

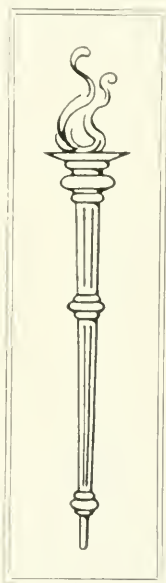
HAVERFORD

19  18






A RECORD
of the
Class of Nineteen-Eighteen



HAVERFORD COLLEGE
1914-1918



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Very truly
Your Servant
H. Kelsey

To

Rayner Wickersham Kelsey

with whom we have watched history unfolding at a
rate in excess of "ten pages a day" and who,
by his abundant sympathy, his splendid
breadth of vision, and his steadfast
devotion to truth has cast a
glow across the pathway
of our college days.

Class Record Board



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HERBERT J. PAINTER
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ALFRED J. TOWNSEND

Drawings by Granville E. Toogood, '20
Cuts by Hammersmith-Kortmeyer Co., Milwaukee

Class Song

Words by Walter S. Nevin, '18.

Music by John W. Kendall, '18.

And in'e con maestoso.

Melody in lower notes.
To-day we stand on a sum-mit, Look-ing back on the way that we came,

See ing both rain and sun-shine, Rememb'ring both praise and blame.

2. We've tried and have won together,
We've tried without counting the cost,
We've fought for our class and our college,
And have grinned and fought on when we lost.
3. We've known the thrill of the tackle,
Or the goal that will win the game;
We've followed, some of us doubtfully,
The lure of learning's flame.
4. Those who fell by the wayside,
And those who answered the call,
Leaving us for the sake of their country—
We remember them, each and all.
5. But ahead of us loom other summits
With dangers unknown and unseen;
Let us march bravely on through the darkness,
With the help of our Class—Eighteen.



HARRISON HEIKES ARNOLD

Dillsburg, Pa.

Born, Dillsburg, Pa., March 25, 1889

Entered Freshman Year from West Chester State Normal School. Corporation Scholar (2, 4); Member of Y. M. C. A. Cabinet; Gymnasium Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Gym. "H. G. T." (2, 3, 4); Founders Club (4); Classical Club (3, 4); Scientific Society (2); History Committee (2); Record Board; Captain of Gymnasium Team (4).

Senior Thesis:—"Don Juan, an Episode of Spanish Dramatic Characterization."

ROBERT BARRIE, Jr.

Haverford, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, June 14, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Haverford Preparatory School. Soccer Manager (4); Soccer Team (3, 4); Class Soccer Team (2, 3); Chairman of Hat Committee (1); Second Soccer Team (2); Soccer "H" (4); Banquet Committee (2); Assistant Soccer Manager (3); Assistant Tennis Manager (3); Chairman Spoon Committee (4); Wogglebug Football Team (2).

Senior Thesis:—"The Relations of the United States and Germany since 1870."





JOHN HENRY BEESON

Randleman, N. C.

Born, Randleman, N. C., January 24, 1893

Entered Senior Year from Guilford College on Senior Foundation Fellowship. Social Science Club; Wogglebug; Football Squad; Baseball Squad; Class Basket-ball.

Senior Thesis.—"Proportional Representation."

GEORGE HAINES BUZBY

Atlantic City, N. J.

Born, Moorestown, N. J., April 22, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Football Team (4); Football "H"; Class Football Team (2); Soccer Team (1, 2); Soccer "H" (2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Captain (1, 2); Baseball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball Captain (4); Baseball "H" (3); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Captain (1, 2); Manager Gymnasium Team (4); Student Council (1, 2); Athletic Cabinet (3, 4); Class President (1); Class Treasurer (2); Class Secretary (4); Class Basket-ball Team; Nominating Committee (3, 4); Triangle Society.

Senior Thesis.—"Coal Conservation During the War."





HERBERT JOSEPH CARR

Harveysburg, Ohio

Born, Harveysburg, Ohio, November 30, 1896

Entered Senior Year from Wilmington, Isaac Johnson Scholarship. Football Squad; Wogglebug; Captain of Wogglebug Team; Class Treasurer; Class Basket-ball; Glee Club; Baseball Squad.

Senior Thesis.—"The History and the Economic Importance of the United States Steel Corporation."

ARTHUR HORTON CLEVELAND, Jr.

Chadd's Ford, Pa.

Born, Germantown, Pa., January 20, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Cane Man (1); Scientific Society (1, 2, 3); Track Team (2, 3); Football Squad (3, 4); Class of '96 Cup (4); Glee Club (4).

Senior Thesis.—"The Suitability of Soil for Growth as Indicated by Chemical Analysis."





BENNETT SMEDLEY COOPER

Moorestown, N. J.

Born, Philadelphia, March 28, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain (1, 2, 3, 4); Second Soccer Team (1, 2); Assistant Baseball Manager (3); Assistant Cheer Leader (3); Chairman History Committee (4); Class Wogglebug Team (4); Associate Editor *Class Record* (4); Basket-ball Committee (4); Baseball Manager (4); Cheer Leader (4).

Senior Thesis.—"The Rights of Neutrals upon the High Seas."

FRANK DEACON

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Germantown, Pa., January 16, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Academy. Chess Team (3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Manager of Cricket Team (4); Class Gymnasium Team (2); Class Soccer Team (2, 4); Soccer Team (4); Soccer "H" (4); Glee Club (4).

Senior Thesis.—"Protective Coloration in the Animal Kingdom."





ALFRED HENRY DEWEES

Philadelphia

Born, Philadelphia, November 29, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Westtown School. Soccer Team (1); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Cricket Team (1); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Cane Man (2); Class Football Team (2); G'm't; Football Team (3, 4); Football "H" (4); Football Numerals (3); Assistant Tennis Manager (3); Tennis Manager (4); Vice-President of Class (3); Athletic Cabinet (4); *Record* Board; Triangle Society; Class Cricket Team (2).

Senior Thesis.—"The Tarriff as a Cause for Sectional Divergence."

DWIGHT ROBERT FITTS

Kansas City, Mo.

Born, Oregon, Mo., 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Tome School. Vice-President of Class (1); Chairman History Committee (1); Secretary of Athletic Association (2); Sub-Assistant Football Manager (2); Freshman Committee; Yell Committee (2); Gymnasium Team (2); Football Manager (4); President of Athletic Association (4); Chairman Dance Committee; Wogglebug Team (4); Nominating Committee (4); B. P. Σ .; *Record* Board; Assistant Football Manager (3); Athletic Cabinet (4).

Senior Thesis.—"The Price of Cotton."





ABRAHAM LINCOLN GILLESPIE, Jr.
Germantown, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, June 11, 1895

Entered Junior Year from State College. Mandolin Club (3); Glee Club (3); Soccer Third Team (3); Leader of Glee Club (4); Cap and Bells (3, 4); *Class Record* Board (4).

Senior Thesis.—"The Nature Element in French Literature from Jean Jacques Rousseau to the Romantic Movement."

NEIL GILMOUR

Ballston Spa, N. Y.

Born, Brooklyn, N. Y., October 27, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Mountain School. Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3, 4); Class President (4, Two Terms); Student Council (3, 4); Football Team (3, 4); Football Captain (4); Football "H" (3, 4); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3, 4); Baseball Team (2, 3, 4); Class Baseball Team (1, 2, 4); Class Football Team (2); Class Soccer Team (4); Swimming Team (3); Mathematics Prize (1); Phi Beta Kappa (3); Athletic Cabinet (4); Class Treasurer (3); Founders Club (4); Second Class Basket-ball (4); Nominating Committee (4); Class Track Team (1, 2).

Senior Thesis.—"The New York Stock Exchange."





WILLIAM HOOVER HARDING

Chicago, Ill.

Born, Chicago, Ill., March 23, 1892

Entered Freshman Year from the University of Wisconsin. Civics Club (1, 2, 3); Scientific Society (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary of the Class (1); Class History Committee (2); Social Science Club (4).

MATTHEW MANLOVE HYNSON

Milford, Del.

Born, Philadelphia, December 17, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Milford High School. Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Glee Club (4); Wogglebug Team (3, 4); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3); Single Quartette (4); Baseball Team (4); Double Quartette (4); Inter-Class Gymnasium Meet (2); Class Baseball Team (2, 4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Reporter for the *Ledger*.

Senior Thesis.—"The Early Berlin Romanticists."





JOHN WILEY KENDALL

Washington, D. C.

Born, Meyersdale, Pa., November 23, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Western High School. Insignia Committee (1); Yell Committee (1); Mandolin Club (4); Glee Club (4); *Class Record* Board.

Senior Thesis.—"The Coal Industry in the United States."

CHARLES-FRANCIS LONG

Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Born, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., March 1, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Harry Hillman Academy. Preliminary Honors in Latin (2); Honorable Mention in Economics (2); Honorable Mention in Latin (1, 3); Classical Club (2); Vice-President Classical Club (3); Secretary Scientific Society (3); Class of 1902 Latin Prize (1); Wogglebug (4); Honor Committee (4); Chairman Liberty Loan Committee (4); President Scientific Society (4); Corporation Scholarship (3); Class of 1898 Latin Prize (2); Member of Musical Clubs (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells Club (4).

Senior Thesis.—"Aulus Cornelius Celsus, Medicus."





EVAN JONES LESTER, Jr.

Jenkintown, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, Pa., October 18, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Jenkintown High School. Phi Beta Kappa (3); Founders Club (3); Football Team (4); Football "H" (4); Football Squad (2, 3); President of Y. M. C. A. (4); Corporation Scholarship (2, 4); Treasurer of Classical Club (3); President of Classical Club (4); Student Council (4); Secretary of Class (3); Vice-President of Class (4); *Record* Board; Class Baseball Team (1, 2, 4); Class Football Team (2); Second Class Basket-ball Team (4); Treasurer Y. M. C. A. (3); Cope Fellowship (4); Baseball Team (1, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (4); Social Science Club (4); Class of 1896 Latin Prize (2).

Senior Thesis.—"The Attitude of the United States toward the Rights of Neutrals on the Seas (1789-1815)."

WILLIAM MUSSETTER

Wilmington, Ohio

Born, Xenia, Ohio, November 25, 1896

Entered Senior Year from Wilmington College, on Senior Foundation Scholarship. Football Squad; Wogglebug; Basket-ball; Baseball Squad; Scientific Society.

Senior Thesis.—"The Electrification of Railways."





WALTER SCOTT NEVIN

Philadelphia

Born, New Brighton, Pa., August 1, 1894

Entered Freshman Year from Central High School. Football Team (3, 4); Third Soccer Team (2); Second Soccer Team (4); Class Soccer Team (2, 3); Musical Clubs (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells (3); Class Cricket Team (1); Captain of Class Cricket Team (2); Cricket Team (2, 3); Class Track Team (1, 2); Track "H" (3); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3); Editor in Chief of *Haverfordian* (4); *Scarlet* Board (2); Editor in Chief of the *Record*: Captain of Class Wogglebug Team (2); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Secretary of Class (3); Reading Prize, Chemistry Prize, Biblical Literature Prize (3); Founders Club (3); Junior Day Committee; Nominating Committee (4); Triangle Society.

Senior Thesis.—"The Lowering of the Freezing Point of Fire Extinguishers."

HERBERT JOSEPH PAINTER

Dayton, Ohio

Born, Wilmington, Ohio, March 26, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Steele High School, Dayton, Ohio. Student Council (4); *Record* Board; Wogglebug (3, 4); President Social Science Club; Swimming Team (1); Class Baseball Team (1, 4); Class Basket-ball Manager (4); Class Secretary (4); Manager of Gymnasium Team (4); Founders Club (4); Baseball Team (1); Class Treasurer (1); Assistant Football Manager (3); Track Squad (2); Class Track Team (2); Class Basket-ball (1); Junior Day Committee (3); Chairman Insurance Committee (4).

Senior Thesis.—"The Resumption of Specie Payments, 1877-1879."





JESSE BETTS STANLEY

Guilford College, N. C.

Born, Guilford College, N. C., April 27, 1896

Entered Senior Year on Senior Foundation Scholarship from Guilford College. Social Science Club; Classical Club.

Senior Thesis.—"Hohenzollern Diplomacy."

JOHN WILKINS THACHER

Philadelphia

Born, Philadelphia, June 23, 1897

Entered Freshman Year from Penn Charter School. Manager of Musical Clubs (4); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Assistant Business Manager of *Record* (4); History Committee (4); Assistant Manager of Musical Clubs (3); Swimming Team (1, 2, 3); Captain of Class Swimming Team (3); Assistant Cheer Leader (3); Cane Committee (2); Soccer Squad (2, 3, 4); Cap and Bells (3, 4); Glee Club (4).

Senior Thesis.—"Specific Diseases in U. S. Army."





EDWARD SHEPPARD THORPE, Jr.

Haverford, Pa.

Born, Philadelphia, March 3, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Friends' Select School. Soccer Team (4); Second Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Captain Track Team (4); Mandolin Club (1, 2, 3, 4); Leader Mandolin Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Athletic Cabinet (4); Founders Club (4); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Track Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Baseball (1); Wogglebug (2, 4).

Senior Thesis.—"Distribution of the *Chydoridae* in the Vicinity of Haverford."

ALBERT HIBBS TOMLINSON

Swarthmore, Pa.

Born, Swarthmore, Pa., July 11, 1896

Entered Freshman Year from Swarthmore Preparatory School. President Student Council (4); Soccer Team (4); Soccer "H" (4); Vice-President, Secretary of Founders Club; Second Soccer Team (3); Third Soccer Team (1, 2); Third Cricket Team (1); Second Cricket Team (2); Cricket Team (3, 4); Captain Cricket Team (4); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Class Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); Corporation Scholar (3, 4); Vice-President of Class (2); President of Class (3); Athletic Cabinet; Class Football Team (2); Football Squad (2); Member of the *Record* Board; Tennis Team (4); Math. Prize (2).

Senior Thesis.—"A Determination of Sizes and Shapes of Molecules."





ALFRED JAMES TOWNSEND

Boston, Mass.

Born, Philadelphia, February 19, 1898

Entered Freshman Year from Moses Brown School. Track Manager (4); *Record* Board; Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (4); Chairman of Y. M. C. A. Fund for Soldiers; Class Soccer (4); Editor of Y. M. C. A. Handbook (4); Second Soccer Team (2, 3, 4); *Wogglebug* (2, 3, 4); Cane Committee (2); Second Basket-ball Team (2, 3, 4); Spoon Committee (4); Classical Club; Class baseball (4).

Senior Thesis.—"Roman Games and Sports."

KENNETH WALDIE WEBB

Germantown, Pa.

Born, Chicago, Ill., September 5, 1895

Entered Freshman Year from Germantown Friends' School. Corporation Scholarship (1); Associate Editor of *Haverford News* (1, 2, 3); Editor-in-Chief of *News* (4); Soccer Team (4); Second Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Soccer Numerals (4); *Wogglebug* Football Team (2, 3); Captain, *Wogglebug* Team (3); Literary Editor and Business Manager of *Scarlet* (2); Business Manager of *Class Record* (4); Assistant Manager of Baseball Team (3); Chess Team (3, 4); Winner of Chess Tournament (4); Baseball Team (4); Systematic English Reading Prize (3); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2, 3, 4); Inter-class Basket-ball Champions (3, 4); Tennis Team (4); Class Baseball Team; Chairman of Basket-ball Committee (4); Glee Club (2, 3, 4); Mandolin Club (2, 3, 4); Social Science Club (3, 4); President of Chess Club (4); Cap and Bells Club (4); Founders Club; Chairman of Honor Committee.

Senior Thesis.—"The Tariff as a Cause of Sectional Divergence, 1816-1833."



Ex-Members

The Class of 1918, in preparing this record of achievements and shortcomings, deeply regrets that it has been deprived of the assistance and talents of those whose names have found a place in this section. The title "Ex-Members" seems in many respects inappropriate. The majority of those who are mentioned here will assert that they are Haverfordians and members of the Class of 1918 with no less pride than those who are receiving their diplomas.

Perhaps it would have been better to call these men, "The Other Half." It is superfluous to state where "The Other Half" are and what they are doing. One never picks up the morning newspaper in these times without scanning it for the latest developments in the titanic conflict which is shaking the world to its very foundation. Of the twenty-nine whose records appear in this section, twenty-one are at present in active service. There is every reason to believe that eighteen of these twenty-one would have returned for Senior year, had they not felt that their duty to our country lay elsewhere. To this half the call of the hour was, "Go!" To the other, "Stay and graduate!"

The letters that have come to Haverford during the past year from these men with the colors bear testimony of a true devotion to the college and the days spent here. It is hoped that the letters which have been sent from Haverford have been as ample proofs that the thoughts of the Seniors were often with their classmates in France, in the training camps, on the sea, or wherever they happened to be.

All are one in the brotherhood of the body Haverfordian and may the day be not far distant when the two halves of the class may be joined in their first reunion.



HERBERT HALLECK BELL

"Herb"

Class Soccer Team (1); Third Soccer Team (1, 2); Wogglebug (2); Third Cricket Team (1).

Herb left us at the end of Sophomore year to enter business. During the past year we have received several visits from him, but, 'tis rumored, Haverford is merely in the line of advance; Bryn Mawr is the real objective. Accept our congrats, old man.



JOHN MARSHALL CROSMAN

"Marney"

Football Team (1, 2, 3); Football "H" (1, 2, 3); Gym Team (1, 2, 3); Gym "H" (1, 2, 3); Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Cricket "H" (2); Soccer Team (1, 2); Swimming Team (2, 3); Baseball Team (2, 3); Class Football Team (2), Captain (2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2), Captain (1); Extension Committee (3); Junior Dance Committee (3); A. A. Cabinet (3); Nominating Committee (3).

It was with great regret that we learned last fall that Marney, our peerless athlete, had been drafted. In him we lost considerably more than a good fellow—the captain of three teams: Football, Gym, and Cricket. Beneath his quiet and unassuming exterior lurks a genius to pilot football teams to Swarthmore victories. Last year Marney was Haverford's gym team when it took second place in the Intercollegiates. Whether it was a question of batting out a century or stealing second or running a hundred yards, he was the same old Marney. We have every confidence that he will make as good a general in the army as he did on the football field.

STEPHEN CURTIS

"Steve"

Football Squad (1, 2), Team (3), "H" (3); Cast of Play (1, 2); Cap and Bells Club (2); Class Treasurer (1), President (2); Glee Club (2, 3); Class Football Team (2); Extension Committee (2); Y. M. C. A. Secretary (2), Vice-President (3); Founders Club (3); Triangle Society.

"Now, Class, there stands a bigger man than Napoleon Bonaparte." Yes, we'll have to admit that Steve is little—but, oh my! To what importance that smallness may rise. We have in Steve a versatile actor, that is, an actor who can play the part of a young girl and of an elderly gentleman with equal success. His departure made it necessary to find another leader for the Glee Club. He was one of the six "H" men whom 1918 contributed to the undefeated football eleven of Junior year. We are sure that he will wear his shoulder straps with as great honor as he has performed the smaller duties of college life.



**ROBERT BRATTON GREER**

"Bob"

Third Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Third Cricket Team (1, 2); Assistant Manager Cap and Bells Club (3); Class Treasurer (3).

"Holy Hell! What do you think this is?" Is it a cowboy we see before us in form as palpable—but, ah no. Bob's room has been stripped of its wild-west decorations and so we may conclude that it is he who is on the warpath. But Bob has business genius as well as reminiscences of the summer on the ranch, as we learned from his narrative of how he acted as registrar and earned a fabulous sum in a couple of days and also from observing him as understudy to Howard Buzby and colleague to John Wilkins in the managership of the Cap and Bells.

When Base Hospital No. 10 comes back from France, Johnstown expects to add another "future great" to the membership of her legal profession in the person of Bob Greer.

HENRY McCLELLAN HALLETT, 2d "Heinie"

Second Soccer Team (1); Soccer Team (2, 3), "H" (2, 3); Class Baseball Team (1); Class Cricket Team (1, 2); Class Vice-President (2).

Heinrich is another one of the lads who passed his early days amid the peaceful environs of "dear old Westtown." When Joe Hayman and Heinie roomed together, it was observed that at rare intervals Joe's hat was on the rack, but Heinie's never. True to orthodox Westonian tradition, he is a good soccer player and would have captained this year's intercollegiate champions, had he returned.




JOSEPH MARCHANT HAYMAN, Jr. "Joe"

Football Squad (1, 2), Team (3), "H" (3); Cane Man (1, 2); Corporation Scholarship (1, 2, 3); Class President (1 a), Treasurer (1 b); A. A. Nominating Committee (1); Chairman, Freshman Committee (2); Student Council (3), Secretary (3); *News* Board (3); Y. M. C. A. Cabinet (3); Phi Beta Kappa (3); Founders Club (3); Cap and Bells Club (3); Assistant Manager, Cap and Bells (3); Triangle Society.

Joe is now a medicine man in embryo under the nurturing care of the Penn Medical School. To look at Joe one would not for a moment suspect that he would be capable of such a breach of good conduct as to fall dead asleep in Latin I on three distinct occasions and refuse to be recalled from the land of shadowy dreams by Dick's gentle, "Mr. Hayman, take it up there, please."

However, that "rest is not idleness" is a safe maxim on some occasions and we are sure that Joe was far from idle during the three years he spent here. He did four years' work while we were doing three, and still found time to have a hand in nearly everything of importance that was going on. He also enjoys a considerable reputation as being one of the most efficient "rounders" of the class.

A history of Joe would not be complete without mentioning the fact that by a perfectly normal process of psychological association the number "seven" suggests "eleven" to his cognitive self.

JOHN ALAN HISEY, Jr. "Vernon," "Al"

Class Track Team (1, 2), Captain (1, 2); Track Team (1, 2, 3), "H" (1, 2, 3); Class Cricket Team (1); Glee Club (1, 2, 3); Class President (2); Student Council (3); A. A. Cabinet (3); Baseball Team (3); Assistant Cheer Leader (3); Triangle Society (3).

That Al did not return for Senior year was not "his fault, but the fault of the times." We always found him the soul of good nature, yet feared that one of his violent fits of laughter might prove fatal. In fairness it must be admitted that they never, so far as we know, caused even a transient visit to the infirmary.

His fondness for soirées earned for him the sobriquet of "Vernon." His fine voice was missed in the Glee Club this winter and we wish he might have been with us to lead cheers. Of one thing we are sure: Wherever Al is, there is a heart that beats warmly for dear old Haverford.

His work at Meade last fall earned him an appointment to the Third Officers' Training Camp, and it is our earnest wish that our fleet track captain may be of great assistance in chasing the Boche back across the Rhine and to the very gates of Berlin.





WILLIAM ALEXANDER HOFFMAN "Bill"

Track Team (1).

