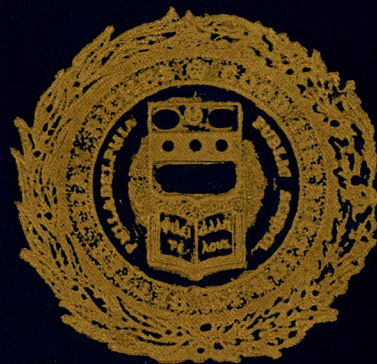


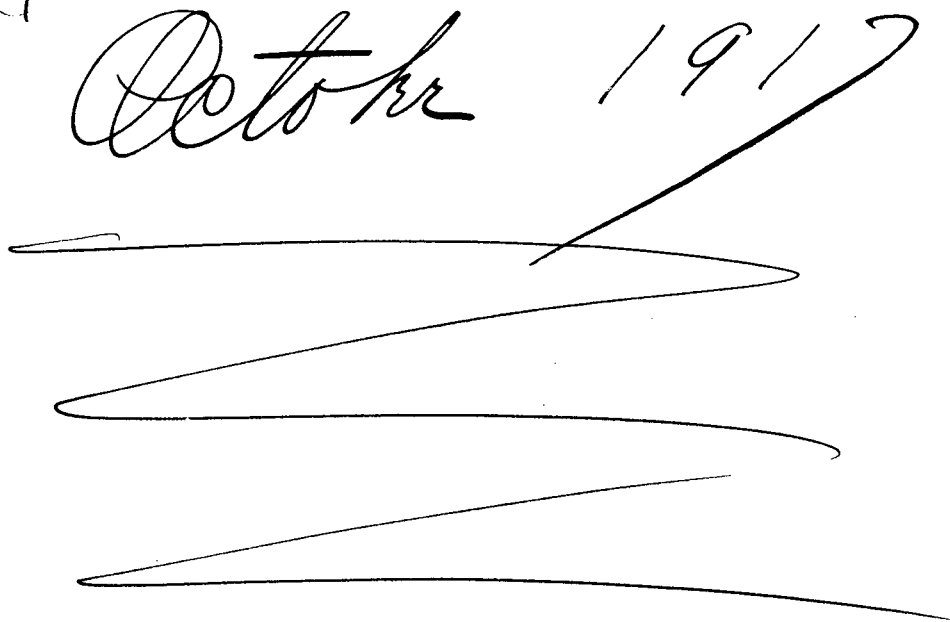
1917

Class Record

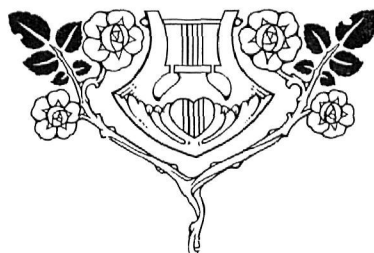


Walter H. Ottens

October 1917



A Record of the Class of 1917



— The —
William Penn Charter School

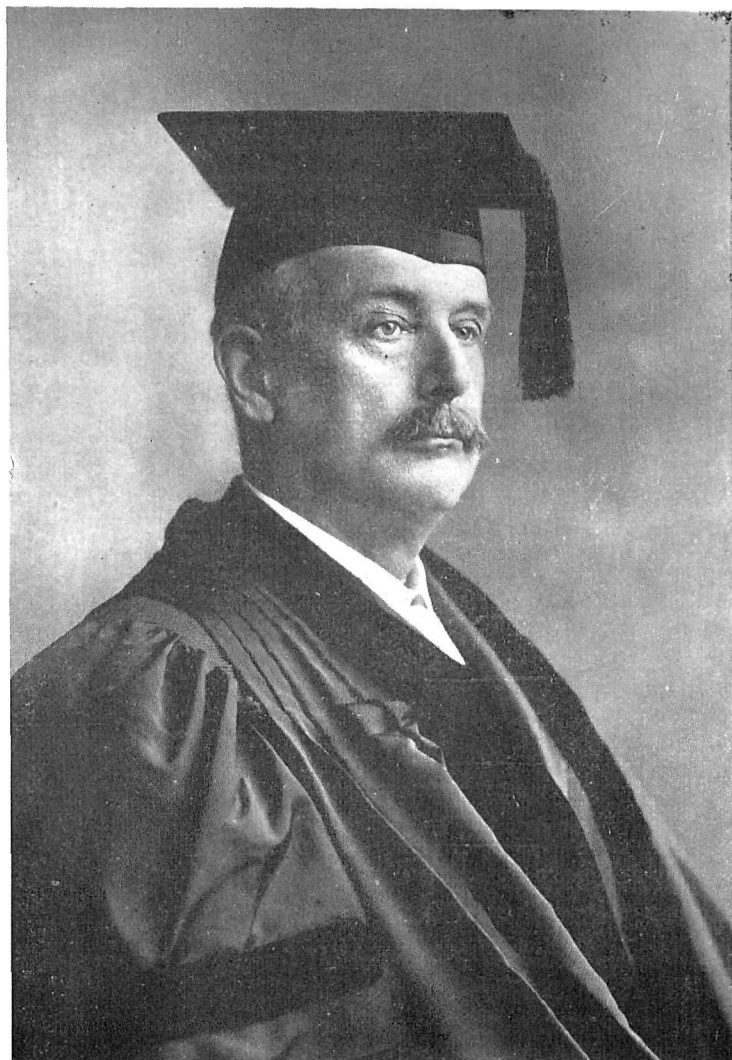




WALTER H. OTTMAN

FOR WHOSE ABILITY AND CHARACTER, BOTH AS A MAN AND A TEACHER, WE
HAVE THE GREATEST ADMIRATION, THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

In Memoriam



Dr. Richard M. Jones

The Class Record



Editor-in-Chief

EDMUND G. HAUFF

Assistant Editors

G. BARTHOLD PFINGST

AIKEN REICHNER

Business Manager

LAWRENCE J. MCEVOY

Assistant Managers

KENNETH W. BARROWS

M. HUYETT SANGREE

EDWARD B. SPURR

Art Staff

J. MARSHALL PIERSOL EDWARD B. SPURR ROBERT H. DAVIS

Class of 1917



President

J. MARSHALL PIERSOL

Vice-President

DAVIS P. SMITH

Secretary

ROBERT BRIGHAM

Treasurer

AIKEN REICHNER

Historian

JAMES A. MCGANN, JR.

Prophet

ROBERT H. DAVIS

Editor Class Record

EDMUND G. HAUFF

Assistant Editor Class Record

G. BARTHOLD PFINGST

Poet

P. STICKNEY BRIGHT

Valedictorian

AIKEN REICHNER

Assembly Speaker

ROBERT P. JOYCE

Art Committee

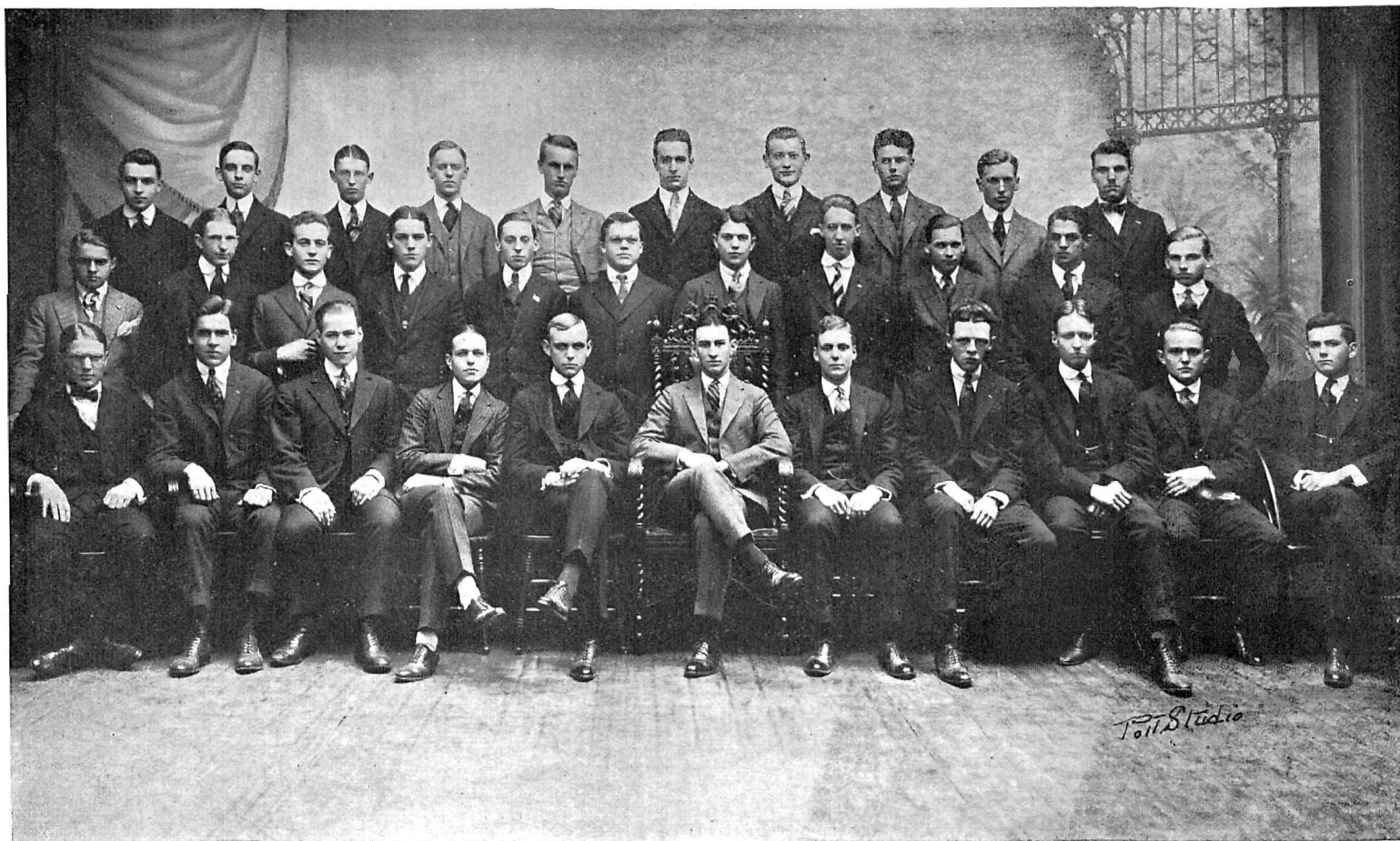
J. MARSHALL PIERSOL
EDWARD B. SPURR
ROBERT H. DAVIS

Toastmaster

L. PAUL SCHEIDT

Presenter

WILLIAM T. FLEMING



THE CLASS

Class Roll



KENNETH W. BARROWS
FREDERIC S. BARTLETT
RICHARD S. BIRCH
AUSTIN G. BRAINERD
W. RAMSEY BREADY
ROBERT BRIGHAM
P. STICKNEY BRIGHT
ROBERT P. BROWN, 2D
ALBERT D. COSTA
ROBERT H. DAVIS
ARTHUR J. FLEMING
WILLIAM T. FLEMING

JOHN GILL, 7TH
W. KENNARD HARRIS
EDMUND G. HAUFF
ROBERT S. JOYCE
JACK PEMBERTON KELLER
STEWART S. KURTZ
BERTRAM LIPPINCOTT
LAWRENCE J. MCEVOY
JAMES A. MCGANN, JR.
WILLIAM R. MYERS
THEODORE O. PETERSEN
G. BARTHOLD PFINGST
J. MARSHALL PIERSOL

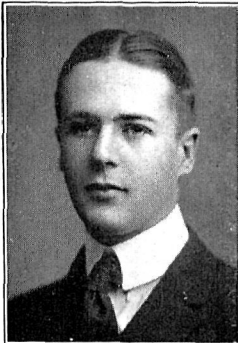
FRANK J. REDMOND
AIKEN REICHNER
M. HUYETT SANGREE
LOUIS P. SCHEIDT
ROBERT SIBLEY
LOUIS P. SIGEL
DAVIS P. SMITH
EDWARD B. SPURR
JOHN S. STEELE
C. WESLEY TYSON
ALEXANDER VAN PELT
ALBERT HENRY VAUX, JR.

Class of 1917



KENNETH WILLARD BARROWS Philadelphia, Pa.
"Ken."

Track Squad. Magazine Staff. Commencement Speaker.
Class C Declamation Contest. Class Debating Team, 1914. Musical Clubs. Literary Society. Science Club. Yellow.

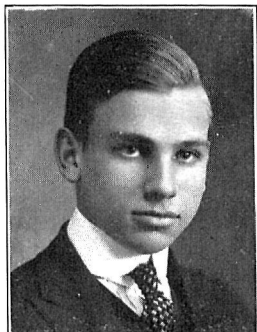


FREDERIC SMITH BARTLETT Castine, Maine
"Fred."

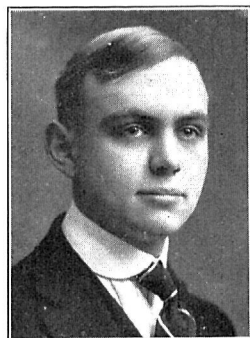
Cum Laude. Football Team. Baseball Team. Strength List.
Literary Society. Blue.



RICHARD SHREVE BIRCH Burlington, N. J.
 "Dick."
 Strength List. Blue.



AUSTIN GEORGE BRAINERD Sharon Hill, Pa.
 "Aus."
 Winner Novice Doubles Tournament, 1916. Gymnasium Team. Tennis Ranking. Literary Society. Entertainment Committee of Science Club. Blue.



ROBERT BRIGHAM Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Bob."
 Trident. Cum Laude. Class Secretary. Tennis Team, 3 years. Manager, 1917. Inter-Academic and Inter-Scholastic Honors. Head Cheer Leader. Treasurer of Literary Society. Captain of School Debating Team, 1917. Commencement Speaker. Business Staff of Magazine. Science Club. Winner Novice Tennis Cup, 1914. Class Debating Team. Blue.



PERCY STICKNEY BRIGHT Philadelphia, Pa.

"Stick."

Trident. Class Poet. Tennis Team, 4 years. Captain, 1917. Inter-Academic and Inter-Scholastic Honors. Dramatics. Business Staff of Magazine. Cheer Leader. Chairman Entertainment Committee of Literary Society. Blue.



ROBERT PITFIELD BROWN, 2ND Moorestown, N. J.

"Bob."

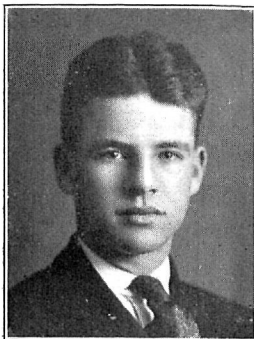
Track Team. Cricket Team. Relay Team. Swimming Team. Gymnasium Team. Manager, 1917. Glee Club. Science Club. Yellow.



ROBERT HOLCOMB DAVIS Philadelphia, Pa.

"Bob."

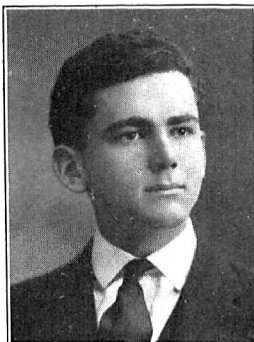
Class Prophet. President of Science Club. Literary Society. Secretary of Athletic Association. Class C Declamation Contest. Chosen Runner Field Color Contests. Second Squad Debate, 1916. Gymnasium Team, 1916. Leader in Gymnasium. Yellow.



ARTHUR JOSEPH FLEMING, JR. Ventnor, N. J.

"Art."

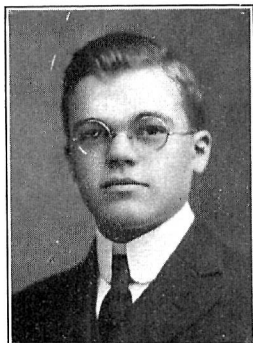
Baseball Team. Cricket Team. Yellow.



WILLIAM THOMAS FLEMING Philadelphia, Pa.

"Bill."

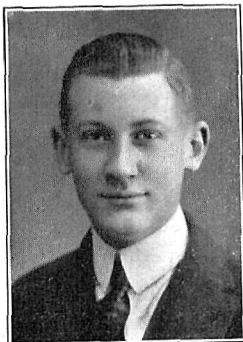
Trident. Class Presenter. Baseball Team, 2 years. Football Team. School Leader of Yellows. Leader in Gymnasium. Tennis Ranking. Dramatics. Executive Committee of Literary Society. Science Club. Yellow.



