

Class Record

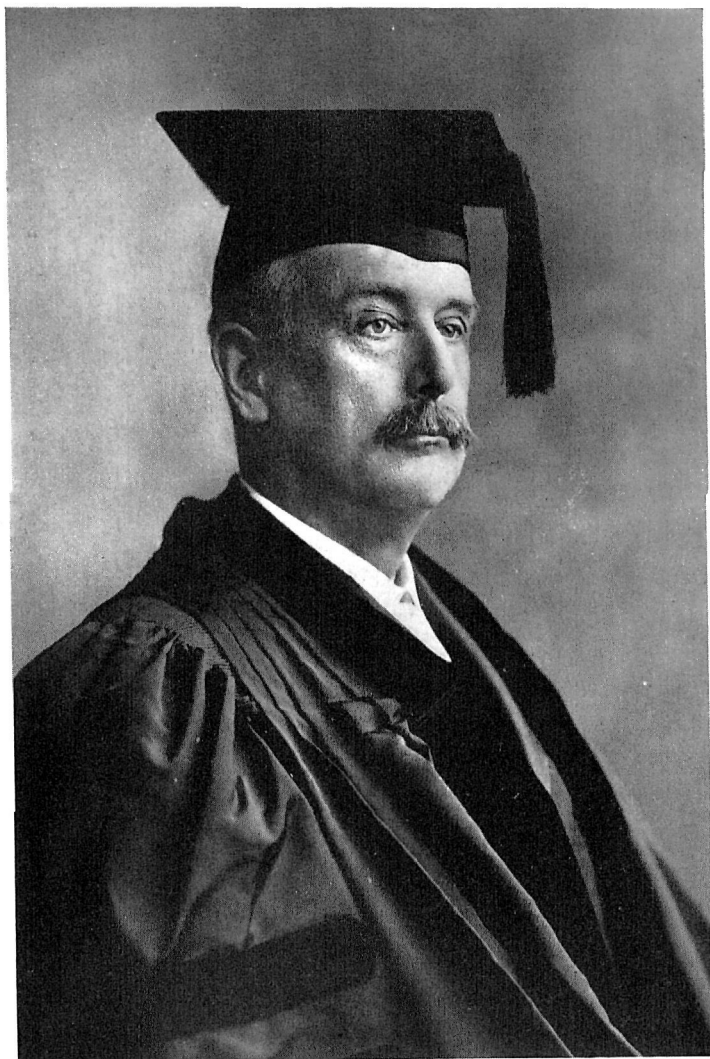


1915

Mason Pellard

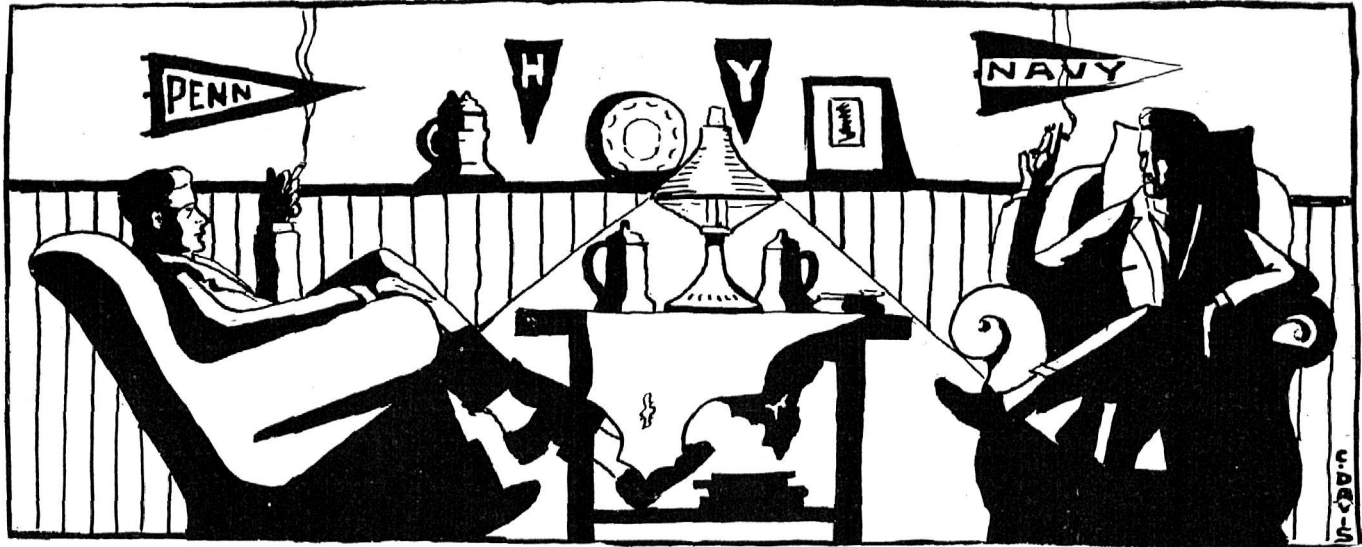
His brother Bagby Pellard

And cousin Garland Pellard



Richard M. Jones,

The Record of the Class of 1915



William Penn Charter School

Dr. Richard M. Jones

BY REYNOLDS D. BROWN, O. P. C. '86, A. B., LL.B.

I HAVE been asked, and have accepted the task with pleasure, to write a short appreciation of Dr. Richard M. Jones to be inserted in the Class Record of the Class of 1915. In the very nature of things such appreciation necessarily means a summary of the distinctive characteristics of the Penn Charter School under his administration. The life work of a successful headmaster is always embodied in his school, and this is pre-eminently true in the case of Dr. Jones and the Penn Charter School.

He began his work there in the year 1874. He had a very fine foundation on which to build. The school, founded by William Penn in 1689 and incorporated in 1711, is the oldest institution for primary education in the country. In addition, even those of its graduates who, like the writer, are not themselves Friends, will, I am sure, agree with me that it has been a fortunate fact in the history of the school that its policies have been uniformly directed by the Society of Friends. Thus the sturdy character of the men who founded the State of Pennsylvania has, from its foundation, been one of the great assets of the school.

I do not know the status of the school in 1874 when Dr. Jones became its headmaster. A tradition of my own schoolboy days of twelve years later was to the effect that its prosperity had somewhat waned. However that may be, its continuous growth for the last forty years is not to be questioned. I should say that possibly Dr. Jones's strongest quality is a remarkable combination of lofty ideals, tempered by a wonderful degree of common sense in working for them.

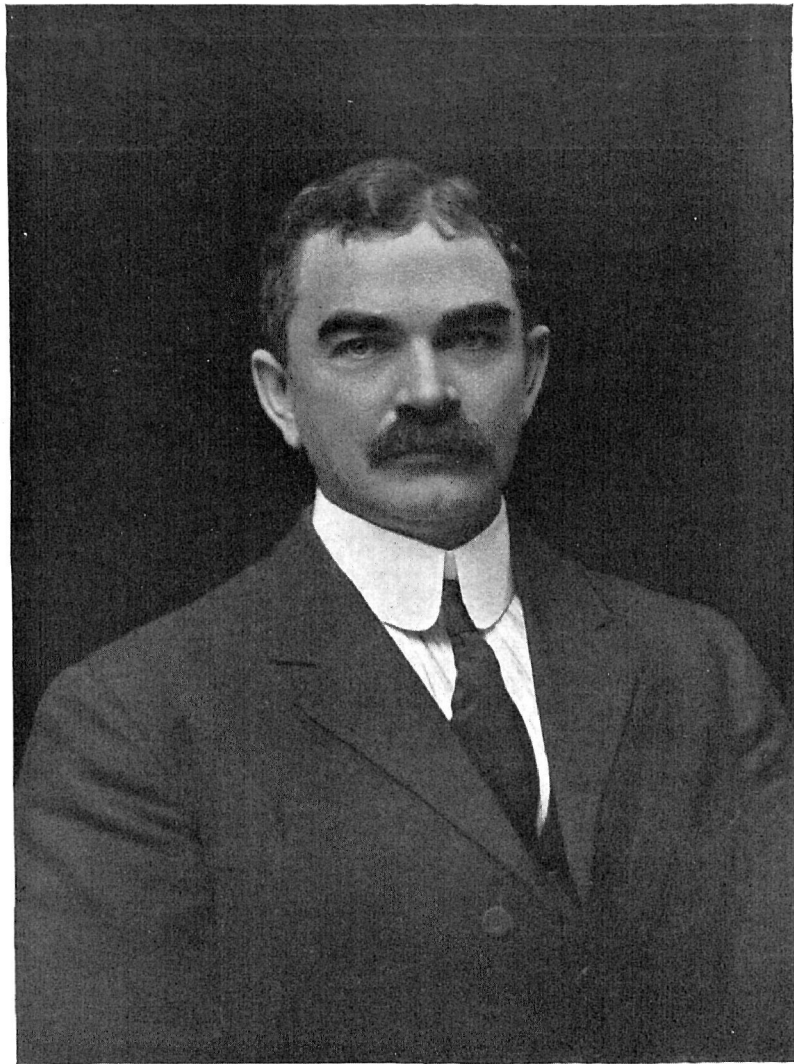
Of course, all agree that great success in every department of life requires a combination of these two elements, but possibly in no sphere is the combination more essential than in that of education. Each of us can point to schools, sometimes called successful, which have become satisfied with their own standard; though possibly for a while popular, in any real sense they have ceased to grow. On the other hand, who cannot point to many modern schools which have been started based upon some single idea or ideal, which may be good in itself, but which is not a sufficiently broad foundation for a great school? Like the seed in the parable which started to grow rapidly, they may flourish for awhile, but soon become choked by the multitude of business problems and difficulties which their founders were not perhaps interested in—certainly did not know how to surmount.

Dr. Jones's ambition for his school seems to have been characterized by very sane and very simple thought. That ambition seems to have been, (1) as to curriculum, to require every boy to be thoroughly drilled in those studies, namely English, elementary classics, mathematics and modern sciences, which are the foundation of any sound education. (2) As to teachers, he realized the familiar business principles both that you cannot reach the top-notch of success without the best men, and also that in the long run, the best men, though paid the best salaries, are the cheapest. (3) Dr. Jones further appreciated that even in a large school, the education proper is only a part of what the school gives to its boys; that the other activities of school life, such as debating, athletics, school magazine, and music, are each deserving of the boys' best efforts. His theory and his practice, therefore, have been to secure the best obtainable men to lead the boys both in their studies and also in these other departments which, under his administration, seem to be equally necessary elements in a boy's work.

The result is almost incredible to one who does not know the facts. I do not refer at the moment to the remarkable success of the various athletic teams, nor to the picture (even more impressive as it seems to me) presented on the day of the Color Contests when, instead of

chosen athletes, practically every boy in the school is expected to take part on behalf of his own colors—an almost ideal form of sport. Neither do I refer to the distinguished success of the graduates of the schools in the various colleges, though I believe it is a matter of common knowledge that in our great University, the Penn Charter boys are recognized as having the best preparation. I refer to perhaps the crowning test of the success of this as well as of every other school, to wit: the spirit of the boys. I know something of that spirit both as a boy of the class of 1886, also for one strenuous year as a teacher (1891-1892), and now (best of all) as the father of a Penn Charter Quinta boy. I know whereof I speak when I say that the Penn Charter boy simply will not believe that any other school in Philadelphia or its vicinity holds a candle to his own. This I believe unanimous feeling might seem absurd if it were simply sentiment; to the contrary, I believe it expresses a real conviction of the value of the school to the boys. I state with confidence my view that in the long run the boys are good judges of the value of their schools, and that therefore the belief which I have referred to is convincing evidence that the school has produced and is producing results which are a credit to the community and reflect a very special glory upon its headmaster.

Possibly the writer may be biased by the fact that he still has some direct interest in the teacher's profession. However that may be, he takes pleasure in recording his firm conviction that to no member of the learned professions, except possibly to the Minister of God, is there given the opportunity and privilege of useful service that is given to the teacher, and particularly to the headmaster of a large school. One could only measure his influence fully if one could follow the lives of each of his thousands of students, and trace in them how far the master's work and ideals had impressed themselves upon each student as an important part of his life. Such a crown of glory had Dr. Arnold at Rugby; and every true Penn Charter boy of the last forty years will agree with the writer that Dr. Jones is entitled to a position among American schoolmasters not dissimilar to that accorded Dr. Arnold in England.



Frederick L. Smith,

TO WHOSE AID AND COUNSEL WE OWE SO MUCH OF THE PLEASURE
OF OUR SCHOOL DAYS, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

In Memoriam



Heberton Cragin Clark

WHOSE DEATH TOOK FROM OUR MIDST
ONE OF THE BRIGHTEST AND MOST
CHEERFUL COMPANIONS OF OUR YOUTH

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Valedictorian

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Artist

W. CARMAN DAVIS

Spoon Man

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Bowl Man

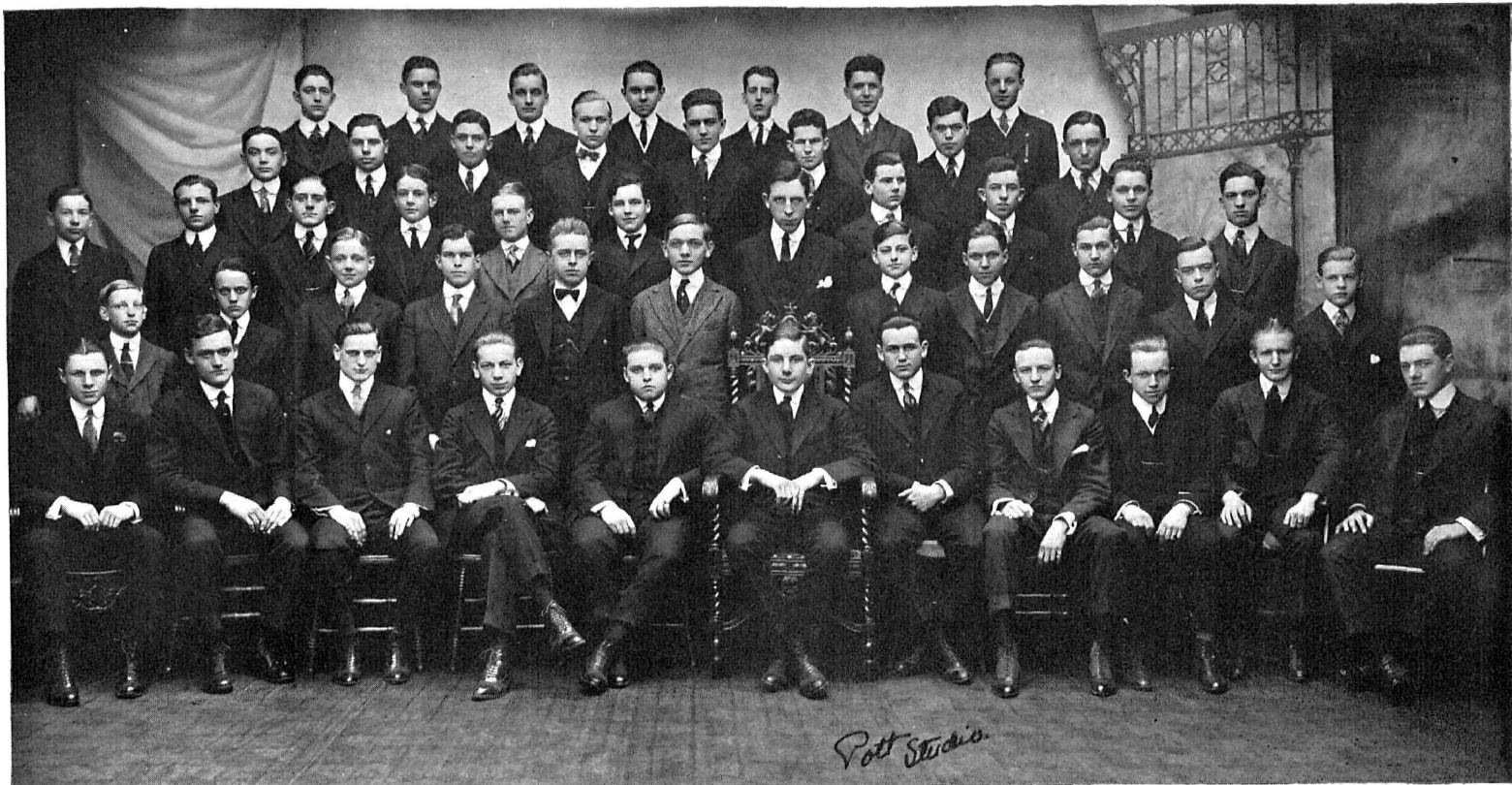
FRANK H. LEDYARD

Cane Man

W. ROY BELL

Pipe Man

BENJAMIN ALLEN, 3D



THE CLASS

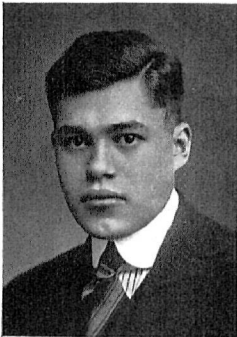
Class of 1915



BENJAMIN ALLEN Philadelphia, Pa.
"Benny."