Bill came to us in Freshman year from the same burg that raised the "fusser," namely, Chadd's Ford. He looked like a comer in both football and shot-putting and we regretted the illness which kept him from entering with us on that reckless period of life known as Sophomore year. It gladdened our hearts to welcome him back to college in the fall of 1916, even though we could not then claim him for a classmate. Bill heard the "trumpet call" last spring and sailed for France with Base Hospital No. 10.

JACK GEORGE CLEMENCEAU SCHUMAN
LE CLERCQ "Jack"

Haverfordian Board (1, 2, 3); Soccer Team (1), Numerals (1); Second Team (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Class Secretary (1, a); Secretary, Civics Club (2).

Some people ask, "What's in a name?" If we were asked this about Jack, we would say five parts and a lot of work to write it out in full. Whether we could read more into Jack's name and say that it gave him a license to get away with a lot of stuff nobody else could ever in the world pull across is a question of some perplexity to the editor. Suffice it to say that he did get away with a lot of stuff, such as exercising Hynson's new dress suit, trying out Mr. Poach's neckties, appropriating any piece of property belonging to Mr. Average Student that struck his fancy and then forgetting who in the world he borrowed it from, or solemnly assuring the Dean that his "earliest convenience" for a call was several weeks after he had received the first notice. Jack was an impassioned writer, but his masterpiece (The Ode on President Sharpless' Retirement) never found its way into the *Haverfordian*. It was shown only to a few personal friends and the members of the Merion Y. M. C. A. who were in good standing.

Jack, however, was a boy whom everybody liked and whom nobody could refuse, and the letters that have come across from him this year have shown him to be one of the best fellows at heart that 1918 has ever had.





LOUIS CAMILLE OLRYS LUSSON "Louie"

Soccer Squad (1, 2, 3); Fourth Soccer Team (2, 3); Tennis Squad (2, 3); Class Tea Committee (2).

Louis was another of our social boys who didn't know what it was to spend an evening on the campus. It sorely grieved him to cut his evening Honor Math classes to do the social honors for his sister and himself at Merion and other spots along the Main Line, but it just had to be did! He was also the generous patron of our genius, Jack Le Clercq, and he would revenge Jack's losing his pajamas by beating him at tennis. Schenck was Louis' other bosom ally and North Barclay in the good old days knew that it was time to crawl out of bed for breakfast when it heard the daily salute: "Lusson, you amoeba," answered immediately by, "Shut up, you insignificant mastigophera!"

ROBERT WHITCOMB MOORE "Bob"

Football Squad (1), Team (3); Football "H" (3); Cricket Second Team (1, 2); Freshman Committee (2).

A big scuffle, a yell, and Bob is before you. Bob is husky, witness football "H", and is always ready for a scrap. Freshman year he became a member of the illustrious "Cork-Screws" and ruined more Gimlets' clothing than any other five together. Since he didn't enjoy studying, he did not let his lessons interfere with a good time. He worked hard enough to get off pro to play against Swarthmore, but, with nothing left to work for, took a vacation after Christmas. Bob was a great "batter" and certainly did rush the women. He, too, joined the Base Hospital No. 10 and we have a bled warning to all the pretty girls in Treport, France.



**WILLARD BROWN MOORE**

"Bill"

Second Soccer Team (2, 3); Class Soccer Team (2, 3); Wogglebug Football Team (2, 3); Baseball Squad (1, 2, 3).

We will always remember Bill as a slow-moving, slow-thinking Pennsylvania Dutchman who enjoyed a good meal and a good hearth fire. As a student Bill was a hard worker and a pluggger and was to be respected for his perseverance. In Junior year he instituted "Ye Church Wardens" and proved a mighty hospitable host to the class. Who will forget the long row of clay pipes which we smoked and the delicious feeds that we devoured and the good times we had in his cosy room before a roaring fire? Bill, although he loved home and a good time, decided to enter the Base Hospital No. 10, and sailed with some twenty other Haverfordians in that unit for France last spring. As we expected, Bill has done well and has received a commission.

WILLARD RALPH PORCH "Poach," "Ralph"

Fourth Soccer Team (1, 2); Gym Squad Leader (2).

Mr. Poach bade farewell to college at the end of Sophomore year and entered business in good old Johnstown. Ralph was one of the fond pursuers of the elusive $f(x)$ and liked Math 1 so much that he took it again Sophomore year "Cos, cos, yo' know, Mr. Poach, you have to use some sense in this course." Ralph is now a sergeant in the quartermaster department and is probably leader of the awkward squad as a result of his experience at Haverford.





EDWARD ARTHUR GRIBBON PORTER

"Irish," "Ed"

Everett Medal Contest (1, 2), Winner (2); Second Cricket Team (1, 2); Assistant Cricket Manager (3); Class Cricket Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2, 3); Third Soccer Team (1, 2); Second Soccer Team (3); Class Secretary (2); Student Council (2); Founders Club (3); Manager, Cricket Team (4).

Ed hailed from Belfast and aside from being an ardent anti-home-ruler was a true British subject from his tea to his cricket. Irish soon developed an interest in diplomacy and current history and if one wanted to know anything about Sir Edward Carson or Sir Edward Grey, etc., he had merely to go to that fountain of knowledge. Irish's main interest in college aside from reading the newspapers, discussing any subject under the sun not excluding the war, reforming his "model," and holding feeds with Deac in Lloyd, was in promoting the interests of cricket at Haverford. Despite a rather sarcastic Irish tongue, Irish made a firm group of friends with his big heart and sincerity. During the past summer he did his bit on the college farm and finally sailed for England to join the First British Red Cross Hospital Unit for Italy.

HENRY PAUL SCHENCK

"Herman"

Scarlet Board (1), Editor (1); *Haverfordian* Board (2, 3); Cast of Play (2); Cap and Bells Club (2); Football Squad (1, 2); Wogglebug (2, 3).

Herman was another with sufficient genius and ambition to complete in three years what it takes an ordinary man four years to accomplish. His distinct artistic talent found expression in the short-lived *Barclay Barker* and the *Scarlet*. Although a dramatic artist of no mean ability and also a contributor to the *Haverfordian*, Henry was in his truest element in the bug-lab, dissecting some unoffending dumb animal. He was attracted to the Penn Medical School as naturally as steel to a magnet. Although we haven't seen much of him this year, we expect to hear of him some day as the eminent Dr. H. P. Schenck.




JOSEPH WEBSTER SHARP, 3d "Joe," "Shifty"

Football Squad (1, 2), Team (3); Football "H" (3); Track Team (1, 2, 3); Track "H" (3); Relay Team (1, 2); Class Chairman (1); Cane Man (1, 2); Class Cricket Team (1, 2, 3); Athletic Cabinet (3); Beta Rho Sigma.

Joe is one of those boys whom Dr. Kelsey yearly points out as a descendant of the fair complexioned, blue-eyed Saxons who invaded England in 450 A. D. Shifty early earned a name as a scandalmonger, and the gossip which he didn't know was not worth repeating. Joe also attained early fame in the pursuit of the "Wild One," and although he openly expressed preference for Bala, she was not to be lightly dismissed. We will remember Joe for his inimitable imitations of Kelsey, Rufus and Babbitt. Junior year Joe took up abode with Bill Wright in South Barclay. Here he reigned as president of the H₂O Club and the South Barclay Improvement Company and as sergeant of the Emergency Unit; but as vassal to his room-mate. Joe did well in athletics, playing a hard game of football and working all winter in the gym for track in the spring. Joe is sergeant in a trench-mortar company and would have a commission if it weren't for his age, *i. e.*, his youth.

MORRIS SHOTWELL SHIPLEY, Jr. "Erm"

Second Soccer Team (1); Class Soccer (1, 2, 3); Football Squad (2, 3); Class Cricket Team (1, 2); Cricket Team (3); Business Manager of *News* (4); Junior Day Chairman (3); Class Football Team (2).

"Ho, Hudson Chapman, Wes Howland." When Erm wasn't calling for these individuals they were calling for him. Under the tutelage of the latter he developed into an efficient *News* manager and used his ability in selling the famous trailmobile. Our appreciation of his ability as a business man was shown by his election to manager of Junior Day. Like all other great men, Erm was so busy with his college activities, managing fires and fussing that he only got time to look up his note-books before examination time. Erm also joined the Base Hospital No. 10 and then, together with saying farewell to his many lady friends, especially his "California Comet," he gave up his work completely and we saw no more of him. Rumor has it that Erm has fallen for some French nurses at Treport, forgetting the other fifty-six to whom he has promised allegiance.





DAVID RALSTON STIEF

"Dave"

Chairman, Class Banquet Committee (1), Toastmaster (2); Third Cricket Team (1); Wogglebug (3); Mandolin Club (2); Class President (3 a); Everett Debate (2).

Dave was one of the most efficient members that 1918 had in its ranks. In those first troublesome years we were glad to have him around when duty decreed that we ought to pull off a banquet, as we just left all the arrangements to him and had as our only worry the scraping together of the requisite kale.

Dave also showed Ernie Brown several things about the "silent method" of playing a guitar that the "pig" never knew before, but at "Wogglebug" Dave was not so hot and memories still live of that pass he dropped on the famous "left end over" formation against the Seniors in the big game Junior year. At present Dave is another of 1918's society gentlemen in Base Hospital No. 10 who have completely persuaded the French "Janes" that they never knew any "Poilus" at the front worth talking about.

OLIVER PARRY TATUM

"Tater's"

Second Soccer Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Wogglebug (3); Gym Team (3).

Tate possessed a fund of droll and latent humor. He could laugh louder than any one else in F(x)'s Math and get away with more things in class than the professors suspected. He tended toward the science and showed considerable skill as a mechanic. Tater's main accomplishments were playing billiards and skating. He could do the latter to perfection and enjoyed teaching the fair sex the gentle art. We had hoped to promise a mechanical future, but Taters joined the ambulance corps last June, giving up studious pursuits.



**PERCY STOKES THORNTON**

"Perce"

Perce is one of the pair—the little jack rabbit, Zerega, being the other—that in Sophomore year was miraculously rescued from the ignominious mire of Swarthmore and given a chance to enjoy life at Haverford. To this day both of them, no matter what corner of the earth they wandereth, face the Dean's office and drop to their knees for a bit of thankful prayer at 6.30 sharp every eve (old time).

Perce's chief motive in entering 1918 was naturally to join a bunch of good fellows and he took upon himself the personal obligation of leaving no margin of doubt as to which class in Haverford College had society and fair women hanging on the ropes in abject surrender to their native charms. And his success continues to this day; the news just reached us last week that Secretary Baker had been compelled to give order for the side-tracking of six crates of pink letters going to Perce at camp in order that the poor devils under him might receive enough fodder for internal consumption.

WILLIAM JENKS WRIGHT

"Bill"

Second Soccer Team (1); Football Squad (2, 3); Class Football Team (2); Class Basket-ball Team (1, 2); Corporation Scholarship (1); Championship Basket-ball Team (3); Class Vice-President (1 a); Tennis Team (2); Class Banquet Committee (2).

Dolly Wayne, Peggy Shippen, Lydia Pinkham, and all the other society space-padders are bowed with grief, for Lycidas is gone—gone ere his prime—and not an event on the Main Line, City Line, or Chestnut Hill pipe-line has had a ghost's chance of being a success this year without its Bill. The two most important things in Bill's life and room at college were the mail and his date-book; good old "scandal-monger Shifty" took care of the first and Bill was prime minister for the latter. He was the greatest little dopester at figuring out how he could attend four dances, two suppers, and a cosy little box party in one night, without having to stay anywhere for the "Rhenish bath," and yet could keep in right with his father, his "Seven Darlings," and his seven hosts who would not hear of his moving on to his next date of the evening without sampling their hospitality.

But Bill certainly could dismiss old lessons with an efficiency that made the prof's pencil hesitate between an "A" and a "B," while on the occasional days he got up in time to eat lunch he would go out in the afternoon and take a fall out of any little sport at all—preferably Jack Zerega or Walt at "parlor tennis"—and the strongest wish this pair could send to Bill in France is that the same old luck may follow him in his monthly trips to Monte Carlo and the Riviera. Bill was the first member of our class to hear the shells whistle in this war, and there is not a man in the class who does not admire him for the part he has played and wish him the best of luck until they can get over to shake his hand themselves.



JOHN WILLIAM ALEXANDER "Alex," "John"

Rovers Cricket Team (2); Woglebug (3); *Haverfordian* Board (3).

We spent three years trying to find the serious side of Alex's nature. We thought we had a clue when he proclaimed himself as a candidate for honors in Latin, but ere long disillusionment came, and we gave up the quest. Yet "Who cares? We don't, certainly." He helped us to pass the time and incidentally made several contributions to the college vernacular. Alex is further unique in that he has furnished one good argument for the efficacy of attendance at Fifth Day meeting. Last winter he quoted word for word from one of Rufus Jones' sermons when he inquired from the sentinel at Camp Hancock (who happened to be Joe Sharp) amid the nocturnal shades: "Watchman, what of the night?"

HENRY FREDERICK COLEMAN, Jr. "Hen"

Entered Freshman Year from Frankford High School. Woglebug Football Team (2, 3); Class Baseball Team (1).

"He-e-en-n," thanks to Matty, is unfortunately the way too many of us have come to know Coleman, but those of us who have passed the portal found that there was a lot more to him than the ability to absorb anything, which ability was necessary in his position. He started Senior year with us and would have been included among the full members of the class, except for the fact that, after a few months of teaching at Central High, he entered service and we were thus unable to secure his picture. We only trust that at future reunions we will see more of our "Frankford High coach."

ALFRED MEYER GOLTMAN

"Doc"

Baseball Squad (3); Drill Master, Emergency Unit (3).

Goltman came to us from the University of Michigan at the beginning of Junior year and left us at its end. We will carry with us memories of his military knowledge when the rest of us were mere "rookies" in the Emergency Unit and of his stern words of rebuke: "Mr. Thacher, sir, are you gona move your company over so my company can have some room?"

LEWIS EVANS HARTMAN

"Lew"

Chairman, Committee on Freshman Cake Walk (1).

During the year Lew spent with us we acquired a very vivid impression of what a good "line" is, when it becomes necessary to cuss everything in general and one's roommate in particular. He was a math, shark for fair, and Boston Tech. claimed him at the end of Freshman year for initiation into the mysteries of the engineering profession, lest he should "waste his sweetness in a desert air."

LOUIS KENT KEAY

"Kent"

Winner of Everett Medal (1); Glee Club (2); Track Team (2).

Kent also parted company with us and Haverford at the end of Freshman year. He returned in the fall of 1916 as a Sophomore, but it is probable that, had circumstances permitted it, he would have become a three-year prodigy and received the sheepskin with us. Last summer he mobilized with the First City Troop and when that organization was disbanded, he went to Texas in aviation, but Norristown still hears from him frequently.

MALCOLM DEAN KERBAUGH

"Cub"

Mandolin Club (3); Gimlets (1, 2); Toastmaster, Class Banquet (1).

"Cubby" was Frank Deacon's "better half," granting two propositions: (1) that it would be possible for Frank to have a better half, and (2) that it would be possible for "Cubby" to be anybody's better half. "Cubby" and Deak together might be taken for about as close an approximation to the original Mutt and Jeff as it is possible to arrive at in real life. "Cub" lived for so long a time under an auto and covered with grease that he was fitted by this vocational training for a job at the Autocar Company. His favorite recreation is dropping into the Y. M. C. A. for a "li'l game."

GEORGE WILLARD LOVELL

"George"

Track Team (1), Soccer Squad (1).

George served in the capacity of Neil's "wife" in South Barclay during Freshman year. His forte was playing tricks on Charles-Francis—Johnnie-for-short—Long and having it all blamed on Neil. He left to enter the University of Michigan and we were glad to have him visit us last fall as a member of the Michigan University Base Hospital.

HENRY WEBSTER KOONS

"Heinie"

Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Baseball Team (1, 2); Class Secretary (1, 2).

Heinie left us at the end of Sophomore year to—get married. We did not know it until last fall, as he had told us he was leaving to enter his father's law-office. It is depressing to contemplate how one who had fulfilled the Latin requirements for a Haverford A.B. should so lightly disregard Virgil's ominous *varium et mutabile semper femina* and become the first benedict among that splendid body of fifty-odd youth who comprised the charter membership of the Class of 1918. Still, any of us might have done likewise, had we seen HER first.

Heinie was Hynson's room-mate—but we do not hold that against him and neither does Matty. He can give you an interesting account of "How to Make Big Profits in Summer Time," culled from his experiences in selling pop and raking in the shekels at Bushkill Falls. However,

Henry's ambition is to preside at a bar of a different character, the bar of justice, and he has our best wishes for success.

JOHN CLARKSON TABER

"John"

Second Soccer Team (1, 2); Class Soccer Team (1, 2); Swimming Team (1, 2).

John is one of those men who took Rufus' advice, leaving college at the end of Sophomore year to get married young. When thrust out of the parental care of dear old Westtown, John realized the wickedness of this world and soon became Billy Sunday's right-hand man. Aside from confessing poor sinful girls who had gone to the theater, holding revival meetings, John holds the honor of being one of the few to address Thursday meeting with 1 John 1:10. John, at least, had the courage of his convictions and must be admired for his sincerity.



THREE BUMS "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE."



CLASS IN FRESHMAN YEAR



In ye good old days of King Ikearias, 'fore the war, a Freshman class entered Haverford College, and for many moons the streams ran ale in Gideon. The greatness of this "fine lookin' body of men" was foredoomed! Who can forget those sociable gatherings at the entrance exams of the June before, when Papa sat with Sonny on the bench outside of Roberts and sharpened pencils for Sonny while they jovially quizzed each other on the dates of the Peloponnesian War.

Many were the celebrities there revealed. Foremost of these came Bill Wright gloating over the fact that "Dick," the old friend of the family, had two A's and a B salted away for him, and the first "corp" line-up showed he knew what he was talking about. Amid the others was that rapacious cave-man, Cleveland. "Fusser" tendered a reception to Jim Carey and Doc Bennett, at which he gave his opinions of the various berths they had to offer him for next fall, while Joe Sharp, the other white hope of the class, held a similar reception on the Merion Club porch and regaled Ken Webb with stories of the St. Luke's track team and his first batch of breezy social spray. And last of all came a bunch of exam books from Ballston Spa that made Oscar purr as he slid down the centuries and warned "Cos, Cos" that another attraction was on the way to join those of the grill and the stable.

In the momentous days that really pried open Freshman year they forgot to tag us properly, and many were the mistakes before we learned that Henry Joel was not a childish phenom from "dear old Westtown" nor Deac Harding the Bib. Lit. prof. The annual reception, however, was one thing not forgotten, and the hot showers ran 'til the wee small hours that night as we battled with the paper-hanger's best friend. Exactly what did happen in the sloppy naval battle we all had in the Old Collection Room will ever be a matter of doubt, and it is still disputed to this day who sang that ferocious duet with Jack Le Clercq!



THE GIMLETS

Immediately after this, of course, came the possibility of a parade. For several evenings Ed Moon "and his coterie," as Dolly Barrett would graphically put it, lounged condescendingly about our rooms and comforted us by telling us that a feeble cry of "Rape" would pour their mighty clan down upon the Sophs. The naughty men did fail to appear and there was no parade, but we have our own explanation—we had Cleveland, and it was then that Thacher bought his revolver!

Caps, rules and the God-commissioned supervision of Harvey Klock, Napier and the Student Council came next. If Uriah Heep copped a job with the German Secret Service, we feel he could not have touched our well-meaning Soph president. It gave one the creeps to see the door open itself silently and a pair of eye-glasses slide only for a second around the edge and then as suddenly disappear. It was this ordeal that drove Heikes to drink, and the most rugged constitutions quaked.

Studies were, of course, the drink we took straight and undiluted. We still prize those early days in History when Rayner's grim "I could have *whipped* that man!" so shook Frank's nerves and thoughts that he got his first "knockdown" to a flunk notice. And how little Steve loved to stand up and show the class just what Napoleon must have been

like, and how Joe Sharp would never tire of relating about "the last lap of the high hurdle race at the University of California, Class!"

The layout of 1918 in Freshman year was quaint. Most naïve of all were the morganatic connubial relations of Deac Harding and Jack Le Clercq as, marooned in the center of an empty room, they started in housekeeping with the former's rug and percolator and the latter's trunk of pink letters from trans-Atlantic heiresses. Also in Lloyd, Bill Wright showed how a man of the world could deal with a medieval reporting system, while Joe Sharp started his long amorous persecution of the "Wild One" under the skirts of the family.

Barclay saw a series of unnatural marriages. Arnold with his "Je suis" friend and his love letters from passionate Germantines drove Deac to the library to study, while "Rounder" Hayman made study next to impossible for the "Rat-rabbit," whose great dissipation was poring over the catalogue and mapping out top-heavy schedules for the next three years.

Activities came and went with a rush and, as is usual in Freshman year, new luminaries rose so fast from our midst that we could not keep track of them and would look suspiciously upon our most commonplace neighbor—even speculating as to whether Lester showed more promise as a hurdler or a "Hynson tenor," and whether Dewey, our pride, was doomed to be a member of the Student Council or a "tea-fighting lounge lizard."

But all was soon revealed. By the end of the year we had become quite blasé to such honors, and "service on the milk" was never checked for a moment by the news that another team had adopted "Marney." For other incumbents of office see statistics; we cannot burden the annals of the poor with such. Some mention, however, should be made of those slaving in the dark—ask Cooper and Dewees how many *Newses* they folded that year and Tatum and Webb how many Honor Math. classes they attended.

No account of this blissful and childish year oblivious to later responsibilities—it's in the corner, Alfred—would be complete without dropping a few smiles over the grave of the Gimlet-Corkscrew feud. From the day those useful strips of paper brought the glad tidings to the morn upon which the button factory threw up the sponge things happened fast and furious. The merits of the new game were immense, and it was much better sport than piling in the closet when the phone bell rang and Napier strolled around the corner. Cub, Erm, Alex and Joe Hayman were Dave's chief henchmen, while Bill Wright, Bob Moore and Joe Sharp kept open house for raiders in Lloyd. Incidentally a few of the scraps were quite peppy—remember the night with Bob and the axe, Bill? But corruption, the foe of all mortal, dealt the death-blow when greed of trophies made Erm and Joe descend to stripping their sisters' skirts and leaving them marooned and lost.

As has been seen, these pages can not touch all the deeds of 1918 in this naïve, refreshing year, but we can surely say that when we split up for the first time we all had gotten Haverford in the blood, and had already begun to figure on the weight of the football team the old college would have in the gloaming of 1944.