JOHN GILL, 7TH Haddonfield, N. J.

"Johnny"

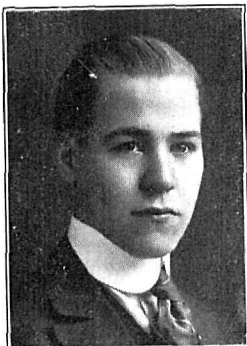
"P. C. 2d" in Football. Yellow.



WILLIAM KENNARD HARRIS, 3D Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ken."

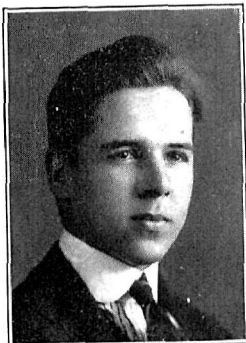
Blue.



EDMUND GUIDO HAUFF Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ed."

Cum Laude. Editor Class Record. Class Chairman, 1916. Football Team. Track Squad. Gymnasium Team. Leader in Gymnasium. Strength List. Musical Clubs, 2 years. Manager, 1917. Commencement Speaker. School Debating Team, 1917. Captain of Annual Entertainment Debating Team, 1917. Captain of Team Winning Second Squad Debate, 1916. Captain Class Debating Team, 2 years. Prima Oration Contest. Dramatics. Stage Manager, 1915. Entertainment Committee of Literary Society. Science Club. Blue.



ROBERT SWIFT JOYCE Swarthmore, Pa.

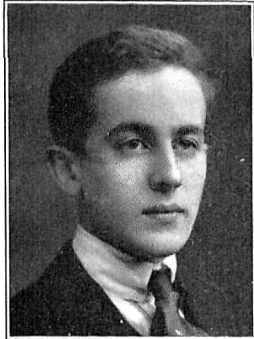
"Bob."

Football Team. Farewell Assembly Speaker. Commencement Speaker. Treasurer of Science Club. Strength List. Class A Declamation Contest, 1917. Class B Declamation Contest, 1916. Class Debating Team, 1914. Leader in Gymnasium. Glee Club. Literary Society. Blue.

JOHN PEMBERTON KELLER Philadelphia, Pa.

"Jack."

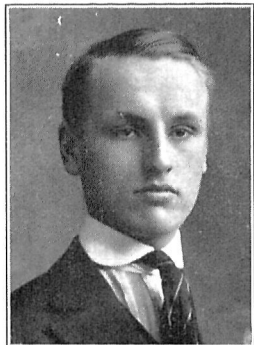
Dramatics, 3 years. Literary Society. Science Club. Yellow.



STEWART SYLVANUS KURTZ, JR. Canton, Ohio

"Inventor."

Cum Laude. Entertainment Committee of Science Club. Yellow.



BERTRAM LIPPINCOTT Philadelphia, Pa.

"Bert."

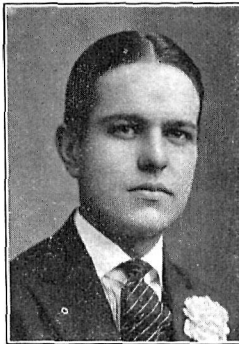
Track Team. Relay Team. Strength List.



LAWRENCE JOSEPH McEVoy Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mac."

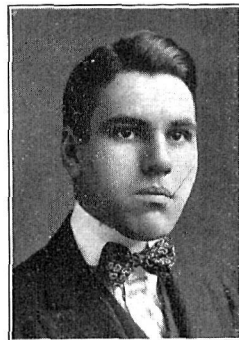
Business Manager of Class Record. Business Manager of Magazine. Musical Clubs. Yellow.



JAMES A. MCGANN, JR. Philadelphia, Pa.

"Mac."

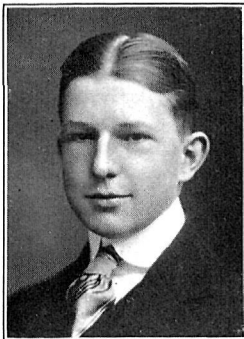
Class Historian. Cricket Team, 2 years. Captain, 1917. Commencement Speaker. Championship Inter-Class Debating Team, 1916. Business Staff of Magazine. Stage Manager of Play. Winner Class B Declamation Contest, 1917. Literary Society. Science Club. Yellow.



WILLIAM RUSSELL MYERS Philadelphia, Pa.

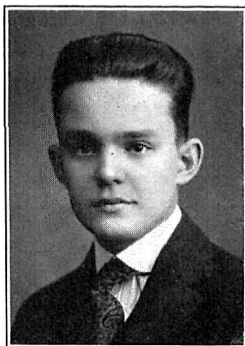
"Geometry."

Baseball Squad. Science Club. Blue.



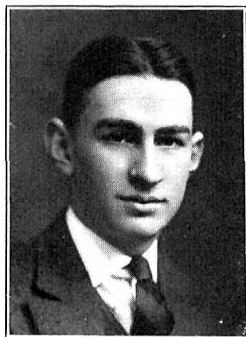
THEODORE OTTO PETERSEN Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Pete."

"P. C. 2nd" in Football. Track Team. Manager of Cricket Team. Gymnasium Team, 2 years. Musical Clubs, 2 years. Executive Committee of Science Club. Pin and Stationery Committee of Literary Society. Yellow.



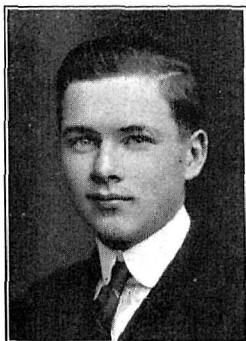
GEORGE BARTHOLD PFINGST, JR. Oak Lane, Pa.
 "Bart."

Trident. Assistant Editor of Class Record. Vice-President of Literary Society. Entertainment Committee of Literary Society. Tennis Team, 2 years. Inter-Academic and Inter-Scholastic Honors. Track Team. Winner Novice Cup, 1915. Winner of School Championship, 1916. Winner Inter-Academic Cup, 1916. Gymnasium Team. Science Club. Blue.



JOHN MARSHALL PIERSOL Philadelphia, Pa.
 "Peary."

Trident. Class President. Art Committee of Class Record. Football Team, 2 years. Captain, 1916. Baseball Team. Cricket Team. President of Athletic Association. President of Literary Society. School Leader of Blues. Leader in Gymnasium. Dramatics, 4 years. Musical Clubs, 3 years. Winner of Prima Oration Contest. Strength List. Science Club. Blue.



FRANK JOHN REDMOND Philadelphia, Pa.

"Reds."

Football Team. Manager of Baseball Team. Vice-President of Science Club. Literary Society. Yellow.



AIKEN REICHNER Philadelphia, Pa.

"Ache."

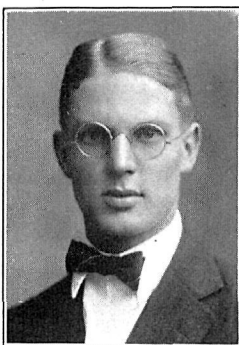
Trident. Cum Laude. Class Treasurer. Valedictorian. Manager of Football Team. Cricket Team. Swimming Team and Manager. Secretary of Literary Society. Dramatics, 4 years. Magazine Staff, 3 years. Editor-in-Chief, 1916-1917. Assistant Editor of Class Record. Tennis Ranking. Tenth on Strength List. Chosen Runner Field Color Contests. Winner Prize Story Contest, 2 years. Class C Declamation Contest, 2 years. Winner, 1916. Winner Class A Declamation Contest, 1917. Captain of Class Debating Team, 3 years. Inter-Class Championship, 1916. Captain of Winning Second Squad Debating Team, 1915. Championship School Entertainment Debating Team, 1916. Second School Debating Team, 1916. Prima Oration Contest. Glee Club. Science Club. Blue.



MILTON HUYETT SANGREE Haddonfield, N. J.

"Hugot."

Football Team, 2 years. Class Debating Team, 2 years. Second Squad Debating Team. Musical Clubs. Leader in Gymnasium. Yellow.



LOUIS PAUL SCHEIDT Norristown, Pa.

"Paul."

Trident. Class Toastmaster. Football Team. Literary Society.
Science Club. Blue.



ROBERT SIBLEY Philadelphia, Pa.

"Sib."

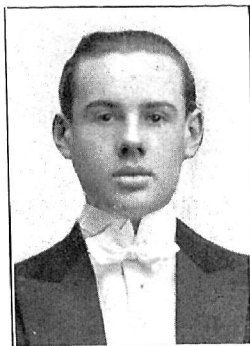
Glee Club. Science Club. Yellow.



LOUIS PAUL SIGEL Philadelphia, Pa.

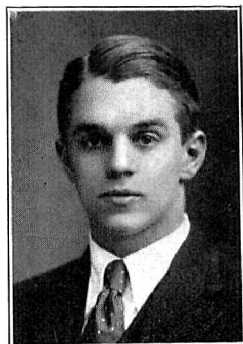
"Lou."

Football Team. Track Team, 2 years. Captain, 1917. Relay
Team. Winner Musical Clubs Silver Medal in Track. Gymnasium
Team, 3 years. Glee Club, 3 years. Strength List. Chosen Runner
Field Color Contests. Yellow.



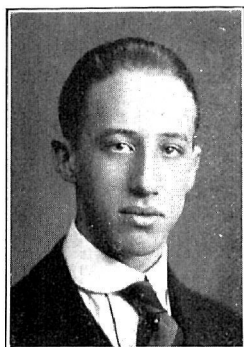
DAVIS PAGE SMITH Glenside, Pa.
 "Dave."

Trident. Cum Laude. Class Vice-President. Football Team, 2 years. Baseball Team, 3 years. Captain, 1917. Cricket Team. Vice-President Athletic Association. School Leader of Blues. Leader in Gymnasium. Strength List. Vice-President of Literary Society. Chosen Runner Field Color Contests. Dramatics. Class Debating Team, 2 years. Inter-Class Championship, 1916. Winning Team Annual School Debate, 2 years. Captain, 1917. Second School Debating Team, 1916. School Debating Team, 1917. Blue.



EDWARD BURCHARD SPURR Wynnewood, Pa.
 "Ed."

Football Team, 2 years. Captain of Swimming Team. Tennis Ranking. Gymnasium Team, 2 years. Second on Strength List. Musical Clubs, 2 years. Assistant Business Manager Class Record. Art Committee of Class Record. Literary Society. Science Club. Yellow.



JOHN STEWART STEELE Elkins Park, Pa.
 "Jack."

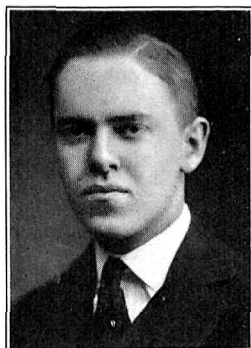
Manager of Track Team. Advertising Manager of Play. Secretary of Science Club. Literary Society. Yellow.



CHARLES WESLEY TYSON Kitchawan, N. Y.

"Wes."

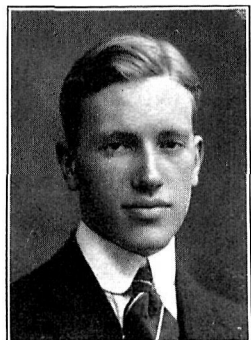
Cum Laude. Science Club. Blue.



ALEXANDER VAN PELT Philadelphia, Pa.

"Van."

Cricket Team. Winner Novice Tennis Cup, 1916. Tennis
Ranking. Yellow.



ALBERT HENRY VAUX, JR. Gwynedd Valley, Pa.

"Albert."

Fourth on Strength List. Blue.



NINE years ago fate decreed that seven little boys should commence their schooling in Penn Charter. These lads became the foundation of the Class of 1917. But, alas! just as our Pilgrim fathers, years ago, failed to survive the Indians and the coldness of a New England winter, so did this little band languish and fall by the wayside under the cruel marks of our beloved teachers until now not one of them sits with us on this platform. After a year of getting acquainted with the ways and traditions of old P. C., the little band advanced to Lower First, where they were met by seven more comrades in misfortune, as it seemed to such as considered school a bore. There they encountered Miss Jamieson, who, I am sorry to say, had to use stern methods to enforce order. Our first baseball team was organized and managed to play a fair game whenever Furlong could locate the plate. From those who entered that year there remain Petersen, Reichner and Piersol. Our President-to-be was saved to us by advising one of the trustees of his former school that Penn Charter was the only school in the city. How good a Penn Charter boy he was, even at that time, is shown by his record on our teams, both in baseball and football.

The next stage on the road of advancement was Sexta, where work began in earnest, under the guiding hand of Miss Doolittle. Lane, Murphy, Reath, Smith, Stinson, Walters and the present Historian were ushered in and decided to stay awhile. Reath, however, soon left for boarding school, and Lane found the going too slow for his pace, and after a month jumped to Quinta. We began to take more interest in athletics, forming our class teams, with Smith,

captain, and Reichner, manager. Nothing exciting happened that year, and the only thing of note was that we did far more studying than we have ever thought of doing later.

Thus a year passed, and we found ourselves in Quinta, divided into two sections, under Miss Potter and Miss Anderson. Barr, Boddy, Cleeland, Haines, Jester, Littlewood, McDowell, Robinson and Sangree joined us. This year the ball team, with the able pitching of Smith, managed to finish third in the Junior League. Our stay in Quinta was marked by daily routine work, and after a year well spent in study, we journeyed to Quarta, leaving behind us Furlong and Murphy.

We were now supreme in the Junior school, and we made good use of many of our opportunities. We really began to enjoy life, because our beloved classmate, Samuel Levis Robeson Jones, fell into our midst with his "What say?" and "I don't get you, Mr. Farnum." Who would not have given his life to get the most use out of a perfectly good pointer or board-rubber? Was there one day when peace reigned in Quarta? Brainerd, Brewer, Brigham, Bright, Harris, Joyce, Keller, Martel, Matske, Peters, Spurr and Whitmaier came in as a bodyguard to "Poor—not Butterfly, but Levis." Miss Day ruled with an iron hand, and tried mightily hard to keep Bill Brewer from smoking. In spite of her efforts, it was here that we commenced to loaf and to copy the more industrious one's papers. Barr, Brewer, Grieb, Haines, Martel, Matske, Peters, Shaw, Walters and Whitmaier deserted us as we left Quarta.

Although our arrival in Tertia was not announced by the blowing of trumpets, nevertheless we were delighted at our advance. We were at last Seniors, and deemed it a great honor to sit upon the front rows of benches in assembly and watch with awe our reverend upper classmates pass by. Yet we knew that in time we would have to take their places and hoped we would be worthy of them. Many new faces greeted us that year. Eppen came up from Mexico and soon began to tell us of his little "Jane," who worked across the way in Snellenburg's, not because she had to, but just for something to keep her busy. I believe she "ragged the scale" for the chasers of sheet music. Phipps, fresh from Worcester Academy, soon had us in the business of buying and selling lunch tickets. Anderson, Barrows, Davis, Gonzales, Longstreth, Hauff, Hood, the Pfingst brothers, Sitley and Tyson made their debut with us. That year we considered ourselves men and so grew quite bold, skipping that most enjoyable quarter of an

hour, gym., and a few times some of us even took a drag on a precious "coffin nail" grafted from one of the upper classmen. Bright went out for 'varsity tennis, and was rewarded with a substitute berth on a championship team. Barrows, Petersen, Piersol and Smith made the musical clubs, while Piersol and Reichner started their careers as actors. Once more Fate interfered, taking from us Anderson, Eppen, Gonzales, Greenwood, Hood, Jester, Longstreth, McDowell, O. Pfingst, Phipps, Robinson, Sitley, Stinson and Swiegard.

Secunda turned out to be a harder nut to crack than we had expected. "Windy" Farnum almost broke up the class in the first month with his marks in algebra, but after a talk with the head master, he became human for once. Dr. Strong fed us on debates, declamations and prize stories, as he was the better arguer and we could not get away from them, while "Doc" Ottman almost went wild trying to make us understand about a lot of "Johns," who traveled about in night-gowns many, many years ago. "Bill" Fleming, Gill, Marié and Morrison decided to give us the "once over." Mr. Hanscom took charge of the Musical Clubs, which Smith and Barrows made. Piersol and Reichner advanced a step further in dramatics, while Brigham and Bright won their letters in tennis. The class debating team tried hard, but was defeated by a close margin by the Class of 1916. Marié and Morrison left school along with Levis Jones. This was a hard blow to the class, as Levis had given us many a good laugh.

