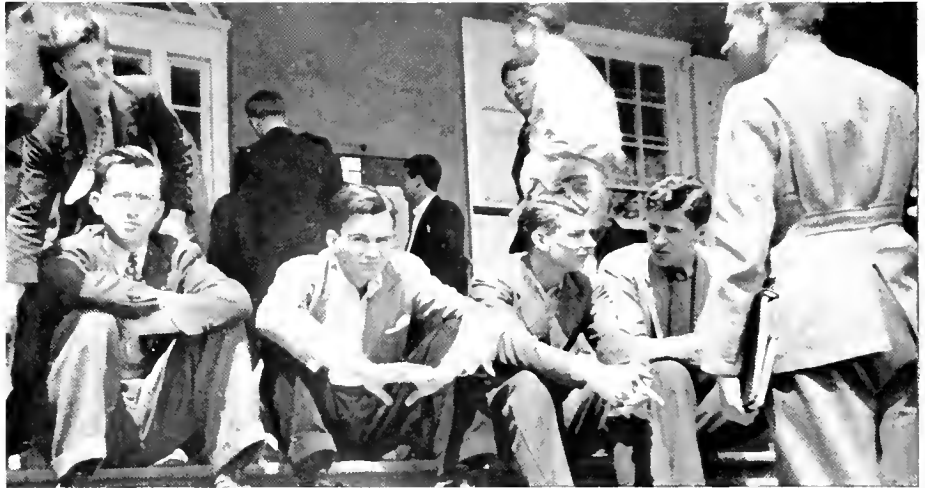
volleyball team throughout his college life, he has displayed nerves of brass and muscles of steel. Knox is also known as the elusive ideal of many a local damoiselle who, attracted by the aura of mystery surrounding his personality, has found herself spurned in favor of a legendary nymph named Fran, of whom we have heard much, but whom Knox has never seemed able to produce as **prima facie** evidence in crucial moments.

Richard Brown. The Panda has distinguished himself both as a male debutante and a chem major. As for his chemistry just ask Doc Meldrum and as for the other business just ask anybody who is anybody on the Main Line. The Mighty Mite, as he terms himself, lists his hobbies as: fly-fishing, dominoes, blushing, gaseous reactions, and Vat 69. Among his numerous accomplishments are rooming with Fales for one year and Kirkpatrick for three, a feat in itself. Dickie never worried. One of our most typical memories of him is sitting on two dictionaries while driving that blue convertible, sans permission, past Tat Brown. He didn't even worry when his average on one occasion turned out to be 95 instead of the 96 he had hoped for. His even temperament broke down only under the pressure of Math I on Sunday nights and occasionally when having to answer all those darned invitations.



Bud Burford. Bud was not long in making himself known when he arrived as a Rhinic. For a while he was North Barclay's little terror. Since that turbulent year he has become somewhat quieter, but can assert himself if necessary. He often says that he studies if there's nothing better to do. This attitude frequently resulted in enlightening conversations with the dean, and though emerging from them a trifle battle-scarred, still he has carried on wonderfully. Bud's social life has been "restricted," so to speak, but constant. We might say that Carol attached him to Haverford as nothing else could. Besides Carol, the "Kentucky Wonder" has certain other interests, one of which is jive, and the place often rocks to those old parlor favorites, "Make Me Know It" and "Another One of Them Things," interspersed with frightening cries of "Are you hep?" As immortalized in the words of the old masters: The Joint is Jumpin'.





John E. Bye. The loss is ours that Johnny decided to spend the first three years of his college career at Earlham, for besides his indomitable sense of humor, his ability on the track would have made him a well-known member of the Class of '42. He was captain of both track and cross country at Earlham, and it was only the fact that he was here but one year that kept him out of Pop's clutches. Johnny was a day student, and in order that he would not lose the knack of breaking records, he would leave college after an 11:30 class, drive in a not too leisurely fashion to Media for lunch and then to his job— all by one o'clock. Before this daily dash biologist Bye was usually to be found either somewhere on campus with a cyanide jar in his hand the collector's gleam in his eye stalking some hapless beast or else working on the fourth floor of Sharpless with his fellow majors whom he constantly refreshed with his boundless wit and enthusiasm.



Lloyd Cadbury. T. Lloyd is that man you all have seen after lunch every day, quietly trudging beneath the ginkos, in rapt contemplation of a Choco-Pop. He has been doing this for four years now and the rumor is being bruited about that his spirit will continue to do so long after he has gone. But whenever a reunion of good old '42 comes around, you'll undoubtedly find Cadbury dissecting a tsetse (?) or a binturong, or whatever other outlandish beast may inhabit the fens and brakes hereabouts. Cad is a fiend for the minutae of local fauna, and we have noticed his scalpel twitching in an un-Quakerly way over a mere housefly. Cadbury is a fellow of quiet organization and well-laid plans. He continues to smile his quaint and so far indomitable smile, and still insists that Haverford can be moved bodily to Florida for the winter months. He always sighs a trifle when this fails to happen, and we once thought he was going to wear his overcoat through May, just from sheer stubbornness.





Lee Childs. How often did we who knew him become spellbound as this master story-teller of them all spun his web of fiction. A man of many relations, Lee is the only Haverford man who claims cousins in both Afghanistan and in Patagonia. This the original boy from Syracuse has ever excelled in pinning the bovine. Often far into the night Lee's little room was filled with the flotsam and jetsam of all four classes as he alternately did Chem 5 and told about the Adirondaeks and the exigencies of existence of medical men. The boy with the line hit the dances as hard as he hit the books. Executing a fox-trot that would make Arthur Murray gulp, Lee would further confuse the

lady with a contradictory account of his personality. So to most of them he remained an amiable man of mystery. Those who were fortunate enough to know the real Lee knew a simple, kind, homey person who loved kids.



John Clark. “. . . And the walls come tumblin' down . . .” That rolling basso heard for the past four years in Glee Club concerts, in so many plays—heard bouncing around the floor of Roberts Hall and tumbling down all those stairs from the Tower—belongs to Center's most loyal son and one of the last of our members of the Society for the Preservation of Hebron, Booneville, Boyertown, and All Points. John's concern over the social as well as the intellectual education of Haverford men is responsible for his being a co-founder of the Barclay Pettey Eridge Bureau and Protective Association. The high point of his winter campaign was in serving as usher at the recent wedding

of an honor member of the SPHBBAP, but it does not seem yet to have done anything more than put ideas in his head. He will not be a bachelor for more than five years, though . . . not without breaking a written contract. John is one of the relatively few who has found out that “Swarthmore isn't so bad after all.” Of course it took him three and a half years to discover this fact, but then the co-operation plan between us has only just begun . . .

Tom Cochran. Big, genial Tom spends most of his daylight hours standing near Senior Entrance and buttonholing the fellows as they go by. He's got a lot on his mind, too: flowers to be ordered for the girls in the latest Cup and Bells play; leather priorities to be finessed before the Siwash Teachers basketball game can go on; RECORD ads to check up on — not to speak of Tom's most persistent worry: "Who was that girl I saw you with last night?" By night, Tom either engages in a masterful bridge game, or keeps a vigil at the Straw. After hops he bats his father's car over to Camden and back, just to get the wanderlust out of his system.



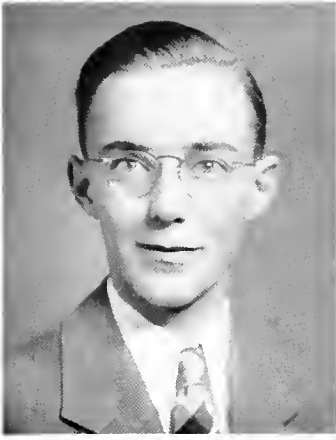
But there is yet another Tom — the Tom of the gridiron and the Tom of the Gov department. We somehow feel that a few years hence we'll be seeing more of him — perhaps on the cover of **Time** magazine.

Al Dorian. We are studying quietly and efficiently in our little cell. The birds are tooting happily in the treetops. All's right with the world. Suddenly the air is shattered by a crashing baritone. It's Al pouring out his soul to the world at large.



It's Rigoletto in the morning, Tristan in the evening, and almost anything in the shower. Not that we object, of course. Everyone must find his outlet, a little salt and pepper on the daily routine. Al finds his salt in song . . . Nor is this the limit to his accomplishments. It is not everyone who can claim to have conducted a dozen of the world's foremost symphonic orchestras. The mere intervention of a phonograph record between Al and his orchestra detracts nothing from his ability.

In the field of sports, Al has made a big contribution to Haverford's laurels, both as president of the Varsity Club and as a versatile athlete. On the soccer field, under the basket, on the pitching mound, on the tennis court, we see the same flourish and finesse. Always the clown, the dude, the aesthete, the athlete. What more could a woman ask?

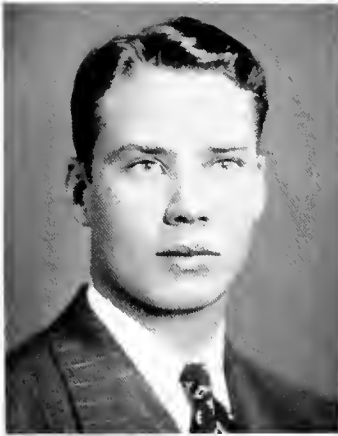


Wilmer Dunham. Having passed a sober evening at the Loc., Hawkeye is wont to strip to his vividly hued shorts and begin the next day's Engin assignment. This procedure occurs, of course, only between seasons—between Soccer Season and Track Season. But at any time of year Hawkeye may be found hard at work on his favorite hobby: to wit, Making People Laugh at Themselves.

Hawkeye also indulges in a sport peculiar to George School graduates: that of loudly proclaiming the virtues of the aforementioned George School. In support of his argument he periodically produces Phyl, who we all agree represents the strongest possible evidence in his favor. When not taking part in any of the

activities so far indicated, Hawkeye is usually at the Skating Rink, where he helps cut the ice.

Mostly, Hawkeye spend his time recovering from Rhinic Year, which was plenty tough. If you ever catch a haunted look in his eye, you may be quite sure that he is thinking of living conditions on the first floor of South when the Mayer-Steptoe gang was on the loose.



Roy Dye. Since Freshman year when his match cover collection was the admiration of all Merion, Roy's fixations have gone through a remarkable cycle of change. Sophomore year he campaigned fervently among his patrons in the dining room only to be nosed out by a senior in the election of "best waiter." Retiring to his books after this disappointment Roy began to concentrate on a future as a lawyer. This has been a steady drain on his time ever since. However in Junior and Senior years he has been forced to give some attention to the matter of balancing the income of a waiter against expenditures in phone bills and week-ends at Welles.

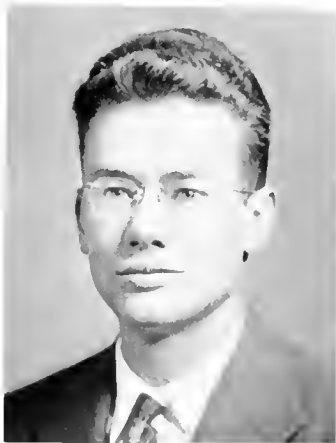
So inconsistent is this side of Roy's character with his everyday role of student, athlete, and President of the Janitor's Night School that his room-mates often wonder whether Roy actually does reach Welles on the "week-ends" when he disappears for several days. They are reassured that he is keeping up his contacts with the outside when he receives his daily letter addressed in feminine handwriting.

Jack Elliott. Harvard may have its Charles Eliot of five-foot-bookshelf fame, but Haverford has its Jack Elliott of five-foot-eight Barclay center fame. Here has been the Jack of the laundry trade and the master of the wrestlers. Reared near the City of Penn, with skill and insight he now wields his pen. Besides being favored at each mail delivery, this "Man of Letters" made a name for himself creating unusual letters filled with spicy humor. It was Jack who put the Press Bureau on its legs during his Junior year. How often in his quiet manner has he pointed out "Your education has been sadly neglected." Some wonder whether or not he had any responsibility for instigating the riots connected with the famed Barclay blackouts.



His personality blended well and his wit usually produced appropriate puns (typically his) in the waiters' dining room. He seemed to enjoy himself in the waiter's capacity and took life easy while doing it (especially in the mornings). On the Service Project his Junior year many a week-end he put in at the "Week-end Work Camp" in the City of Brotherly Love. For Mr. Barnes and the Main Line Y. M. C. A. Jack devoted his time for four years, heading the organization of Haverford College workers during his last two.

David Emery. Phlegm and physique, philosophy and phonograph records, and an admixture of romantic philandering—these are the keynotes of Dave's character. He's as cool as a frozen cucumber; and finds no conceivable situation too difficult to cope with. His chest expansion is a fraction of an inch less than Joe Louis', and if you don't believe us, ask Julia. He likes to play 'possum when Dougie is around, but has yet to fool that gent, who continually hands him the astronomically high grades he really deserves. His taste in music runs to Russian choral work and he is said to possess the finest collection of this type in Lower Merion Township. As far as his love-life—well,

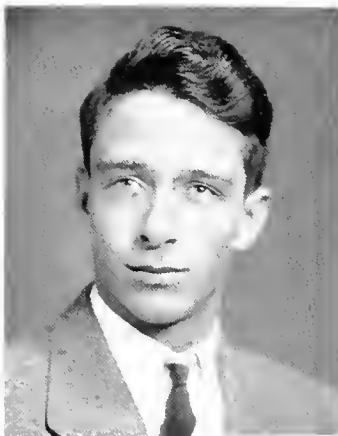


no one will soon forget the dream he brought into the dining hall one merry Sunday. The sight of her actually made one of Charlie's defense meals palatable. Dave is a very genuine personality. His frankness is often disarming but never blunt. His speech is enthusiastic and loud, and he sometimes lapses into the patois of the Leni Lenapi Indian. We nominate him as a future man of the year.



Ed Emery. "No, no, no, no, no! . . . Well, you're doing all right, but that isn't quite what that line calls for. You have to put more feeling into it, more inflection. Here, let me show you . . ." That Norristown Noel Coward, the triple-threat writer-actor-director, "The Man in the Third Floor, EAST," has left his mark at Haverford by his theatrical versatility, which has embraced over and above everything else the vice-presidency of Cap and Bells. After his freshman year at Washington and Jefferson, where forensic and journalistic activities vied with the histrionic, Ed joined us. His stature reached its full height when as Scrappy in *OUTWARD BOUND* he came up with

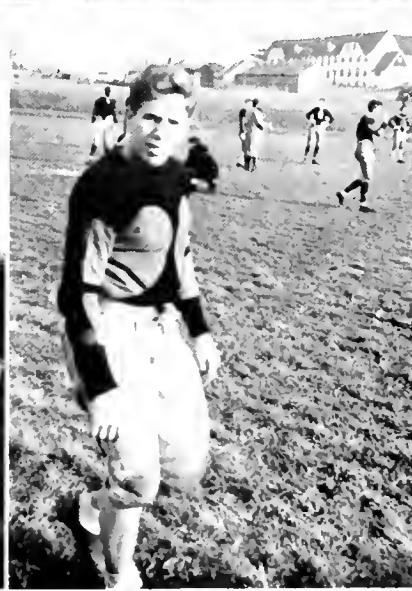
so convincing a characterization that the plaudits of the audience were all his, despite the presence of a previous Cap and Bells v. p., and others of high merit. He wound up his career here by taking leading roles in both the spring play, *HAY FEVER*, and *PATIENCE*, only his no-doubt Spartan living enabling him to withstand the rigorous rehearsal schedules, and still be one of us when June sixth came around. Ed has plans, too, of writing "the great American novel" after newspaper work has lined his larder. From then on, watch for his plays and novels leading the best-seller lists.



Arthur Evans. Art is one of the most instinctively good-hearted people we know, and a man with a keen and natural appreciation of human character. The fact that he is a chemist is undoubtedly not the primary fact of his college career. After all, you have to major in something, don't you? Art has always done his bit and a little more for whatever cause came to his attention which he felt to be a worthy and significant one. And more than most scientists we have run across, he has been able to keep a vital interest in his chemistry and still realize the importance of other events taking place about him. We will all be asked some time in the future to prove what we have got from college, and

when that time comes for Art, he probably won't say much of anything about his studies and his work—since study and work are not confined to the academy

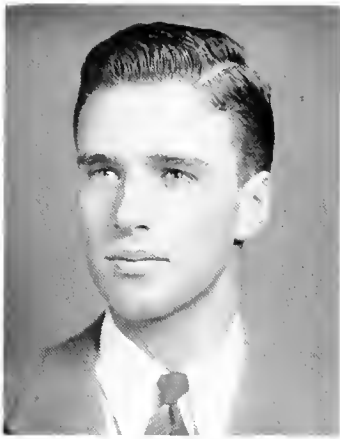
—but rather we can see his face lighting up when he thinks of the friends he has made and of the comradeship that he has found at Haverford.





W. C. Falconer. Lord Falconer, joshingly called "The Dooke" by his own little circle of illiterati in the Annex, is perhaps Haverford's best example of the nobleman who hasn't lost the common touch. Whether a taxi-dancer or a drug-store clerk, people just love the Dooke, and though he may refer to them as "those jerks," we who know him best realize full well that he just loves them, too, at least some of them. Walt is perhaps at his best on the track. He used up an extra drop of sweat one day in sophomore year and set a new college record. At the bridge table, milord is perfectly willing to let things pursue their normal course, but let some one challenge a Falconer system and the Dooke will

give him a lesson he'll never forget, won't you, Dave? It's probably the Dooke's invulnerability that makes the Coose and the other thousands worship him so. To date, we know of only one who has his number. It was she who brought about the historic phase which renders W. C. apoplectic and gasping, "What?— You wouldn't dare hang up on me!! . . . Operator! Operator!!"



Ed Flaccus. Well-bred geniality coupled with a sardonic but charming sort of humour characterize the Lansdowne Lothario. No Flagellante he, the whimsical evenings at Mr. Mann's establishment many times substituted for digging for Dixie. Scientist with a Bacchanalian slant, his volumetric research was nobly attempted even if Haworth did win the bet. A terror at tennis and the scourge of the soccer field, he also was responsible for persuading recalcitrant Rhinies that they really should wear those little caps. Perennial class officer, he seemed to lend order to chaos by the very appearance of him so stalwart and fine looking as he would read off how much the class had lost on its last dance.

Perhaps he will be most remembered as the member of that famed suavity-with-a-smile set. Little old Al would be interlocutor but Ed was end man and had the punch line. There was another line or so in Ed's life. One was the one he used to catch them with. Another was the one he dangled them from afterwards which was quite all right except that **we** could never get away with it.