CLASS IN SOPHOMORE YEAR



SOPHOMORE YEAR

We entered Sophomore Year with the knowledge that we were pretty good fellows and that it was our duty to see that the "rhinies" should recognize this fact and should treat us with all due respect. The old Collection Room was no more and so we turned to the Union for a fitting hall in which to hold the "reception." As a result, the entertainment lacked some of the "gore" of other years, when tomatoes were presented to every "rhiny" by a generous and strong-armed student body. We tried to make up for this, however, by a parade to Ardmore.

The parade was a success as far as it went, but it terminated in a way we had not anticipated. We succeeded in getting away with our pajama-clad line of "innocents" and, after a few minor skirmishes, were on our way down Montgomery Avenue. As we guided our trembling band under the bridge and up the hill toward the "movies" we found the rest of the college there to receive us. The Seniors, who wanted to keep clean their record of being the only class that ever "got away" with a parade, and the Juniors, the natural allies of the Freshmen, swarmed down the hill and the fight was on. Despite our previous threats and warnings, the "rhinies" scattered, and in two minutes you couldn't have found a Freshman within a mile of Ardmore. A "free-for-all" in the center of town presented some thrilling spectacles; Kendall carrying "Wrink" Gardiner on his back, "Erm" Shipley throwing Darlington over a fence, "Matty's" desperate fight for life and our stubborn resistance against a superior foe. Yea, 'twill live in history, that battle.

The Cane Rush was our first athletic encounter with the Freshmen and we won it "handily." "Deac" Harding was among those "husks" who scored for us and "Grover" Cleveland aided materially by running around on the outside wringing his hands, in addition to dragging one small "rhiny" from the struggling mass. Under "Steve's" coaching, our class football team developed into a fighting machine and added another scalp to our belt when we defeated the Freshmen by a score of 12-0.

With the fall sports over, we turned to other activities. Stief and his henchmen welded that dreaded secret society known as the "Gimlets" into a more perfect union and set out upon a wild career of vice and crime. The North Barclay Fire Company was formed under the leadership of Chief Deacon and demonstrated its efficiency to such an extent that the Dean discovered its existence. A consultation between the Dean and the "company"



H₂O CLUB

resulted in Chief Deacon's resignation and the ultimate disbanding of the fire department until needed.

"Alex" took enough time from his duties of joint proprietor of a West Philadelphia pool room to be a day student (?) with his headquarters in Stief's room. In this "dive" of the "underworld," Hisey listened to the scintillating after-dinner jokes, wondered, retired to the quiet of his room, saw the points therein and laughed loud and long. Here we came to visit "Dave," smoked his Blue Boar, inhaled the cool smoke from the famous "water" pipe, heard the Victrola with the "Stief Repeater Attachment," listened resignedly to Alexander's sly cracks, called it a day and went home.

North Barclay, second floor, ran true to form and sheltered those who did not let lessons interfere with their college work. The "French Embassy," with its rustic "Porch," held forth in all its glory. "Dewey" and "Buz" spent more time in North than in their respective rooms in Merion and Lloyd and were counted as members of the happy family. Problems for Chem. I were always done in Cooper's room and were nearly always correct. The one exception found all papers with the same mistake and nearly gave Doc Hall the secret of success which secured "B's" for such a large number of the class. Water fights with South helped to while away many a weary evening, while the frequent fires that broke out in North were a source of great delight to the "Fire Company" and a source of worryment to the Dean.

Spring came and with it "spring fever." The "Purity League" carried on an effective crusade on the campus and spared no one, Lester and Tomlinson falling under the iron hand of the law in the last "clean up." The "Gimlets" raided the Ardmore movies every night and many an innocent maiden fell into the hands of "Dave" and his clan. "Buz" and "Alex" had their daily catch after lunch in front of Lloyd, while an admiring throng listened to such witticisms as "Who cares?" "How do you get that way?" and "What's it to you?" while the ball sped back and forth. Cooper went to ball games every day and inspired Kendall with a love for the national game. "Deak," "Walt," "Buz," "Dewey,"



THE SCARLET BOARD

"Cub" and "Raw" carried on a successful High, Low, Jack Tournament; "Deacon" Harding adopted "Ed" Porter and gave numerous teas in Lloyd; "Grover" Cleveland went to Bryn Mawr every night and the rest of our number led the simple life.

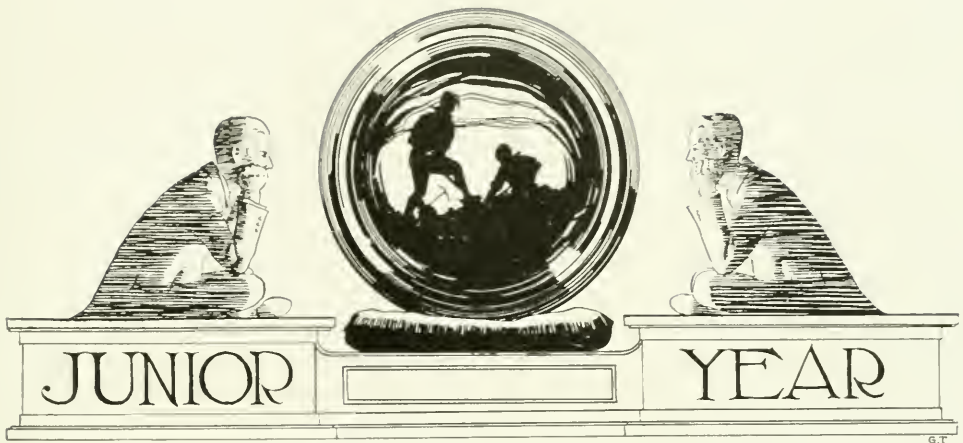
In baseball, we defeated the Freshmen easily, for with "Buz" in the box and "Dewey" and his "Big Stick," we had an unbeatable combination. "Buz" pitched the Varsity to a 2-0 one-hit victory over Penn. "Al" Hisey won his letter in track and "Marney" was the star of the cricket team. The inter-class track meet showed that we had a lot of good track men and we came off victorious by defeating the Juniors by a very narrow margin, "Marney's" pole-vaulting deciding it in our favor.

With finals over and two days before Commencement, time hung heavy on our hands, and so the last night of college we gave a few of the fresher "rhinies" an additional hazing. Day and Schroepe will probably remember that night better than we do.

And so we had completed another year and were to return as Juniors. And with this happy thought in mind we put away our books and looked forward to the summer ahead.



CLASS IN JUNIOR YEAR



Our memories of Junior Year will ever live long and fast. It was our privilege to start the third leg of the journey, a crowd warmly united by intimate knowledge of each other—with nary a thought of the uniforms that half of us would don before the following fall.

At this time, too, we felt all the joys of becoming upper classmen for the first time—yet little was the worry we suffered from the responsibility of running the college. Now did our minds expand in the “freedom” provided by the coils of the elective system and we obtained a chance to recline at ease on the bosom of the curriculum. Taking full advantage of these opportunities, Kenneth and Herbert blossomed forth with a full house of economics and by their row of “A”s made the “corps” put their speed up another peg. A few studied the much-feared calculus. Alex, Jack and Louis also continued to take Math. “Cos” they coached the Rhinies that the probability of an infinite number of permutations of the joke, the laugh and the “A” was 100 to 1, and so perpetuated this function that increases as $F(x)$ varies from year to year.

During our transition to Junior year we lost several classmates. Henry Koors left to study law and was soon married. Bell and Taber bade a fond farewell to work—they are engaged.

The fall passed quickly and one clear evening Old Founders Bell rang out a victory over Swarthmore. The college body came down to earth sometime the next week when empirical lessons called attention. Prospects were good for the next year with “Marney” captain and seven 1918 men on the team.

With the snows and the standardized bill of fare our effervescence was blown off and of course crystallized on indoor sports. The South Barclay Improvement Company was formed and unlimited. The room at the head of the stairs was most handsomely furnished and decorated. Webb, being unable to collect from Tomlinson and Forsythe, immediately deprived them of membership. Collections, by the way, were made during the owner’s

absence. An engagement list or "date palm" grew into prominence, requiring the socialization socially of at least one member per evening per evening. Bill Wright immediately picked ten dates in two weeks. Another was used when Porter took a girl to a dance (probably means l'Aiglon with Deac). The twelfth date found a mad rush for sundaes at Red's. Al Hisey, *alias* Vernon Castle, took up the "pattering footsteps" in the library in order that he might finance his many social engagements, *i. e.*, dances.

In North, Joe and Heinrich played gods above to the Rhinies below and also minded Alex and Jack, or rather, on their part, they didn't mind them. Often at night the "Rhinish" would toss restlessly, worried by their "suppressed desire" to rescue the needy from the cold, stone steps and with strong arms tuck them in. And not until the noon-day sun had touched the scattered proof sheets of the *Haverfordian* (*i. e.*, the month late issue), that formed a warm carpet on the floor, would Jack crawl into pants and a necktie for breakfast.

After having pored through all the evening papers, Porter heads a merry troupe to Lloyd. We light up our pipes at "Ye Churchwarden's," and Deac and Bill McCore appear with food. Later on, Buz arrives for a rough-house and Marney punches a hole in the tantalizing Irishman's ear.

After spring vacation the Haverford Emergency Unit materialized and the faculty immediately began their summer vacation. Irish and Steve walked importantly around, each supporting his little corner of the world, while the rest of the college dug ditches, cleaned machinery, carried litters and tucked in Dr. Abbott's feet.

Aside from the unit, several incidents relieved the monotony of the spring work. First of all, our class, athletic as usual, was well represented on any and all teams from





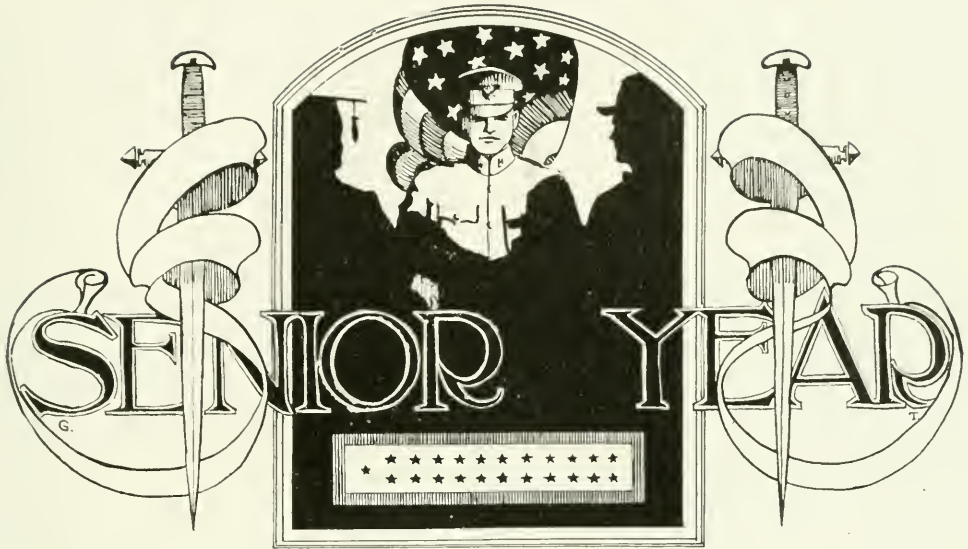
BASE HOSPITAL UNIT NO. 10

hall cricket to the spring sports which did not materialize. One occasion was the first Junior Dance, which broke up at 3 p. m. at the Merion C. C. Another event of note was the passing of the H₂O Club. Joe Sharp learned enough to answer questions without giving the formula for water. With prayer and song the sacred book was burned, as Dr. Hall passed by toward Merion. Yet again, never to be forgotten, were the farewell parties given to Base Hospital No. 10. Every night at the l'Aiglon Haverford met until we began to believe that "We expect to be called at any minute" was a farce. Shipley spent most of his time saying good-bye to certain of his friends.

As the year drew to its close the leaders for the coming year were chosen. Marney was to lead three teams—football, gym and cricket. Buz captained baseball, Ken edited the *News*, and Walt the *Haverfordian*. Tommy was elected president of the Student Association, and Dwight of the Athletic. With all work over, some of us stuck around to learn how to graduate. A condescending summer intervened to smother the difficult partings that entering the service during a term would have made for many, and fortunately we were enabled to finish out the term for the most part still united. We feel that after this our history is almost fiction—the hard and fast routine of graduation of those who stayed opposed to every alluring new diversity on the part of those in service. Our memories will ever be of ourselves as the "Junior Class."



CLASS IN SENIOR YEAR



Scene—Outside Center Barclay any Spring night after supper.

(The bunch is gathered around the steps, except for a couple in the throes of dingle-ball and another bunch "getting Matzke" at "baby in the hat.")

Lester (*very deliberately*)—Well, class, it's been a great year! Neil, pass the Camels. (*Everybody annexes except Cleveland; the "cave-man" has not lost for a moment his grip on the famous little pipe—besides, men of fashion roll their own!*)

Neil—I don't see that, Evan. Don't you really think the teams might have been stronger? Now look at the scores and statistics. . . .

Dewey (*exchanging with Walt a glance of mute agony*)—Oh, Lord, he's off!

Neil (*not to be derailed by a little thing like that, continuing*)—For the last four years. To begin with, we had the worst football team the college ever turned out.

Walt—Well, I'd hardly say that.

Ken—Sure, Neil, just think how worried you had Cornog and Durbin. And what a line Dewey and Lester will be able to throw about their part in the big game when the youngsters hop up on the paternal knee.

Raw—I'll bet that Tiny will do the job up right when he strings up all the little Cars with his story of climbing Hubler's frame to old Wogglebug championship.

(Here Mussetter is heard to grumble something in "Herb's" car about "eligibility" and "that simple Comfort.")

Tommy—Yes, we've cleaned up all the class championships thus far except soccer, and we'd have won that if it hadn't been for rounders like Webb and Deacon here.



NEIL

Deak—Well, I'd hardly say you were fit to talk on that subject, Tommy. (*Frank is standing gazing dreamily and in great abstraction towards Germantown, the Mecca of the Gods. Finally he heaves a deep sigh, looks in turn at his watch, Buzby, and the moon—and then sighs again.*)

Johnny—Why not a little verse, Deak? You're just in the mood.

Walt—That's a hunch; you could get a swell little double rhyme with Gladys, such as "luscious kisses."

Deak—Off that stuff. Just 'cause you fellows don't get telegrams. (*Clears his throat and puts foot on imaginary rail.*) But let's drown our woes; here, Clarence, let's have a pair of hoptoads and an excursion to Euthenasia. Step up here, Fitts; it's your treat.

Neil (*bringing all back to earth with a thud*)—Oh, by the way, Dewey, when are you going to have that gown?

Dewey (*cringing in terror*)—I don't know, Neil. Raw and I tried the Municipal Bureau and every

movie in town and couldn't find one anywhere; but we will get them some time (*pleading*); honest we will, Neil.

Walt—Really, Neil, I'd have no mercy on them; though, of course (*with gesture of grand dismissal*) that's up to you to decide.

Raw (*getting off a painful subject*)—Well, I don't know. I think we didn't make so bad a record for the class in the old basket-ball series. (*Suddenly looks around to discover the lurking Corson; but he is safe,—it's Norristown's night for a treat.*) It would have been all right if we had only not had on the team the roughest and dirtiest player in the college ranks.



CLASS SOCCER TEAM

Tiny (*grinning from ear to ear*)—That's all right, Manager Cooper; at least I don't let personalities enter into my play. I just play rough, that's all.

Kendall—Talking of something rough, that reminds me. You fellows want to come over to the room tomorrow afternoon and hear Bob and me play in our orchestra for Anne Wheaton. She's the sweetest little girlie you ever did see. She's the kind to write home about, isn't she Dewey?

Dewey—I wish Alden Johnson's friend would come back with my suit (*musings*); but they were certainly sweet; they were there!

(*Buz empties his pipe in Cooper's hair and grunts contemptuously.*)

Kendall—Shut up, Buzby, you'll say the same thing when you see how nicely she



WCCGLEBUG TEAM

treats you. She isn't pretty, but I don't think she's as bad an actress as my other friends, Ada Meade and Ann Pennington.

Deacon (*solemnly and as if impelled by duty*)—John, my son, you're young, very young. You'll find that they all do it, they all do it. I ask you, gentlemen, what has become of Blanche Sweet? I know, my men, I've been around and seen the world. Take your bad women and give me my bad beer any day!

Buzby (*laconically*)—Well, you do certainly get that, slut!

(*And with that the roughhouse is on and the party off. The Triple Entente tear "Scoop" away from Raw's cigarettes and paternal advice, and march off in a hollow square to Kelly's; Dewey and Cleveland race to the phone and the "halfbreeds" to Gerstenberg; while dusk closes in as that medieval hymn: "The minstrels sing of a British king. . ." climbs slowly with the rest of the bunch up old Center Barclay tower.*)



The Faculty

WILLIAM WISTAR COMFORT, Ph.D., Litt.D.

†ISAAC SHARPLESS, Sc.D., LL.D., L.H.D.

ALLEN CLAPP THOMAS, A.M.

†LYMAN BEECHER HALL, Ph.D.

FRANCIS BARTON GUMMERE, Ph.D., LL.D., Litt.D.

HENRY SHERRING PRATT, Ph.D.

JAMES ADDISON BABBITT, A.M., M.D.

RUFUS MATTHEW JONES, A.M., Litt.D.

DON CARLOS BARRETT, Ph.D.

LEGH WILBUR REID, Ph.D.

*WILLIAM WILSON BAKER, Ph.D.

FREDERIC PALMER, Jr., Ph.D.

WILLIAM EDWARD LUNT, Ph.D.

ELIHU GRANT, Ph.D.

†ALBERT SIDNEY BOLLES, Ph.D., LL.D.

LEON HAWLEY RITTENHOUSE, M.E.

RICHARD MOTT GUMMERE, Ph.D.

RAYNER WICKERSHAM KELSEY, Ph.D.

ALBERT HARRIS WILSON, Ph.D.

HENRY JOEL CADBURY, Ph.D.

FRANK DEKKER WATSON, Ph.D.

OSCAR MARSHALL CHASE, S.M.

THOMAS KITE BROWN, Jr., A.M.

WILLIAM OTIS SAWTELLE, A.M.

EDWARD DOUGLAS SNYDER, Ph.D.

WILLIAM BUELL MELDRUM, Ph.D.

WALTER ELWOOD VAIL, A.M.

JAMES McFADDEN CARPENTER, Jr., A.M.

LEVI ARNOLD POST, A.M.

RALPH VANDERVORT BANGHAM, A.M.

ALBERT WINSLOW BARKER, A.B.

* Deceased.

† Emeritus.



Litterati

In the realm of literary productiveness, the Class of 1918 has won her way to a fairly respectable "place in the sun." Early in Freshman year, Jack George Clemenceau Schuman LeClercq secured a place on the *Haverfordian* Board and since that time has displayed his versatility by contributions consisting of short stories, dramas, verse, book reviews, and literary criticism.

Jack succeeded to the editor's chair vacated by Bob Gibson, '17, and occupied it until he left college to go to France with Base Hospital No. 10. The editorial responsibilities then devolved upon our classmate who has a distinct "literary atmosphere" about his name, "Walter Scott" Nevin. Walt's "Lady of the Lake" has not yet been published, but his inspiration by the poetic muse can be detected in such of his extant works as "A Summer Day."

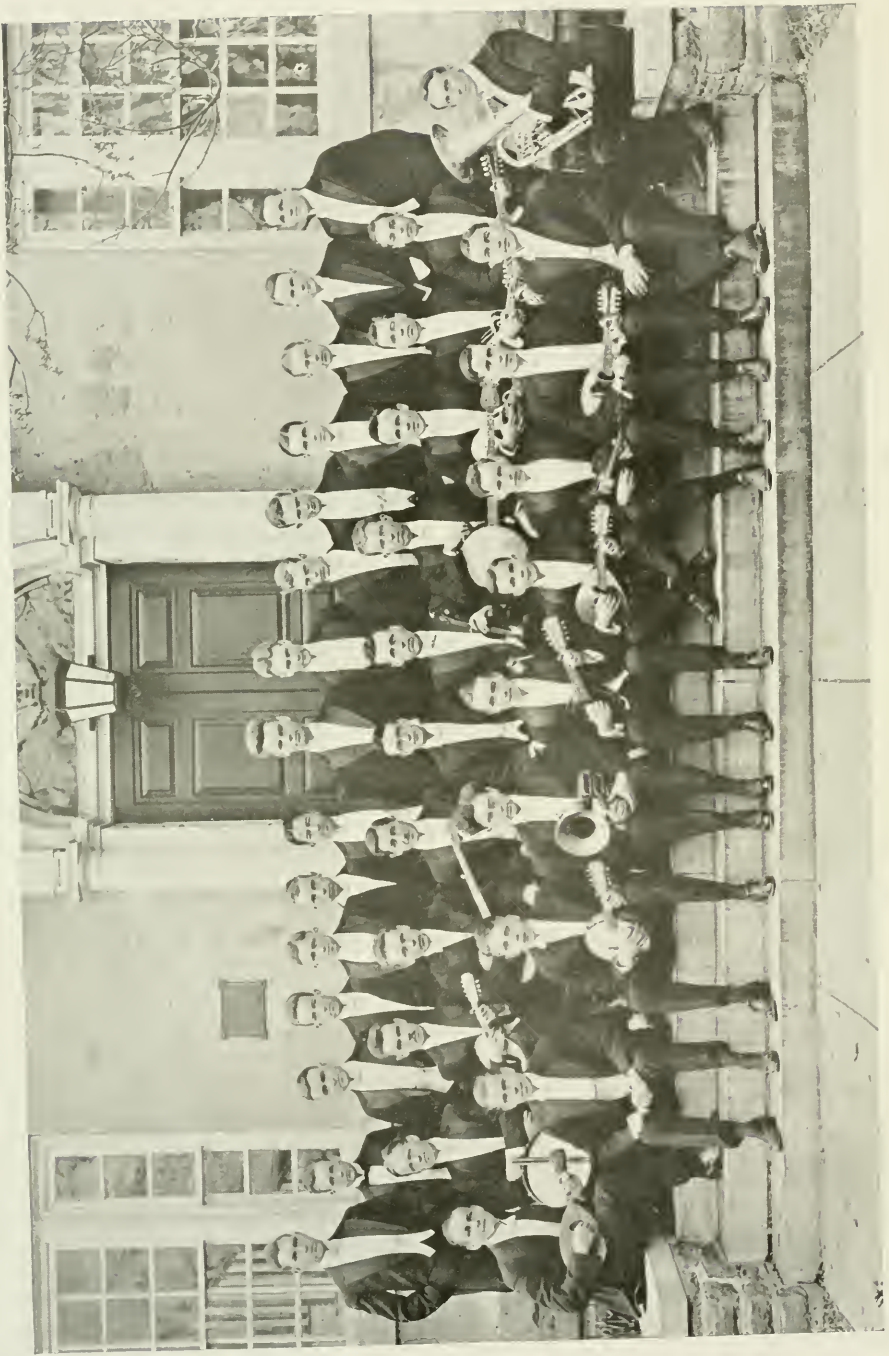
Henry Schenck in Sophomore year, feeling that his post as literary, musical and dramatic critic on the *Scarlet* did not give him sufficient scope for a full expression of his genius in letters, became a regular monthly contributor to the *Haverfordian* and ere long was received into fellowship with Jack and Walt as a member of the Board. Occasionally, Ken Webb would send over an article from the *News* office for insertion in the rival publication. Whether his motive was (in terms of economics) to interlock directorates or merely to demonstrate the superiority of the *News* staff will probably always remain a mystery.