The Trident. Track Team, 1914-15. Captain, 1915. Captain of Relay Team, 1915. Strength List, 1915. Chosen Runner, 1913-14-15. Gymnasium Leader, 1912-14-15. Class Treasurer. Musical Club, 1912-14-15. Science Club, 1912-13-14-15. President, 1915. Literary Society, 1912-13-14-15. Secretary, 1915. Magazine Staff, 1915. Dramatics, 1912-13-14. Class A Declamation Contest, 1914-15. Winner 1914. Captain of Room Debating Team, 1912-13-14. Class B Debating Team, 1913. Captain of Championship Class B Debating Team, 1914. On Championship Class A Debating Team, 1915. Prima Oration Contest. Commencement Speaker. Cheer Leader, 1914-15.



THOMAS W. BACCHUS Wilmington, Del.
"Back."

Yellow. Strength List, 3 years. Chosen Runner in Color Contest.



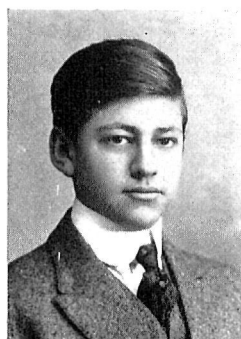
FRED S. BALCH Lansdowne, Pa.
"Freddy."

Yellow. Science Club, 1913-14-15. Literary Society, 1914-15. Business Manager Penn Charter Magazine, 1913-14-15. Assistant Business Manager Class Record, 1915. Room Debating Team, 2 years. Glee Club, 1914. Second Football Team, 1914. Track Squad, 1915. Gymnasium Team, 1915. XΦ



FRANK B. BATEMAN Grenloch, N. J.
"Bait."

Science Club. 1912-13-14-15. Literary Society, 1914-15. New Jersey Club, 1912-13-14-15. Secretary, 1915. Magazine Staff, 1912-13-14-15. Assistant Business Manager Class Record. Glee Club, 1914-15. Manager Track Team, 1915. Strength List.



JESSE BERTOLET BECHTEL Philadelphia, Pa.
"Beck."

Science Club. Literary Society.



PAUL A. BEIN Philadelphia, Pa.

"Bean."

Blue. Literary Society. Science Club. Mandolin Club, 3 years.

ΨΥ.



W. ROY BELL Philadelphia, Pa.

"Hank."

Yellow. Tennis Team, 4 years. Baseball Team, 3 years. Trident Senior Society. Literary Society, 4 years. Vice-President, 1915. Glee Club, 4 years. Leader, 1915. Dramatics, 3 years. Vice-President A. A. Strength List. Champion Class Debating Team, 1913. Gymnasium Leader, 8 years. Historian of Class, 1915. Cheer Leader, 1914-15.



H. TYLER BENNER Haddonfield, N. J.

"Silent."

Yellow.

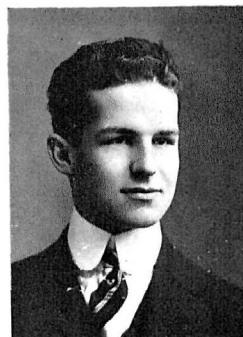


A. BALFOUR BREHMAN Ventnor, N. J.

"Bally."

Blue. Cricket Team, 1914. Manager of Cricket Team, 1915.
Science Club, 3 years. Literary Society, 3 years. Editor of Literary
Society, 1914-15. Mandolin Club, 2 years. Glee Club, 1 year. Ban-
quet Committee.

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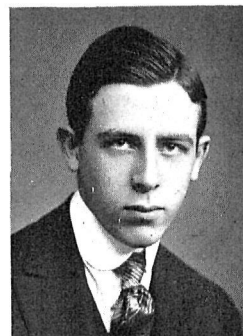


WILLIAM DOUGHTEN BUZBY, JR. Moorestown, N. J.

"Bill."

Blue. Science Club. Cricket Team. Second Football Team.
Glee Club. New Jersey Club.

Δ T Δ



WILLIAM CARMAN DAVIS Philadelphia, Pa.

"Themistocles."

Blue. Football Squad, 1914. Strength List, 1912-13-14-15.
Class Artist. Science Club, 1915. Track Team, 1915. Gymna-
sium Team, 1913. Glee Club, 1914. Cricket Squad, 1914. Chosen
Runner.



ROWLAND C. EVANS, JR. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Rowly."

Blue. Trident. Valedictorian of Class. Football Team. Manager of Tennis Team. Gymnasium Team, 1914. Championship Class B Debating Team, 2 years. Championship Class Debating Team, 1914. Science Club. Literary Society. Financial Secretary of Literary Society Play and Annual Entertainment. Strength List. Gymnasium Leader, 1912. Chosen Runner. P. C. in Track, 1 year. Prima Oration Contest.

ΔΚΕ



RAYMOND EARLE EVLETH Philadelphia, Pa.

"Reds."

Yellow. Tennis Team, 1913-14-15. All-Interacademic and All-Interscholastic Double Champion, 1914-15. Literary Society. Class B Debating Team. Assistant Editor of Magazine Staff. Assistant Editor of Class Record. Chosen Runner at Color Contests. Class C Oration Contestant.

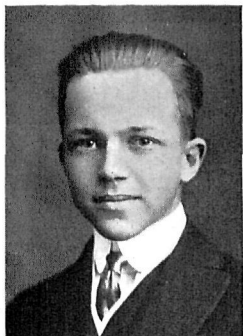
ΦΔΘ



JOHN A. FOLEY Philadelphia, Pa.

"Yock."

Yellow. Baseball, 2 years. Track, 3 years. Strength List, 4 years. Glee Club, 3 years. Class Poet.



RAYMOND H. GAGE, JR. Wenonah, N. J.

"Ray."

Yellow. Trident. Baseball Team, 2 years. Football Team, 1914. Science Club, 3 years. Treasurer, 1914-15. Literary Society, 3 years. New Jersey Club, 3 years. President, 1914-15. Glee Club, 2 years. Strength List. Prophet of Class. Chosen Runner Field Color Contests 2 years.



S. ROGER GALE Moorestown, N. J.

"Beau Brummel."

Yellow. Science Club. New Jersey Club. Mandolin Club. Cricket Team.



J. Z. GUYER, JR. Laurel Springs, N. J.

"Zeb."

Yellow. Baseball, 1912-13-14. Captain of 1915 Team. Football Team, 1913-14 (both championship). Track Team, 1912-14-15. Cricket Team, 1914-15. Member of Trident Senior Society. Strength List, 1913-14-15. Gymnasium Leader, 4 years. School Leader, 1915. Chosen Runner, 4 years. Secretary of Athletic Association, 1914-15.



EDGAR B. GRAVES Philadelphia, Pa.

"Spider."

Yellow. Science Club, 2 years. Secretary, 1914-15. Magazine Staff. Associate Editor of Class Record. Commencement Speaker. Graduated with Honor.



ALEXANDER M. GREENE Merchantville, N. J.

"Mac."

Blue. Tennis Team. Track Squad. Baseball Squad. New Jersey Club. Gymnasium Team. Glee Club. Strength List. Chosen Runner. Graduated with Honor.

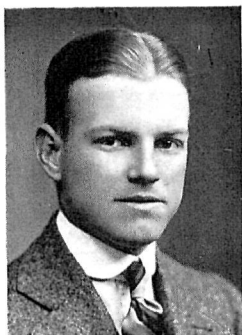


BUCHANAN HARRAR, JR. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Buck."

Yellow. Tennis Team.

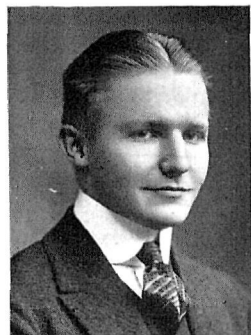
£ A E



THOMAS F. HOLLOWAY Beverly, N. J.

"Tommy."

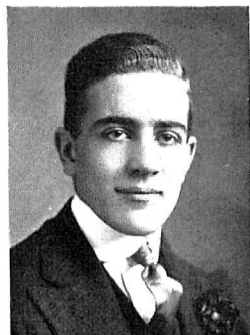
Blue. Strength List.



HENRY R. HALLOWELL Philadelphia, Pa.

"Hen."

Yellow. The Trident. Football Team, 1913-14. Captain, 1914. President of Athletic Association. Cricket Team, 1915. Science Club. Literary Society. Gymnasium Team, 1914. Room Debating Team, 2 years. Debater at Witherspoon Hall, 1915. Property Manager of Literary Society Play, 1914. Musical Clubs, 4 years. Gymnasium Leader, 1913-14. Toastmaster of Class. Strength List. Chosen Runner, 1914.



MAURICE J. HOOVER, JR. Wyncote, Pa.

"Morris."

Blue. Literary Society. Science Club. Glee Club, 2 years. Football Team. Strength List.



EDWIN FLOYD IRWIN Philadelphia, Pa.

"Aeneas."

Yellow. Mandolin Club, 4 years. Science Club, 3 years. Literary Society, 3 years. Second Football Team, 1913. Cricket Squad, 1915.



SAMUEL BROWNING IRWIN Lansdowne, Pa.

"Sammy."

Second Baseball Team, 2 years. P. C. in Football. Cricket Team. Science Club. Literary Society. Gymnasium Team, 1915. Mandolin Club, 4 years.



RALPH STANLEY IVINS Langhorne, Pa.

"Biscuit."

Yellow. Science Club. Cricket Team.



RICHARD T. JONES, JR. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Dick."

Yellow. Track Team, 3 years. Literary Society. Chosen Runner. Holder of Junior Quarter Mile Record.



HENRY J. KALTENTHALER, JR. Germantown, Pa.

"Bob?"

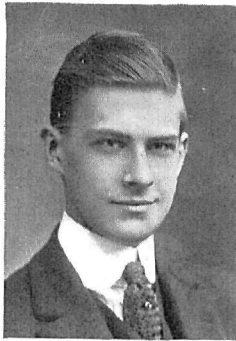
Science Club. Cricket Team. Gymnasium Leader. Gymnasium Team.



HENRY K. KINDIG, 2D Ambler, Pa.

"Hen."

Blue. Trident. Baseball, 2 years. Football, 2 years. Tennis, 3 years. Strength List. Gymnasium. Leader of Blues, 3 years. Leader of School, 1915. Secretary of Class. Chosen Runner. Glee Club, 2 years.



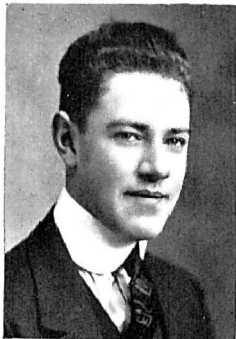
ROBERT H. KRAEGER Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Bob."

Blue. Mandolin Club, 2 years. Science Club, 1 year. Official
 Photographer for Football Team, 1915.



FRANK H. KRUSEN Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Mooney."

Yellow. Science Club. Football Squad, 3 years. Football
 Team, 1914. Strength List, 2 years.



LLOYD ROCKHILL LEAVER Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Pete."

Blue. Literary Society, 2 years. Second School Debating
 Team, 2 years. Captain, 1914. Prize Winning Team, 1915. Win-
 ner of Class B Declamation Prize, 1915. Baseball Squad, 3 years.
 Dramatics, 2 years. Assembly Speaker. Member of Executive Com-
 mittee of Literary Society.



FRANK HAND LEDYARD Philadelphia, Pa.

"Keg."

P. C. Football, Baseball. Glee Club, 2 years. Dramatics, 2 years. Vice-President Class. Bowl Man. Literary Society. Trident Science Club. Business Manager Magazine. Strength List.



J. ALBERT LEVERING Haddon Heights, N. J.

"Al."

Yellow. New Jersey Club.

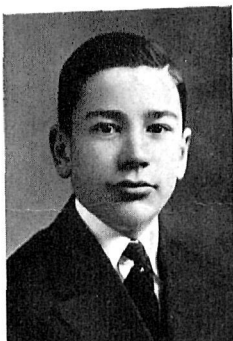
Σ Φ Ε



JOHN M. MACK, JR. Torresdale, Phila.

"Loquacious."

Yellow.



HERBERT GARTON MOORE Philadelphia, Pa.

"Herb."

Blue. Science Club.



JOHN D. MOORE Haddonfield, N. J.

"Cook."

Yellow. P. C. Football, Track. Glee Club. Literary Society.
Science Club. Trident.

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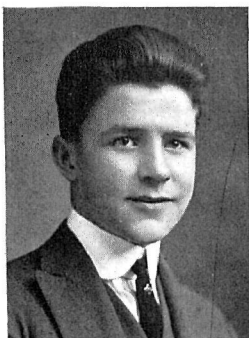


LEWIS M. PARSONS Philadelphia, Pa.

"Hammy."

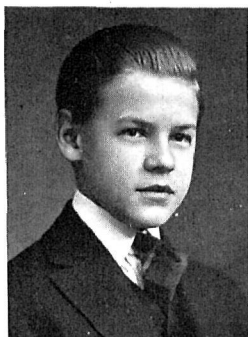
Manager Football Team, 1915. Cricket Team, 1915. Trident.
Presenter of Class. Leader in Gymnasium, 1912. Literary Society,
1912-13-14-15. Treasurer, 1915. Science Club, 1912-13-14-15.
Chosen Runner, 1915. Magazine Staff, 1913-14-15. Strength List,
1915.

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ROBERT J. TAIT PAUL Camden, N. J.
 "Bob."

Blue. Glee Club. New Jersey Club, 3 years. Literary Society, 3 years. Cricket Squad.



O. MASON POLLARD Upland, Pa.
 "Polly."

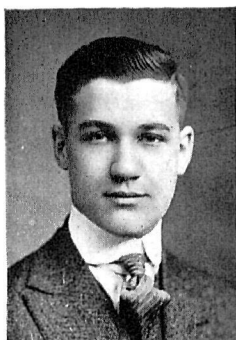
Annual Prize Debate, 1914-15. School Team, 1915. Dramatics, 1913-14. Second School Debating Team, 1913. Science Club, 1913-14-15. Literary Society, 1913-14-15. Gymnasium Team, 1914-15. Inter-Class Debating Championship, 1913. Manager of Baseball Team. Tennis Team, 1915. Class B Declamation Contest, 1915. Glee Club, 1915. Commencement Speaker.

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GEORGE F. PRESTWICH Collingswood, N. J.
 "Honest George."

Blue. Second Football Team, 1914. Glee Club, 2 years. New Jersey Club. Gymnasium Team, 1915. Strength List.



WILLARD J. RAFETTO Cheltenham, Pa.

"Toots."

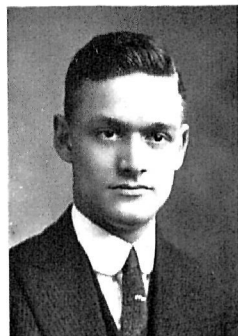
Yellow. Tennis Team, 1915.



HENRY G. REIFSNYDER Philadelphia, Pa.

"Reif."

Leader of Blues, 2 years. Chosen Runner of Blues, 1 year.
Magazine Staff. Class Record Manager.

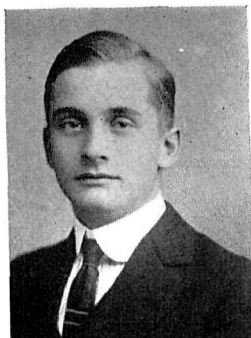


EDMUND ROWLAND Media, Pa.

"Monk."

Blue. P. C. in Track, 2 years. Vice-President of Science Club.
Literary Society. Editor Magazine. Editor-in-Chief Class Record.
Member Class B Debating Teams. Fourth on Strength List. Class
B Orations. Prima Oration Contest. Commencement Speaker.
Graduated with Honor. Glee Club, 2 years. Leader of Blues, 2
years.

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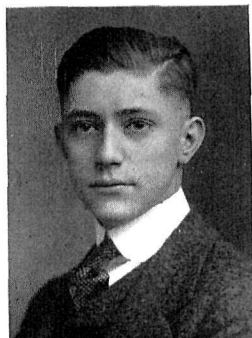


HOBART ROWLAND Media, Pa.

"Hob."

Blue. Glee Club, 1 year. Mandolin Club, 3 years. Leader of Mandolin Club. Literary Society, 3 years. School Orchestra, 2 years. P. C. in Cricket.

ΦΚΨ



LEIGHTON M. THOMAS Lansdale, Pa.

"Gaby."

Yellow. Glee Club. Relay Team. Track Squad.



HENRY PITNEY VAN DUSEN Chestnut Hill, Pa.

"Pit."

Yellow. Trident. President Class of 1915. Football Team. Literary Society, 3 years. President, 1915. Science Club, 3 years. Editor, 1914. Editor-in-Chief of Magazine. Entertainment Debater, 2 years. Captain of School Debating Team, 2 years. Glee Club, 3 years. Stage Manager, Play, 1913. Dramatics Cast, 1914. Winner Class A Declamation Contest, 1915. Prize Story Winner, 1913-14. Prima Oration Contest, 1914. Farewell Assembly Speaker, 1914. Commencement Speaker, 1915. Captain Winning Second Debating Team, 1913. Captain Room Debating Team, 3 years (Champions 1911-12-13-14). Strength List.