After surviving the hardest year that we had yet come across, things began to look brighter for us as we entered Prima, only two years off from graduation and the cold world. Buse, Heck, Kurtz, Le Maistre, McEvoy, Redmond, Scheidt and Vaux were the new ones that greeted us. We were scared half to death by the sight and wild actions of Smithy and Spiers. Consequently quiet reigned supreme whenever those demi-gods entered our presence. Letters won that year were Heck, Piersol, Sangree, Smith and Spurr in football; Smith, Fleming and Piersol in baseball; Brigham, Bright and Pfingst in tennis, while Smith and McGann were rewarded in cricket. Once more Piersol and Reichner made the play. Reichner won a cup for declamation, while the class debating team was a winner. Many of the fellows made the various clubs, while Brigham, Fleming, Pfingst, Piersol, Reichner and Smith were admitted to the Trident. Boddy, Buse, Cleeland (the only boy Indian fighter left), Collins, Heck, Le Maistre, and Littlewood took their belongings out of P. C. We, the survivors, were beginning to see light ahead.

Already the goal, for which we had striven for so many long years, was beginning to loom up before us. Only one year more, and then, having gained our reward, we could look back down the path strewn with fallen comrades, and realize that the first of life's battles had been met and won.

At last the day came and we found ourselves on the threshold of old P. C. beginning our last year in the old school. We had struggled, and had had our ups and downs, and were now on the last lap wondering whether or not we had the wind to finish. We were soon organized, due to the fewness of numbers, into one class, with Mr. Spiers at the desk. Our small band was increased by the advent into the school of Bartlett, Birch, Brown, A. Fleming, Frost, Lippincott, Myers, Sibley, Sigel and Van Pelt. Bright and Scheidt were taken into the Trident.

We had been left a hard row to hoe both along athletic and literary lines by the Class of 1916. Captain Piersol did more than his share in leading our football team to the fourth successive I. A. A. championship, and completed a season that was, we think, every bit as good as last year. The Literary Society presented the school with its most successful play, Reichner playing the lead. As the winter went on, the various sorts of activities proceeded on the road to success. The musical clubs, the gym. team, debating and public speaking took their turn, the Class of 1917 being most prominent in making them winners. A newly organized swimming team, with Ed. Spurr in the rôle of captain, did more than was expected of it.

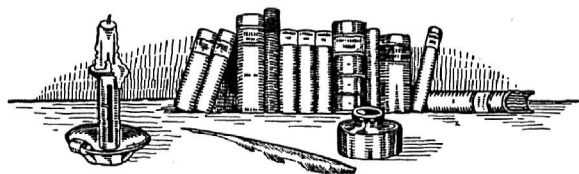
The whole school was somewhat saddened by the illness of our dear headmaster. A serious operation kept him from being with us for about three months. The Class of '17 sincerely hopes that he will be granted many more years on this earth.

Spring brought us the various out-of-door sports, so we settled down to work for more championships. War was declared with Germany. Consequently our teams felt the loss of some of our athletes who enlisted. The baseball team, minus Captain Smith, started off poorly, but finished strong due to the twirling of "Art" Fleming. Thanks to G. A., we finished the season tied with Episcopal for the lead. Captain Bright led his collection of tennis stars to two more championships, incidentally breaking the Inter-Scholastic record. The Junior tennis team came through a winner, as any Penn Charter team should, and was duly rewarded. Pfingst, after winning the individual championships in the Inter-Academic and Inter-Scholastic Leagues,

was given a place on Tilden's Junior tennis team which, in the near future, will play the Juniors from New York. The cricket team, after a delayed start, followed in the footsteps of 1916 by winning the scholastic championship without the loss of a single league game. Our track team, with Captain Sigel as its shining light, went into the Interacs not a heavy favorite, and left Franklin Field crowned champions after downing our rivals from Episcopal.

We have now shown you what the Class of 1917 has done while in school; it remains to be seen what we will do when we get up against the harder things of life. We are leaving the old school having done the best we could. It is now up to the Class of 1918 to maintain the high standard set by the preceding classes, which we have also striven to maintain. We are backing you, 1918, to come through with victories, not only on the athletic field, but also in the class rooms and in all things that pertain to make Penn Charter what it is.

JAMES A. MCGANN, JR.





MY surroundings became vague. Even Sibley's green vest could not keep me from the embrace of dewey-feathered sleep. I felt myself slipping into a bottomless pit. It was no doubt the zero that Mac added to the already large list after my name. The last words that reached me in this pit were, "Mr. McCormick, you drew that circle upside down." Bright took a great delight in pointing out Mac's mistakes.

I awoke in front of the old school. It was the same building, everything was the same except the name plate beside the door. Instead of bearing the words "William Penn Charter School," there were in their place the words "Lippincott's Language School." Below, among the list of professors, were three familiar names—"Alex. Van Pelt, Senior Master of German," "Edward Spurr, French Professor," and "Austin Brainerd, Latin Professor." It was indeed very gratifying to see that Lipp had such able assistants.

I purchased a paper from a passing newsboy and turned to the list of amusements. There at the top of the list was "The New Casino Theatre." The name stirred up old memories, so I read the rest of the ad.: "Scheidt and Fleming present the world-renowned 'Ragtime Artists', Pfingst and Brown." I could not resist the temptation to go and hear Bart bang the piano

again, so I made my way over to Walnut Street and went east a few blocks. I was not surprised to see Hauff in the box office, because I remember his ability to extract coin from his classmates back at school. Eddie sent an usher after Art, who gave me a box seat, and went to find Scheidt. Fleming returned and told me that Scheidt had gone up to see Mayor Reichner. He also told me that they contributed a large sum yearly to the Mayor's salary for the privilege of running the theatre. Reichner always had been a grafter, but I didn't think he would take advantage of his friends. Art said Rear Admiral Smith had just gone down to Essington to witness a demonstration of the new Kurtzson flying dreadnaught, which was the latest invention of the Kurtz & Tyson Co. When I heard this I felt sorry for Tom Edison, because with two competitors such as Kurtz and Tyson, he could not hope to hold his place as the foremost scientist of the world. The curtain rose, and there was Bart seated at the piano banging away in his old style. Brown came on, and when the applause had stopped he started to sing. No sooner had the first word left his lips than Art and I became the "cynosure of neighboring eyes" by standing up. Brown was singing our class hymn. Never had he sung it better and never had it been played as well as Bart played then. Tears welled up in my eyes as I thought how the old school had rocked to those same strains of "There's a Little Bit of Bad in Every Good Little Girl." When he stopped a death-like silence settled over the house, then the applause burst forth like thunder. I had never heard such a racket, unless it was Sigel's snores in meeting.

Later, when I was wandering up Market Street, I passed Kellar's barber shop. I wondered if Jack was running the shop. I dropped in to find out, and there was Jack standing on a box shaving a man. He was evidently having a lot of trouble, because he frequently changed razors. As the lather disappeared under Jack's skillful hand I recognized Myers. I understood why Jack had had so much trouble, for Myers had long been famed for his heavy beard. While waiting for Jack to finish, I looked over a magazine. There was an article entitled, "Reverend Mr. Huyett Sangree's Great Work in the Orient." Sangree always wanted to do some good in the world, but I never knew he was an admirer of Oriental beauty. I saw Kellar would not be through for some time, so I went to find some place to eat. As I went up Market Street I was accosted by a man, who tried to convince me that he was a goat. I felt sorry for the man, and

asked him why he thought so. He said he had tried for two years to get a certain man's goat, and had failed, and this weighed so upon his mind that he had become fully convinced that he was a goat. I tried to humor him and asked whose goat he had tried to get. He said "McCormick's." I gave a start and looked at the man. It was Bill Fleming. I ran away, not caring to tell poor Bill who I was. I looked back and saw Bill speaking to a traffic cop. The cop started up the street with Fleming, and I followed them. As I came nearer I saw the cop was limping. Only one man in the world limped like that, and that man was Birch. I knew then that Bill was in good hands, so I continued on my way.

I saw a man making pancakes in a restaurant window, and stopped to watch him. I wondered how a man could become so proficient at throwing those cakes. Just then the man looked up and I saw it was Piersol. I understood how Pierie could throw those cakes when I thought how he used to throw a certain other thing back at school. I looked at the name on the window and saw that Redmond owned the place. I knew Redmond did things right, even to bluffing his French translation, so I went in. Frank welcomed me with his old-time smile and blush. I found out from Frank that Petersen had attained his ambition and had become an engineer. He was running freights from Philadelphia to New York. I ate some of Pierie's cakes, which, Frank told me, were made with Gill & Vaux Superior Flour. Gill & Vaux always had been farmers, and I was not surprised to see they still were. Frank also told me that Brigham had been elected president of Yale. I wondered how Bob could hold such a high position without getting dizzy, but I remembered how high Bob stood at school, and I was convinced that he had no trouble now.

After I left Frank's restaurant I met Barrows and Steele. Barrows was on the sporting staff of the *Bulletin*, trying to dope out when Connie Mack would have a championship team again, and Steele was editor of the Ladies' Sunday Supplement in the *North American*. Steele informed me that he was going to publish the latest creations of the Harris & McEvoy Millinery Co. next Sunday. He said Harris and Mac had gone into the millinery business immediately after leaving school, and had made a huge success of it. It was not hard for me to understand why.

When I left Barrows and Steele I walked through City Hall court yard, and here a man tried to sell me one of the cannon. It was Joyce. He had always found the easiest way of getting through school, and now he was trying to get along the same way. When Joyce recognized me he tried to make me believe he was only kidding me. I asked him what had become of our old friend, Fred Bartlett, whereupon he pulled a pamphlet from his pocket. It was entitled "Spend Your Vacation in Maine." On the back it said, "See Bartlett for further information." Fred always used to boost Maine, and he was still at it.

I awoke just in time to see McGann leaving McCormick's room by request.

I am convinced that whatever the future holds in store for us, it will always be a pleasure to look back on the years we spent together at Penn Charter.

ROBERT DAVIS.





Our class has tact and talent both,
And genius galore,
For each day some one springs a trick
That's ne'er been sprung before.

Now Bartlett has only been with us a year,
But his brains have been very well fed,
For while not at the Stanley he learns algebra
From those lips of our dear Uncle Fred.

Ken Barrows, Brainerd and Birch one day
Were singing to William Myers,
But how astonished they were when they
Were baffled by Mr. Spiers.

“Come, come,” he said. So off they fled,
Fast out of the room they bounded;
“You would not sing if once you knew
How perfectly rotten you sounded.”

What would the Latin students do
If Brigham were not there?
Why, all they’d have to offer up
Would be a fervent prayer.

And men like Brown who’re very bright,
Can help us quite a lot;
For oft we study hard all night,
And get our lessons not.

To Fleming, Al Costa was talking French,
In a French but decent way;
But Arthur couldn’t quite catch on
To “Fermez la bouche, s’il vous plaît.”

When Mr. Leyden leaves the room,
Bob Davis exhibits his feats;
But on his return we hear, aloud,
“We’ll all please take our seats.”

Bill Fleming and “Peary” oft get Donald’s goat
In the thick of an algebra class;
But to their levity Mac doth quote,
“You mental-mollycoddled jack-ass.”

On Friday last we had a test,
The marks were very small;
Jack Keller got thirty, and Joyce got twenty,
And Gill got nothing at all.

I oft have seen on week-day morns,
'Mid the crowds on Market Street,
My class-mate Hauff, whose boast has been
His pretty friends to meet.

Mr. Leyden loves Sibley, and Tyson, too,
But he loves Lew Sigel not;
For once when out of the room he went,
Lew opened a German trot.

Aiken tries to do each day
His lessons very well;
But when he finds himself in class,
His teacher gives him—53 in math.

“When Smitty waves his hands and feet,
And makes a lot of noise,
Sit calmly back upon your seat—
Be not afraid, my boys.”

So says McGann, of cricket fame,
(It safely he might say;
For Mr. Smith's the cricket boss,
And none he'll flunk who play).

Bart Pfingst does often hear this strain
From Dr. C. A. Strong;
And many others at Queen Lane,
Oft hear "Come on, come on!"

Have you ever heard that tale of doubt
Which Davis Smith doth tell?
How once he met a maiden fair,
And how for him she fell?

Lew Scheidt at football knows no fear,
At English he's a shark;
But "Whitey" feels a little queer
At Donald's monthly mark.

Frank Redmond, Vaux and Steele last week
Confronted Mr. Spiers,
A graduation mark to seek,
But they needed a pair of pliers.

"Stew" Kurtz has Edison skinned a mile,
So of him let us sing,
For he gave to man a blessing dear—
The New Kurtz Piston Ring.

H. Sangree, too, a friend of his,
At football does excel;
In all his life he's ne'er been known
An untrue word to tell.

Harris looks like Venus much,
He's handsome, tall, and fair;
I've ne'er seen one in all my life
So blithe and debonair.

Ted Petersen's a fellow fine,
But study math. he will;
For every day right after school
Mac runs him through a drill.

McEvoy has scarce been known
To school each day to come;
For often Mac does work so hard,
His brain is cold and numb.

P. STICKNEY BRIGHT.



Valedictory



THE Class of 1917 is gathered together here tonight for the last time. The inevitable dissolution of the many bonds that connect us with our Alma Mater comes tonight, and we will descend from this platform no longer students, but numbered with that vast throng of loyal alumni who have preceded us. Another class will have been graduated. The breach caused by our departure will soon be closed and gradually we will become but a memory, ever fading. Another class will step into our place and the school will go on as before. But have we passed through its successive classes without mutual benefit to ourselves and the school? That is the question upon which hangs our destiny—whether it shall be a sweet memory to be enjoyed or a passing thought quickly forgotten.

We have tried to maintain Penn Charter's high standard in every branch, and we take pride in the thought that few classes have left behind a record equal to ours. Football, cricket, tennis and track championships have been won. The baseball title we shared with Episcopal. A swimming team was organized, and now we have a firmly established winter sport. Literary, dramatic, musical and scientific interests enjoyed one of their best years. In scholarship, 1917 has her share of "Cum Laude" men. And so a glorious heritage was placed on our shoulders when we became Seniors, and, conscious that we have borne the mantle of responsibility well, we are about to pass it on to another class.

Penn Charter, you have been our Alma Mater in every sense of the word.

You have reared us, taught us and restrained us, developed us and cared for us. You have guided our uncertain footsteps always towards what was right and best, and when we stumbled on the stony path you helped us up, and, having cared for our bruises, sent us on our way. From Lower First we entered the Senior School, and slowly but surely moved on. Several

dropped by the wayside unable to continue the ascent. The Senior School was reached, and yet graduation seemed a long, long way off. In Prima we first began to realize that it was not far off in the hazy future, but just before us—almost within our reach. This year it has loomed before us like a foreboding shadow. Its realization has entailed an irreparable loss—our school days. Just as Midas, in his thirst for gold, reached out to caress his daughter, whom he loved more than all the world, when lo—she was turned to gold; so as we reach out tonight to receive our coveted diplomas, in that very act we bring to an end the happiest days of our life and stand disconsolate, while this long-sought sheepskin is mere dross.

But let us put aside this morbid view, and let us consider the diploma as our passport to another life—one with different tasks, different surroundings, and different associates. Although we could not be Penn Charter *students* any longer, we can always be Penn Charter *boys*. Some classes have gone out never to return, but let us always keep in touch with the old school and remain a part of her to glory in her triumphs and sorrow in her defeats.

Our teachers have been directly responsible for every triumph and honor we have achieved. They have borne our pranks and thoughtlessness with rare patience and, as a result, we sit here tonight. Some of us have come under the tutelage of but few of them, but every boy in the school, from Lower Second to Upper Prima, feels the spirit of the staff. The famed Penn Charter spirit does not dwell in the hearts of the boys alone, but is just as firmly rooted in the breasts of the men who each day mould our minds and characters to the end that we may succeed in life. To them we bid an affectionate adieu.

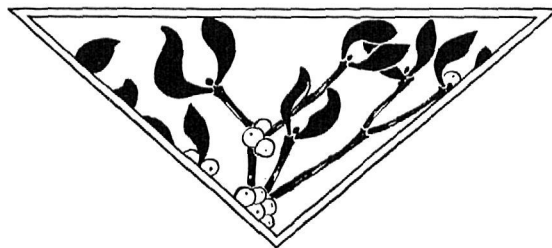
The overseers of Penn Charter are but little known to the majority of the boys, but it is to their wise counsel and authority that Penn Charter owes much of its success. Some of them are with us tonight, and we take this opportunity of expressing our gratitude for the many privileges and opportunities that we have received from them.

