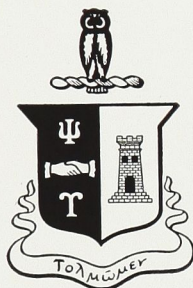


HISTORY
of the
TAU CHAPTER



of Psi Upsilon

WRITTEN BY
WILLIAM PAGE HARBESON
MAY, 1942

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ROLL OF CHAPTERS

CHAPTER	UNIVERSITY AND DATE	ADDRESS
<i>Theta</i>	Union College November 24, 1833	<i>College Campus Schenectady, New York</i>
<i>Delta</i>	New York University February 11, 1837	<i>115 West 183d Street New York City</i>
<i>Beta</i>	Yale University (Inactive) August 9, 1839	
<i>Sigma</i>	Brown University March 28, 1840	<i>4 Manning Street Providence, Rhode Island</i>
<i>Gamma</i>	Amherst College November 16, 1841	<i>South Pleasant Street Amherst, Massachusetts</i>
<i>Zeta</i>	Dartmouth College May 10, 1842	<i>Hanover, New Hampshire</i>
<i>Lambda</i>	Columbia University June 20, 1842	<i>627 West 115th Street New York City</i>
<i>Kappa</i>	Bowdoin College July 26, 1843	<i>250 Main Street Brunswick, Maine</i>
<i>Psi</i>	Hamilton College September 25, 1843	<i>College Street Clinton, New York</i>

CHAPTER	UNIVERSITY AND DATE	ADDRESS
<i>Xi</i>	Wesleyan University November 20, 1843	<i>High and College Streets Middletown, Connecticut</i>
<i>Upsilon</i>	University of Rochester February 15, 1858	<i>College Campus Rochester, New York</i>
<i>Iota</i>	Kenyon College November 24, 1860	<i>Gambier, Ohio</i>
<i>Phi</i>	University of Michigan January 26, 1865	<i>1000 Hill Street Ann Arbor, Michigan</i>
<i>Omega</i>	University of Chicago April 17, 1869	<i>5639 University Avenue Chicago, Illinois</i>
<i>Pi</i>	Syracuse University June 8, 1875	<i>101 College Place Syracuse, New York</i>
<i>Chi</i>	Cornell University June 12, 1876	<i>Forest Park Lane Ithaca, New York</i>
<i>Beta Beta</i>	Trinity College February 4, 1880	<i>81 Vernon Street Hartford, Connecticut</i>
<i>Eta</i>	Lehigh University February 22, 1884	<i>920 Brodhead Avenue Bethlehem, Pennsylvania</i>
<i>Tau</i>	University of Pennsylvania May 5, 1891	<i>300 South 36th Street Philadelphia, Pennsylvania</i>
<i>Mu</i>	University of Minnesota May 22, 1891	<i>1617 University Avenue Minneapolis, Minnesota</i>
<i>Rho</i>	University of Wisconsin March 27, 1896	<i>222 Lake Lawn Place Madison, Wisconsin</i>
<i>Epsilon</i>	University of California August 18, 1902	<i>1815 Highland Place Berkeley, California</i>
<i>Omicron</i>	University of Illinois May 28, 1910	<i>313 Armory Avenue Champaign, Illinois</i>
<i>Delta Delta</i>	Williams College May 7, 1913	<i>Williamstown, Massachusetts</i>
<i>Theta Theta</i>	University of Washington June 10, 1916	<i>1818 East 47th Street Seattle, Washington</i>
<i>Nu</i>	University of Toronto April 24, 1920	<i>65 St. George Street Toronto, Canada</i>
<i>Epsilon Phi</i>	McGill University March 17, 1928	<i>3429 Peel Street Montreal, Canada</i>
<i>Zeta Zeta</i>	University of British Columbia October 19, 1935	<i>4675 West 4th Avenue Vancouver, B. C., Canada</i>

An Appreciation

THE VALUE of any history depends for the most part upon the method employed by the historian in his approach to the subject matter. This is particularly true with any social organization such as a fraternity. Statistics may be of interest and have their place, but it is the spiritual and cultural background which determines the real character of such a group. In this respect the Tau is most fortunate that its history has been written by one so well fortified with these qualifications.

Fraternities, generally speaking, have contributed much to the life of the colleges and universities of America. To justify their continued existence, it is believed by many they will be required to set a standard of service and scholarship in their respective institutions far higher than that exhibited in a gone era. Psi Upsilon in general and the Tau in particular have always enjoyed a commanding and leading position. It is men of the type and character of William P. Harbe-

son, who has given so generously much of his time and thought to the writing of the history of the Tau, that exemplify the worth of a fraternity. He was not initiated into the Tau until some years after his undergraduate days. It is not too much to say this in a sense is more of a compliment to the Fraternity than to him, since the exercise of a more mature judgment on his part evidently convinced him of the value of the Fraternity. His association with the Tau over many years has been a decidedly contributing factor for the finer and better qualities in the life of the Chapter. As an outstanding and distinguished professor in the English Department at the University of Pennsylvania, he has, with his kindly, gentlemanly and understanding manner, influenced succeeding generations of boys in the house toward a higher standard of education and service. It is to be hoped he will long continue his interest since there still is so much to be desired in bringing into the life of the undergraduates a realization that the cultural side of an education is a determining factor in after life as a measuring rod of a gentleman and a citizen.

To Bill Harbeson, the Tau in these few words attempts to register a sense of appreciation for his unselfish devotion to the advancement, interests and welfare of the Fraternity.

The City

IN THE 1880's Philadelphians still lived in Philadelphia. That, of course, was long before the time when the petrol-wagon dispersed the old community, scattered it to the four orts, and left the Old City merely a wilderness of business houses, eating houses, garages, filling stations, and brick piles for serenading cats—a place to get out of at the end of the day. Every advance in civilization entails its attendant loss. The motor has opened up the wide country to us who might never have seen it, but at such mad speed that we never notice it at all. How we laugh nowadays at Stevenson's old-fashioned idea that the joy of travel is the going, and not the end thereof. The end is the only thing that matters, of course. Let's get there, and get there quick! Gasoline has made it possible for a man to sit under his own vine and fig tree in the relative quiet of the suburbs, but it has annihilated all the neighborliness, the friendliness, of the old city block. You once knew everyone that lived thereabouts. You would drop in on them when you saw a light in the front parlour, naturally, casually, and keep your friendships green. Now a visit is a formal thing, entailing endless tele-

phone negotiations. It means a long journey, for your friends always live on the periphery of things. It spells a whole evening. Life has become strangely complicated.

In Gilbert and Sullivan days the old order had not yet passed. People lived in town, and liked it. And they found it a very comfortable abiding place, the city, as they called it, of homes. The green country town that Penn had thought of, with its prim checker-boarding of streets, had swollen into a metropolis of seven hundred thousand. The Consolidation Act of 1854 had taken in village after village, borough after borough, until physically, at least, the new county with the old name was the largest in the Union. But in spite of its vast acreage, in spite of its boast as the manufacturing capital, something of the old village feeling still persisted, its homeliness, its provincialism, if you will. Henry James noticed it with his quick eye when he tarried there. "It is a town," he said, "that doesn't *bristle*." He was delighted with its quietness as compared with New York, its sense of old and abiding order. Other visitors were not so kind. One of them many years later called it petulantly the City of Seven Sundays. And indeed it was hardly a place for visitors. These came dutifully to see the various shrines of Liberty, and went quickly home to laugh at the latest wheeze about slumber. It was emphatically a place for home-dwellers. With strangers its citizens were courteous, but somewhat restrained. They had a little of the feeling of Thomas Hardy, who asked his guests on what train they were leaving. After all, they preferred their own kind. Philadelphia was for Philadelphians.

The various parts of town kept their former names and characteristics. But life was summed up in the Old City. What Mayfair was to London in the Restoration, Penn's village was to Philadelphia in Victoria's day. With this differ-

ence: Mayfair lay on the outskirts of the English capital, was its newest development, whereas in Philadelphia propriety dwelt in the old places. In this respect it resembled Vienna, whose palaces hide in the narrow streets near St. Stephen's. The Austrians razed their walls in the reign of Franz Josef, and turned them into boulevards. Philadelphia kept its walls. Not that you would have noticed them. They were invisible to the naked eye. But they were palpable, nevertheless. Market to Pine, river to river, and then—The Wall: Thus far shalt thou go, no farther.

Feeling among the indwellers for those outside was not of condescension toward them, but simply of satisfaction in themselves. A distinguished officer of the University took his wife on a carriage ride through the vasty stretches of North Philadelphia. And she turned to him and said, "Why, dear, these people live quite comfortably." There was surprise in that, perhaps, but also pleasure. As for those who took their ease in Zion, they felt that they had reached the center of things, the Ultima Thule. It is best summed up in the reply made by a young girl of a later generation at a presentation at Court, a girl from the Main Line, that spiritual extension of Rittenhouse Square. The Queen asked her where she lived, and she said quite simply, "On the Main Line." Of course when you were there you didn't go on. You went up.

The streets of the ancient town were possibly not so impressive as some outside. There was nothing to compare, for instance, with the amplitude of North Broad Street with its double rows of sycamores near Girard Avenue; not the chill classic grace of the Harrah mansion, white marble in a setting of English turf; nor the home of Richard Smith. These all had breathing-room and green gardens, the advantage of space. They hinted of the country.

In the City the thoroughfares were narrow and almost treeless. Their only suggestion of the open air was the sylvan names that Penn had given them: Chestnut, Walnut, Locust, Spruce, Pine. Each of these had its own quality, its individual feeling.

Chestnut Street was largely given over to shopping, shopping of the better sort. Hadn't a Russian countess remembered Philadelphia as the home of Bailey, Banks and Biddle? The heavy Doric portico of one fine church, the rounded façade and circular spire of another, gave shadow to its mass, and variety to its sky-line. A big yellow hotel and a couple of double houses with gardens lent it a touch of colour. Up at the corner of Nineteenth Street the great marble pile of the Jayne mansion sheltered itself from curiosity with a redoubtable marble wall, and recalled ducal city-seats in Piccadilly. Altogether it was a satisfying and inspiring place, this highway, in which to linger.

Walnut Street existed for promenading. So its architectural frame was properly neutral—nothing of great charm save the frontage on The Square; nothing depressing unless it was the grim brownstone house at Twentieth Street, where Henry Charles Lea wrote his *History of the Inquisition*—a fitting inspiration for such a work.

The Street called Locust vouchsafed to the city one of its few complete pictures. In the middle of the block, beyond Sixteenth, John Notman built, some time in the '50's, his masterpiece, St. Mark's Church, with its attendant group of parish buildings. Time had treated it kindly, mellowing its ruddy brownstone. In the spring season it was at its best, when the entire fabric was mantled in ivy, even to the top of its comely spire; and the rose-garden was noisy with birds. Opposite, big houses in the British style showed second-story drawing rooms with generous windows, and ironwork,

and niches for statuary. It was a tranquil backwater filled with Sabbatarian calm. An august calm. One of its residents found great comfort in the Scriptural promise: "In my Father's house are many mansions." One didn't like to be too various even in Heaven.

Spruce Street was all red brick and white marble, with houses of an honest roast-beef architecture. A little monotonous perhaps. Louis Nixon, the naval designer, who camped here for a couple of years, remarked ruefully that he was never able to pick out his own house when he came back at night from a party—they were all so much alike. So he had his front painted a bright yellow; and then they raised the rent on him. But it was formidably correct.

It was given to Pine Street, however, to be the most Philadelphian of them all, the most ingratiating. Somehow it wore its honors more lightly than the others. Amiable tabernacles were there aplenty. Sheltering First Families. But its people were not afraid to show independence, and indulged in architectural freaks. It tolerated stores, as they were called, even hand-me-down shops. And if you walked its length from River to River you could find every variation of domestic building from the pure colonial near the quiet of St. Peter's graveyard to Post-Queen-Anne near the muddy wastes of Schuylkill. It should have been called Victoria Street. That title summed up its solid comfort, its almost Dickensy charm.

It was in these strait streets, within these old walls, that you found everything of vital interest in the Quaker City. Rare Georgian buildings like the Morris house on Eighth Street, islanded among the immigrants, left behind with the westward surge of fashion, but still swept and garnished. Or more ambitious places in the classic style that came in the wake of Grecian independence, the reading of Lord Byron,

the study of Thomas Jefferson, and real wealth in America; the only style, they tell us, that we have ever really made our own. Your thought, among these, always travelled first to the Yellow Mansion at Broad and Walnut Streets, probably because of the prominence of its location. Very cheerful it was, in its bright-yellow stucco, that infinitely kindly material that takes age so well and livens up the drab colours of a town. Somehow it suggested great size, too, in its uncompromising squareness. The horizontal lines breathed serenity, a sense of satisfaction with the earth on which it rested so comfortably. Back of the house there was a garden. In the garden were marble gods and goddesses. Outside the garden was a high wall, to keep people from seeing more than was good for them. House and garden together faced the lump of City Hall and shamed it: that ugly piece of Renaissance squattiness that was blocking up Broad Street, cutting it in two. The older era had reticence; the newer one, alas, had not.

Equal in age but much superior in design was the Physick mansion on Rittenhouse Square. Here the marble portico had weathered to a beautiful honey-yellow and the Ionic pillars had worn away, until it took not too much enthusiasm or sentimentality to fancy they had been brought from the Mediterranean in a time when looting classic lands was quite the order of the day and a gentleman was unhappy unless he had some ruins about him, either in the garden or the façade of his home. The house, which was not very large, had a quiet way of dominating the Square, even at the expense of Holy Trinity nearby.

The pleasure you had from all these things was in a certain restraint in their language. You felt it even in the more usual houses of the Victorian period, with their back build-ings and their spiral (or spinal) staircases. You felt it even

in their more public buildings, which differed from the others only in size; for Philadelphians had almost a phobia of attracting undue attention, whether with their clothes or with their edifices. You felt it, curiously enough, even in the hotels that roof in expensive waifs and estrays, those big concatenations of rooms that usually are monuments of impersonality.



THE OLD BELLEVUE, 1881-1904

Certainly there never was another hostelry quite like the old Bellevue. It was the quintessence of the Philadelphia spirit. Not very large, only four stories high, of red brick and marble, which was proper, and severely plain, which was even properer. Yet with every detail nicely studied. The tall windows giving out on their iron balconies had an air about

them. They made you think—well, not perhaps of Courts and Kings, since we don't have those amenities over here, but at least of the Very Best. You almost felt as if you needed a card of introduction to the place, as you do to Claridge's, in London. Marmoreal flunkeys were so polite that you were sure you should apologize for intruding upon their privacy. One president of the United States actually did.

It was a proper foil for the Stratford, across the way, much more youthful in spirit, with its yellow plaster, its petunia-ed window boxes, and an occasional tally-ho in front of its portal; and a fitting complement to the Academy of Music, a block farther down the street. The front of the Academy might have served equally well for a railroad station or a market—the designs were used for those purposes in other parts of town: North Italian, they called it. But inside, Le Brun was at his best. With memories of San Carlo strong within him he created a pleasure-dome of ivory and gold and red that acoustically was worthy of the great divas who sang there, and artistically was a fitting background for the social events that culminated in the Assembly Ball. This was Philadelphia's meeting place.

That is, the official meeting place, the evening meeting place, the formal one. There was another, out of doors and informal, that lay off to the west and was called by its familiars the Square. A natural converging point. For just as the life of greater Philadelphia was summed up in what one hesitates to call the lesser, so the life of this little city was summed up in Rittenhouse Square. This blessed plot was the only one of Penn's open spaces that, socially speaking, survived. Two of them lay outside The Wall and were therefore not in the scheme of Arden. One had sunk to the base uses of a building site for the municipality. The other was too far "downtown." So the citizens made the most of what they

had. The park was minute so far as mere area was concerned, but if you looked carefully you could see the hub of the universe turning slowly at its center; and what it lost in size it gained in importance. The place was full of sun. Umbrageous old trees played tricks with dappled light and shade. Cast-iron fountains, not much to look at in themselves, became picturesque because of their setting; and the soft welling up of water was grateful to the senses. As for the framing, it was perhaps enough to remark that it was worthy of this green felicity. Here the Philadelphians had their most stately mansions, opulent, but quietly so:

*"I only ask that Heaven send
A little more than I can spend."*

—and though of divers styles, forming parts of one harmonious whole, save for a few Gothic intruders that had lately shouldered into the southern side.

It was colorful and alive, always. In the mornings it belonged to the children and their nurses; there was an overtone of shrill treble voices. In the afternoon it appertained to their elders: women—ladies—in tight, bebustled gowns, and little bonnets; men—doctors, lawyers, judges, swathed in the unpicturesque but dismally respectable clothes that enlightenment has ordained for the mere male, to distinguish him from his brother animals. Yet even they achieved some variety with their beardings. There were full square beards, suggestive of at least chief justices; pointed beards that belonged indubitably to the arts; moustaches limp and bristling; and whiskers Dundreary. Humanity had not standardized itself into a composite naked face.

There were no chairs on the boulevard—that was not in the American Plan. But if you lounged a bit on the diagonal

paths you could easily pick out the celebrities. Anthony Drexel, the Banker Baron, and George W. Childs, owner of the prodigiously respectable *Ledger*, walk arm in arm toward the marble mausoleum at Twenty-second Street where there is open house for notables—Childs is Philadelphia's lion-tamer. Richard Vaux strides jauntily along, coat open, tails flapping in the wind; he is the presiding officer of the Town, its spokesman-official, as Wayne MacVeagh was to be in a later age. Literary men, too; for the Quakers have their cult of letters, though with their peculiar gift for understatement they say little about them, perhaps do not fully appreciate them. You recognize Charles Godfrey Leland, tall, smiling, handsome, well groomed; he has made America laugh with Hans Breitman, has made it think with his gypsy ballads. He is a familiar figure. George Henry Boker is not so well known. He has lived abroad for a score of years as a diplomat. Yet his *Francesca da Rimini* has been played with vast success by Lawrence Barrett; and he has written as many sonnets as Shakespeare himself—or is it more?

And now and then, only semioccasionally, for this is not his orbit, you can see, lounging on one of the public benches, the man they are beginning to call, not with too much enthusiasm, for frankly he worries them, the Good Gray Poet. You cannot fail to notice him. He is (shall we admit it?) a trifle conspicuous, an odd fish in this aquarium; bearded and venerable, but clad outrageously in clothes that seem either to have been stuck on him or thrown at him, his unlaundered shirt open at the neck and innocent of even an old cravat, and topped with an amorphous felt hat. Here he is not quite at his ease. Or perhaps he finds the place dull—who knows? If you want to find him at his best, look for him on one of the ferry boats on his way back to Camden, where he lives in almost defiant simplicity, or slouching in the shoe-shine chair

at the foot of Market Street, or waiting in the horse-car down there near the Delaware, swapping talk with the driver or the other passengers. These are his folks. He understands them. He loves them. They represent the Democracy, the New Order. As for the Toffs, he doesn't cotton to them, or they to him, exactly. Oh, they recognize his talent; he is known and celebrated, perhaps even a genius. But, after all, there is such a thing as good taste, and even with the most catholic sympathies in the world there are certain things that a gentleman just doesn't do. Now Mr. Leland and Mr. Boker are writers, good writers too, but they—well, you understand.

Somehow it forms an engaging picture, all of this. Perhaps Henry James was right when he found a touch of the meridional in its civilization (how he loves to choose a big word when a little one will do!). Perhaps the sunsets were a little warmer and life a little more expansive than in certain other cities—New York, for instance, which scorned Philadelphia a little as its own biggest suburb, its dormitory. The two cities were only ninety miles apart, too little for the well-being of the smaller place. But in civilization they were as sundered as the poles. New York had at least one characteristic of the Athens of old: it was restless, ever seeking after a new thing. Philadelphia was troubled as Lot's wife was—poor unappreciated lady, always looking regretfully over the shoulder. Its people loved the past. They had reason to. Their history was distinguished, their culture old and settled. They cherished the whole fabric. They didn't like to see it changed. They understood Lord Melbourne's weary plaint: "Why can't they let things alone?" Old things seemed good very often because they were old, and new things dangerous precisely because they were novel. Their motto was *FESTINALENTE*, very *LENTE*. This was what made them hug the past, to be timorously conservative, to trust overmuch to in-

breeding. This was what gave value and substantiality to all their life, and at the same time conditioned it oddly. It affected their politics, their University, and even those smaller social units—the Fraternities. Everyone who knows his Philadelphia knows these things well. Yet they are worth examining, watching well.

The College

IN LATE September of the year of grace 1940 the University of Pennsylvania observed its Bi-Centennial, observed it with a dignity worthy of the city, of the country, of itself. In the many buildings, symposia were held every day under the aegis of scholars from an infinity of colleges. Messages of congratulation came pouring in from all over the troubled world. There were colorful academic processions, and bestowals of coveted degrees. On Friday afternoon the climax was reached when in the Municipal Auditorium before an audience of at least ten thousand, with overflow crowds who listened in by radio, the President of the United States was guest of honor, delivered the oration, and was made a Doctor of Laws; just as, about a century and a half before, the first President was awarded the same honour by the same college in the quiet of the Old City.

And people, as they hearkened to these things, looked at the many paintings, examined the scientific apparatus, old books, pamphlets, gifts and honours with which the place was crowded, all by or about Pennsylvania men, marvelled at the great work that had been accomplished over that span

of years, the impression it had made upon the life of the country—realized it for the first time, perhaps, for the place is too little given to singing its own praises. Even some of the older and more condescending colleges shared in the general admiration, felt the achievement and the promise for the future. This was not merely a retrospective celebration. It was big with hope for things to come. It looked ahead.

But for most people, at least most Pennsylvania people, the real jubilation, the rememberable one, occurred on the final day. The other exercises were official, external in their way—Pennsylvania in its relation to its sister colleges and the scholarly world at large. This was intimate, for the boys themselves, and those others who had been boys there, on a time. It had its place fittingly in the sunlight, with no roof overhead but the blue sky, in the Dormitories, the center of college life, in the Big Quad that meant so much to everyone who had wasted time well in his off hours. The mellow Jacobean buildings with their pied bricks, their steep comfortable roof-lines, their soaring chimneys, quite the best thing Old Penn has done in its too varied architectural history—all these made a fitting background. In front, the great rostrum and canopy, very festive, and all the standards bright with the red and blue of the University's colours, formed the stage itself. Here were seated the great men, the Conscript Fathers, and before them alumni of all ages. The speakers were the Oldsters, but they spoke out of the recollections of their boyhood. And the boys themselves spoke, representatives of the Senior Societies, the Senior President—the new order speaking to the old. There was music in the air, from undergraduate bands and singing societies. No degrees this time, but prizes to those who had written the songs sung through the years. And when it was over they dispersed into communal and alfresco lunching, with no division of age or of class. It

was not a memorial, with its usual odor of mortality, but a jolly beanfeast.

And quite probably few there, perhaps none, thought, in that day of bigness, of the very humble beginnings of this college of theirs, of the labour of love of those who had travailed against great odds; the sheer blood, brain, and spirit that had gone into its upbringing.

The University, like all great things, started in a very little way. Its inception is associated with the names of three particular persons: William Smith, George Whitefield, and Benjamin Franklin. Each of these has been tangibly remembered on the Campus. Smith has given his name to a dormitory—surely the monument that would best have pleased him. Whitefield has his statue in bronze in the Triangle. He stands there on a pulpitlike pedestal in clerical gown, one hand raised on high as if to say, “Be good!” But his eyes look down to the earth and the regions beneath the earth, as if adding, “If you don’t, look out!” Hardly an ingratiating figure. But the undergraduates in their carelessness have taken him to their hearts. He has become the patron saint of the Ephesians. When they come home, a little illustrious with liquor, they gather on the stone benches about the statue and sing their immemorial songs. Now and then one of them hangs a red lantern aloft on the skyward hand, which gives the old fellow a singularly rakish look. He reminds you then of one of Robert Burns’s tipsy divines, sneaking home in the small hours of the morning, happy and unrepentant.

Franklin, being the greatest, is remembered twice, both times well. One, the young pilgrim seeking his fortune in Philadelphia, pockets stuffed with bread, shining morning face looking expectantly into the future. And the freshmen, under compulsion, pay obeisance to him as loyal Catholics do to the ancient statue of St. Peter in the Basilica at Rome.

The other, as First Citizen, Postmaster General, seated comfortably in front of College Hall, surveying calmly, perhaps a little critically, the piebald buildings on the avenue that some satirist has called Woodland.

Whitefield's concern with the University was indirect, accidental, you might almost say architectural. He was a preacher, a revivalist, in that mid-eighteenth century when emotion was coming into religion, making ground against the marble coldness and cynicism that were bywords in a Laodicean time. Personally he was a rather untoward man, cross-eyed and menacing. In the National Portrait Gallery in London there is a picture of him addressing a congregation, transfixing the two sides of it at once, as if allowing neither to escape. And the congregation looks thoroughly worried, either by his words or his equivocal glance.

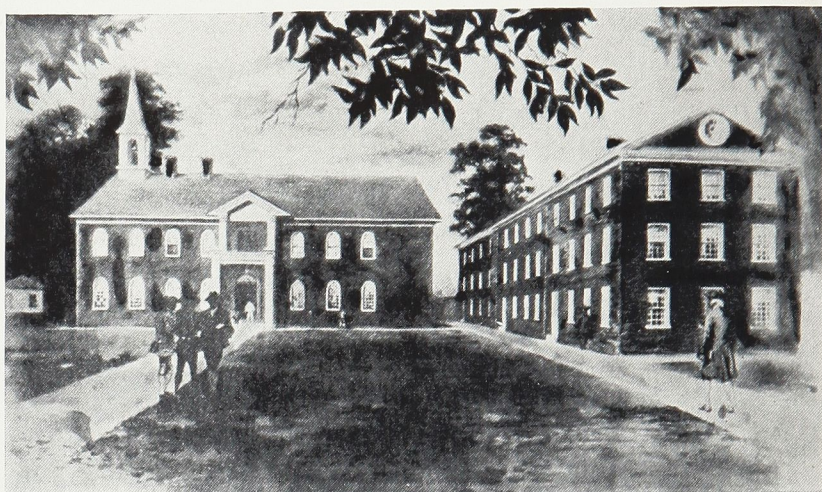
He came to America in 1739, and to Philadelphia in particular as the largest of the colonial cities, to arouse the habitants to a sense of their sins. For a while he was popular with the churches, and welcomed by their clergy. His great stentorian voice carried well. Legend said that it could be heard even in the flat lands of opposite Camden. He held his listeners spellbound, kept them swinging over the gates of hell; pleased them mightily, particularly the Presbyterians. But he was a bitter and vituperative man, with a passion for calling names, and soon he found the doors of God's houses closed against him. So he sought funds to erect a building from which nobody could expel him, large enough to accommodate the great crowd of his hearers and others like him. At the same time he was interested in poor children and their lack of education: it was a day, with all its weaknesses, that was filled with humane impulses. Others shared that interest. A group of men, humble citizens of Philadelphia, envisaged a Charity School. And lacking any financial foundation of

their own, they joined forces with the preacher: the new building was to serve a double purpose—church on Sunday, school on the other days of the week. Sufficient money was found to put up a structure at Fourth Street and Arch. It was a mean thing in design, a great red brick barn, familiar now from innumerable old woodcuts and the model in the Recorder's office at the University—that amusing, confused, trolley-ridden, altogether Dickensy room where the institution houses its ana, its odds and ends. But, after all, the barn was a shelter; at least it served its purpose.

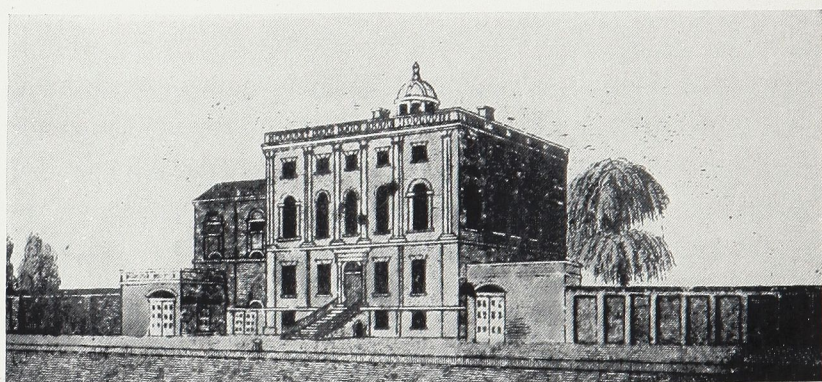
Unfortunately Whitefield left town not long thereafter, for ministrations in the South. Preaching was done by various nonconformists. And meanwhile the school project lagged, the trustees with all their well-meaning were unable to accomplish its inauguration.

It is just here that Franklin comes into the picture. You cannot escape that genial figure in Philadelphia. Everywhere you go you find the marks of him. He was responsible for the lampposts that lighted the city. His name is given to the comfortable stoves that warmed the homes of the colonists. He founded the Junto that developed into the Philosophical Society. He started the first public library: that library still treasures a statue made of him for its later buildings—in marble, in the classic style then so popular, looking in his toga, as Agnes Repplier puts it, like an elderly gentleman about to step into his morning bath. There was no end to the man's benefactions, his public spirit. He had the city in his pocket.

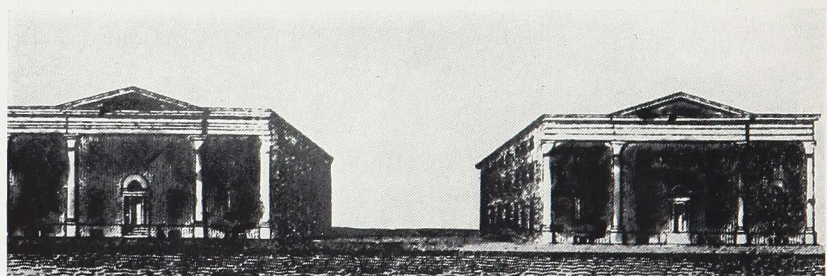
In the year 1743 he lamented two things: the lack of an adequate militia in the colony, and the equal lack of any provision for higher education. In 1749 he published his famous *Proposals for the Education of Youth in Pennsylvania*. Looking at it in this late day, the paper seems a little chimerical,



THE CHARITY SCHOOL OF 1740,
FOURTH AND ARCH STREETS



NINTH AND MARKET STREETS, 1802-1829



NINTH STREET BETWEEN MARKET AND CHESTNUT
STREETS, 1829-1873

even utopian. He dreamed of a college in the country, where, amid old trees and near a pleasant river, young men could gain a sound foundation for life, particularly in the literature of England; a training directed primarily toward citizenship and success in business. In a way it suggests the development that is now being discussed, that everyone hopes will be realized, in the Valley Forge Project. It also suggests, curiously enough, the Wharton School, which so many years later came into being. An ideal scheme this: an education in a perfect natural setting:

*“Annihilating all that’s made,
To a green thought, in a green shade.”*

But Franklin never let dreams run away with him. He was thoroughly practical as well. He went out after subscriptions, determined to make his plan a reality. He enlisted the interest of a group of twenty-four men to form a Board of Trustees, the most substantial men of the province in means and influence. Almost all of them were entitled to put Esq. after their names; that is, they belonged either to the professional classes or the gentry, the *noblesse de robe* of the town. Each of them put up some money, and quite naturally they elected Franklin their president. They organized a plan for an academy—there were to be officers, of course, practical officers, but the final authority was always to rest with them, the Trustees.

They had, in fact, everything to start with save a building. And there was a building in the city adequate to their purposes and almost unused—the Whitefield tabernacle. The trustees of the abortive charity school were embarrassed, unable to proceed, and vainly called upon to fulfill their promises. So in 1750 a meeting was arranged in Roberts’s Coffee

House. It must have been thoroughly picturesque, that fore-gathering: on the one side plain homespun men, workers all; on the other side bankers, lawyers, judges. As a result the trustees of the new Academy agreed to take over the building with its liabilities, and also the furtherance of the education of the common children, along with their own advanced school.

In 1751 a notable procession marched from Governor Morris's home to the building, formally opened it for the new college, and classes began. In the years 1753 and 1755 there were successive Proprietary charters. By the first the Trustees were incorporated and given financial and administrative powers. By the second their educational powers were extended to the granting of degrees. 1765 saw the opening of the first medical classes, and from then on the College of Philadelphia could properly boast itself as being in fact a university.

The first official head of the young foundation, who was given the unusual title of provost, was that picturesque Scotsman William Smith, energetic, combative, full of enthusiasm. He came to America as the tutor of a couple of boys, and claimed Franklin's notice as the author of a pamphlet on education. Pamphlets carried great weight in those days. Defoe had set the English world on ears with *The Shortest Way with Dissenters*. Other pamphlets had made and unmade ministries. Smith's gave him some fame and a precarious position. It was called *Mirania*, and the very name gives a suggestion of its character—it was even more of a daydream than Franklin's *Proposals*. But it was filled with optimism. It pictured eager young men learning practically everything under the canopy in a strange catechetical and Harry and Lucy fashion. Franklin was not beguiled by the system, but

he was thoroughly taken by the young man, and put him at the head of his College, where he made on the whole an excellent impression. The curriculum he worked out and taught with the fellow members of his faculty did not carry out Franklin's idea at all. Stress was laid as in the usual old places of learning on a sound knowledge of the Classics. Still, English literature was taught—a great advance in that day. And the institution was quite unique in both its beginning and its outlook. Unlike the colleges in New England it was not originated for the training of teachers and clergymen by the clergy themselves; it was designed by practical men as a preparation for after life in a public world, and free from all religious bias.

The classes were successful. Many brilliant students were graduated, members of families that still send their sons loyally to Pennsylvania. The only lack was a complete absence of what you call College Life. Naturally, since there was no provision for living quarters, the men stayed at home if they were Philadelphians, or lodged in rooming-houses and "ate out" if they were not. Being boys, they of course found their own amusement. There are accounts in old letters of running, leaping, skating, and swimming in the Delaware, with interludes of making life miserable for their tutors. But the absence of a school home told upon the enthusiasm of the undergraduates of the time. It prevented some of the loyalty that went with the country colleges, the delight in going back to the old scenes. Certainly it was a drawback in the Nineteenth Century, and was not finally overcome until the building of the first dormitories in 1895. It is not classes that make a college. It is certainly not the professors. It is not even the books. It is the ghosts, the kindly ghosts, that walk through its halls, the memories, the eternal fights and reconciliations,

the bull-sessions, that draw men back to Alma Mater with emotion, and make them send their children there. And Pennsylvania had to wait for these things.

Still, it went ahead. The little college was successful and envied, drawing students not only from the Town, but from up-state (German was taught), from New York, and even the West Indies. It would have been more successful if the Provost had confined himself to scholarship. But he was an active man, vastly concerned by what was happening about him, and engaged acrimoniously in the politics of the state. There were two political parties at the time in Pennsylvania: those who sympathized with the Proprietor, and were bound to England by sentimental and religious ties; and the more radical bands, non-conformist, Quaker, German, who opposed these things. Smith, being an Anglican clergyman, naturally stood with the Proprietary Party. And he did not stand quietly; it was not in his nature. He attacked violently both governor and assembly. There was much reason for his anger. The parsimony of the Colony had deprived it of any adequate militia, and after Braddock's defeat things were indeed in a parlous condition.

The Provost did not mince words. He was savage with the purse-holding Quakers; they should have their throats cut, he said quite unclerically. His enemies were men of peace. They did not fight back directly. They bided their time and when occasion rose clapped him into gaol for libel.

A good book could be penned on the way time was improved by those who were put away in prison. Defoe published a newspaper and wrote Robinson Crusoe. Boethius wrote his *Consolations*—most popular book of the Middle Ages. Sir Thomas More lived with visions and put them into *Utopia*. And there was a host of others. But it is to be doubted if any one ever so thoroughly enjoyed martyrdom as William

Smith. He had permission from the Board of Trustees to hold classes in gaol, and twelve pupils reported regularly, much to their delight and the even greater delight of their tutor, but probably somewhat to the detriment of the tasks accomplished, the work done.

When his term was up the fighting parson was enlarged, but his temperament and his record alike estranged him from the very people who might have been a help to his college. He was a good money-raiser, travelling through England (where he was given many degrees) and the West Indies—always with results. During his administration the college increased in wisdom and stature. The Medical School became famous under Morgan, Shippen, and Rush. He had a loyal, able, set of colleagues, and a worthy list of matriculates. If to his really great gifts had been added that of patience—but as Fitzgerald said of his own failure: “I might have done better, but so it is.”

Friends were emphatically needed by the young school in the dark days ahead. In the Revolution classes were suspended for a while, as they were in all the other colleges. When they re-opened in 1779 a new temper was abroad in the land. The Revolution, as Dr. Cheyney reminds us, was not only a revolution against England, it was a social revolution.

Pennsylvania had been aristocratic in its temper. Now it was emphatically a democracy. The new legislature was a very radical band of men with extreme ideas and a very liberal constitution. They looked with small favour at their college, whose trustees they felt to be Tories, or at least lukewarm Americans. And the Provost, simply because he belonged to the Church of England, was thought of as an active enemy. They were wrong in these conclusions, if not absolutely wrong certainly relatively so. But in those days feel-

ings ran high, and the legislators, attacking the whole management of the famous school, despoiled it by law. They dissolved the Board of Trustees and the old Faculty, and set up a new board of their own political stripe, with several state officials and clergymen of various denominations, in order to secure their goal of absolute civil and religious liberty. To the transformed institution they gave the ambitious name of the University of Pennsylvania, and made it at least professions of financial support.