WILLIAM M. WELCH, 2D Yardley, Pa.
 "Rosa."

Blue. Mandolin Club. Cricket. Science Club. Literary
 Society.



CHARLES J. YOST, JR. Wenonah, N. J.
 "Yostie."

Blue. Science Club. New Jersey Club.

Class History



THE Class of 1915 began its career in 1906 with two members. Yea, verily there were others, but only Parsons and "Hob" Rowland could survive the ordeal of stepping annually toward the much sought for diploma. Bryson and Edson made a game fight for it, but as they advanced, outside fancies took their attention and—well, they ceased to advance.

However in Lower First, when heads were counted, it was found that the class had grown to the number of twenty-one. Bechtel and Bein, the Inseparables, were discovered sitting quietly in a corner, while Evleth, despite his youth, was eagerly poring through the list of candidates for the next election. In the hall we found Stafford trying to convince E. Irwin of an argument by means of ju jitsu, and Hallowell, Hoover and Ledyard, after one glance, were unanimously elected the three "fat men." To make it a family affair, S. Irwin joined the class, while How. Rowland fooled us by not being related to "Hob." Rumpp was imported from Germany, and Tyson was a product of Logan, but Collins beat them all for distance and came from Manayunk. Van Dusen and Brehman dropped in one day and decided to stay awhile (they have been in ever since), and Allen was discovered sticking a pin in Shuman's—ahem—leg. Nevertheless it was a happy bunch.

We were reinforced in Sexta by the fiery-eyed Prestwich, even then the horror of all teachers, and Hohenadel, the goat-getter, who used to get a certain teacher's animal every day. Pancoast, the sleek-eyed, and Evans, the greaser, slipped by unnoticed for a while, but Davis, the giant, almost bumped his head on the top of the doorway. The class discovered Bell didn't like his hair mussed, so every day a "squad" was detailed to do the necessary job. This was the year

that the never-to-be-forgotten "frat," the Phi Sigma Delta, was organized. At the beginning it was most select, but finding that making fellows drink raw lemon juice and making them propose to young ladies with their coats inside out as a form of initiation was an amusing pastime, immediately new victims were elected into its sacred halls. Finally, having no one else to initiate, the "frat" was abolished by common vote.

The Quinta year was marked by the arrival of class pins, and for many days watchful eyes would look to see if that precious piece of gold was still in the same position as it was five minutes before. Guetter, the strong man, and the comedian, Balch, entered our midst, while Morgan tried to make us believe he was related to "J. P." Finding a fellow walking aimlessly about, we discovered it to be Kelly, and it took us half a year to find out that H. Moore, the Silent, belonged to 1915. B. Davis became famous by holding the record for staying after school, and "Ed" Rowland distinguished himself by getting an "ad" for the magazine. In our "weakly" color contests in gym., in which each side fought desperately to conquer, Pennock became a hero by winning the contest for his side. Since then the enthusiasm in the contests has diminished each year, but the reason is—but that's a secret. Having received honors each month in his studies, Jones was considered a learned scholar, but isn't it remarkable how Father Time can change one?

Our ball team, having won all its games, was about to play the 'Varsity, but fortunately or unfortunately, it rained on the appointed day, so it was never decided which team was the better, but—well, we all have our opinions.

Coming back after vacation, we found that Bryson and Guetter had deserted us for the world outside, and that B. Davis had decided not to advance so fast; however, many new faces were substituted. Bacchus, the god of wine, enlivened our spirits, while Welsh also reminded us of our thirst—ahem—for knowledge. The humor in class was furnished by Grosscup, who always disagreed with the "profs," and Krusen became famous by falling asleep in a Latin recitation. Finding the name Emerson on the roll, we immediately thought of poetry, but to our

sorrow or otherwise, "Hoky" couldn't even s-s-s-speak p-p-p-prose, but later we found Leaver sometimes indulged in that pastime of invoking the Muses, especially toward summer. But, who can tell, maybe it was the heat. Gordon had the habit of staying after school and telling jokes to the teachers, but MacCallum beat him to it and took said teachers out to Queen Lane in his machine. But their efforts were in vain, for their marks failed to improve. At first we thought Howes was dumb, for he never said anything unless it was absolutely necessary, wasting energy he said, but Clark made up for lost time and talked for everybody in the class. Lots of fellows had hobbies, in fact have them yet, for whenever Bob Kraeger is seen there is always a camera in his hands, while Patterson's hobby, although not carried in his hands, was the opposite sex. Pollard, with his sympathetic voice and innocent face, generally made us wash our faces with tears when he declaimed, but Guyer always brought us back to earth by hitting either J. Moore or Kalthenthaler with one of his famous "spit-balls." Schwenk, finding us so successful, had waited for us a year, but sickness and broken bones kept us fairly quiet, although of course we studied harder. Naturally!?!

Then came the first year in the Senior School. This meant new teachers and more work, but what did that matter; we were with the "big fellows." Now we were old enough to go to meeting, but as time passed on the meeting wasn't looked on as an honor, but still an hour of sleep sometimes comes in handy. We found Indoor Sports to be both pleasant and useful. At first we took riding lessons and, strange to say, nearly everyone preferred to ride his "trusty steed" at night. Finally the Latin marks rose too high, and then there were investigations. We next took up the art of throwing chalk. In this Foley was our "champ," is yet in fact, but G. Kelly ran him a close race. One day an unsuspecting teacher received a bit of the crayon on his head and then—more investigations.

Jeffries loomed into sight about this time with R. Clark, who made the class famous by heading the strength list. Among the missing was Edson, who dropped because of sickness, but Gage

the proverbial minister's son, developed into a good substitute for starting rough house. But a fashion plate was unearthed. Cunningham would wear anything as long as it was the style, regardless of how it looked, and he had an apt pupil, for Bateman now "gets the hat" in that line. Haenn and Yost joined our midst, but could not be analyzed, thereby being question marks. Graves being a scholar, had hard work pumping us with knowledge, but finally gave it up as hopeless. By this time many of the fellows went into the men's department to buy their suits, and consequently various colors were displayed around the ankle but as time passed on most of them came back to modest black.

By this time we were getting used to marching into assembly without music, for we were Sophomores. But some of our smiling faces were missed. Pennock had withdrawn because of sickness and, being a loyal friend, Shuman also remained behind. J. Kelly found he was advancing too rapidly, so likewise lingered, while Grosscup and Collins vanished in the wilds of this great city. But we were honored by two Jerseyites. Paul and Boyd both came from that foreign land, and in baseball season we found Ambler had contributed material in the form of Kindig. Still Evans' seat was vacant, and when Emerson didn't appear we became worried, but found they were on vacations and had postponed school indefinitely. People say that in spring one's thoughts turn to love. This must be true, for R. Clark left school and got married, and by the expression on the faces of Mack and Mooney we thought we were going to have two more benedicts, but we later found it was spring fever. Some of the fellows had received their school letters and P. C.'s were put on all kinds of wearing apparel, but finally we became modest and covered most of them up.

Having gone through our Secunda year successfully, we advanced to Prima. Prima, the year of hard work. Of course some said it was the easiest year of all, but quoting our good friend, Roger De Coverly, "There is much to be said on both sides." Awaiting us at the door with a face that was never serious was "Tommy" Atkins, who liked the room teacher in Prima so

well that he repeated, and with his hand outstretched he ejaculated to all, "Pump me, my boy, pump me." Going into the room we saw a fellow all dressed up in the latest fashion, maybe a little ahead of it, whom some of us thought was one of the nobility of England, but upon inquiring we found it to be "Duke" Middendorf, another repeater. It took a little time getting used to him, but we finally took both of them into our fold. A few days later we saw a large, heavily built fellow standing talking to a short, thin chap, and wondered if Mutt and Jeff had come to life, but as Ginther was too large to seek that kind of information from, and with Reifsnyder's fiery eyes and determined face, we decided to let the matter drop. The next proposition before us was a fellow who always seemed to be looking for something, but could never quite get his fill. This was Holloway, another recruit, but as it ever is thus, he received it in the form of Bechtel, in Upper Prima, and then—but 'nuff said. Seeing Ivins, we thought of cake, so let him in on general principles. One day, a spring day, very quiet and peaceful, something happened. It seems the swinging doors between the two rooms suddenly and, of course, for some unaccountable reason, wouldn't swing. Dr. Strong was due to pour a little "Lady of the Lake" into the heads of the fellows in the inner room, and so was rather in a hurry to get there, already being a trifle late. But the doors would not move. Our good professor threatened and raged until finally it was found that the doors were locked on the inside. Strange as it may seem, the fellows inside were suddenly overcome by deafness, but finally the doors were unlocked in the same strange manner in which they had been locked, and everything went serenely on. Did I say serenely on? Well, it was a mistake, for—but why waste words; use your imagination. In the midst of these pleasures one of our number, "Heb" Clark became sick and suddenly died. "Heb," whom we all liked, was a fine fellow, who would go out of his way anytime to do you a favor. His character and doings in school were beyond reproach, and there was not a fellow who could speak a word against him, for "Heb" Clark was a "good fellow."

Finally our last year arrived. At last we were dignified Seniors. But alas, we were not all back. Ginther and Boyd were among the missing, while "Tommy" Atkins had decided he wanted to build houses, so he immediately became a member of the I. C. S. Still, we were not without newcomers. A rival to John McCormack himself was Thomas, and during the year whenever there was a wind storm, we would always blame Gale. However, Levering and Benner were handed the prize for secrecy, for even yet nine-tenths of the fellows don't know the first names of these mysterious ones. One day a loud noise was heard throughout the building, making some of us think the roof was falling through, but we found it was only Buzby and Harrar doing some of their little tricks, so they were excused, and everything went peacefully on as before. Everything but "Math." Something was wrong. We didn't agree with the "prof" and he didn't agree with us, so we decided to wake him up. One day everything was peaceful and quiet. O, how different from other days; but there was a reason. Even a test didn't move our calm natures to riot, but again there was a reason. When about half the period was over a bell began to ring. First softly, but gradually getting louder. This ringing repeated at intervals for some time, and then stopped. During the ringing someone became nervous, but fortunately or unfortunately, the office had heard the alarm, and reinforcements immediately came. Reconnoitering, it was discovered that an alarm clock had found its way up the fireplace and, strange to say, it was set to ring at 1.15. But, you might all say, who was the guilty person, but—well, that's a secret. For several weeks after the opening of the school year a few fellows always walked about with their coats open and hands in their pockets. This was at first a mystery, but as the "frats" had been abolished, and the new Senior Society established, there was at last a reason. Upon investigation a gold Trident studded with pearls was found on the vest of these fellows, and they were proudly showing them to the world. The fellows, having graduated from throwing chalk and pretzels, took up the pastime of skipping periods. We could not find out who was champion in this sport, for most of the fellows lost

count, so we decided to let it drop. No, not the skipping, the count. The teachers will always be remembered, for who could ever forget that well known sentence in English period, "Foley, six inches of the sash." And that familiar beginning of some weird tale, "Now, when I was up in Maine," or the pleading, "Well, fellows, you are wasting your own time." But regardless of these sayings, the "profs" were all good scouts and we liked them all, and if the fellows of 1915 don't succeed it won't be the "profs' " fault, for they worked their hardest. Thus endeth the first chapter of the history of that famous class, 1915; many more chapters of which remain to be written and which will be made memorable by the illustrious deeds of its illustrious members.

W. ROY BELL.



Class Prophecy



BURDENED with the responsibility of doping out the future of such a bunch of celebrities as the Class of 1915, and feeling unable to dope the thing out myself, I picked up the Philadelphia *Inquirer* and turned to the advertisements of the fair-haired dames who volunteer to pry open the fast-sealed secrets of coming days for you at four bits per pry. I selected Madame Vivi de Bergeron because I liked her name and proceeded to wend my way up Eleventh Street, climbed two flights of dusty stairs, and was ushered into the dimly lighted sanctum of the fairy queen. Bidding a fond farewell to my fifty cents, I took my seat before the mahogany table where stood the magic crystal mounted between the prongs of a bronze tripod. The blond beauty with the eye for the future sat behind the table, resting her elbows on it and framing her cal-somined countenance in her hands, which glittered with diamonds from Montana, while she gazed deep into the scintillating depths of the crystal. For a moment nothing appeared. Then in almost imperceptible, faint hues and rainbow tints, a picture grew in the brilliant and transparent sphere; it gathered, took shape as she watched, became coherent and logical and real. She said in a low voice, still watching intently, "Blue sky, green trees, a pearly shore and little azure wavelets: A figure strolling down the sands jauntily swinging a bamboo cane." I looked into the sphere myself and saw the figure draw near, when suddenly I recognized the cherubic countenance of Gale behind his monocle. I realized that I was about to enter on my mission with success, when suddenly, unable longer to stand the strain, the crystal burst with a loud explosion. Three times we made the test, and three different spheres refused to stand for that monocle. My patience and my silver gone, I turned in disappointment back to the old school.

It was Wednesday: my mind full of thoughts of crystal gazing, wizardry, sleeping potions and such other clairvoyant devices, I took my seat in that day's Quaker Meeting. Nature, aided by these soothing environs and by the recurrence of "Each-a one of us," unexpectedly came to my relief. The whitewashed walls faded from my sight, Davis's deep-toned snores faded and mingled with the tones of the speaker, and I found myself sitting in the waiting room of the great terminal station which I afterward was to learn was the successor of the old Broad Street Station. The train announcer was just calling a Chestnut Hill train; there was something familiar about his voice, and with a closer look I recognized the sylph-like form of our old friend "Keg" Ledyard, grown somewhat stouter as to his body, but somewhat thinner as to his hair. He recognized me at the same moment, and as I stepped up to him he grabbed my hand and said, "Well, well, old man, I haven't seen you since we left old Penn Charter together twenty years ago with the great class of 1915. Just wait here a minute till I can get a substitute and change these duds, and we'll go out and see the town."

While waiting, I strolled over to the flower stand and found Ben Allen getting next to the pink cheeked personage who pins the pinks on the cutaway of all comers for a quarter extra on the price tag. "Ben" was always the sort of a lad who, while waiting for the change at Wanamaker's ribbon counter, would find out the name of the salesgirl, her favorite flower, her matinee idol, and where a letter would reach her. And the fact that he had now a charming wife and four growing boys out at his handsome suburban residence at Bryn Mawr had not slowed him up a little bit in this line. Unwilling to butt in on "Ben's" tete-a-tete, I turned across to the news-stand and bought a paper. There in large headlines I read, "Prof. Edmund Rowland, of the Chemistry Department of the University of Pennsylvania, discovers a new process of extracting gas from coal." Having known "Ed's" powers of extracting coin from his classmates in the old days, I was not surprised at any new extraction he might accomplish, though I had always expected that he would make a good dentist.

In another column of the same paper I found the announcement of the appointment of the Honorable H. Pitney Van Dusen to the Supreme Court of the United States, the youngest man ever to have been elevated to that lofty position. I wondered if "Pit" would get dizzy, but when I remembered the marks he used to get I knew that he was used to standing high and that he probably would not mind it at all. Van Dusen had made his start toward fame in the legal profession by his defenses of Bacchus and Krusen against the Traction Company, winning them both. The Traction Company had tried to collect two fares for one ride from Bacchus on the ground of his size; and had brought suit against Krusen for obstructing traffic, as they contended that his face stopped the cars.

Ledyard came back before I had finished this article and proposed that we step across to the City Hall and call on Mayor Evleth. He told me that Evleth had been elected on the reform ticket that gets a chance in Philadelphia every twenty-five years; that he had received the votes of 250 men of the city and those of all of the ladies, and secured thereby a bare majority. Having my own opinion of this suggestion as to the wisdom of letting women vote, I let it go at that.

We found Evleth in consultation with District Attorney Evans, of the firm of Evans and Brehman, the leading legal lights of the city. Evans was deeply absorbed at the time in building his "fences" for the coming election for Governor, as he was the leading candidate for that position on the "People's Ticket," while Brehman stuck carefully to the office and took care of the firm's corporation business. By this combination the team stood to win whatever happened to either member, as it gave them a chance to play the ticket both ways and across.

Evans and the Mayor greeted us with enthusiasm, and Evleth said: "You're just in time. Complaint had just been made against a part of the burlesque at the new Arch Street Theatre, recently reopened under the management of Foley and Guyer. Come on down with us while we censor the play." That listened good to us, and jumping into the waiting auto, we

started for the theatre. As we swung around Wanamaker's corner we were brought up out of our seats by the sudden application of the brakes, and were startled by the wild roar of the Klaxon. On looking more closely ahead we discovered the manly form of Graves in the way. He was hustling over to the *Bulletin* office in company with "Aeneas" Irwin, with whom, we learned, he is associated in doping out the athletic news for that paper and perennially proving why the Phillies can't keep up their spurt longer than June first.

The semaphore cop at Twelfth Street flagged us to let a "Rubberneck" tourist car go past, and there on the front seat with his little megaphone stood Henry Hallowell declaiming with his customary grace and brilliancy concerning the points of interest, and just then pointing out the old location of Philadelphia's most famous school at No. 8 South Twelfth Street, where most of the big men of the city had received their first boost toward fame and fortune. Unable to attract Henry's attention from the good looking girl on the front seat, we honked our way on down Market Street to the corner of Sixth. Here they pointed out to me the new building that Bob Paul had erected and named the "Thistle" Building. The Scotch flag flew from the mast-head on top of the store and was prominently displayed in each window. They told me that "Bob" was introduced to a man on a certain occasion as a "good American." "Yes," said he, "I'm a good American, but I've got a lot of Scotch in me." "Yes, I noticed that on your breath when you came in," said the man.