It is with the tenderest affection that we prepare to say good-bye to our head master. Every one who has ever come into contact with Dr. Jones has felt his strong personality. Some of our fathers felt it in the 80's the same as we have felt it. For over a generation he has guided Penn Charter. In that time it has grown from a school comparatively unknown to one whose name is now known in every city in the East. His hand has been at the tiller throughout these years.

Not only has he been the pilot of the school, but the pilot of hundreds of boys who have always felt and declared that the greatest privilege of their life has been those years when they were in daily touch with him. Deep down in the heart of every one of us is a lasting affection, one not to be dulled by time, but rather to grow stronger with the passing years. We have felt with deep sorrow his absence during the latter part of our Senior year. Every one has watched his game fight for recovery with anxiety and admiration. And so, with tears in our souls, if not in our eyes, we say our "Au revoir," for we will keep in touch with you and the school as much and as long as God gives us the power.

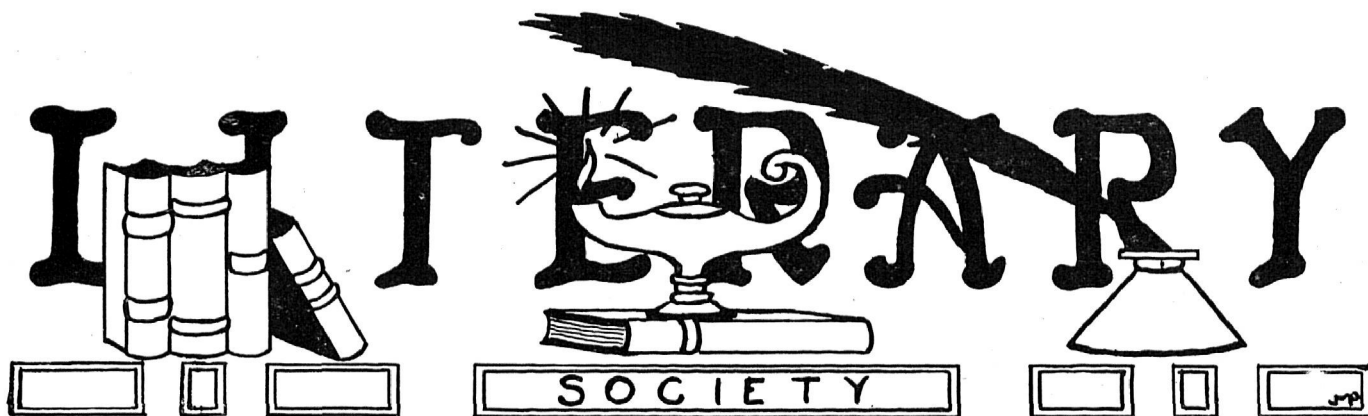
And now, Classmates, the time has come. Our school days end tonight. The happiest period of our life is over, and with our bag in hand we stand on the gang plank about to embark on our voyage over the sea of life. The memory of the past is alluring. Our joys and sorrows—our victories and our defeats—our successes and our failures—Oh! that we might taste them again! But Destiny shapes our course now for other things. Some to college—some to business—some to war—we part tonight. But wherever we go may the guiding factor in our life be that intangible something that we learned at Penn Charter—the Penn Charter spirit! And so with a fervent hand clasp for each one we say "Farewell and God-speed!"

AIKEN REICHNER.



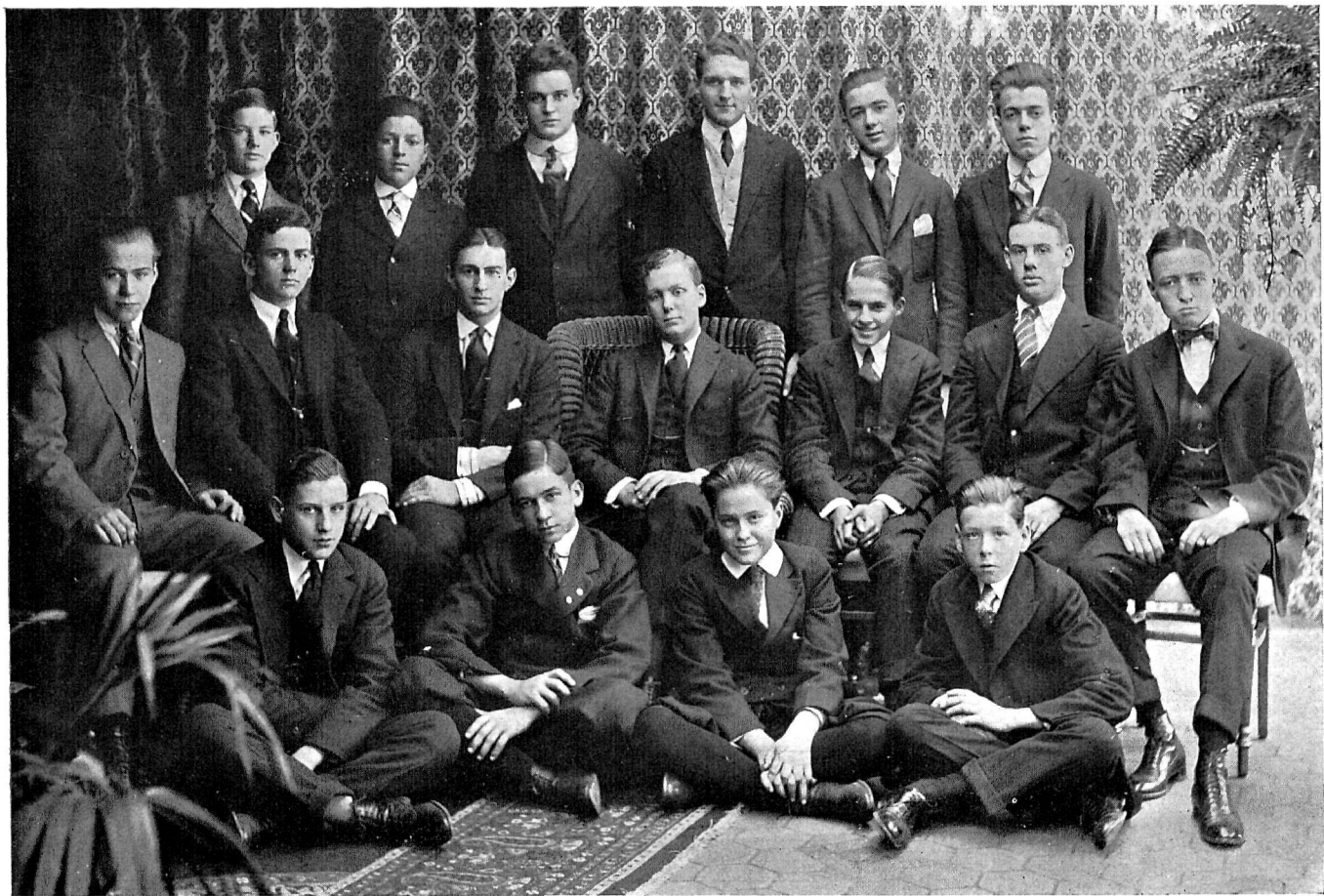


THE LITERARY SOCIETY



DURING the past year the Literary Society enjoyed one of the most prosperous periods of its career. An attractive program was arranged for each meeting, and consequently there was always a large attendance. The annual play, held under the "Lit.'s" name, was a big success, not only from a dramatic, but also from a financial standpoint. The annual gift to the school was a set of movable backstops for the tennis courts. The debating was excellent, and several close contests were staged during the Inter-Class Championship series, which was finally won by Prima I. Several amusing extemporaneous debates were held, and the second squad prize debate. The Prima Oration Contest was won by Simpson. The Annual Prize Debate at Witherspoon Hall brought the season to an end in a blaze of success.

Great credit is due to the officers, who faithfully performed their duties, especially President Piersol, and to Dr. Strong, who helped the "Lit." immensely in his role of the "man higher up."



THE CAST

The Play

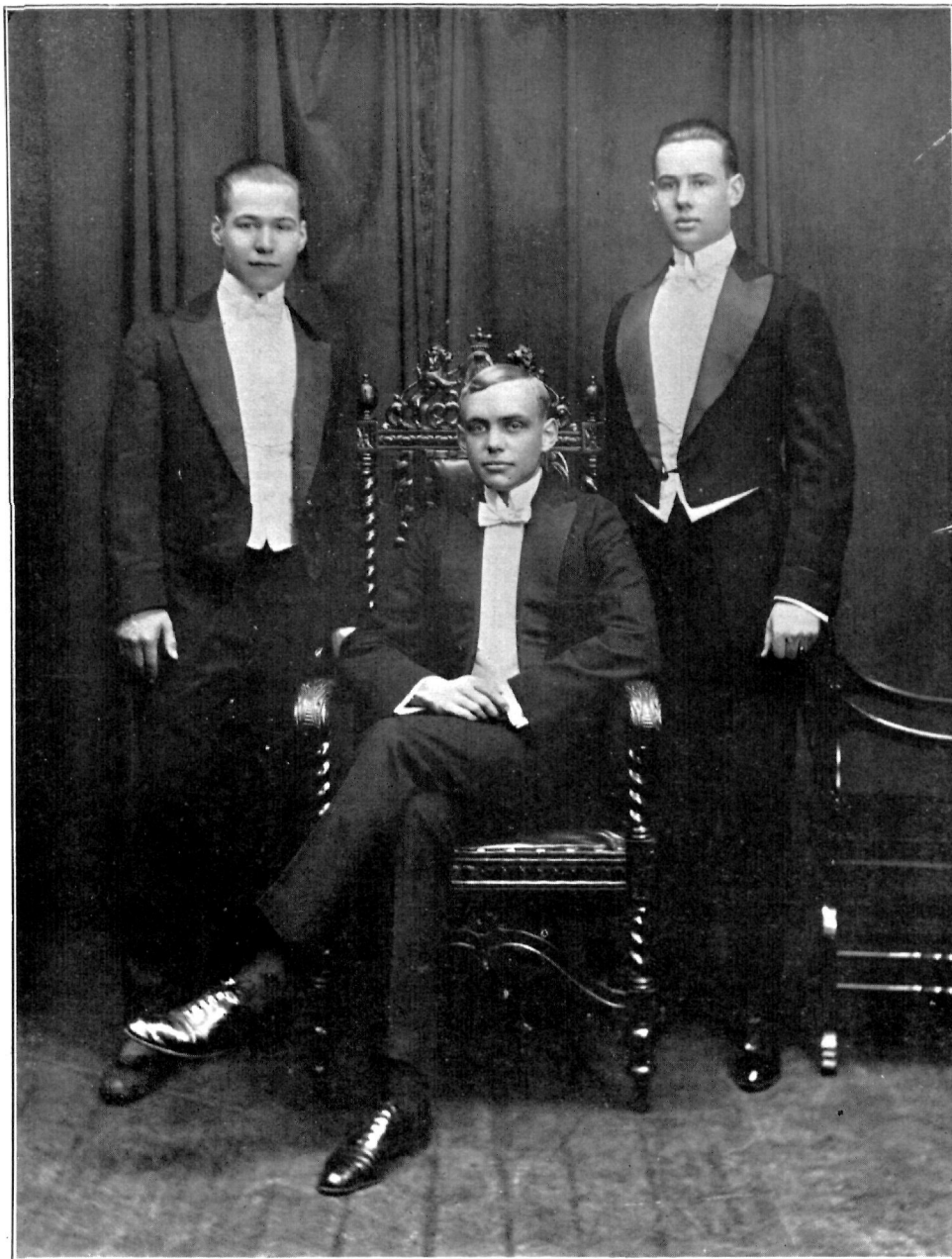


IN its play, "The Dictator," at the Bellevue-Stratford, Friday evening, December 8, the Literary Society surpassed all previous standards, both in the brilliancy of the audience and in the finish of the production.

The cast, with Aiken Reichner in the role of "Steve," presented a well written and well presented production to an appreciative audience which crowded the ball room to its limit. Among those who had prominent parts in the cast were George H. Sudlow, E. Burnell Rhoads, Jack Spurr, John Marshall Piersol, Edmund G. Hauff, Pernin Q. Taylor, William T. Fleming, P. Stickney Bright, Davis P. Smith, and Jack P. Kellar.

Although little in evidence, but very much in importance, Dr. Strong deserves unlimited praise and commendation for his masterful management of the financial affairs and well directed coaching, upon which the entire success of the affair was wholly dependent.

The wireless apparatus, arranged by Wilson N. Durham, '16, was a big feature of the performance and added greatly to the enjoyment of the audience.



DEBATING TEAM

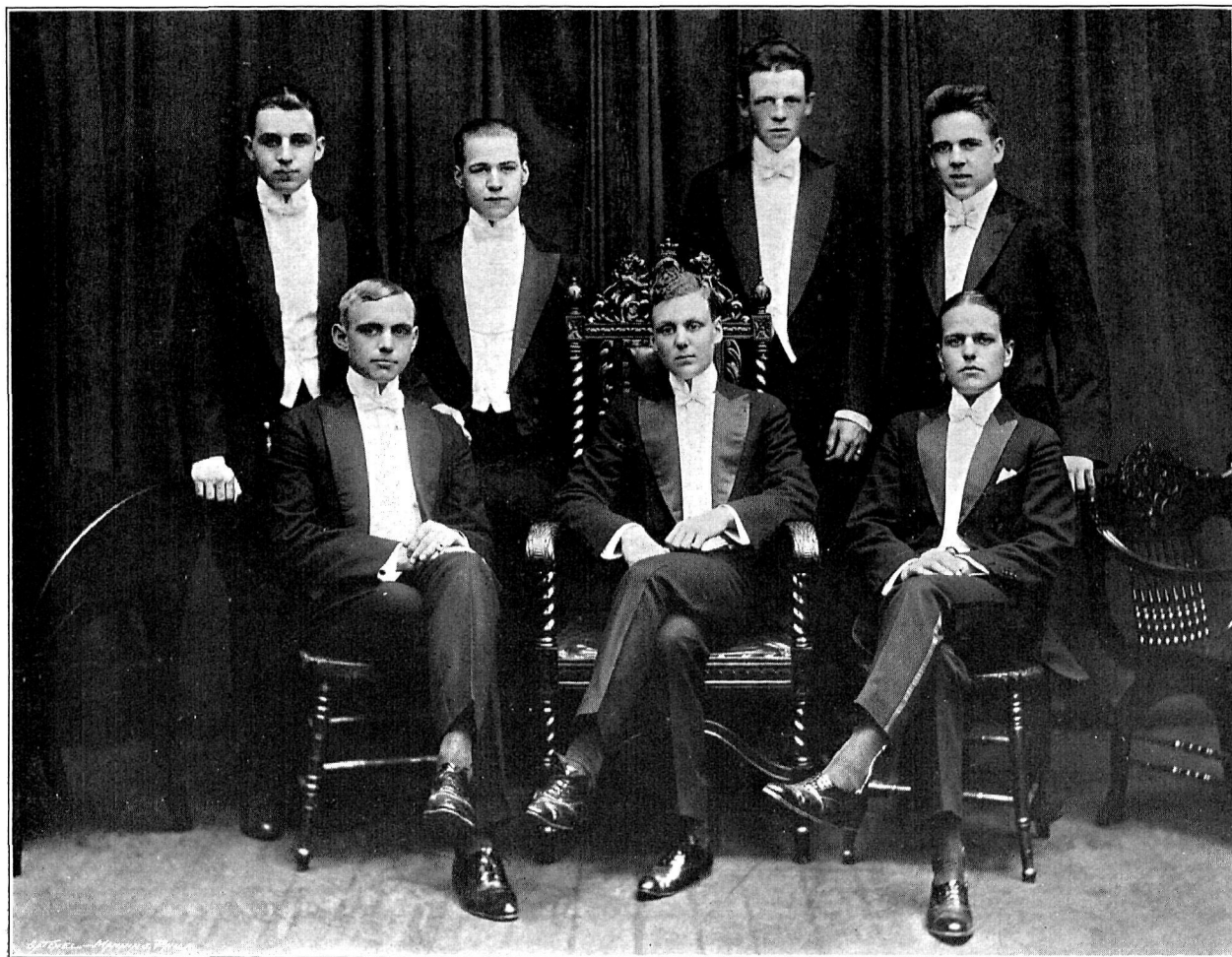
School Debating Team



DAVIS P. SMITH

ROBERT BRIGHAM

EDMUND G. HAUFF



COMMENCEMENT SPEAKERS

Commencement Speakers



AIKEN REICHNER

JAMES A. MCGANN, JR.