Kenneth Foreman. What a Southern Gentleman! If anybody can, Ken "ken." Far outshining Cook's Tours, the travels of this North Carolinian are noteworthy, not only up and down from Davidson, but also last summer out into the Golden West by tent and Pontiac. Foreman's Western Tours cannot be duplicated. All the thrills of travel . . . losing one's money, doing cooking in a canny manner, marooned in a western village . . . were experienced by this adventurous Southerner. His career really should be that of an explorer. Although pre-medical in intentions, Ken is definitely an English major who enjoyed all the excitement and changes offered by that department. Truly, he has gone into the major and mystery and mastery of English. Although living in the Language House his senior year, he headed the famous Founders' table in the dining room, with a rather large appetite. His executive ability showed up in being manager of the stage crew in his senior year, and bringing the Radio Club from its vacuum into a higher frequency of meetings. Taking a liking to his studies, Ken dived into carrying seven courses during his senior year.

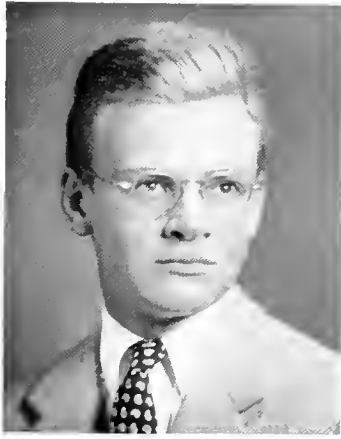


Wolfgang Franzen. Into a pot half-full of boiling magnetostriction pour the contents of a box of powdered Kant. Stir well, and slowly add a teaspoonful of satanic humor. Let simmer, and drop in tennis balls and chessmen to taste. Serve on a letter to the **News**. If this procedure is carried out at four o'clock in the morning, the result will most undoubtedly be Wolfie.



Wolfie is an individual; and few have ever penetrated the shrouds of his exterior. Those who have know he has a warm and generous personality and a mind so vigorous that he can master all of one of Fritzie's courses the night before an exam. They recognize him as the first real Bohemian on the campus since the days of Dick Poole. And they know that he possesses the grace of being genuinely witty.

But even if one knew him as well as this, Wolfie would probably continue to lead an untamed and self-sufficient life. He has a very fine sense of the meaning of freedom.



John Fust. Abercrombie is the one man on campus that can wear any sort of rig in any sort of weather and still keep such an air of aplomb that every one thinks it's just the thing. While striding aloofly across the campus he may wear anything from good substantial brogans to duck-boots; from a Custom's Committee cap to that natty all-weather, brim-down-for-rain affair that set the would-be fashionables all agog sophomore year. But in the monastic seclusion of Merion or the Penthouse he prefers nothing but blue-jeans. There he will sit, sans shirt, tie, shoes and socks, quietly contemplating—well—his future with Nance. A more than casual acquaintance with Magill, the Penthouse boys,

the Manna Bar, "Ask Me Another," the Pharmacy, Erie, Pa., and "Meldrum and Gucker" has made of John a well-rounded man. Captain of the fencing team, a worthier man has never raised his weapon in salute to the vanquished foe. A few more years of training and John will be a full-fledged doctor. That's just the place for him. Can you picture **him** in a khaki suit?



Jim Gary. Probably no one in the Class of 1942 better fits the title "smooth" than does Genial Jim. How many times have we the lesser lights waxed verdant with envy and chagrin when the suave Swarthmorite moved in on some lovely creature that we imagined existed for us alone. Gary's cute little-boy smile makes the girls want to take him in their arms and cover him with kisses. Tell us, Jim, has this ever happened? Of course it has you coy boy! Jim has always reminded us of the nice young boy in fiction who is vamped by the stony-hearted siren who later finds herself madly in love with him, reforms, gives up gin, settles down in a vine-covered cottage and provides for

posterity. Why, Jim, you're blushing!

Kirk Greer. Renown for his prowess in the "Apostolic Age" and Eighteenth Century Literature, Kirk Greer has taken two departments in his broad stride, the Biblical Literature (which is his major) and English.

A sprinter in his earlier days, Kirk is now definitely a little heavy for "Pop's" cinder-men, but his joviality makes him a center of jokes and tales, wherever his stride may take him.

One of Kirk's most amazing accomplishments is his ability to get good grades at college and at the same time support his family. Yet even with his time divided between College and his job, he always looks as carefree as the New Lloyd boys.

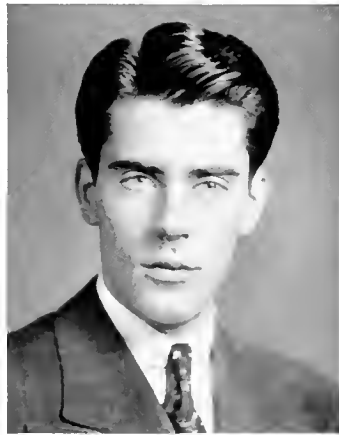
His musical talent is heard at the piano and organ. His tenor voice is noteworthy, so is his Glee Club, which he directs at Germantown Academy. Any word about Kirk must of necessity include mention of his pretty wife, Kathryn, who has been frequently seen at college dances and at Dr. Flight's semi-annual dinners for his students.

To those who know him best, Kirk is ever ready for some worthwhile conversation or bull session. All in all, Kirk plays a distinctive role in the Class of '42.



Lou Grier. There is much debate **from** Lou but not **about** Lou. He is well liked. Nothing was more deadly for a forensic rival than to undergo a rigorous cross-examination at the hands of Lou Grier who was usually well supported by his famous thumb-worn clipping. By his portrayal of the milkman in "Our Town" and in his original "duck walk" on the dance floor, his dramatic ability has become apparent. Straddling the organ, piano, and "squeal stick" (clarinet), he exhibited his musical talent. A charter member of the College Band, Lou always pushed the organization and finished his Senior year as its librarian. His red hair testified to the fire that seemed to keep him going. During any

autumn he was seen socking 'em on the soccer field and in the spring wielding a tennis racket. A history major, this Pittsburgh genius weathered Dr. Lunt's "jitter sessions" with great calm dignity and answered all questions with amazing accuracy. His experiences with Beaver College would make a splendid foundation for an edifying work entitled "Advice to Young Men," or "Why Not to Call a Taxi."





Jarden Guenther, Jr. Jay lies awake nights thinking of cricket and how he can bowl out Archer, the local terror, for here is undoubtedly the most enthusiastic cricketer on the campus. As a matter of fact, there are a good many things besides classes that take up his time. He reads a prodigious number of books unassigned by professors, and studies just before exams, believing that the only real education should be "broadening." He even made up a course in the French department, and took Sandy practically by surprise. Maybe some day "Studies in Voltaire" will find its rightful place in the college catalogue. Another subject is very dear to his heart: music. He'll stop at nothing as far as that is

concerned. For two years in a row, he's routed people from their beds at four A. M. to fight for the Cause, which is the obtaining of season tickets for the youth concerts at the Academy of Music.



Gove Hambidge. Coming from a Bureaucratic Washington, Gove Hambidge brought a long long list of courses with him he wanted to work into his schedule before he left Haverford. After a couple of years of heavy organization, Gove got so he could take six or seven at a time, which impressed the faculty into giving him a Cope fellowship to help pay off the Yale Medical School. We have seen our cherubic Napoleon lead the rush to courses in Bryn Mawr and defend his Austin on grounds of affinity. What we didn't know about until almost too late to get it in the RECORD was that after all this planning and organization Gove admits HE doesn't know any of the answers, either. He sat cross-

legged on his bed above the clouds in Founders and closed his companionate little black notebook furnished at a price by Lefax, Incorporated; he stared at the elephant crate that used to hold photo junk for Gove and terror for the rhinies, who had to move it; and he hitched up his pants cuff just like when he telephones. But he said he didn't know what was due to happen next. We tiptoed out, slamming the door. He never moved a muscle.

Heber Harper. Hebe can manage things with extreme efficiency. He is the delight of the track team, and Walt always expected him to "minister to my every little desire." South Barclay has seen a lot of Hebe, and vice versa, during the last four years. Freshman year he tried to keep up the moral standards on the second floor. The next two years saw him busily engaged on the stage crew, the **News**, and even acting. For relaxation from the daily grind of college life, he goes to New York once in a while for a week-end, and catches up on the new plays. Other interests are politics, international relations, and President Roosevelt. He has attended all of the seminar classes at President Morley's house, and it has been rumored that he has the inside track in knowing what's going on around college.



Edwin Harrington. Surrounded by a mountainous pile of junk which was more discreetly referred to as the Collection and was catalogued under Home Furnishings, Lumber and Millwork, Electric and Radio, Raw Materials, and Too Late to Classify, Ned sat in Lloyd. This collection was housed in the bureau drawers and overflowed lavishly into the rest of his bedroom. For two years, after an experience at Harvard which still left a dark brown taste in his mouth, he lived in Barclay and there founded the Barclay School of Social Criticism. Activities were a valiant attempt to revive the too moribund "Haverfordian," an unpublished treatise on The Amenities of Life (Plumbing), and a revision of the Haverford Catalogue, also unpublished. Besides these he had many projects at home such as the Whitmarsh Scrap Iron and Demolition Company to keep him busy week-ends. A profound interest in classical records filled his home with albums and bills for them. Conservative hours and a minimum of exercise kept him healthy and ready for the Selective Service Act, which made him leave college before mid-years to the accompaniment of a monk's chorus singing "Remember Poile Hobbur!"







Frank Hastings. Frank Hastings has shown more qualities of endurance at Haverford than almost any other member of our class. To illustrate, regard the freshman year spent amid the coal gas on the ground floor of Merion next to Velte, a sophomore year of serious illness, a second sophomore year in drafty 22 Founders with Fritz Nova, junior year with "little Napoleon" Hambidge, and a senior year of almost unbelievable tribulation all alone with his draft board.

We shall remember him as the quiet but belligerent Quaker who early mystified the Chem Department by majoring with them in spite of rhinie reverses, and who later much to Wilmer's surprise became one of the most

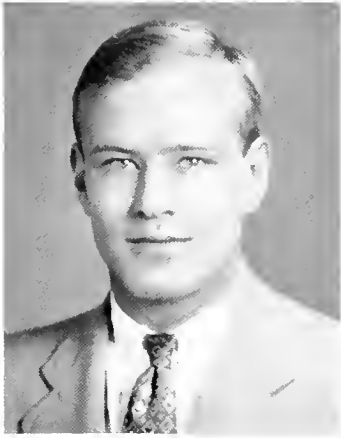
popular waiters in the dining hall.

There's absolutely no doubt that Frank and Frances hold the record in our class for the longest engagement, and we are willing to bet large sums of money that they will stay married the longest.



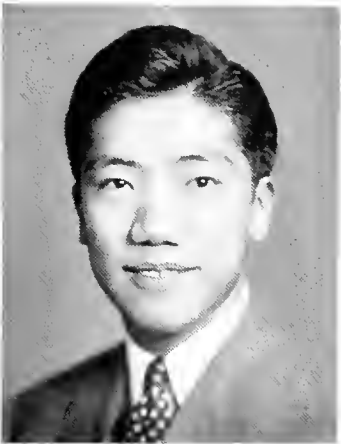
Tim Haworth. Picture a baby on a street corner eating candy. Up from nowhere, ears and knees akimbo, will come Tim. He will take the candy gently away, saying: "Fol-de-rol, my dear, you are probably one of the most charming young things I've ever met." Whereupon, instead of crying, the baby will smile happily at Tim's rationalization that candy is bad for little girls. Professors, deans, and especially girls become as putty under Hawthorne's charming influence. But don't kid yourself, his witty charm is only one of many long suits. Tim is an able soccer player and a sincere and intelligent thinker - in fact mentally one of the brighter of the Lloyd lights. Equally at home burbling

in a girl's ear, mulling a six-heart contract, or writing a two-weeks-overdue paper before breakfast, he will quickly put off till tomorrow what he undoubtedly can do better then anyway. Old Tim is exactly what he affably styles himself, "a neat fella."



Gordon Howe. Gordy found out early how to enjoy himself in life and has done just that since those Freshman days when he astounded Math I adherents with his knowledge of combinations and permutations. Into that interval he has managed to cram varsity letters in three sports, although his forte is soccer, coupled with a representative participation in other activities, and still has stayed in the good graces of the Chemistry department. Budding surgeon, especially versed in all the sulfas, he follows parental footsteps in this respect. In addition, the usual inordinate New England desire for skiing provided the impetus for the founding of a Haverford Ski team, which has done well under his

tutelage. Considering his affiliation with the Clee Club, and membership in Triangle and Varsity Clubs, one sees here a record that is imposing, and completely balanced. Relationships with women are legendary, for while the rest of the boys struggle along with one or two measly letters a week, the Howe correspondence has been known to eclipse the astonishing total of seven.



Ta Chun Hsu. The image of T. C. and Merion, mixed in the public mind, may perhaps take on the hues of a Gothic Romance. We know that when we first thought of T. C. living in Merion, we found it easy to conjure up visions of opium pipes and uncanny music, where hallways measureless to man run down to a sunless can. We were relieved, nay overjoyed, to find that T. C. does not affect the toeless sandal, or the jade Buddha on the mantel, or even the casket of trained cobras, though that would be permissible in Merion. T. C., in short, has come here with the highly commendable purpose of studying economics, so—blahhh! T. C. is that delightful sort of person who is there

without being conspicuously so, who walks quietly, talks quietly, eats quietly, thinks quietly, works quietly and lives quietly, and does all this with an unbounded patience. He never seems to want to go anywhere, except that when vacations roll around he's pretty well set on a dash to New York to see countryman Ch'en. Otherwise, life is settled in T. C., and he has long ago put away childish things to which most of us still cling.

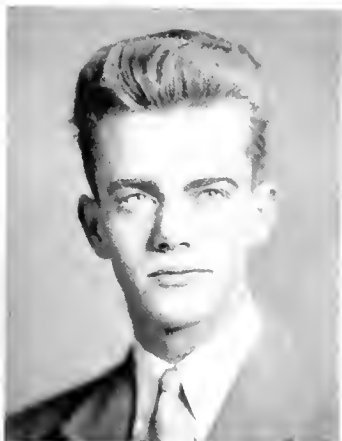
Frank Dallas Johnston, Jr. Dallas is frank in more than name only. He'll tell you just what he thinks about anybody and anything, at the slightest provocation, and it isn't hard to provoke him at times. His caustic comments are the delight of his friends, as well as the despair of some of them. One might say that he leads the contemplative life—he has been contemplating how slowly the time goes from the first day of Rhinie year to the last day of graduation. Philadelphia and the city life have certainly played no small part in his four college years. The department stores such as Lit's, Wanamaker's, Snellenberg's, Gimbel's and particularly Strawbridge's have seen quite a little of Dal. Ask him about the feud he had with one of his deliverymen—it's a good story and he tells it well. We thought he'd never become adjusted to this place, but he did finally. Maybe it's because he hasn't been here long enough to let it become unbearable.



H. W. Johnstone. Schoolboy philosopher, night owl and gentleman, Henry divides his time between "The Complete Works of Aristotle" and the "Omnibus of Crime." He has the pompous manners of a Turkish sultan, but would not hesitate to empty a salt-shaker into Rhodin's coffee. A creature of the night, amasser of huge quantities of second-hand books, tall, pale and stately, Henry will annoy you with a practical joke if you wish, or he might start reciting the latest from symbolic logic. No one has been able to penetrate that Mephistophelian gleam in his eyes, and all efforts to convince him that he should attend at least one class a week have failed. Henry continues with his



life, reading the **Herald Tribune** in the morning, blithely ignoring meals, classes and collection, turning from Beethoven to an occasional jazz record, getting up in the evening, sleeping through the day and shouting "Whoop?" through the dormitory when told that the Inner Light is calling him over the telephone. In between, you will find him building mousetraps and connecting his radio in some weird way to his alarm clock. His desk piled with detective stories, cigarette ashes, Plato's latest works, colored inks and a book on statistics, Henry is the perfect embodiment of his own idea of a college boy. We may have different ideas, but who would try to convert Professor Johnstone?



T. Canby Jones. "Well, 'Ugh, where did thee get that awful green coat At?" "That's a fine way to be a 'Black Quake.'" However, in spite of Fisk's colorful Ethiopian influence "Beans," at heart, is a practical Quake, open-minded, thoughtful, tolerant, and quiet—except, of course, when he's driving that chugging, peeping, four-cylindered Model A—"Beulah." His senior year, after having been engaged in leadership work at the Ardmore "Y," swinging a mean sledge on the College Service Project, and kicking a hefty right on the J. V. Soccer field, he took over the running of the Charity Chest.

His mercurial affections have bounded from Bryn Mawr to Oberlin, then from Media to ? but his basic good nature never seemed permanently shaken. As for the future—who can tell? But whatever, we can hear T. Canby's nasal drawl, and feel him straining with aching fingers to pull weighty words out of the air to get across his Luntian history or his T. R. Kellian philosophy.



Dick Kay. Dick's extracurricular interest centered around the Glee Club and the fencing team. As the quartet's second tenor, he managed to attend all the concerts and (for the most part) to stay on the right key. Life's Darkest Moment for Dick was to be told once that he was a half tone low. The fencing team nearly drove Manager Kay into the doghouse on many occasions, but the stalwart Philadelphian pulled through these complex situations with few battle scars. Perhaps Henri Gordon, the coach, knew him best. Planning a medical career, Dick nevertheless thought it best to complete the A. C. S. chemistry requirements. But medicine or chemistry are only a means to

an end, and with Dick the object is boating; sailboating and or motorboating. He is at his best when discussing problems of repair and construction, or when arguing the relative merits of different outboards.

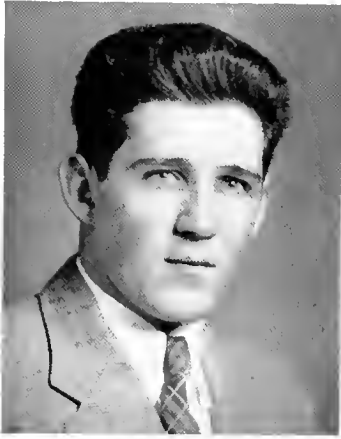
Malcolm Kirkpatrick. This fugitive from Charles Atlas has become the social phenomenon of the Class of 1942. Few of us will ever forget this blithe person of the blue convertible, the de Finna wardrobe, the Champagne breath, the mortgaged aeroplane, the pseudo-coon coat, the quest for the Commission and for Marian. Perhaps one of our most vivid memories of Kirk is seeing him sitting on the floor before final exams cutting open the pages of his textbooks. Possessed of an inordinate good humor every crisis was met by a neatly turned epigram and a crooked little smile. The eternal optimist in love was our Kirk. None dared so strongly to uphold the essential goodness, nay the equality, of women! Those days when the sociologist overcame the playboy we saw the serious student, the deep thinker, the ascetic. But not often.