Arriving at our destination, we ran into our well-known short change artist, Dick Jones, just coming out of the box office, where he took care of the nickels in the interest of the management as faithfully as he used to corner them in former days for his own pocket by his ready ability in calling the turn.

Bidding Dick good-bye, we hurried into the box reserved for the Mayor's party. Foley and Guyer were awaiting us. Foley was as lanky as ever and not much changed from the time when he used to pull down "Zeb's" wild ones and eat up his "Spitters," except that where he

used to have to pay the barber a quarter a month for services rendered, he now showed a polished expanse of ivory. At least it looked like that, though those who know anything of his "head-work" would be sure that there was no "bone" about his head. In spite of his surprise at seeing us all at once, Foley, true to his old form, greeted us with

"Hail, comrades dear of old P. C.,
We welcome you *this day*;
Though critics sharp you all may be,
We hope you'll like the play."

Before he could go any further along this line, "Zeb" grabbed a fire extinguisher and threatened to "put him out" if he "fired" any more stuff like that at us, and so the day was saved.

At this moment they rang up the curtain and we took our seats to watch the proceedings. The first act developed nothing startling, but we waited expectantly for the appearance of the famous *Amazon* chorus advertised for the second act. But "Zeb" and Foley had "wised up" the chorus to the visit of the "censors," and when they appeared they were in the full uniform of a German soldier. Remembering the neutrality admonitions of a former President and fearing international complications if any objections were raised to anything in that uniform, it was decided to pass the play. We were about to leave, when our attention was called to a specialty that was to follow the act, a midget duet by Messrs. Benner and Herb. Moore, the boys with the artesian well voices, the remarkable infant prodigies of the age. Dressed in shorts and little blue jackets, they looked sweet enough to eat, and every girl in the audience wanted to take one home. We afterwards learned that Harrar was to have given a dancing specialty, but when "Zeb" got wise to the "censors" he cut that out.

On our way out Ledyard proposed a trip to Atlantic City to call on Lou Parsons at his new hotel, the "Playmore," recently opened for business on an enlarged scale. Evleth and Evans refused on a plea of too much (or too many) to do, so we called up Yostie, the general manager

of the electric line to the shore, and touched him for a couple of passes, and asked him to go along. He arranged for the passes, but declined the bid, suggesting that we enjoy his company by the absent treatment process, and promised to provide a little extra "juice" in the third rail so that the train would not be delayed because Ledyard was on it. So we hurried up to the new Parkway terminal, after stopping in at Bein's New Departure Rathskeller for lunch, where nothing stronger than the national beverage from Vineland can be had to drink. Bein himself presided at the cash register, and greeted us with a cordial handshake and a blush from which we lighted up our cigars as we hurried out.

Taking our seats in the train, we were rushed along beneath the city and under the waters of the Delaware, and in a few minutes were speeding through the Jersey landscape at a mile a minute clip. About a dozen miles along the way we passed the famous "Greene Hen Farm," where our old classmate Greene had made a reputation and a fortune by advertising Picked Poultry and Eggs-that-can't-be-beat. As we sped along, "Keg" pointed out a large sign along the road which read "Bechtel's Big Bargain: Self-Pressing Pants, a dollar and a half a leg, seats thrown in. By mail for males anywhere. Bechtel's Mail Order House, Chicago."

I picked up a few items of interest as we talked over the old days while we rode along. I learned that Reifsnnyder and Leaver had started in as stewards on a new line of steamships through the big ditch immediately after graduation. From habits already acquired in school activities, they had annexed all the loose coin of the passengers, bought out the steamship line, managed the business in a way that made Captain Kidd turn a little uneasily in Davy Jones's locker, and then with a double cinch on the coin purse retired to enjoy the reward of their industry. "Keg" said that Levering was keeping a "five per" boarding house down in Jersey. He said that all around were signs bearing the inscription, "Pay Your Board Weekly." He further assured me that if you depended on Levering's table for sustenance that was the only way you could pay it—weakly.

Rafetto, I heard, had gone into the stock farm business down in Kentucky, where prohibition does not altogether dry up the dew and where the apple juice and corn sap still flow. "Toots" had become so accustomed to the "ponies" in the early days that he had not been able to get away from them and had given himself entirely to the development of a "trotting" strain. He says he has no time for horses that produce real work.

Pollard, who had managed somehow to raise a beard in spite of all early signs, was using his gifts in editing the woman's page in a metropolitan paper, and his taste in things feminine was accepted as the final word by the large clientage of those who get their style from the Sunday supplement.

Leaving the train on arrival at our destination, we kept our hand on our pocketbook as we sought to escape from the bus drivers who blocked our path, when our eye was caught by a half dozen auto busses, each one of which had a broad stripe of blue and gold running around it. They represented the Kindig Kab Kompany, lineal descendants of the Ford Runabout of another day when "Hen" had been managing other "company" than a cab company. It was easy to make a "touch" for a ride up to the "Playmore" in one of the busses, and in a few moments we were rubbering at the splendor of the new hotel. It was one of the finest on the beach, with a regular Atlantic City equipment of one bell boy to carry your traps and six clerks to take your money. We learned that the whole place had been designed by Kaltenthaler, of the "Lay 'em out" firm of architects. We might have guessed this, for by far the most prominent feature was the dining room. We found our old friend Bell in the office, all dolled out in the latest thing in duds and his million dollar smile. Bell had gone in at first to take the place of George M. Cohan, but an unsympathetic world had failed to fall for Roy's hopeful plans, and he had gladly grabbed Parson's offer of the job of jollyng the ladies at the desk, where his Chesterfieldian style and his Michiavellian diplomacy enabled him to give a man a bed on the billiard table during the Easter rush and make him think he was being put up in the bridal boudoir.

After joshing Bell a bit, we sent up for Parsons, the genial proprietor, who fell for our suggestion of a glad reunion, and gave us the keys to the house. That looked better to us than a "ham and" down at Childs' pale front on the Boardwalk, and we nailed down the offer before it could get away. After a look around with Lou, we carelessly leaned up against the dining room door to avoid mistakes and took advantage of the first opening in that direction. As we put the horseradish on our Absecon salts the orchestra struck up a popular air and a fine tenor voice began a solo. There was something familiar in it for us; and sure enough, it was the voice of Thomas, and our astonishment was made more complete when we recognized the leader of the orchestra as Hob Rowland. As soon as Hob saw us he gave an imitation of a man seeing things at night and, stopping Thomas right where he was, he struck up the old class song, "How Dry I Am," and played it so effectively that even the hinges on the doors creaked.

After stowing away a full supply of ammunition, we wandered out to the Boardwalk to get a breath of the ozone freely provided there. We dropped into the first cigar store we found to buy a Havana from Pittsburg for the crowd, and discovered Buzby's smiling countenance behind the counter. "Buz" handed us a black stogie whose band bore the title "Ivins' Incomparable." It must have come all the way from Langhorne, because the fumes almost knocked us out.

A little further down the hemlock path we stopped to look into Kraeger's Fade-away Picture Gallery, where we found Holloway in the gladdest of glad rags having his picture taken in eight different poses by a new all-night process, the invention of Kraeger himself. Hearing the sound of a band outside, we went out to see what was doing, and learned that it was the advertising branch of a circus exhibiting on the Steel Pier. We dug up the necessary silver currency and were admitted to the premises. We found ourselves listening to the leather-lunged lecturer reciting a line of "bull," introducing a nervous gentleman at his left as "Willie" Welsh, the only living representative of the lost tribes of the cliff dwellers, who eats, drinks and sleeps

like any other living being, but has a language all his own. A closer look at the lecturer himself revealed below the shock of unwilling hair and behind a beard that wandered at will over a very open countenance, the face of Prestwich, who just then turned to point the way into the big tent where the show was to begin. We hurriedly pressed our way through the crowd and arrived in time to see the big parade. In a glass cage we piped off our old friend Mack, but the label on the aquarium read, "The Mack-sim Silencer, we have to keep him caged or he'd talk you to death." The most impressive feature to us was naturally the antics of the premier clown, whom we recognized as Fritz Balch, now come to his own and making money easy by behaving in a perfectly natural manner to the amusement of the great crowd. Tiring of the performance after Freddy was through, we strolled out of the pier and back to the hotel, where we hit the hay after arranging to go back to town early in the morning with Kindig in one of his buz wagons.

It seemed that we had hardly slept at all before we were on our way in the cool freshness of the morning air. We hit the high spots occasionally as we crossed the meadow boulevard, slowed down a bit to get a look at the palatial house which Johnny Moore had built out of the proceeds of a few flyers in unadvertised "miners," for Johnny had retained his ability to happen around at the right time to pick up a good thing, as he used to pick up footballs with an open course to the goal line. We made a slight detour at the new town of Agricultura to see the great plant of the Hoover-Bateman Company. These two members of the class, it seemed, had, after their course at Cornell, taken a supplementary course at the Eye and Ear Infirmary, and had patented a machine for taking the eyes out of potatoes and the ears off the corn, that had transformed the agricultural process formerly in vogue.

While we shook up the dust on the pike again, we saw the boys come out of a big school building setting back on a hill, and I asked what school that was. Kindig told me it was the Irwin School for Boys, founded and managed by a certain Samuel Irwin, whose reputation for clean sport and good spirit was building up a school of numbers and of worth. As we spoke

of it, a man under the average height came out on the porch of the school, and as he looked over the scene before him, we saw his hand go up to his head and slowly twist a lock of hair between his fingers. As we all gazed at the old well-recognized action, suddenly there was a deep rumbling sound, my seat seemed to rise suddenly beneath me and the top of the car to smite me on the head. I struggled to free myself from the grip of the wreck of the machine, and then—I opened my eyes to find the hand of Mr. Spiers on my collar, to see the backs of the departing boys, and to hear the words “Awake thou that sleepest,” and still dazed at the sudden transition, I stumbled back toward the class room, satisfied that whatever the future might have in store for any of us, it could not bring greater joy or privilege than had been ours in the enjoyment of the years together at Old Penn Charter.

RAYMOND H. GAGE, JR.



Class Poem



In the classes gone before
Poets flourished by the score;
But the time must surely come
When the poet's work is done.

For that time I daily yearn,
That I may to sleep return,
Where the thoughts of O. P. C.
Bring fond memories back to me.

Visions of the ball field come;
I see Roy Bell squeeze in a run;
Raymond Gage and Kindig star,
While Captain Guyer knocks them far.

Football with its starts and thrills
Completely now the program fills;
And as I listen to the yell,
I see they're led by Hallowell.

Keg Ledyard holds the line at will,
While Johnny Moore displays his skill.
Lew Parsons, with complexion fair,
Is wildly brushing back his hair.

The track athletes now take their place,
And Captain Allen sets the pace.
While Rowly Evans and Paul Bein
Strive in vain to reach the line.

Balfour Brehman,—shot-put king—
Stands erect within the ring;
Bateman looks with keen delight
As Bally throws it out of sight.

To the gym I now repair,
And find that Greene and Paul are there.
Two greater athletes ne'er were found,
Except when "Spider" Graves is 'round.

Balch and Pollard—source of fun—
Keep poor Smitty on the run.
And Eddie Irwin, in sad plight,
Haunts MacCormick day and night.

Thomas—singer of great renown—
With Rowland, is the best in town.
While Hobart plays the fiddle grand,
Gale blows the music off the stand.

Davis and his sketches rare,
With famous Goldberg do compare.
And Hoover with his golden smile,
Thinks that Latin's not worth while.

And as the Blood-pit looms in sight
We find Rafetto day and night.
And old Dick Jones upon his horse,
Comes galloping up with all his force.

Leaver—speaker for the school—
Declaims that Krusen is a fool.
And William Welch with gestures grand,
Leads Miss Harrar by the hand.

Prestwich with his style and class,
Worries Leyden with his sass.
And Yostie in a fit of rage
Devilishly tears out the page.

Bacchus with his winning ways,
To beat De Palma he essays.
While Holloway on trusty steed,
Tries to reduce Van Dusen's lead.

Raymond Evleth, girls' delight,
Strives to please with all his might.
And Robert Kraeger, in his wrath,
Is bound to get a photograph.

Ivins with his biscuit cart,
Stands close by with a throbbing heart.
While Sammy with a piercing shout,
Attempts to throw MacCormick out.

Kaltenthaler's learned look
Claims that he has read the book.
As after learning he inquires,
Bill Buzby sings "My Zeal in Spiers."

Bechtel with electric toys
Amuses all the smaller boys;
And Billy Benner, wondrous wise,
Does not attempt to hide surprise.

Mack and Levering leave undone
Things which Lincoln thought were fun.
But the whims which are disdained
Leave when greatness is attained.

Henry Reifsnyder last was seen
Collecting ads for the magazine;
His position is a charming one,
He does so many things for "fun."

As my visions start to leave,
And my restless heart to grieve,
I awaken;—but to find no more
The classmates that I knew of yore.

JOHN A. FOLEY.

Valedictory



“OUR clock strikes when there is a change from hour to hour: but no hammer in the horologe of time peals through the universe when there is a change from era to era.”

These words of Carlyle appeal to us tonight with a new and direct force. To stand in the dawn of a new era and watch the fading light of receding age moves us to thought and contemplation, especially when the passing period leaves an afterglow that illumines and brightens the future. Although we welcome the coming, we have no desire to speed the parting epoch, for the era that is passing away is rich in memories and is signalized by great events, for it has been the most important era in our lives.

Reviewing this period of our lives, it is difficult for us to realize that we have climbed thus far upon the mountain success, that we have reached the first eminence, the goal of our school days, to which we have so long looked up. The place once seemed the limit of our progress, but, as we have drawn nearer, new peaks have loomed up before us, and as we stand here we realize that this is not a stopping place but a starting point at which we separate and climb on different trails to different goals. We must, however, pause, for we have travelled year after year side by side and each year the bond of friendship that bound us together has grown stronger. Therefore, it is with a feeling of regret that we realize that it will be necessary for us to go on without that mutual assistance and sympathy which has characterized our life here. Yet we rejoice that the bond that has grown about us is such that neither time nor change can affect its strength.

Let us gaze down for a moment into the valley whence we have ascended and to the underclassmen whom we see following up the trail, give a few parting words of encouragement.

Underclassmen: Upon you will soon fall the responsibility of leadership in this school. It is our hope that you will assume this privilege and honor in such a manner that the great name of the old school may stand still higher in the eyes of the world than it ever has before.

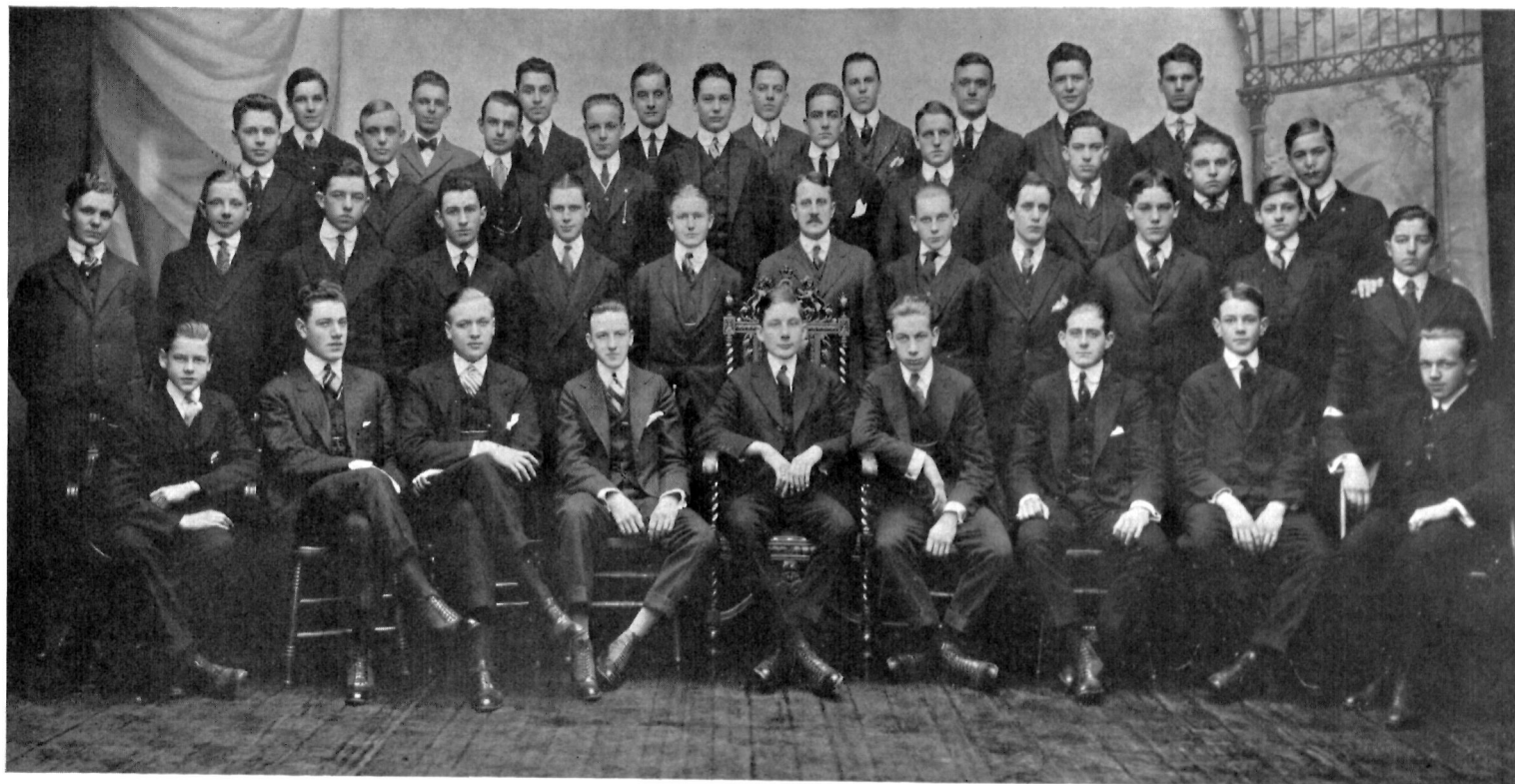
We leave here, also, the esteemed faculty who have been our guides through the rocky gorges and intricate passes we have travelled. Their patience will never be forgotten for often when we wandered from the trail or stepped where danger lurked, their guidance brought us back and started us anew toward the pinnacle where tonight we stand. In parting we can only assure them that we can never forget the skill and faithfulness of their guidance.