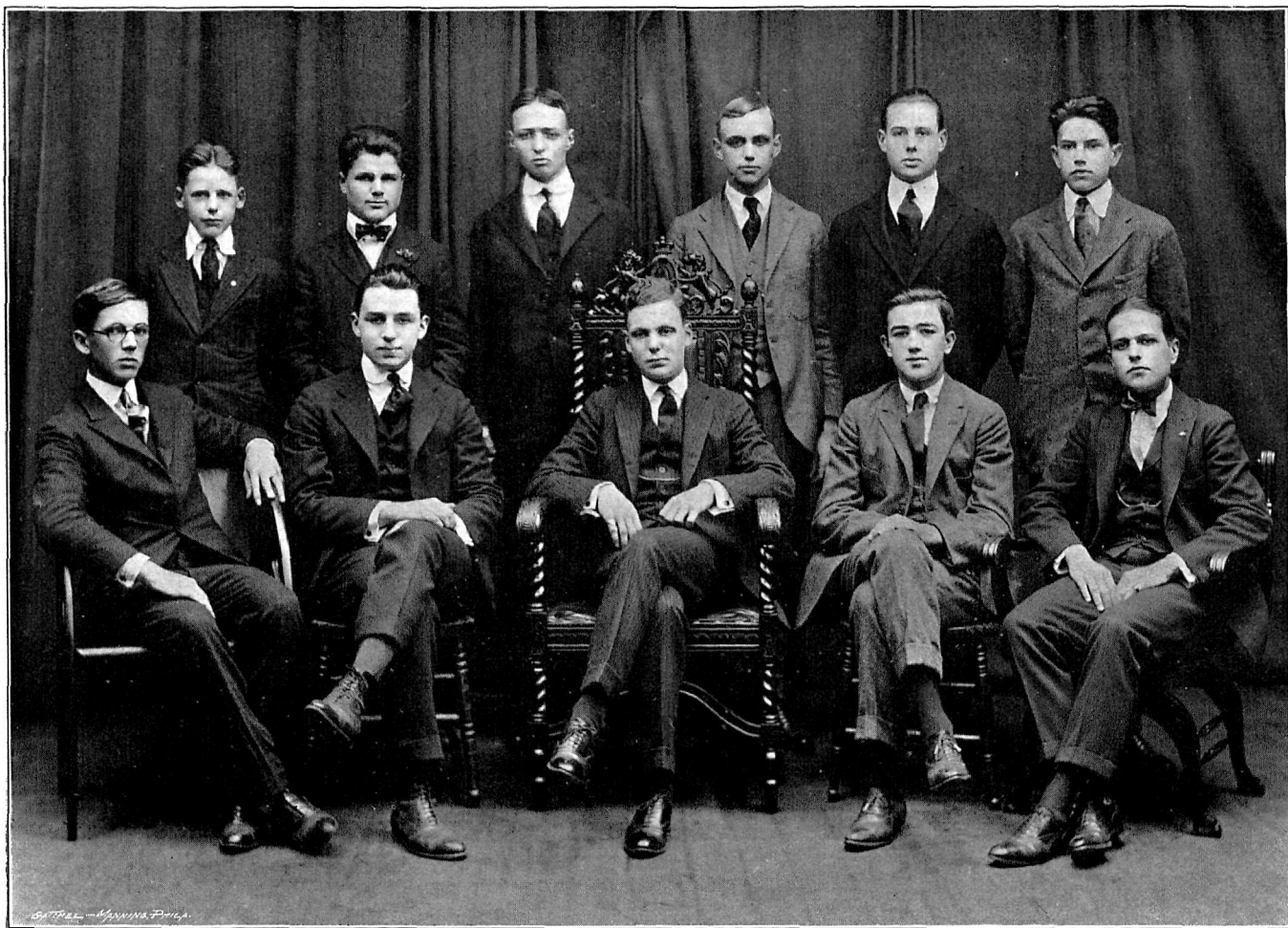
ROBERT S. JOYCE

ROBERT BRIGHAM

EDMUND G. HAUFF

ROBERT DAVIS

KENNETH W. BARROWS



MAGAZINE STAFF

Magazine Staff



AIKEN REICHNER

KENNETH W. BARROWS

FREDERICK S. BUCKLEY

JOHN F. GUMMERE

ROSS B. SIMPSON

ROWLAND W. NELSON

LAWRENCE J. McEVoy

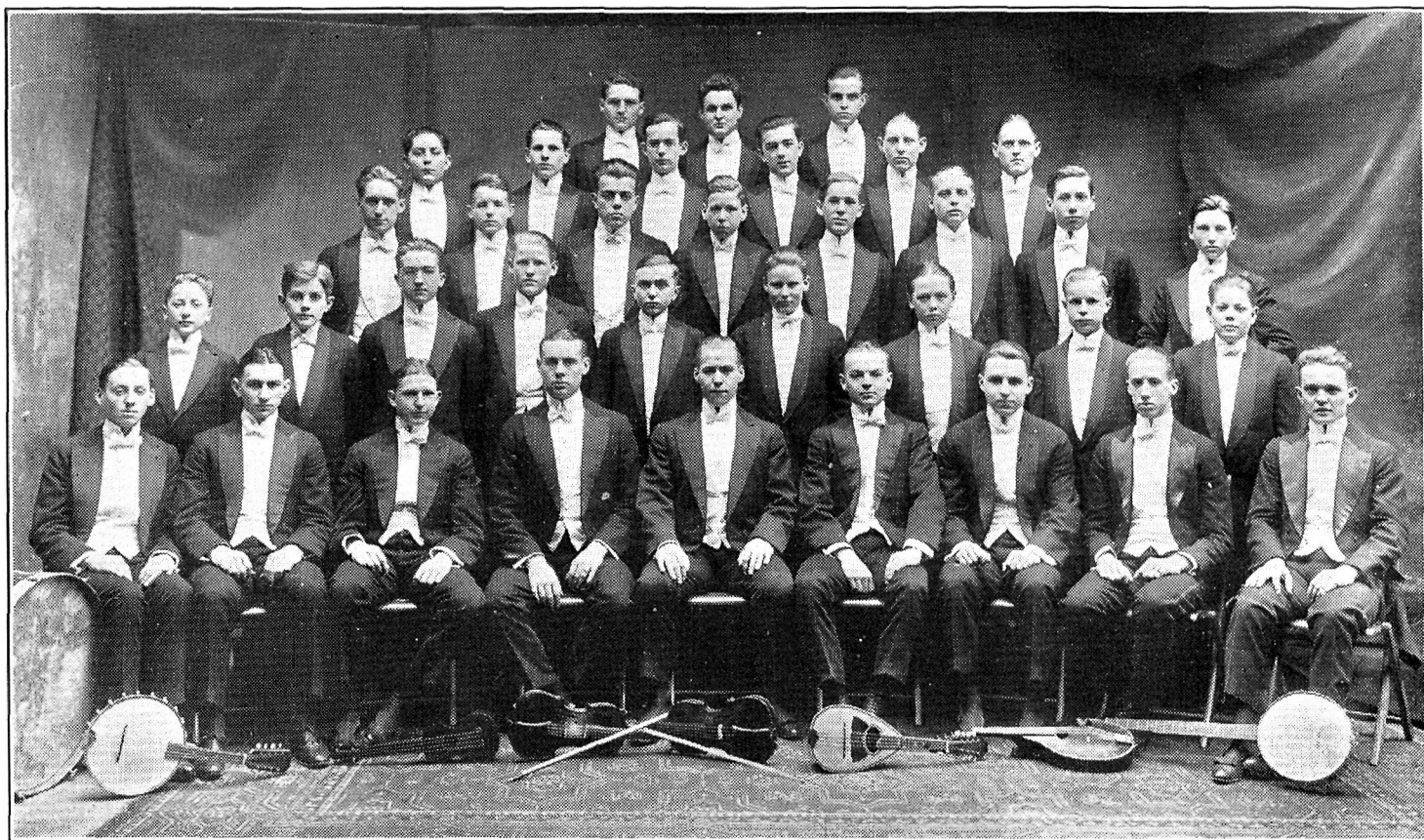
ROBERT BRIGHAM

P. STICKNEY BRIGHT

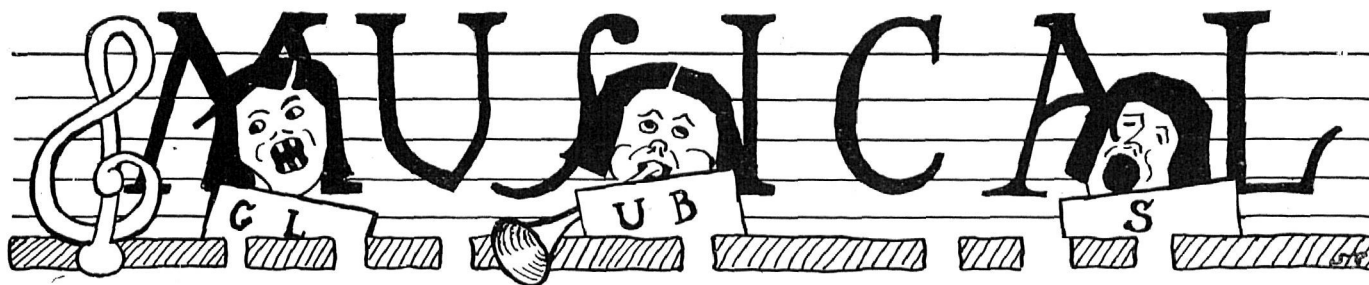
JAMES A. MCGANN, JR.

DAVIS P. SMITH

HARLAN P. STATZELL



MUSICAL CLUB



Glee Director
MR. JOHN W. LEYDON

Mandolin Director
MR. ROGER E. E. CLAPP

Manager
EDMUND G. HAUFF

Glee Leader
DAVIS P. SMITH

Mandolin Leader
WILLIAM BODDY

THE Musical Clubs completed their season in a blaze of glory, after a very disappointing start. Owing to a severe attack of illness, Mr. Hanscom was obliged to resign, and the duties of director fell upon most worthy recipients in the persons of Mr. John W. Leydon and Mr. Roger E. E. Clapp, the new Junior mathematical instructor.

Under their active directorship the schedule of concerts was completed, and the Annual Concert and Dance, held in the Rose Garden on March 23, was a great success, both musically and financially.

SCHEDULE OF CONCERTS, 1916-1917

- 19 January, Friday Afternoon, Home for Incurables, 39th and Woodland Avenue.
- 27 January, Saturday Evening, Mary Lyon School, Swarthmore.
- 10 February, Saturday Evening, Baldwin School Bryn Mawr.
- 23 February, Friday Afternoon, The Holman School, 2204 Walnut Street.
- 2 March, Friday Evening, Girard College.
- 10 March, Saturday Evening, Miss Sayward's School, Overbrook.
- 16 March, Friday Evening, Penn Charter Night, Witherspoon Hall.
- 23 March, Friday Evening, Annual Concert and Dance, Bellevue-Stratford Rose Garden.

Glee Club



First Tenor

ROBERT BROWN, 2D
BENJAMIN EATON
J. MARSHALL PIERSOL
LOUIS SIGEL
GEORGE H. SUDLOW

Second Tenor

HARRY L. CURTIS
ROBERT JOYCE
ROBERT SIBLEY
PERNIN Q. TAYLOR
EDWARD WIGFALL

First Bass

H. TATNALL BROWN, JR.
EDMUND G. HAUFF
LAWRENCE MCEVOY
FRANK S. PEDDLE
EDWIN B. RHOADS
ROSS SIMPSON
EDWARD B. SPURR
JOHN C. SPURR

Second Bass

JAMES M. ANDERSON
KENNETH W. BARROWS
FREDERIC S. BUCKLEY
W. B. CAMPBELL
DAVIS P. SMITH

Mandolin Club



First Mandolins

WILLIAM J. BODDY
ROBERT L. PATTERSON
THEODORE O. PETERSEN
BART PFINGST
EDWARD B. SPURR
JACK STEELE

Second Mandolins

FRANK A. FORTESCUE
HARRY HUMPHREYS, 2D
WILLIAM D. SHERRERD, JR.
W. ALBERT SMITH, JR.

Third Mandolins

FREDERICK H. STARLING, JR.
JOHN B. GALLAUDET
LAWRENCE MCEVOY

Mandola

LUCIAN HAUGWITZ

First Violins

ROLAND FLEER
GEORGE H. SUDLOW

Second Violins

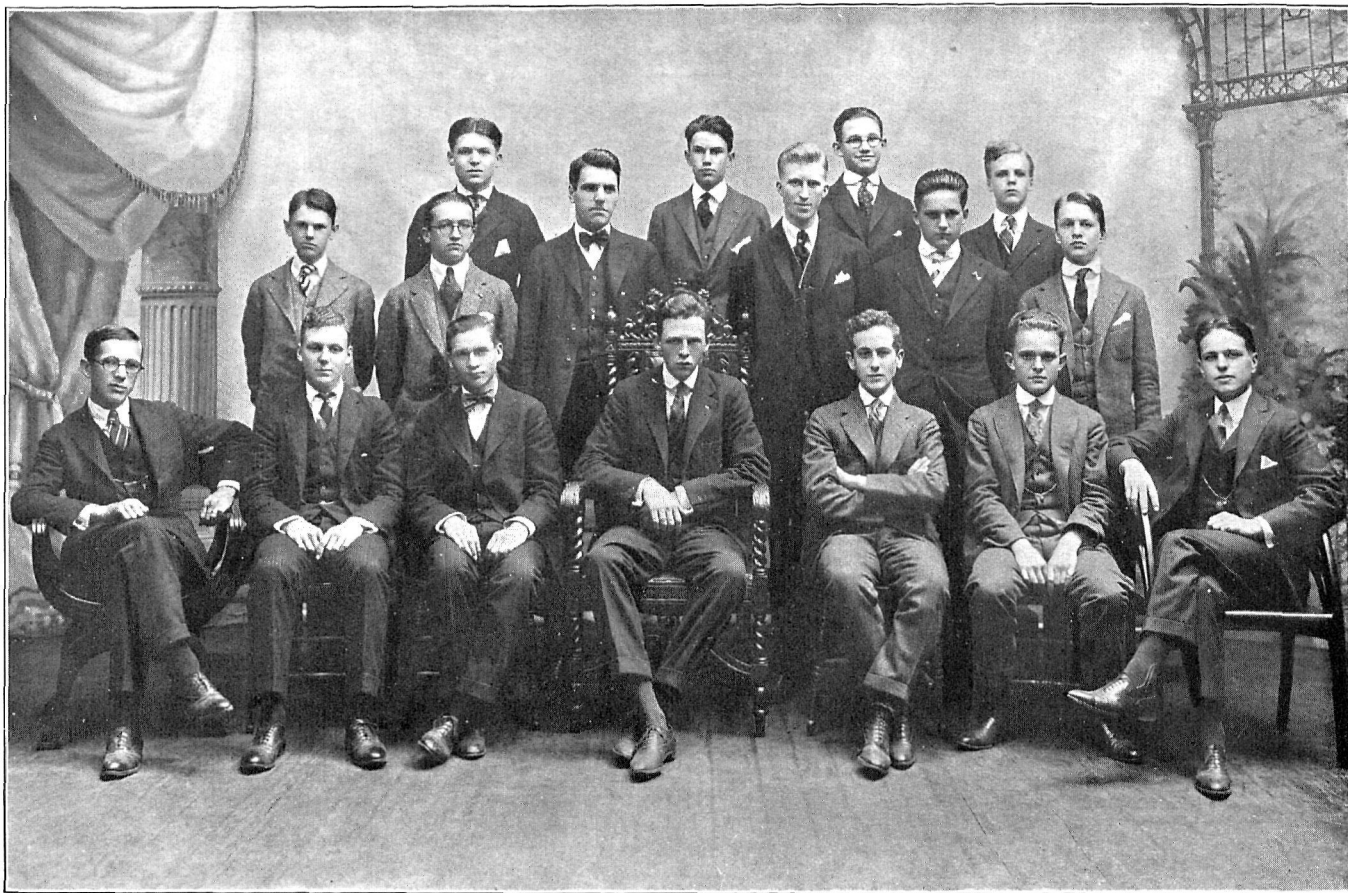
RALPH E. BISHOP
SAMUEL S. PENNOCK
WILLIAM A. SCHUSSLER