Ted Lawrence. Somebody once characterized Ted as a Greek god: and perhaps it is in this guise that he is best understood. Now consorting with his fellow deities in the Olympian spaces of Barclay Tower, now piercing the Stygian gloom of the Chem Lab, ever sharing in the merry laughter of the gods, he is Pan incarnate. As a wing-footed Mercury, he never fails to show up with the Trib at 7:30 every morning. And Eros himself could do no better than to kiss all three Kelly sisters in one evening.

Ted's life is a testimonial to the efficacy of the Golden Mean. Arising regularly with the rosy-fingered dawn, he devotes his morning to leisurely classes and idle work. Of an afternoon he relaxes by shooting a lazy rubber of bridge or engaging in a brisk round of slip-practice behind Barclay. Come nightfall, and Ted is generally reviewing the latest at the Suburban. Neither Corp Scholarships nor a responsible position on the **News** have swayed his determination to lead a well-regulated life.





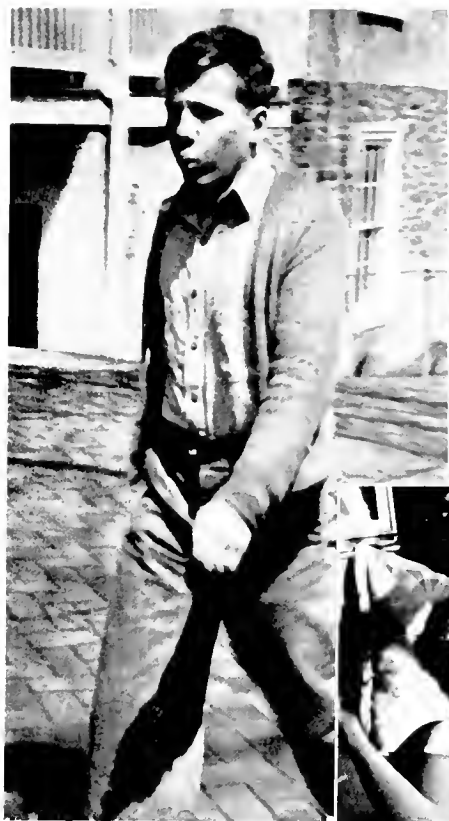
Jim Magill. Big Gun, Jarring Jim, Iron Man, etc. etc., carried on in the Magill tradition, only more so. Rhinie year, Jim played on Pop's J. V.'s. Ever since then he has confined himself to strictly high class performances on the varsities every season. Jim did his job well as football captain in senior year. Few will ever forget his dashing back and forth while backing up the line; if he'd had a whistle, he might have been mistaken for the Paoli local. But don't think our P is dumb in the head like most athletes, no-sir-ee, Bob! The several cliques of cosmopolites have bid frantically for his company and approval without stint. Jim just shrugs and indulges in their mad-waggeries as the spirit

moves him. He's equally at home in the bridge-and-absinthe set, the Hell-let's-go-to-a-movieites, and excites the bravos and admiration of all by his brilliant tactics and logic in the Penthouse Debating Society. Phineas did much for those around him. He has proven a mentor and tutor to many. Falconer and Aldridge got their poise and polish only through Jim's coaching.



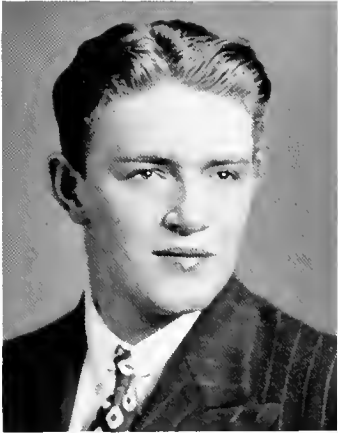
Malcolm McGann. If New England integrity is represented anywhere on this campus, it is represented by our leading authority on opera and naval power who signs his interminable term papers with an angular Malcolm H. McGann, Jr. None of Mac's friends would trade him for fifty ordinary mortals; the tragedy is that he has kept his light under the successive comparative bushels of Merion, Founders, and the Language House. But Mac explains that any dorm is something of a bushel, and you might as well pick a good one.

We asked him once if he would let us in on the secret of how he gets out to so many shows and still manages to keep three or four whole jumps ahead of his work. "The point is this," he said (he was washing up after pulling the chess club through another petrifying battle with some tough Swarthmorons), "if you go up to a Bryn Mawr dance early enough in the fall, you never have any trouble studying the rest of the year."





Phil McLellan. If the McClellan of 1862 failed because he was ever waiting to go forward, the McLellan of Haverford 1942 will succeed because he is never waiting but forthwith proceeds with pace set and determined and a rather business-like look on his face. The smiles on his face come from the miles of his helpfulness. Especially is his effervescent radiance felt at the breakfast table in the morning where, as a waiter, he gives his "super service with a smile." Always good natured, he is the victim of many of the waiters' jokes. Stalwart tackle on the football team, he has been noted for "thinking" while in action. In the winter Phil was an indispensable link on the Day Students' basketball team, especially during his junior year. His athletic season is rounded out in the spring by his hurling the discus for "Pop." Not only did his joy of dancing reveal itself on the dance floor, but also in his hard work on the Vic Dance Committee. As a Sociology major, Phil is tops. Facing the "realism of realistic reality" all of his papers are saturated with a typical sociological approach.



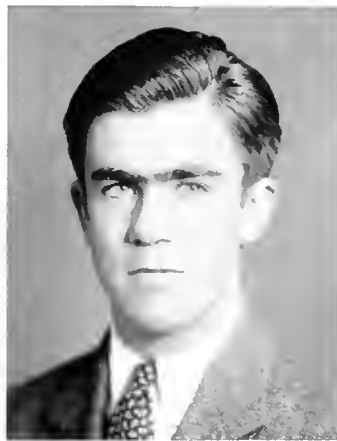
Bill Meldrum. We were prepared, at first, to be a bit awed by the presence of the son of our herein-honored favorite professor, but Bill immediately put us at our ease. Being a day student, he had his commutation problems (no doubt!) which seemed successfully to have been solved by the familiar Zephyr seen whipping around school these past years. Long a mainstay of the Mainliners when they were under the genial tyranny of "Cheerful" Charlie Fisher (that bright spot in the dreary morass of ex-Haverfordiana), W. B. M., Jr., has now turned over the music-making to his brothers, and is concentrating upon duplicate bridge, Advanced Organic, and a very attractive brunette. As this year's football manager, Bill was more active and efficient than any of the rest we remember— one good reason for the team's best showing in many years. He's a good man, Meldrum! Probably even did his own Chem homework . . .

Robert Miller. A man of few words. Bob is always chosen when people want things done. He, too, is an excellent athlete. Modest as all get-out, Bob has piled up an enviable record for himself during his four years here at Haverford. While busily engaged in sports the year round, he has still managed to keep the "Corp" scholars on the jump, lest they tumble from their exalted height. And yet, as one of the elite "Penthouse Boys," Bob has had a whale of a good time, in spite of his hard work. From the point of view of human interest, we might add that Bob is the third in a succession of fine brothers who will someday be able to form their own Haverford



Alumni Association. We understand that Bob intends to enter the Navy after graduation. If so, we feel sure that the grim determination and will-to-win that Bob has so often displayed in his activities here at school, will doubtless cause the enemy no end of worry. Best of luck to you, Bob!

Paul O'Connor. Any Haverford man who has attained such heights as Corporation Scholarships and Phi Beta Kappa keys, especially when majoring in a science, usually brings to mind the horn-rimmed spectacles, drooping shoulders, black two-button suits, and sallow complexions of the men you've barely glimpsed as they hurried from the library to their rooms with eight or ten large and dusty books under their long and stringy arms. Now, O'Connor, he has seen more than one Corporation Scholarship; he can dangle a "Phi Bet" key with the best of them, but beyond that the comparison proves slightly more than misleading. For Paul is one of those happy and rare combinations of contradictions:



the brilliant brain and the pleasant personality; the scientific whiz and the well read and rounded literary aesthete; the powerful concentrator and the easy relaxer. Officially, he rooms and bones in the recesses of Lloyd; actually he is to be found bandying flashy small talk across a well-worn bridge table with the Merion Mawlers.



Chuck Olson. We could rave about the Sahib (Hind, great white lord) along any lines you desire, but the most exciting side of Olse's existence is painted in three colors, blonde, brunette and red-head. The only failure on his books is the celebrated upset on the Paoli local. It was on this occasion that (Chuck dropped a match book with instructions to call Ard. 2147 at 2 P. M. into the lap of an amused blonde. The cutie must have lost it though, because Chuck waited till five with no results. He's still allergic to phones in the afternoon. The chickens who have a yen for the body beautiful will seek no more after meeting Olse. With four years of football as a sticky-fingered end, many seasons

as a Merion All-Star basketballer, and as perhaps "the most outstanding javelinier of the suburban areas," Chuck has become well **zusammengeschlungen**. Fighting in alleys and playing shortstop on the Manna You-know-whats have rounded out the figure divine.



Courts Oulahan. History alone will be able to pass judgment on Editor Oulahan. With all the evidence before us—gay parties, editorial campaigns, sleepless nights, corporation scholarships, a second-hand Plymouth coupe, frequent trips to Bryn Mawr, innumerable discussions in Roberts Hall—we cannot issue a verdict. Let it suffice for the moment to say that he was one of the most active members of the class. In the race for the editorship of the **News** he outstripped his competitors. It was done by diligent, unceasing newsgathering and feature writing, and with the help of his 1932 automobile "with a 1935 motor in it." Courts' talents have not been restricted to the journalist's

tasks, however, for he was class president Rhinic year, and has been active in debating and on the Student Council. A man of action, we say, whose influence has been felt by almost every group at College. With his whole career centered around newspaper work, we may expect to find Courts twenty-five years hence in the editor's office of the New York **Times**. At least it's not outside the realm of possibility.

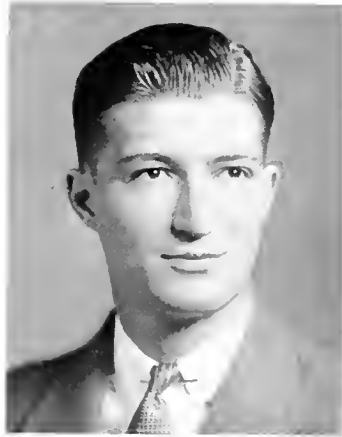
Dave Poole. "Good morning!" . . .

For four years the Lloyd Loys have stumbled sleepily out into the pre-breakfast mist to be met by this disgustingly cheerful cry accompanied by a jovial slap on the back and a much too smiling face. Incurable author of this annoying little habit - Dave, exponent of the vigorous life; this in spite of the fact that he regularly burns early morning oil in pursuit of the fifth dimension. A perennial class officer and gentleman miler, Dave's good looks are matched only by his flawless running style as he and Falconer fly around the track with easy poise and considerable success. Patiently and with considerable gaiety he will expound for hours on his almost perfected rocket ship. His ambition is to design airplanes. And if we can judge anything by the bewitching curves plotted by Dave on those Vic Dance posters American pilots will soon be flying planes with sex appeal.



Thor Rhodin. Thor's ancestors used to conquer England every spring; and there's something of the old Viking ruggedness about his personality. But the centuries have so distilled his Scandinavian blood that it is impossible to imagine him in the likeness of his savage forebears, who at this moment are undoubtedly chuggalugging their mead in Valhalla. For Thor is above all a gentleman.

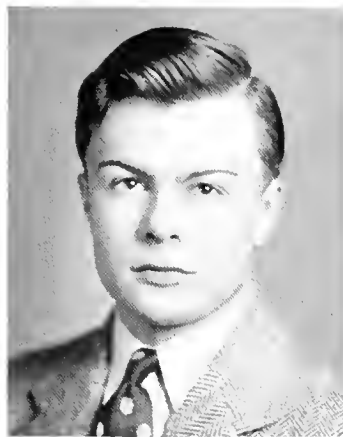
Thor's civilized accomplishments include an erudite mastery of the English language in its purest form—that is, as it is spoken at Ebbetts Field; a game of bridge marked by a suave and casual manner of bidding slams; and a conveniently lenient attitude toward Collection-cutters. He flies a mean airplane; and is frequently to be seen dropping water-bombs on Barclay for practice. His knowledge of Chemistry is as impeccable as is his appearance just before one of his periodic **soirees** at Mary Ellen's home. These are the things that make us believe that Thor has tamed the wild blood in his veins, and has renounced the saga of the North in favor of a scholarly and sane existence within the College walls.





Ken Roberts. Out of the depths of the dining hall, out of the glare of backward and shameless frivolity, there rose that noble head. Strong men drew back, women swooned, babies shrieked, but the preliminary clapping at the leader's table soon quieted the throng. The bald one was about to speak. Was our leader going to take someone to task at this inopportune moment? What momentous thought lurked behind that high, bronzed brow?

All at once, a tremendous, awestruck sigh broke from the very depths of the assembled multitude. The hero had permitted that most desired of things . . . a glimpse of his profile! There was that classic nose, that strong jaw, that wide, generous mouth, all as it had been in his picture as captain of the soccer team on the front page of the **News**. But now he was facing us again. He was about to speak! The clapping at his table had ceased . . . the mouth was opening! . . . Suddenly, someone sneezed. A freshman laughed foolishly. The spell was broken. Spoons again clattered. Conversation resumed its normal course. No one heard the announcement.



Paul Saxer. Paul is remembered by the class, and particularly by his fellow chemistry students, as a hard worker who always had plenty of time for bull sessions, intramural sports, and varsity baseball. His regular attendance at campus events belied his status as a day student. Underneath the joyful, carefree manner that has made Paul well known at College, lies a more serious attitude which is evidenced by his admittance into Phi Beta Kappa last year. Paul's interests are varied, but swing bands ("solid stuff") and the fairer sex seem to be near the top of the list. Other diversions come in for their share, including a job in the Chemistry department.

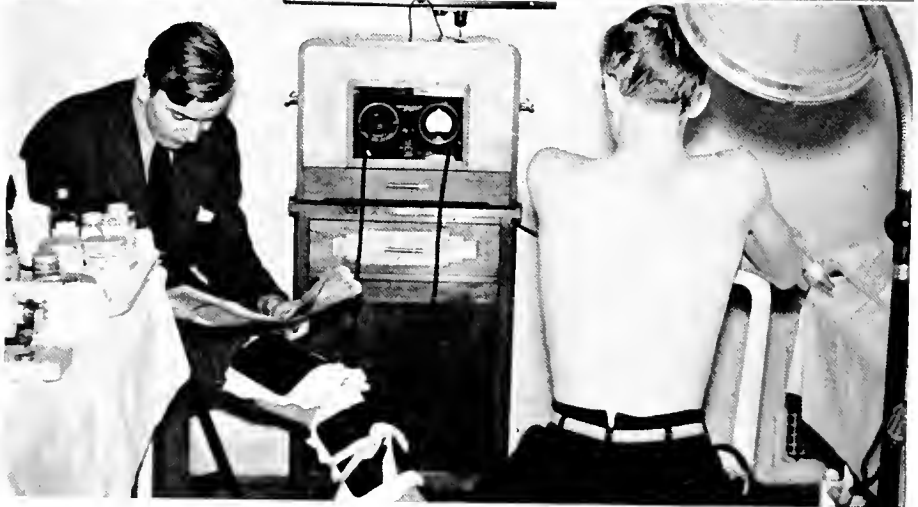
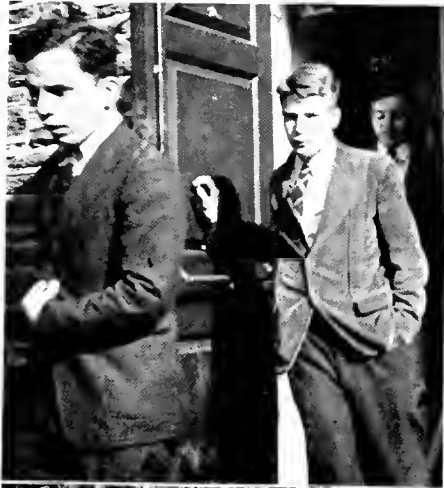
But on the average day Paul can be found in the organic laboratory, casually stirring some bright-colored, foul-smelling concoction, while he discusses the news of the day with T. O. and "some of the boys." Or if you happen to catch him in the quantitative laboratory, and ask him what he's doing, Sax will radiate with joy and reply "camphor cryoscopy." It's research.

Charley Schaeffer. A mystery to many, yet to close associates, one of the jolliest Dutchmen in Pennsylvania, Charley is essentially a very nice gent. Mystery is used because of his rather secluded life, which has been spent away from the rest of campus activities, and which has led many to misunderstand him. Barclay inhabitant from 'way back, taker of profound notes, and producer of even more monumental type-written copies of certain courses in carbon compounds, he has maintained a purposeful path toward fulfillment of his family heritage of medicine. Thus attainment of this goal meant days consisting of a round between the Chem and Bug labs, and evenings spent perfecting the touch system over a Royal. Enconced behind a bastion of sagary goodies such as only a Lehigh County cuisine produces, he could well afford to be content while more carefree, equally hungry, less fortunate classmates shoved nickels across Coop counters for post-Clement indulgences. Everybody could see roomie Abbott's waistline acquiring noticeable circumference this year, and not because of his store committee position either.



Dave Sensenig. Fulfilling the Hollywood-inspired requirement of being tall and dark, rather affable and easy-going, and given to wearing expensive tweeds, Dave holds tenaciously to the Main Line norm. Probably a bit more seriously inclined than his fellow townshippers, he nevertheless symbolizes them in external appearance, especially in tails. Avid enthusiast of the Duck and things organic, he is enraptured at the thought of the body as a perpetual marvel of Chemistry. Accordingly, one is likely to be buttonholed at any time, and the ensuing discussion may range all the way from the process involved in the fermentation of sugars during body metabolism to the latest values at Browning King's, a fact somehow related to physical well-being. One observed datum never yet explained is how he can continue to stuff himself with Schaeffer pastry, and still remain slim, but the odds are two to one that he will work out this problem in time also. Pressure on Wellesley results in frequent moanings about the length of time involved in becoming an earning medico.

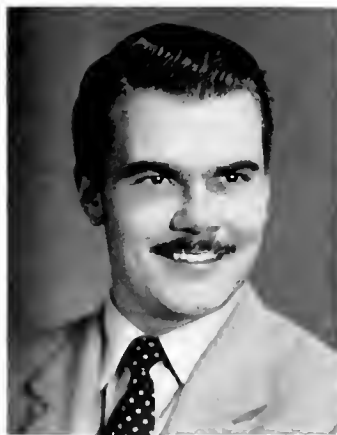




Hank Skerrett. There is no mistaking W. H. W. Skerrett, Jr., when he sweeps, as majestically as his not overly elongate physique permits, across the campus, the rim of his brown and battered fedora reluctantly absorbing the smoke from a jauntily tilted pipe. This, then, is the power behind whatever Republican machine survives on the Haverford grounds, the cutter of classes galore who still achieves a moderately respectable average, the chronic day student who has threatened for years to start living on the campus and who may have made good his threat by the time this appears. Hank's home in Wayne has been a perfect refuge for a legion of Haverfordians; here the red-head presides over a bridge table, or runs to the kitchen for more ice, as his guests peek happily at each other's cards, sing old ballads around the fire, or discuss anything remotely discussable. Then there is the Chevy station wagon, initialed SAG for obscure reasons, which has shuttled thousands of Henry's contemporaries to the Straw, Whitehall, and neighboring bright-spots.