The annals of Haverfordian history would not be complete without a mention of the masterpiece in verse of that shining literary light and erstwhile member of the Board, John William Alexander. "Night" presents a problem in literary authorship of no less gravity than the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. It has, upon at least one occasion, been flatly denied that Alexander wrote any of it, but the consensus of scholarship holds that Alex wrote at least two and a half verses. Recently a rumor has been circulated that "Simon, the father of Alexander and Rufus," was the author of the remainder, but no final verdict can be given at this time, as the grounds of proof have not yet been thoroughly investigated.

The class in Freshman year supplied the *News* with an associate editor in the person of Kenneth Waldie Webb. The next year Joe Hayman became a member of the *News* editorial staff. Webb served very efficiently as editor-in-chief from February to December, 1917. He asserts, without qualification, that the *News* is a better money-making proposition than the *Scarlet*, of which he was also business manager during Sophomore year.

1918 was represented on the business staff of the *News* by Morris Shipley, who, after having served faithfully for two years and a half as a subaltern, was rewarded with the post of business manager. His incumbency in that office was, unfortunately, short, owing to his departure for France last May with Base Hospital No. 10.

Modesty is powerful with us, but still some mention must be made of the superhuman toil expended on this masterly work here before you. Far be it from us to state that the fourteen lackeys of the RECORD Board composed the brilliant scintillating half of the class, but it is sufficient to the evil thereof to say that we feel convinced that never again can get together such a "fine lookin' body of men" as that which helped Walt and Ken put out this Haverford 1918 Record.



Cap and Bells

We are not histrionically inclined. We never have been. We delight in giving you cold facts without gestures. Hence it comes that only two of our members ever were "dramatic persons." The illustrious two were Steve Curtis and Henry Schenck. In Freshman year, Steve's masterly facial contortions won him his laurels in the rôle of Lady Pennybroke in "Eliza Comes to Stay." But his big success came in Sophomore year. Spitzie's flying circus was playing "All-of-a-Sudden Peggy," and Steve, as Major Archie Phipps, factotum and general bungler, brought down the house with his artistic swearing "for the good of the family," and his ingenious use of a monocle.

It was in this same play that Schenck showed to the admiring throng his latent talents. Never shall we forget the night we were doubled in spasms, listening to the testy young spider hunter, Lord Crackenthorpe, thundering forth, "Well, *why* not? *Why* not?" after hearing of Peggy's rather unconventional escapades.

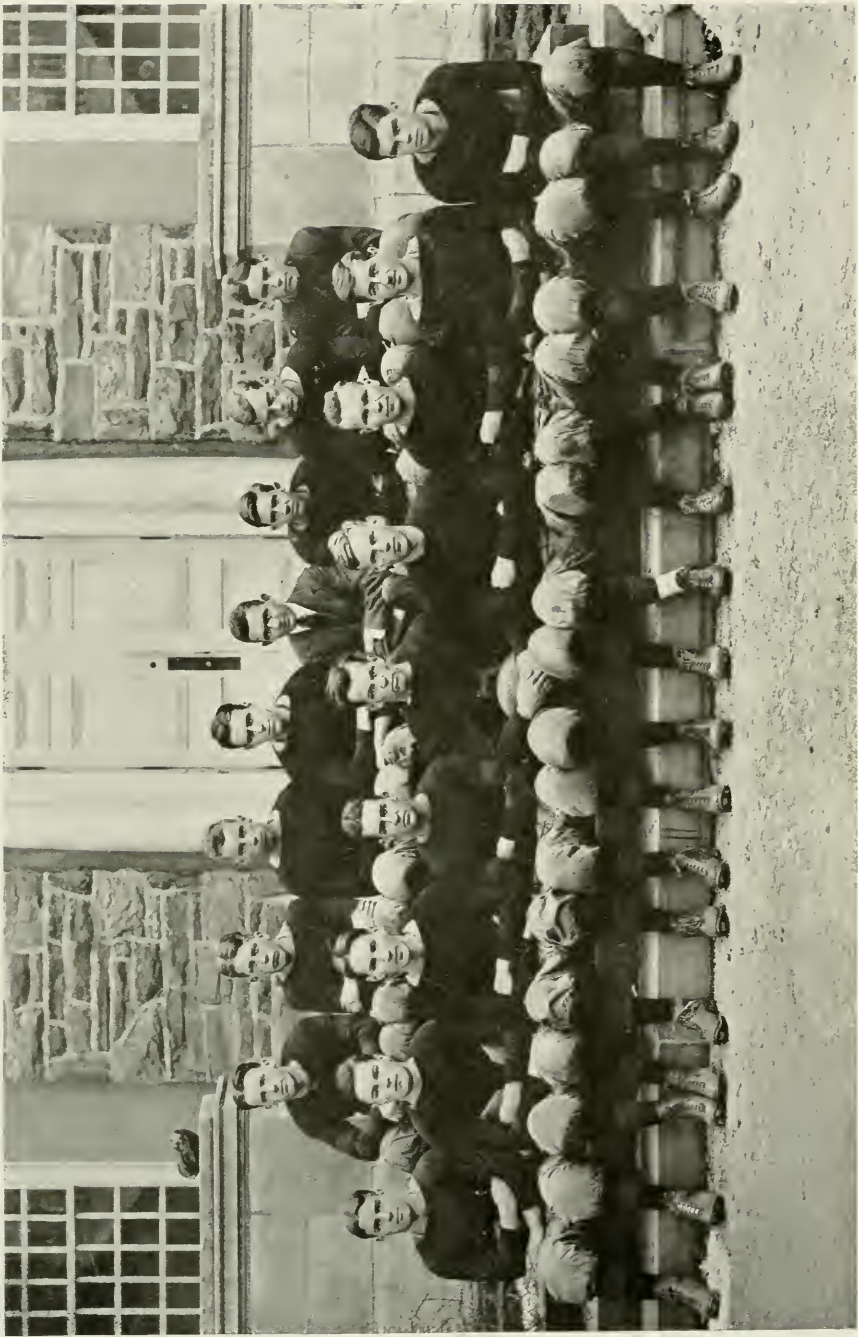
In our Junior year, the Cap and Bells had planned to present "You Never Can Tell," and Steve Curtis had again won a berth; when war was declared, the Emergency Unit formed, and all other amusements given up.

Quantitatively we have been rather better represented on the musical clubs. In the Glee Club, Hisey was our only representative as a Freshman. Steve Curtis, Walt Nevin and Ken Webb joined him the following year. In Junior year, Link Gillespie came to us from Penn State, U. of P. and elsewhere and brought a voice one would go miles to hear. Needless to say, he made the Glee Club, as did Kent Keay. Steve Curtis was elected to lead the club for our Senior year, but he answered the call to arms, and the mantle descended on Link, whose effort and care in training his men there are no words to describe. This year was truly our masterpiece for Thacher, Cleveland, Kendall, Carr, Hynson and Deacon joined the ranks. Deacon's singing was remarkable for its subdued quality. He claims that he never sang a note of the "Mammy's Song." We believe it.

The Mandolin Club has been graced with seven of our members. Ed Thorpe was with it all four years. Webb, Stief, Hynson and Johnnie Long entered Sophomore, Kerbaugh, Junior and Barrie, Senior year. Stief and his guitar left us last year for France and Cub also left for war bombs leaving the five to carry on the good work. Ed Thorpe, as leader this year, whipped the club into an organization to be proud of and it was under his leadership that Hartman's march, "The Spirit of Haverford," had its premiere.

In the managerial department, we must salute the "Grand Duke," Thacher. Over-looking little inevitable squabbles about carfare, etc., we "hand it" to him for "some" season. The evening at the Shipley School and the Atlantic City trip will always remain as bright lights in our career.

As a whole, we have had few musical geniuses, but we have had men who were working hard for the good of the clubs and Haverford, a spirit which we hope we have successfully handed down to our successors.



Football

NEIL GILMOUR
Captain

DWIGHT R. FITTS
Manager

We lay no claim to being the best football class that ever went through Haverford, but we point with pride to our four-year record. In Freshman year, "Marney" made the Varsity and was a star in every sense of the word. He played in every game during his three years at college and is certainly the best all-'round player that ever came to Haverford. He was elected captain at the end of Junior year and when he was called in the summer, the team lost the services of a wonderful player.

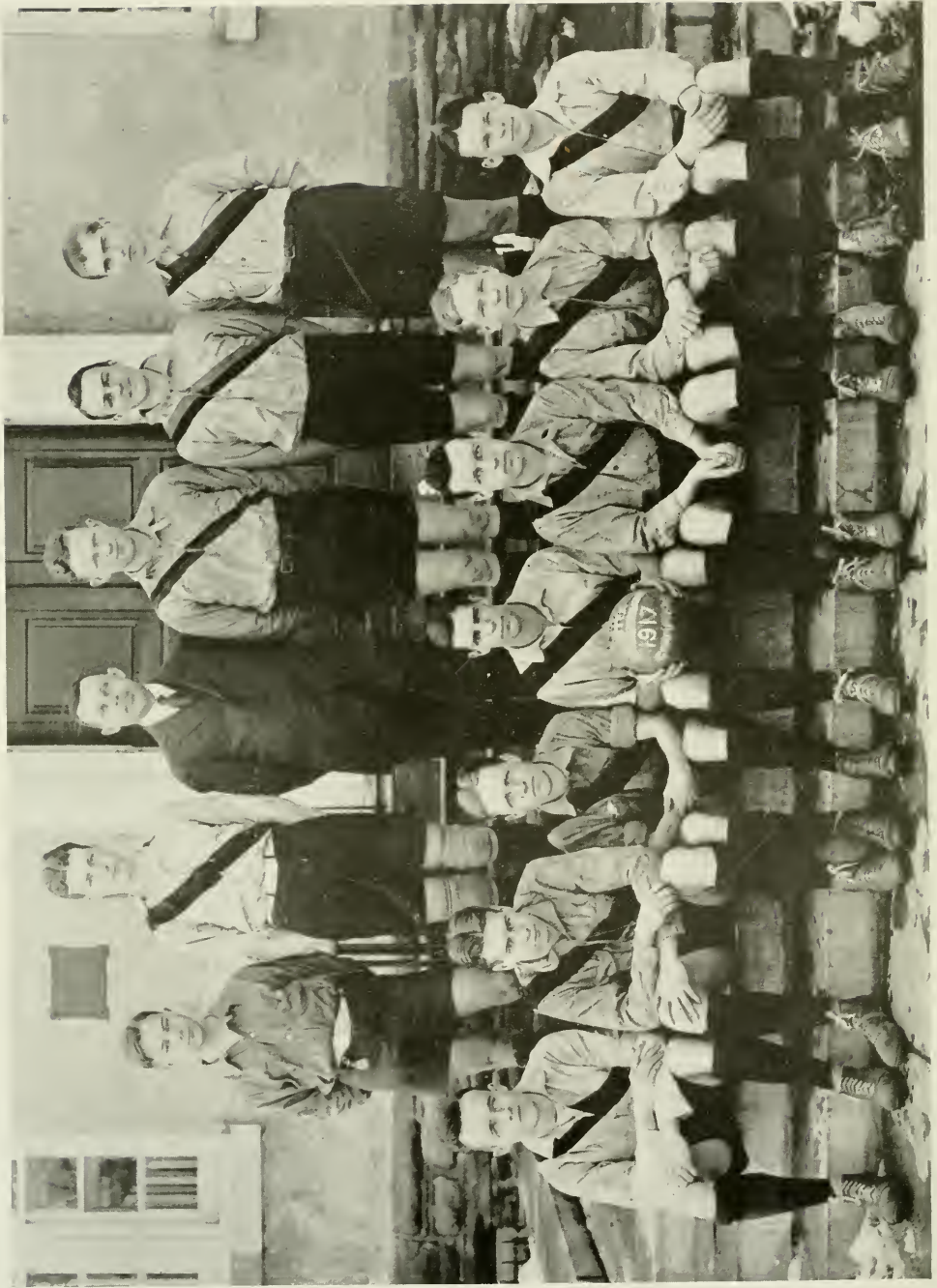
Our next most famous football man is Gilmour. "Neil" was elected captain to fill the vacancy created by "Marney's" leaving and gamely led the team through a rather disastrous season, playing a great game in his position at left tackle.

We supplied a goodly number of candidates in Freshman year. "Bob" Moore, "Joe" Sharp, "Steve" Curtis, "Joe" Hayman, "Neil" and "Marney" were the most promising, "Marney" making the team, and "Bob," "Steve" and "Joe" Sharp earning positions on the Scrub. Sophomore year found "Dewey" and "Erm" Shipley on Walton Field, having forsaken their first love, soccer. But it was Junior year that showed our true worth. We had six men on Haverford's unbeaten eleven, "Marney" at halfback, calling signals; Sharp and Curtis, ends; Moore and Gilmour, tackles; and Hayman at guard. "Dewey" and "Buz" were first substitutes and both played in the Johns Hopkins game and distinguished themselves. The Swarthmore game was a wonder, the feature of it being "Marney's" 46-yard field goal, which gave us victory and rang down the curtain on Haverford's record season.



Senior year found "Neil" the only letter man to return and he, with "Dewey," "Buz," Lester and Nevin (until his father heard of it), were our representatives on the Varsity. "Buz" starred at quarterback; "Dewey" scored our lone touchdown against Swarthmore after Lester's brilliant run. "Neil" was a tower of strength in his position at left tackle and his brilliant playing featured every game.

Our Wogglebug teams were all of the highest calibre and under the successive captains, Nevin, Webb, and Carr, "dis"played the finest kind of football. We won the championship in Senior year, thanks to the playing of Captain Carr and Mussetter, and thus added more football fame to our illustrious class.



Soccer

WALTER PENN SHIPLEY, Jr.
Captain

ROBERT BARRIE, Jr.
Manager

Despite the necessary curtailment of the Intercollegiate League, Haverford's soccer team, largely through its entrance into the First Division of the Philadelphia Cricket League, played through an attractive and particularly successful schedule, losing only one regular match—the second one with Penn in the Cricket Club League. The Intercollegiate Championship was won in the most important match of the season, with Penn on October 27th, by the decisive score of 4 goals to 1, a later tie with Cornell clinching the championship. The Cricket Club League ended in a tie between Haverford and Penn. We played this off in April, defeating Penn for the third time and thus adding a second championship to our title. In an inter-city match, Montclair, the winners of the New York Cricket Club League, proved too strong for the college eleven, which was handicapped by the loss of Osler, its star goal-keep, and Deacon, inside right.

Our class proved to be unusually strong on the soccer field. "Buzz," "Heinie," "Erm" and "Dewey," showed early promise. The first two played on the Intercollegiate championship team of 1916. Although our class team always looked strong on paper, not until Junior year did we win an inter-class championship by overwhelming the Seniors and the formidable Sophs with their "Varsity" line by our heavy artillery in muddy battles.

Heinie was elected captain for Senior year and only the war prevented him from leading us through our most successful season. Among those who did particularly well on the scrub and would have given the regulars a good run for their positions if they had returned, are "Jack" LeClercq, "Ed" Porter, "Bill" Moore and Tatum. Of those that did return, "Bob" Barrie, "Ken" Webb, "Ed" Thorpe, Frank Deacon and "Tommy" Tomlinson made the Varsity.







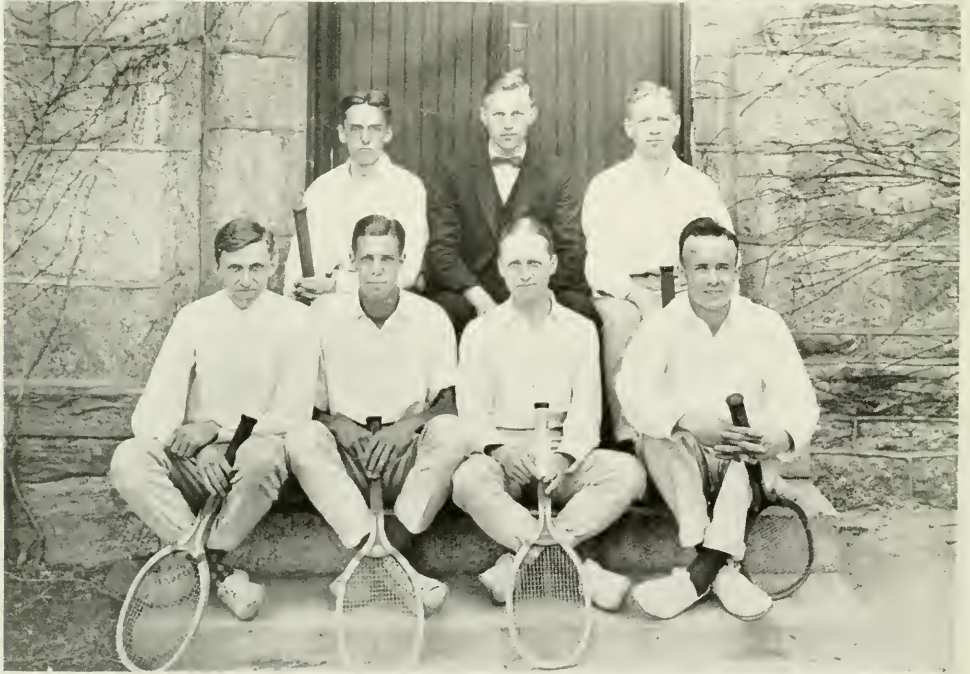
Gymnasium

HARRISON H. ARNOLD
Captain

HERBERT J. PAINTER
Manager

No Haverford team found such great obstacles in its way this year as did Captain Arnold's gymnasium team. This was the first sport to go at other colleges and Manager Painter was able to secure only the Navy as a possible opponent. As in other years, and as was expected, the strong Annapolis aggregation proved too strong, but Captain Arnold and Arrowsmith secured firsts while McConnell, Baily, Pierce and Knowlton also tallied. Several exhibition meets were offered by the team.

"Marney" Crosman was probably the greatest gymnast Haverford ever turned out and in Junior year he gained proper recognition in winning the All-Round Championship at the Intercollegiates. Arnold's work has always been of the highest caliber in his club swinging, while the class also lost a horse-man in Tatum last year. Fitts' winning of the Novice Cup in the Interclass Meet of Sophomore year, and Deacon's original series with the clubs in the same meet are the two other achievements of the class in this department worthy of mention. An Interclass Basket-ball Series in two divisions held exceptional interest among all the classes throughout the winter and produced some well-contested matches. The Senior teams won the championship of both divisions, Captain Cooper, Dewees, Webb, Buzby, Carr and Nevin playing on the first and Gilmour, Lester, Beeson, Townsend and Deacon on the second Senior team.



Baseball

GEORGE H. BUZBY
Captain

BENNETT S. COOPER
Manager

Baseball, like all of the other sports, suffered greatly from the war. In addition to those fellows who had entered the service, Buz, whose pitching had put Haverford on the baseball map, was lost to the team through an operation for appendicitis. In spite of these handicaps, we were able to put a good team on the field and after losing the first two games, mainly through lack of practice, we completed a fairly successful season.

Buz has been our star baseball man in the three years he was able to play. In Sophomore year he pitched the team to a victory over Pennsylvania, holding them hitless until the ninth inning, when they managed to get one hit, a single which Chick Cary just tipped with his gloved hand and which robbed Buz of everlasting fame. He was elected captain at the end of Junior year and doubtless would have added new laurels to his crown if he had been able to play. Buz and Heinie Koons both made the team in Freshman year and Neil, Lester, and Marney Crosman, who forsook cricket to help us beat Penn, joined them in Sophomore year. Last year found Buz, Neil, Marney, Lester and Doc Goltman, a newcomer, as our representatives, Heinie having left college. We had five men on the team this year, Lester, Neil, Dewey, Hynson and Webb, and, as we retire, it is with a feeling of satisfaction that we point to our baseball record during our four years at Haverford.

Tennis

WALTER P. SHIPLEY, Jr.
Captain

ALFRED H. DEWEES
Manager

Tennis was not so hard hit by the war as most of the other sports this year and this perhaps accounts for the good showing which the team made. Captain Shipley was the mainstay of the team and won most of his matches by his steady and sure placements. Haynes, '19, had also an excellent record and with Shipley in the doubles made a winning combination.

The 1918 representatives on the team were Webb, Tomlinson and Barrie. Bill Wright would have been a member of the team had he returned this year, having made the team his Sophomore year. Webb, Tomlinson and Barrie were unfortunately not able to play in all the matches, as they were also members of the baseball, cricket and track teams.

The matches scheduled for this season were with Lehigh, Lafayette, Delaware, New York University, Johns Hopkins and Swarthmore.



Cricket

ALBERT H. TOMLINSON
Captain

FRANK DEACON
Manager

Considerable interest marked the 1918 cricket season, despite the loss of a large number of cricketers to the service who would fit George's statement, "He's a good boy," and the difficulty of arranging games due to the effect of the war situation on the cricket clubs around Philadelphia. However, the management was able to arrange several games with the New York Veterans and the "Summer" elevens of the various clubs.

As a class, the highest name in the annals of cricket is "Marney" Crosman, captain until he entered the service in the fall. As usual, Marney was an all-round cricketer, a clever bowler, a sure point and a "century" batter. Among those who made the team Junior year were "Walt" Nevin, a good bat; Shipley and Porter, who proved promising bowlers; and "Heinie" Hallett and "Tommy" Tomlinson. Senior year found all these men in the service except the last, who was elected captain to fill Marney's place. Deacon filled Ed Porter's place as manager.

It was with a great deal of sorrow that cricket lovers heard of George Bennett's death last winter. George had built up cricket here for nearly a decade and also accompanied several teams on English trips. His jovial manner and good-heartedness won a place in the hearts of all of us.

Track

EDWARD S. THORPE, Jr.
Captain

ALFRED J. TOWNSEND
Manager

Prospects were not as bright as they might have been at the beginning of the season, but Coach Keogh's optimism and faithful, hard work by the fellows produced good results. Shortly after the team got outdoors, the service took three of the best men—Captain Thorpe, Cleveland and Oliver. Barrie was the only Senior left on the squad.