Third Violins

LOUIS R. GROVE
E. BURNELL RHOADS

Drums and Traps

EDWARD S. DE LONG, JR.
LOWELL S. THOMAS



SCIENCE CLUB

Science Club



President

ROBERT T. DAVIS

Vice-President

FRANK T. REDMOND

Treasurer

ROBERT S. JOYCE

Secretary

JACK S. STEELE

Executive Committee

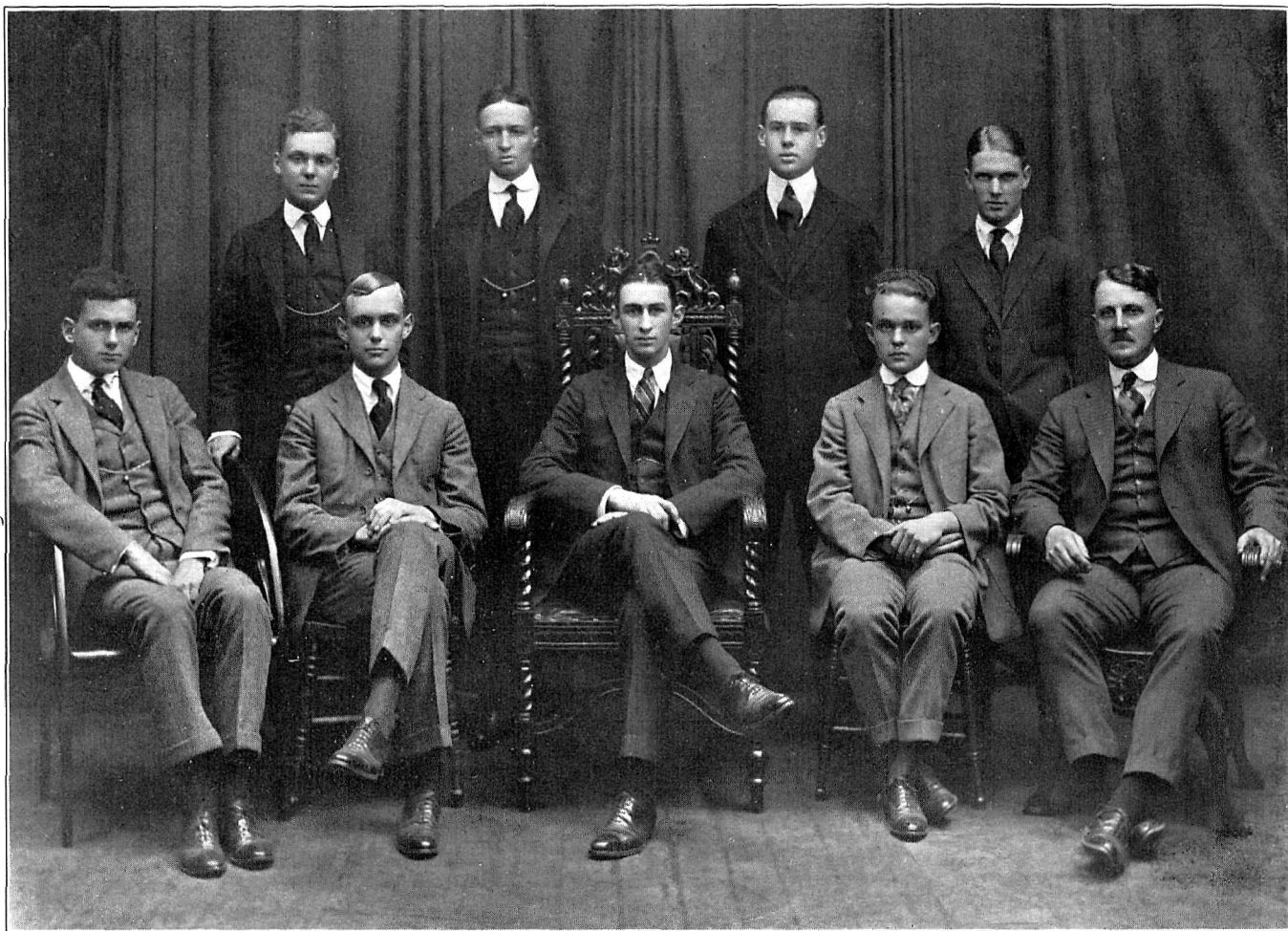
SAMUEL S. PENNOCK, JR.

THEODORE O. PETERSEN

THE meetings of the Science Club for the past year were most attractive. The talks given by men from some of the large industrial plants of the city, and also the talks and experiments by some of the members, were both interesting and instructive.

The visits which the club made to some of the large manufacturing plants were very interesting, and as a result, the club had a very successful year.

President David should be commended for the way in which he conducted the meetings, and Mr. Engelhardt gratefully thanked for the interest which he took in the club and for his able guidance.



THE TRIDENT

The Trident



DAVIS P. SMITH

PAUL SCHEIDT

J. MARSHALL PIERSOL

P. STICKNEY BRIGHT

BART PFINGST

ROBERT BRIGHAM

WILLIAM FLEMING

AIKEN REICHNER

The New Jersey Club



President

WILLIAM BODDY

Vice-President

F. PEDDLE

Treasurer

A. W. MACCALLUM

Secretary

F. L. SITLEY

Members

W. EARLEY

R. PATTERSON

J. GILL

R. BROWN

F. HARNED

J. REEVES

A. FLEMING

T. BROWN

S. MITCHELL

W. SHERRERD

B. FOX

DR. OTTMAN

H. HUMPHREYS

S. GROVES

S. COMLEY

J. CAREY

Penn Charter Athletic Association



President

J. MARSHALL PIERSOL

Vice-President

DAVIS P. SMITH

Secretary

ROBERT H. DAVIS

Treasurer

ISAAC PORTER

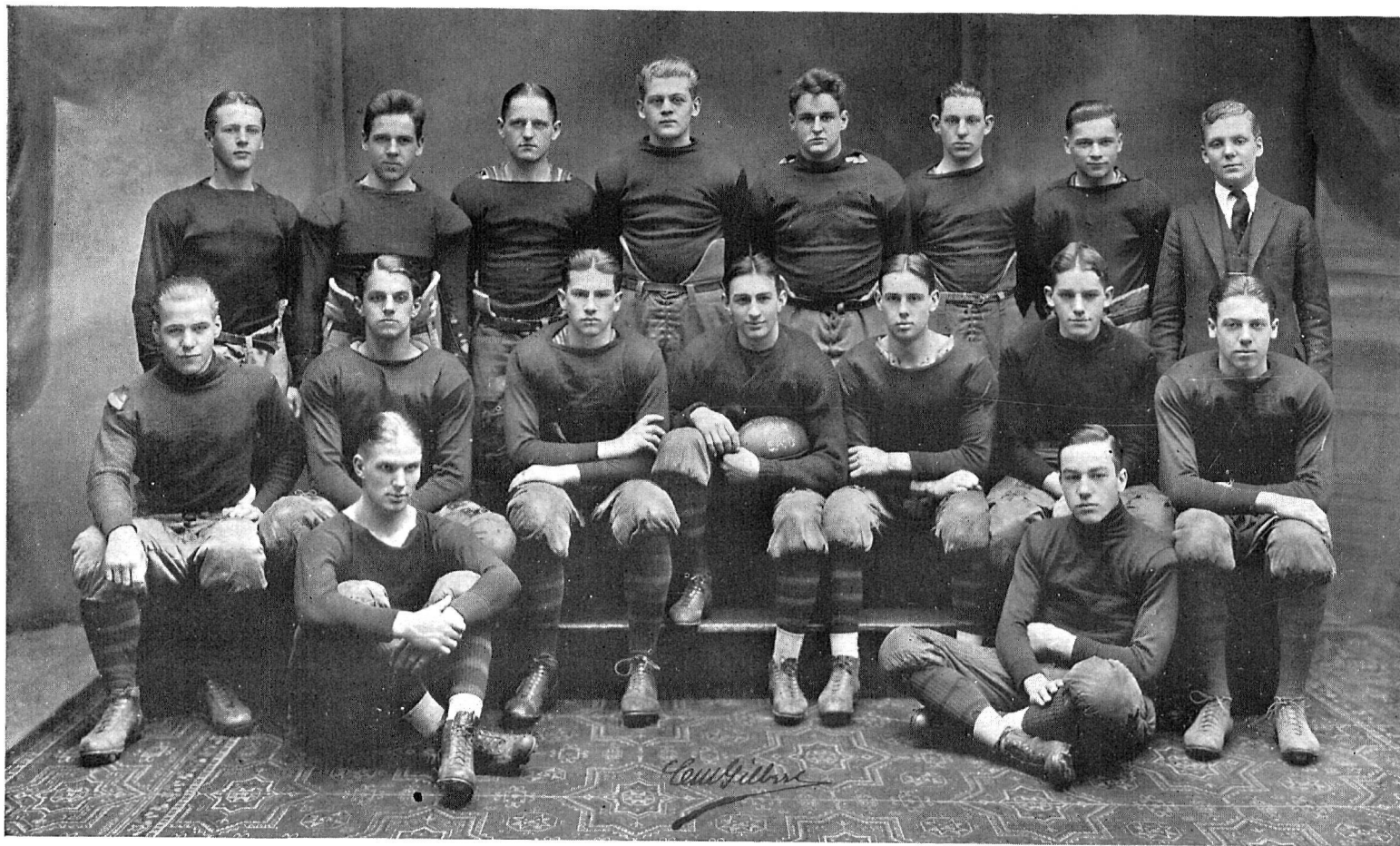


Football



PENN CHARTER won the I. A. A. A. championship for the fourth consecutive time, rolling up 99 points without being scored on in the league games. Cancellations by teams scheduled for early in the year on account of infantile paralysis hindered the team to no little degree. The only defeat came at the hands of Swarthmore Prep. after a gruelling battle.

At the end of the season six men were placed on the mythical All-Academic eleven, while four received places on the All-Scholastic team.



FOOTBALL TEAM

Football Team



Captain, J. MARSHALL PIERSOL

Coach, HENRY N. MERRITT

Manager, AIKEN REICHNER

Team

| | | | |
|------------|------------|------------|----------|
| BARTLETT | HAUFF | N. SANGREE | SMITH |
| T. BROWN | JOYCE | SCHEIDT | E. SPURR |
| CAMPBELL | REDMOND | SIGEL | J. SPURR |
| W. FLEMING | H. SANGREE | SITLEY | THOMAS |

Schedule

| | |
|--------------------------------------|--|
| September 22, Penn Charter — | Cheltenham High School (cancelled) . . — |
| September 29, Penn Charter 6 | Norristown High School 0 |
| October 6, Penn Charter — | Chestnut Hill Academy (cancelled) . . — |
| October 13, Penn Charter — | St. Luke's School (cancelled) — |
| October 20, Penn Charter 14 | West Philadelphia High School 7 |
| October 27, Penn Charter 0 | Swarthmore Preparatory School 6 |
| November 3, Penn Charter 31 | Lansdowne High School 0 |
| November 10, Penn Charter 45 | Friends' Central School 0 |
| November 17, Penn Charter 9 | Episcopal Academy 0 |
| November 24, Penn Charter 45 | Germantown Academy 0 |



BASEBALL TEAM



Baseball



THE baseball team staged one of the gamest uphill fights that has been witnessed in the I. A. A. A. League for years. After losing two league games, they braced and won the remainder, tying with Episcopal Academy for the championship. Captain Smith enlisted in the navy early in the season, and Sitley was chosen to succeed him.

Captain { DAVIS P. SMITH
F. LESTER SITLEY

Coach, HENRY N. MERRITT

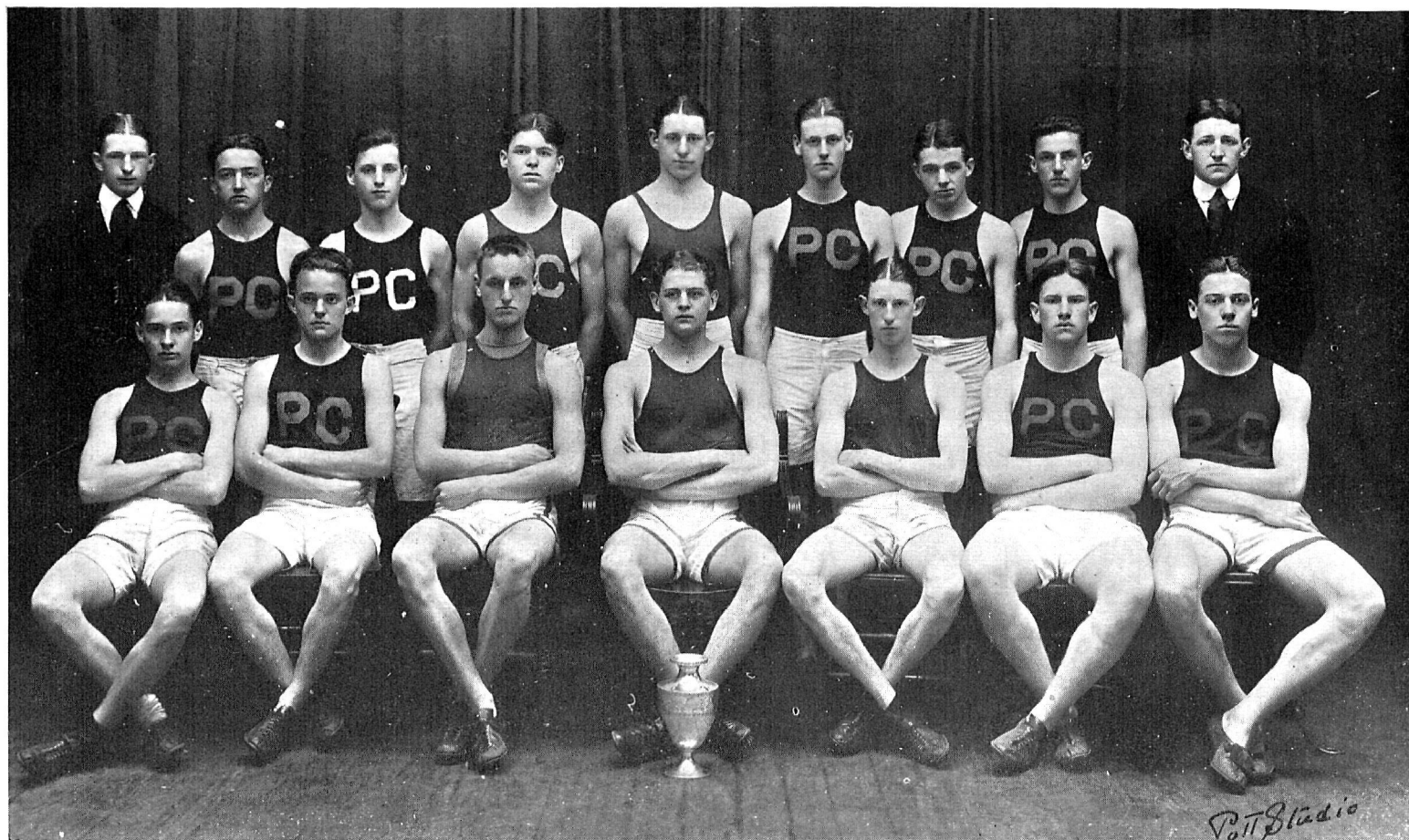
Manager, FRANK J. REDMOND

Team

| | | | | |
|----------|------------|------------|----------|---------|
| BARTLETT | CAREY | W. FLEMING | HARNED | PIERSOL |
| T. BROWN | A. FLEMING | GREENLEE | MITCHELL | WARD |

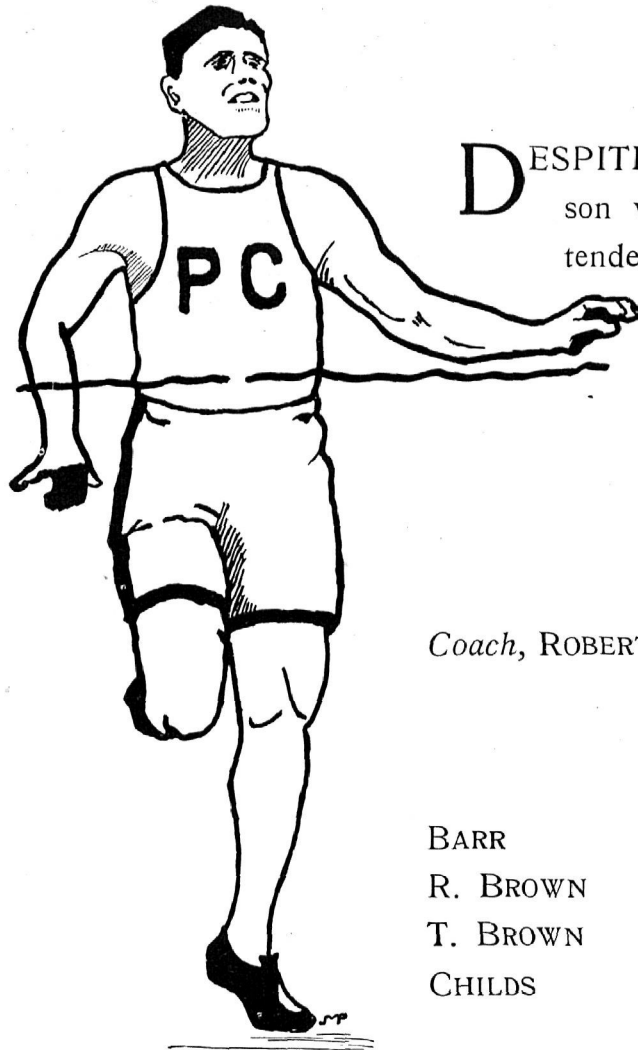
I. A. A. A. Schedule

| | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------------------|
| April 11, Penn Charter . . . 5 | Friends' Central School . . . 4 |
| April 20, Penn Charter . . . 5 | Germantown Academy . . . 10 |
| April 23, Penn Charter . . . 1 | Episcopal Academy . . . 3 |
| April 30, Penn Charter . . . 4 | Friends' Central School . . . 2 |
| May 4, Penn Charter . . . 6 | Episcopal Academy . . . 3 |
| May 11, Penn Charter . . . 8 | Germantown Academy . . . 6 |



TRACK TEAM

Track



DESPITE a very gloomy outlook at the start, the past season was a great success. Only mediocre results attended the preliminary meets, and the relays were lost to Episcopal. The team entered the Inter-Academic meet with Episcopal as a heavy favorite, but Penn Charter spirit again triumphed and defeated Episcopal by 12 points.