Donald Chapman Spaulding. Don has come a long way since Rhinie year. When he dwelt in the shadow of Walt Falconer. Sophomore year saw the emergence of a new—a better Spaulding. He made Merion Annex his headquarters and came under the influence of Bob Hecht, Tiny Smith, Dick Potter, and the never-to-be-forgotten Sam McCulloch. This might be called his probationary year, for when Don became a junior, he established himself as a sure-fire, full-fledged, devil-may-care Merionite. Ah, those happy, carefree days of clichés, diletantisms, long week-ends and ten-cent quarts of "Old Anthem." How we wish we had them back!

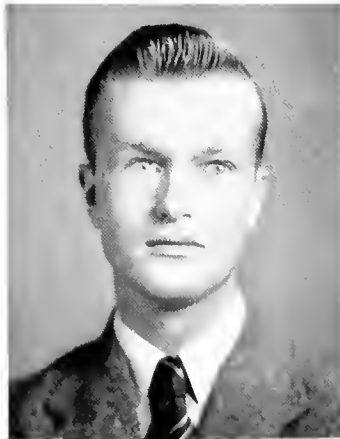


We would let things go at that except that Don experienced yet another metamorphosis. Senior year he locked himself up in his room and grew a moustache. What a shame! We who love Donald can't even see him any more because of that manly growth. Also he has taken to actually reading books—thousands of them. We disapprove of this. While we spend most of our time getting what we want out of college, Don is making himself a howling success!



Bob Starr. Few know the real Bob Starr; hard-bitten Cap'n of the twenty-six foot *Acidophilus I* sailing out of Cape May, relic of many a merry rum-running escapade. We'll bet a cookie that **you** never realized that Bob was an experienced salt. No sir, gentle reader, all **you** ever see of our hero is the external man, not the soul. Often as not you may see him wandering through the woods, or along the nature walk, armed with sundry traps, butterfly nets, bottles of formaldehyde and a seven-by-nine picture of Professor Dunn.

To his intimates he is known as an avid bridge player, ever present at the nightly soirées held on the third floor of Merion; chief dissenter and martyr to the hard-luck bidding systems laid out periodically by partner Weaver. He is also known as a well-traveled man, when his thumb isn't too tired, in fact, the state legislature of Missouri gave him citizen papers because he goes out there so frequently. He goes where the wind takes him, on land as on the sea. It's not that he doesn't give a d—n, it's—well, he just doesn't give a d—n!



Franklin Sweetser. Our first recollection of Frank dates from the days of French 2 in Rhinie year when, amid the "Sturm und Drang" that most of us suffered at the hands of Uncle Billy and his "Practical French Prose Composition," the imperturbable Frank very quietly walked away with a 95. His interest and ability in languages apparently never waned, for in his Senior year we find him the pride and joy of the French department (and, we might add, the only major), living among that fast set in the International Language House. In conversations with the Senor and Senora, when all we could manage to say was "Si, Si" or "H me faut aller au . . . campus," Frank was at his ease in

Spanish, French, or German. Sailing, Glenn Miller, and that little number on the Cape, give us the other side of the picture.

Gene Szerlip. "We're all men here, aren't we?" So booms out the bearded breast beater. As if anything was needed to prove his masculinity he has to grow that darned beard!

Cocktails for breakfast don't faze Gene, and we can truthfully say we aren't quite up to that. Perhaps we too could lie around on floor like a big lazy cat, though.

Gene has been known to burble with joy over an assortment of knives commonly called surgical tools. The reason? You've guessed it already. He is going into the medical field. Now, isn't that tricky? If he is as good a sawbones as a wrestler then look for a drop in insurance rates. The country doctor seems an appropriate role for Gene considering his oft expressed liking or Flemington farmland.



D. C. Thompson. "Party? Party?" This the rallying cry of David (Papa Bacchus) Thompson when anxious to preside over a revelry or two. The Elsa Maxwell of the Penthouse, neatly sidestepping Comps, has left us for Casey Jones' school of aeronautical engineering after which he hopes to join the designing staff of Flying Jenny Inc. We'll never forget the mad, mad brawls Dave arranged for us however, nor the women he taught us to know and love. Remember Mary, with her I. Q. of 43, "I'm crazy-for-a-pony-of-b---y" Alice, lovely Louise, and You-know-what-Connie?

Dave had his practical side as well for it was he who organized the Jaundiced Jaunters who kept themselves in such dandy shape of a Sunday morning, and it was Dave who taught us the social graces, bridge, and serious thinking al out you name it. A capable intramuralist, his services will be missed by the Manna Marvels this Spring. We only hope he'll return in time to put us through our paces the night before graduation.





John Darsie Thomson. Calvinistic Jake has come to us from that glorified smudgepot, Pittsburgh, swinging a fencing saber like Carrie Nation swung her axe. Easy-going, sin-loving Haverfordians have been known to throw the darn thing out the window at the dour disapproval of the Lowland Scot. Sometimes Jake took things in his own hands and threw them out of the window himself. Somehow we feel that in Jake alone of the class there are the good old-fashioned solid qualities of the Puritan. Perseverance and dogged determination designate Jake. A well-run life, a decent life, a respectable life! Jake proved himself one of the more conscientious and hard-working class officers

and when he started out to collect the dues, the dues were collected. We have sometimes suspected that in Jake lay the desire to be wicked like the rest of the class but maybe we're just envious!



George Warner. If you are interested in pure sport and all-round athletic ability, "Pop" Warner is your man. A four-letter man by the end of his freshman year, Pop has gone on to capture the singular honor of being elected to the captaincy of two major sport teams in his senior year. His flashy speed on the gridiron, the track, and the diamond, is only equalled by his pep and drive when the going gets tough. The very answer to a coach's prayer, Pop makes up for size by brains as well as brawn. On one occasion, after correcting George's exam, Dr. Herndon saw fit to call then President Comfort and inform him of George's brilliant comprehension of the knotty problems of

constitutional law. One of the most popular and best-liked men on the campus, all of us felt his loss keenly when George left to do his duty in defense.

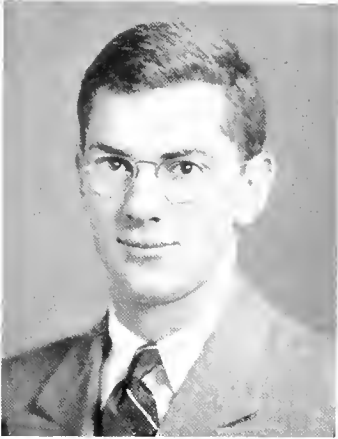
Dan Weaver. If you ever want to catch Danny between the hours of 11:00 P. M. to 3:30 A. M. all you have to do is to produce a deck of cards and say to your nearest companion in a well modulated voice, "Would you like to play a few hands of bridge?" If Danny is on the campus, he will come tearing around the corner in the next five seconds, shrieking, "Quick rubber! Quick rubber! Who wants to play one quick one!" If you're lucky you'll be through in time to catch a little lunch the following noon. Danny is the mentor of that stellar whist-combo known as **Starr and Weaver, Offices in Merion Hall, third floor back.** An untiring fabricator of bidding systems, quaint and complex, he has never



been known to go down more than 30,000 points in one evening; but his most charming attribute is that he will never admit defeat. You just can't do it without the cards. Ofttimes in the morning, when the raveled sleeve of care has been knitted, purred and tied off, you may be awakened by a silvery serenade in the bathroom which is none other than the versatile Dan running through the graceful lilts and cadences of his morning madrigal. Dan lacks the profundity of the Basin Baritone, so he blushingly contents himself with the role of Toilet Tenor.

Jack Wise. In Wise's high-school year-book, there was a somewhat sententious adage: "John Hice Wise, as the name implies." With due consideration for the general level of intellect exhibited by a high school, we must say that this comes close to hitting the n. on the h. We have watched Wise, during four years in Merion, gradually unencumber himself of foolish habits, until two of the chief things left (probably **the** two things, but we haven't asked him) are a burning zeal for the Chem Lab and for Lansdowne, Pa. We might say, with all desire to be kind, that Wise does not go to the latter place to harangue Professor Teaf. "Jocular Jock" they call him around Merion, always ready with a brick or other blunt instrument if **anyone** wakes him up a **minute** before 7:40 A. M. And we have seen strong men weep with agony when the bidding got out of hand along in the small hours of the morning, and Wise turned on the luckless fool a glare which can best be described as baleful. Never one for the pomp and circumstance of this world, Wise has a sport coat which he assures us was cut from the seat of a Paoli Local. Frolicsome fellow, this Wise.





Scott Worrall. Scotty is known on the football field as the perambulating dislocation. Flinging his limbs about with abandon Winfield would charge the enemy line inflicting bruises and sundry injuries with his flying limbs . . . Unfortunately Scotty also carried this habit into the intramural basketball league. Accordingly he rang up a total of more personal fouls than did even Butcher Childs. Too much cannot be said about the famed Worrall approach to the more serious phase of college life. We refer of course to Scotty's numerous Harcum Blitzkriegs. Armed with a blush and a **bon mot**—especially a blush—Scotty would soon have all the more desirable secretively

snipping locks of his hair for their hope chests. Scotty is the boy who in Grammar School was trapped by the girls in the cloakroom and simply smothered with kisses.

LOST SHEEP

To close the Senior section without mention of some of the Ex-'42's would be amiss. Who can ever forget Dick Potter who was everybody's idea of Cafe Society. Hank Lodge of the nimble fingers and the Bohemian turn of mind. That incomparable Southerner, Sam McCulloch, an owlish Rabelais for whom the Confederacy ever lived. Dave Chambliss, the rhetorical wit who was our idea of a real Southern gentleman. Phillip Mayer who brought a little bit of Harrow to Haverford. Ace cricketer and ruddy fellow Ratcliffe. Phil Minor with his affable greeting. Dick Mayer and Bob Steptoe, socialites now sporting battle dress. Jack Crawford whose mathematical mind was true genius. Med school in Senior year claimed Fox, Lewis, Flick and Farquahr. Dave and Molly always did make us feel just a little tender to look at them. Nichols took a breather in the Navy for a while. One of the more accomplished of our Thespians was Rex King. Rex also had accomplishments in other lines. Dave Fales seemed to think that Princeton had more to offer which just goes to show how wrong people can be. Frazier is flying a patrol bomber for the Navy now. Thalheimer hit the road and ended up at Reed College. Strasbaugh had an unfortunate encounter with illness and couldn't make it back Senior Year. Kunkel decided to spend his time in Quaker work.

We're '44

THE Class of 1944 picked up where they had left off last June and during the first half of the new college year have continued to play a leading part in campus activities. The class was augmented by five new men, four of whom transferred from other colleges: William M. Fausig from Harvard, Richard H. Warren from Dartmouth, Robert W. Hill from Maryland and Allen C. Hamilton from Amherst; Alfred Boysen has returned to Haverford after a year's absence.

In September Ellsworth C. Alvord of Washington, D. C., was elected president and Charles M. Mathias of Frederick, Maryland, vice-president of the class. Robert B. Day and Samuel E. Stokes, Jr., were chosen secretary and treasurer respectively, with Jodie Dee Crabtree, Jr., William R. McShane and James H. Worl on the Executive Committee.

The sophomores' most spectacular claim to fame during the fall sports season came when Joe Jordan, hard charging guard, was chosen on the All-State Third Team of Pennsylvania football players. Dave Stokes held up the class honor equally well on the soccer field by scoring a total of six goals to win third place in the high scoring division for the Middle Atlantic Loop. In addition to Jordan, John Amussen, Spencer Stuart, Dee Crabtree, Bill Conn and Jack Hough won letters in football and Bud Grier and Jim Shipley were awarded numerals. Arnold R. Post, who scored three goals during the season, Tom Elkinton and Gilbert H. Moore, Jr., as well as Stokes, were soccer lettermen. George Cocks and Bob Day turned in good performances on the soccer field and won their numerals.

A word here for the hard-working managers! James H. Worl, H. Craig Sutton, Jr., and Charles E. Fox, Jr., worked hard and seldom missed a day of "practice."

Completing the roster of fall sports, Wolfgang H. Lehmann and Bill McShane were regulars on the Cross-Country squad.

Nor were the sophomores inactive in literary pursuits. Ellsworth Alvord and William L. Hedges were on the board of the *Stack*. George D. Hopkins, Richard H. Warren, Daniel E. Davis, Jr., John M. Krom, H. Royer Smith, Jr., and John T. Hough were on the editorial board of the *College News*. Donald H. Baird was assistant Sports Editor with George E. Bair and Charles E. Fox, Jr., as his associate editors.

On the Business Board were Wolfgang H. Lehmann, David L. Marshall, Patrick Robinson, Richard W. Watkins and James H. Worl. Robert B. Day was an associate photographic editor.

At the staff elections in January, John Krom, Richard Warren, Daniel Davis and George Hopkins were named *News* Editors for the coming year.

Sophomores took part in two stage productions this fall, one at Haverford and one at Bryn Mawr. James C. Haden, John Frantz and Seymour Alden appeared in the Bryn Mawr Players' production of *Stage Door* on December 5th and 6th. In Haverford's own Roberts Hall, Walter Hollander donned the Nazi uniform of Otto Horcht for two nights in Claire Booth's *Margin for Error*, a Cap and Bells production.

There were other activities less in the public eye. Perhaps we should have

mentioned the Corporation Scholars earlier in the article to avoid the suspicion of subordinating academic to athletic achievements. Robert Day, Ellsworth C. Alvord, Jr., Donald H. Baird and John Frantz are the four top ranking scholars.

Henry H. Gray, John W. Clark and Elmer H. Funk, Jr., have been active in the Friends' Service Project. Gray has been studying the problem of nutrition as well as partaking of more strenuous physical work and Clark and Funk have been studying sanitation.

On Friday, December 12, the sophomores joined the seniors in sponsoring a dance. C. Webster Abbott headed the committee of sophomores that did most of the organizing for the affair. The others on the committee were Frederick A. Curtis, Jr., Seymour Alden, Gerald E. Myers and David E. Stokes.

Shortly after we returned from the Christmas vacation, events took a much more dramatic turn. Bill Tausig, after four months in our midst left to drive an ambulance in Libya with the British American Ambulance Service. At the date of writing none of our class has been drafted and this has been our unique contribution to the war effort. *This* is not used here in the neuter sense to refer to Mr. Tausig, but to the gallant act of devotion on the part of our class in relinquishing one we held so dear.



Winter sports caught the sophomores again pitching in to augment the rosters in every department. "Bus" Alvord and Arnie Post added considerable strength to the wrestling team. Edmund Goerke, Jr., and Henry S. Vila did their part for the squash and Seymour Alden for the fencing squads. One sophomore only shone in basketball and that one was Daniel K. Miller — who saw considerable service until someone inflicted a gash over his left eye in the Drexel game and put him out of commission for the last and the biggest contest—that with Swarthmore. At any rate the sophomores contributed nothing to the losing of that tilt (we prefer to make our assertions on this score in a negative way). John Amussen's services were lost to the basketball squad at the outset of the season.

In another activity little in the public eye a sophomore played a vital part throughout the half year. Paul Bolgiano, a member of high standing in the Nautical Club, brought his dinghy in second only to a Drexel sailed boat at the quadrangular meet at Princeton on October 19.

In short, sophomores managed to mingle pretty much into everything that first half of the 1941-42 college year and to those mentioned above as well as to the many we did not call attention to is due much of the credit for the keeping alive of the Haverford spirit.

JACK HOUGH.





This is '43

THE keynote to the juniors is found in two names—Anderson and Zander. Neanderthal Ned is near the top of the class alphabetically, he has amassed Corp scholarships perennially, and he came through this spring with the editorship of the *News*. Then there was Doug Zander who breezed through Freshman year in a cloud of women, automobile accidents and innumerable glasses of milk, and hasn't been heard from since. Everyone else falls in between somewhere.

After Freshman year the class settled into two main groups, those that lived in Center Barclay, and those that lived on the Gold Coast of Old and New Lloyd. Then there were those few that picked Founders, but—oh well, those things happen.

Of course there are groups within groups too. The people on the first floor of Center Barclay, like Hunter, Cope, Gilbert, Hallet, Leventow, and Peterkin, are good examples. They profess a great interest in their studies, but actually they spend a majority of their time thinking up vulgar limericks and vulgar names for each other, and in playing darts. The second floor of Center has athletes and strong silent men like Shihadeh, Meader, Mason and Whitehead. Moon and Bowman go into special classes of their own.

In Lloyd, First Entry is easily the most astounding. In fact Dr. Watson might do well to send his Soc. 2B boys around to investigate the living conditions, habits, and colors of such weirdly assorted people as Steins, Lee, Lippincott, Enck, Coffin, Wingerd, and their ex-officio members Cadbury and



Marsh. As you move on through Second and Third Entry the company gets more and more distinguished until you reach Fourth Entry and MacCrate and Hogness. Finally, in 9th Entry the peak is reached with the skiing and social set composed of Evans, Ferris, Newell, Howe, and their Court Jester, that fabulous personality, charter member of the "regs," Ezra Clark Stiles.

All the rest fall into miscellaneous categories, somewhat like one of Charlie's stews. There are some good things, some bad, and some completely unidentifiable. Here we have Howard Lutz who works hard, makes no fuss, and gets things done. Bill Harris in his inevitable dungarees, and the remote control electric lock on his door. And Shepard, and Sevringhaus, and Coalidge, and Hamill, and Studwell.

J. C. McG.

Rhinies 1945 Style

THEY called us "Rhinies." Yes, that's what they called us. We were the Class of '45, Freshmen all. We hailed from many parts of the globe, from China, from Panama, and all points East and West. We were green. "Pardon me, but where's 52 North Barclay?" "Where's the Dining Hall?" "Where's Tenth Entry?" These were typical of questions we asked, and here were typical replies: "Another crop of dumb Rhinies." "Come here boys, see what I've found." "You're just the fellow I'm looking for, a nice clean-cut kid. There's a little matter of a piano in 3rd floor Barclay to go to Second Entry Lloyd." "Hey, Rhinie, grab this chair!"