1918 has produced several track men of ability. In Sophomore year the class won the annual Interclass Meet through the good work of Hisey, Nevin, Sharp, Crosman and Cleveland. Al Hisey made his mark as a jumper, both high and broad. Had he returned this year he would have captained the team. Joe Sharp favored the half-mile and performed well. In Sophomore year Nevin surprised us with his ability as a hurdler. Cleveland was the weight man of the class and the only point winner at the beginning of the season. Marney Crosman devoted most of his attention to cricket, but found time occasionally to perform in the 100, the broad-jump and the pole-vault. Hallett was runner-up to Hisey in the high-jump. Keay and Hoffman showed much promise but left us early. Thornton and Deacon appeared on the track Junior year, but the Emergency Unit put an end to their aspirations.

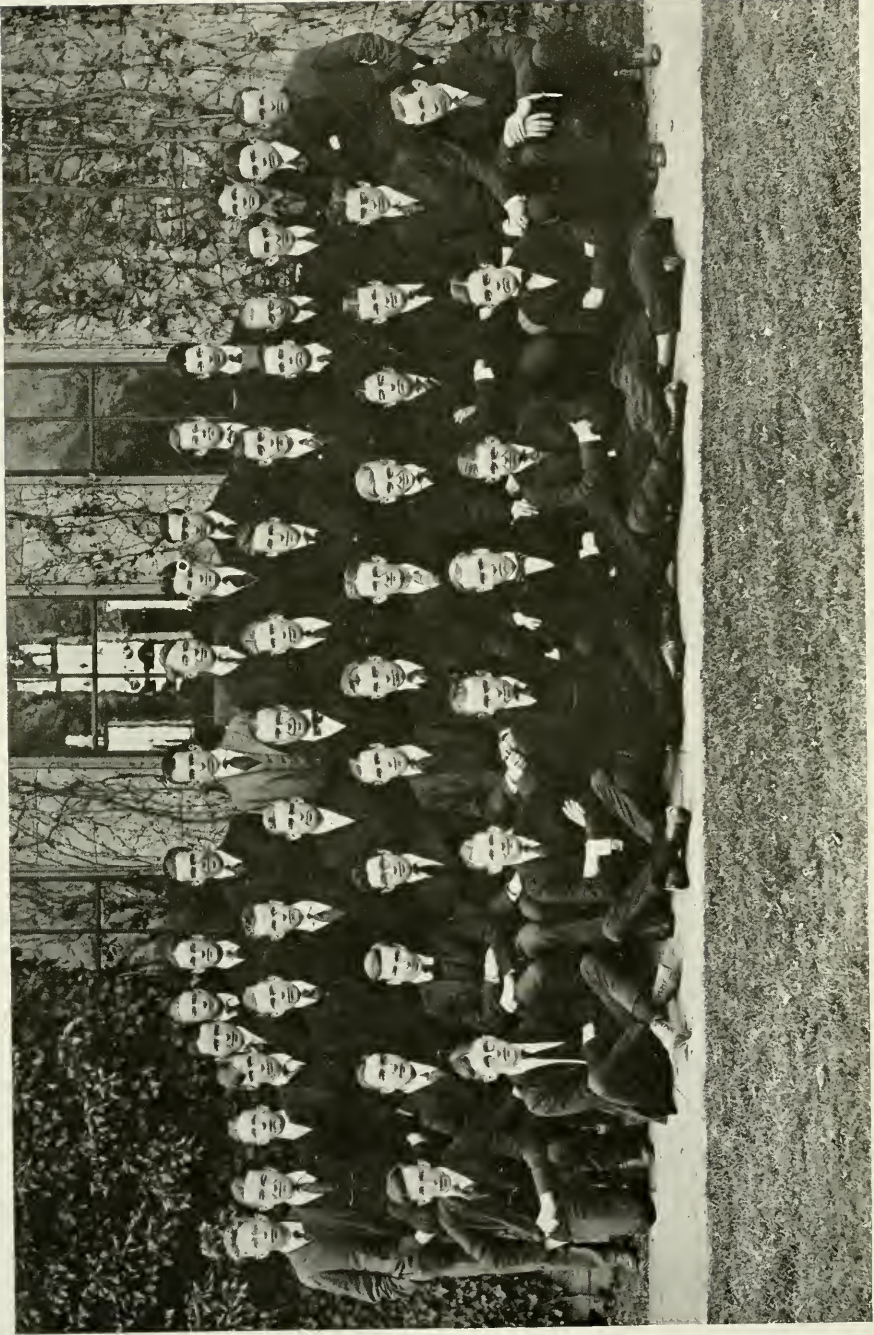


JUNIOR CLASS

Junior Class

Richard Mead Balderston	Colora, Md.
John Denman Barlow	Hazel Grove, England
Richard Thompson Battey	Providence, R. I.
William John Brockelbank	Ravenshoe, Ont.
Philip Langdon Corson	Plymouth Meeting, Pa.
Franklin McCreary Earnest, Jr.	Mifflinburg, Pa.
Edgar Baldwin Graves	Philadelphia, Pa.
Roy Thurlby Griffith	Narberth, Pa.
Hartley Stokes Haines	Millville, N. J.
Gordon Birdsall Hartshorn	Walden, N. Y.
John Shields Haynes	Cynwyd, Pa.
George Harold Hubler	Auburn, Pa.
Russell Nelson Miller	Philadelphia, Pa.
Ralph Frederick Mook	Philadelphia, Pa.
Alan Douglas Oliver	Ras-el-Metn, Syria
Chester Arthur Osler	Pensauken, N. J.
Jesse Evan Philips	Kennett Square, Pa.
†Arnold Chase Scattergood	Philadelphia, Pa.
Walter Penn Shipley, Jr.	Germantown, Pa.
Hamilton Dana Taylor	Montgomery, Ala.
Elmer Hancock Thorpe	Haverford, Pa.

† Deceased.



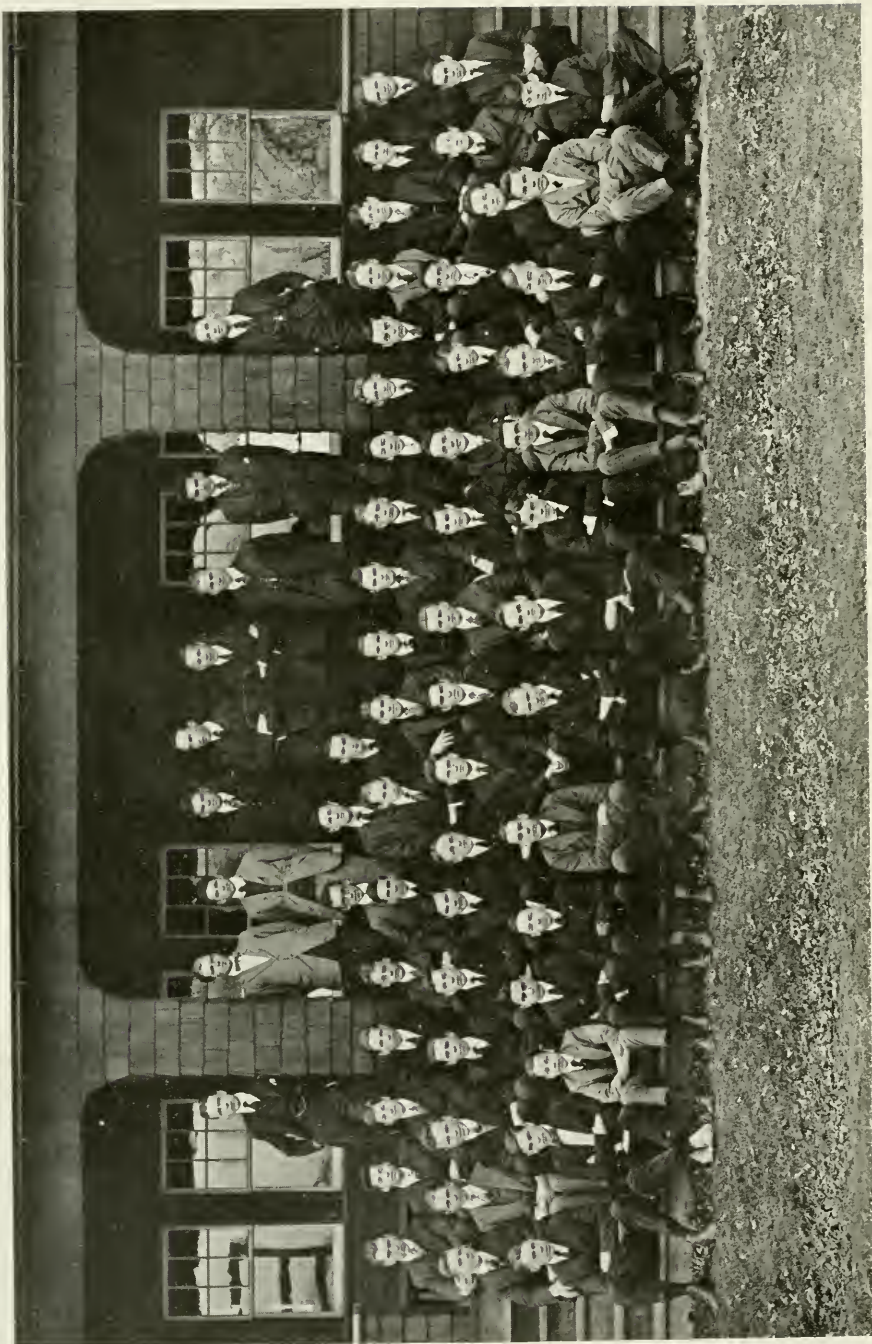
SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore Class

Harold Walton Brecht
Stephen Clarence Bunting
Robert William Burritt
Herman Dietrich Carus
Benjamin Collins, Jr.
Paul Carr Crowther
John Branson Edmonds
Lucius Williams Elder, Jr.
Edmund Morris Fergusson, Jr.
John Russel Fitts
Donald Alexander Flanders
Edwin Oscar Geckeler
Frank Thompson Gucker, Jr.
Pierson Penrose Harris
Harry Calvin Hartman
William Fairbank Hastings
Harold Willard Hicks
Gilbert Thomas Hoag
Philip Eugene Howard, Jr.
Milton Adolph Kamsler
Thomas Henry Kearney
Joseph Bernard King, Jr.

Alfred Douglas Knowlton
Clarence James Leuba
Isaac Cate Lycett
Elmer Clarence Miller, Jr.
Thomas Edward Morris
James Torbert Mullin
Charles Edward Phelps
James Lawrence Pierce
Robert Russell Porter
Christopher Roberts
Francis Stokes Silver
Joseph Hopkinson Smith
Robert Buoy Smith
Horace Fish Spencer
Thomas Hodgson Stubbs
Henry Rumsey Tatnall
Clinton Clement Hancock Thorpe
Granville Ernest Toogood
Schuyler Curtis Van Sickle
William W. Wilcox, Jr.
John Steele Williams
Richard Reeve Wood

Granville Worrell

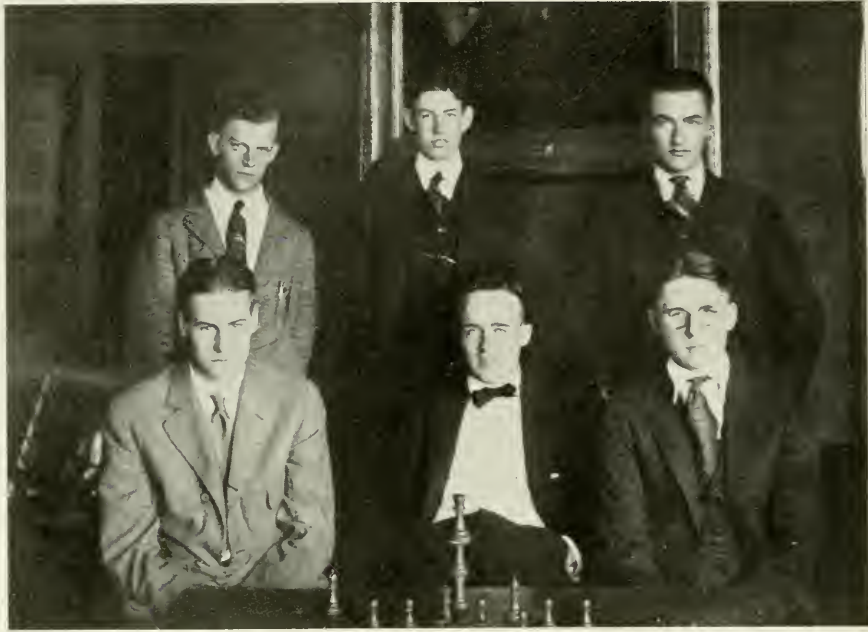


FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class

Alan Mason Abele	Philip Leighton Lee
Harold Walton Arrowsmith	John William Leonard
Robert Atkinson	Julian Sax Long
Jervis Jefferis Babb	Warren Sturgis McCulloch
Livingston Boyd Baily	Morrison Cushman McKinley
James McGranahan Baker	Archibald MacIntosh
Thomas Bradwall Barlow	David Ernst Matzke
Charles Addison Brinton	William Felix Mengert
Robert Strafford Brodhead Brooks	John Delaplane Miller
Edward Lyman Brown, Jr.	Kark Matz Miller
Elliot Weld Brown	John Jay Mitchell, 3d
Paul Herbert Caskey	Robert Louis Molitor
Pierce Amsden Cumings	Elliston Perot Morris, Jr.
Levon Paul Donchain	Frederick Jefferson Muth
Stacy Newcomb Ewan, Jr.	Alfred Nicholson
Thomas LaFayette Fansler, Jr.	Samuel Albert Nock
William Cramp Ferguson, Jr.	Raymond Theodore Ohl
George John Gebauer, Jr.	Herbert Orvis Peet
Nelson Davis Gifford, Jr.	Amos Arthur Powell
Edward Cadmus Haines	John Harkey Reiter
Henry Hartshorne	Garrett Roberts
James Hartshorne	Harmer Denny Roberts
Alan Woods Hastings	Albert Edward Rogers
Edmund G. Hauff	Milton Huyett Sangree
Eugene Blair Heilman	Joseph Hutchinson Smith
Herschel Clifford Henderson	Willard Samuel Taylor
John Robinson Hoopes	Charles Wilbur Ufford
Milton Perry Hunter	Benjamin B. Weatherby, 2d
William Thomas Jebb	William Frederick Weigland, Jr.
John Barclay Jones, Jr.	Bertrand Henry Wilbur
Richard Dale Kitzmiller	David Harris Willson
John Hugo Klaren, Jr.	Robert Newlin Wood
†George Lane, Jr.	Minturn Tatum Wright, Jr.

† Deceased.



Chess

KENNETH W. WEBB
Captain

WALTER S. NEVIN
Manager

Chess, like cricket, is one of Haverford's most venerable and respected sports and this year has seen a considerable revival of interest in the strenuous parlor game. Thirty fellows entered the annual tournament and in addition to these there were a large number who took up the game around college. The chess team played three matches with the faculty, Swarthmore College, and the Swarthmore Chess Club (not connected with the college), and a successful season was declared upon the winning of the last two of these engagements. The match with the Swarthmore Chess Club was adjudicated in time to permit an expert, Mr. Sellers, to play ten simultaneous boards with the members of both teams.

Frank Deacon and Ken Webb were the two members of last year's team to return to college, and they played at the first two boards this year, with Hoag, Ufford and Nicholson as the other three members of the team. Haines substituted in the final match with the Swarthmore Chess Club and made an excellent showing in winning his match. All of the engagements were filled on the home floor in the Union. The annual tournament was won by K. W. Webb.



Mrs A Mrs

SEA HALL, TON GOOD

HARRISON HEIKES ARNOLD

"Harrison"



Harrison has method in his system, if anybody ever had. His carefully worked out schedule for an afternoon used to run somewhat as follows: 1.00 P. M., Lunch; 1.20, Ten Minute Stroll; 1.30, Club Swinging; 1.45, Nap; 2.00, English Class. Permit us to stop with the English Class. We trust we have shown what a relentless pursuit of efficiency may produce in the line of variety.

If we were to call Harrison the King of Clubs, we would not wish to convey the impression that he was overfond of "a little game." How could he be? Did he not room with a Deacon, freshman year?—nor yet that he was expert in the use of a policeman's billy. The plain truth is that Harrison brought glory to himself and his Alma Mater by consistently winning points in Haverford's dual gym meets. The two chief factors contributing to this result were training table toast and his faithful régime of practice.

Elsewhere in these pages you may glean the information that Harrison wrote his graduation thesis on "Don Juan." It may be that he gathered the necessary material from experiences in rooming with "Jake" Schrope and Brockelbank, but candor forces

us to state emphatically that he would be totally unable to compose such a treatise from first-hand information. He has always been a member of the Y. M. C. A. in good standing and during Senior year rendered invaluable assistance by his timely counsels at the cabinet meetings. On the whole, he is a young man with astonishingly few pernicious habits, though "Beer" Shock and Ernie Brown strenuously objected to being awakened to the chorus of Indian clubs of all sizes and shapes rolling off his bed.

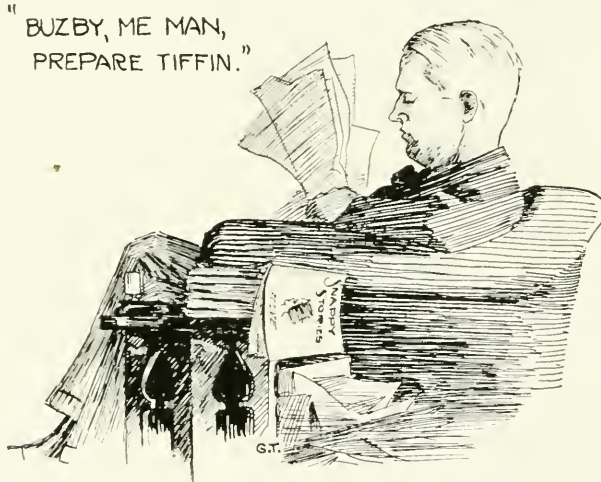
After his first summer out with the People's Home Library, much apprehension was felt lest Harrison should grow corpulent, but this fear is now dissipated for all time. He was called "the playful Arnold" because he could cast dull care and the weight of advancing years aside and be as wild as a March hare, preparatory to an afternoon's promenade or a big battle at the movies.

The day may be not far distant when we shall gaze with admiration on Harrison Heikes Arnold, Ph.D., Professor of Romance Languages.

ROBERT BARRIE, Jr.

"Bob"

Behold! Below enshrined in luxurious cushions, Lord Barrie, industriously occupied, studying hard as usual. This youthful, flaxen-haired prodigy condescended to live with us Junior year when he took up his abode in Aristocracy Heights. Our first impression of Bob was that of a formidable member of Main Line society who stayed with us long enough to attend classes and play soccer, disappearing regularly for his own little parties. Bob has a Buick of his own and drives it well. We have reason to know that he likes to drive a Mercer and he has been seen to draw out for home, driving the racer, followed by his chauffeur in the Buick.



If you should wish to meet Barrie or if there is something he wants you to do for him, he may be seen at Lloyd Hall on week-day nights when he is not otherwise engaged. After you have been properly introduced, Bob will modestly tell you some of his accomplishments. He is a soccerite from Haverford School, a member of the Intercollegiate Championship Team, a track man and a tennis player of no mean ability. Also, if you stay long enough he will demonstrate his ability as a drummer of the Lloyd Jazz Band. Buzz is his chief valet and prepares his wardrobe, etc. Since the latter's recent operation, Bob has been, in truth, lord and master. Bob proved an efficient soccer manager, put Buzz through Physics and is always there with a cheery smile. As a graduate of Dr. Barrett's Economics courses, we feel that Bob will soon represent us as an eminent business man.

JOHN HENRY BEESON

"Bruddah Beeson"

*"Now let me tell yo' about it."**"Well, now, I guess there's a heap o' things yo' all don't know about this."*

There are a heap o' things we don't know about this son of the sunny South, so disinclined is he to speak of himself. However, just mention Proportional Representation and his incandescent oratory will mount to the skies and make old Demosthenes sound like a plea of "Not guilty" in Police Court.

Jawn Henry (so we learned was his name about February 1st) blew in from the land of cotton and pickaninnies at the beginning of our Senior year as the representative of Old Guilford, and forthwith joined the ranks of the "Horrible Half-breeds" who invaded South Barclay.

Immediately he began to demonstrate the quality of scholarship turned out by his Alma Mater, and his room soon became the rendezvous of all the History and Ec. slackers in Barclay during that critical period just preceding the examinations. His activities were not wholly confined to devouring with great gusto the offerings of Messrs. Lunt, Kelsey, and Barrett, however, Bruddah Beeson playing center on the football scrub and combined center and guard on that terrible Wogglebug team.

His chief amusements are "argifyin'" politics and attending the Round Table. He was never heard to "cuss," always preferring to discuss.

Some things we have learned from Jawn Henry are that Guilford

has the best baseball team in the United States, and that he is a Republican. Horrors! He's the third example Guilford has sent us in two years of that bird, supposedly as extinct below the Mason-Dixon Line as the proverbial dodo.

It is rumored that Jawn Henry sends a voluminous letter every three weeks to an address that begins with Miss, and ends with Nawth Car'liny. It is also whispered that he gets a similar, only perfumed one, in the interim, but he swears it comes in an envelope, "dog bite it."



G.T.

GEORGE HAINES BUZBY

"Buz"

A restful scene in Center Barclay. Cooper smoking and gazing peacefully into space, wondering what he will cut; Deacon sleeping on the couch; Dewees beating the dickens out of himself at solitaire and Nevin gloating over the unintelligible ravings of Dunsany. Enter two golf balls, one history book, one soccer shoe and Buz. In the next few minutes the bed is bent, the morris chair broken and Deacon awakened; Dewees is reduced to helpless laughter, Nevin is under the bed and Cooper is in the throes of the "nigger grip."

Buz is the luckiest guy in the world; he starts and gets away with more things than any other two men in the class. With the uncanny knack of hitting what he is aiming at, he makes life a terror for the rest of the college.



But it was this old throwing arm that made the victory over Penn and passed the forwards in the football games. He is our all-round athlete, having three H's, a place on the All-American soccer team and a wing that makes Walter Johnson look sick.

Recently he was operated on for appendicitis and his experiences with nurses, matched with those of Deak and Raw, while away many a rainy Sunday evening. He also carries on with Raw conversations at the table thus: Raw performs his parlor trick, Buz trumps him. "Have a care," says Cooper. "How do you get that way?" is the retort and then merriment reigns supreme.