Unfortunately the old College refused to die. Its faculty went to classes as usual, and Dr. Smith addressed petition after petition to the State Legislature for redress. So for a whole decade there were two institutions of higher learning in Philadelphia, teaching the same subjects and cutting each other's throats. Eventually the more conservative thought of the Legislature disavowed the act of spoliation; the old College was restored to its rights; and in 1791 the two foundations were merged with the larger title. New quarters were set up in 1800 in the mansion originally built for Washington, but never occupied by him, and a new charter was granted. It was a new university now, with a new home.

The chronicles of the early Nineteenth Century are not happy ones for Pennsylvanians to read. They are marked by quarrels between Provost and Trustees, between masters and men, and by financial difficulties. Yet the achievements of professors, students and rulers during the first hundred years are writ in gold. Twenty members of the Continental Congress were of the College, and nine signers of the Declaration. Military men included Generals Mifflin, Cadwalader, Muhlenberg, and Mad Anthony Wayne. Rittenhouse was our first American astronomer. One of the Hopkinsons composed the first of our national anthems in "Hail Columbia." Another

wrote the only American epic in "The Columbiad." General William Henry Harrison, later President of the United States, read medicine there for a time. We have had even our picturesque black sheep. For what says the Scripture: "When the righteous came together, then came the Devil also." Walker, the picturesque blackguard who filibustered so well that he became an international menace and eventually had to be put up against a wall and shot, was one of ours, to give shadow to the picture. It is indeed a record to be proud of. Can any other college equal it?

In the 1860's, with the addition of new schools and courses, the University felt itself sadly cramped in its old quarters. The buildings were thoroughly inadequate. The neighborhood was declining. It was necessary that the school should find a new home. The question was "where?" Conservatives were for a new site in the city. Liberals thought of Franklin's plan, and looked for a final abiding place in the country. A compromise was made of these divergent interests after much shedding of ink, and in the end a site was agreed upon immediately west of Schuylkill.

At this time West Philadelphia was probably the most appealing of all the city's suburbs. Indeed it hardly deserved that name at all—it was really an extension of the old town. The ancient streets persisted, but they were more spacious here, and comfortably tree-bordered. There were great houses on Chestnut, Walnut, and Spruce streets, most of them towered and mansard-roofed in the General Grant style. The less ambitious dwellings had an air of comfort and solidity, and the little gardens were bright with flowers. On the old maps the district was called Hamilton Village, for it was part of the demesne of James Hamilton whose colonial house stood regally on a bluff overlooking the river. Because of the

pressure westward from Town it was becoming increasingly popular. Several of the City churches had moved out, and their congregations had naturally followed them.

Toward the south, beyond the Darby Road, there was a great tract of land originally known as Blockley Farm. It had been bought by the city years before, and part of it used for a pauper home and hospital. The rest was simply a barren waste of unoccupied ground, unwanted territories near the River. It was this tract that the University thought of buying. It had the desirability of being near; the asylum would furnish a good clinic for the Medical School; and it was great enough in area to take care of expansion. The City was ungenerous in the matter. The price was high. But the deal was closed, and the University was ready to move to its third home.

Land along Woodland Avenue had to be filled in, so it looked bare for years until the saplings had a chance to grow. But at least it was open. There was some blue sky, some space of green. And if there was no river in the front yard as Franklin had dreamed of, at least it was better than the cramped quarters in town.

Four buildings were put up on the triangular space between Woodland Avenue and Spruce Street, and Thirty-Fourth and Thirty-Sixth. They were not, one must admit it candidly, much to look at. A pallid green stone was chosen, called popularly Serpentine, and for some reason or other extravagantly popular at the time. The architect was Dr. Richards, at that time Professor of Drawing in the University, and he wrought in the bastard style known as Venetian Gothic that was the flowering of the Mediaeval Revival given currency by the irascible pigheaded prophet John Ruskin, the arbiter of the unhappy taste of the time. There were squat marble columns with clumsy capitals, flatted ogival

arches, and arrays of chimney pots that looked for all the world like salt-shakers, or original studies for the Albert Memorial. The best that could be said of them was that they were reasonably commodious and respectable. And they included a College Hall, a School of Medicine, a Dental School, and a Hospital. These were the beginnings of Greater Pennsylvania.

The College proper was still very much of a day-school or city school, with students commuting by foot over the river and by train from the remoter suburbs. But there was gay life in the new buildings. The Bowl-Fight, most typical of all Pennsylvania institutions, was rough and colorful. In addition there were hall fights, cane fights, and corner rushes. Picturesque members of the Faculty lent themselves all unwitting to humor in class. And undergraduates were beginning to come from remote places, camping thereabouts, giving personality to the hash-houses and taverns that sprang up near the new campus. The place was beginning to take on its mood, to show a corporate personality. It was only a question of time before Dormitories would be needed, and fraternities, to give the University the real life it had longed for during a century and a half of growth.

The Upsilon Kappa

IT IS good to be in at the beginning of things. The pathfinders, the trail-blazers, the explorers, the inventors,—these are the happy people. They earn their happiness. They have the great joy of finding. Giotto and his followers lived on top of the world. Each day showed them some new trick of perspective, of color, or mass. The later painters were greater painters. But they were merely engaged in perfecting. They had nothing more to learn. The spring had gone. The antique-hound lives his great moment when he discovers some rarity in a mean shack in the country, not when he sits in a flossy auction where a great collection is being dispersed, and buys a masterpiece—for a price. The College men who are agog with excitement over their organizations are they who started them, no matter how commonplace the starters may be or the club or chapter they create. They have experienced the pangs, the worries, the joys, of creation. They possess the Columbus feeling. And that joy is doubled, trebled, quadrupled, when the end is great.

Psi Upsilon has reason to be proud of its empire-builders in Philadelphia. Good men and true, cheerful, courageous and unafraid of work, they created out of what was little more than a dream the fabric whose chronicle is a-writing today. Hats off to them!

It narrows down in the long run to one man. The Tau Chapter was the brain-child of Dr. Charles Sumner Dolley, of the Pi, at that time professor in the newly organized department of Biology at Pennsylvania. He was a slight, dark, aquiline man, smiling and soft-spoken. And he looked ahead. Around him was a university with a distinguished past, a history; and now on a new site, under the head of a young and dynamic Provost, Dr. Pepper, it was ready for bigger things. In the next twenty or thirty years it was to double and treble in size. The student body, which outside the medical and dental schools, had been largely Philadelphian was soon to be recruited from all over the States. As yet there were no dormitories. It was a time when fraternities were not only desirable but absolutely necessary if the place was to be something more than a notable mill for degrees, a day-school in excelsis.

Already there were four abiding fraternities on the campus: Delta Phi, established in 1849; Zeta Psi, in 1850; Delta Psi, in 1850; and Phi Kappa Sigma, in 1850. They had national connections, of course, honorable ones, but in a way they were local clubs, drawn from the Philadelphia aristocracy, maintaining rooms down-town, far away from the campus, and using those rooms as one of them said, "now and then." In the '80's four new extra-local chapters were added, Phi Kappa Psi, Phi Gamma Delta, Alpha Tau Omega and Phi Delta Theta. These likewise had no houses of their own.

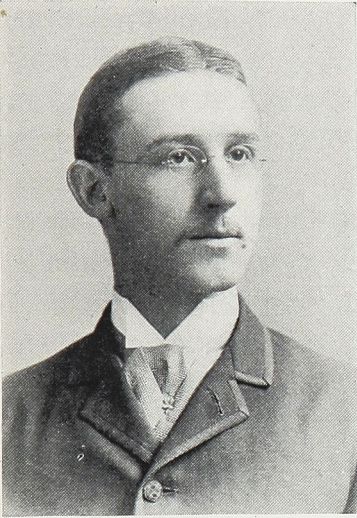
Dr. Dolley as a member of a distinguished fraternity wanted to see it represented in Pennsylvania. That was hu-

man and natural. But his ideas went beyond what he saw about him. He wanted a group of men devoted to higher scholarship (it was the day before Phi Beta Kappa had come to the campus); men preferably from the undergraduate schools but welcoming graduates of other colleges studying in Pennsylvania; men from outside Philadelphia as well as from the City; above all living in a fraternity house, making that house their home, swapping talk, living in the communal life that is after all the greatest boon a fraternity can offer.

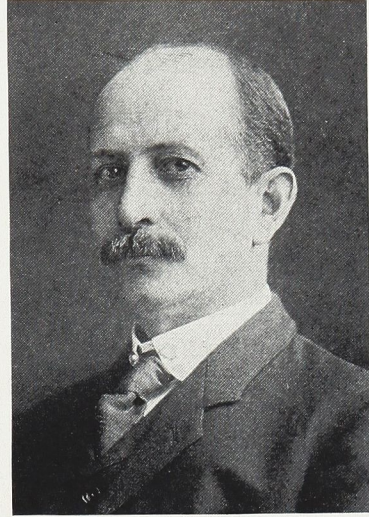
Quite informally he talked over these matters with some of his students, George Gorgas Ross and Albert Draper Whiting (Class of '88), natural leaders, leaders in their class. What about a local society whose aim was to petition Psi Upsilon for a charter? They took kindly to the idea. J. Sketchley Elverson ("Sketch" to you), Class of '87, was added to the little clan. And these becoming a group of St. Andrews went out and enlisted more until in the end a large and buoyant association was gathered together.

They were taking a great chance, those men. They must have known that among the host of petitions sent out each year most are still-born; and even if their own escaped the general fate its success would come, because of the law's delays, after their own time. Yet in spite of all this, possibly because of it, they managed to recruit some of the best of the classes, active and successful men. Taking just a few for example: Whiting was one of the board of governors of the Pennsylvanian and manager of baseball; Ross was on the football team and the crew; Hans Spaeth was in football and crew, and between times Editor-in-Chief of the Pennsylvanian; Warrie Coulston was one of the founders of Mask and Wig; Harris was in baseball and football; Thornton was one of the best football men in Pennsylvania's history, and was put by Walter Camp on his All-American line-up; Pat-

Founders of Upsilon Kappa



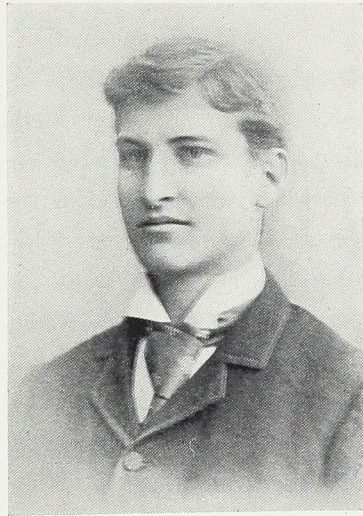
GEORGE GORGAS ROSS
Class of '88



DR. CHARLES S. DOLLEY
Professor of Biology
1885-1892



J. SKETCHLEY ELVERSON
Class of '87



ALBERT DRAPER WHITING
Class of '88

terson was on the business board of the Pennsylvanian; Farr and Jack Sinclair were crowned for their many activities as the most popular men of their classes, Spoon men, and Spaeth in his time had been given the coveted second honor of the bowl. It would be hard to pick a better group. They had faith in themselves and in the Fraternity, and they were disappointed in neither.

Their society was called Upsilon Kappa. The letters were chosen because they had belonged to a similar petitioning group at Syracuse, Dr. Dolley being an alumnus of the Pi Chapter. They had, of course, their symbolic meaning as well. The first minute entered into the books read as follows:

“We the undersigned on this sixteenth day of February, 1887, do hereby form ourselves into the Upsilon Kappa Society with the following objects in view (1) of becoming a chapter of Psi Upsilon (2) of raising our moral and intellectual standards (3) of promoting the general fellowship.

George D. Ross, Pres.

Albert D. Whiting, Sec. & Treas.

—There you have it: a declaration of faith and also a declaration of internal policy.

In furtherance of the great end Dr. Dolley enlisted the aid first of all of Dr. Henry Clark Johnson, Chi, President of the Central High School of Philadelphia, and then of others, in organizing the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia, a body to which anyone was eligible if he were a member of the fraternity resident in Philadelphia. So in June 1889 John F. Keator, Beta, Wm. Drayton, Beta Beta, and Charles Barclay, Chi, applied for articles of incorporation which were granted in October of that year, naming Samuel C. Perkins, Charles Barclay, Charles S. Dolley, Henry Clark Johnson and William Drayton as the Board of Trustees. Samuel C. Perkins

(Beta '48), a graduate of our law school, was the first president of the Association, serving for eight years with energetic and loyal devotion. But perhaps the greatest meed of praise should go to Brother Drayton. A well-known lawyer of Philadelphia and one of its truly eminent citizens, he maintained his ties with the Upsilon Kappa long after it had merged with the fraternity and helped generously in the arrangements for financing the big new house. He has his memorial in the undying recollections of the Tau, but somehow one feels he deserves as well some tangible expression in its halls.

Of course you might say that the immediate purpose of the association was an ulterior one; it could act as a holding company for the taking over of real estate. But more signally than that it could act as a corporate liaison officer, or middleman, between the petitioners on the one hand and the Executive Council on the other, keeping the idea to the fore, furthering it from the vantage inside. And most of all its purpose was to bring together all Psi U men who were in the city, members of various chapters who might never have seen or known each other save for this bond. Since 1896 it has marked its getting together with an annual dinner graced by distinguished guests. Herbert L. Bridgman, George S. Coleman, Judge Joseph Buffington, Bishop MacKay-Smith, Bishop Ozi W. Whitaker, and Bishop Ethelbert Talbot, Dr. George Van de Water, Francis S. Bangs, John Kendrick Bangs, and the witty and ever-desired Judge Isaac Franklin Russell ("Ike" he was termed affectionately by the listeners) all have sat at the speaker's board. Never has there been anything official, pontifical, about these meetings. They have been absolutely informal with good cheer as the order of the day: yours in the bonds—of fellowship.

Meanwhile the Society waited. It was a time for patience. The Fraternity was notably conservative, jealous of its qual-

ity, always afraid of expansion to the point where its solidarity would be lost, where it would become as some national organizations have become, a mere aggregation of sectional groups. Everyone active in chapter life recalls meetings in which these petitions have come up; the long and at times impatient arguments upon them. Why another chapter anyway, and if so why this one? And it was not until four years after the initial suggestions that the charter was granted.

Yet the intervening years were full of activity. There was, for instance, the matter of a house, one of their primal pledges.

The first quarters taken were a set of rooms at 3613 Locust Street, a grim monastic building that seemed fated architecturally to be perpetual boarding house. Soon, however, they moved to a place that was really their own, renting an entire property. Between Thirty-seventh and Thirty-eighth Streets and Walnut and Locust there was a quiet cul de sac called after the general of Revolutionary fame De Kalb Square; a narrow, shady thoroughfare, perhaps a little dark, lined with modest brick dwellings. No. 202 was our first official fraternity house. It was very small, and since the time was long ago record says little of the character of the place. Yet several members abode there, and the domicile was sanctified by certain pre-initiation rites in which the narrow cellar stairs were extemporized into a slide for unfortunates, rolled down into the catacombs where they were greeted by Prexy Whiting playing the zither in a coal-bin (maintaining in all probability his traditional dignity) and by other people even less formally. Perhaps the group was not there long enough to give the house real atmosphere. It has the same relationship to later places as Penn's little Letitia Street house, lonely now in Fairmount Park, has to the Chew mansion, or Penn Manor. It was a nucleus, a symbol.

Nobody could complain, anyway, about an absence of feeling anent the second house. That was famous. They chose their ground well this time, a strategic lot at the confluence of Woodland Avenue, Locust and Thirty-sixth Streets, and bearing the arbitrary number 300 South Thirty-sixth Street. From here they could look down literally on the rest of the campus. On this site stood a square box of a house in the style beloved of the '50's, a style that came in the wake of the reading of Lord Byron and the first travels abroad of Americans to historic spots. Everything was Italianate then as it was in the spacious days of Elizabeth. Everybody wanted an Italian setting. Several of these places are still standing near the University. In the mid-century this would have been called a villa; that is to say it was stucco, flat-roofed, verandahed—a good comfortable sort of house. In front a paling fence gave a faint hint of the country. In back a tiny bit of grass and a so-so tree furthered the rural suggestion.



300 SOUTH 36TH STREET, 1894

It had lived a varied life. Originally it had been a respected dwelling. Then it became a sort of hospital for correcting stammerers. Then an out-of-town branch of the Y.M.C.A. Now it was boarded up ignominiously, a melancholy, slightly bedraggled place, awaiting its renaissance.

Twelve thousand dollars was paid for the property. Of this sum ten thousand was placed on mortgage, the other two thousand paid in cash. This very easy financial arrangement was possible because one of the beneficiaries of the holding estate was Thomas H. P. Sailer, a member of the Upsilon Kappa and later of the Tau—Princeton man, here at Pennsylvania in pursuance of studies to make him a medical missionary, a man of generous and enthusiastic spirit. Four thousand dollars were spent in repairs, four thousand more on furniture and equipment, and the house was ready for occupancy.

No. 300 South Thirty-sixth Street was sensibly planned. There was a central hall; on the left a drawing room, on the right a reception room. The first of these, with a sunny bay giving on Woodland Avenue, was furnished elegantly by Darlington's, with Brussels carpet, fine tufted chairs, heavy curtains and pictures, looking the part of a dignified parlour in a private house of the time; and was used for entertaining, and formal events. It symbolized the Society on parade.

The smoking room beyond the stairway showed it emphatically in mufti. No carpet worried you here. There was simply an honest wooden floor. Capacious chairs, some tables, and a piano inhabited it. There was also a fire-place with a coal grate, the center of the house life and also at times the center of controversy. It was in the pre-chewing-gum-age, long ere men had turned themselves into mean approximations of cows with their cuds. Manly people still occasionally indulged in the good American recreation of

chewing. Some of the brothers liked to sit in strategic position and pitch their quid into the coals, which gave off a comfortable hissing sound like a dragon going into action. Protests were registered on the part of the more conservative, who pointed out the generous cuspidors that formed an honorable part of the furniture of the room (What does the sign read in the office of the little hotel in Saskatchewan: "Every gentleman uses a spittoon"). Which sometimes were heeded.

In this den class distinctions were heeded feudally. The minors fed the fire, fetched and carried Richmond-Straight-Cut-Cigarettes-of-delicate-flavor-and-highest-cost-tobacco, and did general errands to make comfortable their betters. Other chores were performed too whose relation perhaps belongs to the unwritten memorabilia of the Chapter. But in general there was the motto common in all fraternities: let the young sweat.

It was go-as-you-please hall, this apartment. There was much music. In fact it was perhaps the piano more even than the fire-place that gave soul to the house. These fellows, as Lamb would say, had ears. They tell of the time when Critchlow made his smiling entrance—visitor in a way, at first, member of the Rochester Chapter, now at Pennsylvania for medicine, a friendly engaging soul. He sat at the piano and sang a melancholy song:

*"Come now and listen to my tale of woe,
Of Romeo, and Juliet.
Cribbed out of Shakespeare and reeking with woe,
Oh Romeo, Juliet.
Never was story so mournful as that one,
If you have tears then prepare to get at one,
Romeo's the thin one and Juliet's the fat one,
Oh Romeo, and Juliet!"*

He didn't only sing it, he acted it. Others had these gifts too of singing, playing, miming. It was really out of such things that the T.T.T.'s originated, the high event of the undergraduate year as the banquet was of the graduate one.

Upstairs were bedrooms (there was no dining-room in the house; eating was done outside, and the whole place, *mirabile dictu*, was run by one servant)—bedrooms, which judging from the photographs look very much like those of today. The college man is timeless. He hasn't changed much since the days of Arthur Pendennis. Nor have his rooms.

The "goat" was on the second floor. Minutes speak continually of pleas for ventilation, from what is not clearly stated.

Meetings were kept on a high plane under the watchful eye of Dr. Dolley, Psi U journals were collected and read. Psi U songs were sung. New songs were composed, good ones: Critchlow's "Come Boys and Fill Your Briars," and Spaeth's "There are Men in the North" are some of the best in the repertory, most popular. Robes were worn, with much debate as to the proper arrangement and insignia. There was an Upsilon Kappa pin with garnet shield and gold letters. Thought was given to building up the society. Members hailing from the various city schools were tolled off to act as scouts in search for future candidates. There was a goodish library with a harassed librarian who like all of his kind had trouble getting the books back to their shelves. A high standard of scholarship was insisted upon. Bro. Willson regularly admonishing the brethren at examination time to keep their fraternity cooperation within the bounds recognized by the faculty.

And literature was very much to the fore.

Among the subjects discussed with a view to "elevating moral and intellectual standards" were the following: Brother Kiersted made an extemporaneous speech on the Monkey

Question in Evolution. Brother Stoye read an essay on Political Purity, and later on the Recent Horse-Car Strike. Brother Elverson proved himself ahead of the time in discussing the responsibility of the State for the education of the inmates of penal institutions. Brother Makuen recited a poem from Tennyson which the epistolographos with his reformed spelling (he too was ahead of his age) recorded as the Lady of Chelot.

Nothing went beyond their enthusiasm. With the advent of Chester Farr they tackled even Shakespeare. Brother Thornton polished off Hamlet in fifteen minutes (Shades of Dr. Schelling!). But the rest, as Hans Spaeth said, was not silence, for he was resurrected as Ham Omelet by the magic wand of Warrie Coulston's wit in a T.T.T. performance.

It was distinctly high-brow, you understand. But not too high-brow. That was an impossibility with Warrie Coulston in the audience. Reproofs issued now and then from the chair sound singularly like some we hear today. And coming downstairs again there were formal receptions in the grand manner to Charles Dudley Warner (What a treat it must have been to talk to that man! Why isn't he read more today?) and H. H. Boyesen. Musicales were organized by Mrs. Sinclair in which her charming daughters sang, with the Chapter acting as chorus. And then there was a constant stream of visitors: Dr. Hudson Makuen of the Beta, Walter J. Freeman, Croft Register and Henry Register of the Chi, Wm. B. Chamberlain of the Lambda, George Clock, Charles Henry Arndt and John D. Skilton of the Iota.

All in all it was a very active place, a happy combination of the grave and the gay.

Some of the amusements were extra-territorial.

Otto's, just opposite the campus, purveyed a good meal for a quarter, with beer. And his beer would fill George Wharton Pepper's loving cup and refresh (under the rose of

course) the weary editors of the *Pennsylvanian* in their fastness under the stairs in College Hall. If you wanted stronger waters you could find them at Pop Egan's—that old rascal kept up his fountain for what seemed like a century.

There is a joy almost as old as mankind in making something out of nothing. Dean Swift's people got sunshine out of cucumbers. Dick Steele played with the Philosopher's stone. Why should not later and lesser people work the same experiment? Over in Gloucester, a pleasant ride on a somnolent ferry, Wm. H. Thompson, millionaire-for-a-season, maintained a stable of sorts, and horse-racing. There was always a chance your horse might win, one chance out of ten, but still a chance. Horace Patterson—how did the Class Record sum him up:

*“Ah that deceit should steal such gentle shapes
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice”*

—attained to knighthood over there, and was known henceforth as the Duke of Gloucester, a much more agreeable duke of the name, be it remembered, than Shakespeare's.

In the springtime there was the call of Essington. You would take a group of chosen friends to the low-lying peninsula near the Corinthian Yacht Club, and in that queer, amorphous, thoroughly comfortable shack overlooking the Delaware, sample Philadelphia's great delicacy of planked shad. The River was still comparatively undefiled then, as was Thames in Chaucer's early day, and the fish had not left their native waters. And while you took apart the million-odd bones that formed the skeleton of your own particular masterpiece, you could have your yarns and watch the sun turning marshy wastes and river-reaches into something of poetry.

The greatest treat of all, however, this independent of the seasons was the series of Kneipes, held in true German style

at Reisser's Rathskeller near Fifth and Market, a place of hideous furniture and good beer: beer and the Classics go hand in hand, according to song. There were no duels with swords. America was far too modern and enlightened for sabre-cuts aggravated with salt. But there were famous duels with beer. Hans Spaeth, who had been at Leipzig and knew all the ritual, would chant his mystic abracadabra. And then it was bottoms up, with Lightfoot a sure winner if he were an arguing party: his throat was cunningly arranged for these things. Somehow the work of the next day seemed easier after a Kneipe. It was the catharsis that Aristotle speaks of, on perhaps a more interesting basis than is dreamt of in his philosophy.

Halcyon days!

The years go fast at College. And while these men waited long for their objective the time could not have seemed lengthy, filled as it was with such useful and happy things. At length the great moment arrived. One Chapter had been holding out consistently against Upsilon Kappa. In the spring of '91 Jack Sinclair was ready to go to New York to plead the cause anew with the Executive Council. His bags were all packed, he was waiting at Broad Street Station, when a telegram came to the House, addressed to the Society. George Barrows was the only man around at the time, and he was ready to go out for a baseball game. But seeing the yellow envelope on the table, and sensing that it might be important, he tore it open and read these words: "Zeta votes Yes." It was touch and go. He might make it. And clad as he was, jersey, spiked shoes and all, he raced downtown and caught the ambassador, a matter of seconds. Then, absolutely winded and all-in, he made his way to the family home at Broad and Spruce and dismayed his prohibition mother by asking for whiskey.

The adventure had reached its climax. In April 1891 Rich-

ard S. Stoyale as president of the Upsilon Kappa officially notified the Executive Council that the petition for a charter granted by the General Convention of 1890 had been confirmed by the chapters, and the Society prepared for the installation ceremonies. On May 5 Herbert L. Bridgman, as delegate appointed by the Council, officially inducted the Tau Chapter of Psi Upsilon at the University of Pennsylvania, and initiated the following men as charter members:

- | | |
|--|--|
| '87: J. S. Elverson
C. T. P. Brunner | '88: G. G. Ross
A. D. Whiting
G. B. Harris
J. D. E. Spaeth |
| '89: H. F. Kiersted
T. M. Lightfoot | '90: J. W. Coulston, Jr.
R. S. Stoyale
J. C. Ferguson, Jr.
Manzo Kushida
C. N. Farr, Jr. |
| '91: J. H. Terry
R. H. Light
J. P. Moore
W. Rowland | '92: C. G. Harris
G. E. H. Weaver
W. R. Thomas
R. L. Pitfield |
| '93: J. F. Sinclair
H. D. Spaeth
H. H. Patterson
J. H. Wood
G. M. Hughes | '94: G. S. Barrows
M. Matsugata
E. M. Paddock
H. W. Thornton |

(T. H. P. Sailer '92, W. S. Marshall '89, J. R. Savage '88, T. H. Dougherty '91—all charter members of Upsilon Kappa were later initiated, making a total of thirty-five.)

It was the first great event in the history of the Tau; perhaps when you take all the circumstances into consideration, the greatest it will ever know. And it may be a good point at



CHARTER MEMBERS MAY 5, 1891

Top line from left—Stoye, Farr, Light, Thornton, Pitfield, Weaver, Wood: *Second line*—Barrows, Lightfoot, H. D. Spaeth; *Third line*—Rowland, R. S. Sinclair, Sailer, Kushida, Patterson, J. F. Sinclair, Thomas, Matsugata, Ferguson: *Fourth line*—Kiersted, J. D. Spaeth, C. G. Harris, Whiting, Ross, Brunner, Elverson, Terry, H. G. Harris, Coulston

which to stop this early chapter. Yet that verb has an unpleasant sound. It suggests the clanging of a gate, the drawing of a curtain, a cessation. And those ideas do not fit here. These men did not lose their youth with graduation, initiation. They were emphatically continuing people. You could always find them at the big events, properly solemn at initiations, laughing at the jokes of the T.T.T.'s as if they were the best of their own. Actually it made the undergraduates feel young to have them around.

They did well by themselves in the world. Ross and Whiting were eminent surgeons at the German, now Lankenau, Hospital. One old man used to refuse all other ministrations but Prexy's: "The rest of them guess," he said, "He knows." Elverson invented a new processing of iron called after him Elverite. Spaeth was given his doctorate at Leipzig, and for many years was Professor of English literature at Princeton, quite the most popular member of the faculty, for as one of his old pupils put it, dead things came alive again when he talked about them. Marshall was another pedagogue—Professor of Biology at Minnesota (now Emeritus Professor). Kushida was a great magnate in his native Japan. Sinclair and Pitfield are valued general practitioners of medicine, and Pitfield has written, besides, some delightful and stimulating essays turning his medical lore upon literature and explaining some of its puzzles. In his special field he has done important work in bacteriology and the application of insulin. Thornton, after years of service with the Pennsylvania and Long Island Railroads, went to England as general manager of the Great Eastern Railway and was called in the war years by a distracted government to reorganize their whole transportation system, particularly the movement of troops and supplies to France. This he did so well that they made him a Knight of the Empire. Later on he headed the Canadian National Railways, where like Jay Cooke in this country



To one who taught me much
and was good to me in the days of my youth—
H. W. Thornton

Myrop & Co. 1915

H. W. THORNTON

he was ahead of his time, which only now is catching up with him. These are only a few of the records. They all read comfortably like the last chapter in a Dickens novel.

Not long ago Brother Henry N. Woolman gathered some friends together at his home in Ardmore for the inception of this nervous history. His castle has a pleasant seat; its air sweetly and nimbly recommends itself unto the senses; rambling, comfortable, with plenty of elbow-room for body and soul, and filled with unhurried hospitality. And in the backyard is the fountain of youth. Sketch Elverson was there, fresh from a winter vacation in Florida; Hans Spaeth came over from Princeton; Bob Pitfield from his three-generations home in Germantown; Duke Patterson from the Venetian splendour of the Drake. And some of the younger generation were there, too, or shall we say the Mediaeval? But the life was all with the older tribe: theirs were the quips, the yarns, the merrymaking. It was one of the rare days when care seems to slide off the shoulders like an old coat in the spring. Time stood still. The hand of Joshua was over all. There were no toasts; it was not a formal meal, and they wouldn't have been fitting. But one of the anonymous members of the party could not help thinking as he watched those men who let old wrinkles come with mirth and laughter, of some half-remembered lines of another ever-green man:

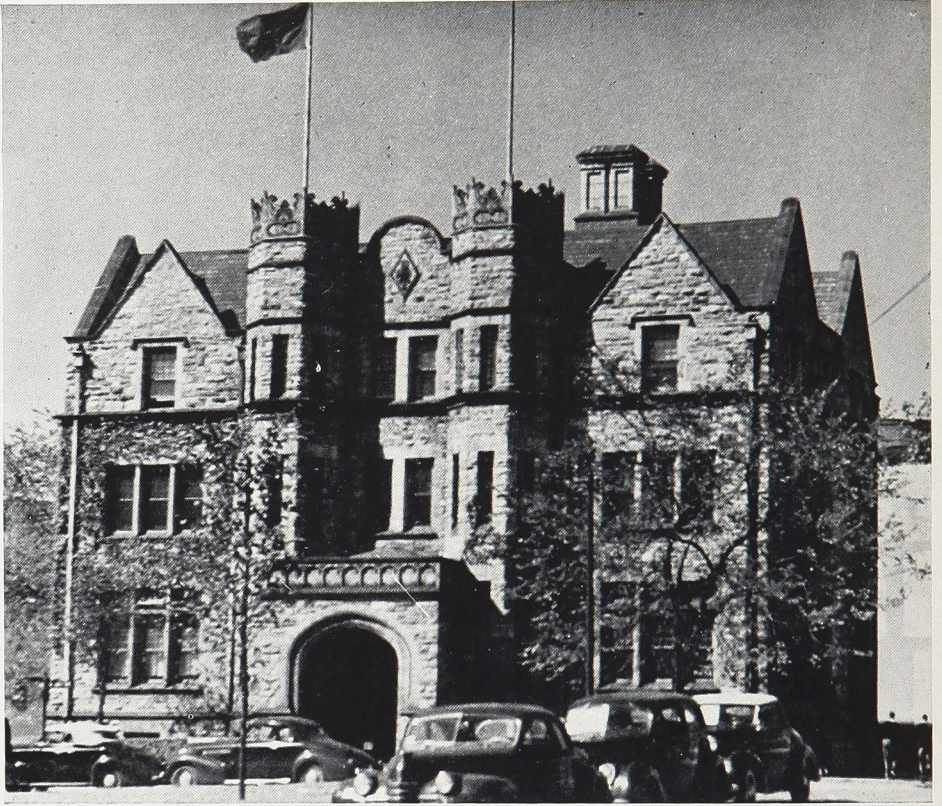
*There are noon-tides of autumn when summer returns,
Though the leaves are all garnered and sealed in their urns,
And the bird on his perch, that was silent so long,
Believes the sweet sunshine and breaks into song.*

*A health to our future—a sigh for our past!
We love, we remember, we hope to the last;
And for all the base lies that the almanacs hold,
While we've youth in our hearts we can never grow old.*

The Castle

THERE ARE three great moments in a Chapter's life. The first is its inception into the body-politic of the fraternity. The second is the building of its house. The third is the welcoming of the younger generation, sons and grandsons of those who went before. The first and third of these are purely spiritual. The second is spiritual but tangible as well. It is the outward and visible form of an inward and spiritual grace. A fraternity, like a family, is known by the dignity of its dwelling place.

When a stranger comes to our big unpeopled station in West Philadelphia, and climbs the roadway of the Avenue, the view that takes his eye most forcibly is a big greystone edifice at the peak of the little mountain, its twin turrets bright with ensigns, red and blue, and garnet and gold. It completes the irregular triangle that forms Pennsylvania's civic centre, acts in a way as its focus; conspicuous not merely in its superior position, but also because of its light grey-striking among the dun-colored buildings that form its complement. It is called The Castle by those who love it, and the Pile of Stones by those who love it not. But even its enemies give it the praise of envy. They acknowledge it as a marked thing, something set apart. A fraternity-house set upon a hill cannot be hid.



THE CASTLE, BUILT IN 1899

The Hall of the Tau occupies the site of the packing-box-cum-Italian-villa that formed the home of the Upsilon Kappa, and is its logical outgrowth. Its building was part of the dream of the founding fathers. They were young men, as Brother Clark puts it, filled with the pioneer spirit, ambitious, enthusiastic, knowing in their bright lexicons no such word as fail. They had lived on the Campus in the first building dedicated entirely to fraternity purposes. Now they were ready to supplant it with the first building actually erected for those purposes. And they wanted nothing short of the best.

In 1898, with all the confidence of their sanguine natures, they moved their goods and chattels out of the plain old stucco building that had known so many good times, rented a house on De Kalb Square near their first lodging place, razed their almost-ten-years-home and prepared to build. It was a courageous act, this. It would have been almost temerarious had not the larger part of the cost, the building material itself, been a donation. The blue-grey limestone so familiar to us now was presented by Dr. Joseph Price, Theta, from the quarries on his farm at Whitford on the Main Line; a farm that had given much meat, drink, and cheer to the old brothers of the petitioning chapter. Since walls have voices as well as ears, it is pleasant to think that the very fabric of The Castle has its tale to tell, comes from inside the Family. The only expense was the freightage for transportation. Certainly the Chapter with all its high hopes could not have accomplished so ambitious a home without this gift that covered a sensible measure of its expense.

The architecture too was something of an inside matter. The designers were the firm of Hewitt and Hewitt, one of the Hewitts being a member of the Chapter, Class of '99. The results in this case were a little less happy, perhaps, than

with the ashlar itself. It must be remembered that the era was still part of the Brown Decades. Sophisticated architecture was very slowly coming into its own with the young creators who went abroad to study at the Ecole in Paris, and the very young architectural schools in the various colleges. Houses still insisted on the right of being fearful and wonderful; and fraternity houses, when they were not transformed homes, looked like miniature city halls or fire-stations. It was the hey-day of turrets, oriels, indiscriminate carving, yellow oak, and crazy-corners. Everybody was daft over the picturesque.

The style selected was the castellated type then so much in vogue for ambitious homes. And outside it has done well by itself, achieves a sense of size and real if rather heavy dignity.

Inside—

Louis XIV, when he conceived the idea of Versailles, said in his august way: "We shall put our palace in a valley. We shall prove what man can do unassisted by God." Which was very fine. He knew what he wanted.

Now no one of course would slander our house-planners with disrespect for the great Seigneur—God. But they had probably read the initial books of O. Henry, that imaginative gaol-bird and lineal descendant of Daniel Defoe, who related ingenious stories which carried you to the point where you knew exactly what would happen, and then presto turned it all upside down; as if to say Ha! Ha! I fooled you! Hewitt and Hewitt apparently enjoyed surprises. At any rate they threw away magnificently all the advantages given them by Providence and an almost perfect site.

The long frontage on Woodland Avenue called loud for living-rooms on that side with its plenitude of southern light. So it was cut in two with a big portal and an immense stair-

case. And the lowly wash-rooms have all the benefit of westering sun. The eastern front, commanding all our pocket campus, the best view in the University, demanded long windows and a balcony that the view might be enjoyed. So the designers put another entrance there, on a building that could surely have got along with one: a grim-visaged Gothic porch that effectively blots out light and view together from the room within, whose windows, instead, face the back where they command only a courtyard with a wall of grey stucco. There are no vestibules. Strangers, brothers and peddlers alike, are received into the bosom of the family. They have to be. The only uses of the front porch are to serve as a shelter from the rain to people waiting for trolleys, and a gathering-place for scraps and papers forgotten by our almost apocryphal street-cleaning department. The other, from its depressed position, has deceived passers-by into the belief that it gives entrance to a subway station.