For Dr. Jones, the leader of the faculty, we have no words to express adequately the thoughts all of us would like to convey to him. We can only say that we appreciate the fact that the success of our faculty is largely due to the noble example of its leader, and we consider it a great privilege to have been under the guidance of such a man as Dr. Jones who is recognized all over the country as a leader among educators.

Fellow classmates: We are met for the last time as undergraduates at old Penn Charter. In a few moments our school days will be ended. The ascent to the eminence we now hold has been full of bright memories, and we will always be happy in recalling them. Ahead the trail divides. Some will go to college, others into business; each one of us will go on up to some one of the peaks we see standing out beyond in the morning light. To some of us great success will come; others are going to find the way hard; for some the path is cut clear; and for others the way is not so well trodden. And so our fortunes will differ, but is it not a glorious thought at parting to know that we are all sons of Penn Charter; that we are filled with her spirit and teaching, that we have known what standards she teaches and that they are ours? Does not the experience we have gained here make our departure a moment full of hope and promise for what the future holds in store? And so let us set out each man to his task, fitted with the ideals of his Alma Mater and determined that whatever fortune may come his way, whatever the success, whatever the failure, that he will be a true son of Penn Charter and stand for all that is best and finest.

With this thought in mind, fellow-classmates, let us go forth to make the future a realization of the past.

ROWLAND CADWALADER EVANS, JR.



THE LITERARY SOCIETY



LITERARY

The Literary Society



THE wealth of debaters in the school this year was afforded ample chance to display its worth at the Literary Society meetings. At every meeting, a very enjoyable debate featured the programme, to say nothing of the musical recitals, the well-known humorous sketches and the contests.

But the crowning feature of its great achievements for the year was the annual play held at the Bellevue-Stratford on Friday evening, December 11, 1914. If the school has ever held a success, it was then. Just like the unbeaten football team, the play could not have been improved.

The "Lit" should be commended for its generosity in donating amounts sufficient to purchase a tackling dummy for the football team and a batting cage for the baseball team.

But how can the Literary Society enjoy such a successful season? No more can be said than that Dr. Strong is its critic.

Literary Society



President, HENRY P. VAN DUSEN

Vice-President, W. ROY BELL

Secretary, BENJAMIN ALLEN, 3D

Treasurer, LEWIS M. PARSON

UPPER PRIMA

ALLEN
BALCH
BATEMAN
BECHTEL
BEIN
BELL

BREHMAN
EVANS
GAGE
HALLOWELL
HOOVER

IRWIN, E.
IRWIN, S.
JONES
LEAVER
LEDYARD

MOORE, J.
PARSONS
POLLARD, O.
ROWLAND, E.
ROWLAND, H.
VAN DUSEN

PRIMA

DURHAM
GUCKER
HOLMES
LANE

LLOYD
PATTERSON
PENNOCK
POLLARD, E.

ROGERS
SANGREE, J.
TAYLOR
TATTERSFIELD

WALSH, B.
WALTERS
WILLIAMS, J.

SECUNDA

BARROWS
BRIGHAM
BRIGHT

HAUFF
KELLER
PIERSOL

REICHNER
SANGREE, H.
SMITH



THE CAST

		LEDYARD	SHUMAN	VAN DUSEN	DURIHAM
POLLARD	WELCH	ALLEN	HOLMES	BELL	LEAVER
		PIERSOL			WILLIAMS
					REICHNER

“The Commuters”

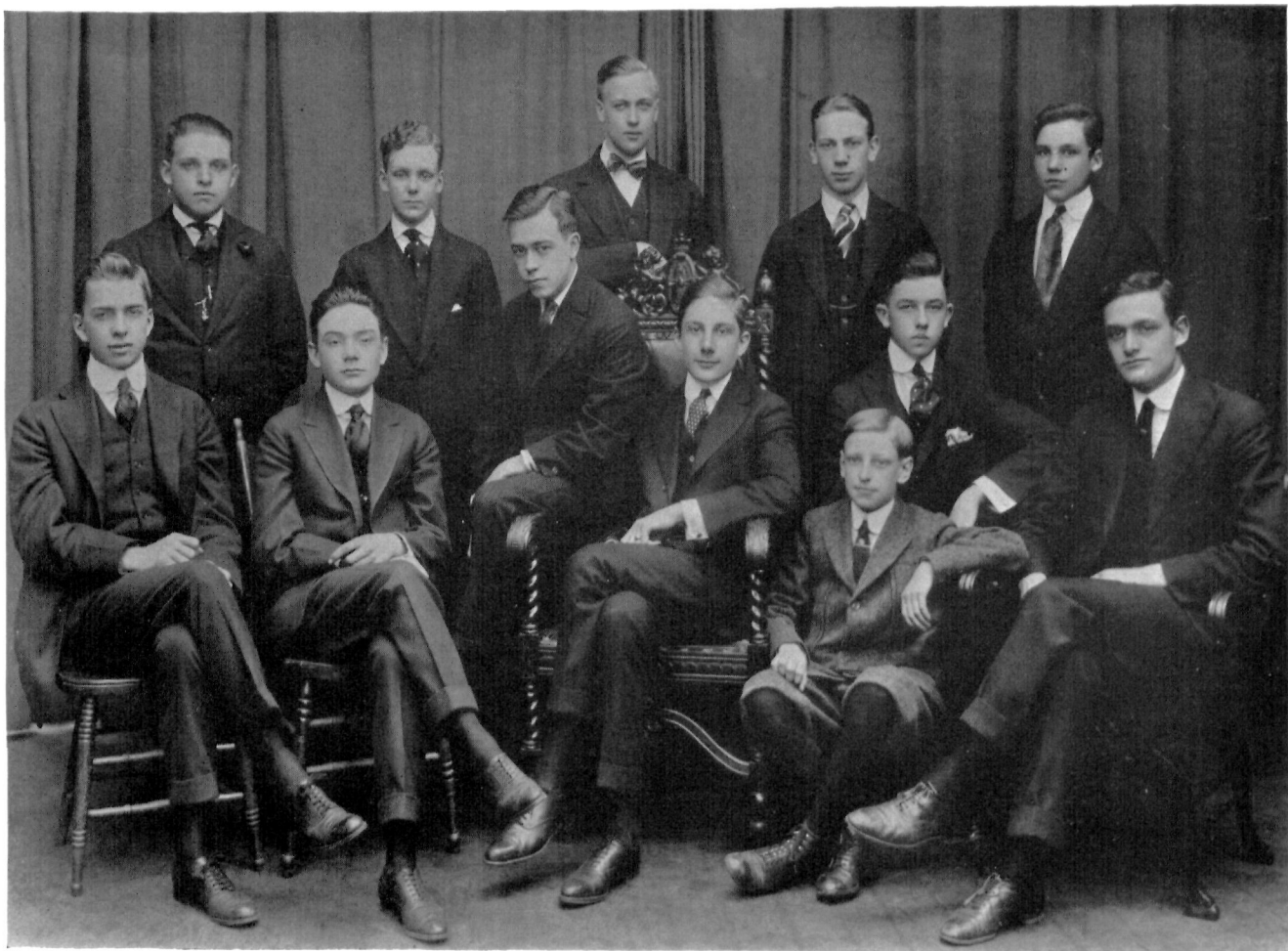


ON the evening of December 11, under the able tutelage of Dr. Strong, the Literary Society produced its annual play. The large and attractive ball-room of the Bellevue-Stratford was crowded to the doors with some twelve hundred friends of the old school.

The curtain rises on the hurry and bustle of a commuter's breakfast complicated by the fact that the new maid has not yet arisen. Larry Brice is chatting after the meal with several of his fellow-commuters when he is reminded by one of them of the fact that on returning home in the wee hours of the night he had brought with him the host who had given him such a convivial evening, one Sammy Fletcher. This thoroughly upsets Larry through the realization of the consequences should his wife learn of the intruder. Larry is forced to run for his train and the expected happens, for Sammy is discovered by Mrs. Hetty Brice. The second act is full of uproarious incidents due to the necessity of keeping Sammy hidden from the members of the Minerva Club which meets in the house that afternoon. In the third act Hetty teaches her husband a lesson by slipping out when he and Sammy return from an enjoyable evening at the club. The anxiety of the husband for his wife may well be imagined and was only overtopped by his relief on hearing that she was safe at the house of a neighbor. The fourth and last act depicts a quiet Sunday in the suburbs tinctured with domestic gloom. All is finally patched up and Sammy and Carrie, the maid, return to the "bright lights."

The class of 1915 may well congratulate itself for the fact that ten of the eighteen fellows accountable for the success of the play were '15 men.

The dance which followed was one of the finest in the history of the school, and when, several hours later, the tired but happy dancers wended their way homeward, not a dissenting voice could be found to the general opinion that it had been a splendid success.



MAGAZINE STAFF

TATTERSFIELD LEDYARD

EVLETH REICHNER

REIFSNYDER PARSONS
VAN DUSEN

ALLEN BATEMAN
GRAVES

BALCH E. ROWLAND



COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS

ALLEN	POLLARD	VAN DUSEN	E. ROWLAND
	GRAVES	EVANS	HALLOWELL



ENTERTAINMENT SPEAKERS

GUCKER

VAN DUSEN

HALLOWELL

TAYLOR

ALLEN

BELL

POLLARD

The Annual Entertainment

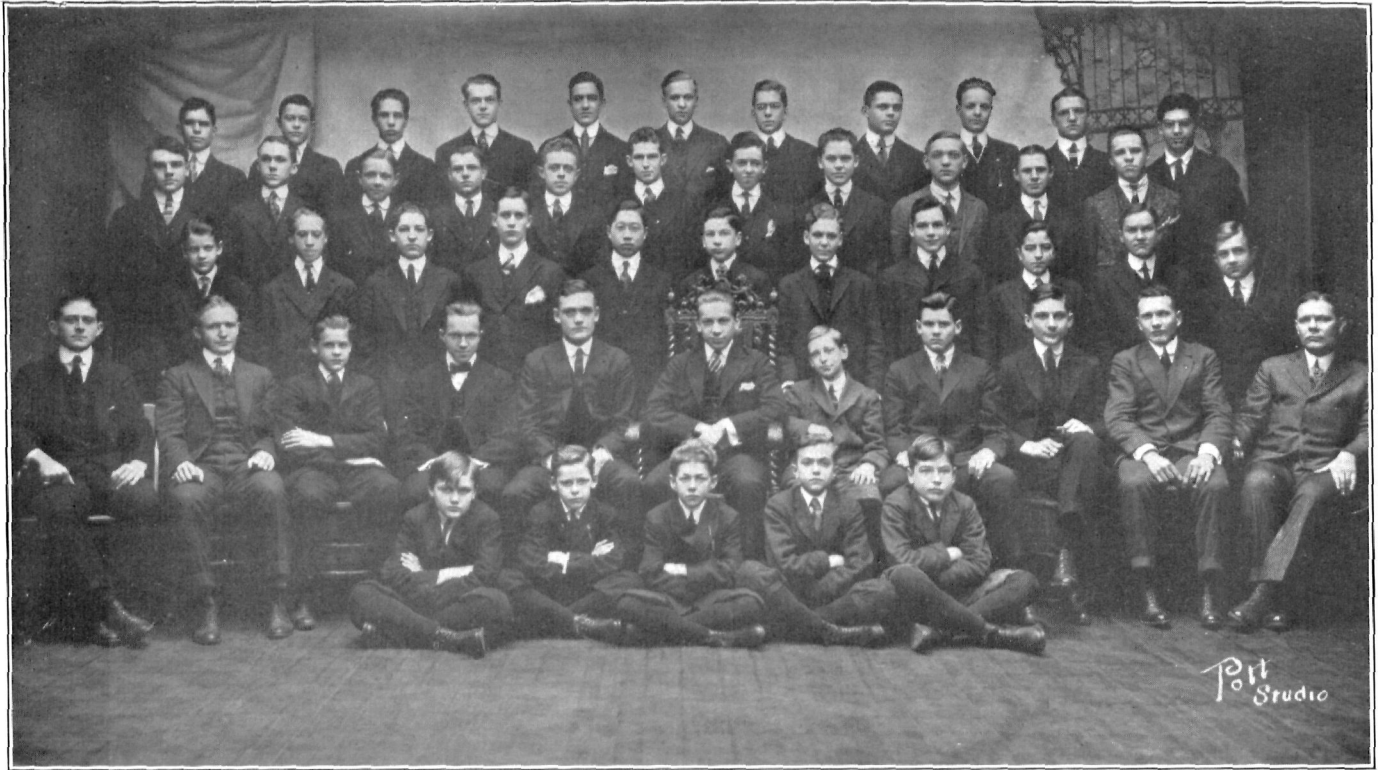


ON March 31, the school held its Annual Entertainment in Witherspoon Hall before a large and appreciative audience. The musical side of the program was amply rounded out with selections by the Glee and Mandolin Clubs and the Junior Hundred.

Allen, as president of the Science Club, and E. Rowland and Tattersfield as experimenters, gave a lecture on carbon dioxid, the gas found in soda water.

This was followed by a debate, the question being, "*Resolved*, That the United States should not permanently retain the Philippines." The affirmative was upheld by Gucker, Hallowell, and Taylor, captain. The negative consisted of Allen, Pollard, and Van Dusen, captain. After due deliberation the decision was returned in favor of the negative.

Some exciting springboard jumping was witnessed when Pennock won the gymnasium team contest with a jump of 7 feet 11 inches, thus establishing a new record.



SCIENCE CLUB

The
A. D. Gray



Science
Club

The A. D. Gray Science Club



THE last meeting of the Science Club, held on Friday, the nineteenth of March, closed a season of Science Club activities in connection with which too much praise cannot be given. The climax of an extremely interesting course of lectures was reached at the last meeting in a talk on "Sound and its Properties" by Professor Palmer, Dean of Haverford College. It is without belittling the preceding addresses that we say that Professor Palmer's lecture was the most enjoyable of them all; and to be placed above Mr. Fisher's illustrated lecture on "Venomous Snakes" and Stanley Wilcox's talk on the "Mechanical Reproduction of Sound," is indeed an honor.

The membership increased somewhat over that of last year; and it is worthy of note that this increase was due in part to the admission of some eight members from Tertia, a pleasant indication of the younger fellows' interest in Science.

The annual trip was to the Bateman Manufacturing Co., through the courtesy of Frank Bateman, of Upper Prima, and was a most interesting and instructive excursion, some twenty-five members making the trip. Too much praise cannot be given to Dr. Owen for his efforts on the Science Club's behalf. Taken as a whole, the 1914-15 season has been a most successful one.

The A. D. Gray Science Club

President

BENJAMIN ALLEN

Vice-President

E. ROWLAND

Secretary

E. GRAVES

Treasurer

R. H. GAGE

Editor

C. TAYLOR

Executive Committee

WELCH, STAFFORD AND THE PRESIDENT

Members

1915

ALLEN
BALCH
BECHTEL
BEIN
BREHMAN

BUZBY
DAVIS, C.
EVANS
GAGE
GALE
GRAVES, E.

HALLOWELL
HOOVER
IRWIN, E.
IRWIN, S.
IVINS

KALTENTHALER
KRAEGER
LEDYARD
MOORE, H.
MOORE, J.
POLLARD, O.

PARSONS
ROWLAND, E.
VAN DUSEN
WELCH
YOST

1916

ATLEE
BREADY, A.
BREADY, R.
CALDER
DURHAM
GRAVES, M.
GUCKER
MCBRIDE

PENNOCK
POLLARD, E.
PILLING
ROGERS
SANGREE, J. B.
SHUMAN
STAFFORD
STEELE, D.