But really Buz is the kind of a fellow you read about, able to do anything better than the other fellow, never rattled no matter what the difficulty and always ready to help you out of any trouble. If there is such a rara avis as a type of college man that is turned out at Haverford, then we nominate, second and pass unanimously that Buz is the fellow in the class whom we believe best fills the qualifications.

HERBERT JOSEPH CARR

"Herb," "Tiny"

"Tiny" comes from a small town in Ohio which gets all the big shows four years after they appear in New York. He had played a little football before coming to Haverford and under "Doc's" coaching he developed into a promising player. He would undoubtedly make the team if he returned next year. In basket-ball, "Herb" stepped into the breach in the Senior team caused by Buzby's illness, played a creditable game, and despite the fact that we had lost one of our best players, we won the championship. In the spring, Carr showed his baseball ability by leading the second team through a successful season.



"Tiny" loves entertainment and spends most of his time at shows or the Ardmore movies. He has furnished Editor Williams of the *South Barclay Belch* with enough sensational stuff to keep that popular periodical on the high plane to which it has been raised through the untiring efforts of its illustrious board. The account of "Herb's" wild escapade at the Dunlop, on the Atlantic City trip, was eagerly devoured by the subscribers to that illustrious sheet.

But to say that Carr is a good fellow is putting it rather mildly. He is liked by every one and had it not been for eligibility rules, he would have made an even greater name for himself than he has now. We are sorry that we could not have had him with us for longer than one year and glad that we have had the privilege of knowing him at least that long.

ARTHUR HORTON CLEVELAND, Jr.

"Arthur," "Grover," "Fusser"

"None but the brave deserve the fair."

There was the thud, thud of crutches down the hall and Arthur had returned from his prey.

Truly romantic has been the career of this great athlete. Freshman year he got away with a flying start by performing the difficult feat of crawling under the cane during the rush, thereby damaging his shoulder. Although this kept him from football, yet he took up the minor sports of Bryn Mawr and Ardmore. In the spring the young man's fancy turned to track and he followed in the footsteps of Our Steve and threw the hammer and—.

Sophomore and Junior years were far from being monotonous. Three pairs of crutches were worn out through his various injuries. Bryn Mawr's fairest wept as he related just how this ankle was turned or how that knee was bruised. And who shall ever forget the tributes that were paid in deathless verse on the walls of Center Barclay?

But Senior year was his crown of laurels. For he not only made the football team, but also played in the notorious Navy game. But, alas, it was in this game that his treacherous ankle went back on him again and he retired to his fourth pair of crutches. He also came to the aid of a tottering glee club

and with his manly "bass" voice reached depths of music hitherto unknown to man.

We shall miss Grover and his laugh, his delight over a risen moon, his unselfish desire to help a fellow out, his talk of strange adventures in divers places—but our loss will be Chadd's Ford's gain.

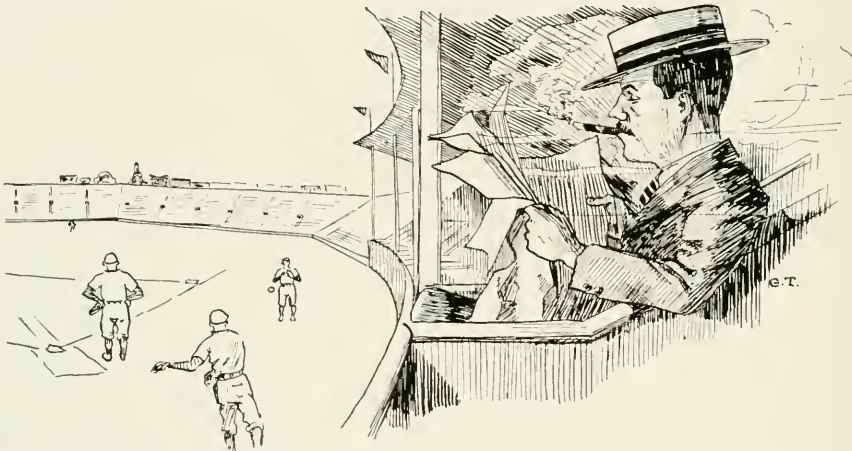
BENNETT SMEDLEY COOPER

"Raw"

"And finally, Scoop, when I see a young man at the head of a crowd—" this is but the close of the missionary address with which Raw endeavors to turn his friends from their evil ways. The next part may be a famous Alexandrine piece of wit, or one of the tense moments from great plays that he is so fond of repeating to us.

Raw is a man of varied activity, or inactivity, for he is not only bitten by the baseball bug in its most virulent form, but finds time to manage the baseball team (yes, they call it that), see every show that comes to town, captain the glorious Senior basket-ball team to its triumphal close and argue with Nevin.

He has two great aversions. The first is almost praiseworthy and is a hatred of work in any form, especially if this work is required. A close-up of Raw studying would show him rolling a cigarette, ruffling his hair, figuring just how much he needs to pass the course, or



saying something like this: "Gee, there is a swell chorus at ——. I'm going in tonight." His second dislike is for girls and is inexplicable. We prophesy a hard and sudden fall, with a most sickening thud, in the near future.

But life for Raw is not all one grand sweet song, for he is the sick man of Europe and possesses internal workings that are peculiar to the extreme; every pill that is known to man can be found in his pocket or desk.

Whoever in the class may change in the future, we know that Raw will be the same. His hair may part company with him, he may change the Dodge for a Stutz, he may move from Moorestown to Narberth, but for richer or poorer, better or worse, he will still remain the king of the soda-mint fighters and still will he be able to give us his realistic, world-famous imitation of a seal.

We "kid" Raw a lot; he not only takes it well but has a come-back every time. And it is his good nature that makes him one of the most popular fellows in the class.

FRANK DEACON

"Deak"

"What, should he study and make himself wood?"

Not to every class is it given to have in it an universal genius, but like Allah, Deacon is Deacon and 1918 thereby profits. Behind him lie four years of inimitable humor and rough-house.

He started down on the first floor of Barclay and together with Dave and Al, the day students, Joe Hayman and the rest of the class, made this the Freshman paradise. After a few unsuccessful attempts at studying, Harrison Hikus migrated to the library and with Al would bemoan the hard-heartedness of room-mates.

Deak was the prime mover of the Gimlets and the custodian of the sacred paper, the organizer of raids on the Arcmore Movies, and the Grand High bearer of the Chant.



Sophomore year he and the rest of the wrecking crew made North Barclay a name to go down in story and song to all generations. Between the twelve simultaneous games of "High, low," the defense of the inverted light from the evil intentions of Buzby, the strafing of Day, the tag in the stack room, he had but little time for the minor occupation of study and so became one of the reasons why Don Carlos has classes.

Senior year he became president of the Y. M. C. A. and with his room-mate issued a grand challenge to the world to any sport from dingle-ball to chess. His enlistment in the army only prevented them from winning the belt, time only being given to humble Cooper and Dewees.

Deak is himself a fit subject for a complete class book. We can but mention a few of the many exploits, but who will ever forget that scene in the Dean's office, with the stern Fritz glaring at three miserable culprits? "What part had you in this disgraceful affair, Deacon?"

"I was the fire-chief."

And the Dean broke down and wept.

ALFRED HENRY DEWEES

"Dewey," "Dick," "John"

"A lover and a lusty bachelor."

Yes, Dewey came from Dear Old West-town, but how he has fallen from grace and wandered from the fold. Freshman year he roomed in Merion and under the protecting wing of Lester stayed far away from the "sights that dazzle." Sophomore Year he slept in Merion occasionally. But Junior Year he moved to Barclay and—"What a fall was there, my brethren." Among his other studies he elected courses in Dancing, Carpenter's and Germantown. A committee composed of Deacon, chairman, Cooper, Buzby and Nevin officially take this opportunity to award to him the Scholarship Improvement Prize in these subjects.

Woman, beautiful woman, is his hobby and he is making a collection of the "mutabile semper" that rivals that of the famous Spanish collector, there being but few types that are unrepresented, and from these "Good Lord deliver us."

But our Dewey is far from being a parlor snake, lounge lizard or any other kind of reptile, for he is a student and a most versatile athlete, as well as being a hater of belted coats. Not only did he make the soccer team in his Freshman year but, on turning his attention to football, became the fullback on the varsity, where he scored the lone touchdown against Swarthmore. His path through basket-ball is strewn with the

bodies of his innocent victims (ask Corson, he knows), while on the diamond he can play any position with dexterity—and who shall forget that home run?

Above all, Dewey is an all-round good fellow and typifies for us the ideal of a college trained man. We are thankful for the privilege of knowing a "gentleman, scholar and judge of good women."

DWIGHT R. FITTS

"Dwight"

Scene—Haverford College. Time—Twentieth anniversary of the Class of 1918.

A luxurious biplane sweeps noiselessly down in front of Lloyd and Mr. D. R. Fitts steps out upon the green. "Well, John, here we are at the scene of our college life once more," says the eminent economist and expert "ace" retired from the U. S. Army after the five years' war with Germany. We might say here that Dwight was dressed precisely and in up-to-the-minute clothes just advertised in the *Saturday Evening Post*, and was truly immaculate to the last button. "Let's go over to Strawbridge and have one more smoke on the old seats," suggested John Kendall. "We certainly had some memorable

"WE'VE GOT TO GET 30 MORE FOR THIS
F. & M. TRIP. THAT'S ALL THERE IS TO IT"



times when we were here," broke in Dwight, "and then remember how the profs used to think that we really worked when we never cracked a book." "I did have to work hard getting that bunch to go up to F. and M. on that football trip though, it was nearly as hard as getting 200 people to attend that Junior Dance," said Dwight, reminiscent. "The things that I will remember about college are those trips to New York in your Mercer when we didn't get in until six in the morning, and of course those swell farewell parties at the l'Aiglon. That reminds me, there is a dance on over at the club tonight, let's go over to dinner." So they both climb into the aeroplane and Dwight soars up with the skill of an "ace."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN GILLESPIE

"Link"

Link is another argument in support of the fact that Germantown is the land of fair women and epicurean philosophers. With Frank Deacon, Link learned to become one of the latter at Germantown Academy, and since then they have both been rapidly losing all their illusions—except the great one that the fleshly pleasures of the world can put the kibosh on the "Timor mortis conturbat me." Baked beans and saltpeter are now turning this final trick for Frank, but Link still has faith in faithless woman.

Link, however, is only interested in the foolish sex if he thinks they have musical souls

or if they can be won over by the passion he puts in some of his "parlor"—or should I say "hammock songs."

Amorous spring is the great time of the year for Link. Then he can trot out the old guitar and go serenading around the suburbs of Philly until he finds the wench that will whisper, "If music be the food of love, get busy." Link's romantic tendencies also extended themselves into the Romance Languages in which he majored at Haverford, and Comfort admits that he was the



only one to appreciate fully the interesting passages met by the wayside.

Link in his two years at Haverford has meant much to the Musical Clubs and this year he accomplished the impossible, and incidentally cast Weston into tears, by cutting the number of rehearsals in two at the same time he was leading the Glee Club through a season quite creditable in spite of lack of material.

Fortunately, all of Link's entertaining has not been wasted on the women or the Dennis, and many of us will long remember "Damn Your Eyes" and other favorites. Link is one of the fellows we would like to have seen much more of, and we sincerely trust that future reunions will show that feeling to be mutual.

NEIL GILMOUR

"Neil"

Eleven o'clock and all's well.

Silence in Center Barclay except for the Banjokesters, the piano on the third floor, Weston singing fugues from all the operas, and the rattle of chips in the Y. M. C. A.

A huge figure looms through the gloom, saying, "Do you think that Jones is hitting as well as Smith did in 1908?"

Yes, your first guess is correct. It is Neil, returning from Honor Math. Neil is one of these "brain boys" you read about, for he not only uses his head in study but in his athletics also. As a result he was one of the best tackles ever seen on Walton Field (we know that he is the best, but let's keep on good terms with the alumni). His playing is a triumph of mind over matter; why, they even say that the sport at Camp Meade these days is to creep up behind Brewer, say "Gilmour," and watch him jump.



But woe betide the innocent person who mentions statistics, figures or any comparative scoring, for Neil's brain has stored away every date, score and person who figures in history, sporting or otherwise, from the first navy game, when Noah was smothered by superior weight, until—but this is a painful topic. We remember with pride how the one and only A. Cornog stumbled and fell over such a simple little thing as naming for Neil the quarterback of Cornell in 1910 and, although we did not win the Swarthmore game, Emerson is right; there is a Law of Compensation.

It is a great thing to have a fellow like Neil in the class. It means all sorts of class championships and prizes, but more than this it means that there is some one who will be famous and president of some huge corporation and from whom you can borrow money.

WILLIAM HOOVER HARDING

"Deac"

Deac was unquestionably the host of the class. Freshman year he was considerably handicapped by his first wife, Jack LeClercq, whose indifferent habits hopelessly littered the bare room. Sophomore year found Deac cosily and with home-like warmth settled with a second wife, Thacher. Some time during this state of our career Deac annexed a third wife, Irish, finding a mutual interest in the war, teas, and a sympathetic heart. From this time on we were never without a breakfast Sunday morning, despite the late hour, never shivered on a cold night without the prospect of a roaring fire and a cup of hot percolated coffee with toast, and also never saw Irish without the knowledge that Deac was thereabouts.

About the end of Sophomore year, Deac decided to change over from a special student



to regular 1918 standing. Like all other of his determinations, he went after it by studying at Chicago during the summer months and would have succeeded if another ambition had not suppressed this one.

Upon our entry into the war William Hoover, not discouraged by many failures, tried nearly every form of the service possible. The ac-

companied picture shows the grim determination with which he finally overcame the weight requirement, consuming one quart of cream and one of milk per day, per week, per half year. When Deac wasn't playing around juggling thermos bottles he might be seen with a measuring tape watching the rolls of fat appear. Needless to say that after Christmas he entered the Ambulance department of the army.

We have mentioned Deac as the host of the class. As such his career was not complete without assuming the rôle of Harvey Klock in the tower room of Barclay with its multitudinous possibilities. Deac will never be a scholar nor a great orator, but he will always be the first on hand with a sympathetic heart and a bit of friendly help in time of need.

MATTHEW MANLOVE HYNSON

"Matty"

Matty is one of the most misjudged men in college. Given the most beautiful voice in college, as Ed Porter was reputed to possess, and Matty would be more than able to take care of himself with our tribe of would-be humorists. We all remember the days when Matty's shafts clearly laid low such reputed wits as Lusson, Alexander, and Schenck, and there are few fellows that would take as good-naturedly all the foolish gaff to which he has been exposed.



With Link and Coleman, Hynson formed a sociable triumvirate during the past two years which have the scalps of many remarkable parties on their belts. Some of the best of these were those at Lawndale, and Link loves to relate of the progress made by Matty in his amorous undertakings at such dates. Matty is also one of our theater-trailers and holds high count for the number of shows seen in one day, but this is no great crime—there are lots of others bitten by the same bug, and Cooper, Williams, and Carr are a trio that are giving his high record a chase.

When Gillespie came down from Penn State in Junior year he at once saw the gentle cynic and fraternal philosopher in disguise and so far all went well, but Link unfortunately spoiled Matty by kidding him into thinking he had a voice. The illusion still hangs over and Matty has not been the same youth since. On the banjo-mandolin it is a different proposition—witness the solos at Milford; but we can never forgive Link for introducing

to our acquaintance that pathetic musical eccentricity that earned for itself the new title of "Hynson tenor" which even exceeds the depths of decomposition reached by that other fearsome curiosity, our "Cleveland base."

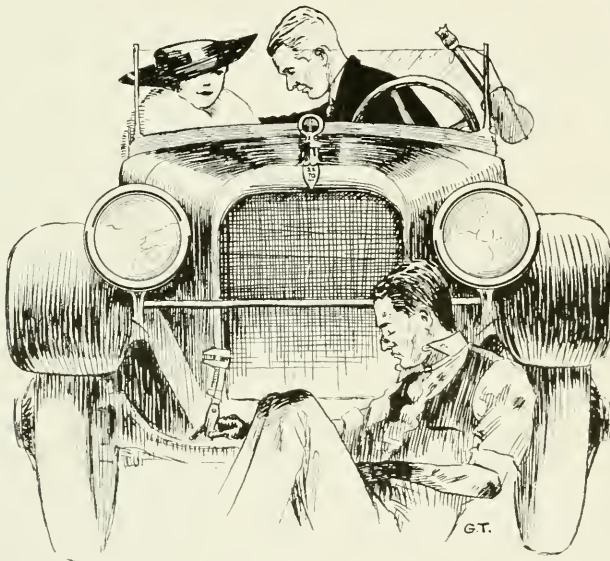
For Johnnie Williams' and Winx Thorpe's sake we are sorry that Matty has to go, but advice from the front states that coffee gelatin will next year be fit to eat, and Milford wants its Matty.

JOHN WILEY KENDALL

"John"

Nineteen-eighteen's millionaire hails from the Capitol City. After two years in Lloyd with "Kansas City's finest," which were devoted to physical culture and cards, John left us for a year of rest. He returned to us this fall minus his appendix and with some wonderful tales of Palm Beach and the "beauties" thereof.

John manages to find time for recreation and his Mercer has more than once wended its weary way "upon the college campus" in the wee, small hours, with a merry party from the l'Aiglon. With the arrival of "Oh, Boy," John practically gave up college and save for the few teas which he gave in his room for the pick of the company, we seldom saw



him. Anne Wheaton, Marie Carrol, Fay Marbe, etc., had many a ride in the well-known Mercer and Burke's and the l'Aiglon did a thriving business while the show was in town. For further reference, see the heel marks on the back of the front seat of the blue racer.

As a song writer, John is in a class by himself. He has written enough "hits" to furnish the Winter Garden with syncopation for years to come and we warn Irving Berlin and Georgie Cohan to look to their laurels when this budding genius is turned loose in the world of rag-time.

John buys everything that he thinks might possibly be of service to him. In addition to his car, he has acquired a bicycle and a motorcycle and so is always assured of some means of locomotion to get to Philadelphia. He has a way of getting by with the professors on a very small amount of work and we do not doubt but that this happy faculty will be of great service to the future lumber magnate in the business world.

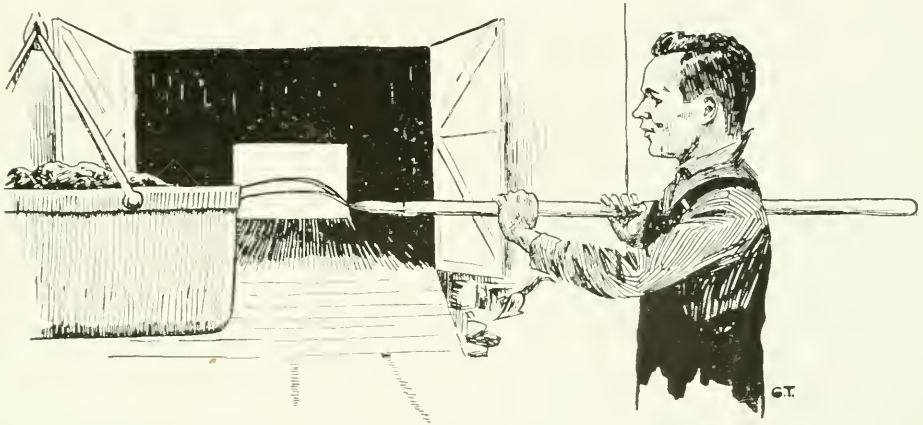
EVAN JONES LESTER, Jr.

"Evan"

Evan is another of the reasons why our class is the best one ever graduated at Haverford. Whatever he does he does well, whether it be leading the Y. M. C. A., making love to the fair sex, running the "Special" down on the farm, or winning the Cope Fellowship.

Whether it is our fault or not, we never really got to know Evan until the Senior year. Freshman and Sophomore Years he and Dewees hid away in Merion. Junior Year Evan went to Founders and put in another secretive year with the bell, half-breeds and Bangham.

Senior Year he moved to the home of the elect, Center Barclay, and became the mainstay of all college activities. His presidency of the Y. M. C. A. was full of pep, but was



this because the rival Merion organization became vigorous? In basket-ball he was the star of the Senior team (of the second division), while in baseball he is the team.

But who would think that a man of his serious mind would find time "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade?" But he does, for he is our champion fusser and, what is strange, he slips in and out of his room so quietly that no one "kens where he is gone."

There is one scene that is burnt on our memory. It is that Swarthmore game; Evan is going down the field with the ball; he takes huge strides and it seems that he will be caught every moment! But he plugs right ahead and beats faster men than he. That is the way we think he will be when he gets out of college. There may be men who are faster than he, but steady, reliable Evan will beat them all to the goal.

CHARLES-FRANCIS LONG

"Johnny"



To those of us afflicted with Weltschmerz and who consider this as but a weary vale of tears, there is one shadow of a mighty rock within a weary land and that is the presence of Johnny.

He has read all that an educated gentleman should and is able to converse with *eclat* on any subject, frivolous or otherwise. With a fund of apt quotations and the ability to laugh at the remarks of others, he is the ideal conversationalist.

He has many habits and peculiarities, but so have all great men. One is a preference for Dickens and the burning ambition to read all of his works. Then, too, he goes to the Philadelphia Orchestra every Saturday night, that is, every Saturday night when he does not join the triumvirate of Lester and Painter in a wild round of dissipation. And how he does love to play tricks on "Tommy" in the Chem. Lab., turning the wash-bottle down his neck, back-firing the Bunsen burner and arguing over the results of a complicated mixture of unnamable compounds.

He is also one of the many hopefuls for the Phi Beta Kappa and gets serious over examinations, lessons and all required work. Being one of the few followers of Dick, he reads Latin *ad nauseam* and knows more about the intimate and disgraceful customs of the Romans than Frazer himself.

When he gets to be a doctor he will be popular and we prophesy a great success. If ever we get sick and Johnny is within a hundred miles he is the choice, for he could do more without medicine and by telling a story, or singing a song, or quoting from Dickens; or even by playing his mandolin, he could convince us that the world is not so rotten after all and that there is some slight hope for our recovery.

WILLIAM MUSSETTER

"Bill," "Muss"

"This rule was made for rough-necks, and I reckon they didn't make a mistake this time."

When Andy Rebate, the conductor on the Pennsy once-a-monthly mid-west special that brings all half-breeds to Haverford, escorted William to the line of taxis, he was noticed to have scratched his "Painter-pate," and said, "Well, the weight limit's a-goin' up!"

"I WONDER WHAT NEW
ELIGIBILITY RULE
THEY'RE GOING TO
SPRING ON US NEXT!"



The first time Muss broke silence was with a long wail that might have taught Jeremiah a few things in the lamentation line. The cause was an eligibility agreement, resulting in the most scintillating, sizzling monologue that has stirred the virgin dust in Barclay since the days of Wes Howland.