The big living-room could never quite make up its mind as to what it wanted to be. It resorted, therefore, to the good old-fashioned Anglo-Saxon game of compromise and emerged as a combination of baronial hall and hunting-lodge in the Adirondacks. The pillared dais makes you remember *Ivanhoe*; the great chimney-breast of rough-hewn stone recalls *Lake Placid*. A more modern note is sounded in the ceiling, with its multiple rafters, quite unstructural and much too many; suggesting in their straightness and parallelism, as you lie watching them sleepily from the sofa, the great reaches of trackage before you arrive at the Union Station in Chicago. Yes, this is indeed the composite style of architecture.

The room to the north, facing Locust Street, has gone through many transmigrations of soul. Originally it served as a music room, with a piano, handsome round armchairs

of mahogany with the fraternity emblem carved on their backs—they lasted happily well into this era—And, if we are to believe old photographs, curtains of real Brussels lace at the windows. Then it became a pool-room. Later it was turned into a refectory, which office it still serves. (The original dining-room was in a cave in the basement, whose one notable feature was a bewildering wall-decoration of steam-pipes and radiators, to heat the house upstairs. After the war they tried to turn it into a lounge, painting pipes and furniture alike in vivid primary colors. And they looked on their work and saw that it was not good, and abandoned the poor place—which has nothing to do with the story.)

At the front corner toward the south, on the first floor, there is a little reception-room full of sun and quiet, always pleasant, and used for greeting visitors. Originally it was furnished by “Prexy’s” mother-in-law, Mrs. Charles P. Perot, and in later years kept in the same quiet good taste. From here you can see the college men on their way to and from classes, the crowded life on the Avenue, and the grotesque mass of the University Library, greatest architectural joke in the world: how Browning would have loved it!

But the most interesting apartment of all on this level, the most amusing in both senses of the word, is the den toward the south-west, yclept Outer Darkness. Hans Spaeth, when the building was planned, insisted on a great bay in this direction, to soften the asperity of so many straight lines, and take advantage of the irregular lot. This would have been entirely admirable if advantage had been taken of it, which was, unfortunately, not the case. A strait and dark alley leads off from the stair-hall, a place where hats, coats and bags make their home. From it opens **THE ROOM**. Always it is dark, for the roof of the veranda outside (quite unused in the good Philadelphia fashion) cuts off all sun. And the big fire-drake in the basement refuses it any warm breath, so it is

cold as charity. The chapter has done what it could with the premises. It has been used as a card-room, but nobody wanted to play there; as a hush-hush room in Rushing, but it sent people to other fraternities; as a hiding place for less popular freshmen; and now it serves as a sort of spa, where from a bright red tank the thirsty may refresh themselves with Coca-Cola.

The Living Room was plenished originally with the writhing furniture of the '90's. This went to limbo with strenuous college life, and in the early years of the century the place was merely a vast open space, and served as an arena for bicycle-racing, a pleasant but ignoble use for so ambitious an apartment. The Mothers thought so, anyway, for they arranged for a refurnishing. Elbert Hubbard, homespun philosopher and Philistine, was noisy then in the land, preaching simplicity, manliness; and the hall was peopled in his taste with craftsman furniture. A brutal and angular table of coaly-black blocked up the centre, beaded lamp atop. Chairs whose lines were inspired by cattle pens, some with murderous rockers, took up the corners. They looked solid enough, certainly; unbreakable in fact. But they suffered from ankylosis and swelling-joints and gradually fell apart and were food for the flames. Hubbard would have liked the place: it was true East Aurora.

The heroic age lasted until the advent of architects in the Chapter, or better taste in the world at large. Maybe the Renaissance began with the advent of Dick Warren's sofa from his suite in the Dorms, the vastest divan in the world, beautifully made, and oh so comfortable! It has flunked out many of its tenants, too interested in living horizontally, but it will never leave us. What remained of the old furniture grew ashamed and died. The big beer-keller steins that crowned the mantel were broken, accidentally. Decent things with good lines made a timid appearance. But it was not

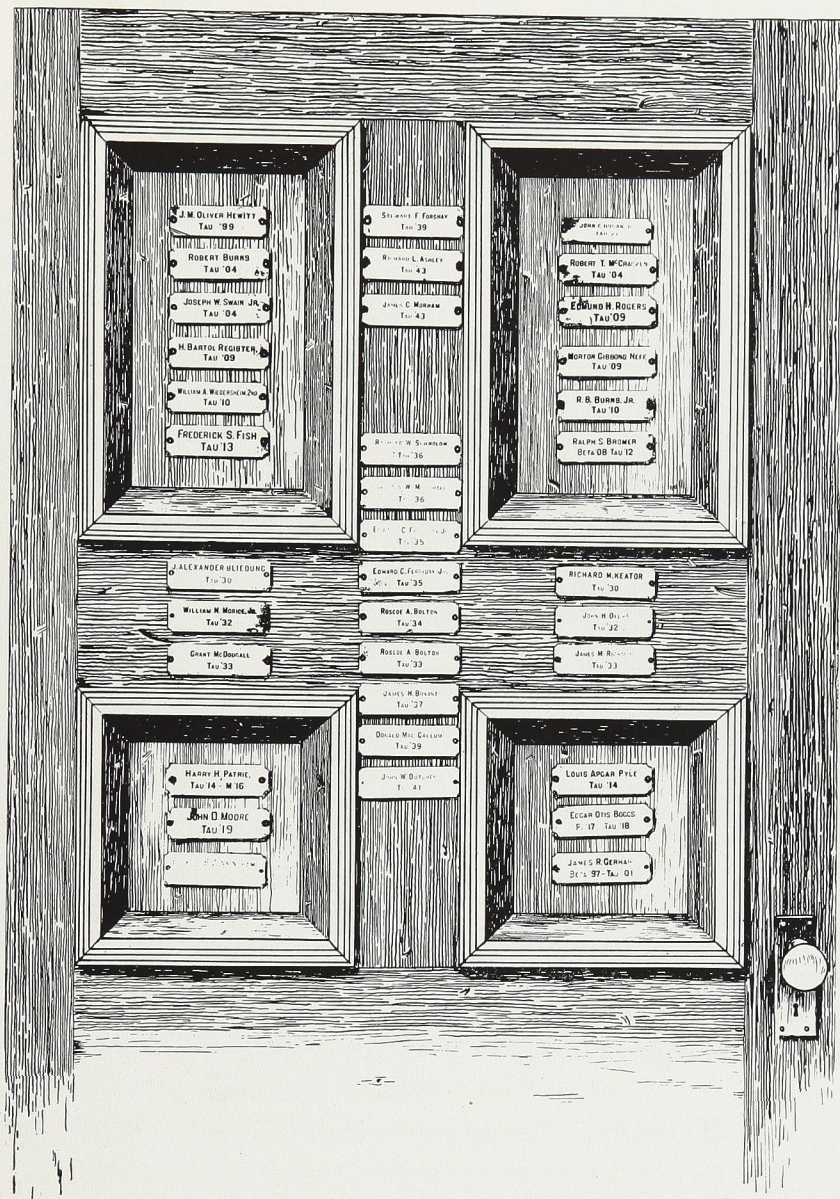
until after the War that the big room came into its own. In the '20's it was panelled beautifully and quietly in mellow oak. The great chandelier, looking like an immense bunch of swollen white grapes, and its attendant and equally baroque children in the corners—went to the junk-pile where they always had belonged, and quiet side-brackets took their place. Good furniture was added, and finally a magnificent rug of warm Turkey-red, which made the room ruddy and cheerful.

The transformation of the dining-room was even more notable. When it was first used for this purpose a fine screen was built at its western end to cut off a pantry, with a handsome Gothic door, designed by Bart Register, giving the hall immediately some real character. About ten years ago, it too was panelled—in mahogany—and new chairs and tables took the place of the unbeautiful ones of heretofore. Now one would travel far before he discovered so dignified, quiet, handsome, and altogether worthy a pair of rooms as these.

On the landing of the sunny staircase hall there used to stand an ancient grandfather's clock, which now and then told the hours. It looked very friendly as one mounted the stairs to the upper floors; too friendly in fact, for the celebrators putting themselves away after an evening at Palumbo's, became over-affectionate with it, and hugged the poor thing to death—which was a pity. It was gracious in itself and it acted as a transition point between downstairs and up.

The bed-rooms are now as they always have been, big and comfortable, and pleasantly chaotic, with the name-plates on their doors telling varied history. There is a ritual to these rooms. The second floor being the noisier is given over to junior members. As they grow in age and experience they rise to higher regions.

As for the Lodge-Room, it still bears the hall marks of yes-



ROOM ROSTERS IN THE CASTLE



GREAT HALL OF THE CASTLE, 1942

teryear. Its colour is Pennsylvania Railroad red, and its roof is disfigured by an uncomely skylight punctuated with fancy electric bulbs. It reminds you a little of a certain vicar on the Main Line, who said to his congregation one time apropos of nothing at all: "I can't preach a good sermon. How can you

expect me to talk well to lights like those?" The desk is handsome and worthy, but it is a little over-powered by its setting. Perhaps some day this room too may find its transformation; but as the lodging place of the Ark of the Covenant, the change is difficult.

Does all this seem rough and fault-finding? It isn't meant to be. After all we laugh at only those things which we love. And the feeling the Chapter has for its house is that of Italians for their church: they love it too much to stand in awe of it. Perhaps we should not have designed it in just this way, with our superior knowledge. But we like it as it is. The walls outside have mellowed and take kindly to ivy. Inside, every corner has its sentimental, odd, grotesque, altogether appealing message. Cellar and attic are reminders of preinitiation days, and the clanking of chains, and odd symbols, and hiding from unenthusiastic brothers. Rooms, bedrooms, are places where we talked the clock round in what we were sure was good talk. And the center of it all, the heart of the place, is the fire in the big hall. A visiting fraternity man said once, sneeringly: "Psi U spirit just oozes out of that fire-place, doesn't it?" Well it does. It is the symbol of Home.

Certainly that is the way everybody felt about the matter, cub members, Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia, visiting brothers alike, when the dream had taken shape and the great pile was finished and equipped. The household gods were put in their appointed places, the hearth-fires lit, and a housewarming was held with parents and friends of the chapter members as guests, May 14, 1899. There were handsomely engraved invitations, which you may see unto this day. There was an imposing body of patronesses. There was a cheerful and appreciative crowd. The Tau was officially at home. If the installation of the Chapter was the first great event in its

record, the opening of its hall was unquestionably the second.

Of course there was more to the House history than this. All good things, the Jewish merchant reminds us, cost money. The place had not only to be built, equipped, opened and lived in, it had to be financed. And the monetary tallying of the Castle is quite as heartwarming as its social one, and as important. Credit goes to many brothers old and young, but chiefly to a little band of tireless spirits, some of them founders of the Chapter, who brought to pass what at times must have seemed like the impossible. It is best told in the words of Brother Frederick L. Clark, himself a valiant labourer, long and self-effacing, on an ungrateful task:

“Many, nearly all of the Alumni, and many of the members of the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia gave freely of their time and money. Many made almost unbelievable sacrifices to do their part; but the building and financing of the new home was due more than to anyone else to the loyalty, faith, optimism and hard work of Brother Albert Draper Whiting. Not long started in his career as a surgeon, and with the responsibility of a young family and a private practice, he gave of his time and efforts to an amazing extent. He was an able executive and an unselfish collaborator. He always was willing and even anxious for others to get the credit for things accomplished largely through his efforts. All Tau members will forever be indebted to him for his untiring work and for his indomitable spirit. The Tau Chapter and its home are monuments to him.

“The chief and ever present problem was the financing. A new mortgage was placed on the property in the amount of \$30,000 maturing in 20 years, or 1919, with a low interest rate of 4%.

“Thus \$1,200, had to be raised and paid each year, in semi-annual installments of \$600 each. By arrangement with the

Chapter, \$700 was to be paid by the Chapter as a kind of rental and applied to the interest, the remaining \$500 coming from the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia. The house and equipment cost about \$40,000. Part of this was paid by contributions but not all. A floating debt of \$6,000 or \$7,000 remained, represented by notes held by various persons. At the time the Chapter dues were \$3 a month and the Alumni dues \$5 a year. The Chapter had certain house expenses, including repairs and the wages of one servant. Bedrooms were rented to the undergraduates and brought in a considerable revenue. Notwithstanding these resources the struggle for existence was intense. The load was heavy, the burden at times almost beyond the strength of the Chapter. The interest on the debt, the necessity of reducing the notes and the consciousness that some day provision must be made for the principal of the mortgage were constant anxieties.

“Looking back over the years it is difficult to see how such burdens could have been carried with such light hearts. Yet good spirits prevailed and the shadow of financial responsibilities seemed not to dim the optimism and good times of the undergraduate life.

“No words can picture adequately the difficulties of the early days in meeting the interest on the mortgage and on the notes. There was constant talk of the necessity of providing a sinking fund for the mortgage and of reducing the floating debt represented by the notes. But the sinking fund refused to sink and the floating debt continued to float, and it was too hard to provide the interest to permit any attention to the principal.

“The Finance Committee was composed of several Alumni, the chairman, however, being a graduate student when the struggle began. Brother Whiting was treasurer of the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia and as such he had the final respon-

sibility. With whatever other members or non-members of the Finance Committee who could be rounded up for the purpose, the Chairman began weeks in advance of the interest date to try to provide the necessary funds. At times these efforts took the form of walking up and down Chestnut Street and calling on various Alumni of the Tau and of any other Chapter available in an attempt to borrow the necessary balance.

“It must be remembered that all of the Tau Alumni were young business and professional men, most of them with limited resources. To a large extent they responded and somehow or other, chiefly other, the interest was met. After ten years or so, Brother Henry Erdman assumed the responsibility of organizing the finances, and through his efforts assisted by many others, including Brother Chester N. Farr, who was the president of the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia, a campaign was undertaken to raise an amount sufficient to pay off entirely the floating debt. This was finally accomplished, due in large part to Brother Henry N. Woolman’s extraordinary munificence in offering to match the total individual subscriptions with a contribution of equal amount; and in 1929 the mortgage, which had been extended for ten years, was paid in full, and the property at last was clear of all indebtedness.”

But alas not for long.

An avaricious and short-sighted municipality, during the Era of the Golden Egg, when real estate values were skyrocketing to fictitious heights, raised the assessment on the property from thirty thousand to a hundred and fifty thousand dollars. This implied a tax rate that could not possibly be borne even if the Chapter had been the millionaire’s club it was dubbed on the campus. Other houses suffered under the same load though not to an equal degree. It looked as if

the whole system would be crushed out of existence and the houses taken over by the City for non-payment of taxes—without much improvement to its treasury, for the buildings were unusable in most cases for other purposes, and therefore unsalable.

There seemed to be only one way out. Henry Erdman and George Sharp made a composition with the Trustees of the University, whereby the property was to be deeded over to the Corporation to be used as college dormitories, untaxable now as the property of an educational foundation, with immediate rights in the chapter: a safe arrangement because we could always trust that with a large resident population the rooms would be filled with our own. Other fraternities worked out the same arrangement. It seemed like a happy solution.

But the City felt, perhaps justly, that this was an evasion, and after some years refused to honor the plan. The property must be absolutely the University's, with no taxes, or the Chapter's, with them. There was no alternative, and at a meeting of Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia held November 1, 1938, the House was formally deeded over to the Corporation, to be their own, in their name, the only stipulation being that if ever it were used for other than dormitory purposes it would revert to the Chapter as of old. It is sad to think of a home that represented so much honest sweat, enthusiasm, worry and fruition passing out of the hands of the body that built it. It was no longer our own and the City no better off for its ungenerosity.

But in the larger sense it still belongs. It is bone of our bone and flesh of our flesh. We can do as we like with it, alter and embellish. It remains our monument, hallowed by years and recollections. Consistently it has maintained, and ever will maintain, the policy of the Open Door. It is the

House of Hospitality. What memories it enshrines! There was a time when another fraternity, a great national rival, lived opposite, where now stands the House of God. They used to serenade us with our own songs, inverted; and the weather-beaten owls and trophies from the mantel-piece would disappear in the dim watches of the night, turn up in a foreign home, and come back as mysteriously as they had left. Then there were the times of T.T.T., when the dais became a stage, and much good acting went on. Or the Thanksgiving Teas, the whole place filled to overflowing with gay crowds and music. But surely it was best, is best, in the quiet ordinary times, a blessed island of tranquillity in the noise and unrest of the city roundabout. A good old house: one cannot help thinking of it as old. Like a piece of ancient furniture its lines have gained character; it has taken on a patina from long and loving use. Who would think of leaving it? Who would alter one line of it? It may not be the best house in the world but it is the best for us. Perhaps Bob Torrey was right when he sang his song:

*“Fifteen hundred million dollars
Carnegie hands around,
Building public libraries
On every spot of ground.*

*If he wants to build another,
The man to show him how
Is the man who architected
The house that we’re in now.”*

—Yes, that hits it exactly.

Chapter History

IT SEEMS a pity to divide a history like this, at all. The record of the Fraternity at Pennsylvania is a continuous one, with ebb and flow if you will, but no breaking. And its doings should be presented like an Elizabethan play, continuously, with no arbitrary division into acts and scenes. But since this would make for a ponderous book with an over-plus of black type we shall make a division, and make it after this fashion: First the period 1891-1909; second from 1909 to 1923; third from 1923 to the present day. The initial chapter will carry the story from the beginning of Psi U, as Psi U, at Pennsylvania, to the time of its crowning chapter, its golden age. During these years the undergraduate departments were still comfortably small, the student body still predominantly Philadelphian. There were not many fraternities; the chapters were little chapters. There was no interest in rushing on the part of what George Barrows called "nosey deans." And since most of the members were headed for Medicine or Law we can call this part The Professionals. The second has to do with the era of enlargement of the University, the upsurging of the Wharton School, the multiplication of fraternities and the swelling of their chapter-rolls and the compounding of agreement after agreement among the fraternities until finally the Administration took a hand. Since many of the men now had business careers in mind we can call this The Business Men. The third will carry

on until today, and for want of a better name we can call it The Boys. The older men among the group are now sufficiently along in life to welcome the title. The younger ones can hardly object, for after all they still are boys.

Gathering together a history of this kind is not, as Brother Dr. Child would put it, a lead-pipe cinch. It is like coming out of an ether-dream. Faces emerge from the void, stay with you for the twinkling of an eye, and then fade away into the haze. How can you give these shifting memories a local habitation and a name? It makes you envy the spider, who can spin a house out of his own entrails. Or some careless reporters on our College sheets (*mea culpa!*) who in default of great news make it up for themselves and print it as gospel.

Annals are scattered and tortuous. There are three sources: Chapter minutes, Class Records, memories of your friends if they have the time and interest to offer them.

The minutes are bound to be unsatisfactory. They are like the skeleton of a man without the familiar envelope of flesh. Personality by the very nature of the thing is excluded. All of them read strangely alike. One soon gets to know them by heart: "Opening song sung. Minutes read and approved. Brother Thesauristes asks the men to pay up. Letters from Chapters X, Y, Z, &. Call for latenesses. Closing song." That's all. Now and then a scribe like George Barrows or Ned Rodgers lets his humor in and makes for pleasant reading. Or Joe Brown will finish his screed: "I hereupon end"—Joseph J. Brown, and then add later in more tentative script: "Not Yet"—he crowed too soon. But for the most part the notes have an anodynic quality, soothing almost to lullaby.

Class Records are better. As a matter of fact the older ones are famous time-killers. They have receded enough into history to take unto themselves a certain aura of quaintness like

old family albums, and comfortable, used furniture. It's fun to look at the pen-drawings, the memories of certain class hours, or sketches of Fraternity members of the Faculty like Pop Easton with his Santa Claus aspect and his antipathy to baths. Happily photography had not yet come into its baleful own, to turn everything into mechanics. The books maintain the personal touch; they are done, as the china-painters would say, by hand. Here and there you come across odd societies and escapades, and now and then prophecies strike a really prophetic note.

But personal recollections are the best of all. If you can get them. Oh for a dozen Horace Pattersons, who, over convivial Monsoons in a comfortable background, can raise the dead back to palpitating life and rob history of its dullness. Of course different people remember things in different ways. If you believe Horace, the Chapter was a collection of magnificent creatures, Apollos. Always he will start off his answer: "Oh he was a fine-looking fellow!" Others will tell fetching anecdotes off the record, which hardly come into a solemn book like this. If you could only assemble a body of stories happy and uncensored, what a chronicle it would make! Sweet, sweet vision; foolish, foolish dream! But let us, as the Chapter Letter used to begin, take our pen in hand—

CHAPTER ONE—1891-1909. THE PROFESSIONALS

The first initiates of Psi U after its induction as Psi U made their entrance when the elders of Upsilon Kappa were still about, with their pioneering spirit and their enthusiasm. Prexy and Ross brooding over their children; the forthright Willson ("I am the Judge's son"); Jack Sinclair—"the down upon his lip lay like the shadow of a hovering kiss"; the colorful Thornton—he would have made a chapter by himself;

and Warrie, Pat, and Critchlow, with their wanton wives—all were there. And the newcomers were quite worthy of them. Almost every delegation consists of two classes—the quiet men, good fellows, who fit perfectly into fraternity life, content to take things easy; and the dynamic fellows and leaders. 1895 illustrated both admirably. They were taken in at different times, as was the fashion then; but this is their aggregation:

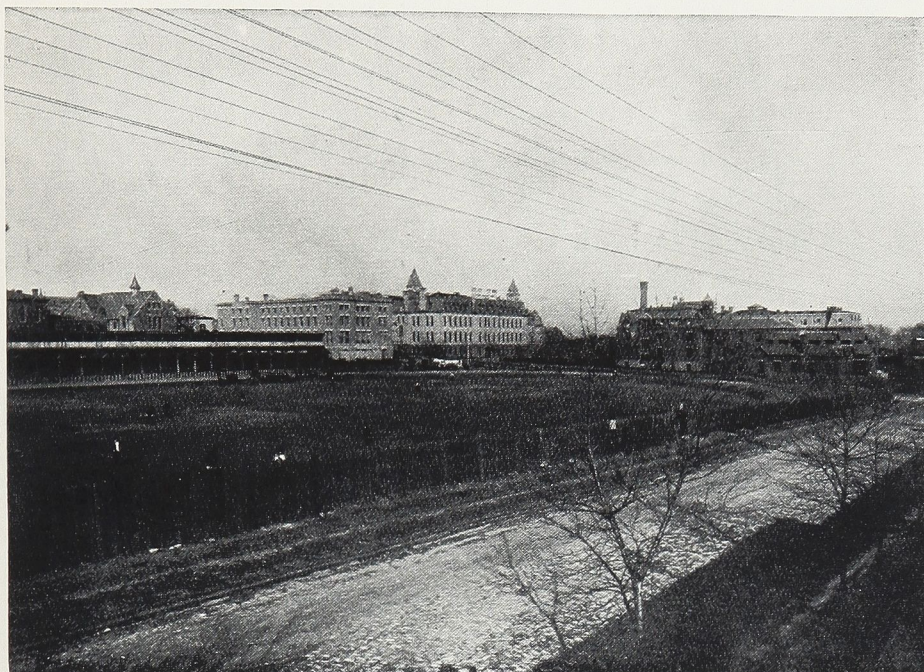
Henry Harold Brown, Edward Matthews Cregar, Francis Salisbury McIlhenny, William Walter Martin, John Henry Minds, Owen Josephus Roberts.

Brown was graduated in Medicine but never really practiced. He became interested in insurance, which profession he carries on successfully today. Cregar was a great cricketer in an age of great cricket. Martin was a "Vet." He was small and personable, and took girl's roles in the early T.T.T.'s.

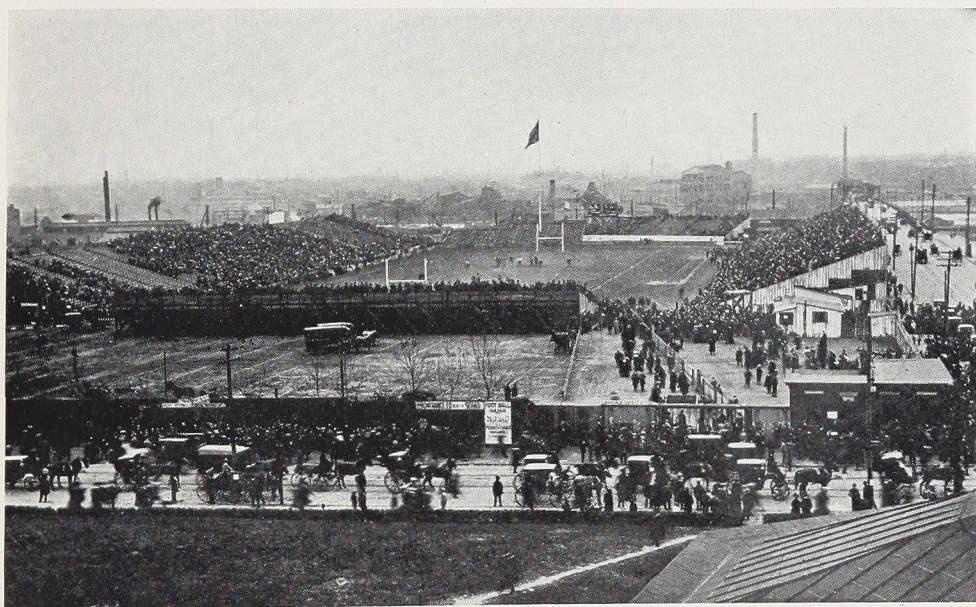
The three more active men were figures of which any fraternity would be proud.

Jack Minds hailed from Ramey, up-State, where his family were coal-operators. He brought down with him a rugged physique and an equable temper. He was one of our cardinal football men, Captain of the 1896 Eleven. In the Record they add to his name "Not so dull as he seems," which is merely a quizzical way of testifying to his real ability and common-sense, two qualities that have made him attorney for the U.G.I. He represented, you might say, the athletic side of the outfit.

The other two, Frank McIlhenny and Owen Roberts, you always think of together because they thought of themselves in that way. Both were of Germantown, of the Academy there. Both were ambitious. Both became lawyers, of the tradition that made the old proverb "Clever as a Philadelphia lawyer." Both were loyal backers of the Fraternity.



OLD ATHLETIC FIELD, 37TH AND SPRUCE STREETS



FRANKLIN FIELD, 1896

McIlhenny as the name indicates had Scotsmen for forebears. Tall, rangy and sandy-haired, familiarly known as "Spider," planted squarely on very generous feet that seemed to express the soundness of his character—

*"Who plants his feet upon the floor
As if he ne'er would move them more"—*

he was one of the most universally loved of the chapter members. His familiar figure was well remembered by the younger brothers. But even those who never had the good fortune to meet him could read something of his charm from the old Chapter pictures. The countenance was not exactly handsome, but it was alert with a sheer good nature that instantly won you. Full of smiles, merry, he was infinitely interested in the college life about him—the kind of man you could not keep down. The freshmen elected him out of hand as their president, the upper classes made him manager of Baseball, and the Seniors chose him as their cane-man. Sometimes undergraduates really have a sense of tomorrow. In the Prophecy he was pictured as advocate at a great trial, drawing tears at will from the audience and getting an acquittal for a jail-bird everyone knew was guilty. And Calchas pointed to him and said: "There is Francis S. McIlhenny, A.B., LL.D., the greatest lawyer in Philadelphia." At the later T.T.T.'s he was one of the regular audience (in the earlier ones he had always been a protagonist); and at initiations. Those who heard him years later speaking to the new freshmen and quoting Kipling's "If" when it was something new, will never forget him. It was a lucky delegation that had him for their mentor.

Owen Roberts was even more familiar, a great scholar, and even in those early days a great speaker. His class-book

was filled with "firsts." His tall person (he and Frank McIlhenny were both members of the six-foot-club) was in the center of all the pictures, because it belonged there. The Pennsylvanian he had in his pocket as Editor-in-Chief, and likewise the Class Record. Calchas the Prophet picked *him* out as a pedagogue—successor to Fullerton in the chair of Philosophy. And they weren't entirely wrong either; something of the teacher was in him. Many years in the Law School he explained the intricacies of Second-Year Property. It was a dull subject, given at the two weariest hours of the week, on Thursday from four to six in the afternoon. Yet because of his sheer drive it became one of the Big Things over there. His later record is public history. President Hoover appointed him to our now very liberal Supreme Court. He is our most distinguished figure. Maybe he is the most distinguished of Pennsylvania's living sons, for whenever an event of moment takes place he is the chosen speaker. "Fain would I climb," they said of him in the old days. He has climbed, right well.

(They tell a story of the lighter side of these Twins. Just when they had come out of Law School McKinley was campaigning for the Presidency. Among his small-fry opponents, and running on the Prohibition ticket, was a man named Swallow. The combination of moniker and cause was too much for these barristers, and they went up-State barnstorming, I am afraid not too seriously, for the Cause. All of which resulted in a hilarious song which Frank Evans can sing you if Owen Roberts can't.)

The delegation of '96 was small, but good; three members, the mystic number of completion: Lincoln Ferguson, James Madison "Peters" Stifler, and Henry N. Woolman.

Link, brother of Joe (Upsilon Kappa member) was journalistically minded, and connected with the two short-lived

publications of Ben Franklin and the Courier.

Jim Stiffler, hailing from Upland and the Crozer feudatory, originally joined Chapter and Class of '95, but owing, as the Book puts it, to a disagreement with Lamberton over the quantity of Greek verbs, he withdrew for a season. He is therefore commemorated twice in the annals, with different commentaries (I wonder if he remembers them). This is the first: "In sooth I am a man of many parts." And this the second, much stronger, though of the same general tenor, "This scholar, rake, Christian, dupe, gamester, and poet." In his short stay with the other class he had succeeded McIlhenny as president (one term incumbencies). In his other incarnation he became chief of that high-brow journal the Red and Blue, and of the Class Record, and active in a dozen other ways on the Campus. And somehow he arranged, along with these things and T.T.T. to extract prizes from the Faculty (people seemed able to do so much, those days). In after years he entered the ministry, the second of six (I think I am right) in our ranks, the others being Ernest Paddock (U.K.), Courtland Hodge, '97, W. P. Remington '00, J. A. Schofield '30, and Pete Sturtevant '38, three Episcopalians, two Presbyterians, one Baptist—you see we are broad-minded. He is an inhabitant of Chicago, where for many years he held a parish, later was advisor to erratic President Hutchins, and now, retired, is still interested enough in his school friends to send back a most amusing account of the old burlesques. One would like to see a reunion of these Older Ones, who worked and enjoyed themselves so well together, that a younger and more matter-of-fact generation might see them and catch some of their fire.

The brothers Woolman (Ed, graduate of Haverford, had been received into the delegation of '94) were memorable even among the old crowd of titans. To write a history of the

Tau without them would be like touring England without seeing London. Both were quiet and modest, but both vastly public spirited.

Harry was spoken of in the Class Record with words that seem unfamiliar now; possibly they were better known to his contemporaries:

*“My only books are woman’s looks,
And folly’s all they’ve taught me.”*

He belonged to the Wharton School, which in the antique tongue was often known as the Houston Hall Course or the Stereopticon Course by envious men of the Arts, and sat under the picturesque Patton, the great James, and the budding Jim Young. Being on the practical end of things he acted as Treasurer for his Class and later on Business Manager of the Pennsylvanian and Assistant Manager of the Football Team in 1894. He was then, and is now, the soul of hospitality. The old family place on 38th Street near Market was a rendezvous for pleasant parties. The boys used to call his sister “Brother Jo” because of her interest in our parties, and insisted she was a better Psi U than they were. Chapter minutes are filled with items about generous refreshments for the shows, or storing furniture for the summer when the new house was a-building, or the lending of a wagon for pre-initiation rites. The Tau has had many loyal sponsors, but I think the world will agree that we owe more to Prex. Whiting and Henry Woolman than to any of the others. Harry carried on where Prex. left off. Like Atlas he has carried our world on his shoulders. It was he whose generosity helped wipe out our mortgage in 1929. It is at his farm at Cressbrook that we have our out-door parties each year. And his home in Ardmore has been the happy focus of

all our graduate life. You might sum him up as they did Christopher Wren in St. Paul's in London: "Reader, if you wish to see his monument, look around you."

One notes continually in the proceedings of this particular time repeated announcements of meetings of the Engagement Club. Of course it was a strictly extra-curricular activity, and should have no place in annals of this kind. But the asides, as Walter Shandy used to say, are the most interesting part of life. One would like to tell something of the story here, just by way of backdrop and College scenery, of that irascible old nigger bully Pomp, who for forty years lorded it over the basement of College Hall, speaking only to Seniors, and insulting them: loved for some reason or other by Dean Penniman, who when the man was no more, put his ugly effigy on the wall for all the world to see. Or the picturesque ceremonies of Cremation. Or the ritual of the Sacred Bird, outside Houston Hall. If only there were time. But the Engagement Club was something of Ours, and at the risk of accusation for surplusage I include the account of it.

Here it is.

The Engagement Club, a very real and virile organization which functioned actively some twenty years, was the product of Warrie Coulston's fertile brain. Mounting one of the bar-room chairs in the old smoking room one night after a Chapter meeting, he launched this project, and producing from his coat pocket a copy of the by-laws, which he had drawn up and written in longhand on a couple of sheets of foolscap paper, he invited those of us who wanted to join, to sign forthwith and become charter members (limit 20). There were two principal provisions of the by-laws. One prescribed that each member of the Club, upon announcing his engagement, must entertain the other members by giving a supper, the quality and quantity of the repast to be

commensurate with the financial position he had achieved. The second provision made it mandatory upon the Club to present the first *legitimate* child of every member with a silver spoon. Notwithstanding this limitation a very considerable number of spoons was given to the members' offspring. Government of the Club was lodged in an executive committee of three, one of them to be secretary, and only bachelor members eligible to hold office. The first executive committee was Ross, Spaeth and Coulston, secretary. Subsequently Horace Patterson became secretary and thereupon incorporated an amendment to the by-laws limiting the committee to one—the secretary. The first member to put his neck in the marital noose was Bob Pitfield, then an intern at the German hospital, who regaled us in 1894 with a modest repast and a keg of beer in the isolation building on the hospital grounds. Thereafter Reisser's Rathskeller became the official meeting place of the Club and for more than a decade banquets (?) occurred fairly frequently. The automatic reduction in the number of candidates for matrimonial bliss naturally decreased the Club's celebrations, but an amendment to the by-laws by the executive committee authorized the election of five new members, three of whom, Roberts, McIlhenny and Minds, provided the traditional hospitality at the Rathskeller in subsequent years. The swan song of the Club was a joint banquet given by Dick Stoye and the loyal secretary, without the shadow of an excuse, and therefore a glowing example of matchless magnanimity.

The Class of 1897 was represented by the following men: William Edward Bevan, Dr. Howard Bucknell, Joseph Emmanuel Crawford, Cortland Van Rensselaer Hodge, Dwight Farlow Mallory, John Henry Morice, Jr., Charles Moore Patterson, Ralph Payne, Edward Adams Stroud, Atlee Hoffman Tracy.

Dwight Mallory, a good looking Baltimorean, and full of life, unhappily stayed with us only a year, but kept up his fraternity ties. Hodge, a Princeton graduate who joined us from the Medical School, married a sister of the Sinclairs, and went out to China as a medical missionary. Both were killed in the Boxer Rebellion. Handsome Charlie Patterson was one of the spark-plugs of the Shows, as his namesake was before him, and the subject of much interesting unwritten history. Here is the verse the Book gave him:

*“As Father Adam first was fooled,
A case that’s all too common,
Here is a man a woman ruled;
The Devil ruled the woman.”*

Ralph Payne, of Rushville, Ind., was famous for his impersonations, president of the sophomore class and captain of the Class baseball team. Bucknell left at the end of his freshman year, Crawford at the end of his sophomore. The former is now a prominent physician in Atlanta, the latter General Manager of the Norfolk & Western Railroad. Stroud took up floriculture as a hobby, and became a famous florist. For years he took great interest in the Chapter, and many good parties were held in his greenhouses. Morice, a quiet, dignified, aristocratic fellow, was in his undergraduate days a brave cricket-player, captain and manager of the University team. Later he was a globe trotter and lived abroad. Readers of our Alumni Gazette will remember his fascinating travel articles. Now he lives in New York State, a collector of rare books.

Tracy, familiarly known as Pat, after his graduation became one of the originators of the Power trust and makes Chicago his home.

In 1898 these men represented us. Albert Russell Bartlett, Walter Lewis Conwell, Wm. Lloyd McCauley (from the Phi), Dr. Edward Kemp Moore, William Porter Ogelsby, Joseph Percy Remington, William Joseph Wittenberg.

Bert Bartlett justified his caption in the Record: "Faith, I can cut a caper." Mask and Wig was the outlet for his energies. Old grads remember him as the Woman in Black in "Very Little Red Riding Hood," and Mother Goose in the "House that Jack Built." He was a member of the Club and active in T.T.T.

I find this odd description of him in the year book: "That famous rubber-limbed, double jointed automatic actor and hayseed. His realistic impersonation of a back-country farmer—one debutante in a box declared she could detect all the dear familiar odors of the barnyard when Bertie made his entrance, and approaching the bar ordered a glass of strong milk."