We moved in. We took over all of North Barclay. We held parts of all the dorms—Lloyd, Founders, and all of them. We were initiated into the great Haverford family by a Faculty Reception on a Thursday night, and when we came back to our rooms, we saw the results of a soph raid. We got them. How many in the pond? We won't tell. Horrors! Classes began almost immediately! Coming just from prep school, we were swamped by the work. We got little sleep those first weeks.

"Mr. Flaccus." "Mr. Hogness." Yes, we met up with Customs. We were "Rhines" from the big button to our flowing artist's bow, from black socks to our red and black skull caps. Rhine Duty. "Come here Rhine. See this table!" The bridge after Meeting. Sometime in the memory of those first few weeks we had an election—first under the Students' Council, then one under our own power. "Stace" Widdicombe was elected president with "Jimmy" Johnston as vice-president; "Johnny" Cary, secretary; "Kent" Balls, treasurer. "Art" Jones, "Sam" Fox, and "Bill" Kirk were all to serve as Executive Committee members.

With our officers elected, our lessons up (or down), and the football team hot, we were out to lick the world, including the sophomores. Speaking of the football team, there were Rhines starring there, weren't there? Remember "Art," "Bill," "Chuck," "Bob," "Charlie," and all the rest. Stout Rhines all. Soccer too. Those Rhine jay-vees were in there pitching (that is to say, kicking), "Beans," "Bart," "Beck," "Johnny," "Bill," "Sam," and "Ed." Collections, Meetings, The Coop, The Crumb, all now everyday places, events, and people. Quarterlies. Our first all-night sessions. Club founders, Rhines starring, was a "gala" occasion (quote *Haverford News*) for the upper-classmen and an embarrassing one for the Freshmen. A class meeting broken in disorder over the Constitution, then unanimous approval! Then quickly passed the second quarter 'til Christmas vacation. Home, family, food, and the best girl, or may be the best girl first. And did we need it. Were we becoming just a bunch of greasy grinds? Well, Christmas vacation certainly fixed us up just fine. Hardly were we back when, THUD!! Mid-years stared us in the face. Nose into our books. "One more week," "one more day," "this is killing me," "how many yet?" "You lucky dog, finished so soon!"

Then after our little breather, the second semester started. We were right there with our Mid-Winter Ball, the Annual Frosh-Junior Dance. Eliot Broza furnished the music; we, the decorations, the people, and the punch (what there was of it). "Jim" Schnaars, chairman of the dance committee, really did a swell job. "Mark," "Chick," "Dick," "Clark," "Cran," and others previously mentioned. Some of these boys stayed up all the night before. It was really wonderful though, with the class footing the bills. Then "Kent" with his "Where're your dues?" Along came election-time for second semester officers. The results were that "Stace" Widdicombe continued in the presidency as did "Jimmy" Johnston in the vice-presidency; "Arnold" Ricks replaced "Johnny" Cary as class secretary. The three members of the Executive Committee elected were "Sam" Fox, "Johnny" Cary, and "Bill" Ambler. Remember those Rhines who sparked the Basketball team, "Ray," "Jim," "Art," "Cran," "Chuck," and that latecomer "Chick" . . .

So the moving finger having written moved on into 1942 and the accelerated program.

S. H. WIDDICOMBE.

BOOK II





First Row: Handy, Widdicombe, Vinsinger, Pierson, Ricks, Bache, Purdy, Van Hollen, Cary. *Second Row:* Morse, Brodhead, Lawrence, Addoms, Oulahan, Miller, Thompson, Harper. *Third Row:* Day, Marshall, Eckfeldt, Sevringhaus, Coffin, Lippincott, Smith, Wingerd, Coolidge, Anderson, Levintow, Davis, Bair, Baird.

HVERFORD NEWS

UNDER the leadership of Courts Oulahan and Walt Falconer the Haverford *News* managed to survive another year, in spite of the valiant efforts of its opponents. Again the old sheet blossomed out with some new typography, and finally got around to omitting column rules on the editorial page (so people will read it). After bringing out a special issue for the Swarthmore game at a terrific financial loss, the business heads decided to charge the faculty the usual subscription rate.

Managing editor Lawrence served nobly as alumni editor, while Addoms did nothing except relieve the chief when he was "suddenly called to Washington" on several occasions. Bob Miller headed the sports board, and was ably assisted by Bill Wingerd. Burns Brodhead also wrote sports.

Falconer had Bud Bell, Heber Harper and Charlie Abbott as the nucleus of his staff. Gove Hambidge snapped the photos, but the engraver persisted in disguising them.

Jack Elliott served as chief and sole member of the Press Bureau, which was taken over by Wayne Mosely, editor of the new *Alumni Review*. In all respects the board kept up the traditions of the *News*, and the usual number of complaints were received and tactfully dismissed. The freedom of the press was defended by newspaperman Morley.



First Row: Lawrence, Whitehead, Roberts, Addoms. *Second Row:* Emery, Dorian, Oulahan, Evans, Macrate, Worl, Widdicombe.

STUDENT COUNCIL

THIS year the Student Council took on new responsibilities. Under the leadership of President Roberts steps were made towards the elimination of ambiguities as to the responsibilities of the members of the Students' Association. The Women Rule was modified and efficiently administered by the Council. A resolution was passed clarifying the position of the Council on infractions of the Liquor Rule. Student Government has many problems but the Council has always succeeded in resolving the hardest of these with a minimum of ill feeling.

Next year, Whitehead will take up where Roberts left off, and if the student body shows the same unflagging support which it has showed on the whole for so long a time, our small government by the students will continue to be a model of democratic principles which the future will prove to be vital to the well-being of the country and of the world. The function which the Council performs on Campus is frequently misunderstood or ridiculed, but in the long run, the more mature among the undergraduate body come to recognize the imperative need and the deep significance of such a group, which is our contribution to democratic government, and more than that, represents our faith in the future of such a government



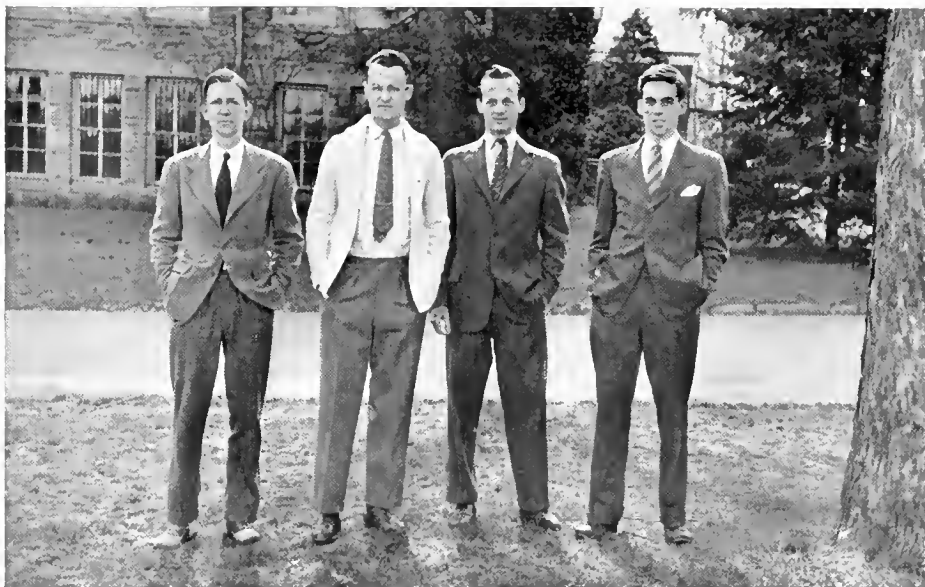
A. Mason, MacCrate, K. Brown, Cochran, E. Emery, J. A. Clark, Winder, Foreman, Bauer.

CAP AND BELLS

TWO weeks after war was declared, *Margin for Error*, a comedy melodrama, hit the boards of Roberts Hall and set Haverford laughing at the ridiculous Mr. Schicklegruber. Three weeks after the fall of the Bataan defenses, each of us forgets the screaming headlines long enough to chuckle through three hilarious acts of Noel Coward's bright bit of nonsense, *Hay Fever*. Soon after these words are in print, those merry gentlemen, Gilbert and Sullivan, will sing and dance their way into our hearts with their beguiling operetta *Patience*. Cap and Bells gave us three grand shows this year, but more than that they made us laugh, and that is praise enough.

Somebody has said that we can never resist those who amuse us (typist's note). A good many of our seniors have amused us, both onstage and off. On stage, Johnny Clark amused us as the irreverent reporter of *Margin for Error*; Ed Emery as the dry commentator, Lou Grier as nasal milkman, Hebe Harper as the loquacious professor, all amused us in *Our Town*. Dick Bauer amused us as the timorous policeman in *Pirates of Penzance*. Tim Haworth as the sage examiner of *Outward Bound*. Tom Cochran kept the books straight so we could afford to be amused. Ken Foreman's stage crew gave us pleasing sets—to them all, thanks for amusing us.





Addoms

Dorian

Poole

Cope

CLUBS

PRESIDENT CADBURY of the Biology Club abandoned this year the policy of cooperation with Bryn Mawr on field trips, a fact which advanced true science at the expense of a depleted enrollment. In fact, besides Cadbury, the Bug Club seems a sort of vague thing which goes to Florida on vacations and eats peanut butter sandwiches by the pond while the grebe goes floating past. The Bug Club, though quiet, has done a great deal for those who have had the interest to attend its meetings. President Neal Addoms of the Chem Club is the head man of a worthy organization which has devoted much time to the advancement of science among the undergraduates, having had several outside speakers as well as members of the Club itself give lectures. The Math-Physics Club, with Wolfgang Franzen as President, has also been able to have speakers at special sessions of their Club meetings, and the Engineering Club, headed by Dave Poole, has given its time chiefly to outside speakers and specialized work of various sports. Henry Gray's Radio Club is still in rather embryonic state, but several programs have been given over the air already, and the Club promises well for the future. Cope's International Relations Club sought a solution for everybody's dilemma. All in all, the different clubs on campus have aided extremely in putting their members in touch with specialized parts of the different fields of study in which they are interested.

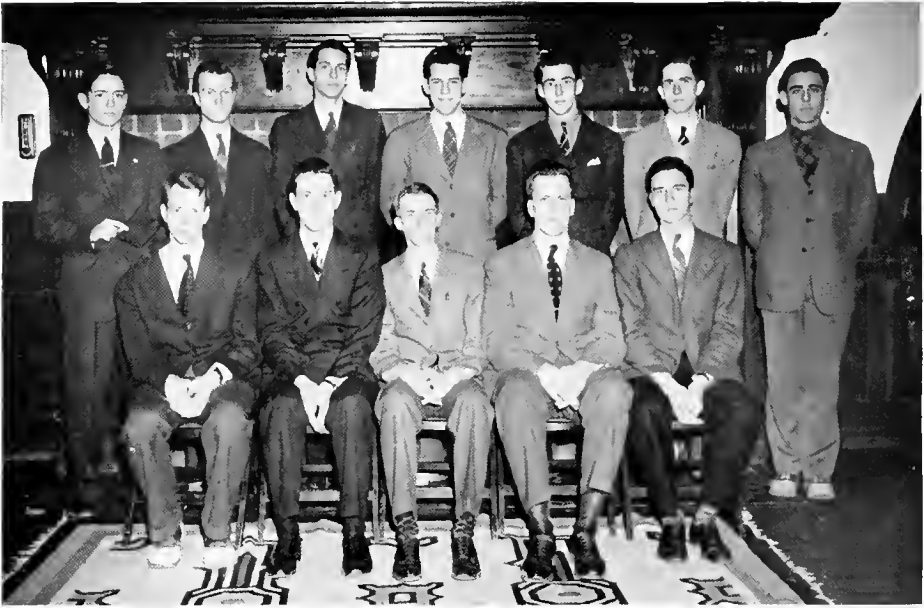


First Row: Cary, Sweetser, Coolidge, Bassert, Kay, Mr. Lafford, Bauer, Turner, Brodhead, Weaver, Worl, Boysen, G. Howe, J. A. Clark. *Second Row:* Torrence, Whitehead, Williams, White, Johnstone, W. Moore, Jackson, Wood, Kirk, Dyer, Trainer, Brown, March. *Third Row:* Crozman, Marshall, Free, Hallett, MacCrate, Allen, Lippincott, Hogness, K. Brown, Anderson, Bowman.

THE GLEE CLUB

UNDER the able hands of Mr. Lafford, the Glee Club has steadily continued its upward progress. In a year such as this, with transportation facilities practically at a standstill, it is really amazing that more concerts than ever before were presented at an even wider range of hotels and colleges. They went to Buck Hill, Hood College, Harcum, Beaver and Haddon Hall in addition to the Home Concert. Also there were two performances of a Christmas Service, and one of Mendelsohn's "Elijah" in conjunction with Bryn Mawr. The season was topped off with two performances of Gilbert and Sullivan's "Patience," also with Bryn Mawr. This year, the Glee Club has entered Fred Waring's National Glee Club contest, and we wish them all kinds of luck.

Many of the fellows will be missed when they graduate. John A. Clark's basso profundo and Dick Kay's ringing tenor will be a great loss to the quartet. Dick Bauer, retiring president, who has sung baritone solos for four years, will create a gap that will be very difficult to fill. In any case, we wish the graduates every success in all their future singing endeavors, and we want to congratulate them on a very fine season.



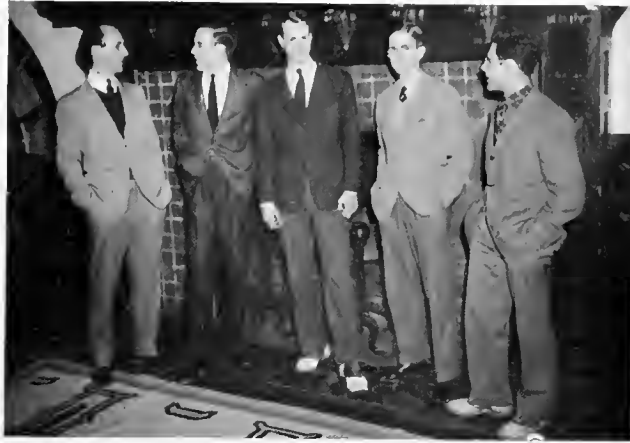
First Row: Miller, Johnstone, Kirkpatrick, Cochran, Flaccus. *Second Row:* Foreman, Sweetser, Guenther, Haworth, Brodhead, Addoms, Bauer; not shown. *Third Row:* Saxer, Spaulding, Skerrett, Dye, Johnston, Elliott, Fust, Franzen, Lawrence, E. Emery, Dorian, Poole, Weaver, Harrington, Gary.

THE 1942 RECORD

ABLE management on the part of Business Manager Johnstone and Advertising Manager Cochran saw economics in this year's RECORD and an increase in advertising revenue which resulted in a larger outlay for engravings. The editing was left to Kirkpatrick who did it about as well as he does anything else.

Block, Ryrie, and Sevringhaus were responsible in the main for the informal photography. Ryrie also took many of the formal shots.

This year's RECORD is a somewhat unusual production, in that so many members of the class took part in giving it shape. What had previously been an activity confined to a select bunch became a type of free-for-all with everyone an editor of one sort or another, and everyone bandying their opinions right and left. Things got pretty chaotic at times, and the general confusion was a sight to behold, but finally, in the midst of the darkness, Kirkpatrick said, "Let there be light!" and so finally here is your record of Haverford College.



Roberts, Oulahan, Miller,
Addoms, Bauer.

FOUNDERS CLUB

HERE we have the captains and presidents of campus teams and organizations. Not only that, but they have to have a number of other activities in addition to sporting an 80 average, before they are permitted to join. By achievements alone, they have made themselves worthy to become members of Founders Club. By having such a goal as this to aim for, in other words, by having a little material reward thrown out as a climax to individual achievement, a wider interest in college activities is encouraged, and herein lies the worth of the organization. And here are the fellows that made the grade.

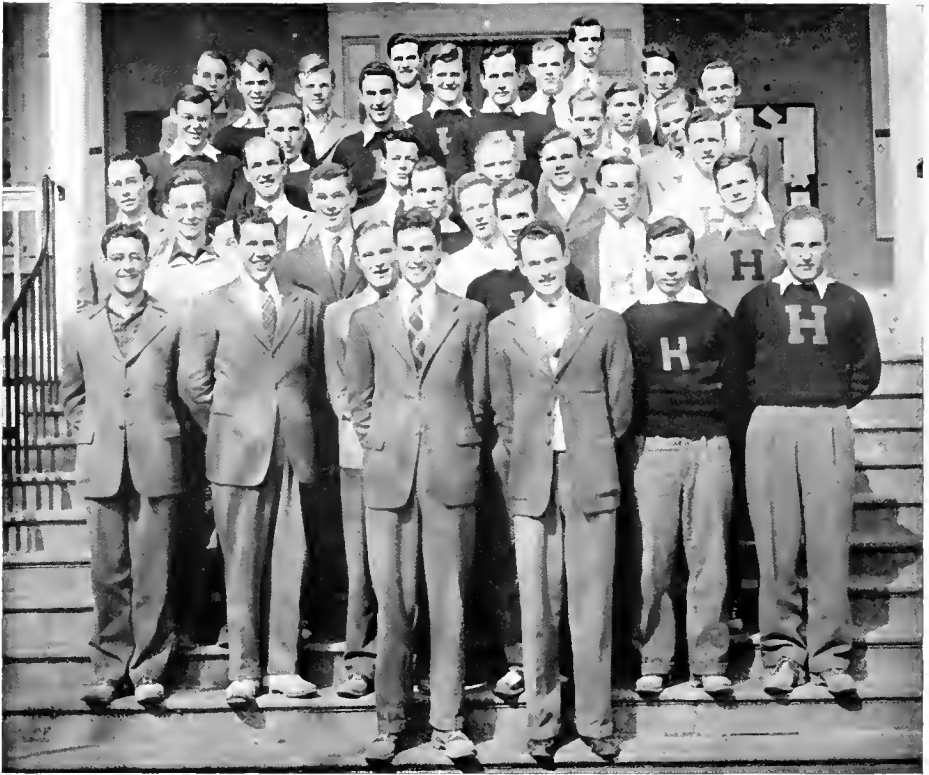
VIC DANCE COMMITTEE

UNDER the leadership of Bud Bell, the Vic Dance Committee launched a program of more and better dances—with mixed results. Quality, however, was generally high, and the strains of "I'm Getting Sentimental Over You" bring back pleasant memories of Saturday nights in a genial atmosphere made lively by Haverford's quota of rug-cutters, and made interesting by Miss Park's protégés. Effects were created by refreshments, soft lights, and the best of dance music.

In the course of the year Edgar Bell and Phil McClellan left college, and the committee now consists of Alexander Tomlinson (chairman), '43; Richard Warren, '44; Tristram Coffin, '43; John Stevens, '43, and Ernest Heimlich, '45.