He is noted for telling professors things they don't know, and for his wit. The latter is a topic which might be expounded at great length, and a short résumé is almost impossible. It is antediluvian as a general thing, but sometimes, in moments of supreme inspiration, reaches up to the Spanish-American War. Like Mozart, he likes to repeat the same thing, but without interesting variations.

An engineer, a geodetic surveyor, and a man who would rather squint through a theodolite than go to heaven—or to hell with the poets and musicians—he will tell you anything you want or don't want to know about electricity, motors, dynamos, etc. He specializes in showing Rittenhouse pictures of electric locomotives. If you approach his room on any quiet night a series of loud explosions greets your ear, followed by a loud "— — —, Bill, can't you cut that

out?" as a ukulele starts a furious spasm, and you find Bill gnashing his teeth on the floor and Herb Carr doing the strumming.

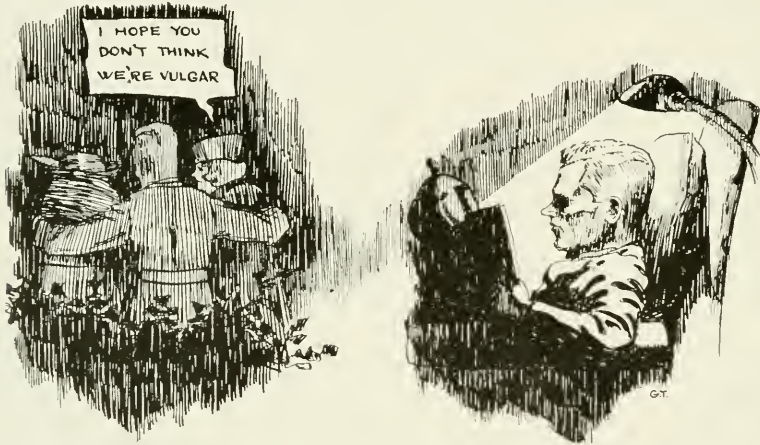
Mussetter will be an engineer, a builder of the strong, heavy-set structures of the world, and everything he does will be carried through to a finish.

WALTER SCOTT NEVIN "Walt," "Mr. Evans," "Mr. Never," "Mr. Donnelly"

"I'm sure it's nothing in my young life"

From what humble nests burble mighty springs! We first heard of Nevin as the Narberth hurdler whose dislocated jaw was to lose for us the momentous Soph track meet. But he was soon sociably in our midst as one of the four entrants in the Tuesday morning dash after Al Hisey's "College Algebra," and he looks back upon this early career as one continual argument, with the family about cutting the hedge, with Kent Keay about religion, and with Alex about which train they had just missed.

But—whisper it—the student would out, and in Junior year Walt applied himself vigorously to doping exam questions for Joe Hayman and to educating the impossible



Porter in a mutual uplift movement, to say nothing of cultivating Rufus's poetic tastes. Only occasionally did he succumb to a childish game of "mug-ball" with "Tommy," and, when he carried off that 89, he took a big breath and, under its protection, shot into the family another charge of ammunition in behalf of free love and tobacco.

Yet, ah, true glory came only this year with the Belted Coat. When Miss McCall wanted a trustworthy young man to advise the homeless girls at Hog Island, it was there; when a church wanted someone to charm a dozen biddies every Sunday night, it was there; and when—see above—these same damozels wanted someone to charm them every ordinary night, it was also there!

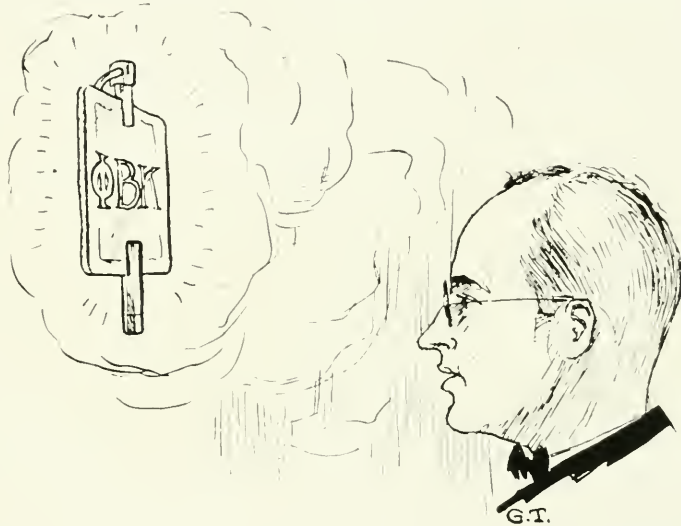
But we love his every foible; we would not have it otherwise, O Jove! Some day Walt will buy a razor blade, feel life's worth living, write Dix Dunn a letter, run the quarter, rush a steady, smoke Nevin's tobacco, and agree with somebody, but then—ah, then he will no longer be Walt Nevin. As saith holy script: "What therefore God hath joined together, let no man mix his drinks!"

HERBERT JOSEPH PAINTER

"Herb"

Herb comes from that thriving little town in Ohio called Dayton, the home, as he will tell you, of John H. Patterson and the National Cash Register Company. It was only fitting that a survivor of the Dayton flood should make the swimming team in his Freshman year. But there are still other reasons why Herb may speak of Dayton with pardonable pride. Is it not the largest city in the United States under the City Manager Plan of Commission Government? For further information consult President Painter's paper on City Managers, *Annals of the Social Science Club of Haverford College*, Vol. I, p. 1.

Our western friend is of a decided economic turn of mind, as the above would indicate. Dr. Barrett would tell you that he was the best student in his (Dr. Barrett's) department.



If Herb does not know everything of any consequence about President Rea, the Pennsylvania Railroad, Taussig, Ely, and Gerstenberg, you will agree, gentlemen, though there is something to be said on the other side of the question, that no other living Haverfordian does.

Like all mortals, Herb has had his cares. These might be divided like the course sequence in a college curriculum, into a major care and a minor care. His major care was whether he would get his key. His minor care is how soon he will become totally bald. He is now convinced, from experience, that not all the bottles of Glover's Mange Cure in Red's drug store could reverse the inexorable decree of fate, though it may lengthen out the process of extermination.

Despite this burden of cares, he has not permitted the social side of his nature to become atrophied, particularly of late. Many a time and oft, with a gay companion, has he responded to the lure of the dance and gaily has passed with him much of the time that he had scheduled to spend "among 'em."

JESSE BETTS STANLEY

"Jess"

It was not till the beginning of our Senior year that Stanley arrived on the scene from the "Old North State," an addition to the endless array of "half-breeds." For some unknown reason, the faculty were benevolent enough to permit this particular strain to escape their "eternal home" in Old Founders and to locate in South Barclay. Being quiet and reserved by nature, no one suspected that we had in Jess one who, in spite of difficulties, would swell the quota of A's for the class. In fact, this grinding reveals Jess as possibly no other one thing, for you might find him almost any time "bonin' away" on History 6, or concocting theses for Phil or Ec, apparently indifferent to the turmoil and strife of the ever restless Sophs.

But to stop here is not to do our friend justice. Did you ever find a college student

"PLEASE, ALCIBIADES,
JUST A CRUMB."



that never "pulled off" anything? We thought we had found one exception, just one, but if you want to get into a little secret, just ask Bill Mussetter about the time Mr. Blank (who was particularly fond of rough-housing) came home at 1 A. M. and lit his candle, only to see it go up in atoms.

But we can't accuse Stanley of being susceptible to that especially contagious habit among former Guilford "half-breeds" of frequenting Bryn Mawr. It is reported upon good authority that only once was he induced to respond to the *a fronte* force of that particular habitat, and then, apparently, only to receive such a fright as never to be induced to return.

However, when all is said and done, we can't help feeling that Stanley's perseverance will be the means of bringing success to himself and glory to his Alma Mater. We found in him a congenial friend and a loyal supporter of Haverford traditions, and we regretted very much that his stay with us was so short.

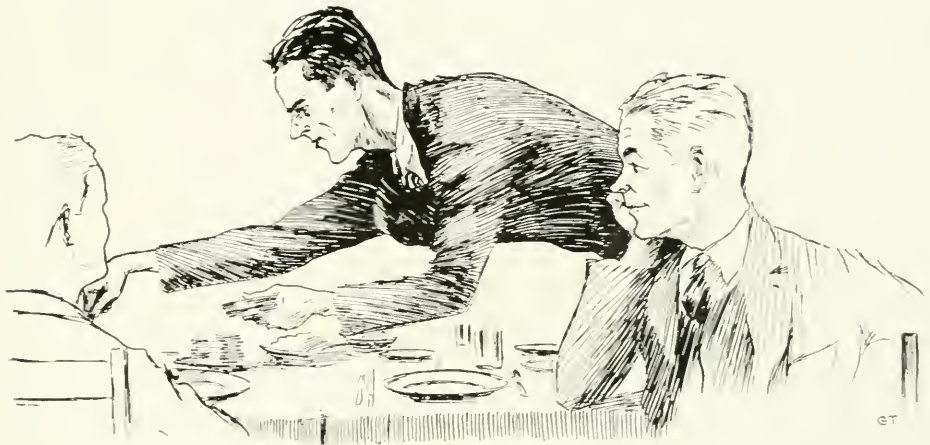
JOHN WILKINS THACHER

"Wilkins," "Jack"

"I am the acme of things accomplished."

"Wilkins" is above all a man with a purpose. This is revealed in his every move, whether he is reciting in Social Work, fondling his nose, managing the Musical Clubs or instructing someone in athletics. Who will forget the day—and he was only a Rhiny—that he helped Kemp Taylor perfect his form in the giant, or when he explained to George Hallett just what was wrong with his step in the high jump?

To see him managing a musical club concert is to see him in true form. Graceful in



every motion, always everywhere, with the right word at the right time, whether it be advice, encouragement or criticism, never at loss what to do—but with the steel hand in the velvet glove for each cringing vassal.

He is not always the "savage chief of still more savage men," for he occasionally takes time out and gives the fair ones a treat. In the words of the poet, "He's been around" and knows millions upon millions of the fairest girls that the "broad empire of Rome can furnish." Mention any girl and he can give the pedigree to three generations, tell a story about the butler in the family and end with a eulogy of her dancing. He, himself, can trip the light fantastic and is the premiere danseuse of the class—why, now that Vernon has taken the count, we can amend that to read—of the world.

EDWARD SHEPPARD THORPE, Jr.

"Ed"

A loud peal of laughter rang down the hall. Thorpe had just cracked a joke. Ed has a keen sense of humor and, coupled with this, he rooms with Weston; they together have a series of key sentences that will send the other or themselves into delirium.

But Ed is not one of the butterflies of the class who spend their time in innocent amusement. Every minute of his time is occupied in the attainment of the final goal of doctor. Of course this does not interfere with his sports, for he is a member of the soccer team as well as being the captain of the track team.

But mention Biology and he is off. Watson made this mistake in one of his classes when we were discussing the problem of "Gametic Segregation." The rest of the course



was a series of debates by these two authorities, Thorpe winning the contest by referring to three books and using ten words that no one else had ever heard of.

He has many little foibles. One is the belief that he knows what he is talking about. The worst of it is that he does and he is a dispenser of information on any subject from the action of the cyclic hydrocarbons to the result of interbreeding of white rats with short sweet peas. Ed also possesses a violin. There was a time when this instrument was one of torture, but Senior year he showed the results of his practice by his leading of the Mandolin Club, for he gave the college one of the best clubs that it has ever had.

We know what Ed is going to be in after life. There will be a large office with a long line of people waiting to be seen. Inside will be Ed doling out the wisdom of the ages at a fabulous sum per word. Outside will be his Packard waiting to take him out to the Main Line and to another generation of Thorpes who will make athletic history at college.

ALBERT HIBBS TOMLINSON

"Tommy"

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this!"

All Tommy is divided into three parts—wine, women, and song! Albert's knowledge of the first two is notoriously all-embracing, while the song is what he has left of the Student Council. The degeneration of this organization has been so complete as to even receive Corson into its membership, while the *Scarlet* and *Comfort* take turns in laughing at the Council's futile attempts to accomplish anything.

We must also pass over the second category in Tommy's nature—wine; sufficient to say that the Student Council's law against bringing bay rum on the campus arrived long before Tommy slipped his paw into the mailed fist.

But women, fair women—ah, at the very name Tommy blushes and ye scribe sighs for space to give due justice. In the game of love Tommy has, with some notable exceptions, as at Lakewood, been quite particular as to the character of his victims, but, once aroused, his teeth are set like a mastiff's and he stops at nothing in the wild pursuit. And they always fall, panting from their attempt at escape, but nevertheless safe in the net. His conquest faileth never; over at Swarthmore they have even stopped kidding him about last fall's game!

But while the girls can only fear and love (the two are always identical in meaning) our Tommy, we have the advantage of also being in a position to respect him. What if "Tricky Tommy" does have a dual personality that terrorizes "Rhines" on one hand and bartenders on the other; we like him all the better for it. He is one of the men in the class who has pulled the college through a hard year; he has heeded Irish's pleadings and saved cricket for another season; and above all else we look to him as a leader whose broad interests and judgment will never lead us astray.



ALFRED JAMES TOWNSEND

"Al"

Al came to us from Moses Brown and took up his abode with Webb in noisy Center Barclay. His chief extra-curriculum activity has been an absorbing interest in church festivals and tea meetings. The Ardmore movies were not without their charms, of course, but it is far from certain that Al's attention in these realms was focused on the pictures and "eats." In fact, it is extremely likely that, if various specimens of femininity had not been concomitant factors of these functions, Al's devotion would have shrunk to proportions to be investigated only by invoking the aid of a microscope. Perhaps we are unjust, but circumstantial evidence is strong.

Like good wine, Al has been improving with age. Rooming with Cleveland bettered his prospects in the field he had set out to conquer. Probably the zenith of his career was



reached during the last spring vacation, when, after somewhat more than a week fraught with merry-making, he presented himself at college a day late because the horse (or maybe it was Al) could not work fast enough to make connections.

Al, however, made a most acceptable "wife" to Neil for two years, and has been able to survive the rapid-fire bombardment of statistics and questions with an admirable display of intelligence. As a concocter of cocoa and dispenser of crackers within the private sanctity of his own boudoir, he has, on countless occasions, warmed the hearts and spirits of his neighbors.

When it came to Y. M. C. A. conventions, Al was usually on hand to answer to roll call. He also edited the "Handbook" and "did his bit" for the "boys over there" by acting as chairman of the college campaign for "The Students Friendship War Fund." He further displayed his executive ability by managing the track team. While we hesitate to predict the future, we have visions of Al as a successful pedagogue and disseminator of knowledge to young America, mated to some charming Presbyterian or Quaker maiden who attends sociables.

KENNETH WALDIE WEBB

"Ken"

"It's a tangled web."

An uproar burst forth from the shower. For a minute one would imagine that murder was being perpetrated, or that a cat and dog fight was in progress, but above the noise of the falling water could be heard, "Oh, promise me—" and we then knew that it was Ken simply getting clean.

Ken is our business man. He has earned fabulous sums while in college and has had time for everything that is going on, whether it be athletic or merely study. After putting five columns in the *News* and making it travel faster than it ever dreamed of stepping before (of course it was the increased efficiency of the *Haverfordian* which made him do this), he took over the running of the RECORD, and the present book which you hold in your hand is due entirely to his constant efforts.

But Ken is not one of the tired business men of comic paper fame. His interests are varied and include everything from the admiration of Dunsany, the appreciation of the Little Theater, the attendance of the Philadelphia Orchestra and the dancing at Norristown.

Ken is a great boy for doping out the future. He knows to a T what will happen if so and so is done and what if such and such. Among his dope are plans for his friends as well as himself and many of the trips to which we look back with so much pleasure are due to him.

But we cannot let him go with saying a word about his relations with Barrett. Ken is another of the reasons why Barrett holds classes. For not only does he know as much as Barrett, but our old friends Fetter, Gerstenberg, and Taussig say that he is a rising young economist, and praise from them is praise indeed.

Ken will never be the most popular fellow in the class because of his ability to express himself with great frankness, but this sincerity is one of those assets which, to some of us, mean a great deal, as we have known him during the four years together.

Cooping the Cope; or, Every Man for His Own

Setting—Faculty Room in Founders.

Time—Spring, and one of those God-sent Thursday morning vacations.

(A festive spirit saturates the atmosphere. "Doggy" has cleared away Meldrum's paper dolls and Sanger's Cinco stubs, and the big tapestried divans are assembled in cosy formation. "Cap," with tuck and powdered hair, is "butling" in the hall.)

All is desolation in the palace save for one lorn and solitary figure; Raymond Hitchcock is seen cavorting oddly and pathetically before the high Colonial mirror.)

Raymond (muttering to himself)—Somehow I can't seem to get that step! But I'm sure that's the way Williams and Thorpe do it. There, I think I've got it (*trying again*); first you split and then you drag up the other leg like pulling a heroine out of a ditch. Gee, that's rotten; even Frank Tinney's better than that. (*Makes a face at the mirror and throws himself into an arm-chair in deep dejection.*) I wish Johnny had asked me to do that dance with him; (*Musing*) that's why I canned "Winx," so I would have a chance. But Too-good, ugh! Jealous? Yes, I guess I am. But I do wish I could get a chance to try my dream of being leading man in a musical comedy. All I can do now is to dress and act like one! (*Coming out of his reverie.*) What's that? Oh, here they come!

(Big scuffle in the hall; the doors burst open and the profs come romping in boyishly.)

Watson (slapping Raymond on the back)—Sorry to be late, old chap. We've just been having a swell little time out here at hall hockey; it's Meldrum's new game.

(Oscar and Meldrum have come down together from their Olympus in the top of Founders and are now already perspiring in a game of chess. Snyder, in such mediocre society, takes out a pack of cards and plays a game of solitaire with the only competent person in the room. Cos-Cos nods to "Cap," who brings in the "old oaken bucket" of suds. Thereupon, Dick looks thirstily at the Colonel's side dish, but dignity restrains him.)

Watson—Well, boys, in the vernacular of the streets, what's on deck?

Raymond (turning with resignation to the conducting of affairs of state)—I don't know; what is the *ménu* today, Oscar?

Oscar (reproachfully)—You have forgotten about the Cope Fellowship?

Raymond—Oh, yes, that annual cock fight's here again! Shoot, Oscar; who's in the ring?

Oscar (reading list)—Candidates for the Cope Fellowship: Fitts, Deacon, Cooper, Alexander and Kendall. Any other entrants? Nobody has the pole yet.

Raymond (musing)—I might as well propose Gillespie. He's a little bit too romantic for me and I don't like the passion he puts in his singing of "Beauty's Eyes," but still he is a much better guesser at sight translation than Arnold, and I've got to get even in some way for that scrap I had with him.

F. B.—Gentlemen, I'm afraid we aren't running true to form this year; there are several departments that aren't even represented in this fight.

Dean Fritz—That's right; I've always been able to drag in somebody from our department, but I guess Physics will have to hang up the pistols this year since Buzby passed his make-up.

Meldrum (not a bit interested)—Come to life, Oscar; it's your move.

Rayner—Well, I'd like to start the ball rolling for my candidate, Mr. Fitts, the economist. He certainly slipped me a couple of good comps for the game last fall.

Rufus—Well, personally, Kendall draws me with an "a fronte" attraction, as the maiden attracts the youth. Kendall "wrote" three half-year theses for me in nine hours, and he certainly has much better taste than your man, Fitts.

Cos-Cos (at the sound of the word "taste" Cos-Cos smacks his lips, wipes his mouth on his sleeve and staggers to his feet and into speech.)—Cos, gen'men, I-I know you think I'm g-g-going to say "Gilmour is my man," but I'm not. I t-tell you I want Alex-Alexander. Of cos, of cos he isn't here this year, but he taught those Rhinies how to appreciate my jokes—ha, ha, ha, ha—and I want him to be rewarded.

Raymond (quite bored)—Well, there are two more departments to be heard from. What have you got to say for yourself, Dolly?

Barrett (in bashful confusion at this sudden "call")—Well, you see, Raymond, I feel that Deacon has been the one man who has seen the red thread running through my nightmare of notes. And after repeating both my elementary courses he knows just when to say "It all depends" and when "In the long run."

Pratt (handing Uncle Allen a decrepit fragment of a sea-dog to hold)—Gentlemen, I'm the last to get in a boost, but I want to tell you that Cooper is an eminent biologist and zoologist. Have you ever seen his notebook; have you, Levi? Have you, Oscar? Have you, Rufus?

Rufus—No, thank the Lord, I haven't! (*Making for the door.*) This is too much for me; I must have air; these inhibitions of mine are getting away from me.

(*And so the fight rages demoniacally. An hour later and the 236th ballot finds the six departments still in a clinch—haggard and exhausted but glaring across the table at each other with grim determination.*)

Barrett has Pratt by the throat and Cos-Cos is raging on top of the table, when "Cap" suddenly appears with a telegram.)

Raymond (to Cap)—Collect? Oh, sure, that's an old trick of Ike's. (*To august assemblage.*) Well, now we've got our instructions at last. (*Tears open telegram and reads:*)

Hotel Palencia, Palm Beach.

"Ann Pennington dropped in for lunch, so have to write this on the sly. But as to the Cope—when you get tired of the scrap and see all the departments in a clinch—can all the foolishness and slip it to Lester. He never sucked in. There's a moral: no prof likes another's pet."

Uncle Ike.

And thus the steam roller rolled on!

Fissures of Men

An Historical Landslide in Two Strata

UPPER STRATUM

Time: Any, up to two months ago.

Place: Geology room in Founders (note Archeozoic architecture).

Music: Negro melodies from dining room mingle with laughter at functional disorders in room below.

The Fissures: Deacon, Cooper, Weston, Hartman and Wood.

Founders bell at x. 30 (eleven times, very monotonous) signals opening tableau—a wild scene of concentrated disorder. Lecture desk belittered with families of corals and nautiloids. Chief stage specialties include a piece of shale bearing ripple (of water) marks (labeled Silurian), a hunk of the Giants' Causeway, two-thirds of a human skeleton (selected), and a geology map of N. A. The rest of the débris is Dr. Babbitt's. Mural decoration consists of portraits of protozoa, in yellow and black, after Agassiz. Through the windows on the right are seen two Gingko trees (both female). Out on the left the dining hall.

Five-minute bell rings (same as former, note increased monotony.) Immediately enter the Fissures, in single file. Halt. Reverse and start marching out, Cooper's face offset by wide grin. Footsteps approach, short, decisive, little ones. Enter Dr. Pratt. Fissures reform and settle.

Dr. Pratt fishes in table and unearths many rocks and the usual quota of fossils. The sea-urchin and the two prize nautili reappear for the sixth straight period. Dr. Pratt opens book to wrong page, removes spectacles, puts them on again, turns pages of book, takes off and again replaces glasses. Looks out at Gingkos.