And this:

"In No Gentleman of France Bartlett again impersonated a rustic. The whole town went crazy over him. But his head was never turned by success. On the contrary his kindly genial nature has remained the same as ever, and he still has a good word for every stray dog inhabiting his native alley."



BARTLETT & WILCOX
"The House That Jack Built," 1898

Conwell—

*“Beautiful in form and feature,
Lovely as the day,
Can there be so fair a creature
Formed of human clay—”*

came with Walter Whetstone, who entered with this delegation, left, and joined 1899, went from us early. They were both Philadelphians. Conwell became in after life a departmental manager of Westinghouse, and Whetstone a remarkably successful promoter, whose picturesque story Duke Patterson, who worked with him, can tell you.

Ogelsby, called in the Science Department O’Gelsby, one of our many Penn Charter recruits, was a class football and baseball man, and a member of the first cast of the T.T.T. His father was responsible for the plumbing fixtures in the new house.

Remington, known as “The Kid,” was a little giant, one of the great men of the Chapter and the Class. The Historian speaks of a small figure coming on to the Campus among the freshmen, seeming almost to need a Lord Fauntleroy suit to make him complete. But what he did accomplish! “I would I might o’er leap the endless boundaries of space”—that’s the way they put it. Stellar in baseball and cricket and on the track, a ravishing leading lady of the Mask and Wig and member of its Club, he yet found time to act as Senior President and to found a secret society, inaugurated under weird auspices on a dark night in the Clock-tower of College Hall, with a charter written in the blood of the participants—it would be a good yarn if we could tell it at length—called the Holy and Perpetual Order of the Friars of St. Josiah, whose avowed purpose was the reformation of the erring Dean

Penniman. Life was crowded for this man, who after his graduation used his talents and energy successfully in inventing, and remained loyal and friendly until the time of his death. He is numbered among the great.

'99 added to us the following: Armistead Lattimore Abrahams, Louis Gilliams Martinez Cardeza, Frederick Lewis Clark, Franklin Gilkeson, John Morrison Oliver Hewitt, Edward Blanchard Hodge, Jr., Dr. Lauriston Lane (Theta), Edward Anthony Mechling, William Nelson Morice, Ralph Lathrop Paddock, William Heins Crawford Ramsey, Charles Stanley Rogers, Walter Whetstone, Archa Edward Wilcox.

Abrahams hailed from Texas, one of the first members from a distance on our far-flung battle-line. Cardeza, remembered pleasantly for his charm, left early. He was a member of the Apostles Club, Matthew the Publican, to be exact.

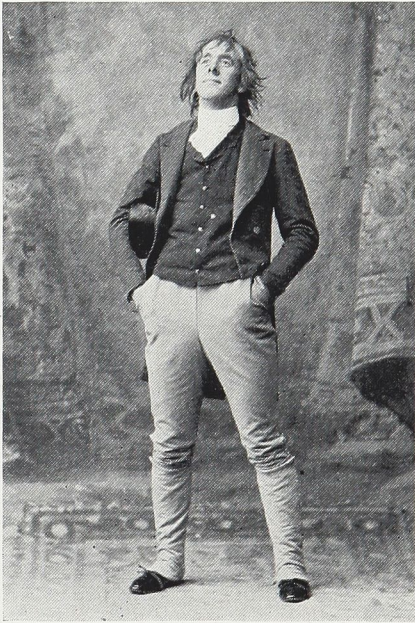
Gilkeson also was only a sojourner, though he kept up his interest for many years. Hewitt, Son of Zebedee in that strange club of the Apostles, and a musician, was the son of the architect of the Castle.

Mechling was dubbed "Sleepy" apparently because he emphatically was not, as his record on the track team proved. He belonged to some of those surreptitious orders of which we would like to learn more, the Lawless and Disorder Society, and the Press Gang. Among his more orthodox activities was the chief editorship of the *Pennsylvanian*, manager-ship of baseball, and the chorus of *Mask and Wig*.

Bill Morice, "Handsome Bill," big, rugged, generous, kindly, loomed large as an undergraduate, and was always one of our remembered figures. He was a Thespian—I doubt if any fraternity on the Campus includes so many *Mask and Wig Men*—in the cast. An editor on *Ben Franklin* and the *Pennsylvanian*. A varsity football man. Vice president of the freshman class. And by club ties at least he was *Lawless*

and Disorderly too, and Bald Headed. He never gave over his love for the Chapter. Those who went to the Convention of 1920 will recall him as the generous host at Chestnut Hill, supplying the fountain of cheer to the delegates, and now and then taking some of the quieter ones off to see his fine collection of etchings. We lost a fine and a generous friend in his passing not long since.

Ramsey "Wee small man of greatest deeds" and member of the Five-Foot Club took part in class athletics until his junior-year departure. Charlie Rogers, "Crappy," was celebrated for years as one of the best figure-skaters in the city.



ARCHA E. WILCOX

No Gentleman of France, 1896

Archie Wilcox entered Medicine and is now a well-known doctor in Minneapolis. He seldom returns to Philadelphia, but when he does he always gets in touch with his friends in the Chapter and Mask and Wig Club, a thoroughly delightful personality. Ned Hodge is a distinguished surgeon and trustee of Princeton University, where he took his A.B. degree in '96.

It was a great delegation all told. But even among men like Morice and Mechling Fred Clark stood out as Abou ben Adhem. You can see something of his standing in the Class by what they said about him:

*“None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise”*

—and also what they did to him, for he was Bowl-Man. His bowl and Hans Spaeth's are still in the House as some of our pet trophies. For years after his graduation from College and Law School he was the perfect mentor of the Chapter, and one who carried through for a long spell our financial burden. He came of distinguished people—his father was Charles Heber Clark the famous author—and the least you can say of him is that he has borne out loyally the traditions of his clan.

All these people were active at the time of what seemed to us now the minor excitement of the Spanish War, and a desire for service, and restlessness, entered College as it is doing today. Bill Morice joined Battery A of Pennsylvania Volunteers, Charlie Rogers left in his junior year with the City Troop. And as an echo of the earlier times “Crazy” Critchlow became a Captain of the Field Artillery, saw service in the Philippines, and was given a dinner by his old friends when he came once more to visit the Fraternity from his home in Salt Lake City.

Meanwhile during these years life at the House went on pleasantly and uneventfully. Brothers were fined for leaving the gas on, like *Passepartout* in Jules Verne. The House was cold, and Bro. Willson presented it with a gas stove to mitigate the rigors of a Philadelphia winter. Or the drinking-chlorine was distasteful in the spring-time and Robert Sinclair presented a cooler to make it less unpalatable. The plebes stood in line over-night in the old picturesque ceremony of waiting for Mask and Wig tickets. There are tentative moments to help the financial standing of the Chapter by life insurance, a system college classes adopted with success

later on. Brother Price, donor of the stone for the Castle, invites the boys to a "plain turkey dinner"—how hospitable that sounds! And there are adumbrations of the newer House.

On February 8, 1898 Brother Ross spoke about plans for the new Chapter-House. On June 7 of that year the House Committee was empowered to close the House after June 11 and Charles, the black help, was suspended until September. Brother Woolman arranged to keep the furniture over the summer. The Chapter went into temporary quarters on DeKalb Square, in the original bailiwick. The Old Place, with its memories, came down, and the New Ambitious Place, described by Frank Evans as a mixture of Tudor-Gothic, Mid-Victorian and Pennsylvania Dutch—went up apace. On Friday, June 9th, 1899, at five o'clock in the afternoon, exercises were held for the Heraldic Emblazonment in the New Chapter-hall, and dedication of the Lodge Room. Various documents, a copy of the Charter, a copy of the Deed of Property, a list of the members, were placed in the wall back of the Insignia before it was sealed up. The exercises were brief. There were speeches by Brother Drayton, President of the Psi U of Philadelphia, and Dr. Joseph Price, some statistics by Prex. Whiting, and a blessing by Bishop Whitaker. On June 19 the Chapter moved into its new home.

Gifts came from various generous people: furniture and decorations from Mrs. Perot, a mahogany table from Dr. Deaver, an elk-head from Brother McCormick. Brothers Patterson and Willson presented flag-poles, Brothers William Morice, de Lisle, Smith, and the Class of 1900 presented flags. On January 5, 1900 a letter from Brother Drayton announced a special meeting of the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia, when a final report would be made by the building committee and the building formally transferred to the Board of Trustees and hence to the Chapter, with Brother Clark representing the Chapter at the banquet. And finally there was

an official house-warming, and the Chapter settled in its new home.

The delegation of 1900 was as follows: Horatio E. Abrums, Reuben Nelson Bennett (Xi), Edward Lafourcade Cheyney, Harold Stilwell Kirby (Theta), John Hays McCormick, William Proctor Remington, and Edward Burwell Rich.

Abrums and Cheyney left early for military service. McCormick, who left in his freshman year and reentered with the next class, was a capital actor, taking varied roles in the cast of the Wig Shows; and in later years a loyal Psi U man in his home town of Williamsport.

Bill Remington was the big man of the crowd. Like his distinguished brother he managed to get into everything, and lead everything he got into. The track coach said that without Grant and Remington we could not have won the championship in track athletics. He was senior president, repeating family history, editor of the *Pennsylvanian*, president of the Y.M.C.A., member of the newly organized senior society of Sphinx, now the most coveted of College honors. Leaving us he went into the Episcopal ministry. "He's too good a man for a minister," they used to say of him, the highest compliment an undergraduate can offer. They knew where he was heading, and in the Class Prophecy he was pictured as Lord Bishop of Manayunk. They were wrong in the diocese, but not in the prediction, for he is now Bishop of Eastern Oregon, about as human a minister and free from sacerdotalism as the Church has known.

When I said he was the leader of the delegation I almost forgot Rich. This genial, utterly likable personality, "If thou art Rich thou art poor," was also pleasantly in evidence. Part actor, part editor, he was successful in both fields. He originated our comic journal the *Punch Bowl* which had an honorable history for forty years, and strove in the *Mask* and *Wig* shows during his whole undergraduate career—partic-

ularly famous for his coon specialty in Mr. Aguinaldo of Manila. Lovable, attractive, genial and loyal, he spent his later life, as Bill Wiedersheim puts it, in seeking a real productive oil well. He too was one of the original company of Sphinx.

1901 gave us Robert Foster Carbutt, Arthur Reginald Earnshaw, Frank Brooke Evans, Jr., Samuel Miller Freeman, and Bertram H. Rogers.

Bert Carbutt, active in class athletics, and Sphinx, was in the Towne School, and is now living in New York carrying on the business of Electricity in a large way. Earnshaw, "Froggie," was an enthusiastic track-man.

Frank Evans has been, is now, and will be, one of our pillars of strength—the ideal all-round college man. The University Motto suggests the shrewd mind in the sound body, and Frank is a good example of its expression. He carried off many prizes in class and was Phi Beta Kappa, our first since Chester Farr. He was in the French play, Chairman of the Record Committee and Class Poet. In the Chapter he will always be remembered for his T.T.T. scripts, some of the best of all; and he has given his recollection of these things in a genial paper which the scribe has cribbed from unblushingly and minus quotation marks. Now he is Vice President of the Bell Telephone Company, one of the most successful business men of the city, but never too busy to lend a hand to Chapter interests.

Bert Rogers, cricketer and hockey-man, was like Evans a good student. Genial Sam Freeman, who alas was active only for a short time, is always an active member in interest.

1902 had as its representatives George Bullock Atlee, Richard Lee Barrows, Boulton Earnshaw, Ralph Berrell Evans, Louis Gilliams, Jr., Luther Albert Gray, Tomlinson Kent Hawley, Charles Frederick Hinckle, Jr., Stirling Walker

Moorhead, Edward Lewis Quarles (Phi), Morris Edgar Smith, and Orville Theodore Waring.

Atlee was another of the well-balanced men, with cricket, hockey, track and lacrosse on the one side, and the class-presentship and mathematical prizes on the other. Morris Smith, incurably loyal, was one of our prize students. Gilliams and Hinckle left early, "came but to depart." Moorhead, quiet and likable, has done well by Medicine in our own city. Boulton Earnshaw is today the University's purchasing agent.

Evans, "Coxey," brother of Frank, was just as able as he. Here again you note a long string of scholastic honors and class honors as well. He was Phi Beta Kappa, coxswain of the freshman and sophomore crews, manager of baseball and member of the Skull and Dagger Society. He went into Law and at the time of his lamented death a few years ago was the best trial lawyer in the city.

Gray was one of the finest pole-vaulters of his time, and



CHAPTER OF 1902

Sphinx. He too was among the legal fellows, for a time a partner of Owen Roberts, and now a country squire in Bucks County.

Pete Waring earned the same quotation in the Yearbook as Fred Clark before—high praise. One of our original lacrosse men, he wrote a paper on his hobby for a Literary Meeting. He managed the Lacrosse team, was a long distance runner, in the chorus of several Wig Shows, and Sphinx.

Dick Barrows, “almost a twin brother of Frank Evans in his loyalty and devotion to the fraternity” (Bill Wiedersheim) is an official of the Bell Telephone Company.

1903 initiated Robert Parry Clark, Tasker Howard, Thomas Ewing King, James Gibson Lindsay, Jr., (from the former delegation), William Clarke Mason, Benjamin Schreiber Mechling, Ellwood Ellis Ramsey, George Black Rea, John Semple Sharp.

Of these the most prominent in college was Ramsey, Captain and Manager of baseball, Senior President, and Sphinx. Robert Clark was brother of Fred. Tasker Howard is now highly thought of as a doctor in Brooklyn. Rea left early for Princeton. Mason is one of the best of our lawyers, in the firm of Morgan, Lewis & Bockius. Mayor Lamberton was fond of saying: “Why is it that all the first rate lawyers in Philadelphia are Psi U’s?” Lindsay was golf captain, and Sphinx. Ben Mechling was, and is, one of the most friendly and companionable souls ever in the Chapter, with a genius for good cheer and fellowship. When Pat gathers his men together for talk-swapping Ben is always ready with news not controlled by the Associated Press, and his tales are good and well told. He is a dweller in Riverton now, and amateur farmer of the ancestral place in Lehigh County, where he raises pheasants in a red barn. A great traveller, too, and one of our bright stars at reunions. His memories and programs

of the House Shows have brought back much of the glamor of the old time.

The 1904 Class was one of our most successful ones. It included Carl Boardman (Mu), Robert Burns, Henry Preston Erdman, Robert Thompson McCracken, who graduated, because of illness in his junior year, with 1905, Layton Bartol Register, Joseph Warner Swain, Jr., and Dr. William Richard Warren. This delegation gave us three Phi Beta Kappa men, in Burns, Register and McCracken; three Sphinx men in McCracken, Register and Swain; a Senior Presidency, in Swain; and a first-rate, loyal and untiring brother-in-the-bonds in Hank Erdman. These men did so well and are so well known, and their activities so many and varied, that a repetition of them is needless. And they have carried out their early promise. Hank Erdman practiced law with Chester Farr, was of the same calibre; he left his whole fortune to the University. Leighton Register is Assistant Dean and Librarian of our Law School; Joe Swain even in these parlous days is a successful broker; Bob Burns was a pioneer in the automobile business and now lives quietly in New Jersey. Bob McCracken, former partner of Owen Roberts, was the most important figure in our Bi-centennial drive, is now a Trustee of the University and Director of the Pennsylvania Railroad. And all of them have shown their abiding loyalty to the Tau again and again. One might steal from the lingo of the investors and term them Strictly First Class.

These are the men (excepting Bob McCracken) of 1905; John Armstrong, Joseph Boyd Baker 3d, Ransford Mix Beach, John Arthur Brown, John Herr Musser, Jr., Herbert Marseilles Ramsey, Henry Conner Weeks, Sam Bray Whetstone. Beach, Mask and Wig man, was termed the happiest person in the Class, a tribute to a thoroughly engaging personality. John Brown, dubbed Audecumborius, first of the Famous Browns, was the leader in his class, a freshman presi-

dent, senior Spoon Man, and Sphinx; now, a busy lawyer, vitally interested in our athletics, particularly rowing. John Musser, baseball manager and Mask and Wigger, Sphinx, followed in the profession of his famous father, and is now a central figure in the Medical School at Tulane. Harry Weeks "Chubby," active in almost every sport and Mask and Wig as well, Sphinx and Cane man, now is a broker, and lives like John Brown in Chestnut Hill. Sam Whetstone, always loyal, has been helpful for many years in the problem of the assessment of the House; for years he has been on the Board of Revision of Taxes.

And these are the vintage of 1906; Eugene Lee Burns, James Bateman Dulles, William Page Harbeson, Arthur Groff Hertzler (Eta), Persifor Smith Holliday (Eta), Isaac Hampshire Jones (Gamma), Royal Reynolds, McLeod Thomson, Wilbur Baird Topping (Eta), Robert Grant Torrey, John Warren Watson (Eta)—there seemed to be a large accession by transfer at this time, particularly from Bethlehem.

You might call this an Interior Delegation. Its strength lay rather in the Chapter than on the campus. The great figure of course was Bob Torrey. It would be hard to do justice to the real worth of this man, to his personality, his ability, his many-sidedness. For two years he was captain of the football team—the only time, so far as I know, that the honor has been accorded. He was not a massive man; his rival for the center position could shove him all around the lot. But because of sheer head work, drive, tactic, strategy—call it what you will—he had the call during a couple of our most difficult and victorious seasons, and was always reckoned in the mythical elevens of the day. Yet at the same time he managed to keep in the front rank in the Medical School, the most difficult of all of our courses, and have abundant time for good cheer in the fraternity-house. Leighton Regis-

ter gives an engaging glimpse of him in those days, in mufti, in his off-hours:

“He went to bed in the early light, memorizing lists of nerves, muscles, bones, arteries, veins, and materia medica. When everybody else would feign sleep, Bob would call for a brew of strong tea made in a black kettle over a laboratory bunsen. Then the song or battle of words was renewed. These were the nights when we came to love a truly great Brother.”

He had an aptness for yarn-spinning and a gift for verse, and his song is one of the best and happiest in our books. Those of us who had the good fortune to know him in his later days always will remember his genial smile, his quips, his ease, his kindness, his great common-sense in his profession or out of it. When the news of his passing came suddenly a little while ago it seemed hard to think he would no longer enliven us with his salty talk. Philadelphia lost a great figure then, and we too. Somehow the sun does not seem to shine so brightly as it did before.

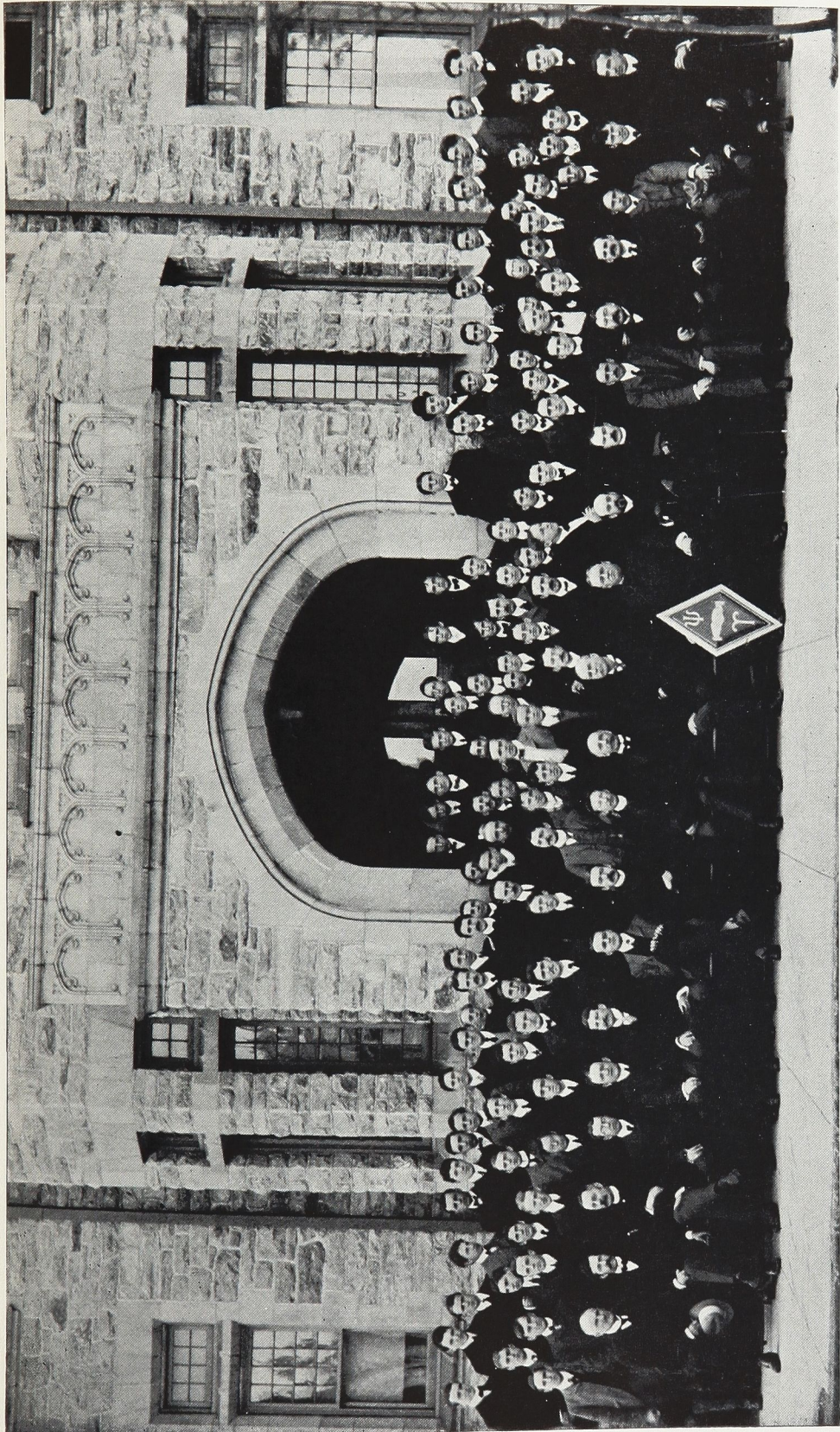
This history as you have noticed long ere this, if you have had the courage to go on, proceeds after the manner of an Ainsworth novel, zebra-like, and striped—a bit of history, then a catalogue, then more history. It is unfortunate perhaps, but it cannot quite be helped in a matter of the kind. By nature it must be so. And we'll go on, hating ourselves for the lack of art in it, a little while along one path, then a spell along the other.

The Chapter had by now settled into the life of its new quarters, a little awed by their grandeur at first, if we can believe Bill Remington. But they soon got to take it in its stride. Too much so, perhaps, for anon complaints were abroad in the land. The House Committee as early as the meeting of November 24, 1899 announced that there would be no more football playing in the House on account of dam-

age to furniture. But the big room by its very size invited roughhouse. You recall how the Great Western Road out of London was marked by repeated accidents after its opening; there was so much width in it that people took chances, until finally the police had to put divisions in it, and narrow it down. So football went on, likewise bicycle racing, officially condemned from the chair. Then active souls would throw poolballs around and try to catch them between two cues, smashing most of the big electric lights. As a result of these internal-external sports the House became a little forbidding inside, naturally. Mrs. Brown, taking pity on us and the place, saw to it that some respectable furniture was presented by the parents, and the renaissance of the big room began.

The ritual was added to. Name-plates were put on the bedroom doors to immortalize their occupants (May 1901). It was decided that the Chapter should assemble downstairs on meeting nights, and march up singing (October 1901). Flag Committees of freshmen were instituted. Pledge buttons were adopted (October 1902). The initiation fee was raised to fifty dollars (1904), and dues from three to three and a half for nine months.

The first really great event in the Castle was the Convention of 1901, in which Tau became host to the Fraternity. The celebration covered the three opening days of May. On Wednesday, the First, there was an evening smoker, and there was a shad dinner in the evening at Essington. Friday saw another business session, and baseball in the afternoon—delegates vs. Tau. And Friday evening marked the culmination, with the banquet at the Walton. Chester Farr presided at this function and became the perennial toastmaster of the alumni dinners for the rest of his life. The genial and hilarious Dr. George R. Van de Water of the Chi was among the speakers. During the Convention rooms were put into



CONVENTION OF 1901 AT THE TAU

festive shape, brothers of the Tau moved out, visiting brothers moved in. The Committee in Charge consisted of three graduates, McIlhenny, Spaeth and Whiting, and five undergraduates including the two Mechlings, McCormick, and Frank Evans. All plans were carried out successfully and it was felt everywhere that the big gathering had been entirely worthy.

Our Class of 1907 included Charles Taylor Brown, Charles Schell Corson, James Grant Damon, Charles Winslow Dulles, Jr., George Kingman Helbert, Arthur Coe Martin (Zeta), Henry George Pearce, David Madison Ramsey, Albert William Shields, Frederick Throckmorton Thomas.

Charlie Brown, second of the great quartet, square-shouldered and thick-set, was boxing champion of the University in his time, and followed the usual steps in the Hierarchy with Pretzel Club, Gargoyle Society and Sphinx. After graduation he showed the best interest any man in the Chapter can offer, by sending his son to carry on his tradition and ours.

Jimmie Damon was one of the most fetching and colorful of the people of his era, full of labours and honors, including



CHAPTER OF 1907

the managership of football, Mask and Wig, freshman, sophomore, and junior societies, and Sphinx. He was one of those happy fellows to whom things just came naturally.

Harry Pearce was another of the same genial type; so in his quiet way was Fred Thomas. Al Shields transferred to Yale, but came back to Pennsylvania for his Law course.

The 1908 crowd were Edwin H. Brooks (Upsilon), Charles Maris Keyser, George Croney Kiefer (Eta), Joseph Ross Pilling, Sheldon Frothingham Potter, Vincent Moore Stevenson, Herbert Marmaduke Tilden.

Charlie Keyser contributed much to the gayety of our shows; Pilling was a second-generation man, nephew of Dr. Ross; Shel Potter was quick, acute, and humorous; George Helbert quiet and loyal—now a well-known patent lawyer in the city; Herb Tilden trained his famous younger brother in tennis, and might have been, if he had cared, as great in that field.

Vincent Stevenson crossed the sky like a comet, those days, one of the definitely spectacular ones. Frank Evans remembers meeting him as a boy at Eaglesmere, and being so attracted that he pointed him out to the Chapter; thoroughly a gentleman, with a quiet manner and infinite promise as an athlete. He startled the college world on his entrance by making the All-American ranks as a quarter-back. The games in which he played were thrilling games to watch. Overnight he became the toast of the town. He was one of the great backs of all times. One wishes he could have played out his four complete years at College. Even as it is he will always be remembered.

Every history has its high points. With us they were reached, and I think this will be universally agreed upon without reflection upon other delegations, in the 1909 crowd. They gave us our Augustan Age. With them we were atop the campus, the fraternity world. This is their roll: Everett

Henry Brown, Jr., Henry Paul Brown, Jr., Samuel Armstrong Halsey (Sigma), Sherwood Erle Martin, Morton H. Gibbons-Neff, Henry Bartol Register, William Wallace Roberts, Edmund Henkels Rogers, Charles Henry Scott, Jr., Charles Allison Scully, Horace Finch Smith, Jr., Henry Junkin Topping, William Henry Trump, William Chattin Wetherill, Henry Newton Young (Gamma).

These men had, in undergraduate lingo, everything—personality, ability, drive, success. They were a company of Firsts. Three of them were Varsity managers, Mort Gibbons-Neff of baseball, Harry Scott of crew, Tubby Scully of football. Six were senior society men: Bart Register, Mort Gibbons-Neff, Ned Rogers, Tubby Scully, Harry Scott, attained Sphinx; Chat Wetherill, Friars. Four great Wiggers were among them: Scully, Gibbons-Neff again, Wetherill and Ned Rogers, with Ned as one of the eternal and fixed stars—no

show was complete without him; and he and Wetherill were later leaders of the Club. Bart Register was intercollegiate tennis champion. Evvie Brown Junior Varsity crew, Harry Brown freshman president. And the others were overshadowed only by men like these.

Now, in their middle years, they still have these qualities, this success. Ned Rogers, Harry Scott and Evvie Brown are lawyers, with Ned a business man as well, as is Mort Gibbons-Neff. Bart Register has im-



McFADDEN & ROGERS
"Desert of Mahomet," 1910

mortalized himself in some of our best buildings—the new Post Office is merely one of several. Harry Brown is professor in our great Medical School. Chat keeps the boys in relative order at College as Associate Dean of Student Affairs. Where will you find another record like this? One needs, in describing it, the speech of the Rotarians. One is tempted to quote, which would make the men laugh, the old gag about Cornelia and her jewels.

And long before, just before, and during, their era much history had been made in the Chapter.

Meetings were changed from Friday to Tuesday. In May 1905 meals were put at five dollars a week, with thirty-five cent lunches. In the same month occurred the first mention of swapping the position and use of the pool and dining rooms, an idea soon carried out, much to the comfort of the Chapter and the good will of the rushees. Meals had been served in the basement cave practically contemporaneously with the opening of the New House. The refectory was dark and uncheerful, near as it was to the furnace-regions and the kitchen. And odorous at times, for one of the more ambitious colored help kept a poultry-yard in the cellar. Servitors came and went. By an old act of the Chapter all of the shadows were to be called Charles. But like other laws this one soon fell into desuetude, and for some time we were ministered upto by a diminutive colored gent named Pernell Quam—we called him Hermes. Food was typical fraternity food. This statement needs no explanation. Possibly it was better than that served originally in what the University ambitiously termed the Commons, better known as the Hash Foundry, that flimsy wooden barn in the Dormitory area, where one had the same meal every day in the week, each time under a different name, with private entrepreneurs standing outside the windows and barking the claims of their own establishments. Certainly on the other hand it was not so good as

Virginia's. It did. In Henry Erdman's time we were fed bullet-like meat-cakes that were known derisively as Hank's Balls. And there was monotony of course. But what was lost in cuisine was gained in company. And the very act of taking quarters upstairs, where there was light and dignity, made for betterment.

Music came to the Chapter. With the advent of Ike Jones and later on of Linn Seiler the whole Chapter went music-mad. Tinkling mandolins sounded from every room, and Leighton Register practised methodically the first principles of the 'cello—which Joe Swain called The Groaner, T.T.T.'s became high-class burlesque operas, reaching a new height.

And there was a new musical college activity.

For a brief era Philadelphia boasted some of the best opera in the world. It was not Philadelphia's fault. The city did nothing about it, perhaps didn't deserve it. It was the result of a fortuitous accident. Oscar Hammerstein, purveyor of musical comedy to New York, decided he would give grand opera there. The nabobs of the Metropolitan were unperturbed: they had the great stars and the fashionable audience. But soon they found that the crowd was deserting to the plebeian house, and even the heavy swells. For Oscar Hammerstein was in his way one of the heroes in the history of singing. He didn't, as others did, buy up for a big price the divas from the conservatories in Europe. He found them himself, and developed them. Gerville-Reache he discovered in a Parisian cabaret; Mary Garden was a super at the Comique. And his offerings were well staged and directed. Naturally he was successful.

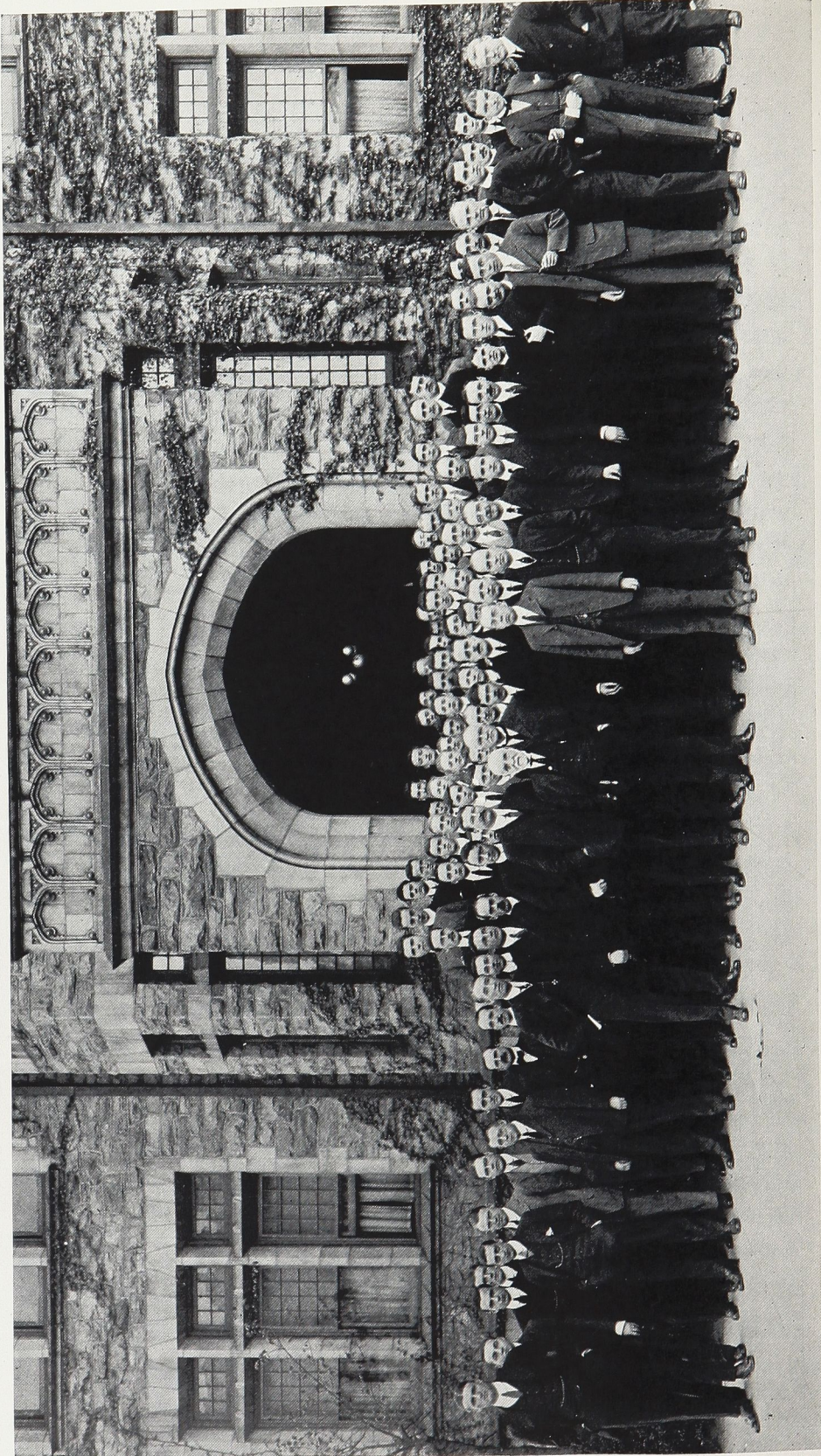
They tried every way to beat him. They took away his stars. He found more. He flourished like a bay-tree. So eventually, at their wit's end, they bought him out.

He looked around and saw, ninety miles from New York, New York's biggest suburb, its dormitory. Two million peo-

ple, presumably art-loving. He came over with a troupe to the Academy, and presented two operas. And between the acts he came out, cigar in hand, and made his great offer—"I will build you your own opera-house, supply your own singers, scenery, ballet. All I ask you to do, is come." They heard him, polite but skeptical, and forgot about it. But he was as good as his word. One year after the big baroque box at Broad and Poplar was ready for the season. And four times a week the Quakers could hear great music admirably given. He was kindly disposed to College men, and he wanted naturally to fill his house, so the boys were given club rates, and familiarized themselves with singing and the district of North Philadelphia. Some went for love of music; some to use music as a background for talk, as the Friday people do at the Orchestra; some were open-minded and willing to learn. But all went, because it was the thing to do.

But Philadelphia was unappreciative. They preferred second-hand opera from New York to their own, north of Market Street. And Oscar Hammerstein was bought out again, and went over to London, where he failed. A few years later his wife was selling oranges in front of his opera-house in New York, a sad commentary on American taste. But at least we had our little day. We became music-conscious.

The rest of life kept pace with the times. Compulsory Chapel was dead long since, and the mild official efforts to supplement it with a voluntary ditto were not received with enthusiasm. Sunday was hardly a day of rest in Mask and Wig times. Bishop Talbot coming in one Sabbath morning saw a whole chorus dancing in undress uniform, and being a man of the world smiled and told them to go on. There were a few incipient movies, poor, but at strictly Woolworth prices. And the final touch of modernity was reached in one of the minutes thanking Brother McMichael for the use of his machine for rushing. A new age had arrived.



TWENTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF TAU CHAPTER, MAY 6, 1911

Chapter History

1909 - 1923

T H E B U S I N E S S M E N

I REMEMBER in the hot summer of 1906 checking in at two o'clock in the morning at a hotel in Weiser, Idaho. It was a mean little joint, though the best in town. The office furniture was mostly rocking-chairs and an archipelago of spittoons. One electric light was burning over the desk. There was a pasty-faced clerk on duty, half asleep. He brightened a little when he saw "Philadelphia" after my name. He said, "What kind of a football team are you going to have this year?" It surprised me, away off in a little pocket of the mountains, this interest in our athletics. But I found it everywhere, then. Two big seasons had put us on the map. It was advertising that paid. It sold us to the United States. In the wake a big pilgrimage came to us from all over the country. The population of Pennsylvania doubled. A very good thing for us, I think. It widened our outlook, knocked

out some of our provincialism. The Dormitories suddenly became cosmopolitan. In one year at 12 Bodine, my neighbors were an Egyptian prince, a Texas ranchman with a hearty osteopathic back-slap and a rich vocabulary, a mountaineer from Wyoming, and two plainsmen from Iowa. We used to sit around chewing the rag when we ought to have been working, and got new slants on things. The fresh air feeling went into the fraternities. They took on a new complexion. One of them was called popularly 101 Ranch, another the Rocky Mountain Club. Even the city crowds felt it; one of them, the most exalted of all, took in a big be-sweated roughneck they would have shuddered over twenty years before. The phrase "Get in College" became popular, meaning "Get away from Broad and Chestnut." It was in our chapter as in others. Two types gathered together, one from the city, one from outside; and it wasn't always easy to make an equation between them. At first it was not very marked with us; the real division, generally a friendly one, didn't show itself until after the War.