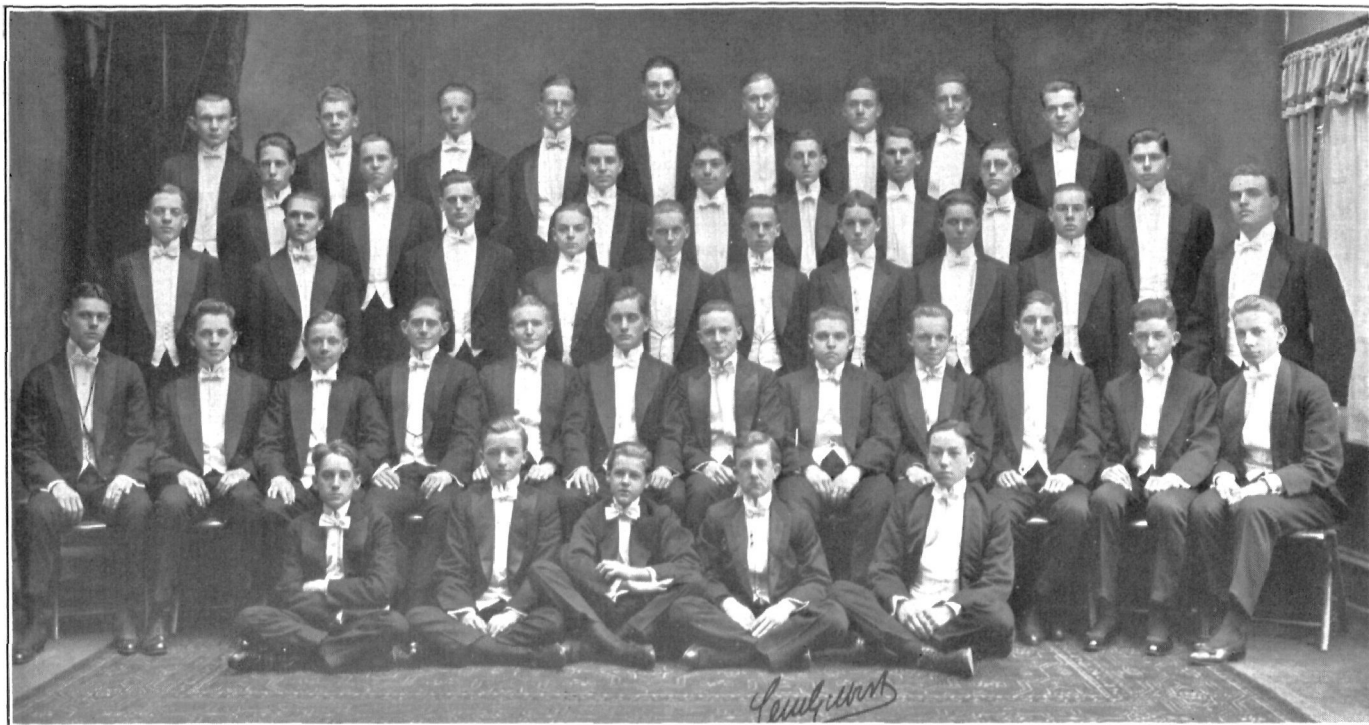
TATEM
TATTERSFIELD
TAYLOR, C.
VARE
WALTERS, W.
WILLIAMS, J.
WONG

1917

DAVIS, R.
REICHNER
STEELE, J.

1918

BISHOP
BLODGETT
BUCKLEY
GORHAM
GREENWALT
GUMMERE
TAYLOR, P.
WALTERS, G.



THE PENN CHARTER MUSICAL CLUBS



Musical Clubs

The 1914-15 Season of the Penn Charter Musical Clubs



THE 1914-15 Musical Clubs passed an unusually successful season. Under the coaching of Mr. Hanscom, who has ably filled Mr. Scales' place, and with the assistance of the leaders, Hobart Rowland and W. Roy Bell, the various numbers were carried off with a great deal of spirit. The first concert of the season was at the Home for Incurables on December 12, and it was not until after this concert that the final cut was made. On Friday evening, January 15, an excellent concert, followed by a dance, was given at the Mary Lyon School. An epidemic of the mumps at the Burd School forced the cancellation of this concert. The Baldwin School concert on February 6 was well received and an enjoyable time was had by all. On the 12th a concert and dance was held in Haddonfield under the auspices of the Thirteen Club. The following Saturday the clubs journeyed to Jenkintown and gave a concert at the Beechwood School, a new addition to their schedule. On Friday afternoon the clubs were hospitably received at the Holman School by our former teacher, Miss Brayley, and in return gave the school one of their best concerts. On March 5 an extra concert was given at the Pennsylvania Home for Blind Women. On the 13th the clubs gave an unusually fine concert at Miss Sayward's School, and the dance and refreshments that followed will never be forgotten by the fellows. A concert at Girard College, where we met our former director, Mr. Scales, and heard the excellent Girard College band, was followed by the climax of the season, the Annual Musical Clubs Concert. This was held in the Bellevue-Stratford Rose Garden, and, with the dance which followed, was unquestionably the finest the clubs had ever given.

The clubs will lose considerably by the graduation of the 1915 class, especially the first tenors, first basses and first mandolins, of which there will be hardly a veteran left. However, under the leadership of Mr. Hanscom, there is not the slightest cause for fear that the future clubs will fall below the present high standard.

Mandolin Club



HOBART ROWLAND, *Leader*

First Mandolins

PAUL A. BEIN
ROGER GALE
EDWIN F. IRWIN
A. BALFOUR BREHMAN
HENRY R. HALLOWELL
ALAN NASH

Second Mandolins

WILLIAM BODDY
ROBERT PATTERSON
SAMUEL B. IRWIN
WILLIAM M. WELCH

First Violins

HOBART ROWLAND
ELMER C. PETTIT

Second Violins

M. HUYTT SANGREE
DAVIS P. SMITH
LEIGHTON THOMAS

Guitars

JOSHUA HOLMES, JR.
NATHAN SANGREE
JOSEPH TATEM

Drums

CHARLES PILLING, JR.

Bass Banjo

MANSON GLOVER

Piano

CHARLES PENNOCK

Glee Club



W. ROY BELL, *Leader*

First Tenor

W. ROY BELL
RAYMOND H. GAGE, JR.
HOBART ROWLAND
JOHN A. FOLEY
O. MASON POLLARD
LOUIS SIGEL
EDWIN H. VARE

Second Tenor

F. ARCHER DEVELIN
FRANK F. PATTERSON
CYRIL W. TAYLOR
JOHN D. MOORE
CHARLES PENNOCK
LEIGHTON THOMAS

First Bass

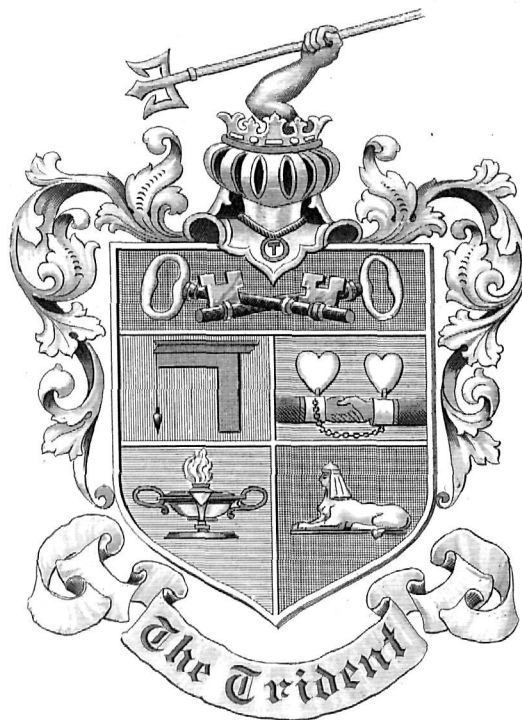
A. BALFOUR BREHMAN
MAURICE J. HOOVER
FRANK H. LEDYARD
LEWIS M. PARSONS
GEORGE PRESTWICH
EDMUND ROWLAND
JOHN B. SANGREE
WILLIAM R. WALTERS

Second Bass

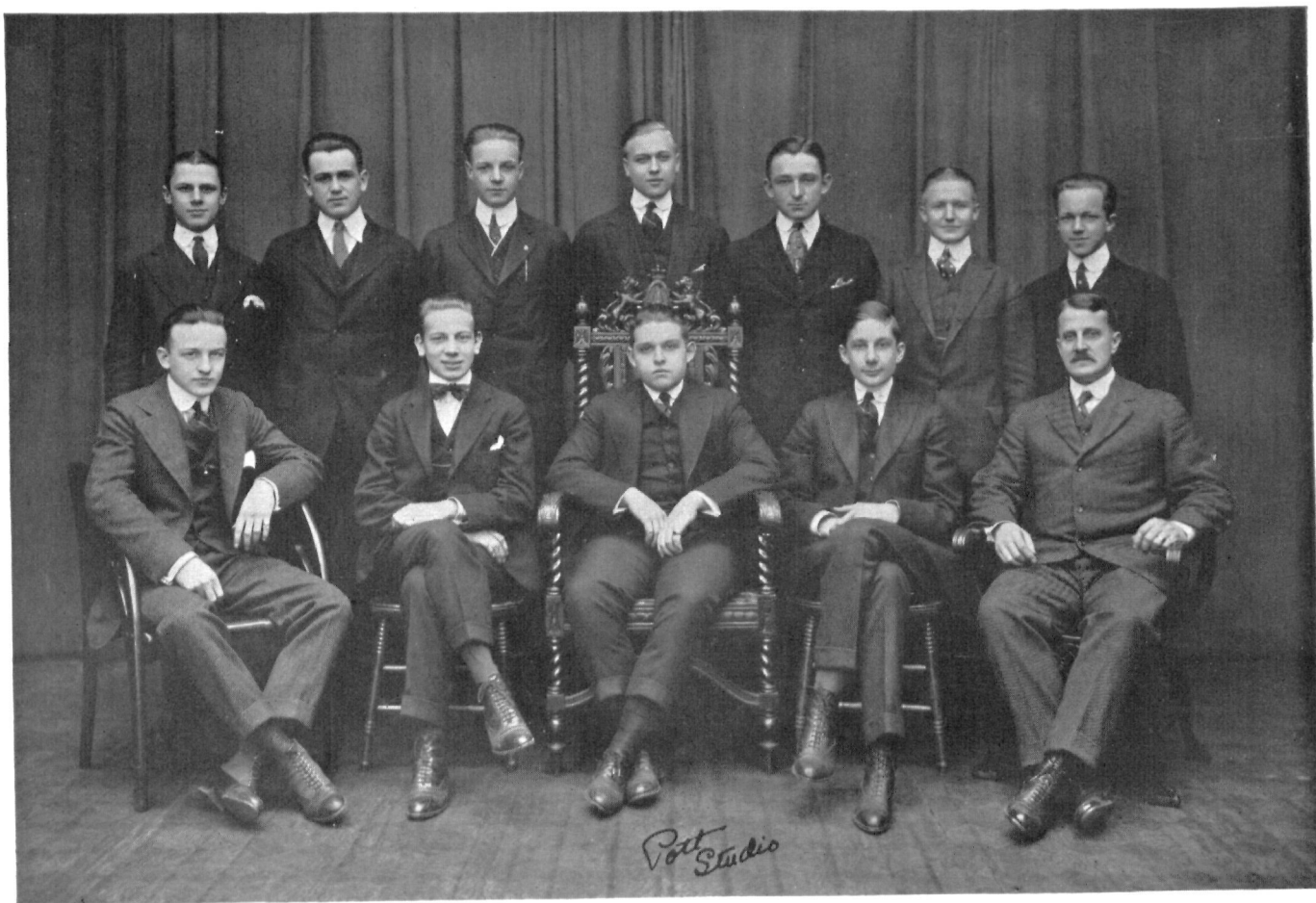
BENJAMIN ALLEN, 3D
FRANK B. BATEMAN
ALEXANDER M. GREENE
DAVIS P. SMITH
KENNETH BARROWS
WILLIAM D. BUZBY, JR.
EARL A. SHUMAN
J. MAGARGE WALSH
HENRY A. WILLIAMS

Piano

CYRIL W. TAYLOR



L. A. WRIGHT BANK NOTE CO. PHILA.



THE TRIDENT

The Trident



Active Chapter

BENJAMIN ALLEN, 3D

J. ZEBLEY GUYER, JR.

JOHN D. MOORE

W. ROY BELL

HENRY R. HALLOWELL

LEWIS M. PARSONS

ROWLAND C. EVANS, JR.

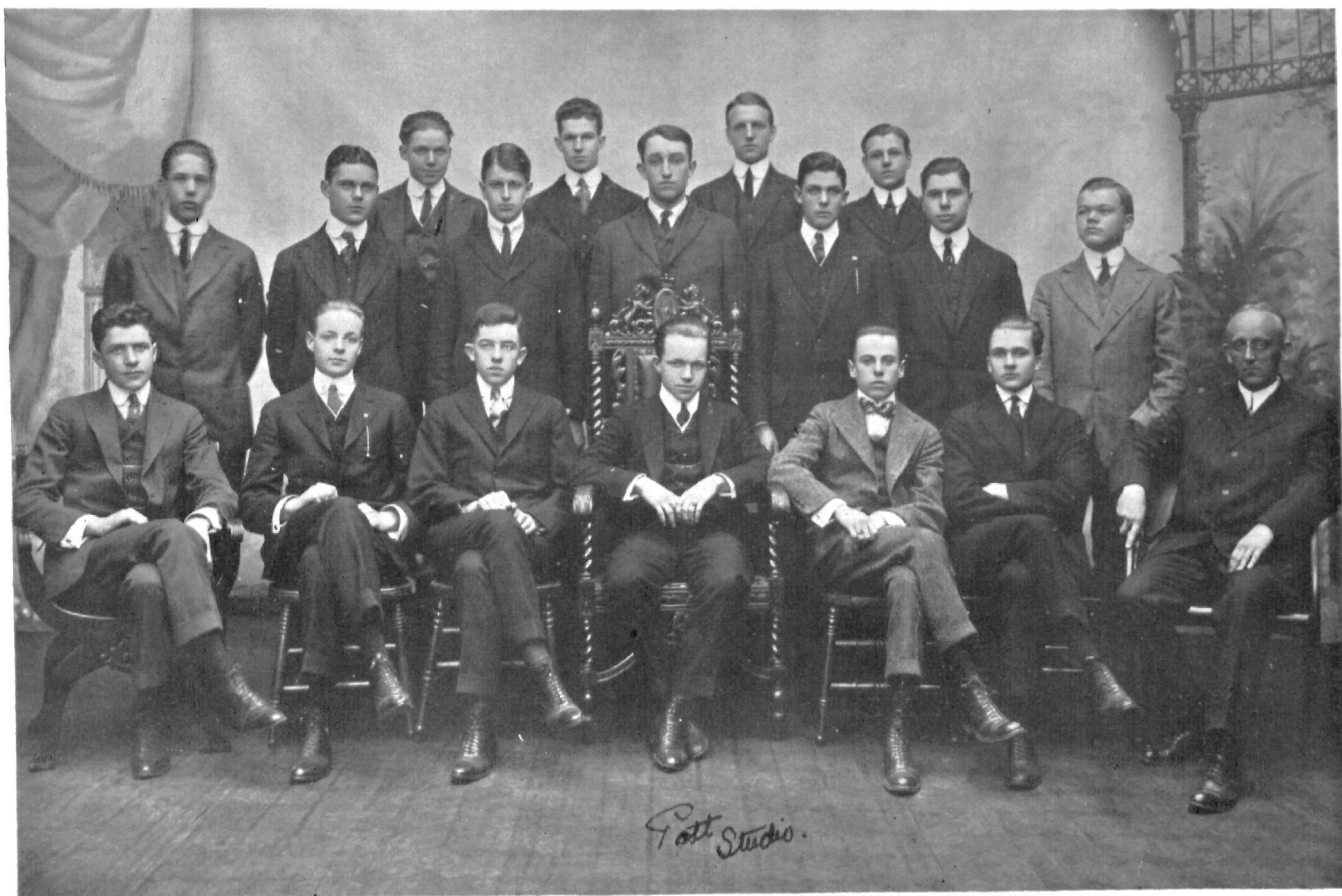
HENRY K. KINDIG

CLINTON A. STRONG

RAYMOND H. GAGE, JR.

FRANK H. LEDYARD

HENRY P. VAN DUSEN



THE NEW JERSEY CLUB

New Jersey Club



President

RAYMOND H. GAGE, JR.

Vice-President

F. ARCHER DEVELIN

Secretary

FRANK B. BATEMAN

Treasurer

ALAN NASH

Faculty Supervisor

DR. OTTMAN

ATLEE

BATEMAN

BODDY

BROWN

BUZBY

DEVELIN

GAGE

GALE

GILL

GREEN

JESTER

LEVERING

MOORE, J.