First Row: Heimlich, Tomlinson, Coffin; not shown.
Second Row: Stevens, Warren, Bell, McClellan.



First Row: Flaccus, Dorian. *Second Row:* Bauer, Haworth, G. Howe, Childs, R. Brown, Meader. *Third Row:* Dunham, Worrall, Ferris, Woodward, A. Mason. *Fourth Row:* Gary, Roberts, Hough, A. Jones, Ambler, Conn, McShane. *Fifth Row:* Olson, Cochran, Jordan, Amussen, Wood, Cadbury, Villa, Poole. *Sixth Row:* Ryrie, Miller, Fust, Somers, Crabtree, Stuart, Wingerd, A. Evans.

THE VARSITY CLUB

THE Varsity Club of Haverford College was created in 1936 by a few members of the undergraduate body and Coach Roy E. Randall who felt there should be some organization on campus to aid and cooperate with the administration in regard to the athletic program and to supply a source of friendship and social contacts for both student and graduate. Since then the club has expanded until now it is a group of students working to advance the interests of the college in every way consistent with the ideals of the institution; to offer suggestions for the improvement of athletics; and to further college spirit among alumni and undergraduates. The principal requirement for election to the club is the winning of an athletic or managerial letter in a varsity sport. The completion of each athletic year is celebrated by a banquet to which all Haverford men interested in sports are invited.

DEBATING COUNCIL

FOSTERED by their friendly faculty adviser, Dr. George Montgomery, throttled by President Neal Addoms, and geared into contests by Manager Alex Tomlinson, the Debaters at Haverford had an active season despite loss of both debaters and debating engagements because of the war.

The forensic contests took to the air in two radio debates and carried their battles of words as far south as Baltimore and as far north as Amherst on their trips. Lack of a large audience never seemed to dim the enthusiasm of the orators when arguing on the home front.

CUSTOMS COMMITTEE

JOHNNY FUST, Ed Flaccus, and all the worthy Rhinic-Baiters from various parts of the campus, gave us a magnificent show this year, demonstrating as always that a freshman class at Haverford can do wonders about overcoming a slightly *de trop* attitude toward their several accomplishments. "Slim" Heimlich was the master of ceremonies in the annual auto da fee held in the dining hall, and a number of eager-looking, if not willing, Freshmen provided the entertainment.

Addoms, Tomlinson,
Steins, Davis, Grier, Sutterlin,
Brodhead,
Oulahan.



Hogness, Amussen, Flaccus,
Haworth, Newell;
not shown, Hough, Fust.





Sitting: S. Fox, Marshall, Newell, Skerrett, A. Evans. Standing: Houston, M. Smith, Buyers, Hopkins, Root.

NAUTICAL CLUB

MUCH to the complete surprise of everyone—especially the remnants of last year's phantom crew—the yacht club broke into full glory this spring. Not only was the rather nebulous membership stabilized at 16—Randall's orders—but more to the point, after many years of talk, four dinghys took the water through the courtesy of the Corinthian Y. C. who offered their facilities. Mac, Uncle Felix and Alumni aided the club in getting under way.

INTRAMURAL COMMITTEE

THE boys in charge of intramurals have done an exceptionally fine job this year, making it possible for many more teams to take part in a variety of sports. Soccer, volleyball, track, softball, and football made up the main body of intramural athletics, but there was ping-pong, chess, tennis, and bridge all creeping around the side-lines. Burford, Whitehead, and Aldridge had most of the headaches in organizing the teams, but after things got started, they ran smoothly and with a minimum of violence, verbal or otherwise. Here's to a long life for the next group that takes this department over.



Mason, Whitehead, Kirk, Mann, Moon, Aldridge, R. Brown.

JUNIOR PROM

TOMMY REYNOLDS for the prom . . . Cynthia wouldn't come from Smith unless it was Dorsey . . . How many girls did you ask? . . . Don't you know anybody at Bryn Mawr? . . . that's better than not coming at all, maybe . . . orchids ordered . . . tails pressed . . . then *the day* . . . cold and rainy but O so nice . . . yes, you can wear my 4-H pin . . . Don't Dave and Molly jitterbug well, though? No, it's not spiked, 'Fat would be shocked . . . how does she keep that dress on anyway . . . the sentiment laden atmosphere of the last dance . . . see you at Mac's . . . Saturday trying to act alive at the cricket match and at the tea-dance . . . good-bye, dear, don't you have any dances at Vassar? . . .





BUCK HILL WEEK-END

HOW can one forget it? First of all, the Glee Club concert, one of the best of the year. Then the barbeque, with hot chocolate, frankfurters and coffee to take the edge off the cold . . . "The Man Who Came to Dinner," with tons of laughs, and then the formal dance. Sleigh rides at midnight . . . skiing, tobogganing, ice-skating in the daytime. The Falls . . . a cascade of ice. Two long, sunny days on the trails or the tows . . . The Senator at the dinner table. The little blonde secretary that came up only on week-ends . . . Great open fireplaces where one could stretch out and feel at home—Kirkpatrick's pick-ups—"Sandy" Williamson in the drug store and after Heyniger . . . ping-pong, billiards, shuffleboard, chinese checkers and jigsaw puzzles. Ravenous appetites, and that awfully tired feeling on leaving the Inn. The inevitable journey back to college, with the memory of a really marvelous time.

BOOK III





First Row: Hogness, Worrall, Olson, McClellan, Capt. Warner, Magill, Brown, Miller, Cochran, MacCrate, Dewald. *Second Row:* Hill, Meader, Hough, D. Magill, Conn, Stuart, Jordan, Amussen, Ambler, Jones, Docherty, Huston, White, Pancoast, C. Young, Boteler, Grier, Shipley, Coach Randall.

FOOTBALL

DURING our four years at Haverford, football has had its ups and downs. The ups more than made up for the downs, however, for in our senior year Coaches Roy Randall and Bill Docherty produced the best Haverford eleven since 1929, as one of the nation's highest scoring teams won five games while suffering two heart-breaking defeats.

Freshman year saw a good team, capable of winning four against two close losses. The same cannot be said for sophomore year, however, which saw the team able to garner only two ties in six games. The upswing came in our junior year, as Captain Jeff Hemphill's squad won three out of six games.

Senior year, ably led by Captain and quarterback Jim Magill, we hit the top. A 45-7 romp over Allegheny started it. Susquehanna was the next victim, 27-0, but a thrilling 32-18 defeat by a powerful Wesleyan team followed. We came back to whitewash Johns Hopkins, 38-0, and sank Guilford, 26-0, in a sea of mud. Then came the outstanding performance of our four years at Haverford, as we stopped Hamilton and the great Jannone cold and romped away with a 20-0 victory. Unfortunately we were too keyed up for this contest, for the next week an underdog Swarthmore eleven upset us, 12-7.

Our class seems to have been one of Haverford's best, in a football line. Captain Jim Magill played four years of varsity ball, receiving All-American mention in his last two years and ranking with the nation's leading scorers, as well as doing a superb job as a quarterback and leader. Little George Warner and rugged Scotty Worrall were other backfield stalwarts; Worrall as the blocker, and Warner the climax man. In the line, Bob Miller, Tom

Cochran, and Dick Brown saw three years of regular service, while Chuck Olson, Phil McLellan, and Lee Childs all saw plenty of action.

Most of our memories are happy. Things we'd like to forget—those laps around the field, pushing the sled, Wesleyan's Jim Carrier, and the Swarthmore game (and the morning after). Things we'll always remember—Magill's successful pass behind the goal line in Haverford's cherished 18-7 triumph over Lehigh junior year, the first in 40 years; Warner's naked touchdown run, which put the crusher on Hamilton; Brown, the "mighty mite," playing sixty minutes of hard football; Leake and our numerous "gold bricks"; the whole line playing its greatest game in stopping the great Jannone cold; and Jordan, Meader, Amussen, Stuart and the other underclassmen who helped make our senior year so successful.





First Row: Moore, Cadbury, Somers, Dunham, Roberts, Elkinton, Ferris, Post, Shinn.
Second Row: Coach Reddington, E. Howe, G. Howe, Flaccus, M. Evans, Stokes, Haworth, Bauer, A. Evans (mgr.).

SOCCKER

FACED with championship shoe-filling after the Evans twins and their great 1938 season, sophomore '42 placed six men on the varsity soccer team. Since then Ken Roberts, Ed Flaccus, Gordy Howe, Dick Bauer, Al Dorian, and Wilmer Dunham have been the objects of Gentle pride and caustic Redington loyalty. Highlight of that original year on the big team was a thrilling 1-0 victory on a windswept, snowflaked Swarthmore field. Defense standout Roberts found consolation two years later for an intermediate 2-1 defeat on the Haverford campus when as captain he led a 2-1 victory over the Garnet on their home field last fall.

Most enjoyable item oddly enough came in the least successful year. Although Cornell took last year's game, 3-2, consensus shows trip to Ithaca and back (mostly back) was unforgettable, though extremely hazy in spots. All-American baby brother Morris Evans kept alive the family tradition.

Senior year found Dorian unable to play while doing a good job elsewhere; Coach Gentle, too, was gone to the army. Into the breach came ex-JV Tim Haworth with notable success, while Gentle-successor Redington snapped the whip and held the reins too. Long after memory of countless laps around the field is gone, however, the warmth of his soccer-banquet hospitality will linger.



First Row: Shields, Shinn, Magill, Dorian, D. Miller, Boteler. Second Row: Cochran (mgr.), Schnaars, Jones, Swartley, Alford, Coach Docherty. Not shown: Warner, R. Miller.

BASKETBALL

IN OUR four years at Haverford the record of the basketball team has been anything but enviable, but the Class of 1942 has contributed a great deal to the few victories the team has been able to score. George Warner represented 1942 during all three seasons, while Jim Magill and Bob Miller were regulars for two of them and Al Dorian one. Gordy Howe and Ed Flaccus also saw service.

Senior year, Bill Docherty replaced Roy Randall as coach, and freshman prospects foreshadowed a good season. The loss of Captain George Warner to national defense hurt immensely, however, and the team wound up with only three triumphs in thirteen games. Jim Magill succeeded Warner as captain, with Dorian and Miller also seeing regular service.

Though victories were few, outstanding individual performances were many. Captain Warner presented a brilliant record of high scoring and scrappy play, starting with his eleven points in 1939's 33-22 loss to Swarthmore's great team, and ending with his eleven points in the second half of the 1942 triumph over Susquehanna. Magill, injured all junior year, came back strong and his football tactics proved the team's greatest asset when the going was close. Dorian, though sometimes erratic, was a great loss to the 1941 team at midyears, and often brought the meager crowd to its feet with his flashy shooting and passing in the 1942 season. Miller, who carried the scoring burden with Warner in the victoryless 1941 year, slumped badly in 1942, but ended the year with his best game against Swarthmore. So the 1942 season ended with some pleasant memories and a well-founded hope for better teams in the near future.



First Row: Moore, Saxer, Dorian, Magill, M. Randall (mascot), Roberts, Wingerd, Myers, Hedges. *Second Row:* Day, Logan, Wright, Boteler, Calhoun, Wright, Whitehead. *Third Row:* Matlack, Roberts, Fox, Vinsinger, Van Hollen, Alford, Feroe, Peterkin, Ambler. *Fourth Row:* Coach Randall, Gilmour, Hopkins, Jackson, Wendell, MacCrate, Assistant Coach, Docherty. Not Shown: Manager Addoms.

BASEBALL

THE fortunes of baseball have not been kind to Haverford. For three years victory has been elusive, light hitting the rule rather than the exception. This year the most promising looking group of all four years gives evidence of some real batting power. Seniors on the team include pitchers Al Dorian and Ken Roberts, and infielders Jim Magill and Paul Saxer. Draft requirements have taken last year's batting champion and this year's captain-elect, George Warner. Flashy fielder and dependable clutch hitter, he will be missed, along with Gordy Howe, sidelined with a bad arm after three years of pitching.

To be remembered are that beautiful 7-1 Dorian victory over Swarthmore two years ago, and the 0-0 rain-drenched freshman year deadlock. To be forgotten are numerous close ones which "might have gone the other way if . . ."

Off the record were two memorable southern trips; fried chicken, the Skyline Drive, and the basement game rooms of Virginia State Teachers College. All the pitching wasn't done from the mound.

Haunting thought for outfielders is the cry, "Who's got it?" Docherty swings, there's a little speck soaring out over the tennis courts, and the echo roars, "Whassamatter, ya anchored out there?"



First Row: Wood, Elkinton, Crabtree, M. Evans, R. Miller, Gary, Falconer, Poole, Dunham, Mason, Woodward, Ryrle, Harper (manager). *Second Row:* Olson, Balls, DeLong, Studwell, Hulings, Wilkie, McLaughlin, Lehmann, Boysen, M. Brown, E. Howe, Hogness, Haddleton (coach). *Third Row:* Jones, Young, Dominovich, Swartley, Pancost, Wires, Crosman, Bache, Lippincott, Brodhead, Davis, Hunter, Moon, Herman (assistant manager).

TRACK

COACH A. W. "Pop" Haddleton's track team, meeting stiffer competition every year, has provided many of the athletic highlights of our era at Haverford. Though a streak of 30 straight victories ended in the middle of our sophomore year, last year's team was a credit to the college, and this year's should be even better.

Freshman year, ably led by Harry Derr and Joe Wingerd, the team experienced its fourth straight undefeated season, as Derr set a new college scoring record. Walt Falconer and Wilmer Dunham comprised 1942's share of the team. The streak was shattered after three victories the next year, as Lehigh nosed out Captain Charley Fisher's team and Lafayette also beat the Fords. Last year Captain Sam Snipes' squad won only three of seven meets, but Haverford's conquerors included Virginia and Lafayette, Middle Atlantic champions.

This year, as the RECORD goes to press, Captain Walt Falconer, who shattered the college half mile mark in 1940, leads a team which should do very well. Though Snipes, Herb Clement, Phil McClellan, Al Rogers, and Bob Miller, veterans of two seasons, are lost, returning stars include seniors Wilmer Dunham, Dave Poole, Jim Gary, and Chuck Olson; juniors Morrie Evans, Bill Woodward, Ed Howe, George Ryrle, and Avrel Mason, and sophomores Dee Crabtree, John Amussen, and Howard Wood.

In glancing back over track in our stay at Haverford, several performances stick in the mind, both on and off the track. On the track there was the team's outstanding 99-27 shellacking of Swarthmore last year. We remember the Middle Atlantic victories of Wilmer Dunham and Morrie Evans in the high jump and low hurdles respectively, Falconer's smashing of the half-mile record in the Lafayette meet, and many well paced runs by Poole and Gary in the mile and two-mile. Off the track, we recall "co-coach" Falconer telling the boys a story to get them in the right mental frame, Rogers and his ice-cream cones, Olson and his "injury," "Moose" and his numerous week-ends, "Harper" on the Virginia trip, and "Pop," confusing his names but respected and admired by every member of the team.





Bartholomew, Joslin, Capt. Shihadeh, Bowman, Post, Mgr. Elliott, Pontius, Little, Alvord, Coach Blanc-Roos.

WRESTLING

NOT the forte of the Class of 1942, but certainly a potent source of athletic glory for Haverford, wrestling has come into prominence during these last four years. There were no Seniors on the squad during this past year, and only Dave Fox, now in medical school, and Roy Dye have represented the class in this activity during other years.

Principal event, of course, was the winning of the Middle Atlantic Collegiate Wrestling Association Championship Junior year against a field composed of Gettysburg, Lafayette, Rutgers, Muhlenburg, and Ursinus. This record-breaking squad topped a string of eight consecutive dual meet victories during the regular season with Haverford's highest athletic achievement since the winning of the Middle Atlantic League Soccer title in 1937.

More recently, although not a serious competitor for the team crown, Haverford nevertheless could claim two individual Middle Atlantic Champions during the past winter in Bill Shihadeh and Blackie Joslin.





First Row: Thomson, Hammond, Fust, Steins, Kay. Second Row: Lorentzen, Alden, Gomez.

FENCING

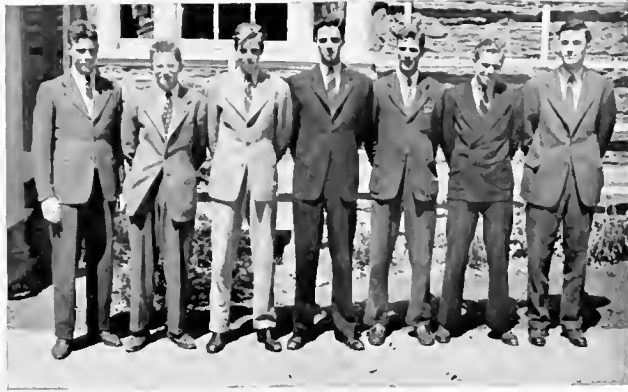
ALTHOUGH still one of our least known sports, fencing has been growing at Haverford consistently, and in each of our first three years at Haverford Coach Henri Gordon's team compiled a very creditable record. Nor was senior year any exception, as Captain John Fust led the team to victory in six out of nine meets.

Captain Fust, who won twenty out of twenty-six bouts, was assisted in the sabre by John Thomson in our senior year, while Warren Anderson and Sam McCulloch helped represent our class in earlier seasons. The season's feature was a 14-13 triumph over Swarthmore, as Fust came through in the final round to maintain Haverford's record of never having lost to the Garnet in fencing.

GOLF

GOLF has not been one of our strong points. Throughout our four years, we've been represented on the links by only one man, Bob Steptoe, who departed after two years. Through our first three years the golf team has shown a record slightly under .500, but if Uncle Sam permits competition to continue, the presence of three veterans should presage an upswing this season.

Schnaars, Goerke, Roesler, Flaccus (Capt.), Coffin, Vila, Sensenig (manager).



TENNIS

ALWAYS good in the past, and like so many Haverford sports, definitely looking up, tennis this year gives promise of real ability. Captain Ed Flaccus, sole Senior, is surrounded by a group of up and coming youngsters. When Bramall has to go hard to beat his number one man, then it's safe to bet that there's a 'Ford future here.

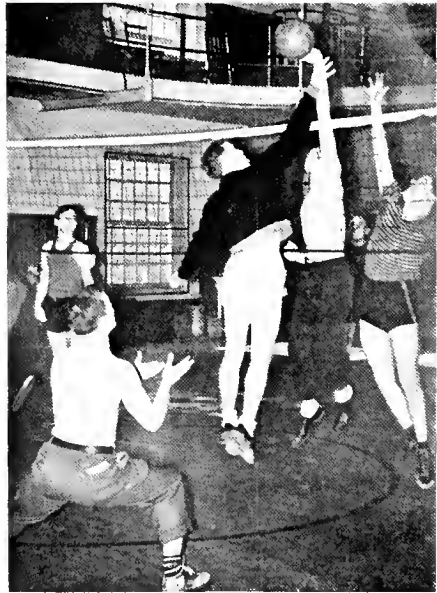
Past highlights have been meager. Best of all were two southern trips, one to the University of North Carolina, where the boys from Haverford had a little trouble with what is called the best college tennis squad in the country, but were in good spirits all the way.