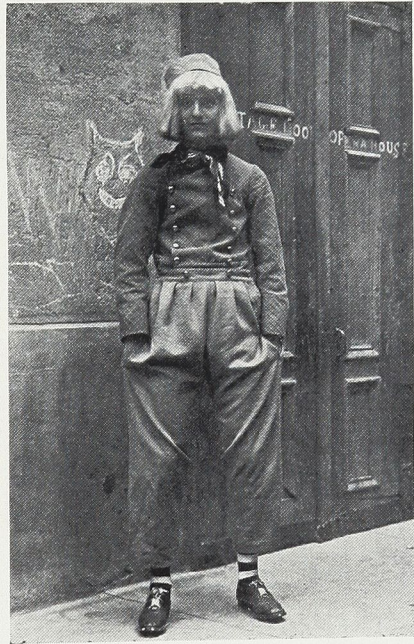
The 1910 delegation consisted of Joseph Jeans Brown (last of the four), Robert Bruce Burns, Jr., Thomas Crooks, Carlino Linn Seiler, Harold Sumner Small (Kappa), Allan Iungerich Smith, William Augustus Wiedersheim II.

Tom Crooks was—and is—a personality. He made a name for himself in football and earned Sphinx thereby. But he was also a solvent, an entertainer, told good stories in a country drawl, and was a minstrel. He has been sort of a continuing figure on the Campus. The lumber business brings him often to Philadelphia, and he makes the rounds of the Bank, Beaston's—who maintain an unofficial club and gossip-bureau—and the House. Always he livened things up when he came around, and I think he liked us too. We'd get him to sing—sometimes that ancient hayseed ditty about Joshua

Ebenezer Fry; or sometimes he became classical and regaled us with a racy pastoral about Corydon and Phyllis, sung with beautiful nasal feeling. You can't think of either City or House without him and the homely friendliness he always shows, whether on the street or in an informal poker game. You just feel he belongs. You feel that life is a comfortable, commonsense, and on the whole rather pleasant thing that one doesn't need to take in a hurry.

Linn Seiler was graduated at Haverford, and came here to teach in the Wharton School. Often it happens that a man hailing from another Alma Mater is more interested in the first college than the second. And faculty folk are notoriously difficult to acclimate. But Linn became definitely one of ours. He was a talented musician and gave an immense impetus to good music with us; and a scholar who with his ideals lent a real dignity to the House.

Bill Wiedersheim, one of our Mask and Wig men of the day (still very active in it) has the great gift, if I may use the word in the higher sense, of worrying. They used to call him in T.T.T. songs "Mother Wiedersheim," which meant simply that he watched over things; you could depend on him. The world is shoved ahead by the Sons of Martha, who work and plan while others of the Mary



WM. A. WIEDERSHEIM, 2ND
"Herr Lohengrin," 1907

persuasion reap the benefits. And what everyone likes about Bill is that admirable desire to make things better, yesterday and today. The Chapter would welcome many more like him, if it could get them.

Allan Smith we remember as one of those appealing personalities that come back to you over the years. You can understand easily if you ever met him, why they made him president of the freshman class and carried him on to senior honors. It is a pity we lost him early.

1911 meant to us Albert Bowen (Upsilon) now a soldier, like Reynolds '06; William Janett Hallowell Hough, Rolland Hunter, Bedford Leighton, George W. Minds, Raymond F. Potter, James Hutchinson Scott, Jr., George Thomas Sharp (late and happy addition), and James Hale Steinman (Beta).

George Minds was a brother of Jack before him, and Chester later on. The other two were famous football men; he was equally famous in track, and captain. Hutchy Scott made football history as a back. But the most versatile member of the crew was Bill Hough. It's still a puzzle how he managed to crowd into four years as much as he did. It doesn't seem human. He has become a sort of legend in the college even today in the matter of conquest of campus and classroom. His small redoubtable figure was a byword in football, basketball and track—Gad, how fast that fellow could streak!—with Class Record and Punch Bowl as side-issues to be taken in their stride. And by some magic he was also star-architect as well, winning Stewardson and Roman prizes on top of each other. Yet he never seemed hurried. He had one of those compartment-type minds you discover once in a generation. He'd rest from architecture by playing football, and rest from football by running on track. It isn't right. They oughtn't to allow people like that. It doesn't give the others a fair show.

1912 gave us Frederick William Breitinger, Ralph Shepard Bromer (Beta), Jervis Watson Burdick, Benjamin Harold Deacon, James Richard Edmunds, Jr., Horace Weldon Haydock, Daniel Lovett Hutchinson III, Henry Morton McMichael, George Platt Pilling III, Charles August Heckscher Wetherill, Arthur Howell Wilson—a delegation that reminds you of 1904 and 1909 for quality.



CHAPTER OF 1912

Just touching on some of them:

Fred Breitinger, crew man and later on attorney, had real social gifts. To literary meetings he was what Clifton Fadiman is today with *Information Please*. Somehow he sent them along, gave them completeness by amusing comment. He belonged to the little circle that gathered around Dr. Weygandt and wrote things far beyond the undergraduate average. At a party he was a boon companion, full of epigrams. And he was at his best when taking a trip with you—then he became an ideal lazy companion. Ralph Bromer (now X-ray specialist at the Bryn Mawr Hospital) was another of those men that became indispensable. Like George

Pilling his house became a home of hospitality and a rallying place for the old crowd. Jimmy Edmunds was a good architect, now very successful in Baltimore. Horace Haydock and Jerv. Burdick were first-rate track-men, Burdick intercollegiate high-jump champion of the age—it was a beautiful thing to watch him accomplishing what seemed impossible. Danny Hutchinson was a boxing genius and a great quarterback.

Arthur Wilson was a genius, and a right lovable one. Even in his undergraduate days he was a marked man, soloist with the Orchestra when it played on the Campus. Ernest Hutchinson said, when he heard him in New York: "That man has the divine fire." Yet he could play around with a T.T.T. and get huge fun out of it; there was nothing highbrow about him. There was something in him of the higher gentleness, a finely poised spirit. When war was declared he went into the Air Service—it seemed to fit his temperament—and he met his death because a foolish officer sent him aloft on a practice spin when the doctor had forbidden it because of a heart condition. His taking off was a hideous loss, the extinction of a great musician.

1913 had a big delegation, with a goodly proportion of men who never finished. It numbered Knox Boude Birney, Ralph Lester Colton, William Davidson Crooks, Jr., Frederick Studebaker Fish, William Wurts Harmar, James Donald Hallway, George Eyre Lippincott, Charles Linton Matthews, Jr., John Howard McFadden, Jr., Lemuel Brad-dock Schofield, Russell Spruance, Romaine Livingston Sullivan, Beverly Mason Value, Bernard Sander VanRensselaer (Lambda).

Looking over the list you remember a host of pleasant people. I don't think there ever was a more likely lot. Friendliness persists with them, when you meet them here and there nowadays.

One recalls Knox Birney as a freshman, very rosy-cheeked, bright-eyed, quick like a bird, and bubbling over with life. There were no frowns when he was around with his chatter. There couldn't be. He looked very young. When he came back to the Chapter after graduation the new men wanted to rush him—he seemed a good prospect, and much younger than they. He fought gallantly in the war, and won the medal of honor; and it was the irony of fate that he should be killed on Armistice Day. He was one of the most likable people ever around the House. As one of the fellows said sincerely if clumsily, "he just ate up affection." A fine tablet has been placed in the hall in his honor, with the insignia of his company of Engineers. And the photograph in his uniform has him young as we remember him. There was a book in the old days called "The Spirit of Youth in the City Streets." He was that spirit.

If Knox put you in mind of a bird, Ralph Colton suggested a mouse, with his beady black eyes and his unobtrusive manner. He was a tireless worker in the House, and anxious to do something for it, he spent years plugging on the track, which I don't think he particularly enjoyed, until he won his letter. After college he went into Architecture, so we had the pleasure of his company seven years. A natural home-maker, a perfect family man, a loyal friend. And he left us tragically and suddenly.

Mouse decorated his room with a set of clever grotesques, uncomplimentary presentations of his housemates. George Lippincott was pictured as Mr. Mephistopheles, with characteristic smile and a long long tail. And indeed there was something of the gentleman with the bifurcated hoof in George. The long, exiguous figure, the black hair, and in his senior year an elegant moustache, suggested him. So did the smile and the infinity of anecdotes that did not appertain to

the Christian Association. Unfortunately none of these attractive features could appear in his Ivy Ode, which was thoroughly antiseptic. But catch him on his Germantown train—

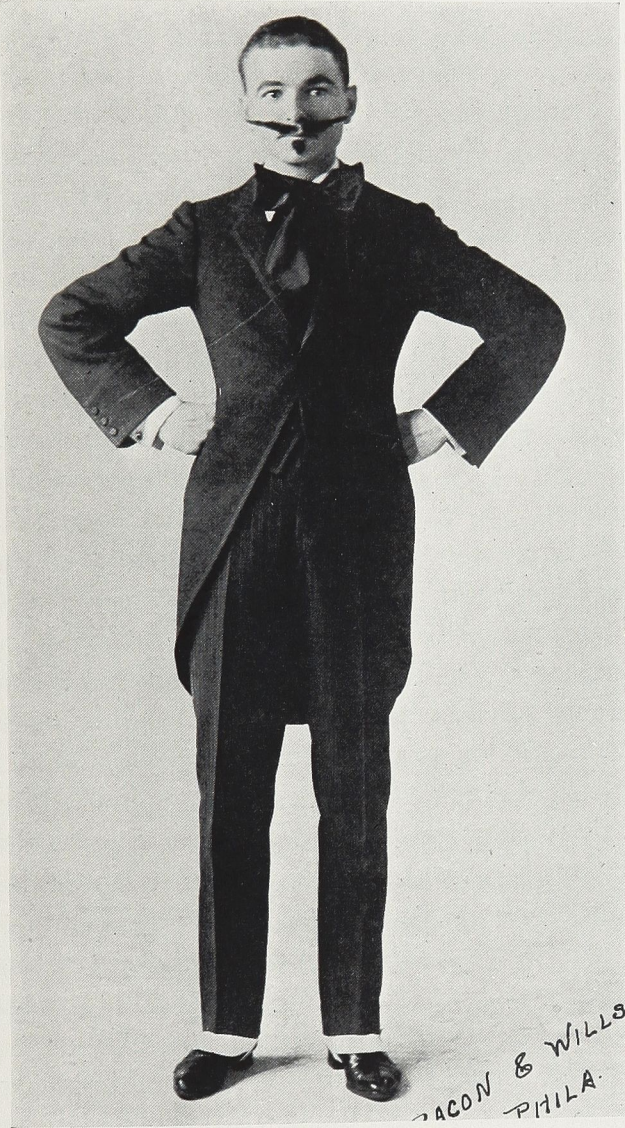
Russell Spruance, one of the big football men, and a sweet singer to boot, was always a good friend and a grateful person to have near you. He visited the old place lately, and moved by ancient memories left one of the most attractive sets of memories that have come in, anent this book.

Jack McFadden, much travelled, used his foreign background in some of his famous T.T.T.'s and was the central figure in the cast of two or three of the Mask and Wig performances.

Brad Schofield was a militant figure in the class, and one of the heaviest sleepers in the world outside Ephesus. One time they put a big Ben on his forehead when he was asleep, and set it off without waking him. His humor was of the practical sort. The Editor of the Pennsylvanian he put in fear of his life with a cock-and-bull story about the Black Hand after him because of an editorial. He also spread the rumor that the General, q.v., had a wooden leg and kept up his socks with thumb-tacks, which was believed by some and caused undue interest in the great man's understandings. Judge Advocate in the army, then Director of Public Safety, he is now once more in the fighting forces.

Bill Harmar of course filled the House with his geniality, and the Campus likewise. He was appointed by Dr. Penniman and Dean Quinn as chairman of the first committee to investigate rushing. The old arrangement had worked out well enough with the smaller college, though even then there were unhappy incidents. Boys were pledged in school when the down was just appearing on their chins, and came out to College to find themselves in crowds they often didn't care for. One man joined a fraternity as became his word,

and never went around again. Both the sub-freshman rushing and the type of rushing left much to be desired. So several of the more responsible chapters organized themselves



JOHN H. McFADDEN, JR.
"Miss Helen of Troy," 1912

into a committee to report on a more modern system. There were many meetings and arguments, and eventually a system was agreed on which abolished pre-college pledging. Two weeks were set aside just after Thanksgiving for entertainment under rules, and there were formalities in pledging. The scheme was referred to the Chapters and approved by thirteen fraternities. It left something to be desired, and there was difficulty in dealing with the crowds that were outside. So later agreements followed in other years. But this was a vast improvement on anything known before.

Two picturesque figures came into the life of the House about this time, who though not exactly in the Chapter were certainly of it, both Psi U's of the front line. One was a pedagogue, the other a Higher Polynesian.

Clarence Griffin Child was one of the unforgettable members of the faculty. Officially he was Professor of the English Language and Literature; and for over forty years delighted those who sat under him, making a romance of that ordinarily dull subject of philology.

A striking figure to look at, long lean and lank, as is the ribbed sea-sand. He dressed rather casually, as if his clothes were merely to hide his nakedness and did not exist for themselves; and he would stride along Woodland Avenue like Ichabod Crane, schoolbag in hand, half oblivious of all that went on around him. Never was there a man with so much variety of experience. Brought up in Newport, where his father was rector of the famous old Church, he met Robert Louis Stevenson in his youth, and other distinguished people. Tutor after his stay at Trinity to the Carnegie boys, he travelled with them in journeys Bohemian or expensive as they listed, seeing everything in life, and enjoying it.

You couldn't forget him. In class he was filled with humorous mannerisms. He would sit at his desk and negligently

clean his glasses with his necktie; one time he forgot to wear his tie, and used the coat lapel instead. Or at times he would leap like a great monkey up the little flight of steps that led to the fire-escape in the room, to close the window. Some of these things were unquestionably professorial absence of mind, some I think were not entirely unstudied. His classes were joy unconfined. He was full of stories, they were not told, but acted—the representation of Dr. Weygandt's rooster crowing, which illustrated some theory or other of language, was a masterpiece. Then there were original derivations of words, given solemnly, and fooling many—restaurant, from Taurus, a bull, res, a thing—a bully thing; virgin, from vir a man, gin a trap—a mantrap.

He was versatility incarnate. He could play the fiddle, tin a roof, build a concrete wall, do mathematic puzzles that stumped the mathematicians themselves. He could make an erudite study out of the commonplace things in life, like his examination of ice-cream, or the famous Pie Belt. He fed on mystery stories, always ready to recommend a new one. Said he went into philology because of the puzzle interest. And life seemed as he presented it to be a fetching puzzle which always could be solved in the end.

This year he retired after a half-century with us. His fellows on the faculty presented him a book of testimonial letters expressing their delight in him. When he was given his honorary degree at graduation a few years ago the cheers that greeted him from the undergraduate body were the most vocal and most genuine ever heard on one of those unusually dull occasions. Others will teach Freshman English. And many no doubt will do it well. But there will never be another Dr. Child. Happy our freshman of this year who had his last instruction, the scholar-teacher beloved by everyone. "Undergraduates always are glad to see the alumni," he used

to remark when we asked him to the House, "and always glad to see them go." Which is uncomfortably true, generally, but never of him.

The other elder didn't feel that way at all. He was quite sure everybody wanted him around. He had a genuine liking for himself, which he felt was naturally shared by everybody.

One day a lowly Frosh opened the door to the double of Lytton Strachey, tall, thin, with the drooping shoulders of a scholar, eagle nose crowned with spectacles that seemed to magnify his quizzical eyes, and pointed grey beard. He announced himself as "Churchill, Beta," made himself very much at home, went escorted through the House, and finally lighting on our sunniest and noisiest room said to the astonished guides that "it would do." That night in meeting, when he addressed the Chapter (I remember he began by saying: "Brothers in Pissy-You") he told us in Addisonian English that he was coming to stay with us for a spell, and had informed his friends in town that he had "taken chambers" in West Philadelphia.

He was a Yale man, born the same year as Lillian Russell—he liked to brag about that, admired her curves greatly—and graduated in 1882. His tribe was distinguished and, I think, though he never said so, that he was remotely connected with the Münchhausens. After graduation he had gone to the South Sea Islands in the wake of Robert Louis Stevenson, settled in Samoa. President Cleveland made him consul-general there. It was a modest honor, but he made the most of it. The Germans were playing a double game, between ourselves, and were arranging in their usual way of a show, backed up by force, to take possession of the islands of the group. They sent a fleet led by a junior admiral, who was of course given a salute of twenty guns. The prestige of the United States was at stake, our Brother felt: America too wanted those islands. So he told the Sultan that he was

ambassador from a country far more important than Germany, and when he went out in a small launch demanded on his return a salute of twenty-one guns, which restored his prestige with the natives, and ours. And in the final diplomatic battle we came off with at least a part of the spoils.

Of course he had no military rank, but because of his age and presence and air of authority, we dubbed him "general," a brevet to which he showed no objection.

His residence in Philadelphia was largely for the purpose of writing a book on the Polynesian tongues, in which he was adept. It also was at least in part a habitation enforced. He had had some legal difficulties in New York and would have been waited upon with a summons if he had appeared there. So he spent the week in what he called our country town, and sabbath-days in the metropolis.

It was his custom to arise at nine A.M., bow formally across the street to Brother Dr. Donaldson in the Wistar Institute just opposite—they were of the same delegation—send Charles, our servant, his slave, for his breakfast, and then busy himself with a peculiar typewriter adorned with all sorts of red diacritical marks, representing the Samoan speech. He would lunch at the Ritz, the only decent place, he said, in the city, would work again in the afternoon; then put on his full-dress regalia—nothing less would do, and Charles would get the suit at the end of the year—and dine formally at the same place—a three-hours-for-dinner club all of his own. At eleven of the clock he would go through the same ritual of travelling to Broad and Walnut for his night-cap glass of Bourbon, and so to bed.

He was a long distance talker, in monologue; you were there to listen, not reply. His stories were tall stories; he startled some of the brothers by his Continental views on art and morality. His specialty was Polynesian. But his chief avocation was eating. He was an epicure after the Roman

manner, and now and then he would take some of the boys to the Ritz and give them a really artistic meal—the favorite was built around the flavor of asparagus, which was varied through several courses.

In springtime he blossomed into a gigantic Panama, and wrapped around his middle a wide band of light blue satin ribbon. He called that his cumberbund; Christopher Morley called it his Saengerbund. I think he enjoyed our society; certainly he used to talk enough with us, a sort of junior Platonic Academy. And he gave us all his autographed portrait and a copy of his pamphlet on the Kava Custom. This began, as I remember it: "Kava, menstruum of Manners"—he never used a twentieth century word if an eighteenth century one could be found, which was always.

For two years he abode with us. Then New York being placated, he went back home. In the War he wrote the Government that he would be willing to take charge of a battleship, or even a cruiser. But the hard-hearted officials were not impressed, placing him instead in the Intelligence Service. When the '18 delegation came in he made the Initiation speech in the Lodge Room, which was to the effect that he was the first casualty of the War: Somebody having—an enemy no doubt—shied a bottle at his head, wounding him grievously. I don't know how many books he wrote. But certainly he was a man out of a book. We became citizens of the world under his Voltairean lead.

The House was singularly informal, those days, spiritually in slippers. 1914, for example, was a thoroughly companionable crew. Here they are: William Ward Crawford (Mu), Charles Caldwell Gordon, Stephen Rose Griswold, Chester Arthur Minds, Harry Hapeman Patrie, Louis Apgar Pyle, Coleman Sellers III, Frederick Berten Sharp, Harold Frederick Sturdy (Omega), Donald Fuller Torrey.

Harold Sturdy, quiet but admirable company, did much

for our waning tradition of singing, and carried on well our architectural tradition. Lou Pyle and Harry Patrie, seven-year specials in Arts and Medicine, which meant they had high records, filled our ears with gory jokes and physiological lingo; Lou is now guide, philosopher and friend to all the expectant mothers in Jersey City. Charlie Gordon came to us after a year at Harvard, bound eventually for the law, thus following in the footsteps of his famous father and brother. He won a weird bet with a heroic trek on foot from West Chester to Philadelphia. Bill Crawford, big football man, in the crew of Chet Minds and Russ Spruance, stayed with us only until junior year. Bull Sharp, hefty and thickset like his nickname, manager of crew and wearer of the coveted breastpin in his last year, used to entertain us with wrestling and troubled our souls with theological discussions—should two persons of different faiths and strong ideas about them, marry? Colie Sellers was of the galaxy of Mask and Wig, fertile of T.T.T. scores, and boon companion.

But I think it is no disrespect to the rest to say that Chet Minds was the center of that delegation. All would have admitted it cheerfully. In fact he was one of our historical figures, towering like King Saul head and shoulders above everybody. His kindly, almost oldish face, his shrewd commonsense, his fine loyalty to his job as head of the House, were among the timely traditions. On both baseball and football teams, he called the signals in the autumn sport and bore all the worry of it. But it was his personality that counted. We remembered him at the funeral of old Mike Murphy, unashamedly moved. We remembered him in the weariness of rushing. We remembered him in the eternal bull sessions, cutting through the cackle to come to the essential things. We remembered his equability in our spats. He was cut out on a big model, and won the ungrudging affection of everyone.

Don Torrey gives the picture originally of a shaggy-headed footballish fellow making a slave of the old piano. He was without any definite musical training. But he had an EAR; could reproduce at will anything he had heard at a musical comedy, and create things for himself. The Torreys were a musical tribe. He was a fancier of exotic books, used to haunt the hand-me-down shops of Philadelphia and New York for treasure-trove. And he was an epicure, unashamedly fond of the table; he loved his stomach honestly, and liked to titivate it. After all, taste is one of the five senses; why shouldn't it have its fine art? He was great for messing around a kitchen, creating savory dishes. The specialty was Italian stuff, and it's still a treat to watch him at home on one of his famous Sunday night suppers, putting all manner of odd viands into the spaghetti pot with all the relish of the witches in Macbeth, rooting out all manner of strange cheeses and kickshaws, and preparing, during the dark days of the Drought, comfortable stimulating beverages. Wasn't it Chesterton who said that Prohibition was an admirable thing, because it restored liquor-making to its original habitat, the home? That Rhubarb-Champagne for example.

With his advent we went in for good living. The stomach came into its own.

We owe to him our best parties. We would go down, for instance, to Steel's for blood-orange Bronxes, and then to L'Aiglon. That was a really famous place for a decade. There was a splendid cuisine, with good music and voices in the background—every time I hear *The Pearl of Brazil* on the radio it brings back good old times. And strangely enough they made these things popular and profitable. The house was divided into sizable pigeonholes with dark oak paneling, heavy but in good taste. One of these was hallowed to our use, and we used to sit for hours over a good meal before some play or other. Then there was Mother McGillin's, for

brown October ale. Or down in Little Italy, Palumbo's where for seventy-five cents you had a decent Sicilian meal, made illustrious with Est Est Est, that marvellous wine that cleared your mind so well and paralyzed your legs.

We became Italians by adoption, along the gustatory line. And the major feast of the year came at the end of the season. Then the tribe went over to New York for a real blow-out. It started with Guffanti's on Seventh Avenue with a capacious feed that you forgot because of the liquid part of it, a sparkling red variation on champagne with the melodious name of Nebbiola Valpolicella. Then when you were mellow, at peace with the world, when a child could have spoken to you with impunity, you visited Luna Park. Poor Coney Island! In the daytime, and sober, it is dull as ditch-water, a cheaply baroque hangout to be relished by nobody with imagination. But somehow, when you were just a little potty, and saw everything through a slight haze, it turned into the Arabian Nights. The plaster-towers were lovely things, toboggans strangely exciting, and all the people were good friends. A night out of a novel. Even the long subway ride to University Heights where you went for a bed at the fag end of the night, couldn't spoil it. All the bitter taste of the exams departed. The year was crowned. You were better companions than The Three Musketeers.

1915 was a successful delegation that for some reason or other dissolved, leaving only a small group of the persistent faithful. Several disappeared with the freshman year. Some hung on a little longer. Comfort Brown, modern recreation of Greek statue (you mind Dr. Weygandt: "He didn't pass the examination, but I just couldn't flunk so handsome a man")—he went. Al Freeman, one of our most popular, enthusiastic, and best loved mates, was needed in the family business. He went. Phil Davidson and Frank Bowman, good fellows both, out of Minnesota, they went. Eventually only

Austin, Fox, Stauffer, Sweetser, Thibault, Towneley and Welch were left to carry on.

The company was imposing at the start: James Moore Austin, Frank William Bowman, Comfort Ellis Brown, Philip James Davidson, Charles Young Fox Jr., Albert Lockier Freeman, Edmund Watmough Gilpin, John George Newhall, Samuel Earle Stauffer, Norman Sweetser, Louis Rodman Thibault, Wardwell Thornton Towneley, Kenneth Curtis Welch (Phi).

Jimmie Austin was favored of the gods, destined for big things, good-looking and talented. Without agony of spirit, seemingly without any hard work, he became king pin of the Pennsylvanian and football manager to boot, with extra credits appertaining thereunto. Yet he was always something of the small boy. Somehow he adopted us into his family, and many good times we had in the old house on Pine Street, where, in a cozy second-story dining room we had certain Sunday suppers of waffles and chin-chin. There was no side at these. The Austins were frank people who liked to put you pleasantly into your place. And there were spring parties at Farley on the Neshaminy, the start of a whole series of future picnics. We soon got used to thinking of Uncle Harry and the girls as part of the fraternity. As a matter of fact they were.

Sam Stauffer, his alter ego and roommate, was quite his opposite; the reverse of the shield. A plugger, soft-spoken and easy-going, he got his honors by an infinite capacity for taking pains. There would be a good tale to tell of his later residence at Greenpoint, L. I., and his adventurings in India with the American Cordage Company.

Cy Fox, one of the dependables, was cut out for executive jobs. That is the reason why they made him treasurer of the Psi U of Philadelphia. Lew Thibault, quick, nervous, had great turn for drollery. He was never much in evidence, but

we always missed him if he were not there. Ward Towneley, of Wigger fame and T.T.T., cast a shadow over us by his sudden taking off—it was hard to realize he was no longer there. Norm Sweetser began as a famous soubrette in the architectural show, then graduated into the front line of the big show with a body that was elastic as rubber. From architecture he went into music, and from music into something that is often quite the reverse, Radio, where he used to imitate Tom Crooks and other celebrities.

Ken Welch furnished local color, extra-local color. He came from the Phi. In his first days with us he seemed an apologetic, almost furtive figure, with a talent for the background. People weren't quite sure of him; they wondered if he'd do, this westerner. But soon he became a familiar, more than that, indispensable. He was a star architect, and like most architects he did things by fits and starts. He'd lazy along for weeks, then get violent over a problem. With a strong electric light going on in his room until sun-up he bent over a huge board, hands all stained with colors, oceans of coffee on his inside. His face grew pale, his beard grew weirdly, until he looked like some spiritualistic portrait of the Messiah. Then for days, or even weeks, he would hibernate, and get over it. He took honors, plenty of them, quite nonchalantly, as if he didn't quite understand, as if there were something droll about them. It was the Welch way.

What a troop they were, those Fifteeners! Average people in ethical matters, like most undergraduates they were untroubled about their souls. They would think about those things later. But Provost Smith felt we were all ungodly, and in his evangelical way he decided to save us, if possible. And Billy Sunday was to do the job.

Billy made a rather profitable thing of soul-saving. He was at a loose end just then, so he set up his stand in Weightman Hall and gave us three days of revival. The place was filled

with the curious, with boys, outsiders, and even Trustees, listening to harangues and punctuating them with Glory be to God! and Amen, Brother! And everybody sang Rode-heaver songs, songs that suggested our brightening the corner where we were, or spoke unkindly of the brewers' big horses. Billy used his baseball technique at times; at other times he talked to the devil directly (Raymond Hitchcock used to imitate this in Hitchy Koo), told stories and made threats. One of the services was for men only—that drew the largest crowd. The Sawdust Trail did a big business. For a little while there was much talk about soulful things and sex hygiene in fraternity circles. But soon the interest died away. It was too theatrical to be lasting. The only abiding things out of the religious orgy were the use of the songs at the football games, enthusiastically; the brewers' horses were popular for years. The general result was like that of a man named Mercer who used to come now and again for our regeneration and tell us much stuff of a Havelock Ellis nature. It was the medicine, not the religion, that drew the crowds. The undergraduate in the long run preferred the more old-fashioned way of being good.

1916 was another self-disappearing outfit. The roll originally included: Earl A. Bloomquist, John Russell Breitingner, Francis John Creamer, Lester Capell Gunther, Francis X. Keally, Laurence M. Leonard, Alexander John MacLeod, Robert Emerson McGonagle, Ernest W. Nichols, Ralph Souder Jr., James Adam Renwick Thomson, Daniel Norman Turner, Gilman Hatch Wisner (Mu).

It included architects, Creamer, Thomson, Keally—Keally handsome and dark like the hero in a melodrama; two Episcopal Academicians, Norman Turner and Ralph Souder—who used to begin his conversation: "Gee, why"—some of our best; one capital actor, Cocky Wisner, and two crew men, Russ Breitingner (Nero in the play) and Les Gunther.

Les became almost as much of a type in this class as Ken Welch had in the one before. He breezed in from Astoria, Oregon, whose praises he was never done singing; bluff and chesty—he had a great way of slapping his big bellows affectionately. He would come to a late solo dinner after rowing, then busy himself with Wharton School balance-sheets and railroads. But he wasn't averse to relaxation once in a while. We tried him out with the orchestra—that bored him; with musical comedy—pleased him well; and with the movies—they seemed to please him even more. Movies were beginning to come into their horrid own. Plaster palaces sprang up over night all over town, with hideous decorations squirted on them from shot-guns, and interior air a strange mixture of carbon dioxide and perfumed disinfectant. Some of them were Big Stuff. For months a famous theatre was filled to overflowing with crowds anxious to see D. W. Griffith's *Birth of a Nation*, with its lurid pictures of white-clad riders, who were heroes, and wicked black legislators and carpet-baggers who drove them to primeval justice. Victor Herbert composed a musical accompaniment out of old songs, Grieg and Wagner—how he did work the Fire Music from *The Ring*! And you'd come out all on fire, anxious to slaughter the whole negro population—any one would do to start. *Cabiria* was almost as popular, and much more artistic; and *The Four Horsemen*, with its hallowe'en horrors, even more popular and much less artistic. It was the beginning of the end of the theatre.

'17 came to us after a bitter and acrimonious rushing season. Somehow the new system, with its concentration, made for some violence. It was much harder than the other, and gave the freshmen an undue advantage. It turned things upside down, made the rushee the master of things. You almost pleaded with him to come your way, when it should have been the reverse. And it gave time for the first-year-men to

gang together and hold you up; and you never knew which one was the king-pin. Sometimes you looked back on the antique ways with longing, because of their freedom, and envied the outlaw crowds who were not bound by the agreement.



CHAPTER OF 1917

The number of them were: Rogers Newton Armstrong, Edgar Otis Boggs (Pi), William Rowland Clothier, Thomas Danforth Dixon, Carl E. Geis, Francis Samuel Haserot, Spencer Sweet Shannon, Raymond Donald Stevens, Richard Fairfield Warren, Arthur Hedrick Weisbach, Robert Thomas Wilson.

Spike Shannon was picked out, in one of our rushing smokers, by Brother Bispham, who button-holed everybody and said to him: "Watch that man. He has nine Greek units to his credit." And those credits did help him to Phi Beta Kappa, a not too usual honor with us. But I think other and more mundane reasons were responsible for his taking. He was a coal operator, like Chet Minds, hailed from the same country, same school. A football man at first, then because of an in-



RAYMOND D. STEVENS
"Mr. Rip Van Winkle," 1917

jury to his shoulder he went into soccer instead, which was becoming popular. (Get him to tell you about the famous goal in the Haverford game.) Track manager and singer in the Mask and Wig, we liked him best for himself. Now he lives in a completely ideal home on the edge of Bedford Springs, coming back every so often for an occasional, all too infrequent, reunion.

Smiling Bob Wilson, "Mercury new lighted on a Heaven-kissing hill," won his way into our affections at once.

Steve Stevens was fun maker in chief. No entertainment was possible then without one of his famous banjo specialties—he could just naturally make an evening go along. Dick Warren looked like a compounding of a fashionable poet and an English Squire. He wrote a bold script that would have awed even John Hancock—they used to say he painted the notes in meeting. He collected things—jewelry, cameras, horses, yachts, automobiles, and friends. He combined the last two.

Automobiles were now as much to the front as movies. The world was motor-mad. People down town didn't look at other people, or buildings, or even accidents; they were too much occupied picking out the different lines of cars, and naming them. Gas-buggies began to appear in front of fraternity doors. One nabob used to get a new one every month, and design its body. Cocky Wisner's Marmon was a nine days' wonder. How that name comes out of a remote past! Stutz bearcats, heavy juggernauts of bright red like old-fashioned fire engines, chugged vociferously through the park. Auto races were held on a perilous speedway, with sure promise of some accidents. Our own favorite was Dick's grey-eagle, a middle-aged, comfortable Pierce, that came to develop a real personality, and carried people to unknown corners of creation, and curious adventures.

1917 were friendly people. Their first experience in rushing had much to do with 1918, that is to say, these: Bryce Blynn, Eliot Warden Denault, John Harold Hargreaves, Robert Alexander Hill (Gamma), Thomas Guy Hunter Jr., Donald Adriance MacInnes, Weaver Loper Marston, Harry Shelmire Ross, Carrow Thibault, John Parnell Thomas.

The original entrants into this group seemed somehow to arrange themselves into two groups: Harry Ross, strong man, large in football and crew; Dinny Denault, past master of rushing, which, unlike most of the men, he really enjoyed; Jack Hargreaves, a pleasant dynamo who became manager of baseball, and quiet Don MacInnes—formed one. Bryce Blynn, one of the best of all dancers and one of the merriest of all friends; Carrow Thibault, looking like a French count of the Eighteenth Century, fleet of foot on track and nimble of wit outside it; solid gold Tom Hunter, oarsman, and Jupiter Pluvius Thomas, small, black-eyed, and agreeably restless,—the other.

Some of the old tricks of initiation persisted then, in the new fad of Rushing Seasons, like taking unfortunates into a strange country by night and letting them find their way home somehow, without money and without price. And new techniques developed—a particularly unkind one suggested by Ken Welch out of the practice of the Phi. After a man was sewed up, you'd tell him that a mistake had been made: One of the members was away when he was passed, and now didn't want him. And he'd go away in tears, and then be brought back to enjoy the joke. But Warrie Coulston always used his pet habit of a catechism—information please—on the big night, to make fools of them, and have them sing his famous song, which is here repeated lest they have forgotten it:

“ACH, DU LIEBER SANSOM STREET,
SANSOM STREET, SANSOM STREET,
ACH, DU LIEBER SANSOM STREET,
SANSOM STREET, ACH!”

All of these ideas were tried out with the next crowd—1919: William Kelly Beard Jr., Paul Charles August Bein, Joseph Wilson Borden, Elwood Baker Cunningham, Frederick Lewis Freeman, Jacob Hagenbuch (Eta), Warren Burrows Hampton, Douglas Pake Kingston, William Gaulbert Larzelere, Thomas Massey Jr., John D. Moore, Lewis Morgan Parsons, Otis Mason Pollard, Herbert William Richter, John Reed Smucker Jr., Victor Albert Weiser.

Some of these men, many, were memorable for personality—Bill Beard (the only quarrel with Bill was that we couldn't pledge all of the six boys in the family, and the father to boot); Paul Bein, like Charlie Fox, one of the utterly dependable; Johnnie Moore—extra-extra, squire first of Haddonfield, now of Phoenixville; and Tom Massey, one of our unhappy war casualties. Some were high-powered athletes like Vic Weiser on the gridiron, Warrie Hampton on track, Lew Parsons on the boats. Some were literary like Cunnie Cunningham, who had his hand in on the Pennsylvanian and Class Record, and was boss of Red and Blue. Some were executively given: Jack Smucker was president of the sophomore class, and did his job so well and enjoyed it so much, that the Wharton School gave him his papers; and now his personality and gifts make him another president, this time of our alumni in the southwest, with a center of operations at Kansas City.

Polly Pollard was the pet of the crowd. He came as a little sixteen-year-old from Penn Charter, with a very engaging smile, and though he grew very big on the Campus, it was his fetching ways that endeared him to you. You wanted him

on your parties, on your vacation; you wanted to adopt him into your private family. It was a pity that his life was so short.