Dr. P.—Now, you remember last time I told you about glaciers. Will you tell us, Cooper, about glaciers? What are they?

Cooper.—They are—well, masses of ice and they move—well, I guess—yes, I should say they moved—well, fairly rapidly, and they are—let's see— (Hesitates.)

Dr. P.—Yes, they are very, very large, and the movement all depends on the glacier. Now will you tell us, Cooper, about their deposits?

Cooper.—Why, do you mean the little drumlins? (Hesitates.)

Dr. P.—Yes, you see the glacier leaves drumlins, and also moraines, till, drift and kames, etc., etc. (Recites perfectly.)

Cooper (to Weston).—He kame through, ha, ha, ha, ha!

Dr. P.—Do you know, Deacon, anything about the age o' the earth?

Deacon.—Did you say me?

Dr. P.—Yes. Will you tell us, please, something?

Deacon.—No, I don't believe I do. I didn't get over that.

Dr. P.—Well, I didn't suppose you did. Nobody does—that is, it isn't known. Will you tell us, Wood, the eras?

Wood.—There's the Archeozoic, Paleozoic, etc. (*Very long dissertation.*)

Cooper (to Weston).—He forgot the *pseudozoic*. Ha, ha!

Dr. P.—Well, I don't see your reasoning, but I suppose it's all right. Now the Archæan period contains no fossils. Cooper, did you ever see a sea-urchin? (*Fingering the favorite.*)

Cooper (to Weston).—None except George Buzby.

Dr. P.—Now I have here one's fossil. (*Fondly fingers fossil.*) Now this was once all— (*Describing fossil.*) Why don't we find any fossils around Haverford, Deacon?

Deacon.—Because there aren't any.

Dr. P.—Well, yes. Now you know that this region is a very old region, the oldest in the country; very old (*taking off glasses*), and there are, you see, no fossils. (*Puts on glasses.*)

Deacon (with feeling).—It doesn't seem possible.

Dr. Pratt.—Now how do you know this is an old region?

Cooper.—No fossils. (*Puckers mouth and erodes tip of nose with moustache. Wide grin denotes satisfaction.*)

Dr. P. (chuckles).—No. Do you, Deacon?

Deacon.—No.

Dr. P.—That shouldn't be very hard to think of. (*Encouraging smile. By means of two fingers drags glasses to tip of nose.*) Do you, Hartman? Does anybody?

(*Wood offers suggestion.*)

Dr. P.—Now will you tell us, Deacon, why this theory probably doesn't account for it?

Deacon.—No, I don't believe it does.

(*Dr. Pratt explains theory.*)

Dr. P.—This, you see, brings us to erosion. Deacon, will you give us your lecture on ocean currents?

(*Deacon climbs to feet, walks with the Deacon walk to back of desk, arranges notes, wipes mouth.*)

Deacon.—I am going to tell about ocean currents. Now there are currents in the ocean. Some flow in one direction and some flow in the other. In the gulf we find them flowing north. In the north we find them flowing south. They are on the surface and run along the shore. Now the wind blows the currents—which are caused by the wind. (*Long pause. Then suddenly:*) That's about all I have, Dr. Pratt. (*Sits down.*)

Dr. P.—Yes. I guess that covers the subject. Will you tell us what influences currents have?

Deacon (with emphasis).—Oh, very powerful influences, Dr. Pratt!

Dr. P. (looking out of opposite window).—Did you ever notice the red clay between

here and New York? (*No answer.*) Did you, Cooper? Did you, Wood? Did you, Weston? You, Deacon? You, Hartman? (*All negate.*)

Dr. P.—Will you tell us, Cooper, more about fissure-veins?

Cooper.—No, I don't believe I can.

Dr. P.—Didn't you get over this?

Cooper.—No, I didn't know what lesson you gave us.

Dr. P.—Didn't I? Well, I'll tell you about it. (*Tells about it.*)

Hartman.—But I don't see how fissures get such size.

Dr. P.—Well, I don't actually see myself. You know, I am not a geologist.

Hartman.—How do those geysers that go for fifteen minutes go so long?

Dr. P.—Now I have no doubt that many geysers began as hot springs, didn't they? I don't exactly see why they should go so long, but apparently if the geyser goes for fifteen minutes, there must be enough water there. (*Passes around several rocks. Class delighted.*)

Dr. P.—Now, what is the weight of the earth? You know about that, don't you, Cooper? Suppose you give us your talk on the methods for finding it. Did you read the German text?

Cooper.—Yes, I think so. (*Reading Weston's literal translation of the German text. Suddenly pauses.*) I can't read my writing here, Dr. Pratt, but it has nothing to do with the subject. That's about all I have— (*Hesitating, then walking to seat.*)

Dr. Pratt.—Yes, that's all right. (*Bell rings. Dr. Pratt chuckles.*) Why, I guess that's the bell. Well, I want to say a word about Paleontology. Those Ginkgo trees are of the type that existed when coal swamps were laid . . . in the tertiary period, etc. . . . This is characteristic of all female mammals, including man. . . . In the Devonian and Carboniferous we have Radiolaria (*voice rising*), Globogerina, Placoderms, Thallophytes, Pterydophytes (*voice falling*), and Calamariæ.

(*Cooper writes in note-book, "See Weston's notes."*)

Orchestra ends in grand burst of glory. Fissures vanish. Curtain.

LOWER STRATUM

Time: One; two months ago.

Region: Somewhere near Haverford, depending on the age and the speed of the auto.

Music: Ask the auto.

(*Curtain rises. Auto in center. Class rushes in madly from all directions and piles into auto. Cooper driving, big as life. Dr. Pratt poring over map. Auto vanishes on left and re-enters from right. It is now supposed to be a new scene.*)

Deacon.—Isn't this splendid country? Say, Dr. Pratt, do we get our cuts excused?

Dr. P.—Now you notice this is a mica schist. Look. See the mica?

(*Auto stops. Class descends and destroys several cubic feet of real estate. Dr. P. explains*

very carefully the formation. Deacon much interested. Auto continues to golf-links, where Class gets off and walks around.)

Dr. P.—Look. See the girl playing golf all by herself. (Chuckles. Kicks over a boulder.) Look, there's a rock. (Continues.) There's another one.

Cooper.—I see one. (Class now becoming geologists. Many rocks are met and recognized as such on sight. Cooper picks up round pebble.) Do you think this pebble was eroded by a glacier, or was it deposited in situ?

Dr. P.—No, I don't think so. (Observes pebble through reading glass.) I don't see any marks, and besides, you know there weren't any glaciers south of Scranton. You know that's way north of here. This was once all covered by the sea.

Deacon (passing sand hazard near golf-green).—Do you think this is the remains of an old sea-beach?

Dr. P.—Oh, I don't think so.

(Class continues to Gulf Mills.)

Dr. P. (with feeling).—Now you see there were once many mills near here, but they are all ruined. Look, there's one (points to ruined mill), but you see it's fallen down. (Points to houses.) See, there are some houses, too, for people to live in.

(Auto continues. Many rocks are admired and several collected. Old quarry is reached, where once many fossils were found. Dr. Pratt, Wood and Weston start hopeless hunt for fossils. Cooper and Deacon throw stones at tin can floating in lake. Search, of course, fruitless.)

Cooper.—I guess this rock is too micro-pseudo-schistic. (Puckers mouth like "Mr. Common People.")

Deacon.—Yes, that's what I think. (Reaches in pocket and is startled to find strange collection of glassware, salt-cellars, spoons, etc. Quickly throws them in lake.)

Dr. Pratt (looking at sun).—Don't you think we'd better go back? How'd we better go?

Deacon.—Can't we go by way of Bryn Mawr?

(Auto starts home. Attention diverted from rock to modern fauna. Auto arrives in front of Barclay.)

Cooper.—I am going to lunch. Are you, Wood? Are you, Deacon? You, Weston?

(Dr. Pratt goes to lab., unloads pockets and proceeds to work out an exam. so easy that no one will flunk. Finds it impossible and falls exhausted. Slow curtain, as Fissures enter dining room to get filled up.)

Feeding the Five Thousand

Scene: Center Barclay.

Time: 10.25.

Enter Thacher, holding on to his nose for dear life, and without missing his stride he rushes to the best chair in the room, firmly planting himself in it.

Exit Cooper, Nevin and Deacon, making audible remarks about selfishness and taking positions of vantage at the head of the stairs. The first bell rings and Dewees straggles up the stairs. Three minutes elapse and Buzby comes up to be greeted with a shoe, rug and noises from Cooper, and Dewees. The second bell starts to ring and down the path comes the brown suit. Loud swears from the assembled multitude.

Everybody adjourns to the large room and takes positions of ease on the various couches, chairs and pillows.)

Watson—I have here a most interesting discussion this morning right in line with the work which you men have been doing. (*Referring to his cards.*) I am mistaken. That is not what I have in mind; it is rather that I wish to get the reaction of a typical body of college men on the subject of divorce, intemperance and poverty.

(The class by this time are amusing themselves in various ways. Cooper, Dewees, Buzby and Nevin are fighting over the question of whose tobacco should be used. Cooper winning the discussion, as usual, by taking Nevin's papers and Dewees' tobacco.)

Watson—Now I want to put this right up to you men. It is a subject that should be handled without gloves and at this present crisis a pr-r-reetty serious matter. Just what would any of you say?

(The class look wildly at each other. Silence for some minutes.)

Nevin—I think not.

Dewees—Well, I don't know, but it seems to me that something can be said on the other side.

Buzby—I agree with Nevin, that if it isn't, it ought to be.

Deacon (*having finished writing a limerick that is unprintable*)—I don't know, but I think it is the girl's fault.

Cooper—I can see just how, but I don't understand why she changed her mind, so I don't care to express an opinion.

Watson—This is most interesting. There is food for thought in everything that has been said. Mr. Thacher, you have been keeping discreetly quiet. What have you to give to this discussion?

Thacher—I met a case like this not so very long ago. If I were handling this, this is what I would do. If there are three children in the family under ten years of age, then the husband is to blame.

Watson—Now let us gather up the ends of our last discussion and apply to this case. The principles of Social Case Work which we laid down in the beginning of the year should be applied. In connection with this I want to read to you this case that is privately printed and the names changed. I know without asking that you men will keep this secret and not let it get any further than this room. (*There has been a brief scuffle on the couch. Cooper has taken a soda-mint and saved wear and tear. Buz expresses himself appropriately. The dust rises.*)

Watson (*turning his cards over and skipping one in his haste*)—Let us now look at the disasters at sea. The first thing to be done to the survivors is what, in your estimate, Mr. Deacon?

Deacon—Save them from drowning.

Watson—True. But apply the principles of Social Case Work.

Deacon—Oh, yes. Well, then, treat the individual as such.

Watson—Good. This is as different from the last type that we were discussing as chalk and cheese. There were 195 saved in the Titanic and of these 42 were British subjects, 35 were unmarried and had dependents, that leaves 174 for discussion. The first thing to be done is housing, and then—

(*More action from the audience. Deacon and Buz are now in the midst of an ink fight, and the rest of the class is on the trail of the second round of "makings."*)

Watson—There are only a few minutes left of the hour and I want to round up our disaster. (*Then comes masses of figures and methods for handling the different classes of inebriates.*)

Deacon (*taking notes*)—

“Then up spake the little daughter who held her father’s hand,

Is not God upon the water just the same as on the land?”

Oh, who cares? I can’t see your argument.

(*The bell rings and Watson gathers his coat, cards, manuscript and books, and leaves the room with Thacher. The rest of the class remains somnolent.*)

“J”

or

A Monologue: “It’s All in the Day’s Work?”

Motto—“My intelligence is my biggest asset.”

E. D. S.

(Bulletin Board Notice)

Scene I. Setting—English class in Chase.

(Snyder strides into the room fresh from “cramming up” in the library and the bunch wearily drop into their seats. Ned majestically turns his chair at an angle towards the window, but, finding himself facing Hynson, he throws in the reverse and attains the same angle on the other side—the splendid profile thus afforded must be maintained at all costs. Then, glancing at the back of the room to make sure that the imaginary photographer approves this pose, he smiles his satisfaction and is ready for work.)

S.—Class, there are two lines that have been running through my head a lot recently; they are:

A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian Spring.

Who wrote this couplet, Mr. Porter?

Ed. (slyly).—Pope, I think, sir; he wrote them about some English critics, but I think he meant them also for consumption even by present company.

S. (looks up suspiciously for hidden reference, but Ed’s bland expression is innocence itself).—Yes, that reminds me of the way they refused to go very deep into Wordsworth with us at college. Somehow, the profs felt we weren’t mature enough; funny, wasn’t it?

Hartman (under his breath).—It sure was!

S.—But, curiously, that’s a little the way I feel about you now. There are only two concerns I have with regard to my lecture on Wordsworth last time. The first was whether you were interested; the second was whether you understood. Otherwise I felt quite satisfied with my presentation.

(At this moment there is an awkward pause while innumerable brilliant thoughts struggle madly with each other for the honor of next utterance. The possessor of such wealth is proud but quite neutral to their respective claims, and, while they are up before the judgment bar, he takes a deep breath which he slowly releases without losing control over its passage for a moment.)

Fitts (holding the watch on this performance, and whispering).—Twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-four. Gee, is that all? Say, Ken, his staying powers certainly are shot; this is the first day this week he hasn’t hit thirty.

S. (finally coming to life).—Mr. Harding, I believe you were reporting on the “Fortunes of Nigel.” Could you tell us just what did happen to Lady Hermione? That is important.

Deac.—T-t-thee wath-h th-the-duthed.

S.—That’s right, that’s right! We find such conditions only too true. In an account I read the other day the writer said that he had passed through a hospital of over 1000 girls, none over eighteen, who had been taken by German soldiers. As long as I can find such items without looking for them, things surely are in a fearful condition. Oh, Mr. Miller, I wish you’d stop a moment after class.

(Rus never winks an eyelash; on him new honors fall like drops of rain.)

S. (descends from the throne and in the following promenade across the front of the room the well-known trim athletic form hurdles Barrie’s outstretched feet dexterously on every lap. Continues).—But I can only take this subject in its direct bearing upon English literature. I understand that Shelley did not have any direct “laison” with Emelia Viviani, which was best for all except Shelley, although, of course, Shelley does not tell us how he felt when he was rooked. *(Musing to self sympathetically.)* Poor devil, poor devil!

Crosman (echoing).—Poor devil, poor devil! *(Takes another “Bud.”)*

S. (stops his constitutional at the map).—There’s one other point to be covered today. Mr. McConnell, can you tell me where Hellvellyn is?

Tom.—No, I don’t believe I can.

S. (aroused to wrath).—Well, you know, I don’t expect an awful lot from my classes, but there are some things any fool should know and this is one of them. *(Pulls down map.)* I believe Hellvellyn is somewhere around here. *(His hand rests on Dublin for a moment, but finally migrates across to Edinburgh and the Firth of Forth. Then gives up in disgust.)* Oh well, I know it’s somewhere there in the Lake Region, and I do wish you men would get up on these points so that you can locate them any time. *(With curt nod.)* That’s all for today.

(Quick exit by all.)

Scene II. Evening Consultation on “Departmental Business.”

(Ned is reclining luxuriously in the regulation professorial scenery recommended by Hoyle—wrapper, slippers, pipe and Edgeworth. “Mr. Miller” is shuffling and dealing himself a new hand out of a deck of “Rhiney” themes. Both authorities are trying hard to appear blasé and bored with the low and vulgar side of life that so cramps true genius, but Rus is lost on a comparison in this field—he is an apt pupil but only years of practice can develop a manner that throws off the wearying and tedious world unruffled.)

S.—Just look at this pile of exam. books, Rus, thirty-four of them. Some of those men wrote three books with nothing in them; there can’t be anything, for I made up the questions myself!

(Rus doesn’t seem interested, so the subject is changed.)

S.—I just happened to think that I’m going to be busy keeping up on my Chaucer

and Shakespeare. My colleague, the old man, don't you know, is now working on half-pay—I mean half-time—and if anything happens it means that I will be put in a position where I will be swamped with responsibilities. It would simply mean that the college would have to furnish an assistant at \$1500 or so.

Rus.—It could be worse; if you were drafted, for instance.

S.—Yes, of course, but I think I could be of real service in the army. Nature has endowed me with a particularly loud voice, and you see that I would easily have wasted my time drilling with the rank and file. My true sphere, of course, would be as censor, but I fear I should be tempted to stop and correct mistakes in grammar.

(The load of tobacco in Ned's pipe has long ago been completely cremated and as a substitute for tobacco he has just smoked his seventh match—or rather Miller's seventh match. Rus in resignation kisses the box good-by and heroically lays the sacrifice on the altar; then, drowsy from the cloud of smoke and the late hour, he dozes off, aided by a sonorous lullaby that rambles on queerly in such jumbled phrases as "our ship," "the New England coast," and "I lost my anchor.")



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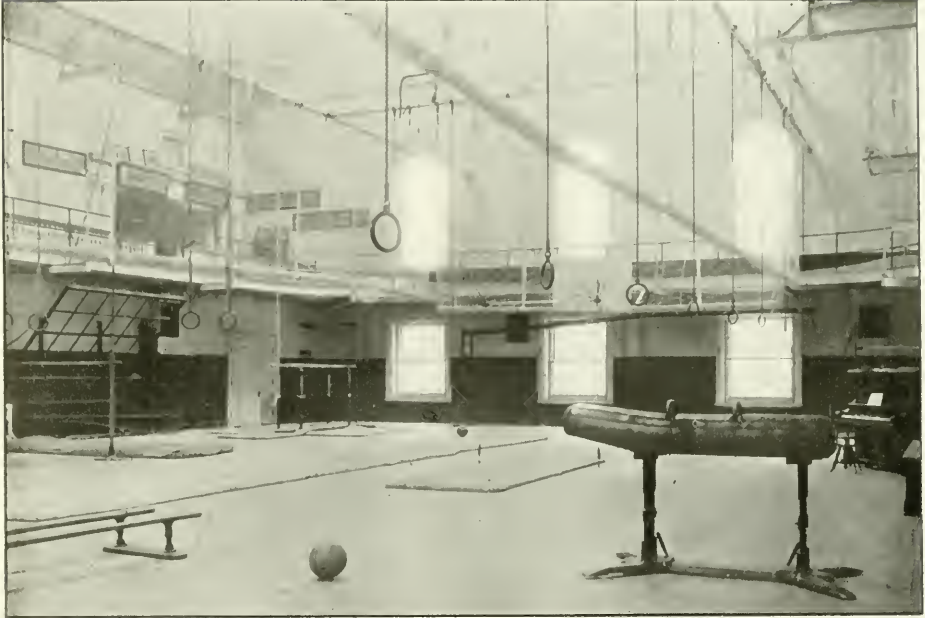
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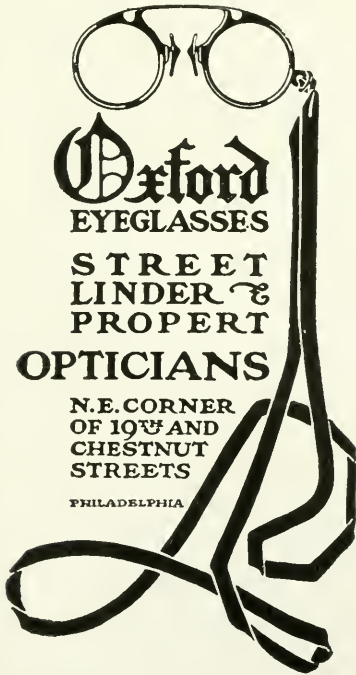
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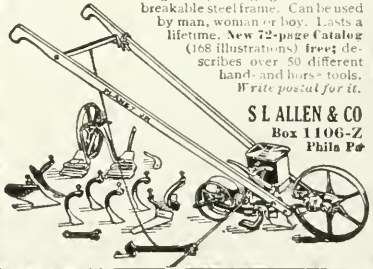
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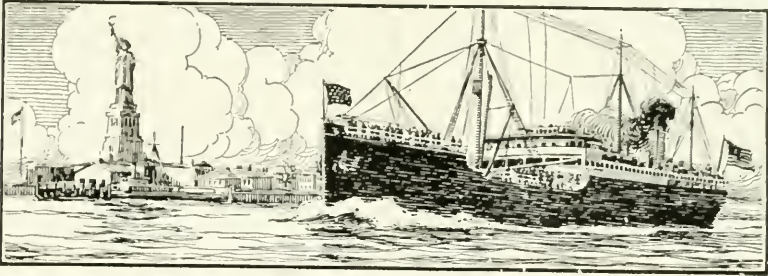
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The minstrels sing of a learned thing that taught in days of yore,
He that tried to fool the land; for his mind was meek and low.
He loved to smoke the bounding stag that burned into the wood,
And he dearly loved to bull whene'er he could.

His every-weather garment was a supercilious smirk,
With which he tried to hide his brains when he couldn't do the work.
What fools should know, he learned with ease; and his terrible pipe hung down to his knees,
So God help the Braggart King of English.

Now the Haverford profs were a wild lot, a spicy lot were they,
And they longed to twine with the royal line of his majesty far away.
So Prexy sent the Hudson with entreaties to the king to come
And bare the naked truth of proper English.

When Kittredge old heard this report, he up and summons his royal court,
He says, "They love me rival, just because me line is short."
And he sent petitions to the Dean to ask him what on earth he'd seen
Of merit in the Braggart King of English.

So the crafty Duke of Sailboat, he set sail for Barclay Hall,
And he brought his ukulele, and his "pipe-line," voice and all.
Around the halls he stammered a song, and he got all hoarse as he galloped along,
Proclaiming loud the Braggart King of English.

He wandered in the morning and he wandered in the night,
Through every room, through every hall, as any hungry insect might.
He sailed his boats for years a score and he knew it was all damn foolish for
A man like him to waste his time on English.

But surely in the class room was he lord of his domain,
When he squelched the yawns and noddings in superior disdain.
And he hurled his pearls to sleepy churls as he sat and vaporized in whirls,
To empty seats that held his merry English.

For many and many a year he cried, "Intelligence is me,"
And no answer would he deign to Fool's asininity.
One day he raised his splendid head and in his smoky halo said,
"You know Solomon's second name was Ned."

For such a bone they shooed him off the campus to his lair,
And he took his bounding stag and his pipe-line "over there."
And Kittredge great usurped the throne and they soon forgot the royal bone
That banished forever the Braggart King of English.

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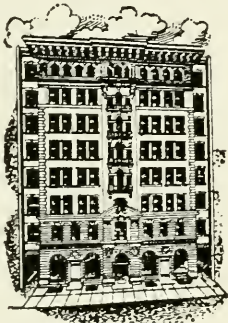
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