CRICKET

CRICKET has been on the upswing during the four years of the Class of 1942. Full schedules and a good record have made the gentlemen's game more than mere Phys. Ed. credit. Penn, Princeton, and Ursinus last year fell in behind the Comfortmen in League play. Seniors Foreman, Guenther and Kirkpatrick are all well up on the batting order. The matches at Germantown, Washington and Princeton were as fine socially as athletically.

First Row: Marshall, Kirkpatrick, Grala (capt.), Guenther, Post.
Second Row: Irving, Downing, Stephenson, Alden, Ridgway (mgr.), Herndon, Johnston, Balderston, Funk, Comfort (coach.).





BOOK IV





VISITING WITH THE FACULTY

TAT was found tearing his hair and staring glassily at a monstrous pile of correspondence, to which he waved a flabby hand, said he hadn't missed a collection in 32 years, and as we fled in righteous dismay we heard him mumbling something about he wished he was 17 people and that the senior class was a bunch of All American something-or-others . . . Mac gave us a burning stare, and courteously asked us not to waste *his* time, please. We didn't . . . Unfortunately, Uncle Felix was in Boston making the principal address before the American Academy of Something, so we merely assumed that his opinion of us was nothing if not high, very high . . . It was Cap's verdict that we lacked that indefinable something known as



"hustle," but a "Li'l pep" would fix us up nicely . . . Moving on to the gym, we were told by Burley Bill Docherty that the seniors were merely a bunch of yellow —*† C?!!, which we flatly deny here and now (we didn't have time to tell him then) . . . Doc Leake called us a bunch of gold bricks, and told us to get the hell out of the gym with those cleats . . . Coach Randall said he would be a suck-egg mule if we weren't a fine cooperative class, but he wanted a bounce pass . . . Hoping that our intellectual stature would be more appreciated than our physical prowess seemed to be, we toddled over to Whitehall where we asked the good Doctor Snyder for his studied professional opinion. Whirling about and gazing majestically out the window, he gave us not only his studied professional etc., but also a lovely view of one of the finest profiles on the campus . . . Mr. Montgomery, twirling his Phi

Beta Kappa key, said, "Well, men, they are a fine group of men, men," which we thought was only honest . . . Dr. Oakley's cheery smile somewhat lightened the blow of his "Not bad eggs, if you don't mind them fried," while Dr. Dunn misquoted Schopenhauer: "The more I see of Haverford seniors, the better I like snakes." . . . Dr. Cadbury could do no more than fling a brazen challenge in our teeth concerning mixed doubles tennis matches, and Sandy asked us to come down Sunday night and talk it all over . . . Trekking on towards the Union we were somewhat peremptorily asked to remove ourselves from the lawn by Doggy, only to find that Joe Bushnell was sweetly lolling in the arms of Morpheus, feet on the desk and unlit pipe dangling from his mouth . . . But our search was not to be called in vain, for we found Pop standing outside the senior entrance to the dining room asking poor Rhinies why they hadn't showed up for their badminton match. In response to our question, Pop was loquacious, to say the least, and in fact highly complimentary, naming several of the most outstanding Haverford men of the



last ten years, and thoughtfully giving them all the honor of being members of the noble Class of '42. Very, very decent . . . We asked Miss Beard what she thought of us (on our way we saw professors Post and Kelley in the most *charming* tennis toggery), and it was her off-hand opinion that she had never seen so many boys cured of so many different diseases by the simple method of taking "these little pink pills every two hours" . . . *Unfortunately*, Mr. Lafford's comments, though doubtless interesting, were drowned out by the roaring of the charging beast which he had straddled, and Dr. Flight's sentiments were beautiful but rather too lengthy to be reproduced in full here . . . Tired out and slightly discouraged, we consoled ourselves with the gentle thought that, after all, we had a pretty accurate and honest estimate of ourselves before we started out, that probably the good faculty had gotten out of bed on the proverbial wrong side that day, and that, all in all, both they and we are happy, happy men to have been so closely associated with such happy, happy men.



CLASS DIRECTORY

CHARLES CONRAD ABBOTT

R. F. D. No. 2
Bristol, Pa.

GEORGE SCHOOL

Biology

News Business Board, 2, 3; Circulation Manager, 4; Cooperation Manager, 4.
COAST GUARD

JAMES NEAL ADDOMS

864 Park Place
Brooklyn, N. Y.

POLY PREP C. D. SCHOOL

Chemical Engineering

News, 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating, 1, 2, Manager, 3; Chairman, 4; Baseball Manager, 4; Student Council, 3, 4; Class Officer, Vice-President, 1; Secretary, 2, President, 3; RECORD, 4; Squash Team, 2, 3, 4; Founders Club, 4; Cooperation Scholar, 1, 2, 3, 4; President, Chemistry Club, 4.
CHEMIST-EXPLOSIVES RESEARCH

GEORGE LEWIS ALDRIDGE

401 Stiles Avenue
Maple Shade, N. J.

MOORESTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Economics

International Relations Club, 4; Director Intramurals, 3; J. V. Football, 1; Executive Committee, 4.
HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL

WARREN DeWITT ANDERSON

537 45th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

BROOKLYN FRIENDS

Latin

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club Librarian, 4; Cap and Bells, 3, 4; Manager Music Room, 4; Freshman Track, 1; Fencing J. V., 1, 2; Fencing Varsity, 3; Latin Prizes, 1, 2; Campus Madrigal Group, 3, 4; Corporation Scholar, 4.
HARVARD GRADUATE SCHOOL

RICHARD DENME BAUER

Alden Park Manor
Germantown, Pa.

PENN CHARTER SCHOOL

German

J. V. Soccer, 1; Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4; J. V. Baseball, 1, 2; Intramural Basketball; Varsity Club; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 3, 4; RECORD Staff; Founders Club, 3, 4; Beta Rho Sigma, 2, 3, 4; Merion Bridge Club, 4.
JEFFERSON MEDICAL SCHOOL

EDWARD HOWARD BEDROSSIAN

4501 State Road
Drexel Hill, Pa.

UPPER DARBY HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

J. V. Football, 2; J. V. Baseball, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 3, 4; Operetta, 3.
MEDICAL SCHOOL

EDGAR DAWSON BELL, JR.

Ingomar, Pa.

PERRY HIGH SCHOOL

Government

Debate Council, 3, 4; Victory Dance Committee, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Victory Dance Committee, 4; International Relations Club, 3, 4; Work Project, 2; News Board, 2, 3, 4; Advertising Manager, 4; Intramural Football, 2, 3, 4; Store Committee, 2, 3, 4; Intramural MASHBALL, 1, 2, 3.
C. P. S. CAMP

BICKLEY BURNS BRODHEAD

621 Rising Sun Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

MEDIA HIGH

Biblical Literature

Debating, 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; News, 1, 2, 3, 4; Band, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3, 4; Waiter, 3, 4; Biology Club, 2; International Relations Club, 2, 3; Cross Country Manager, 4; Intramural Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; RECORD Staff, 4; Cheerleader, 1, 2, 3, 4; Air Raid Warden, 4.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

NORMAN BROUS

107 Rusel Street
Ridley Park, Pa.

Mathematics

J. V. Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Track, 1, 2, 3, 4.
ARMY

KNOX BROWN

404 South Linden Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa.

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY

Government

Dance Committee, 2, 4; Junior Prom Committee, 3; Assistant Manager Glee Club, 3; Manager Glee Club, 4; Football Pand, 4; Dance Band, 1, 2, 3; International Relations Club, 4; Cap and Bells, 3, 4.
ARMY

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,
CLOTHING,
Men's Furnishings, Hats & Shoes

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET
NEW YORK

Summer Clothes
and
Accessories

Send for BROOKS-Illustrated
New Illustrated Military Price List
and
Illustrated Folder of Seersucker
& Linen Suits



BRANCHES

NEW YORK: ONE WALL STREET
BOSTON: NEWBURY COR. BERKELEY STREET

PENN BODY COMPANY

Automobile Coach Work

571 Lancaster Ave. Bryn Mawr
Bryn Mawr 2571 Ardmore 2570

ARDMORE THEATER

First Main Line Showings

OTTO FUCHS

BOOKBINDER

Magazines and Old Books Bound

2416 N. 15TH ST. PHILADELPHIA

**THE MANNA BAR
GRILL and LOUNGE**

Quality Food, Excellent Service

23 E. LANCASTER AVENUE
ARDMORE, PA. Ardmore 9435

HVERFORD COURT HOTEL

Montgomery Ave. at Grays Lane
Haverford, Pa.

*Ideal Transient and
Residential Accommodations*

Excellent Food

Refined Atmosphere

Compliments of

SMEDLEY AND MEHL

Ardmore, Pa.

**BUY DEFENSE
STAMPS AND
BONDS**

RICHARD WILLITS BROWN

Downington, Pa.
HAVERFORD SCHOOL

Chemistry

Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Dance Committee, 1; Executive Committee, 1; J. V. Tennis, 1, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Cap and Bells, 4; Editor Rhinie Bible, 3; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; V. P. Chemistry Club, 4; V. P. of Class, 4.
CHEMIST

NOBLE ALBERT BURFORD, JR.

42 Hill Road
Louisville, Ky.
LOUISVILLE MALE HIGH SCHOOL

Sociology

Intramural Manager, 2, 3.
C. P. S. CAMP

JOHN E. BYE

Montclair, N. J.
EARLHAM

Biology

Biology Club, 4.
TEACHING

THOMAS LLOYD CADBURY

12 High Street
Moorestown, N. J.
MOORESTOWN FRIENDS

Biology

Biology Club President; Service Project, 2, 3, 4.
C. P. S. CAMP

ELEAZER EDWARDS CHILDS

8 Brattle Road
Syracuse, N. Y.
PEBBLE HILL SCHOOL

Chemistry

Varsity Football, 1, 2, 3; Varsity Baseball, 1; Chemistry Club, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4.
CORNELL MEDICAL COLLEGE

JOHN A. CLARK

250 North Mount Avenue
Montclair, N. J.
MONICLAIR HIGH SCHOOL

History

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 2, 3, 4; Undergraduate Secretary Cap and Bells, 4; J. V. Fencing, 1, 2; Newspaper Agency, 3, 4; Furniture Agency, 2; Intramural Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Volleyball, 3.
ARMY

THOMAS C. COCHRAN, JR.

206 South Pitt Street
Mercer, Pa.

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY

Economics

J. V. Football, 1; Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball, 1, 2, 3; Cap and Bells, 2, 3, 4; Business Manager Cap and Bells, 4; RECORD Board, 4; Basketball Manager, 4; Baseball, 1; Track, 2, 3; Chairman Invitations Committee; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4.
ARMY

ALAN LLOYD DORIAN

2801 McKinley Place, N. W.
Washington, D. C.

Landon Preparatory School

Biology

J. V. Basketball, 1; Varsity Basketball, 2, 4; Varsity Soccer, 2, 3; Varsity Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4, President, 4; Customs Committee, 2; Blazer Committee, 3; Students Council, 4; Secretary A. A. C., 4; Triangle Fraternity.
MEDICAL SCHOOL

ROBERT WILMER DUNHAM

6863 North 19th Street
Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE SCHOOL

Engineering

J. V. Soccer, 1; Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Engineering Club, 3, 4; Varsity Track, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Skating Rink 2, 3, 4.
ARMY

ROY AUGUSTUS DYE, JR.

111 Milton Street
Aliquippa, Pa.

MERCERSBURG ACADEMY

History

Football, J. V., 2; Intramural Football, 3; Track, 1, 2, 3; Wrestling, Intramural Camp, 2; J. V. Wrestling, 3; Varsity Wrestling, 4; Campus Y. M. C. A., 1, 2; Glee Club, 1, 2, 3; Dance Committee, 2; Night School, 3; Director Night School, 4; Waiter, 2, 3, 4; RECORD Staff, 4; Invitations Committee, 4.
ARMY

"Beverages for the Home"
MAIN LINE BEVERAGE CO., Inc.
Ardmore 5100

Public Stenographer, Notary
ALICE GAFFREY
24 Ardmore Ave., Ardmore Arid. 1571

John Troncelliti—Barber Shop
Ardmore Arcade

ARDMORE JEWELER SERVICE
Approved Agency for Longine-Wittnauer Watch
A complete line of Gifts for Graduation
Watch Repairing and Jewelry Work Guaranteed
Phone Ardmore 4360 **ARDMORE ARCADE**

E. S. McCawley & Co.

Incorporated

Textbooks for Haverford College

Agent at College: FAIRLES JORDAN, '11,
takes textbook orders and has charge
of Agency at Founders.

Hours open posted on notice boards.

A. VASSALLO

BARBER

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING
ARDMORE

Established 33 Years

H. ROYER SMITH CO.

All makes of

RADIOS  RECORDS

PHONOGRAPHS
RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS

Easy Terms, Liberal Trade-in

The Largest Stock of Records in U. S. A.
10th & WALNUT STS., Philadelphia

Compliments of

THE
Haverford News

Compliments of

**Jeannett's Bryn Mawr
Flower Shop**

*with Best Wishes for a
Successful Career for*
THE CLASS OF 1912

Compliments of
ALBRECHT'S FLOWERS

Compliments of
SAM GANG

ARD. 9111 *Flowers by Wire*
NAOMI K. GRIFFITH
27 COULTER AVENUE Ardmore, Pa.

Compliments of
TOM HARRISON

Best Wishes to
The Class of 1912

SUBURBAN THEATER
ARDMORE

SEVILLE THEATER
BRYN MAWR

ANTHONY WAYNE THEATER
WAYNE

JOHN YOUNG ELLIOTT

Abington, Pa.

ABINGTON HIGH SCHOOL

ALBERSGHN-BROADBENS COLLEGE

English

News, 1, 2, 3, 4; Manager of Wrestling, 4; I. V. Football, 1, 2; Y. M. C. A. Leaders' Group, 1, 2, 3, 4; Service Project, 3; Waiter, 3, 4; Campus Laundry Agency, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 4; Charity Chest, 4; Director, Community Center, 3; RECORD Staff, 4.
C. P. S. CAMP

DAVID A. EMERY

919 Creston Avenue

Des Moines, Iowa

LINCOLN HIGH SCHOOL

Philosophy

Philosophy Club, 4; Service Project, 3, 4; Wrestling, 1, 2; Chemistry Club, 1; Intramural Volleyball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Tennis, 1, 2, 3; Intramural Baseball, 2, 3; Intramural Soccer, 2, 3.

AMERICAN FIELD SERVICE, LIBYA

EDGAR R. EMERY

Norristown, Pa.

NORRISTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

English

Cap and Bells, 3, 4; Leads in B. M. and Haverford Plays.
UNDECIDED

ARTHUR EVANS

Awbury, Philadelphia, Pa.

GERMANTOWN FRIENDS'

Chemistry

Cricket Manager, 2, 3; Soccer Manager, 4; Commodore Nautical Club, 4; Cap and Bells, 4; Founders Club, 4; Y. M. C. A. work, 1; Service Project, 2.

CHEMIST

WALTER CROSS FALCONER

170 Pine Street

East Aurora, N. Y.

PHILLIPS ACADEMY

History

Track, 1, 2, 3, 4, Captain, 4; Varsity Club; News, 1, 2, 3, 4; Business Manager; Book Store Manager; Haverfordian, 2; Cross Country, 2, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A., 2.
ARMY BIRDMAN

EDWARD FLACCUS

109 Bryn Mawr Avenue

Lansdowne, Pa.

FRIENDS' CENTRAL

Biology

Class Secretary, 1; Class Treasurer, 3; Student Council, 2; Customs Committee, 2; Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Tennis, 2, 3, 4; Captain, 4; Chairman Custom Committee, 4; Varsity Club Secretary-Treasurer, 4; RECORD Board, 4; Triangle Society.
C. P. S. CAMP

KENNETH JOSEPH FOREMAN, JR.

Davidson, North Carolina

MOUNT HERMON SCHOOL

English

Stage Crew, 1, 2, 3, 4; Stage Manager, 4; Radio Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Cricket, 1, 2, 3, 4; Campus R. R. Express Agent, 2, 3, 4; Suits Pressed Agency, 4; Corporation Scholar, 1; College Recording Agency, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 2, 3, 4; Photographic Editor of the RECORD, 4.
C. P. S. CAMP

WOLFGANG FRANZEN

23 Theresa Place, Grymes Hill

Staten Island, N. Y.

MOORESTOWN FRIENDS'

Physics

Freshman Tennis, 1; J. V. Tennis, 3, 4; Secretary Mathematics-Physics Club, 3; Chess Team, 4.

GRADUATE SCHOOL, COLUMBIA

JOHN ABERCROMBIE FUST

Wolf Road, R. D. No. 1

Erie, Pa.

STRONG VINCENT HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Glee Club, 1, 2; Fencing, 1, 2, 3, 4; J. V. Football, 2; Blazer Committee; Varsity Club, 3, 4; Chemistry Club.
OTO-RHINO-LARYNGOLOGIST.



L
I
F
E



A
T
H
A
V
E
R
F
O
R
D



JAMES FREDRICK GARY

300 Yale Avenue
Swarthmore, Pa.

SWARTHMORE HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Varsity Track, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Cross Country, 2, 3, 4; Class Executive Committee, 2, 3, 4; Chairman Sophomore-Senior Dance Committee, 2; Junior Prom Dance Committee, 3; Chemistry Club; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4; Faculty-Student Affairs Committee, 4.

CHEMICAL ENGINEERING

CLIFFORD KIRK GREER

415 Durham Road
Philadelphia, Pa.

GERMANTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

Biblical Literature

Glee Club, 1, 2; Debating Team, 1; Captain Tennis Team, 1; J. V. Tennis, 2.

TEACHING

LOUIS NORMAN GRIER, JR.

Church Avenue
Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BEN AVON HIGH SCHOOL

History

Soccer, 1, 2, 3; Debating, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A., 1, 2; Band, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3; Waiter-ship, 4.

HABIBIA COLLEGE

J. JARDEN GUENTHER, JR.

Swarthmore, Pa.
THE HILL SCHOOL

English

News, 1; Cricket, 1, 2, 3, 4; Film Committee, 3, 4; Music Committee, 4; RECORD Staff, 4; Secretary-Treasurer Intercollegiate Cricket Association, 4.

HARVARD BUSINESS SCHOOL

GOVE HAMBRIDGE, JR.