In 1919 a certain amendment was wangled through Congress, and the United States knew only water as a beverage. Now ordinarily national legislation is a matter of little moment to the average undergraduate. He takes it as casually as he does his lectures—something that is there, that's all. But this was something new. It struck home. Even soberer folks were aroused, a police regulation was becoming part of our body of law, that Constitution so belauded of James Bryce. And callow youths with no love of celebration per se, wanted to see what it was all like before it passed. The night before the lid went down was one of the gayest events Philadelphia ever knew, almost a Mardi Gras. Every man-jack in the University went down-town to see what was going on, and found the streets crowded with every type of humanity, all bent on cramming into one night the merry-making of an age. The bars were overflowing; old haunts visited in turn. Folks went first to the Bellevue, then opposite to the Ritz, then to Steel's, with its late-Roman pictures, then to L'Aiglon, then back again to the Bellevue. It was an immense and very hearty reunion.

You saw old friends. You made new ones. As the evening wore on, and cars disappeared, the crowds took complete possession of the streets, and danced in circles and sang a sort of carmagnole. All men became equal as in the Canterbury pilgrimages. Like as not you would find yourself linked arm-in-arm to some very distinguished man, enjoying himself thoroughly. Then he would weary—being old—and lay his head on your shoulder like a lace collar and sing to you "Show me the way to go home." And you'd cop a taxi (time and half time), take the old fellow out to the Main-Line, put him limp into the arms of a marmoreal butler who never

batted an eye, and the evening and the morning were That Day. And then the next Sunday you would see the old sinner in church, cutaway coat and all, taking up the collection, and would want to catch his eye and ask him if he remembered. It was all like the jollity of Twelfth Night. You had a great secret and you wanted to say to the puritans, in the manner of Sir Toby Belch: "Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more cakes and ale?"

1920 took up to new heights; it was considered generally the cream of the Campus: Allen Kinney Brehm, Benjamin Griffith Calder, Theodore Walter Gerhardy, Frank Drake Harris, Israel Ely Hough, Howard William Kane, John Edward Maynard, Thomas Joseph O'Neill, Jr., Edward Bagby Pollard, Daniel Rhoads, Filmore Kirker Robeson, Edward Mullen Shields, William Henry Sisson, Duncan McGlashan Spencer, Edwin Hornberger Vare, Jr., Russell H. Whipple.

But the shadow of the War hung over this crew. Even before the declaration men knew that it was coming. There was restlessness on the Campus, listlessness in study; how can you work on Latin or Accounting when the world is hanging in the balance? Soon uniforms began to mingle with mufti. Then the decimation began; man after man went into one branch or another of the service. And from May 19, 1918 until January 14, 1919 our house like all the others in College, was shut down. It was like the Great Interregnum in English history. The Castle was taken over by the Navy Department, and Captain Bispham used as his office the old room of the General. When you saw your friends you saw them in army camps, or abroad, or in some service at home. Some of the older men of this generation were in active fighting in Europe—Jimmy Austin, Knox Birney, Al Freeman, Tom Massey in France, Norman Sweetser in Italy. The younger men were in auxiliary work, getting ready. Dick Warren, Ensign U.S.N., put his yacht, the Valiant, at the disposal of the government,

was given command of her, and detailed to guard the approaches to Essington, with Carrow Thibault as his adjutant. Some of the youngest of all like Polly Pollard were in farm work. All the world was in arms.

Then they came back, all that were left of them.

College was a strange, ghastly and depressing place then. The campus was overrun with people largely un-Aryan in physiognomy, dressed in mean, ill-fitting uniforms, and belonging to the S.A.T.C., which being interpreted by the average mind meant Safe at the College. (The government had transformed all institutions of learning into training-classes, where men might avoid immediate service by training for service in the future, free of cost). One Palestinian with the odd patronymic of Abraham Caesar, used to watch these Falstaffian recruits march into the basement of College Hall, and sing "Onward Jewish Soldiers." It wasn't very encouraging for old students coming back to resume their work, even though they knew the interlopers would last out only that year.

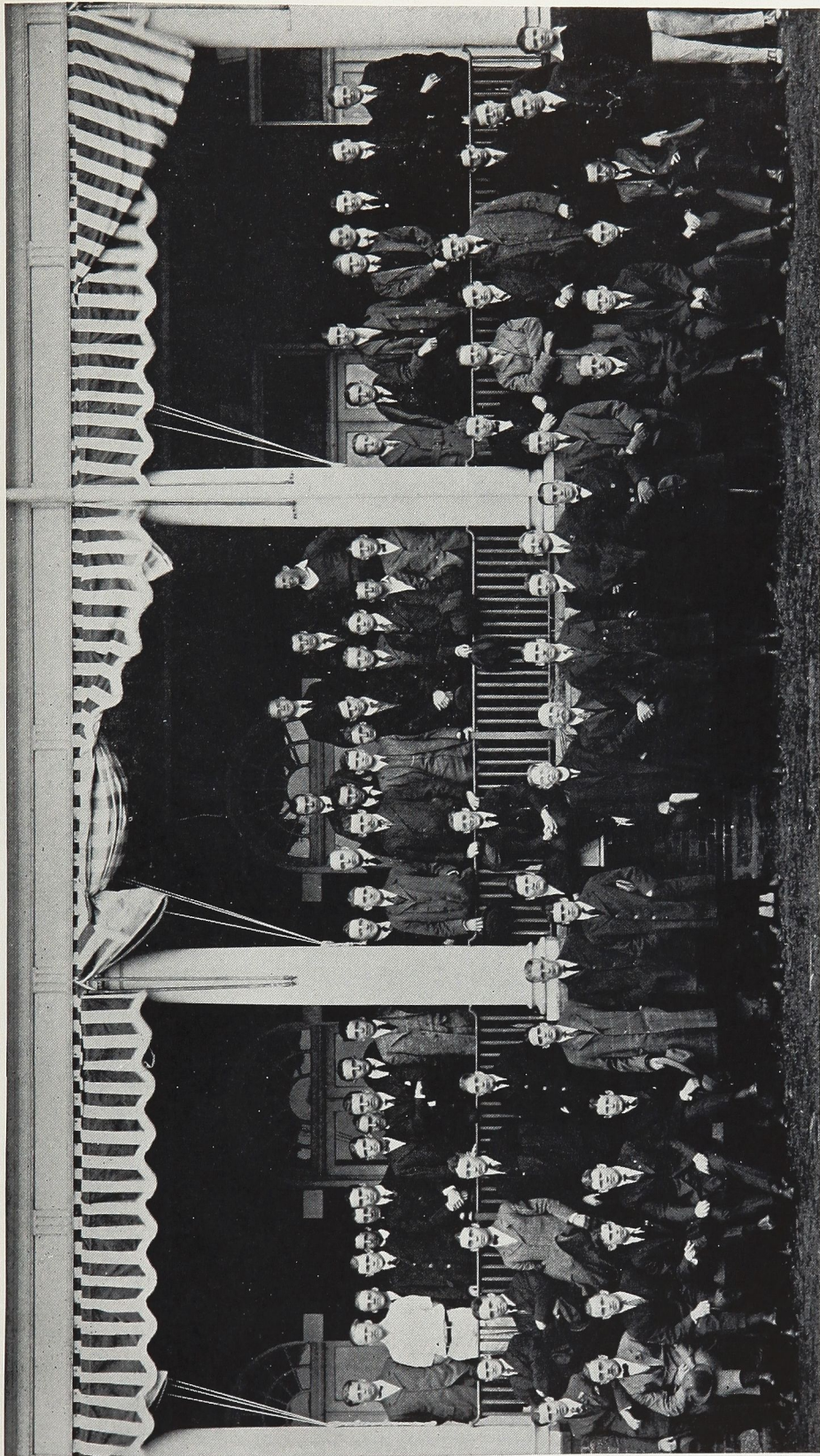
The Castle was a shambles. The Navy had used it as a boy will a schoolbook paid for by the Board. It was seedy and impersonal. Much money had to be spent putting things into something like their wonted shape. And much time had to elapse before the old spirit returned.

Stars of the '20 delegation when they partially came back, were Ed Shields, Dan Rhoads, Pat Spencer, and Eddie Vare.

Ed Shields had left early for naval aviation, and came back before the close of the House to help in the rushing, debonair in his manner and radiant in uniform. Then he resumed his career on the track—he was one of a pair of famous twins, the other at State College. Dan Rhoads, hardly letting you know he was around, made his way to Sphinx along the road of Red and Blue. Eddie Vare was in everything, football manager, Mask and Wig, polo, and one of the two guiding

spirits of the Chapter. The other was Pat Spencer. Pat was a Scotsman, canny and pawky too. You knew it from his appearance, which was definitely North-of-Tweed. You knew it more from his brogue. He was very much irritated when once he took some friends down to the Green Dragon for tea, that the maid-in-waiting couldn't make out what he said. "Can't you understand English?"—he felt it was very plain. Pat was the soccer star of all time. With him the team became intercollegiate champions. Previously the game had been the hobby of only some of the more fashionable men on the campus. Now it became important overnight and was created by fiat a major sport. The Scot's nature has naturally transformed the soccer-player into a banker, and his own qualities have naturally made him a great one.

The Fraternity decided that it would have its annual convention in 1920 at the Tau. It was hardly the best moment for a celebration here, because of the state of the House and the just-beginning-to-jell-again condition of the Chapter. But Prex Whiting went into the matter with his old enthusiasm, and he was loyally supported. The opening meeting was presided over by Brother Bridgman, President of the Council, with Provost Smith as guest representing the University—the two men took greatly to each other, which is nothing to be wondered at. There was baseball, a shad dinner at Essington, and a party at the Philadelphia Cricket Club at Chestnut Hill, in which Bill Morice was unofficial host, an overwhelmingly convivial event. And a banquet. It was interesting that at the Tau's first Convention Owen Roberts was speaker for the Chapter; at its second, on May 6, 1920, at the Walton, his former law-partner, Bob McCracken spoke for us. Dr. Van de Water, guest speaker at the earlier event, was with us once again, and the famous Judge "Ike" Russell. The weather was cruelly hot during those days—Philadelphia can become a suburb of hell in the springtime—but even



CONVENTION OF 1920 AT THE TAU

Background is Philadelphia Cricket Club, Chestnut Hill

with all the difficulties that had to be faced, the gathering was a credit to its hosts.

It took time I say to get acclimated to the ways of peace. In classes you still found many men in uniform, still officially a part of the service, some of them who had been abroad, and they brought back with them something of the feeling of battlefield and camp. This was the era of Edward Fitzgerald, which he bewailed as the lost generation. They were broad in their morality, a little callous about religion (many of them never mentioned God except with the word damn) and their language was not of the parlor-regions. Good fellows all of them, but a little hard to manage and to amalgamate with the new and to their minds very childish newcomers (these generalizations apply to the young world at large, not our crew).

1921: William Harold Copeland (Theta Theta), Edward Arthur Crone, John Mason Gaston, Augustus O. Goetz, Jr., Edward Lukens Hawke, Charles Roderick Jordan, George R. Kingeter, Jr. (Beta Beta), Frank Hand Ledyard, Hugh Birdsall McCollum, Jr., Waldo Lawrence Miner, Donald LeRoy Nichols, Amos Edmund Park, John M. Robinson, Thomas Franklin Schneider, Jr., Samuel Joseph Steele, Jr., Harold Kinnel Weitz, Percival Crandall Woodruff.

A mixed delegation. Some had been in uniform, some came up from the schools, and seemed strangely young. It included ingratiating people like Squab Woodruff, active men like Don Nichols and Waldo Miner, holdover from earlier years like good Keg Ledyard, who belonged in the tribe of Johnnie Moore and Lew Parsons, and sterling men like Eddie Park, who represented all of our best traditions, worked quietly and conscientiously, and came off with great honors. But as a delegation it didn't quite pull itself together, and lost several men by drifting.

Among the minor amusements after the war, we had our only moving-picture house, right on the Campus.

Anciently it had been a livery-stable, later a garage, then an empty box, and finally it was taken over by one of the Sons of Shem who opened it up as a hall of celluloid drama. It was not much to look at, with the architectural quality of a barn; yet it had personality. There was a red-haired, cross-eyed, and amorous soubrette in the vestibule, selling tickets. The audience consisted of staid, middle-class people from the vicinity, and college boys. The first came to see, the latter to have fun.

The stock-in-trade was old serials like the *Perils of Pauline*, who came near her doom at the end of every installment and was saved for more danger in the next. The song about her was better than the films were. Now and then the machinery broke down, went on strike, and the picture came to a standstill. Then there would be a bedlam of catcalls from the junior audience, and a multitude of alarm-clocks, brought from their pockets, would go off at once. Whereat the worried impresario would come upon the stage, raise his large hands and say, "Plize, boice, plize!" The clocks would stop. "If you be quiet I give you anodder picshur."

The picture that followed was always what was termed an Educational Film, a poisonous production in which you were informed how the busy bee gathers honey, or the unlovely genesis of chewing-gum. Then there would be infinitely more noise, and more alarms, a throwing of lethal objects at the screen, until first the decent people and then the others would get out.

Nobody ever saw anything there worth while. Nobody expected to. They went for entertainment of an Elizabethan kind: it was the audience that counted. And it reminds you of the places at Princeton and the smaller country colleges

where students bring their amusement with them. It became almost a college feature, something definite to do on Thursday night. And the Son of Shem did well by it, until, looking for bigger things, he folded his tents and stole away. The Picture Palace sank once more to the base use of gasoline and motor-repairs, a short life, as the minister said about the dead baby, but a beautiful one.

1922 represented a distinct settling down. The delegation felt at home with itself and the College, and stayed. It was also a large and active body: George Washington Blabon II, Anson McNeill Clough, Charles Gordon Cooke, Harry LeRoy Curtis, Clyde Tiffany DeHaas, Alfred Martin Dick, Stuart Henry Guenther (Theta Theta), Joseph Wilcox Hamilton, John Summers Hellawell, Alfred Edwin Jones (Beta), John Marshall Jopson, Coates England Landell, George Enos Lukens, DeWitt Clinton Prescott (Theta Theta), Robert H. Reakert, Robert Petriken Rhoads, Godfrey Ruhland Rebmann, Jr. (Chi), Joseph Anderson Schofield, Jr., Edwin Weaver Sprankle, Alton Floyd Vosburg, Charles Perot Whiting.

Historically the most interesting initiate was Perot Whiting, Prexy's son. It was something the good doctor had always looked forward to, carrying the tradition into the second generation. He told us: "I will not force my son to go to any fraternity, but if he joins one it must be Psi U."

Of the others Harry Curtis was the first of three great brothers in our Chapter, and a great fun-maker in the cast of Mask and Wig. Jack Hellawell was one of the dancing chorus in the same shows. Gordon Cooke, Al Dick, and Floyd Vosburg were prominent men in their class and Sphinx men; Bob Rhoads followed his brother as a Friar; and even quiet men like George Lukens were loyal undergraduate and graduate fraternity men. Schofield, Editor in Chief of the Pennsylvanian, later went into the Presbyterian ministry. George

Blabon was and always will be fun-maker extraordinary and singer of Fourteenth Century songs.

Somebody else deserves casual mention here. He did not live in the Chapter, but he distinctly lived under it. He was our valet and handy man. Ordinarily retainers would pass unnoticed. We had a quick succession of them; they came unheralded and passed unlamented. But George Maddox was different. He was a PERSON. Thickset, oily-visaged, with kinky hair that refused to yield to excessive applications of anti-kink grease, and clad habitually in a linen coat that once was white, he went around the house slowly and asthmatically, puffing like a shifting engine or a dying grampus. Into each life some shadow must fall. George had been unhappy in matrimony, and his wife pursued him. He was, to be brief, in hiding. When the dame would call on the phone, always he would call up from the basement regions "Not in."

It pleased him to make his passage through the bedrooms in the morning, shutting the windows to keep in the nice stuffy smell, and panting his greetings before going downstairs to straighten up—not too thoroughly. He was a bootlegger of parts, and strictly honest about his poisons: "This'll give you a good kick, suh, but a bad headache in the morning." And since there wasn't much else you'd take kick and headache together. He had a philosophy of life and love, which needn't be repeated here—and experience. For years he abode with us, then floated away into the unknown. Nobody knows what has become of him, but at least we must admit that during his stay he added real color to the House.

1923 had a small but almost perfect set-up. It began under somewhat unpromising auspices in the class at large. At the sophomore dinner which was called Asiatic Night, the president said: "We have the reputation of being after-the-War-hardboiled men. Let's live up to our reputation." And they did. The bill for damages to the St. James was large. But that



CHAPTER OF 1923

was only a noisy entrance. When the big class was actually on the stage it proved one of the staunchest and most loyal classes Pennsylvania has ever known, rivaling '87 and 1915. Our members of this class included: Samuel Stewart Alcorn, Jr., Frank Prentiss Bailey, David Fleming Beard, John Clayton Bogan, Jr., Robert Bishop Fiske (Beta), Frank Fletcher Garlock (Upsilon), Merritt Hulburd II, David LeRoy King, Graeme Ennis Lorimer, James Aurelius Pray, Thomas Biddle Kenilworth Ringe, Philip H. Schlosberg (Kappa).

These were all fellows you would want to know and to show off and say: "This is the type of men we have in our Chapter."

Dave Beard, Jack Bogan, and Stew Alcorn were all Camp Susquehannock men—which ought to mean something to you. Dave like Brother Bill was a soccer player; Jack was track manager; Stew was described by one of the faculty as a butterfly—I'm sure it was a compliment to his decorative

character. Graeme Lorimer followed in the wake of earlier Chapter members in guiding the Red and Blue.

Tom Ringe, senior president, was a ball of fire, so bursting over with ideas that the words came faster and faster from him when he talked. He got things done—well. You could always depend on him. You can now, for any fraternity business, initiation speaking, committee work, in spite of the fact that he is an immensely successful lawyer. He carries on the tradition of Owen Roberts and Bob McCracken.

Merritt Hulburt originally picked himself out as a professor. He thought better of this later, and joined the editorial staff of the Saturday Evening Post, where he was understudy for George Horace Lorimer. Then, used to reading scripts, he went out to Hollywood, doing something of the kind on a larger scale, and eventually directing for himself. It was a fascinating life, but a nervous one. He drove himself too hard, and died still a young man. At the fifteenth reunion of his class in 1938 it was a delight to listen to him, modest and entertaining. Success had left him as he was when we originally knew him, genuine and friendly, distinctly the high-type of American manhood.

During all these years the internal and official doings of the Chapter had been largely like those before its day. Two new Chapters were added to the fraternity in the era—Williams and Washington, Delta Delta and Theta Theta. The most interesting event was the installation, in the Lodge Room, far back in 1911, of a splendid dais and desk, the gift of Brother Elverson, from our very first class. The most intimate event was the achievement of a definite rushing season. The most spectacular event was the Convention of 1920. But possibly the greatest event of all is one not happening at all, or even a series, but a state of mind: the way the Chapter gathered itself together again after the hiatus and confusion of the War, and settled itself in its honorable life.

Chapter History

1923 - 1942

T H E B O Y S

TWO TRENDS have been noticeable in this later era, working to the same end. The first is the tendency of the University Administration to take control more and more of undergraduate affairs. Since 1930 there has been a Department of Welfare organized specifically for this purpose, now under a Dean of Student Affairs. Senior Honor Men are chosen by the class from a list of eight drawn up by a special committee. The old Class Day held in the quadrangle, with its al fresco atmosphere and its prophecy, history and poem—which might be so stimulating and might also be so brutally dull, has receded into history. In its place we have Hey Day, held in the barbaric splendor of Irvine Auditorium (outside the Library our most momentous building, and its illegitimate child), the lion of Judah conspicuous over the proscenium, the College Hierarchy on the platform, a prayer by the Chaplain, a speech by an official guest; almost as solemn as a

service. Rushing is carefully shepherded, and written invitations are found by the freshmen in the Welfare office.

The other is the gradual passing, partly because of the size of the University, partly as a sign of the times, of so many picturesque college celebrations. The Washington's Birthday exercises, held for almost countless years in the old Academy, and numbering an array of prominent speakers, is unhappily no more. This is on the more academic, the faculty side. The ancient ceremonies of hazing have passed utterly, and inter-class brawls. First the rowdy cane-fight disappeared; then the hall rush and corner-fight in the basement of College Hall; and finally, somewhere about 1915, that most Pennsylvanian of all institutions, the Bowl Fight. The sophomore Cremation, so picturesque, colorful, and melodramatic, persisted into the '20's, but now is only a memory. No one hears anything these days of kidnapping class officers. We have had milder substitutes for these things: A Pants Fight, a general denuding of the two lower classes, and a Flour Fight on the far reaches of River Field: but these lacked vitality, and died a natural death. Part of all this is due to the city background, which presses more and more upon us, but part is due also to a general change in the attitude of the college man.

A few years ago, when some of the restless freshmen in the Dorms grew rebellious and said the place was dull and asked for more fights, the matter was put before the officers. And one of them, a gay hell-raiser in his time, said: "Oh the fellows out here don't want anything like that. It's childish. They're here to work." There is a grain of truth in it, certainly. The undergraduate of today is less imaginative and more serious than his father was. He is younger in mind, older in outlook. Life isn't so much a serious matter, perhaps, as it is a thoroughly business-like proposition. It is all part of the

modern tendency you see in the To-hell-with-you-architecture so popular just now, that turns all buildings into sanitary factories and collar-and-cuff-boxes and the monosyllabic novels like Hemingway's that go in so militantly for the plain unvarnished truth. Nobody writes high romance because nobody wants to read it. The older art with its emphasis on magnificent technique and atmosphere, seems boring and a waste of time. One superior student said very frankly to his instructor in Nineteenth Century Poetry: "There *was* no poetry before 1925." You can't imagine a freshman growing lyrical over a sentimental book like "Freckles", or a sentimental song like one of Carrie Jacobs Bond's, as they used to do, with tears, as late as 1917. A magnificent story like Hewlett's Forest Lovers they class now as tripe, because it is implicit of romance.

The University means four years of training in sensible practical subjects, to help you get a job. There are plenty of activities and honors and class politics that people work for and covet, but they are taken without frills. They are something to show to possible employers on your printed records, that you have been a mixer, and can lead men. All of which is both gain and loss; gain because everything is vastly easier to manage than of old, loss because a certain zest has gone out of college life. The new schools and houses are eminently sane and practical, but they don't gather atmosphere. You don't look back on them with longing, or come back to them with emotion. Is it entirely an accident that our Alma Mater song isn't used any longer? Alma Mater itself has gone into plain clothes.

The first class of ours that you might say represented the more modern way of life was 1924:

S. Shaw Boswell (Xi); William Sweet Eichelberger (Eta); Benjamin Fawcett; Eugene Curry Felt; John Wesley High-

tower; Ralph Lathrop Kelly; Charles Jefferson Lyon; Robert Lincoln Parkinson, Jr.; James W. Perry; Frederick Emil Quinn; Ralph E. Schoble; William Bunn Severn, Jr.; Edward Adams Shumway, Jr.; Lowell Shumway Thomas.

It represented, coming from Lehigh, the first of the four active loyal brothers of the Eichelberger clan, this one yeleft "Bill".

It meant three prominent men on the campus, Gene Felt in Mask and Wig and Ossie Roth in Baseball, and also Editor of the Class Record. The delegation recalled in a way 1921. It had good men in it, but it lacked group personality.

1925 was quite different, large, thoroughly militant, and successful.

Arthur Clyde Buterbaugh; George Henry Buterbaugh; Eldon Seely Chapman; William Thomas Coleman; Ward Wadsworth Fenner; Stanley Boutelle Fessenden; Eugene Manning Flues; Frank Warren Guthrie; Sidney S. Hall; George Benjamin Hull; Harry Layton Kingston; James Louis McVey; John Arthur Mitchell; Madison Westcott Pierce; Nelson Buckley Sherrill, Jr.; Henry Alstone Skilton; Ralph Frank Stockton (Xi); John Rasmussen Williams, Jr.

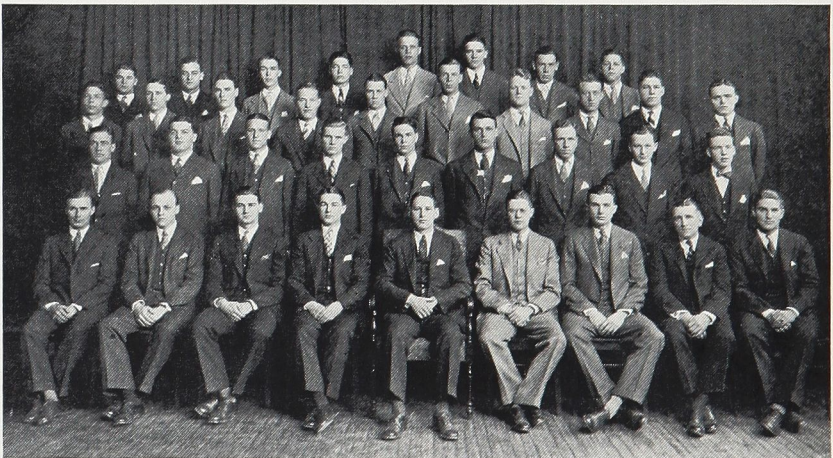


WM. R. SEVERN, JR.

"That's That," 1924

We were large in University circles then. Bill Coleman, big, quiet, modest, with his grey mane, became one of the trojans on the football line. He was like Ajax of old, you couldn't stop him. Madison Pierce, who represented our best traditions in breeding and poise, was a Varsity manager; so were Bud Chapman and Jim McVey. Nelson Sherrill was a nervous, eager track man; big easy-going Jack Williams, football, rather overpowered by his college setting, and over-anxious to make good. Ward Fenner came from Amherst, another of our long line of architects, one of the best of them and one of the pleasantest of men. Stan Fessenden had the New England shrewdness of Calvin Coolidge. Gene Flues streaked it as a football-back. All of these, and the others too, were infinitely active, insistent on making themselves felt.

There was something in them of 1922—classes do repeat themselves. 1926, on the other hand, was in a less major key, and seemed to reproduce the qualities of 1923. It was small in number, and active in a less showy way.



CHAPTER OF 1926

Thomas Homer Atherton, Jr.; Earl Hampton Bartlett; Robert Alexander Eichelberger; Edgar Allan Graham; Ralph Carl

Guenther; James Forsythe Nicholas; John Leavitt Randall; Hiram Warren Richmond, Jr.; Joseph William Walton; Davis Rezner Webster.

Bob Eichelberger had just as much energy and success as Tom Ringe. Editor-in-Chief of the *Pennsylvanian*, he seemed to be prominent in every field, and was rusher-extraordinary to boot. Allan Graham, one of our most likable citizens, hailed from Texas. It was hard to get hold of him at first, he was awed by us, but his friendliness and hard work won for him the track-managership and presidency of I.C.4-A. Then we had three good citizens from Germantown Friends' School, the first in our history, all good fellows and active: Jimmy Nicholas, pint-size back, Warrie Richmond, soccer, and Tommy Atherton, just as good a fellow in the House. It was a crowd of good companions, Dave Webster and Johnnie Randall being some of the most fetching and agreeable.

Rushing was still a very exciting thing, with sweat-sessions in which you felt you had your man where you wanted him, only to find that sub rosa another crowd would tackle him when he went back to his room, tire him out, and turn him the other way. The most picturesque event was always Pledge Night at the end, when the various groups would foregather in little bands in the Quadrangle, and march, singing or quiet according to temperament or seasonable success, to their new homes. It was amusing and sometimes pathetic to watch the houses waiting for them at their windows, some gay with banners—they had come out on top—and some sad, hearing the cadences only, because they had failed. It is written in the cards that a few should be left in the discard and defeated. I remember one particular place where the sad inmates saw everyone pass them by, even the one man they had pledged; and pulled down the shades. But generally there were enough to go around, and the chapters got in the long run what they deserved.

1927 was another compact delegation of ideal personalities, men whom you were always glad to drop in on, and talk to, because they had cheer and a talent for sociability: Robert Livingston Browning; Edward Oscar Gerhardy; Arthur Patrick Lascelles; James Dudley Marks; William Maffitt McFadden; Arnold Dale Kerfoot Mason; William Painter Meeker; Henry Barton Off; Frederick Eugene Perfect; Norman Price Shumway.

Duke Marks was about the most sought-after man in freshman class. It was as if all the fraternities had long arms reaching out of their lairs to grab him and say: "Come in Here!"—and there was much celebration, our way, when he came, with the new parade. A burly fellow, built for football, which he followed; and literary, too, one of the last of our chiefs of the Red and Blue, that magazine to begin so well and later to sicken and die of too many editors. There were no symptoms of mortality in his time.

But they were all good fellows. You didn't forget people like Ed Gerhardy (brother, by the way, of Ted, Class of '20) or Arnold Mason, many times a legacy, and desirable in his own right, for he was almost as be-rushed by the proper crowds as the Duke. Norman Shumway, much courted by the debutantes, naturally, if you knew him and talked to him; and Billy McFadden, red-haired, snub-nosed, debonair, a cupid in modern clothes, and the life of the House, just as he was the perfect friend of later days. These two represented Medicine (there were not many professionals in our later history) and did well by their profession; and Bill is now a pediatrician, trying hard, with the occasional addition of a tooth-brush moustache, to impress the mothers properly as an old and experienced practitioner. Bart Off was another of the best. Even the repeated auto-accidents they got him into couldn't spoil his good looks or his good humor or his college and fraternity interest. He was an Arts man. There was a

goodly proportion of them in this particular set, an unusual feature in the later aggregations.

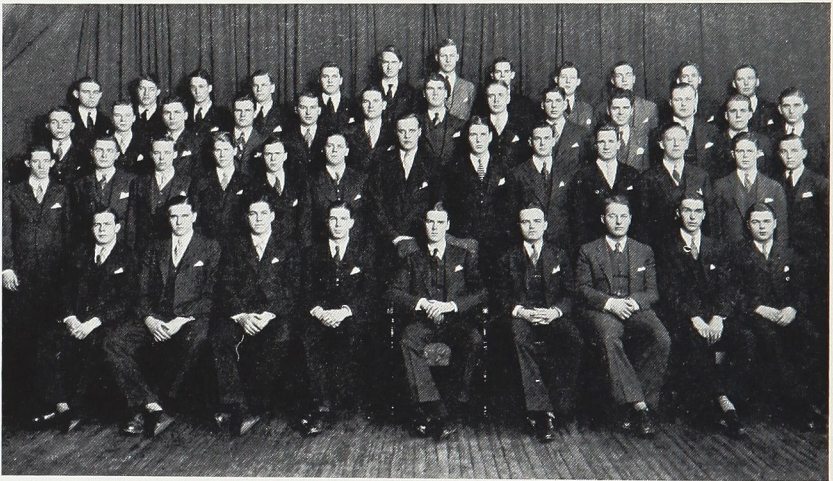
And they were all bridge players. The campus had turned the game into a fad that was almost a passion, though it hadn't yet become indispensable to the tune of a column in a daily paper, to be read along with health, political, and fashion advice. Every day after lunch—and quick-lunch was no idle term in the Castle; all fraternities put away their food like lightning, but Psi U. had the reputation of being the champion eating-against-time artists on the University grounds—after lunch you'd see a multiplication of small tables and a smooth shuffling of cards. They were great plungers, defied all rules. If money had been at stake instead of matchsticks, they would have won and lost fortunes. Even the quiet kibitzers were interested. They all claimed that when they got back to class at two, the dead hour of the day, they could do their work better for their carding, which you may believe if you like.

1928:

Francis Irvin Curtis; George Alexander Gade; Frederick Charles Goodwin, Jr.; Walter Albert Johnson; Durand Reed Kinlock, 2nd (Psi); John Elbert Koch; George William Marshall, Jr.; Bertram Powell Moore; Harry Todd Park; Henry Alexander Rowan, 3d; George Foster Sanford, Jr.; William Jasper Sims—brought us two valued younger brothers, Francis Curtis and Harry Park. Francis travelled along dramatic lines like the older member of the family, and went into creative work after he left us; abode for a while at the Yale Dramatic School, and is now an author and producer—our first.

Sandy and Bill Sims were heavenly twins, twins anyway. Sandy was constructed along gothic lines, so tall that when he tried to accommodate his big carcass to the berth on a

trans-atlantic liner, he had to put a pillow under the small of his back and rest like a human triangle, to get himself in. He was a baseballer and Captain. Bill Sims had a gift for getting along with people that made him head of the House. He was a teacher in his old preparatory school after graduation, a job for which he was perfectly fitted; nobody could have made a better head-master. Then he went into the family business in New York State. The twins took an epic tour to Europe. Their way of disposing of their time during the last two days in England is something worth hearing, but only Sandy can tell it.



CHAPTER OF 1929

1929 was a big company,—Witness:

Lucius Archibald Andrew, Jr., Edward Gordon Ashley, Albert Morris Dilworth Cassel; William Minott Clark, Jr.; John Morrison Clements; Robert Norman Craft; Eli Eichelberger; Philip Curtis Goodwin; Frank Doran Graham; Elwood Emil Hansen; Lefferts Suydam Hoffman; Thomas Reed Hulme; Samuel John McCoy; Willis Nathaniel Mills; Charles Stowe Myers; Frederick Jerome Schroeder; James Townsend

Sellers; Charles Miller Schaeffer, Jr.; Bernard Augustine Towell.

This crowd was also varied, likable, and achieving. One would like to make a long record of them, if only there were time.

Sandy had come to us the year before from Kent School, and he now brought three recruits from that in some ways best of all American academies: Bill Clarke, Lefferts Hoffman, and Plumber Mills. Bill made himself marked in College and in the House. Lefferts drifted away; we met him later doing small-scale banking in Paris. Plumber, of Washington, followed in the trail of Ken Welch, with paintboxes, draughting-boards, and late hours. He and Stowe Myers were both architects, both prize personalities you regret you don't see more of. Frank Graham wouldn't let brother Allan get ahead of him and became manager and Sphinx too. Al Cassel, Engineer from Germantown, made his honors in Hexagon. Jim Sellers, nephew of Colie, took charge of Red and Blue, and went away covered with the decorations he deserved. Bob Craft was a Varsity manager, Jack Clements, Tommy Hulme, Junie Schaeffer and Eli Eichelberger (doctor now if you please, and our last) were again givers of cheer, leaveners of any outfit. All in all it was a very high-class delegation.

1930:

John N. Ball; Joseph Washington Beale; James Alexander Bliedung; Robert H. Bolton; James Gibbs Field; Kenton Rowe Flint; Wesley Hurlburt Garner; Richard More Keator; Francis Joseph Kelly, Jr.; Edgar Alan Maschal; Robert Nicholas Mitchell (Mu); William Lloyd Sagendorph; Leighton Paxton Stradley, Jr.; Gustave Adolphe Van Lennep, Jr.; Marriott Coates Webster (Xi); Albert Cook Woodruff, Jr.

In Francis Curtis we had our first dramatic writer. Jabby



J. ALEXANDER BLIEDUNG

"This Way Out," 1929

Bliedung our first professional actor. Eli Eichelberger brought him around first, found him companionable, and rescued him from a lesser crowd. He blinked at us at first, and was shy, as if he were not sure that Joplin, Mo., and Philadelphia, Pa., could fit together. But soon he made himself at home, and indispensable. He was just a natural mime. They had a Faculty-Student Smoker one time, a good idea, by the way, that ought to have been carried on; and teachers and scholars entertained, the younger better than the older. High light of the evening was Jabby's imitation of Dr. McClelland making a typical speech, hands in and out of pockets, glasses going off nervously, doubtful, almost plaintive, voice. It is remembered yet, particularly, by the subject. Of course, he starred in the Show; and on graduation went into sure-nuff acting. The name seemed a bit on the awkward side, so he stole Joe Beale's and John Ball's, and combined them—John Beale—a moniker by which he is now known as far as Hollywood is. And when Handsome Joe Beale wanted to travel in his footsteps, and interviewed the California nabobs and told them his name, they were wroth, and told him it belonged to somebody else, and that he'd have to change it if he wanted to go on.

The theatre came to the fore under the spell of Jabby. First Joe Beale succumbed, then Frank Kelly. He also got his training on our home-stage, directed as graduate some of the shows, played in amateur companies and then went on to the legitimate stage. This spring we saw at our tawdry Forrest Theatre an ambitious play by Philip Barry, in which Jabby and Frank were both applauded. And if good looks, friendliness and hard work mean anything, and they generally do, you are going to hear much of him.

Bob Bolton of Louisiana, with personality and unalloyed Southern accent, took a long time to make up his mind in a

fraternity way. We really weren't sure of him and Bill Sagen-dorph until they turned up on pledging night at the play of the Vagabond King. He was a good person to land, and a valuable one; manager, if you think of importance on Class Day. Good Dick Keator, also an apprentice on our amateur stage, and member of the Club, was satisfied to leave it an undergraduate activity, and is now in business.

Leighton Stradley and Gus Van Lennep formed the sort of duet occasionally with us, friendly, independent, quiet, and wanting to gang their ain gait. Leighton became a lawyer, Gus a country squire.

And one must, even among these, remember Johnny Ball, whose football endeared him to Franklin Field, and his character to us.