NASH

PATTERSON

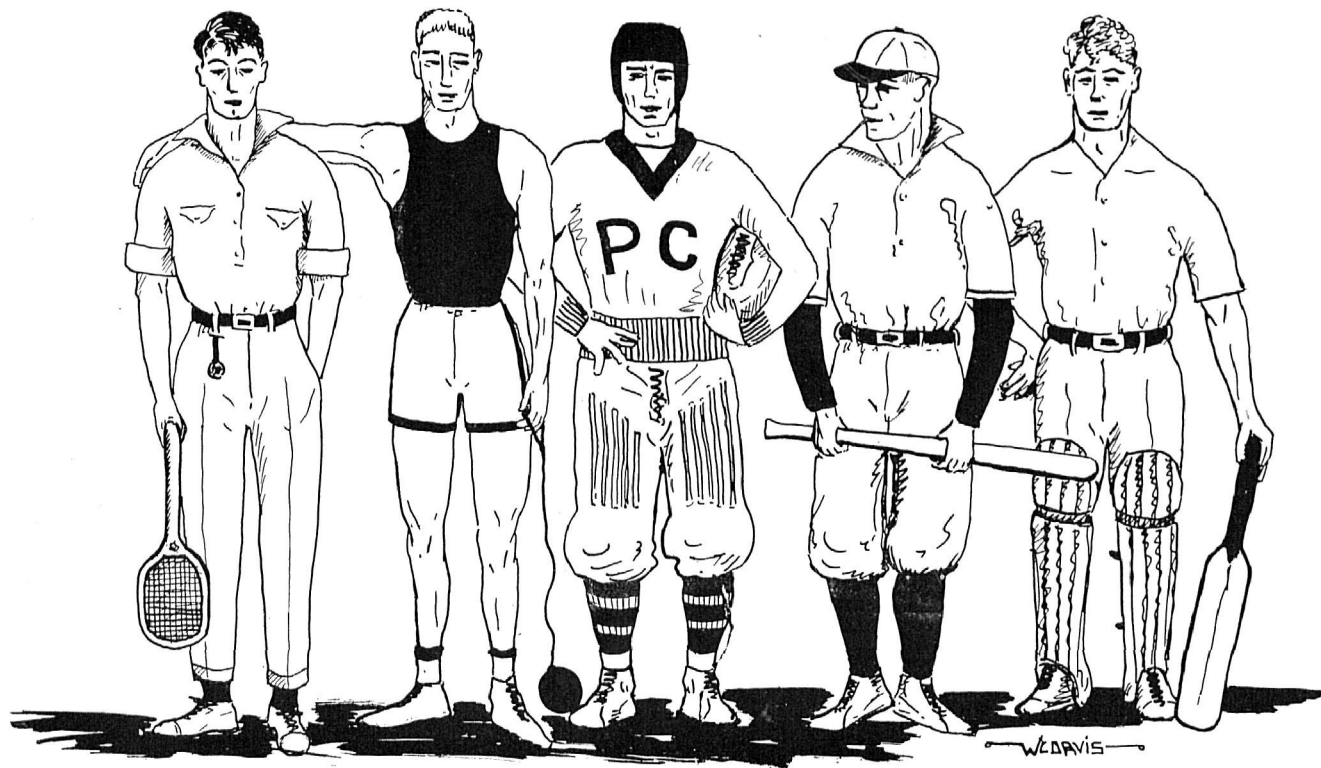
PAUL

PRESTWICH

ROGERS

TATEM

YOST



Athletics

Penn||Charter Athletic Association



President

HENRY R. HALLOWELL

Vice-President

W. ROY BELL

Secretary

J. ZEBLEY GUYER, JR.

Treasurer

ISAAC PORTER

Points for the All-Around Cup



	<i>E. A.</i>	<i>F. C.</i>	<i>G. A.</i>	<i>P. C.</i>
Football	1	0	3	5
Baseball	0	5	1	3
Track	3	1	0	5
Tennis	1	0	3	5
	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>	<hr/>
	5	6	7	18

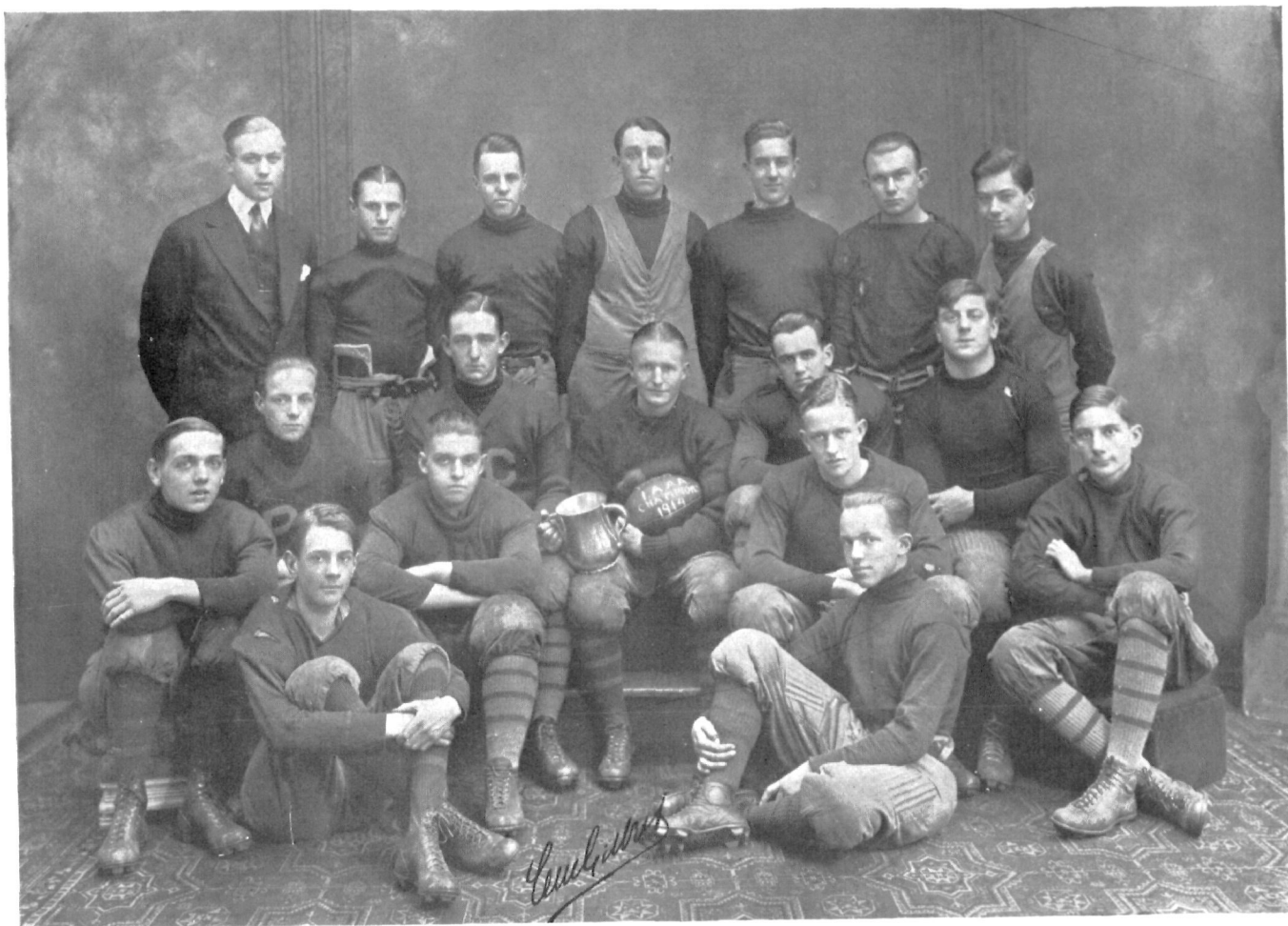
Penn Charter won the Football Cup.

Penn Charter took second in Baseball.

Penn Charter won the Track Cup.

Penn Charter won the I. S. L. permanent cup, the I. S. L. Cup, and the I. A. A. Cup.

Penn Charter won the All-Around Cup for 1915, equaling the number of points scored by her three other opponents.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football History



PENN CHARTER waded through her rivals' teams, winning the I. A. A. championship without a defeat.

No better compliment is able to be disposed on the victorious team of 1914, than by saying, that seven men made the All-Inter-academic and three were placed in the All-Interscholastic line-up.

Captain, HENRY R. HALLOWELL

Manager, LEWIS M. PARSONS

Coach, HENRY N. MERRITT

GUYER
KINDIG
MOORE
LEDYARD

EVANS
VAN DUSEN
LANE
HECK

WALSH
S. IRWIN
BROWN
PENNOCK

SANGREE
HOOVER
GAGE
KRUSEN

September 25,	Penn Charter	21	Cheltenham High	0
October 2,	Penn Charter	20	Swarthmore Prep.	0
October 9,	Penn Charter	13	Chestnut Hill	0
October 19,	Penn Charter	7	St. Luke's	7
October 23,	Penn Charter	35	Radnor High	7
October 30,	Penn Charter	31	Lansdowne High	2
November 6,	Penn Charter	9	Friends' Central	0
November 13,	Penn Charter	27	Episcopal	0
November 20,	Penn Charter	46	Germantown	0



BASEBALL TEAM

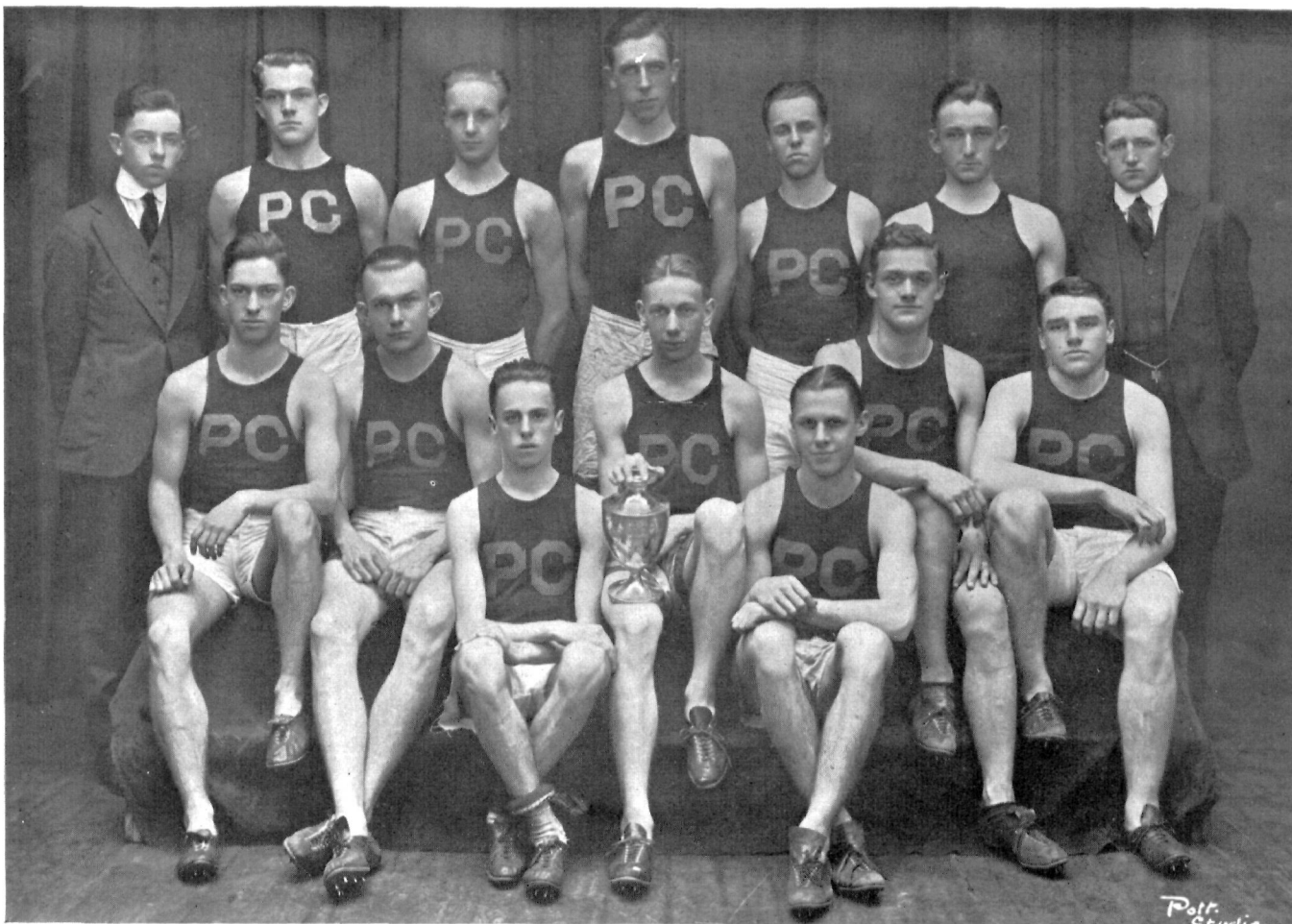
Baseball History



THE baseball season at Penn Charter was fairly successful, the team finishing second in the I. A. A. A. League. The team was of championship calibre though they did not come up to expectations in several games.

Captain Guyer ably took care of the pitching, and the members of the infield were Kindig, Bell, Ledyard, Darnell, Brown; the outfield, Gage, Irwin, Walsh. The work of Smith on the mound deserves notice.

With five veterans back, the RECORD wishes the best of success to Captain-elect Walsh, for the season of 1916.



TRACK TEAM

BATEMAN

SHUMAN

MOORE

DAVIS

PENNOCK

GUYER

MR. COLE

JONES

WALSH

ALLEN

E. ROWLAND

CALDER

DEVELIN

EVANS

Track Team



THE season as a whole must be considered a success for while Penn Charter lost the Relays, the school was victorious in the Inter-Academic Meet for the third successive year and won the two dual meets.

Captain, BENJAMIN ALLEN, 3D

Manager, FRANK B. BATEMAN

Coach, ROBERT D. COLE

April 15, Penn Charter	57	West Phila. High	29
April 19, Penn Charter	51	Northeast High	48
April 23, Penn Charter beaten by Episcopal and Germantown at Penn Relays			
April 27, Combined Prep. Schools	13½	Penn Fresh	114½
May 1, Penn Charter	6	(Fourth at Swarthmore Interscholastics.)	
May 8, Penn Charter	13	(Fourth at Lawrenceville Interscholastics.)	
May 14, Penn Charter	6	(Third at Junior Middle States.)	
May 21, Penn Charter	53	(Won the I. A. A. A. Championship.)	



CRICKET TEAM

Cricket History



THE cricket team passed a fairly successful season and but for a single defeat at the hands of Northeast would undoubtedly have landed the I. S. L. cup. The bowling of Newkirk, H. Rowland and Buzby featured, and with the aid of Newkirk's batting and the fielding of Gale, Darnell and S. Irwin, many a close game was won.