64 St. Paul Street
Kensington, Md.

WOODROW WILSON HIGH SCHOOL

Biology

News, 1, 2, 3, 4; Photo Education, 4; Biology Club, 2, 3, 4; Photography Club, 1, 2; Photo Agency, 2; Cap and Bells, 3, 4; Orchestra, 2, 3; Assistantship (Scholarship) in Biology 4; Cope Fellowship No. 2, 4.

YALE MEDICAL SCHOOL

HEBER REECE HARPER, II

223 Dalzell Avenue
Ben Avon, Pittsburgh, Pa.

BEN AVON HIGH SCHOOL

History

Stage Crew, 1, 2; Cap and Bells, 3, 4; Charity Chest, 4; International Relations Club, 3, 4; Model League, 4; News, 2, 3, 4; Track Manager, 3, 4; Waiter, 3, 4.

STUDENT

EDWIN HARRINGTON

"South Hill," Sheaff Lane
Whitemarsh, Pa.

PENN CHARTER

History

Manager Campus Haverfordian, 3, 4; RECORD Staff, 4; Villify and Revile Society, 2, 3, 4.

MACHINIST IN THE ARSENAL OF DEMOCRACY

FRANK WILLARD HASTINGS

45 East Church Road
Elkins Park, Pa.

WESTTOWN SCHOOL

Chemistry

Camera Club, 1; Service Project, 2, 3; Freshman Track Team, 1; Chemistry Laboratory boy, 2; Cider Agency, 2; Waiter, 4.

MEDICAL SCHOOL

TIMOTHY PEYTON HAWORTH

Brookside Road
Wallingford, Pa.

WESTTOWN SCHOOL

English

Chairman, Extension Committee, 4; Customs Committee, 3, 4; Y. M. C. A., 1, 2, 3; Dance Committee, 1, 3; Member Football, Cotillion Dance Committee, 2; Fall Sports Dance Committee, 4; Chairman and Toastmaster Student-Faculty Banquet, 4; Varsity Club, 3, 4; Chairman Entertainment Committee for Banquet, 4; Chairman Reception Committee for Banquet, 4; (Eater at Banquet, too - Ed.); RECORD Staff, 4; Varsity Soccer, 3, 4; J. V. Soccer, 1, 2; Triangle Club, C. P. S. CAMP

GORDON WALTER HOWE

7 Crandall Street
Adams, Mass.

WILLISTON ACADEMY

Chemistry

Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Baseball, 2, 3; Baseball, 2, 3; Track, 4; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 4; Triangle Society, Glee Club, 1, 2, 4.

CORNELL MEDICAL COLLEGE

AUTOCAR *of Ardmore*

MAKERS OF HEAVY
DUTY MOTOR TRUCKS

⋮

and, in these days,

⋮

**A UNIT IN
The Arsenal of Democracy**

Ardmore Printing Co.

*Since 1889
Printers and Engravers*

19 RITTENHOUSE PLACE
Ardmore, Pa. Ard. 1700

Over fifty years of service to the Main Line

Ardmore Laundry, Inc.

9 CRICKET TERRACE
ARDMORE, PA.

- The Ardmore Laundry, Inc., is a complete institution equipped with modern machinery, using sanitary methods for laundering and dry cleaning everything known to the Industry.

A. TALONE

TAILOR

French Dry Cleaning and Dyeing

◆◆

318 W. LANCASTER AVE.
ARDMORE Phone, Ard. 116

DIESINGER'S

Jewelers since 1866

Suitable gifts in diamonds
and jewelry backed with our
reputation of fifty-six years'
standing.

SUBURBAN Sq. 1120 WALNUT ST.
Ardmore Philadelphia

HSU TA CHUN

Shanghai, China

MIDDLE SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF
SHANGHAI

Economics

Intramural Soccer, 3, 4; Merion Bridge Club, 4.
STUDENT

FRANK DALLAS JOHNSTON, JR.

1432 Columbus Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa.

OLIVER HIGH SCHOOL

English

Biology Club, 1.
MARINES

HENRY W. JOHNSTONE, JR.

Chestertown, Md.
THE HILL SCHOOL

Philosophy

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 3, 4;
Janitors' School, 3; Service Project, 3;
Business Manager RECORD, 4; Math-Physics
Club, 2, 3; Phil Club, 4.
ARMY SIGNAL CORPS

THOMAS GANBY JONES

Winding Lane
Media, Pa.

WESTTOWN SCHOOL

History

Ardmore 1, 2, 3; Charity Chest, 2, 3,
Chairman, 4; Sophomore and Junior Prom
Committee, 2, 3; Service Project, 2, 3.
C. P. S. CAMP

RICHARD KAY

600 West Olney Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

OLNEY HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Glee Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Quartet, 3, 4; Manager
of Fencing.
MEDICAL SCHOOL

MALCOLM SUYDAM KIRKPATRICK

Forsgate Drive
Jamesburg, N. J.

PEDDIE

Sociology

Editor Haverfordian, 3; Editor Campus
Haverfordian, 3, 4; Editor RECORD, 4; Class
Day Committee, 3; Varsity Cricket, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Founder R. E. M. Mutual Admiration Society;
Captain, Kirkpatrick's Topsy Tossers, 3;
Club Denbigh, 4.
NAVAL AVIATION

TED LAWRENCE

GERMANTOWN HIGH

Chemistry

News, 1, 2, 3, 4; J. V. Football, 1; Newspaper
Agency, 3; Skating Rink, 4; Book Store, 2, 3;
Student Council, 3, 4; Class Officer, 3; Cor-
poration Scholar, 2; Assistant Football
Manager, 2; Cricket, 3; Intramural Sports,
1, 2, 3, 4.

PENNSYLVANIA MEDICAL SCHOOL

JAMES PHINEAS MAGILL, II

117 Carpenter Lane
Mount Airy, Pa.

GERMANTOWN FRIENDS

English

Football, 2, 3, 4; Basketball, 1, 2, 4; Baseball
1, 2, 3, 4; Beta Rho Varsity Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
NAVY

MALCOLM HOBART McGANN, JR.

62 King Street
Reading, Mass.

READING HIGH SCHOOL

History

Chess Club, 1, 2, 3, 4.
NAVAL AIR CORPS

PHILLIP F. McLELLAN

Martin and Old R. R. Avenues
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

DAVENPORT HIGH SCHOOL

Varsity Football, 3, 4; Varsity Club; Service
Project; Varsity Track, 3, 4.
FARMING

WILLIAM BUELL MELDRUM, JR.

747 College Avenue
Haverford, Pa.

HVERFORD SCHOOL

Chemistry

Dance Committee, 1, 2, 3, 4; Chairman, 3, 4;
Chemistry Club, 4; Manager Football, 4,
Assistant Manager, 3; 2nd Assistant Man-
ager, 2.
CHEMIST

ROBERT EVERTS MILLER, JR.

2033 Willemore Avenue
Springfield, Ill.

PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

History

Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball,
2, 3, 4; Varsity Track, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, 1, 2;
News 1, 2, 3, 4, Sports Editor, 4; RECORD
Board, 4; Founders Club, 3, 4; Class Presi-
dent, 2; Executive Committee, 3; Beta Rho
Sigma, 3, 4.
NAVAL RESERVE



BILL

What? . . . Oh, thanks, Bill . . . Hey, look men! It's the little woman again . . . that's twice in one month. Pshaw, jerks, no mail today . . . Billy, you ain't treatin' me right at all . . . "Our Bill" has been eating up the tears and laughter around this place for many a moon, distributing it all neatly from the inner sanctum of Roberts . . . here's to Billy the Kid Carter, mailman extraordinary and grinner of grins!

CLYDE KINGSLEY NICHOLS, JR.

County Street
Rehoboth, Mass.

PROVIDENCE COUNTRY DAY SCHOOL

History

Assistant Book Store, 2; Waiter, 2; Student-Faculty Liaison man for Haverfordian, 2; Editor Stack, 3; Communications Committee, 3; Manager Book Store, 3.
NAVY

PAUL RADELL O'CONNOR

Milwaukee, Wis.

RIVERSIDE HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Squash, 2, 3, 4; J. V. Tennis, 2, 3; Mathematical Club, 1, 2, 3; Student Council, 3; Class Treasurer, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3.
GRADUATE SCHOOL, CHEMISTRY

CHARLES ALEXANDER OLSON, JR.

301 East 21st Street
New York, N. Y.

TRINITY SCHOOL

Sociology

Varsity Football, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Track, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary, 4; Intramural Committee, 3, 4.
ARMY

GEORGE McCALL C. OULAHAN

3213 Reservoir Road
Washington, D. C.

ST. ALBANS SCHOOL

Government

Class President, 1; Student Council, 1, 4; News, 1, 2, 3, 4; Debating, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3; Founders Club, 3; Model League, 3; President International Relations Club, 4.
NAVAL RESERVE

DAVID MANCHESTER POOLE

8 De Barry Place
Summit, N. J.

SUMMIT HIGH SCHOOL

Engineering

Executive Committee, 1, 2; Track Captain, 1 (Freshman); Student Council, 2; Cross-Country Captain, 2, 3; Track Varsity, 2, 3, 4; Class Secretary, 3; Class Vice-President, 3; Class President, 4; Engineering Club President, 4.
DEFENSE INDUSTRY—
AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING

THOR N. RODIN, JR.

543 East 9th Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

ERASMUS HALL HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Football, 1; Track, 1; Cap and Bells, 2, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Skating Rink, 1, 2, 3, 4.
GRADUATE SCHOOL, CHEMISTRY

KENNETH STOKES ROBERTS

201 Chestnut Street
Morrestown, N. J.

MOORESTOWN FRIENDS'

Engineering

Student Council, 3, 4; Secretary-Treasurer, 3; President Student Association, 4; Class Executive Committee, 1, 2; Class President, 3; Customs Committee, 2; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Soccer, 2, 3, 4, Captain, 4; Varsity Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Founders Club, 3, 4; Glee Club, 2, 3; Chief Air Raid Warden, 4; Triangle Society.
C. P. S. CAMP

LEWIS PAUL SAXER

4631 Lancaster Avenue
Philadelphia, Pa.

FRIENDS' CENTRAL

Chemistry

RECORD Staff, 4; Varsity Club, 2, 3, 4; J. V. Basketball, 1, 2, 4; J. V. Baseball, 1; Varsity Baseball, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Basketball, 3, 4; Chemistry Club, 4; Corporation Scholar, 2, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa, 3; Cope Fellowship, 4.
GRADUATE SCHOOL, NORTHWESTERN

CHARLES DAVID SCHAEFFER

32 North 8th Street
Allentown, Pa.

HVERFORD SCHOOL

Chemistry

Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Tennis, 1, 2, 3; Intramural Baseball, 1, 2, 3; Intramural Volleyball, 1, 2, 3; Biology Club, 1, 2; Band, 1, 2.
MEDICAL SCHOOL



GRAD STUDENTS

NOT too many of the boys made this picture but perhaps the long and the short of the matter is represented just the same. Here are the real students of the college. They turn out the work that we lesser Leings always like to think we do. Living down by the waterfront their studies are sometimes romantically interrupted by the sound of a foghorn, which turns out to be really the Senator on his way back from Mac's.

To Pleasant CO-OP

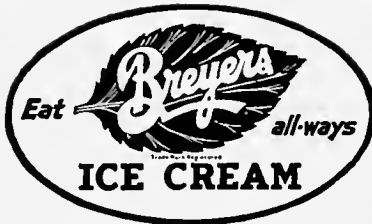


Memories . . .

You've had many a spirited discussion at the CO-OP as you enjoyed a serving of Supplee Sealtest Ice Cream.

We thank you for your patronage and extend best wishes for the years ahead.

SUPPLEE



Consistently Superior since 1866

*Best Wishes to the
Class of 1942*

**PILGRIM LAUNDRY
COMPANY**

OXFORD SHIRTS
BUTTON-DOWN COLLAR \$2.50
White, Plain Colors, Stripes
WOOL TIES \$1.50 up
ARGYLE HOSE \$2.00 up

Complete line of Furnishings

MANN and DILKS

OPEN WEDNESDAY UNTIL 9 P. M.
1630 CHESTNUT STREET

VICTOR V. CLAD CO.

Manufacturers of
**FOOD SERVICE
EQUIPMENT**

Full line of
CHINA, GLASSWARE
SILVERWARE
KITCHEN UTENSILS

117-119-121 S. 11th St., PHILA.



ROBERT WALTER STARR, III

124 Decatur Street
Cape May, N. J.

CAPE MAY HIGH SCHOOL

Biology

Chemistry Club, 1, 2; Biology Club, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Intramural Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Freshman Prom
Committee, 1; Merion Bridge Club, 4;
HAINEMANN MEDICAL SCHOOL

FRANKLIN PRATT SWEETSER

1301 Wendover Avenue
Rosmont, Pa.

LOWER MERION HIGH SCHOOL

French

Glee Club, 3, 4; Cap and Bells; RECORD
Staff, 4.
ARMY

DAVID MARTIN SENSENIG

309 Bangor Road
Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.

HAVERFORD SCHOOL

Chemistry

Freshman Tennis Team, 1; Varsity Tennis
Manager, 4; Squash Team, 1, 2, 3, 4; Captain
4; Chemistry Club, 3, 4; Service Project, 2.
PENNSYLVANIA MEDICAL SCHOOL

W. HENRY W. SKERRETT, JR.

Wayne, Pa.

EPISCOPAL ACADEMY

English

J. V. Golf, 2, 4; J. V. Soccer, 2; Glee Club, 3;
Yacht Club, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells, 4; RECORD
Board, 4.
PERSONNEL WORK, DEFENSE PLANT

DONALD CHAPMAN SPAULDING

258 E. Main St.
Moorestown, N. J.

CAMP HILL HIGH SCHOOL

English

RECORD Board, 4; Haverfordian, 2; Intra-
mural Soccer, 1, 2, 3, 4; Merion Bridge Club,
Stack 2, 3, 4.
UNITED STATES CAVALRY

EUGENE P. SZERLIP

43 Shephard Avenue
Newark, N. J.

WEEQUAHIE HIGH SCHOOL

Biology

Chemistry Club, 1, 2; Biology Club, 4;
Wrestling Squad, 1, 2, 3, 4.
N. Y. C. COLLEGE OF MEDICINE

DAVID CLARK THOMPSON

51 Church Street
Bloomfield, N. J.

Government

News Business Board, 2, 3, 4; Campus
Haverfordian, Advertising Manager, 3; La-
crosse, 2, 3; One of the Boys, 1, 2, 3, 4.
CASEY JONES SCHOOL OF AERONAUTICS

JOHN DARSIE THOMSON

5850 Fifth Avenue
Pittsburgh, Pa.

SHADY SIDE ACADEMY

Biblical Literature

Executive Committee, 1, 2; J. V. Fencing, 3;
Varsity Fencing, 4; Varsity Club.
THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

GEORGE THOMAS WARNER

4037 Michigan Avenue
Kansas City, Mo.

EPISCOPAL ACADEMY

Sociology

Varsity Baseball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Football,
1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Basketball, 1, 2, 3, 4;
Varsity Club; Class Vice-President, 2, 3, 4.
AIR CORPS

DANCY GRAY WEAVER

238 Grove Street
Westfield, N. J.

LOWER MERION HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Glee Club, 1, 2, 4; Cap and Bells, 4; J. V.
Football, 1, 2, 3; J. V. Baseball, 1; Tennis, 4;
J. V. Tennis, 3; Assistant Manager, 2;
Merion Bridge Club, 4; Chemistry Club, 1, 4.
CHEMIST

JOHN HICE WISE

21 South 26th Street
Camp Hill, Pa.

CAMP HILL HIGH SCHOOL

Chemistry

Chemistry Club, 1, 2, 4; J. V. Football, 1;
Intramural Soccer, 2, 3, 4; Intramural Soft-
ball, 1, 2, 3, 4; Cap and Bells Stage Crew, 1;
Merion Bridge Club, 4.
GRADUATE ASSISTANT IN CHEMISTRY—
BROWN UNIVERSITY

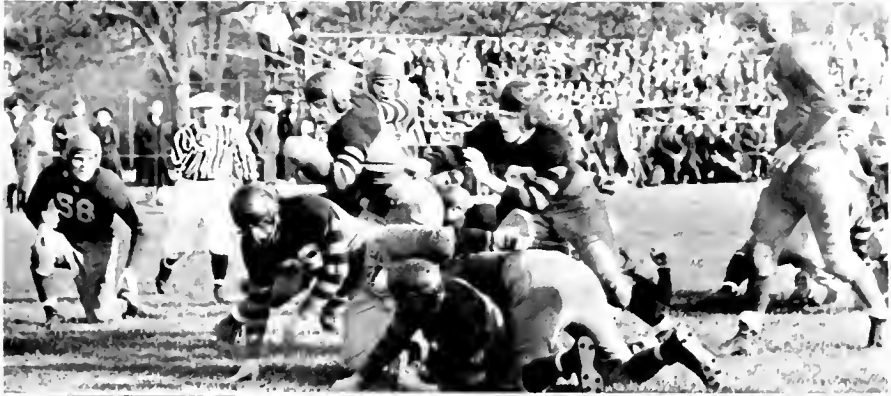
WINFIELD SCOTT WORRALL

Newtown Square, Pa.

HAVERFORD SCHOOL

Chemistry

Varsity Football, 3, 4; Executive Committee,
4; Mainliners, 1, 2, 3.
CHEMIST



CHIDNOFF

Official

Photographer

for the

1942 RECORD

STUDIO

550 FIFTH AVE.

NEW YORK



Acknowledgments

Thanks to . . .

Merin Baliban for fine photographs.

Philadelphia Weeks for exceptional engravings.

Westbrook Publishing Company for creative printing.



AND SO GOODBYE . . .

Paul R. O'Connor
Robert S. Miller Jr.

Thomas J. Gordon

Richard D. B.

Charles A. Olson Jr.
Walter C. Falconer
T. Carley Jones

John A. Deak

Melvin

John W. House

Walter

Walter

George T. Aldridge

Frank W. Hastings

Paul Pool

Jack Elliott

Thomas

George T. Aldridge
George T. Aldridge

Alan Dawson

George T. Aldridge
George T. Aldridge
George T. Aldridge

Thomas

C. Albert

David M. Senevir

Charles O. Schaeffer

Thomas

44
1944

Dallas
Johnston
Gary
Jim

John H. Wise
"Buddy" Bedrosian

Gov Cambridge, MA

Dud Burford

Lee Phillips
Director
Lester
D. Emery
Lester
D. Emery

Frank Truman

Ray A. S. I

Ray A. S. I

Richard R. Harper

Hank Johnstone

Ken Weaver

Richard W. Brown

Richard W. Brown

John D. Johnson

Robert W. Stan. III
John A. Crow

James Finley

Wm. G. ...

Donald E. Spaulding
W. Scott W. Small
James W. ...