Captain, LOUIS P. SIGEL

Coach, ROBERT D. COLE

Manager, JOHN S. STEELE

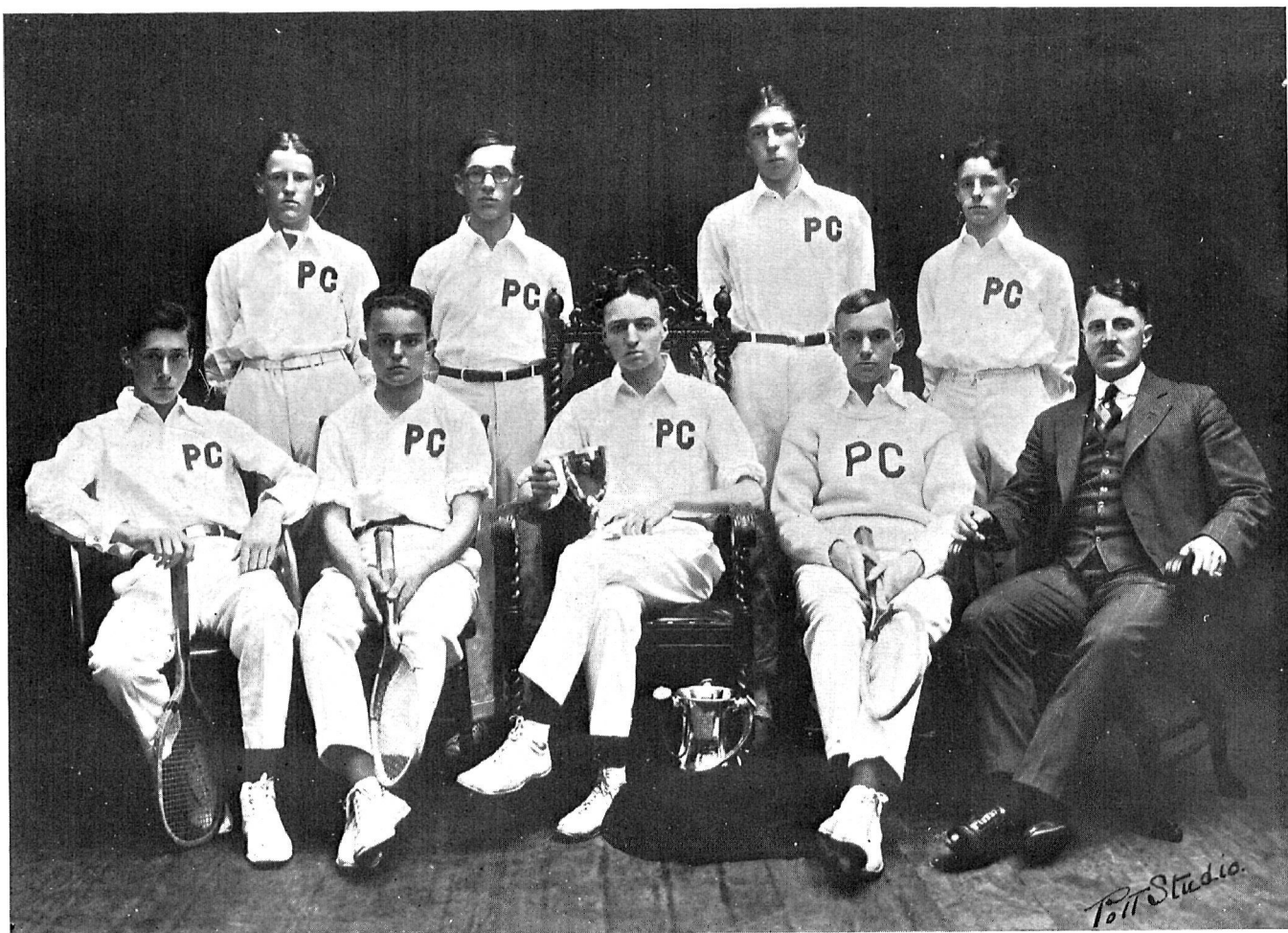
Team

BARR
R. BROWN
T. BROWN
CHILDS

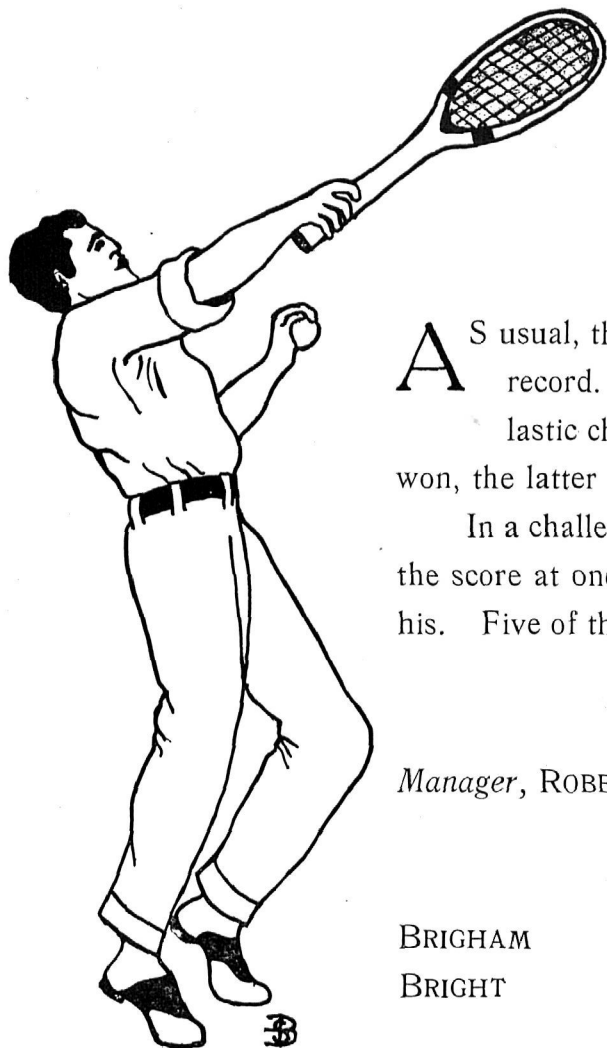
JACOBS
LIPPINCOTT
PETERSEN
PFINGST

RHOADS
RONEY
SCHOBLE
H. SMITH

R. SMITH
SITLEY
WIGFALL



TENNIS TEAM



Tennis



AS usual, the tennis team finished their season with a remarkable record. The Inter-Academic championship, the Inter-Scholastic championship, and the Junior Inter-Academic title were won, the latter two with record scores.

In a challenge match with Hill School, rain stopped the play with the score at one-all, Pfingst having won his match, while Myers lost his. Five of the eight men are left for next year.

Captain, P. STICKNEY BRIGHT

Manager, ROBERT BRIGHAM

Coach, CLINTON A. STRONG

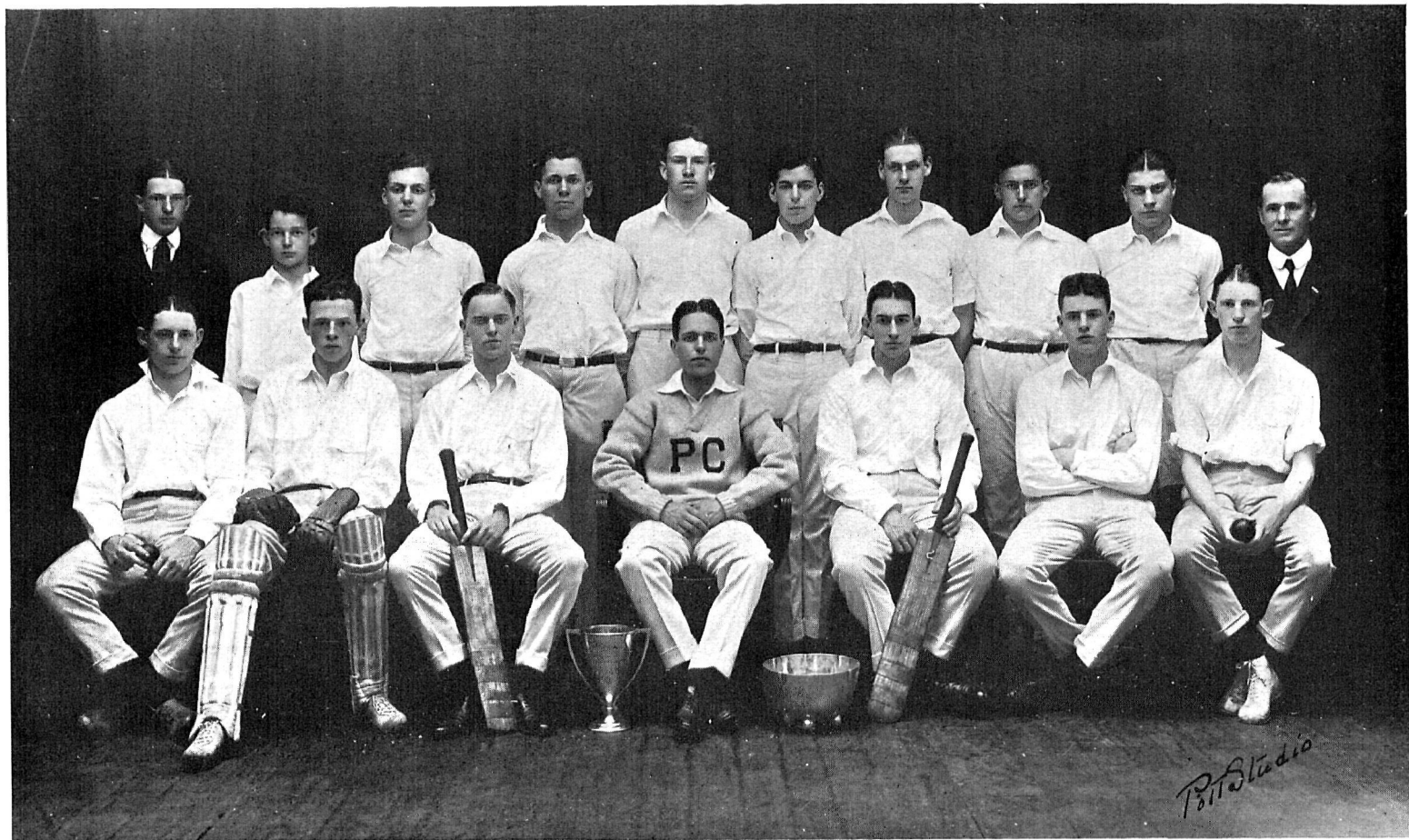
Team

BRIGHAM
BRIGHT

JACOBS
MYERS

PENNOCK
PFINGST

SIMPSON
W. TAYLOR



CRICKET TEAM



THE cricket team, despite the fact that Captain McGann had not a single veteran left from last year's team, again won the Interscholastic League championship with four victories to no defeats. The bowling of T. Brown, R. Brown and Van Pelt was splendid, while the batting average of the first mentioned and Pilling was commendable.

Captain, JAMES A. MCGANN, JR.