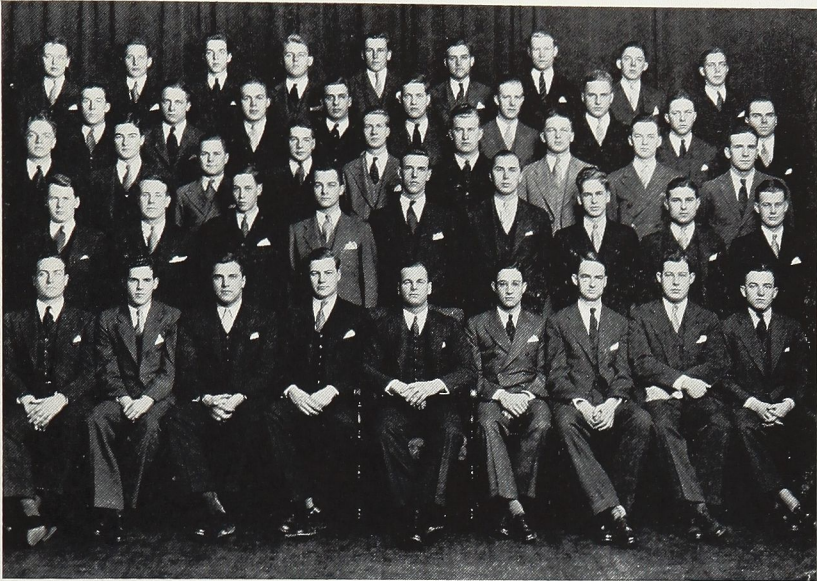
1931:

Walter Robert Bliedung, John William Clegg, Jr., Franklin J. Collins, Jr., Ralph Richard Eichelberger, Royal Douglass Gregg, James Hughes Knowles, Maurice Daniel Larkin, Jr., Richard M. Miller, Jacob Richard Ranck, Norman Alfred Reeks, Basil D. Robinson, Adair Russell (Iota), Benjamin Charles Taber, George Augustus Vare, Henry De Forest Wright.

This included more younger brothers of famous men—Dick Eichelberger and George Vare. It would have been memorable if for no other reasons, for Johnny Clegg, one of the pleasantest people ever to sign our books, and a Wigger (Doug Gregg was also one, star in the cast); and Dick Ranck from up Lancaster way, head of the house, and a good one too.

1932:

Percival Roberts Bailey, Jr., Thomas Taylor Brown, Robert M. Chapin, William Spencer Child, John Norman Curtis, Perry Allan Davidson, Jr., Wesley Eugene Davis, Jr., Charles



CHAPTER OF 1932

Moore Greene, Walter Mott Hupfel, William Nelson Morice, Jr., Donald De Mott Moss, Robert Whitney Smith, William C. Weeks, Robert Crisman Williams.

Here were two splendid legacies of great men. Bill Child represented the next generation of the good Doctor of that name, with all his appealing gifts; Bill Morice or Handsome Bill of the old times in our chapter, as good looking as he, and as successful in College, as football-manager; now as an Engineer. And one younger brother in John Curtis, as restful to the eyes as they were, and, to use the Philadelphia term, as "nice". Then there was John Dilks, paired off with Bill Morice—Both Chestnut Hill-ers, Walter Hupfel, so universally popular that they had him in Sphinx; Charlie Greene, football man; Bob Chapin, good architect from Washington; Don Moss, good fellow from Montclair; and Bill Weeks, famous water-baby who hailed from Des Moines.

1933:

Harry Parkhouse Broom, Lester R. Carrier, Jr., William Francis Colton, Phil Sheridan Delaney, George Francis Hodgdon, Jr., William Mustin Huggins, John Bechtel Hulburd, Samuel Reed Keator, Frank Bland Laverell, Warrington B. McCollough, Jr., Grant McDougall, Donald Newton McKinley, Abram Kenneth Mann, II., Robert Bruce Murrie, James Merritt Richards, Charles Davis Sparks.

Here were more legacies: Happily, for one of the surest signs of the abiding strength of a chapter is that the newer generation finds it as appealing as the older, and it progresses, as it should progress, like a family, from generation to generation. Bill Colton, tennis-star, was cousin of Ralph's; Jack Hulburd was the brother of the well-remembered Merritt. It also included the giant Grant McDougall, redoubtable on track; Duff McCollough, super-extra golfer; Lester Carrier, another legacy I had almost forgot, from the Eta background, and Head Cheer-leader; Bill Huggins, with the sterling mark on him, Wigger, and in later years an excellent treasurer of the Psi U of Philadelphia; Ken Mann, splendid type from Lancaster, like Dick Ranck; and Reed Keator, another of the perfect brothers—they don't make them better.

1934:

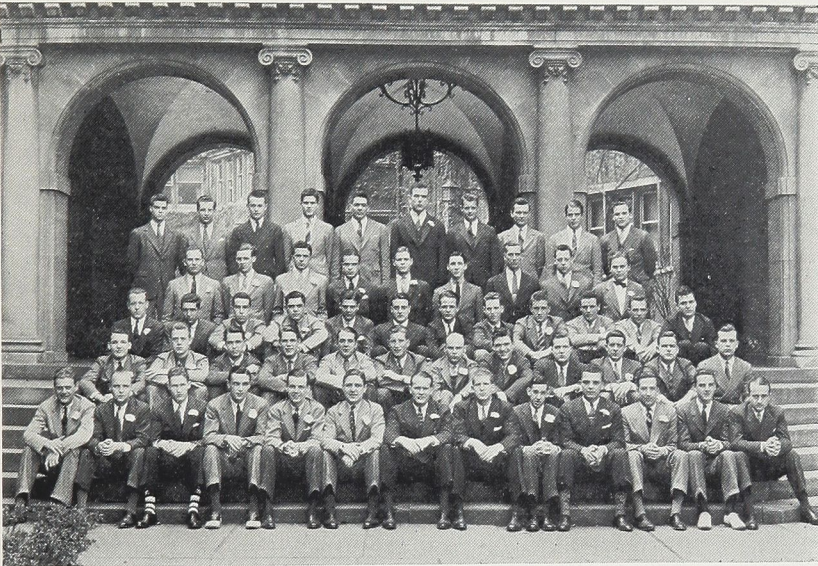
John Arthur Brown, Jr., Rosecoe Alexander Bolton, John Seeley Booth, Harold Seymour Cross, Jr., Charles Blackwood Grant, William LeGrand Hunter, George Alger Keeton, Justin Kellogg, John Allan Losee, Jr., Stuart Horton Smith, Leland Carl Stevens, Thomas Constantine Taber, Jr., Thomas R. Watkins, Jr., Everett Deyet Weeks, Robert Wright Williams.

This crowd numbered some infinitely appealing fellows like Jack Brown, son of the great Audicumborius; Charlie Grant and Justin Kellogg; and successful men like Jack Losee

and Everett Weeks. But the class had a disappearing quality like some earlier promising ones.

1935:

Richard Katell Allen, Phil Dewees Castner, William Everhardt Clark, Edward Calvin Ferriday, Jr., John Barbour Gray, Jr., Fred Robinson Harwood, Wallace Malcolm Hotensen, John Arthur Jeffrey, Charles Edward Kohl, 3rd, Stephen Craig McCormick, William John Woods Merritt, Francis Michael Montanus, Robert Campbell Smith, George Dobbins Van Sciver, 2nd, Norville Elwood White, Harold Barclay McFarland, Jr.



CHAPTER OF 1936

In the early minutes of the Chapter there was notice of a visit from Brother Ferriday, of the Eta. Now he visited us again, more permanently, in the person of his son Ed, a delightful, smiling person who had some of Knox Birney's gift of perpetual youth. He fitted well into the Chapter, would

fit well any place where a buoyant temperament is appreciated; and has been a great traveller, a very American one, too, who when a choice comes between the Louvre and Mickey Mouse, prefers Mickey.

Frank Montanus was king-pin of the delegation, manager of crew and Senior Representative in the Dormitories.

1936:

William W. Allen, Jr., John Pulver Bushnell, John Bayne Castle, Castleman de Tolley Chesley, Arthur Darnborough, Jr., Carl W. Fenninger, Jr. (Psi), George Duncan Fraser, Robert B. Fraser, Colson Henry Hillier, Andrew Jackson Kelly, John Warren McCagney, Austin Woods Marshall, Thomas Bateman Morris, John Scott Neill, Raymond William Schwolow, Laurence MacIvor Steiner, Charles N. Sturtevant, Jr., George Allen Warren, William E. Weiss, Jr., Palmer Wentworth, Pearce Whetstone.

One finds one's self in these pages using again and again certain tired adjectives like jolly, and smiling, and perfect, and equally hard-worked nouns, like good fellow, and boon companion. But it cannot be helped. Those words fit, and no others. It would be hard to discover, looking over the records of the most successful fraternity, so many men you would like to know, and keep on knowing as friends. But even those top-drawer descriptions seem inadequate to this delegation. There was a popular play, just before or after War-time, called Captain Applejack, a comic melodrama and most entertaining. The old sea-dog used always to win, gambling; he invariably held the right cards. And one time he threw down his hand and said "All Aces!" Well, these were all aces.

A proper crowd should have in it three great qualifications. In the first place it should be composed of gentlemen, and friends—this is the first and great commandment. And the second is like unto it: They shouldn't like sofa-life too

much, but be anxious to go out and do things. And in the third place, which is the most important in the long run, they should be stickers, loyal not only as undergraduates but as alumni. And in the length and breadth of the land you could not have a more superior or a better balanced lot like this. Only in the delegation of 1909 will you find their equals in our annals. This is high praise, but it is not excessive. It fits.

There were hardly honors enough to go 'round. Five Sphinx men were in the group, the maximum allowed to any one fraternity; and two Friars. We were strong then in football, with Jack Neill and Art Darnborough as first-call men on the eleven; in scholarship, too: Jack Neill, Spoon-Man (our first in many, many years) was also Beta Gamma Sigma; in Mask and Wig with Chesley (what a combination of front names! —he was also in football); in all around activity with Bud Sturtevant; in legacies with Pierce Whetstone; in manager-ships with George Fraser; in ideal fellows, also busy ones, with Jack Kelly (Frank's younger brother), and Bob Fraser, who had the reputation in his time of the best form on the crews. No praise is sufficient for them, and it is no use to belabor them with more big words. If every delegation could be like them!

1937:

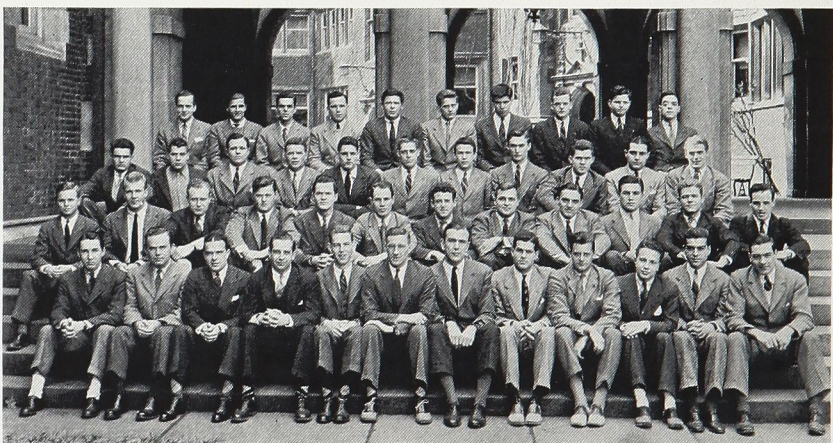
Herbert Day Bement, James Bryant, John Noble Costello, Jr., Wharton Landell Donaldson, Jr., John Peters Essick, John Altimont Godfrey, Carl Graves, Jr., Dallett Jones, Thomas Wrayburn Keeton, John Price Crozer Ludlow, Robert Zephamat Morrison, Jr., Edgar Fordham Selby, Harper William Spong, Jr., Fred Martin Wallace, Jr., James K. Wark, Charles Ellis Weaver.

This will be recalled for Wharton Donaldson, football man on the line, and Wigger as well, for Cro Ludlow, another of our Thespians, and Ed Selby.

1938:

Frank Foster Boyle, Frederick Antrim Caskey, Robert Cortland Castner, Donald Page Cornwall, Race Frank Crane, Raymond Frebert Essick, Henry Constantine Fullan, Jr., Edward Groetzinger, Jr., Henry Smith Hamilton, Lindsay Coates Herkness, Jr., William Edwin Hill, James Buchanan Holland, II, James Anthony Norton, Raymond Sharswood Page, Jr., William Pessano Richards, Peter Mann Sturtevant, Herbert Eugene Whalen, Jr., Charles Harland Wheadon.

It melted away like others before it. Race Crane and Ray Page were its outstanding members, managers both, and Sphinx. Pete Sturtevant was our final candidate for the ministry and an athlete as well, like Bishop Remington, and like that earlier man a top-notch.



CHAPTER OF 1939

1939:

Charles Holly Augspurgen, Henry Payson Brickley, Charles Taylor Brown, Jr., William Dignan, III, Charles Everett du Pont, Maurice Ployd Felton, Jr., Saville T. Ford, Stewart Fowler Forshay, Forrest Palmer Gates, Jr., George Rodney Haines, William Wurts Harmar, Jr., Arthur Reed Kneibler,

Charles Joseph Koenig, Jr., Henry Marvin Kramer, Jr., Thomas Lewis Lueders, III, Donald MacCallum, Norman Henry Miller, James Sill Morgan, John Herbert Ogden, II, Sheldon Potter, III, John Garrett Shattuck, Jr., John Herod Wallis, John S. Adey. (Xi)

These people came in under the aegis of '36, and had something of its quality.

Shel Potter, son of the other Shel of 1909; Charlie Brown, son of the great wrestler of 1907; and Bill Harmar, son of Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia's president, were direct legacies. Bill's case is possibly unique in fraternity annals; he is the fourth in direct descent to wear our badge.

Jack Shattuck would have continued as leader of the delegation, but for his tragic death. Pace Brickley, Herb Ogden and Bill Dignan were our athletes. Don MacCallum and Charlie Augsperger were our managers. Charlie du Pont was a great gentleman, fine spirit in the House. And the array of honors is again bewildering.

1940:

Charles Baker Bradshaw, Clifford Carmalt Collings, Jr., Charles Joseph de Ritis, Ewing B. Hawkins, Arthur Sunderland Heitz, Palmer Hughes, Jr., Alden Rodney Ludlow II, Augustus Le Conte Moore, Jr., Maynard Hale Moore, Samuel Arthur Rea, Theodore Gerald Sullivan, Lee Swiney Thomson, Robert Cyrus Watts, Lafe Weeks, Davis I. Smith.

Augustus Le Conte Moore—let us give him his resounding title—was not only a foremost figure in the Mask and Wig circles but an excellent rusher as well. A Wigger, too, was Charlie De Ritis, both Sphinx men. Sam Rea was, you would say, just about right: happy, good-looking, hard-working. He carried off the major honors: was president of the sophomore class, manager of track, Beta Gamma Sigma, Sphinx—a star who would have shone in any galaxy.

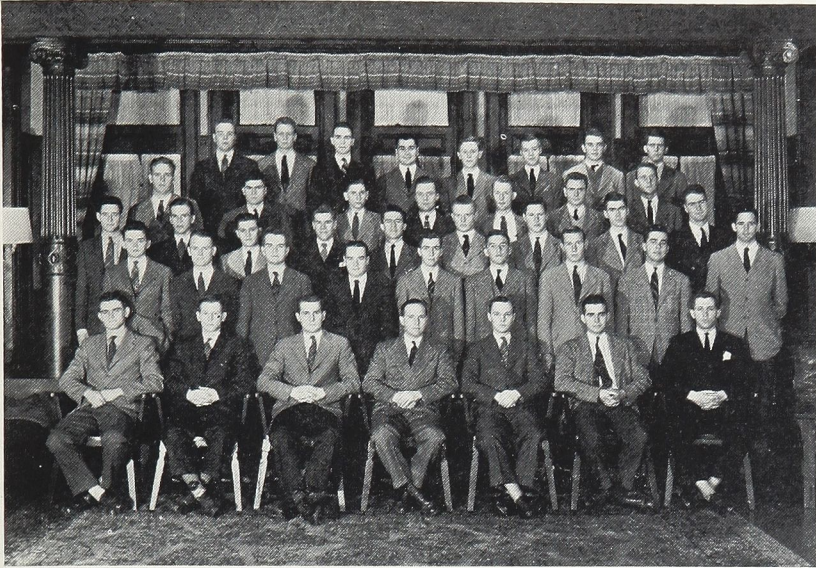
Five more delegations have come to us since this Bi-Centennial one, so recent that they can hardly be considered as a part of history, whose duty it is to record the time that is past. One of these groups has been recently graduated, the others are still lending their personalities to our campus.

1941 brought into the Chapter-Room for initiation these men: John W. Dutcher, Lawrence J. Gleeson, Avery C. J. Hand, Jr., William McLane, Eugene Le Roy Mercer, Jr., Walter G. Moeling III, Raymond Ogden, Clayton W. Tiffany, Jr., George A. von Hassenstein, Victor M. Nusbaum, Jr., William Flynn, Richard V. Neuhaus, Allan K. Shackleton, Robert S. Jones.

Dutcher will be remembered as a fleet back on the football team, whose promise was unhappily cut short by injuries. Bill McLane made his personality felt, and his good work, by attaining Sphinx-hood. Allan Shackleton, coming to us from the Omega Chapter, immediately showed his sterling worth in the House as his brother Hal Sturdy from the same background had done in the generation before. But we shall recall above all others in this delegation big Walt Moeling. He was not only a star on the line in our last two triumphant elevens, but also he had the unusual honor and responsibility of heading the Chapter three times in succession, something unique in the annals of the Tau. His recent marriage in the picturesque old church of St. James the Less was one of our notable contemporary events, particularly Psi U in its character since the officiating priest was likewise one of Ours, the popular and well-loved William Harriman of the Beta-Beta.

1942 had fifteen men who registered their names on our records:

Richard Leiper Alcorn, Harry Camillo De Ritis ("Babe"), David Douglas, Quentin Ford, Alexander Heid, Jr., Raul



CHAPTER OF 1942

Lamar, John Francis McCloskey, Jr., William Halliburton Paul, John Tries Pilling, Richard Warren De Mott, Le Roy Milton Murray, Robert Schmid Jones, Douglas Marchbank Felchlin, Herbert Pease Wallace.

1943 deserves a word of preface. One might say this delegation is the child, the collective child, of Brother Harmar and Brother "Count" Moore. For the first time Alumni worked hand in hand with active chapter, with infinite good will and with such fortunate results that we pledged not only an extraordinarily large body of men—the most numerous in our history—but an unusually fine one, a group that will always be set down with a double star beside it because of its real quality.

Here they are:

Richard Lee Ashley, Thomas Adams Smith, Thomas Lan Suedhoff, Lewis Brosius Walton, Jr., Robert Coulson Beck,

Edward Kelly Hueber, Henry Walter Rowan, William Taft Wolf, William Warren Morhard, Donald Gordon MacDonald, James Arthur Babson, James Clarke Arthur, Frederick Richard Childs, John Berne Hannum Donaldson, Alexander Ewing, John Woodward Furner, Townsend Colmore Cox, Jr., John Charles Murphy, John Treymore Roos, James Clyford Morham, Wheelock Allen Southgate, Adrian Price Gehrke, John Herbert Brown III.

The men of 1944 were:

Gordon McLean Callow, George Anthony Horkan, Jr., Robert Metz Garrett, Philip Hastings Ford, Richard Turner Corsa, Bridgeford Hunt, Henning Nelms Ludlow, David Hicks Mercer, William Gray Wetherill, George Smith Rohrer, Harry H. Pennewell, Jack Kinkelin Robbins, Charles Gilbert Wolfenden, Jr.

You will notice in this aggregation the names of many good legacies of good Psi U men of the older generation.

As for the baby delegation, 1945, those just initiated this spring, who broke bread with us at the recent dinner of the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia, all we can say of them is that they are worthy of their elders, and will do honor to their fraternity and their Chapter, and that they fit into a collective group in the old loved house that has never known a happier family feeling than that of today:

Charles Franklin Hudson, Jr., Paul William McCloskey, Theodore Clarence Merritt, Alonzo Ritter Parsons, Robert Allen Reese, James Charles Resor, George Van Fossen Schwab, James Mark Shroyer, Robert Bruce Wall, Seneker Woll.

And so we come to the present time. We started this chapter with two points. Let us finish with two. The significant events over the latest span of years were first of all the putting of the finances of the Chapter into the capable hands

of George Sharp, who has done his work thoroughly and tactfully, with the result that the House is in excellent physical condition. The downstairs rooms have been handsomely panelled, the whole fabric is shipshape and inviting. Ordering of money affairs, at best a hit-or-miss thing with undergraduates, is now run as it should be, like a good business. An endowment fund has been established to help men who may be hard pressed. The place has the entire confidence of the University. George Sharp needs his mention as one of the loyalest, and probably the most hard-working of our fellows.

Secondly there has been a change in the relationship between active members and alumni. The Chapter in 1940 not only were not averse to help and advice from their elders, they asked for it and welcomed it. And now Brother Harmar is a familiar, happy figure in the House, helping and guiding with the rushing. It is the development we have needed most; and we can face the future, under these happy circumstances of co-operation, with real confidence. The Tau finishes its first half-century at the same time the University has finished its second full century. In each case there can be the feeling of a work well done, and better work still to do. Now we can be sure of real and continuing good fellowship through the years, of something strong and indissoluble. Hilaire Belloc, I am sure, good fellow as he is, would not mind if we amended his lines; the feeling is the same in both cases:

*"Psi U made me, Psi U led me,
All that I had she gave me again
And the best of Psi U loved and led me,
God be with you Psi U men!"*

Song and Dance

IN THE palmy days of Willow Grove, when people were unafraid of long trolley rides because they felt there was adequate entertainment at the end of them, when pasteboard mountains and two foot lakes were preferred to Matterhorn and Geneva because they included toboggans and motor launches, when Walter Damrosch discoursed sweet music with a tolerable band, and the Rapid Transit Company still paid small dividends—in those days the management offered as a side show what they called, I think, The Crystal Cavern. It was an alleyway lined with convex and concave mirrors. When you went through, you saw handsome fellows become ugly, and ugly ones turned into actual gargoyles. And you laughed. You couldn't say just why you laughed. It wasn't very complimentary. Perhaps that was what tickled you, the unexpectedness of it, the surprise that is at the bottom of all humor. James M. Barrie said that the first thing mankind did when he came out of his cave and dropped his tail, was to laugh. Certainly laughter is one of the great gifts vouchsafed to humanity. It is like a pneumatic cushion, Beecher said; there's nothing in it, but it eases the jolts wonderfully. It has

been responsible for much art, irony, satire, burlesque. In fact the best art of today has come with the tongue in the cheek. We are a self-conscious generation, mortally afraid of showing our emotion or putting on side. But we are critical and quizzical, full of pins and needles of speech, liking to put things and folks in their right places—not too high up. America has turned vaudeville into something almost great with the Revue, that take-off on the serious performances of the time. Nobody who saw them will ever forget Ziegfeld's Follies with Bert Williams, or the Greenwich Village, with Frank Tinney, or Kitchy-Koo, with Raymond Hitchcock. They were unconventional, those shows, as if they were arranged for your private delectation in your own parlor.

Now the T.T.T. was our own burlesque. It was the greatest of our extra-curricular activities. If you asked the alumni



1891 "MUSICALE"

Woodwinds—Kushida, Thomas. *Plectrums*—Light, Wood, Patterson, Whiting



J. WARREN COULSTON, JR.,
1891 "MISS COLUMBIA"

to any other festivity in the House, even the Thanksgiving Tea, they would come dutifully, and in small numbers; it was the thing to do, and they did it. But T.T.T. was sure fire. Always the big cavern was filled to overflowing; and they would look through a haze of tobacco smoke at the dancing, and listen to the singing, and compare them both with what had gone on in their own age. What the Mask and Wig was to Pennsylvania at large the T.T.T. was to our Chapter.

In a way you might say the smaller song and dance was an outcome of the greater. Certainly Warrie Coulston, one of the founders of Mask and Wig, was imp-in-chief to the Tau. But it was something more than that. It was no mere imitation. It grew out of the conditions of the time. The U. K. fellows liked music, liked dancing, liked hilarity and high jinks. It was only a matter of time before somebody should put them together.

In truth our show was the brain-child of Horace Patterson's. There was a dull season of the year, between the exams and Easter when nothing was doing. And he felt that the time could be beguiled with a skit of some kind to amuse the men and mayhap the alumni. Critchlow was taken with the idea and lighted on the classic title of Tau's Tasty Tragedians.

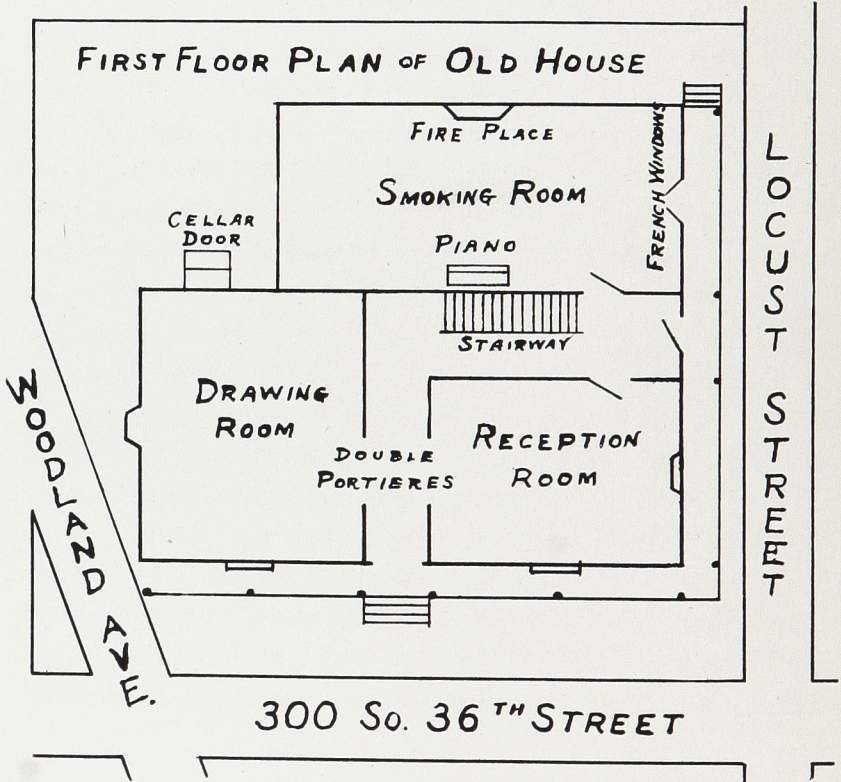
It began simply enough. The first performance was a sort of half-impromptu parlor show of black-face comedians (remember that this was the heyday of Carncross and Dixey's minstrels) with specialties by various artistically inclined members. Its high-light was the famous Smoking Song by Critchlow, written while he was an interne at the German Hospital. Pat went to see him one stormy night in January to discuss plans for the show, when the doctor brought out a lyric he said he had just written, and accompanied himself on the guitar. Since then it has grown out of the boundaries

of our Chapter and become one of the sine qua nons of the Fraternity at large.

This idea of a song, a special song, became one of the great features of T.T.T. Another, just as popular at first, then allowed to pass, was the reading of letters from absent friends, thus emphasizing the reunion character of the occasion. The most celebrated of these came from Brother Thornton, then toiling for the Pennsylvania Railroad somewhere in Ohio, which was "accompanied by a startling and realistic specimen of anthropological research in that state." The last statement has in it some subtle innuendo. I don't know the key.

The original theatre was, of course, the Old House, the first floor thereof. Let's take a leaf from Ellery Queen and the mystery story tellers, and draw a plan of it for ourselves.

You notice the geography. The reception room served ade-



quately as an extemporaneous stage, the audience used the big room beyond. And the programmes, printed on brown butcher paper, were pinned to the portieres, those necessary amenities to dwellings of the '90's.

Scenery was purely suggestive. The unused fireplace was decorated with flags, and University bowls and spoons. The door from the rear hall served as the stage exit. The portieres over the entrance from the main hallway were drawn back, and also those from the Drawing Room. You will notice the resemblance of all this to the Elizabethan theatre. And if it was good enough for Shakespeare it was good enough for us surely. A modicum of imagination on the part of both actors and audience was necessary, that's all. And both had it.

If the first show was largely tentative, the second was a finished product. It was marked by an attractive Programme-Book with a clever cover by Lincoln Ferguson, attractive typing and little pen drawings. (This was used for many years and the owl design became almost a symbol of the event.) Then there was a real libretto with a definite comic idea. "The Narrow Gauged Supper of the Four Engaged" was a satire on the popular Engagement Club of Warrie's devising. And it might be worth while to stop and examine the whole performance.

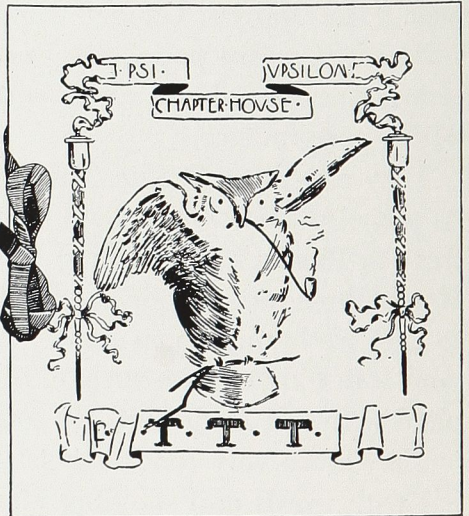
They called it a Tragic Operetta in Three Acts. Act I had its scene in McGowan's Café; Act II in Walhalla Hall, a retreat in Reisser's Rathskeller; Act III in Zeisse's Theatrical Hotel—three picturesque haunts that were known at the time to the brethren. If you know nothing about them, that is your loss and your misfortune. All of these scenes were supplied with full Argument, too long to be repeated here.

They were very fond—this is Elizabethan again—of playing with words and standing ideas on end, a fad that went on through the life of T.T.T. Look at the *Dramatis Personae*:



STIFLER WILLSON CRITCHLOW BRUNNER
 OGELSBY DUKE PATTERSON G. BARROWS

SECOND
 ANNUAL
 PERFORMANCE
 3-19-1895



- Dr. Sinkler Jack—the noted Quack John F. Critchlow
- Maggie Light-of-foot—
 No relation to T. Whiskers Lightfoot } W. Walter Martin
- Deacon Goldust
 Herman Le Dad
 Henri Le Babe
 Lord William Clive } The Four Miserables. {
 Edward K. Moore
 Dwight F. Mallory
 William P. Ogelsby
 George S. Barrows
- Hans—The Biermeister Francis S. McIlhenny
- Warrie Charcoal Stone
 —The Second Chance } James Madison Peters Stiffler
 De Speech }
- McCafferty—A Dutch Policeman Charles T. P. Brunner

Part II was given over to Shakespeare Readings by J. Furness Sinclair (if you have looked up the old Literary Meetings you will see the point of this). There was an intermezzo "Southern Aristocracy, and then Three Songs." All of which gives a pretty fair idea of the arrangement and character of the performance for at least ten years.

1896 kept up the topical association, but moved downstairs from the drawing room to the cellar for a subject, immortalizing the Black Help, James Powers, with the suggestive title: "In Spite of His Odor." For this show Bob Willson wrote his celebrated Evening Song, another of the now classic repertory. '97 had to do with Bob the Bartender. '98 reverted to vaudeville, with some picturesquely named skits. '99 had a libretto by E. A. Mechling, called "The Politician, or Ten Years After," and was distinguished as the first show in the New House. There were three good songs: "Tau Reunion" by W. Morice, Psi U Marching Song (W. P. Remington) and "Hail to Psi U" (F. B. Evans).

Of course the new quarters meant more ambitious shows. The big hall was arranged with a platform at the end, embellished by two hollow and insecure pseudo-Doric columns (they moved a little when you touched them, which made

you think of Samson pulling down the Temple). Why the architect put the dais there no one knows; but imaginative brothers decided it was meant for a stage, to be trod by comedians and tragedians, and the singing and dancing choruses of T.T.T. There were, however, no wings, no curtain, nor was the stage large enough for the stupendous productions which would now be contemplated and which in fact proceeded to take material form.

Bill Morice, who was then in the business of making bur-lap bags, donated material for a curtain, dyed a singular Tyrian purple, which was hung across the opening between the columns, and operated by wires, ropes, and pulleys. These contrivances, designed by the mechanical brothers, frequently failed at critical moments, and the curtain then had to be pulled apart and later closed by freshmen detailed for that duty, thus spoiling many of the best dramatic effects. (Reminds you of the early timid movies, when scenes seemed to be first afflicted with rain, then closed summarily with a blackout: half of the fun of those first celluloid dramas.)

To remedy the inadequate size of the stage a temporary platform was built which could be attached to the permanent stage and thus extend well into the room. This platform was in sections. After the performance was over it was taken away and hidden in some secret hide-out until the following year. Thus the showing took place largely in front of the curtain, the main stage being large enough only for scenery. In the dancing numbers it was also evident when the dancers crossed the line between permanent and temporary flooring, because the latter, being lightly constructed gave off a hollow sound, and creaked and heaved under the weight of the actors.

All of these eccentricities were noticeable enough, of course, even to the careless and uncritical. All of them were laughable and all expected. They gave point to the shows,

added to them; just as a turned-up nose will give a human touch to a pretty girl you see in a suburban train, and make you look at her when Venus de Milo would pass unobserved. They helped the extemporaneous idea that was an integral part of the performance. And it didn't in the long run interfere with either good acting or dancing to see actors, wig in hand, vanishing into the dining room on the one hand or the hall on the other, for their hurried exits.

The Castle, butt of much satire through the years, was the hero—a Don Quixote hero—of the show of 1900, "The House That Tau Built," another of Mechling's children. And skits of the succeeding years show the crazy mingling of classic and contemporary everybody fancied so much. In 1901 it was "The Taming of the Two," by Dr. Munyon—marked by the great "Men of Psi U" song of Frank Evans. In 1902 it was "The Dress Rehearsal, or Twenty Years After." In 1903 there was a new cover design by T. King, for "The Quest of the Kid."

1904 reached a new high in libretto making with a complete script in classic blank verse on a classic subject (people still took Greek and history in those days) "Useless Rex of Ithaca, N. Y." It still reads fetchingly after forty years. This is the manuscript, if I remember aright, that was written when the author was marooned in a moribund Norwegian fishing village, waiting for an overdue boat, and inscribed, in default of more orthodox paper, on the early analogue of Scott Tissue.

1905 had two shows, in March and December, marking the change from the original to the latter time of showing, and inaugurated a whole series of new and very artistic programme-covers. Ibsen furnished one suggestion, at least for title: "The Master Builder, or His Sin Found Him Out"; Victor Herbert another: "Babes in Toyland, or When Our Little Ones Come On"; Israel Zangwill for a third (1907) "The

Quest of the Candidate, or The Children of The Grotto.” This was the vehicle for Linn Seiler’s Pledge Song, and another new cover design, by Bart Register.

Bill Hough made the cover in 1908 for “The Grafters, or Slack Doings in the White House,” and there was one more new one, this time by a hand unknown to me at least, for “Sisters in the Bon Bons or The Floating Island Indebtedness.” This last marked the advent on the scene of two of our great artists in the House, Jack McFadden and Linn Seiler. The one made librettos that were not skits with songs but definite light operas; the other did the same thing with the music, making it part of the texture of the show.



Standing—Wiedersheim, Rogers, Harmar: Kneeling—Hough, Scully, Potter, McMichael, Hutchinson, E. Brown

“HIGH FLYNANCES,” T.T.T., 1910

1910 treated of “High Flynances, or Willy Wo Wanst Du,” (cover by Ralph Colton). 1911 and 1912 saw two more Jack McFadden texts, “Chemin de Fer de l’Etat or Sheridan Twenty Miles Away” and “Figures of the Past, or Spent Life,” in collaboration with Ward Towneley and Don Torrey.

Somehow I think the last two performances were the jolliest of all, maybe because they were last. Certainly if they were not the very best, they were among the very best of the whole series. And as we stopped over one of the earlier skits it might be well to finish by looking at another.

"A Mixup in Mexico or Who Put the War in Warrie?"—no play seemed to pass the censor unless it had a subtitle, was a happy combination of music, text, and scenery. Ken Welch painted a picturesque drop, of Mexico, mountains in the background, cactus in the middle ground, and a Mexican hairless dog in the foreground. And the actors had such a good time of it. I remember well small Mouse Colton coming out as Prex Whiting, to begin this vigorous trip with chorus—by Towneley.

Whiting—

My surname is Prex—spell it P-R-E-X.
I'm a son of a gun with the opposite sex,
So Value and Wieder
Elected our leader
To wallop the greasers in Mex.

All—

To wallop the greasers in Mexico
In Mexico,
In Mexico.
Elected me leader
Did Value and Wieder,
As star of the T.T.T.

Value—

As Thug of the bunch, I am here with punch;
I can deal a black eye or a kick in the lunch,
There is not a man made
Of whom I am afraid;
I can lick any greaser in Mex,
etc., ad lib.

I don't know why the words hang on in my mind, but they do, and music and pictures too along with the last song, by Torrey and McFadden of "Psi U, Once Again We Raise Our Voices"—one of our best pieces and one of our least sung.