Captain, NEWKIRK

Manager, BREHMAN

Coach, H. W. JUNGKURTH

H. ROWLAND
BUZBY

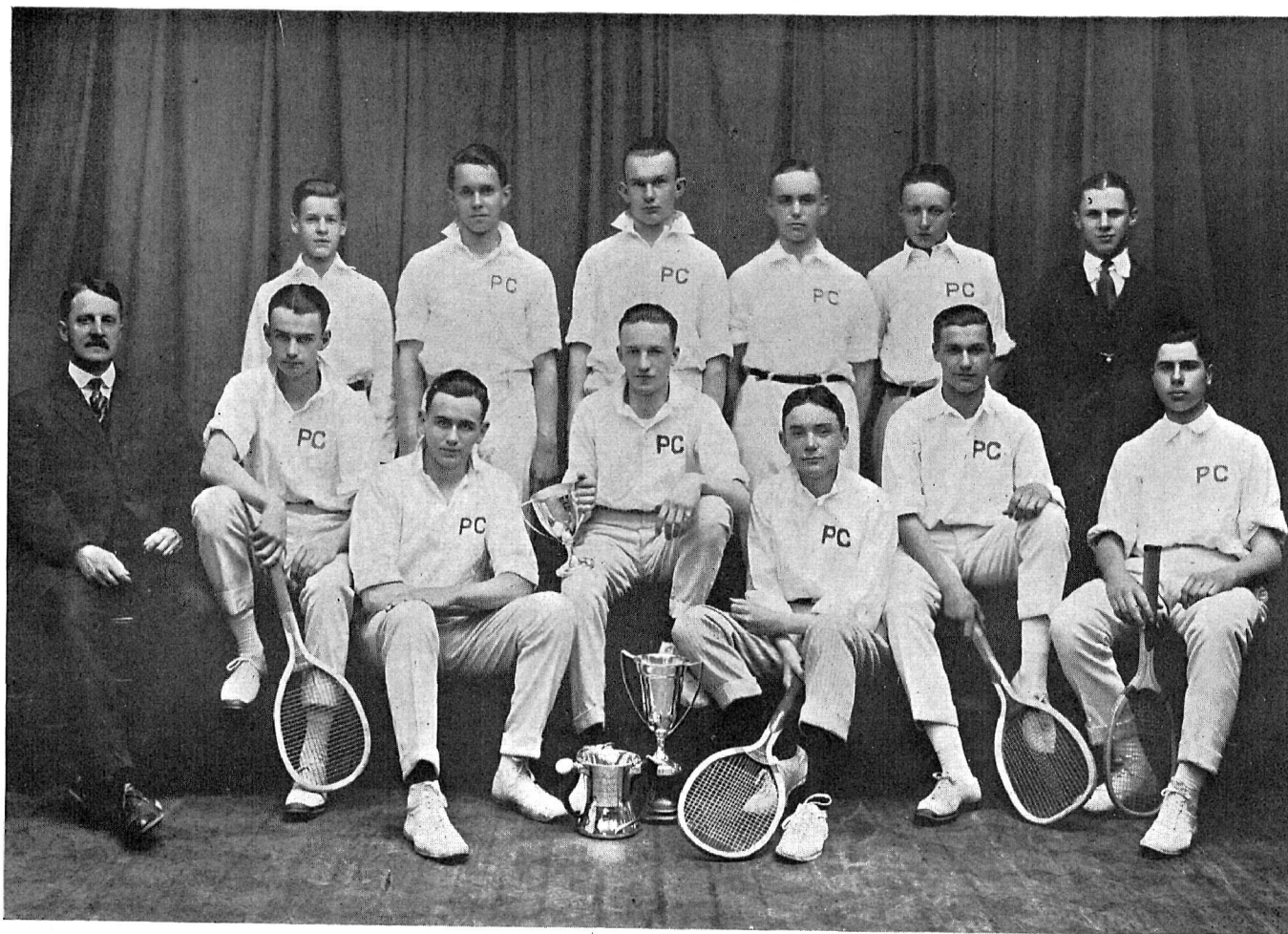
GALE
VAN DUSEN

IVINS
S. IRWIN

VARE
HALLOWELL

DARNELL
PARSONS

April 21, Penn Charter 104	Northeast High 18
April 27, Penn Charter 35	Haverford College, 3d 66
April 29, Penn Charter 47	Frankford High 10
May 1, Penn Charter 41	Westtown 103
May 6, Penn Charter 85	Central High 79
May 8, Penn Charter 23	Williamson 55
May 18, Penn Charter 82	Haverford School 39
May 24, Penn Charter 30	Germantown Academy 15
May 26, Penn Charter 41	Northeast High 54
May 28, Penn Charter 80	Central High 45



TENNIS TEAM

Tennis History



TENNIS aroused keen interest at Penn Charter this spring, for, we won three cups in this sport, the permanent cup for the team winning the I. S. L. Championship three times; the I. S. L. cup, and the I. A. A. A. cup.

The only defeat suffered in the season's schedule was that by Hill School, by the close score of 4-2.

By defeating St. Luke's, Penn Charter won the championship of Philadelphia and vicinity.

Captain, W. ROY BELL

Manager, R. C. EVANS

Coach, CLINTON A. STRONG

BELL

GREEN

RAFETTO

POLLARD

BRIGHT

KINDIG

EVLETH

HARRAR

WALSH

BRIGHAM



GYMNASIUM TEAM

Gymnasium Team



THIS year's gym team furnished one of the most exciting exhibitions that can be remembered at the annual entertainment.

The contest was in the springboard and the cup was finally awarded to Pennock, a Blue, when he broke the previous record by three inches with a jump of 7 feet 11 inches.

Brown, Reifsnyder and Shuman pushed Pennock to the limit and great credit is due them for their work.

Captain

A. E. BROWN

Manager

C. F. PENNOCK

BALCH

KALTENTHALER

E. POLLARD

SIGEL

AIDES

BROWN

LLOYD

O. POLLARD

SITLEY

BURRELL

GREEN

MACBRIDE

PRESTWICH

SHUMAN

RONEY

IRWIN

C. PENNOCK

REIFSNYDER

SPURR

WIGFALL

S. PENNOCK

STEELE

Here's a Knocking Indeed ?—*Shakespeare.*

NAME	FAVORITE DIVERSION	FAVORITE HAUNT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PECULIAR CHARACTER- ISTIC	WANTS	AMBITION	DESTINY	DIAGNOSIS
Allen	Grabbing cash	Leary's stables	Have you paid yet?	Those rosy cheeks	More money		Prop. 5 and 10c store	And they shot men like Lincoln!
Bacchus	Any old thing	Wilmington, Del.		His silence	A little "pep"	Never had any	Can't be predicted	We were dead asleep and how we knew not.— <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Baleh	Dancing	Where he can enjoy himself		We never noticed any	To pass his math.	To have a good time	Having it	Who mixed reason with pleasure and wisdom with mirth.— <i>Goldsmith.</i>
Bateman	Chasing the women	Grenloch, "Where everybody knows the Batemans"	Aw, well	His generous spirit(?)	Some father- ly advice			They never taste, who always drink, they al- ways talk who never think.
Bechtel	Doing math	Mae's room		His gentle ways	A haircut	To earn a P. C. (?)	Waitress in a hash house	His long and flowing locks did sweep the ground.
Bein	Arguing for the Kaiser		Hoch der Kaiser!	His blushes	Deutschland über alles!	To be a man	Milkmaid	A modest blush she wears not formed by art.— <i>Dryden.</i>
Bell	Trying to be funny	Haberdashery shop, we guess	Aw, gwan	Some of those neck- ties	To be popu- lar with the ladies		Snellen- burg's rib- bon counter	
Benner	Rough-housing	Any place but the barber's		His French pronun- ciation		Probably none	B. and B. circus as infant prodigy	Those grizzled locks which Nature did provide in plenteous growth their asses ears to hide.— <i>Dryden.</i>
Brehman	Telling Schmidty how to run the ericket team	The Majestic		He lets the ladies drive his ear	To see P. C. win ericket champion- ship	To graduate from law school in 6 years	Ice-man	He despises the farce of state, the sober follies of the wise and great. — <i>Pope.</i>
Buzby	Making paper dolls	Jersey	Come on now—!	Childishness	A rattle		Kinder- garten teacher	Boys immature in knowl- edge pawn their ex- perience to their pres- ent pleasure. — <i>Shake- speare.</i>

Here's a Knocking Indeed ?—*Shakespeare.*

NAME	FAVORITE DIVERSION	FAVORITE HAUNT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PECULIAR CHARACTER- ISTIC	WANTS	AMBITION	DESTINY	DIAGNOSIS
Davis	Caricaturing	Latin class		His legs	Mae's goat	Famous artist	Cartoonist	Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look.— <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Evans	Chasing tennis balls for Doc Strong		11.45 in the magazine room!	Gestures when de- bating	To enter Phila. bar		Ambulance chaser	Is't not enough the block- head scarce can read, but must wisely look and gravely plead?— <i>Young.</i>
Evleth	Slinging bull	Camp Consumption	Wotsat?	Them glasses	Chloroform	Expert dancer, it seems		In noble minds some dregs remain not yet purged off of spleen and sour disdain.— <i>Pope.</i>
Foley	Fussing Helen	Troc.	Yes, yes, go on	Talking back	Something soothing	?	Pool shark	Disguise our bondage as we will, 'tis woman, woman rules us still.
Gage	Explaining to Schmidty	The movies	He never says the same thing twice	His beauti- ful hair	A hair- ribbon		Clergyman— No, it can't be done	Thy father's merit sat thee in the fairest point of light to make thy virtues and thy faults conspicuous.— <i>Addison.</i>
Gale	Speeding		I'll get you, Buzby	His raven tresses	To own a racing car		10 days	Mighty vanity, to thee he owes his zest of pleas- ure and his balm of woe.— <i>Young.</i>
Graves	Borrowing Latin trots	Laboratory		His size	To grow		Side partner with Davis	God help thee, poor monkey.— <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Greene	Flashing a grin	Tennis courts		He'll always be green	To get a high mark from Spitz	Publishing business		They're hanging men and women for the wearing of the green.
Guyer	Copying some- body's paper	Athletic field		The way he trains		Big league ball player	Third-rate pugilist	But when to mischief mortals bend their will. — <i>Pope.</i>
Hallowell	Fussing a swell dame	Green's Hotel		His gory mane	To get into Yale	Fancy fruit business	Banana stand on South St.	

Here's a Knocking Indeed :—*Shakespeare.*

NAME	FAVORITE DIVERSION	FAVORITE HAUNT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PECULIAR CHARACTER- ISTIC	WANTS	AMBITION	DESTINY	DIAGNOSIS
Harrar	Talking but not saying anything	Old Maids' Sewing Circle	Tee, hee, hee	Bore-ish- ness		Business manager, Ladies' Aid Society	White wing	Sometimes a violent laugh- ter screwed his face.— <i>Cowley.</i>
Holloway	Looking for a scrap	Doc Ottman's room	Judas Priest	His titter	Penn certi- ficate in Algebra	To be a great singer	Sing Sing	If all he said were true, oh what a wonderful man he'd be.
Hoover	Feeding his face	Lunch counter		His mean disposi- tion	Anything edible	We doubt if he has any		Your steady soul pre- serves her frame in good and evil times the same.— <i>Swift.</i>
E. Irwin	Singing (?)		He changes too often to have a favorite	Asking fool- ish ques- tions	Maxim Silencer	To pro- nounce Aeneas	Selling life insurance	Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee jest and youthful jollity.— <i>Milton.</i>
S. Irwin	He takes Yale exams every now and then		I can't do this, Mr. Smith	Those soft collars	A Latin horse	To enter Yale within 10 years		Begone my cares! I give you to the winds.— <i>Rowe.</i>
Jones	Going to the Pit	Any room facing those girls in Snelly's		Thinks he's going to Princeton		Half miler?	Second-story man	Since I saw you last there's a change upon you.— <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Ivins	Being mistaken for his twin sister	A pair of pants; he's always in them		That straw stuff on his bean	Tall glass, chunk of ice		Chorus girl	So soft his tresses, filled with trickling pearl, you doubt his sex and take him for a girl.— <i>Tate.</i>
Kaltenthaler	Chest weights		Aw, bull, Halloway		To enter Cornell	To get an average of 9.999999+	Jersey truck farmer	Night after night he sat and bleared his eyes with books. — <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Kindig	Ask him	Continental Roof	They wouldn't let us print it		A harem		Electric chair	Cheered with a grateful smell.— <i>Milton.</i>

Here's a Knocking Indeed :—*Shakespeare.*

NAME	FAVORITE DIVERSION	FAVORITE HAUNT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PECULIAR CHARACTER- ISTIC	WANTS	AMBITION	DESTINY	DIAGNOSIS
Kraeger	Photography	With Scoop	Do you want a picture of — for 15c.?	He is con- spicuous by his ac- tions	To tell you about his camera	Famous photo- grapher	10c tintype taker	
Krusen	Slumbering	His bed	Has none	The way he pays at- tention is peculiar	To get a 70 in some thing	To go to college	Another year at P. C.	Has Somnus brushed thy eyelids with his rod?— <i>Dryden.</i>
Leaver	Fussing	Whitman's		Those collars	To be an actor	Keith's	Pencil peddler	
Ledyard	Trigonometry	All windows fac- ing Bedell's	I ain't fat, I'm plump	His shape	Corsets	To lose 20 pounds	B. & B. side show	
Levering	We never see him doing anything	He's such a devil you never can tell where he'll be		Brilliancy		To be famous	Vice-presi- dent, W. S. P. C. A.	A smile that glowed celestial rosy red. — <i>Milton.</i>
Mack	Keeping quiet	Where mute silence hists along	Saying noth- ing		Ed. Irwin's volubility	Orator		I know that I know noth- ing. The rest don't even know that. — <i>Socrates.</i>
II. Moore	Beating it home right after school	Home	He never says any- thing	His promi- nence	Something to wake him up			Some solitary cloister will I choose and there with holy virgins live im- mured.— <i>Dryden.</i>
J. Moore	Grabbing rolling footballs		I don't see Mr. Mac- Cormack		To put a decent street in Haddon- field, N. J.	Meehanical engineer	Chauffeur	Physic is his bane. — <i>Dryden.</i>
Parsons	Trying to bluff somebody		I think I ought to be man- ager	His bare faced grafting	To be con- sidered witty.	To be important	Bartender	Faith here's an equivoca- tor who could swear in both scales against either scale. — <i>Shakespeare.</i>

Here's a Knocking Indeed?—Shakespeare.

NAME	FAVORITE DIVERSION	FAVORITE HAUNT	FAVORITE EXPRESSION	PECULIAR CHARACTER- ISTIC	WANTS	AMBITION	DESTINY	DIAGNOSIS
Paul	Grinding	Some place to study		Not enough space to write them all	Allen's Interlinear	Pass English exams at Princeton	Deck hand on ferry boat	Would I were a man. — <i>From the original German.</i>
Pollard	Acting		Ain't that tough?	His voice		Julian Eltinge, 2d	Domestic science teacher in a girls' school	"A very emotional speaker." — <i>Dr. C. A. S.</i>
Prestwich	Acting hard to Mac	Where hangs a thickening gloom	Huh?	That hair cut	Sweetening	To attend Mac's funeral		I would not love I'm sure. — <i>Cowley.</i>
Rafetto	Women	Same	Well, listen	Hith lithp	To pay his debts (?)		We don't use such language	She stammers; oh, what grace in lisping lies.— <i>Dryden.</i>
Reifsnnyder	Cutting math. on Wednesday	Trainer's	I'm off him for good		To grab a smoke		Smoke stack	A man of pleasure is a man of pains.— <i>Young.</i>
E. Rowland	Getting copy for the RECORD	Editorial sanctum	— — —. Deleted by censor	The way he curls his hair	To break the pole vault record	Chemist	Extra copy man, <i>Media Bugle</i>	A handsome genius is the gift of Nature. — <i>Dryden.</i>
H. Rowland	Serenading	Cricket crease	Here, little boy, little boy,—	He walks like a duck	To be charming	Ysaye, 2d	Casino orchestra	The fighting winds would stop there and admire, learning consent and concord from his lyre. — <i>Cowley.</i>
Thomas	Pluto water has him on the run	How about the actors' ball?		Self com- placency	To sell a track suit	Star quarter- miler	Messenger boy	Taught to live the easiest way.— <i>Milton.</i>
Van Dusen	Tossing the heifer		I think my way's best	That nose	Ph.D.	To run everything	D.D.	Friends, Romans, country- men, lend me your ears. — <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Welch	Stuttering	Fermé la bouche		Fussing Mac	A gag		Circus barker	Poor prattler, how thou talk'st.— <i>Shakespeare.</i>
Yost	Commuting in Jer- sey	Far from all resort of mirth		His fastidi- ousness	Spring tonic	To be a regu- lar devil		He was all made up of love and charms. — <i>Addison.</i>

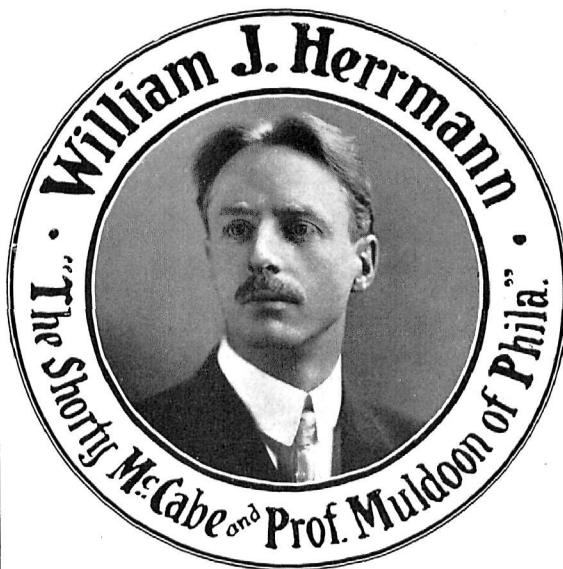
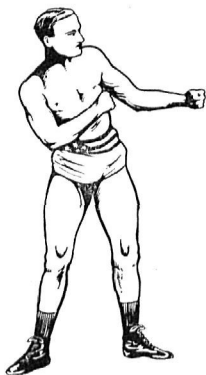
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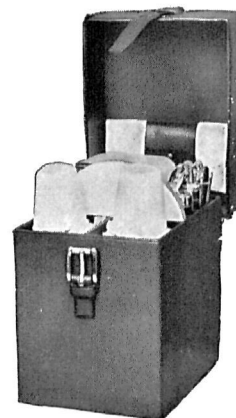


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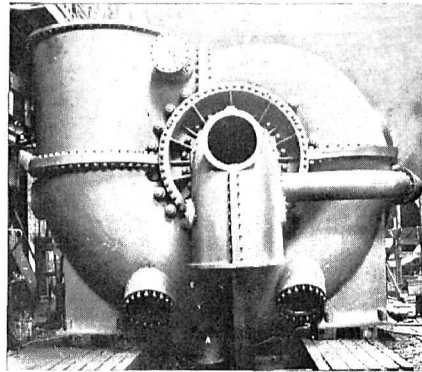
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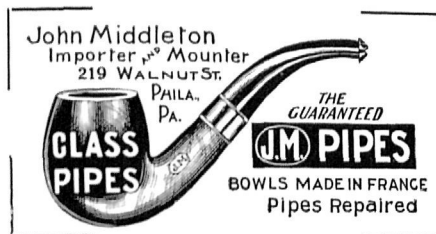
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