Manager, THEODORE O. PETERSEN

Field Coach, HARRY W. JUNGKURTH

Director, FREDERICK L. SMITH

R. BROWN

DAVIS

PIERSOL

SITLEY

T. BROWN

A. FLEMING

PILLING

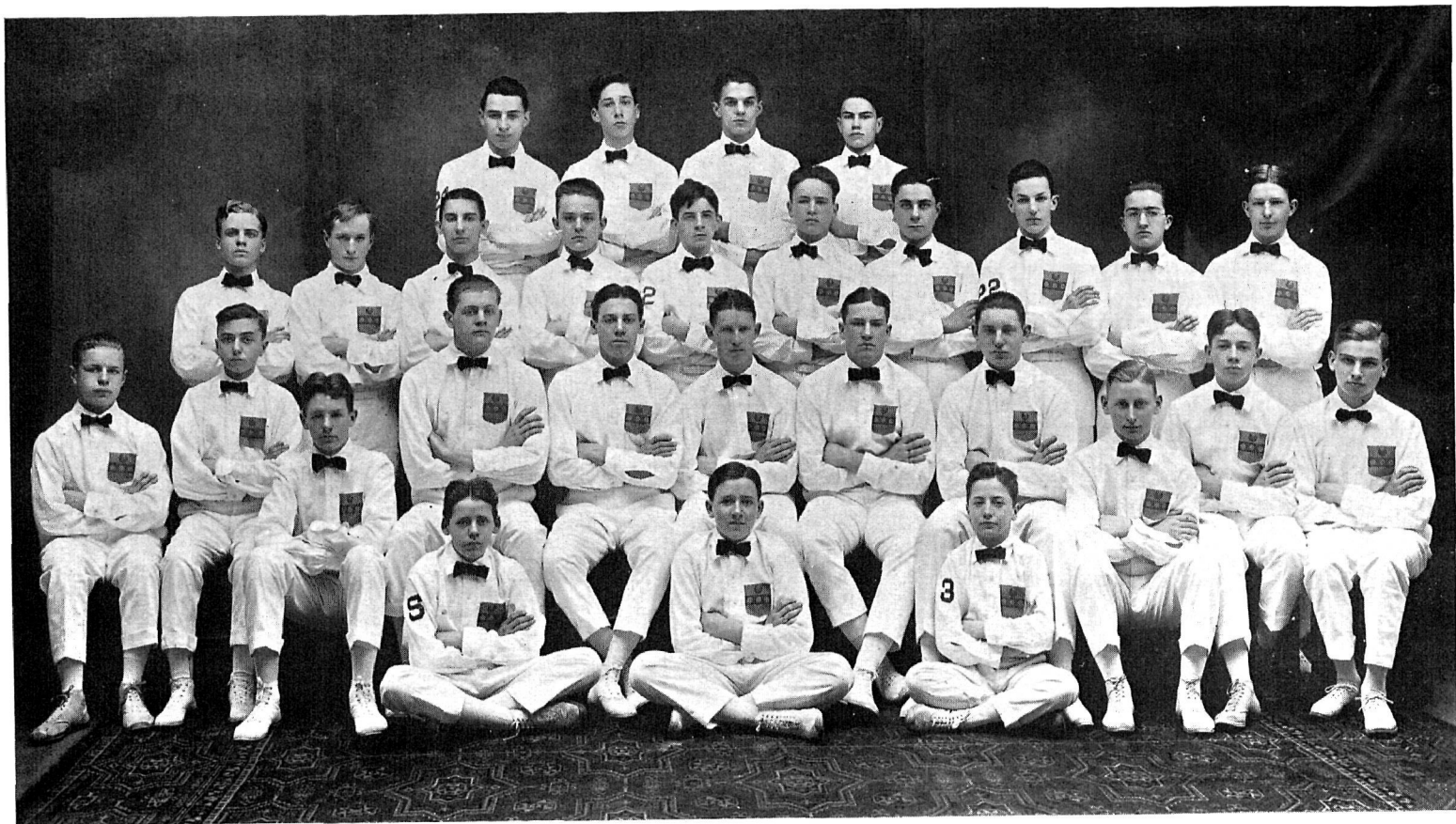
VAN PELT

CHAPMAN

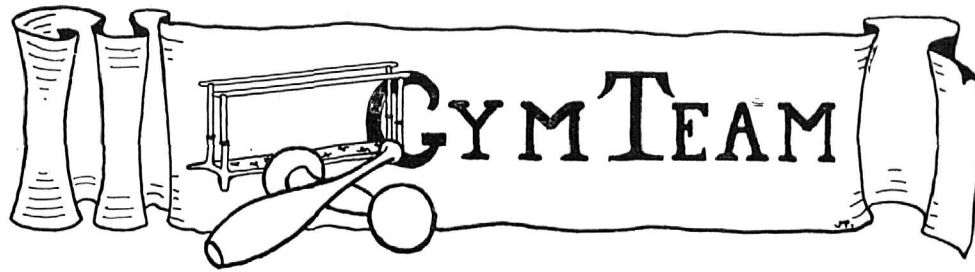
MCGANN

REICHNER

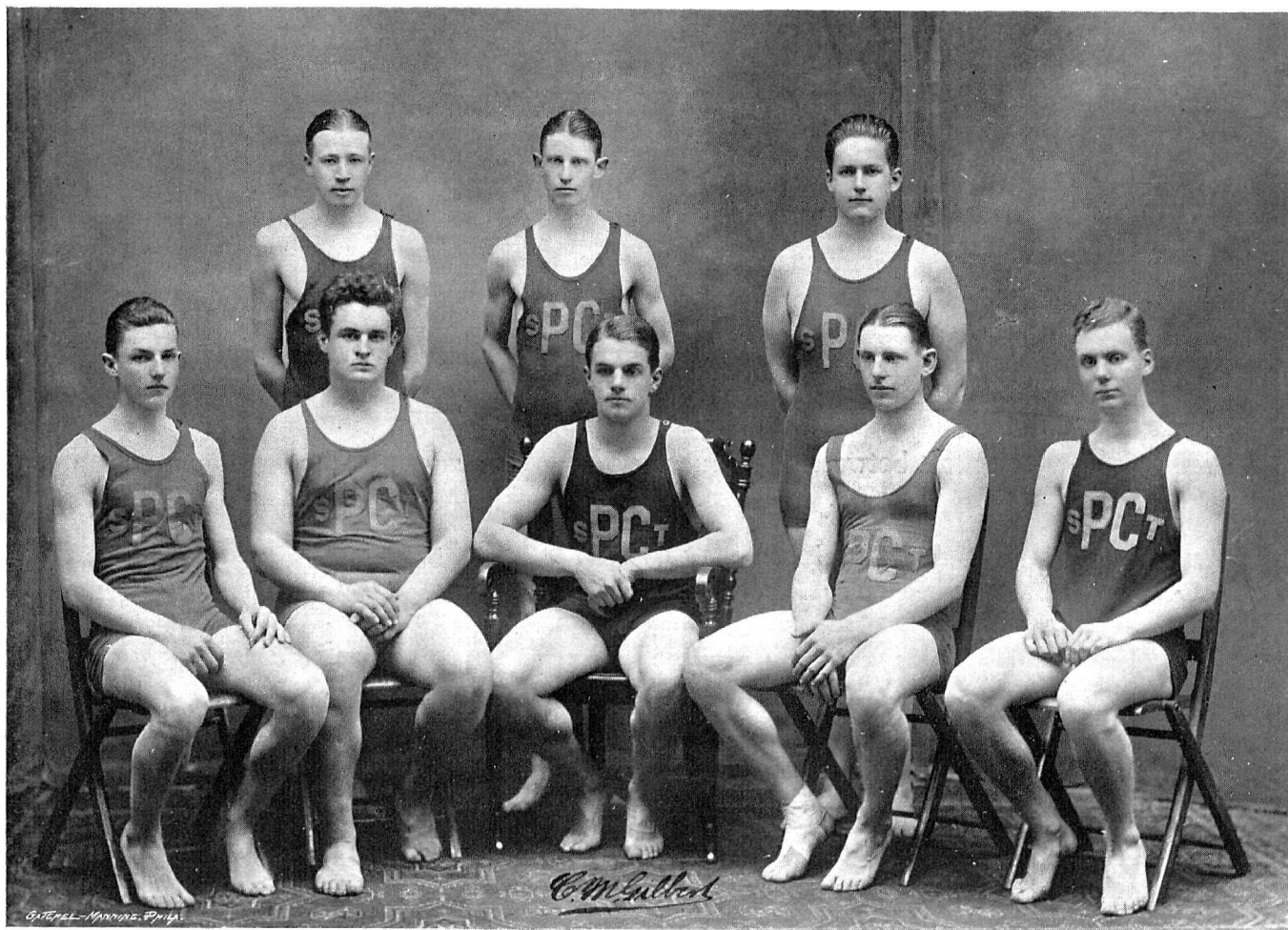
WARD



GYM TEAM



THE high shoot contest between the Blues and Yellows of the gymnasium team was the most exciting event of the evening. This year the gym team was unusually large, numbering in fact twenty-eight men, and great things were expected of so large a crowd. As the height steadily increased, the competitors dropped out one by one, until at seven feet there were only four men left besides Captain Thomas. Finally, Harned, a Blue, was the only one left, and the bar was raised to seven feet six inches, the present school record, and he cleared the height. President Piersol, of the Athletic Association, then presented Harned with the silver cup given by the Athletic Association.



SWIMMING TEAM

Swimming



FOR the first time, a swimming team was numbered among Penn Charter's sports. The team finished the season with a good record considering this was its first. Six men are left for next year, and the team ought to come through in fine shape.

The performances of Jack Spurr in the plunge were remarkable. He placed in the Swarthmore Inter-Scholastics, and regularly did over sixty feet.

Captain, EDWARD B. SPURR

Manager, AIKEN REICHNER

Coach, HENRY A. DRESSER

Team

ANDERSON

T. BROWN

PILLING

SCHELL

R. BROWN

JACOBS

REICHNER

J. SPURR

Points for the All-Around Cup



| | <i>E.A.</i> | <i>F.C.</i> | <i>G.A.</i> | <i>P.C.</i> |
|--------------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|-------------|
| Football | 3 | 0 | 1 | 5 |
| Baseball | 4 | 0 | 1 | 4 |
| Track | 3 | 1 | 0 | 5 |
| Tennis | 3 | 0 | 1 | 5 |
| | <hr/> 13 | <hr/> 1 | <hr/> 3 | <hr/> 19 |

Penn Charter won the Football Cup.

Penn Charter tied for the Baseball Cup.

Penn Charter won the I. S. L. Cup, the I. A. A. A. Cup, and the Junior I. A. A. A. Cup in Tennis.

Penn Charter won the I. S. L. Cup in Cricket.

Penn Charter won the All-Around Cup for 1917, scoring more points than the combined total of her other three opponents.

Knocques

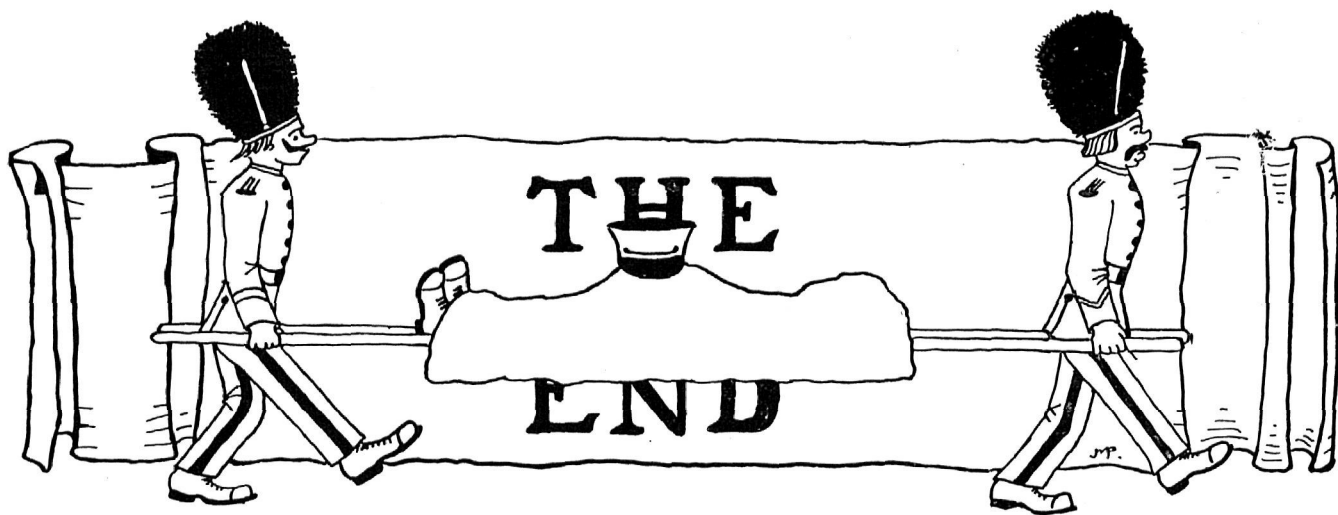
| NAME | AMBITION | FAVORITE HAUNT | PECULIAR CHARACTERISTIC | FAVORITE DIVERSION | FAVORITE EXPRESSION | DESTINATION |
|-------------|-----------------------------|---------------------|--------------------------------------|-------------------------------|--|-------------------------|
| Barrows | To play a piano | Assembly room | The way he smokes a pipe | Bumming | Do you think Hanscom will let me play? | Organ grinder |
| Bartlett | To please Smithy | The Stanley | His Yankee accent | Roller skating | Maine is sure a great place! | Admiral in the army |
| Birch | To get a first row seat | Any theater | His affection for chorus girls | Attending ye olde legge shows | Have you been to Keith's this week? | Stage door guard |
| Brainerd | To be a chemist | The "Lab" | His strange ability in Latin | Trying to play tennis | I got the class cup cinched! | Groundkeeper |
| Brigham | To win at poker | Queen Lane | His walk | Doing the Latin every day | Don't three of a kind beat two pair? | Gambler |
| Bright | To own Leary's | United Cigar Stores | The way he spouts big words | Consuming cigarettes | Gotta Fatima? | Tobacco salesman |
| Brown | To sing in opera | The Globe | The way he talk about N. J. chickens | Attending the Globe | You ought to see the diving girls | Limb critic |
| Davis | To be a pool shark | Allinger's | His pugilistic manner | Slinging bull | Let's go to the National! | Bouneer in a cheap café |
| Fleming, A. | To become a "pug" | The Olympia | His drawl | Trying to bluff Spitz | One beer! | Bartender |
| Fleming, W. | To agree with Leydon | Any Dansant | His affection for Mr. Leydon | Rolling the bones | Come seven, come eleven! | Social lion |
| Gill | To grow a beard | The piggeries | His thick skull | Picking alfalfa | Big crop this year! | Horse doctor |
| Harris | To dance like Vernon Castle | Carpenter's | His blush | Dancing | Don't you love a waltz? | Russian balloonist |

Knocques—(Continued)

| NAME | AMBITION | FAVORITE HAUNT | PECULIAR CHARACTERISTIC | FAVORITE DIVERSION | FAVORITE EXPRESSION | DESTINATION |
|------------|----------------------------------|------------------------|-------------------------------|--------------------------------------|---|----------------------------------|
| Hauff | To learn Latin | Market St. | His walk | Attending Sabbath school conventions | I think you're quite wrong, Mr. Smith! | Ice-man |
| Joyce | To collect Science dues | Mary Lyon School | The way he drives a Ford | Bulling the teachers | Maybe Swarthmore hasn't some chickens! | Chauffeur |
| Keller | To be a man | Binder's | His childish ways | Making paper dolls | Let's skip rope! | Juvenile lead |
| Kurtz | To sell his invention | U. S. Patent Office | His affection for Sangree | Selling piston rings | How soon you going? | Auto washer |
| Lippincott | To get a good sleep | Bed | His wide-awake look | Sleeping | This hot lunch is a mess! | Dope fiend |
| McEvoy | To stop singing through his nose | Any convent | His beard | Chasing ads | Three cheers for Pope! | Proprietor of Whatsoever mission |
| McGann | To get in right with Smithy | First row balcony | His love for musical comedies | Huyler's | Honest, fellows, I didn't graft on those pipes! | Clothes model |
| Myers | To prove McCor-mick wrong | Snellenberg's basement | His mathematical ability | Kidding McCor-mick | Say, Mr. McCor-mick! | Fireman on an electric train |
| Petersen | To get into Yale | "Her" parlor | His affection for the women | Acting tough | Wanta fight? | Floor-walker |
| Piersol | To run things | Lizzie | His Sunday night date | Playing with the "Lit" gavel | Meeting, please come to order! | Elevator boy at the Bellevue |
| Pfingst | To get in Haverford | Any tennis court | His obedience to Dr. Strong | Dodging tennis practice | Say, have you heard Brown tell this one! | Chef in a nut factory |
| Redmond | To have sleeping periods | Any resting room | His laughing chuckle | Dodging work | Why worry? | Turkish bath proprietor |

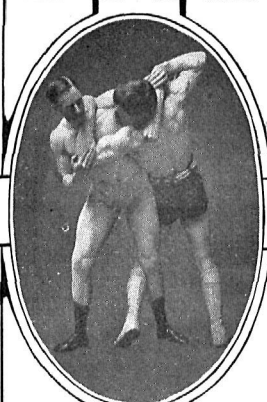
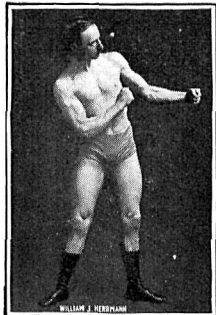
Knocques—(Continued)

| NAME | AMBITION | FAVORITE HAUNT | PECULIAR CHARACTERISTIC | FAVORITE DIVERSION | FAVORITE EXPRESSION | DESTINATION |
|----------|----------------------------------|---------------------------|--------------------------|--------------------------------|---|-----------------------------|
| Reichner | To bluff McCormick | Chestnut Street | His baby-doll complexion | Talking to girls | Great Balls of fire! | Arrow collar model |
| Sangree | To think clearly | The pulpit | His stubbornness | Cross-examining the teachers | Hey, Bart, you better come to Haverford! | Clergyman |
| Scheidt | To be a brewery foreman | Any religious conference | His profanity | Running around Norristown | (Not printable) | Saloonkeeper |
| Sibley | To leave Chestnut Hill | Whitman's | His ability in Spanish | Talking with Spitz in Spanish | Do we practice today? | Motorman |
| Sigel | To meet the girls | Continental roof | His horrible oaths | Chasing chorus girls | (No printable ones known to editor) | Stage dresser at the Gaiety |
| Smith | To enter vaudeville with Hanscom | The L'Aiglon | His liking for cafe life | Slinging bull | I'm the Mayor's son! | Patent medicine drummer |
| Spurr | To beat up the class | Duerr's | His temper | Running with 14-year-old girls | Ain't I good looking? | Long distance swimmer |
| Steele | To learn to dance | Wanamaker's music counter | His laugh | Trying to beat Sunday | Say, kid, seen this? | Bill poster |
| Tyson | To be a chemist | Near Mr. Engelhart | His breath | Trying to be funny | Physics is a cinch! | Auctioneer |
| Van Pelt | To play tennis | Adelphia Tea Room | His ambitious way | Studying Greek | Any Greek today? | Usher at the Arcadia |
| Vaux | To pass physics | His home | His talkative manner | His classical features | (After extensive research, none has been found) | Dumb-waiter |



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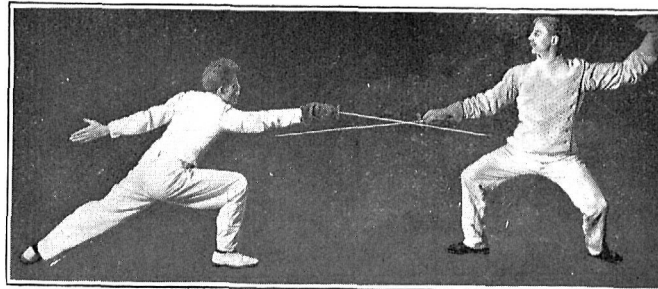
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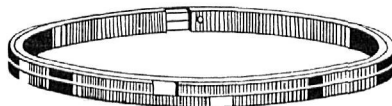
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