"Nero's Nemo's," from the next year, the real swan song, was again picturesque for its scenery. This time Ken painted over the cactuses and mountains of Mexico and transformed them into the Coliseum and Ancient Rome. Russell Breitingger was the bewhiskered Emperor—his spit and image in size and looks—and sang his lullaby with so much aplomb that he had to repeat it at the Banquet that year, that melancholy minor refrain with its gentle burden: "There's nothing to fear with whiskey and beer, so sleep, damn you, sleep!" And Bob Moore, in the brightest red mortal ever laid eyes on, acted the courtesan with a vengeance. Actually, one of the elder visitors was pained by so much realism, and protested that in his Chapter, the Gamma, they would not permit things of that kind. He was much troubled when Bob explained that he was a transfer from the Gamma himself.

I talk about this as the last, because it was the last of the old type. The war unrest entered everything around college soon after, and then the men were dispersed. And when the doors opened again, there was a different feeling and expression. Oh, we had T.T.T.'s for years after, of a kind. But they were either dull or out of the latrine regions; and worst of all they were got up, you would say, only a few minutes before they were put on the stage. So the guests grumbled first and then stayed away. And the platform was dismembered and the curtain burned, and the T.T.T. was definitely no more. The Chapter called it a day.

Of course, there were other elements at work. The victrola first, and radio after, seemed to put a damper on the piano. And for years by some fatality we could never pledge a man who could even beat the box, let alone play. Naturally music

flagged. Then the movie and the motor took people away more and more, and there was less of the family feeling that comes when you have to amuse yourselves. Everybody seems quite happy about it. Yet when the active brothers speak with real pity about the ancient time you lived in—times impossible for them to conceive of, because there was no movie palace on every corner, and some in between, and a radio muttering and biggering in the corner—then I feel I have an answer ready. Et in Arcadia ego. I too have lived in Arcady. I have seen the T.T.T.'s.

THE SONGS OF THE TAU

The first of all our original lyrics was this one by John Duncan ("Hans") Spaeth, since used by all the Chapters, and adopted into the official song books of the Fraternity. Both words and music belong to him; he said the air "just seemed to sing itself to him as he began writing."

THE MEN OF OLD PSI U

J. D. E. Spaeth, Tau '88

Music by J. D. E. Spaeth.

There are men in the North,
 There are men in the South,
 There are men both in business and college;
 There are men that are "trumps."
 And men that are "chumps,"
 And men that are crammed full of knowledge.

CHORUS

But the best of them all,
 Whatever befall,
 The men that will love and stick by you,
 Through thick and through thin,
 Forever your kin,
 Those are the true men of old Psi U.

There are men with a name,
 That's exalted by fame,
 They are presidents, princes and scholars;
 There are men that will work,
 And men that will shirk,
 And men that can pull in the dollars.

There are men that can write,
 There are men that can fight.
 There are men that can sing a gay ditty;
 There are men that look wise,
 Tho' they're fools in disguise,
 Then, too, there are fools that are witty.

There are girls in the North
 There are girls in the South,
 There are girls far across the Atlantic;
 There are girls that can smile,
 And girls that beguile,
 And girls that will make a man frantic.

The second, and equally famous, was Brother Critchlow's Comfortable Smoking Song. This was written originally as part of the entertainment for the T.T.T. show of 1895. It is now as well known and loved as any in our repertoire:

PSI U. FELLOWSHIP

Capt. John F. Critchlow, M.D., Tau '94.

Air—"I se Goin' Back to Dixie."

Come boys and fill your briers,
 With "Lone Jack" and "Virginia."
 Let's draw around the fire,
 Where care won't come to hinder;
 The smoke wreaths soft ascending,
 In loving fragrance blending,
 As each man's heart is bending,
 To old Psi U.

CHORUS

We're all birds of a feather,
We're always found together,
And naught can come to sever
 Our hearts so true.
And after all is over,
We'll drink a little clover,
For every man's a lover,
 Of old Psi U.

Let's sing and tell a story,
 A story rich and mellow;
'Twill be a tale of glory
 Of some good Psi U. fellow;
He's a man whose heart is tender,
Who never knows surrender,
When standing as defender
 Of old Psi U.

We have sat for hours unnumbered,
 Their golden sands unheeded,
Till the "gray owl" blinked and slumbered,
 And the shades of night receded;
We greeted night with singing,
And echoes loudly ringing,
And dawn has found us clinging
 To old Psi U.

And when life's tide is turning,
 And we are growing old,
We'll all look back with yearning
 On the Garnet and the Gold;
To the clasped hands we'll rally,
Be we king or row a galley,
And then pass through the valley
 To the tune of old Psi U.

The third came out of the T.T.T. show of 1896, written by Brother Robert N. Willson, to the tune of Annie Lisle:

EVENING SONG

Dr. R. N. Willson, Tau '93.

Soft the shades of night surround us,
 Bowed before the shrine,
 Loved by those whose hearts with fervor
 Pledged us ever thine.
 May we ever love and honor
 Thee, our pride, our song,
 Crown thee with our life's endeavor,
 Fair Psi Upsilon!

Darker fall the shadows 'round us,
 From the sombre sky;
 Clouds may form and thunder o'er us,
 Naught can terrify.
 Look we ever to thy beacon,
 Beaming forth a sun;
 Time nor care can tinge with sadness,
 Fair Psi Upsilon!

Yet another of the earlier group was the inspiration of Brother Robert Sinclair:

THE BRIGHTEST STAR

Robert S. Sinclair, Tau '94

Air—"Nancy Lee."

Psi Upsilon, the brightest star,
 Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!
 Mayst thou forever shine afar,
 Psi U.! Psi U.! Psi U.!

May none of us who in these halls thy praises sing,
 Upon thy name, in any way, a shadow bring,
 But may we be for thy sake pure in ev'ry thing,
 Psi Upsilon! Psi U.!

CHORUS

Forever, brothers all, our star shall be,
 Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!
 Forever, brothers all, our star shall be,
 Psi Upsilon our star shall be!

 And when upon the world we start,
 Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!
 Before all men to act our part,
 Psi U.! Psi U.! Psi U.!!
 May we beside each other firmly stand,
 Prepared to help our brother with a willing hand.
 That then to thee may come the honors of the land.
 Psi Upsilon! Psi U.!!

 All through our life unto the end,
 Psi Upsilon! Psi Upsilon!
 May we our energies expend,
 Psi U.! Psi U.! Psi U.!!

 That thro' the world all men may know thy glorious name,
 And thus thou ever mayst be borne on wings of fame.
 Increasing all the while the brightness of thy flame.
 Psi Upsilon! Psi U.!!

And this one by Horace Patterson, international in its scope, but suggesting some of the Germanic backgrounds of the old days at Reisser's. (Show of 1895)

SHOW ME THE SCOTCHMAN

Air—"The Shamrock."

Show me the Scotchman
 Who doesn't love the thistle;
 Show me the Englishman
 Who doesn't love the rose;
 Show me the true-hearted son of old Psi U,
 Who doesn't love the spot—
 Where the Diamond grows.

Show me the Indian
 Who doesn't love his copper;
 Show me the "copper,"
 Who doesn't love the green;
 Show me the true-hearted son of old Psi U.
 Who doesn't love the spot—
 Where the Diamond's seen.

Show me the German
 Who doesn't love his "lager";
 Show me the Dutchman
 Who doesn't love his "kraut";
 Show me the true-hearted son of old Psi U,
 Who doesn't love the spot—
 Wo die Diamant blaut.

Show me the college man
 Who doesn't love his college;
 Show me the ivy
 That doesn't love to climb;
 Show me the true-hearted son of old Psi U,
 Who doesn't love the spot—
 Where the Diamond shall ever shine.

Brother Morice's song appertained to the T.T.T. of 1899,
 the first in the Castle.

TAU REUNION SONG

Wm. N. Morice, Tau '99

Air—"The Czar of the Tenderloin."

Psi Upsilon has her chosen few,
 A tried and trusted band;
 To each of them our hearts are true,
 Wherever they may stand.
 The clasped hands, our symbol dear,
 The owl and fasces, too,
 Our hearts to them are ever near
 In jolly old Psi U.

For in old Psi U., where the grasp of love is known
 And friendship, the bond of our life and trust,
 Sweeter by time has grown,
 We greet our brothers of bygone years
 With a song for the dear old Tau,
 The Tau, the Tau, the Tau of Psi Upsilon!

CHORUS

The Tau of Psi Upsilon
 With great hilarity
 Familiarity
 We drink to our loved fraternity,
 To the tune of Psi Upsilon.

Frank Evans's, another of our standbys, belonged similarly to the performance of 1901.

THE MEN OF OLD PSI U

Frank B. Evans, Jr., Tau '01
 Air—"The Soldiers of the Queen."

Psi U., Psi U., once again we sing,
 Thy name with one accord we raise,
 Louder, louder let the anthem ring,
 And thunder forth thy mighty praise,
 All the world has heard it, all the world shall hear.
 Or we shall know the reason why;
 For come whatever may
 Psi U.'s here to stay.
 And her fame shall never, never die;
 And her fame shall never, never die.

So when they ask us who we are, boys,
 We'll proudly answer every one;
 We're the men of old Psi Upsilon,
 Who've fought, my lads, who've won, my lads,
 In the fight for fame and glory, lads,

Where there's work and plenty to be done,
 And when they see we've always won,
 They'll soon discover how it's done.
 And doff their hats to every one
 Of the boys of old Psi U.

Brother E. A. Mechling's was also of that time and event.

PARTING SONG

E. A. Mechling, Tau '99

Air—"The Wearing of the Green."

Let us sing while yet together, under Psi U.'s walls we stand.
 For all too soon the time must come to grasp a parting hand,
 Fast fly the night's swift hours, golden sands will soon be run,
 And brother must from brother part, with rising of the sun.
 Though sadness comes upon us, for fate sends us far apart,
 No distance e'er can sever ties that bind us heart to heart.
 Let's drain O'erflowing hearts by pledging love forever true,
 Psi U., Psi U.—We'll love till death Psi Upsilon, Psi U.

When youth's careless hours are ended, home and friends are far
 away,
 When there's ne'er a silver lining showing through the clouds
 dark and gray,
 When ambition's yearning steals our peace, life seems no rest to
 give,
 Means merely that in living we've forgotten how to live.
 Our college days were truer, for then friendship ruled our life,
 Psi U. taught love and honor, did not teach unrest and strife.
 But Psi U is always ours—pledge her love forever true
 Psi U., Psi U.—We'll love till death Psi Upsilon, Psi U.!

The best-known of Brother McCracken's many songs was this one from the show of 1905.

PSI U. CHALLENGE

(Tune—"Leader of the German Band.")

I

Families antedate the flood
 Boast the purple in their blood,
 Some people want only fabulous wealth,
 Others desire wit, beauty and health.
 We have these and something more,
 We have Brothers by the score,
 Firmly they stand, an unbroken band,
 Supporting us on every hand.

II

High among the world's great names
 We may have ancestral claims.
 Wherever a man found good work to do,
 There was a father for me and you.
 Cromwell and Napoleon,
 Frederick and Washington,
 Charlemagne, Caesar, Alexander too;
 Father Adam was a good Psi U.

CHORUS

Age, it is the rage, in lace and race and creed;
 Tone, and tone alone, will place you in the lead.
 Fame, resounding fame, abroad through all the land,
 All, all are at your beck and call
 If in Psi U.'s ranks you stand.

R. T. M.

Brother Robert Torrey's masterpiece is sung more often,
 and with more gusto, than any of them at the halls of the
 Tau.

OLD PSI U.

Words by R. G. Torrey, Tau '06

Air—"Our Director."

We gather here together now
 a true and loyal band,
 In loyalty brethren we
 Are bonded in heart and hand.
 In loving praise our voices raise
 The good old song sing on,
 And ever we faithful will be
 And true to Psi Upsilon.

All for thee, Psi U,
 Loyal hearts and true,
 Bonded in one, both young and old,
 Holding dearest the garnet and gold,
 Let the diamond shine bright upon the shrine,
 Radiant illumine the blessed communion
 In dear old Psi Upsilon.

CHORUS

Psi U. now we bow before thee,
 Every loyal son,
 Each his praises bringing;
 Hail Psi Upsilon:
 Sacred do we hold thy emblem
 And ring our praises true,
 To the brightest gem that gleams for us,
 The diamond of Psi U.

Countless now the weary courses
 Phoebus' chariot's run,
 Since thy first inception,
 Fair Psi Upsilon.

Poor old Sol must have been weary,
Doing work for two,
Before the world was lighted up
By old Psi U.

Poor old Moses led the children
Through the wilderness;
Hungry they and thirsty too,
Suffering great distress.
Poor old Moses never got there;
But were he not a Jew
He might have reached the Promised Land
Of old Psi U.

Think of poor old Julius Caesar,
What a sad surprise;
His blood was spilled and he was killed
By a gang of dirty spies.
'Twould have been a different story,
Had he and old "et tu"
Both been brothers loyal
In old Psi U.

Well we know the dismal ending
Of Napoleon;
Child was he of destiny,
Not Psi Upsilon.
Robbed would be the scroll of ages
Of his Waterloo,
Had poor Bonaparte been
A child of old Psi U.

Sixteen hundred million dollars
Carnegie hands around,
Building public libraries
On every plot of ground.
If he wants to build another,
The man to show him how,
Is the man who architected
The house that we're in now.

Linn Seiler's famous "The Pledge Song" was the triumph of the show of 1907.

THE PLEDGE SONG

C. Linn Seiler, Tau '08

(Solo) Let every Psi U. now attend (Cho.) attend
 (Solo) And drink to the very good health
 Of the man that we know as a genial friend,
 Tho' he shows neither talent nor wealth, (Cho.) Hoorah!
 (Solo) He may come from the end of the earth,
 But if he's a man of our kind
 (Omnes) We'll pledge him our friendship
 In jovial glass,
 (Solo) And we're all of the selfsame mind.

CHORUS

(Omnes) Drink, drink, cheer and good fellowship
 Drink; drink; here's to companionship
 Each one pledging the other
 In silence now as a brother.
 So quaff, quaff, deep of the flowing bowl.
 Laugh, laugh, far let the echoes roll.
 Pledge him now and forever, Psi Upsilon.

Brother Scully's, from the Show of 1909, has gone into the regular printed books along with Linn Seiler's.

SING OUT THE PRAISE

C. Allison Scully, Tau '09
Air—"The Pretenders March."

Prospect of Youth.
 Sing out the praise of Psi Upsilon
 Since '33 the diamond has shone;
 All of the brothers will stand by the others
 And join us in singing this song.
 We gather again renewing our vow
 Of love all undying and firm,
 With our life path before us, our face to the West
 There let the diamond burn.

CHORUS

The Tau of old Psi Upsilon
 Brothers from near and far,
 Bound in heart with purpose firm
 Following yonder star.
 Striding on to the cherished goal,
 Loyal our whole life through;
 Hope, strength, pride and victory,
 The Tau of old Psi U.

Retrospect of Age.

Life is behind us, soon cometh blindness
 Darkness is now our pall
 Footsteps may falter, stand by the altar—
 Stand ready for the call.
 Successes surround us, laurels have crowned us;
 Throughout our life we've won,
 Brighter than ever, nothing can sever
 Our love for Psi Upsilon.
 Shout out a loud hip, hip, hurrah!
 Cheering for the Tau.

Brother Ralph Evans' song, from the Show of 1906, offers excellent advice now, as it did then.

THE RIGHT COURSE

F. B. E., '01.

Air—"Bruder Straubinger."

Once a mother all forlorn gazed upon her eldest born;
 Fair was he and shapely too (golden hair and eyes of blue.)
 What to make him vexed her mind, social star or greasy grind
 'Til an inspiration rare came to her then and there.

Send him to old Psi U!
 That's just the thing to do!
 He'll never get Blasé
 We'll wash his sins away,
 Whether he's mild as May,
 Whether he's dad or gay,
 He'll be a man some day.
 If you send him to old Psi U!

Perhaps the last of our famous toasts was that used in the Mix Up in Mexico, of 1914, and deserves to be better known than it is.

FINALE

(Words by D. F. Torrey, 14c.)

(Music by J. H. McFadden, Jr., 13c.)

Psi U. once again we raise our voices
 And each brother from his heart rejoices,
 As we gather singing,
 Ever louder ringing
 Psi U.'s praises fill our halls till dawn comes winging.
 Here the diamond shines as bright as ever,
 Bound by ties that time cannot dis sever.
 Dear Psi Upsilon,
 From every loyal son,
 A hymn of praise ascends.

CHORUS

Psi U. Psi U, once again we raise
 Hearts and voices, mingled in thy praise,
 Now in song they're blending,
 Brother love extending
 To all gathered here.
 Give a cheer for every good Psi U,
 He's alright whatever he may do,
 Psi U is a name
 To have eternal fame,
 All hail Psi Upsilon!

(Adopted as a chapter song)

There are many others. These are merely the best known. And taken together they form a contribution to the collection of songs of the Fraternity as large and as spirited as that of any other chapter. And Psi Upsilon fortunately has had many singing chapters.

Literary Meetings

YOU RECALL that original minute of the Upsilon Kappa, so eloquent in its brevity, the affirmation of faith, The Credo, The Thirty Nine Articles and Declaration of Independence of the Chapter—how it said that they were gathering together to keep aloft the torch of learning and to further good fellowship. The more serious aspect of this philosophy, the *Il Penseroso* phase, expressed itself in literary meetings; the lighter side—the *L'Allegro* phase, in the T.T.T. shows. Or you might call the former, since it had to do with the solemnity of the meetings, its upstairs, the Chapter Soul; and the latter, all mufti and informality, its downstairs, its laughter. Each of these developed its own ritual.

The literary meetings, in which Bro. Literary Committee officially took the chair and had things his own way for a brief space, comprised a General Essay, a Literary Essay, a Debate. Then a Review of a mock-serious nature, gathering things together and acting as Greek chorus, criticism. But the really unique feature was an *et cetera* called the Gad-Fly—eloquent name! In Rome just off the Piazza Navona, there is a dirty, quaint, battered old torso, a relic of the

classic age in Renaissance surroundings. It is called Pasquino. During the Seventeenth Century there developed a custom of putting into the ugly mouth of this *grotesque* little innuendoes in prose or verse about the people and doings of the day,—anonymous, of course,—which added a touch of acid to life, and gave a sort of history by inversion. Well the Gad-Fly answered this purpose for the Tau. Unsigned leaflets would find their way into a certain box reserved for this purpose, which were read out in meeting, wise-cracks that pricked the bubble of your conceit and left you naked—and ashamed. They kept you from being too well satisfied with yourself. No man is a hero to his fraternity brothers.

At their best these meetings were a sheer delight. At their worst they were a waste of time, leaden boredom. Everything depended on the quality of the men taking part, and the interest they took in things. Far back in the 90's Prexy lamented that the exercises lacked bite, the wit and wisdom of those he used to hear in the old U. K. days of the little house in DeKalb Square. And the brothers of the old house used to tell the same story about the passing of the golden age to the brothers of the New One. That is the way of the world, and it's possible there was just a grain of truth in it all. But better or not so good the records of these old palavers are curiously entertaining. They act as a sort of barometer of the times, the questions people were interested in, the books they read—some strangely ageless, some just as revealing because they inhered only in their own day, then passed like twaddle sweet and sour, until now we can hardly recollect even their names.

The debates covered a wide range.

There were matters of purely Fraternity interest. Should the Fraternity publish a periodical of such subjects as might be constitutionally disclosed—a matter in which the Chapter

took a negative stand. Or the interest in the very serious matter of our boundaries—whether it was wise to establish ourselves outside the limits of the United States. Time has reversed the old decision on this point. Or again, on the question of pledging sub-freshmen. Or yet again, whether Brother House Committee should have free board for his trouble. The record has the old commentary that “no vote was taken, owing to the indisposition of the brothers, but the negative had by far the best of the argument.” Sorry the lot of the House Committee.

Sometimes they concerned themselves with collegiate matters of immediate moment. Should graduate coaching be adopted at Pennsylvania; this in the days of Woodruff was answered affirmatively, foreshadowing the contemporary arrangement. They were forward looking likewise in their decision that a sum to cover membership in the A. A. should be charged on the tuition-bills of every student in the University; ahead of their time at least in the subject, but not in the answer, for the nays had it. They discussed the value of a compulsory course in that least of all arts, Oratory, now run to death on the Radio, and found it good. Should track representatives of the University of Pennsylvania in Europe be composed only of undergraduates? They said emphatically “No!”

Every once in a while you came across some musty topic now lost in the surge of time. What does this refer to, please?—that the recent action of the Senior Class in regard to co-education at Pennsylvania was justifiable. They seemed to feel it was, and one can almost envisage what that forgotten action was. The athletes carried the day when they debated whether a new Gym might be of more value than new dormitories. And the close corporation equally triumphed when the old matter was dug up of having managers chosen by a

vote of all of the members of the A. A. They were interested in the question of student government, debating more than once whether an undergraduate system of discipline might not work out better than any faculty control. Or they might be sectional, troubled whether college training was necessary to medicine, or whether four years of the Wharton School was not better than a corresponding four years of Arts.

Now and then they waxed philosophical. Should a man marry before the age of twenty-five? They said he shouldn't. Or the old chestnut as to the relative value of solitude or company in developing the mind. Hamlet's worry was a worry to them too, the eternal problem of justifying suicide, something argued pro and con with eloquence through the ages and never decided.

The most amusing topics were those that were purely topical, coming out of the newspapers of the time. Dr. Rainsford, America's No. 1 Butter-In of the 90's, criticising the Bradley Martin ball. Had he any business with it?

And the most significant contributions were to contemporary history—operation of railroads by the United States; intervention of Cuba, and annexation of the Philippines; one term presidency for the country; single tax law; or even local politics in advocating a trolley system in Philadelphia, or accepting the offer of the U.G.I. for a lease of the gas-works. You must admit their interests were wide.

The General Essays often lived up to their names, and were perilously extensive. Think of a paper on Birds—just birds—one would like to have seen just what Sam Freeman did with it. Earnshaw narrowed it down later to one on Falconry. George Barrows unburdened himself of a "deep and philosophical essay on the Steam Engine." And Stroud was just as ambitious in covering the entire System of Chivalry. Hermon Terry had something to say in favor of a closer re-

lationship between student and faculty, but apologized for his paper because the dog had decimated the mss., so he had to rewrite it from memory on the car coming to College (since cars were slow then he probably had plenty of time). Wilcox discussed the Humanitarian Revolution (product of a Wharton School class?). Harry Woolman explained Fourierism, which he can probably tell you of even now. Earnshaw explained the Transvaal problem. Waring, a pioneer in Lacrosse, spoke of its history and development. Great figures were presented: Franklin as a public-spirited man by Owen Roberts, the picturesque Aaron Burr by Jack Minds, Roger Bacon by Rich, Stephen Girard by Walter Whetstone. Even the little people had their day. Ralph Evans discussed that homespun old fraud, that pint-pot Thoreau, Elbert Hubbard. How did that man put it over so well? he must have been a great salesman anyway. But the grandest piece, the most general of them all, was one whose author is unhappily not in the books, on the Advancement of Science During the Last Century. That is the fashion in which the present-day undergraduate loves to think.

The Literary Essays depended for their subjects on the bias of their authors. Many went in for the Classics. Thornton presented the Adventures of Arthur Gordon Pym, by Edgar Allan Poe. Pitfield had a paper—it must have been an unusually interesting one for both him and the listeners—on the really difficult subject of the Italian Sonnet Writers. McIlhenny presented Walt Whitman, just then coming into his own, with illustrative readings from Leaves of Grass. Emerson was treated (author not mentioned), Lowell by Gwilliams, Robert Burns by Robert Burns—naturally, the Rubáiyát by Leighton Register.

Often they were contemporary, and found out the new great. The Chapter heard of Cyrano from Frank Evans, Ibsen

from Hunter, Wilde's *Salome* from Bill Wiedersheim, Guy de Maupassant from Wallace—which latter essay, according to Ned Rogers, Scribe at the time, was announced as most instructive and well rendered.

I think the most interesting papers, in retrospect, are of those books that loomed large at the time and have now gone unwept into Limbo. Perhaps not Anthony Hope's delightful *Dolly Dialogues*, presented by Horace Patterson; surely they are too good to lose, yet who reads them today? Or the marble-cold dramas of Stephen Phillips—there is poppy and mandragora in them for the present generation; but at least they have high purpose and literary quality. What can you say, however, of book-of-the-month type, circulating-library variety, Pulitzer Prize stuff like the child poems of Eugene Field—Cheyney was responsible for that; or the sentimental works of dear Ian Maclaren—that was one of McCauley's, probably suggested to him in a hard-pressed moment by his grandmother. Frank Evans wrote of *The First Violin*—does he remember it now, or its author? Rogers presented that dull but apparently unkillable old war-horse Ben Hur. Bob McCracken took as subject *The Cardinal's Rose*, now also withered and dead—I had forgotten that it had ever existed. Bill Wiedersheim read Laurence Hope's *Indian Love Lyric*, the sad plainings of that sex-starved and self-immolating old maid of yesterday. "Pale hands I loved besides the Shalimar, where are you now? Where are you now?" Where, Laurence, are the whatnots of yesterday? And yet these things are singularly interesting, all of them. They recall the age of onyx-and-gilt, of bishop sleeves and gaslight, until they have a certain keepsake quality that the others lacked.

Original contributions are few. In the early days there was the *Lament on a Bed Bug*, by George Barrows—not serious; and much later a short story by Harry Scott, "greatly appre-

ciated by all, who well know Brother Scott's Short Stories." And travelogues, again at difficult times, Frank Evans's on Chicago, Harry McMichael's on Jamaica. Taking it all in all they show a remarkably general interest. I doubt if any literary society, then, or now, would have more to offer, better choice or sounder criticism.

They were vastly popular in their day. They must have been, for there were so many meetings, often separated by intervals of only two weeks. Then as time wears on you notice their diminution in quantity—often there was none for two or three months; and in quality—the criticism from the Review became more and more tart. Perhaps Bill Harmor, who is urbanity incarnate, puts it as well as anybody when he transcribes into the minutes these words:

Feb. 25, 1913.

"The Literary Meeting was rather poor. Some very feeble attempts were made, but in each the muse was slaughtered and in many even mirth and wit were lacking."

Evidently the men had lost their interest in that sort of thing. The loss was not unique with them. You find it everywhere at the time. You find it now. Certainly just before the War Literary Meetings were something to be endured by both authors and listeners (the latter a little more than the former) and after the War, with the passing of many of the old traditions and the coming in of new generations they died a natural death. Perhaps debate and reviewing belong to the Nineteenth Century. Who knows? Yet let us remember that in their day they achieved greatly. I wonder how many fraternities, looking over their archives, can boast of any effort like them in sheer intellectual weight. Gone they certainly are, but just as certainly they should not be forgotten.

Carry On

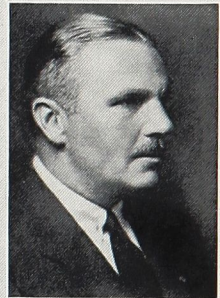
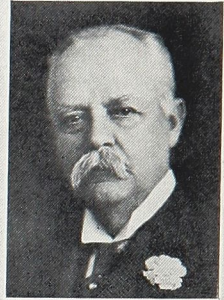
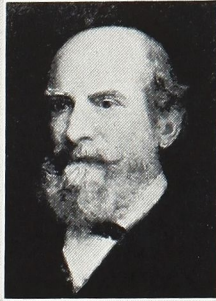
NO HISTORY of the Tau would be complete without some mention, however brief, of the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia. It is put in this place not as an afterthought, as one of the addenda, but precisely because the end is the most important position of all, the gathering together, the summary. For the Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia is our graduate-school, our alumni body, the spirit which completes what the active chapter can only begin. A fraternity is just as strong as its alumni, no more, no less. You can start out with a strong national reputation and a blaze of enthusiasm and corral any number of great men into your organization until you shine as bright as Aldebaran itself. But if you can't hold these people, if you lose their interest or their children, something is wrong. Any one who has lived long on the campus watching its social life, is aware of an ebb and flow in the societies there. Some that once were mighty in the land have now dwindled into secondary, shoulder-shrugging crowds that take what the others don't want. Others with little enough to begin on have come to the fore, simply because active older spirits have forced them ahead. A little while back the repre-

sentative of one of the older groups, when asked about the state of its health, said: "Oh let it die a natural death." That's the way he looked at it, a childish toy that had passed. And it is dying a natural death; his fellows have agreed with him. It lacks head, purpose. An alumni body must be something more than a set of convivial spirits who meet for an annual jamboree. The interest must extend over three hundred and sixty-five days, not one. And they cannot confine their interest, as so often they do, to one generation.

Psi Upsilon of Philadelphia was inaugurated with a severely practical end in view; a body of men who could incorporate, take title to property, and set the infant chapter on its feet. But even in those early days they realized it was something more important than this. They were ambitious to gather together in Philadelphia all the men who wore our badge and had signed our articles, and keep them together in a loose-knit but active organization, envisaging a melting-pot of young and old, active and graduate, which could make the fraternity a continuous, not a temporary goal.

The two ends have been marked by two different types of meeting: A formal or business session, in which chapter finances are discussed, plans made; and a purely social and friendly one, when good fellows get together with a good song ringing clear, and a stein on the table.

The original officers, by the nature of things were graduates of other universities, who had the same goal as Dr. Dolley, and wanted to see us represented on the Campus; and were generous enough to give of their time, interest and money to the cause. There have been only seven presidents in all. Four were ours by adoption, the three others ours, you might say, by birth. Samuel Perkins (Beta '48) was the first; the second, William Drayton (Beta Beta '71), whose name is writ so large over all our early history. The third was



SAMUEL C. PERKINS

WILLIAM DRAYTON	THEODORE VOORHEES
HENRY M. WARREN	CHESTER N. FARR, JR.
ROBERT T. McCRACKEN	WILLIAM W. HARMAR

PRESIDENTS OF THE PSI Upsilon OF PHILADELPHIA

Theodore Voorhees (Lambda '68). The fourth was Henry Mather Warren (Xi '80). Prex Whiting used to describe him as a "red-hot Psi U," which is a good title; or you might think of him as our students described one of their marked professors, as the man with the heart of a boy. He used to be a familiar figure at rushing smokers, looking like an Anglo-Indian colonel with his fierce moustaches, talking to all and sundry not because it was the thing to do, but because he fancied it, and regaling the crowd with hair-raising recitations. He is past eighty now as mere years go; but sit down with him only a few minutes in the big living room at Devon, and you will realize that age is not a matter of years at all. He is younger by far than some of the undergraduates.

All of these were good men and true. Yet to most of us Psi U. of Philadelphia will always be synonymous with Chester Farr.

Chester was unique as a man. After he was made they broke the model. He started out early as a teacher. He had a liking for classes, young men, books. Then he went into the Law, carrying into the court room not only wisdom but urbanity and unvaried high principles. Several years ago he ran for the office of City Treasurer against a very practical politician who did not fight according to the rules of the Marquis of Queensberry, but he never let himself descend into personalities. On the night of the election he went down to a smoky den to see the returns come in, mingling easily with ward heelers who liked him for the very reason that he was different from themselves, and didn't mind it. The news was depressing. He took it like a man. He could say at the end like Francis I, "All is lost save honor."

He had a gift for company. We soon picked him out as an ideal toastmaster, witty, friendly, able to make things go ahead. He became famous in this role, and when the Fra-

ternity held its centennial banquet at the Theta he was chosen from among all the others to preside.

His great haunt of later years was the home of one of his clients on De Lancey Place, a family who like him had a talent for hospitality, and something of the eighteenth century quality of starting good conversation and making an evening memorable. Guests used to look forward to the sight of his familiar figure with the ubiquitous cane—his game leg troubled him more and more as time went on—seated in the position of honor because it seemed his of right; talking well on any subject, light or heavy, making new friends, keeping old ones.

Life held many difficulties and disappointments for him, but he took the buffets of fate with a smile, and grew in grace. He summed up those attributes we think of in the ideal fraternity man. Take it for all and all we shall not see his like again.

Bob McCracken took office on his passing, carrying on the administration as you would expect him to carry on. But because of so many University labours, he was forced to give over this one, and now Bill Harmar is our chief executive. He has just the gifts necessary for the work. He is friendly. He likes people. He can get things done. And he is now tackling the toughest job we are faced with.

The chief difficulty with our Chapter has been, let us be quite frank, a lack of cooperation between undergraduate and graduate bodies. The active members are naturally impatient of outside influence. They want to run affairs themselves. And the alumni too often have left them to their own devices.

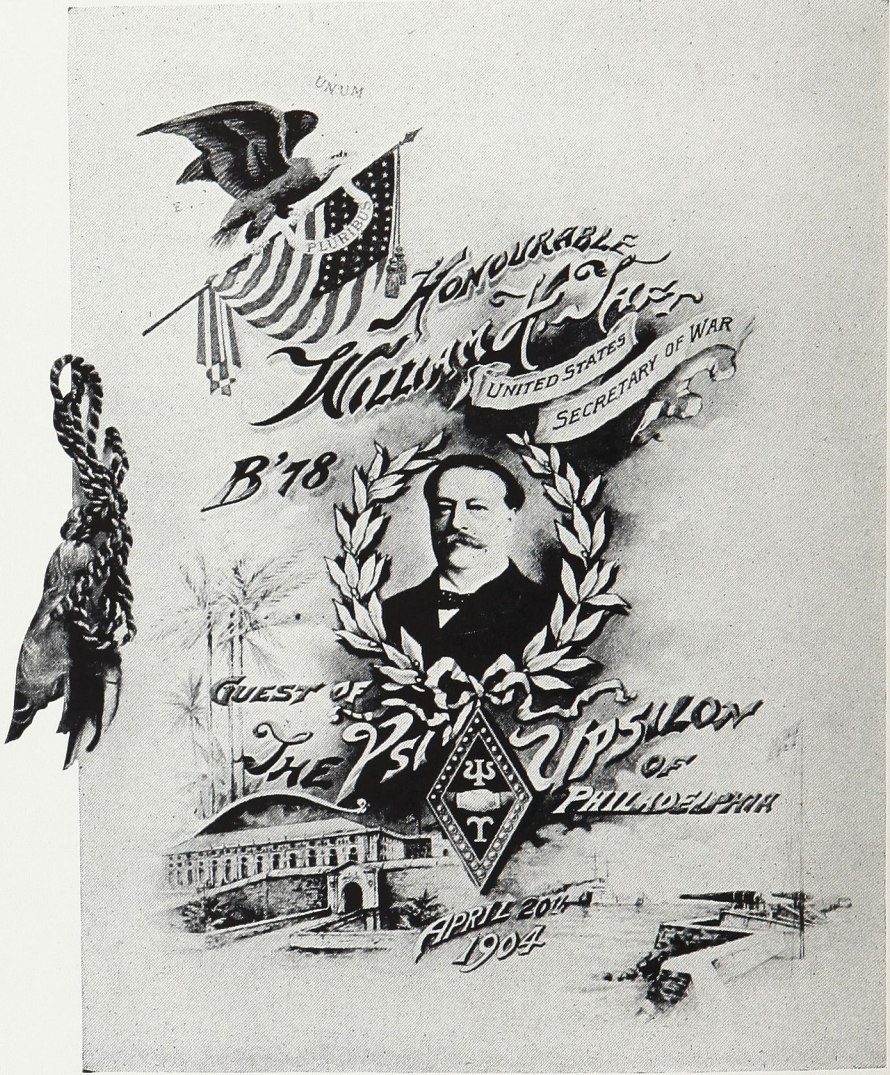
In rushing we have been at a distinct disadvantage with some of the older Philadelphia fraternities. Freshmen will ask, not always unpromptly, "Where are your alumni?" They

see so many, other places; and it gives them a feeling of security. Candidates have been turned down, or have turned us down, when a little advice to boys or families might have turned the trick. Years ago one of our best men called us the "Alumni-less Chapter." You cannot expect any undergraduate body, however well-meaning, to look at things always from the larger point of view. They need direction. And they will be grateful for it if it is given tactfully, if they grow used to it, it becomes a custom.

This is precisely what Bill Harmar has undertaken. He is more than President of the Alumni. He is graduate master without that title, of rushing, and the men have come to welcome his judgment, with results that are even now apparent, and will grow really significant as the years go on. It is the biggest thing that has been attempted by the Alumni in all the years of our existence. It needs backing. We must have more Bill Harmars.

The social side of the organization has always been highly successful. Since 1896 there has been an annual banquet. These dinners have been wisely handled, run well, and punctuated by eminent speakers from all chapters, with an undergraduate speaker from our own. Bishop Talbot, Senator Spooner, Secretary—later President—Taft, John Kendrick Bangs, Dr. Van de Water, Judge "Ike" Russell, Judge Buffington, Hans Spaeth, Owen Roberts, Bishop Darlington, Bishop MacKay-Smith, Poulteney Bigelow—all have appeared, some of them again and again.

The most interesting of all the dinners, in its idea, was the last one, in which were gathered together as guests several of the original members of the Chapter, who were presented with tokens by the active members. It was an occasion that warmed the heart. If only that spirit could be kept up, worked with, built upon! We are showing promise of a new



UNUM

HONOURABLE
WILLIAM TAFT
UNITED STATES
SECRETARY OF WAR

B'78

QUEST OF
THE 95th SIBYLON
OF PHILADELPHIA

APRIL 20th
1904

era of greater things. May it be successful. May we carry out the words of Hans Spaeth in that wonderful talk he gave at the dinner to Owen Roberts, celebrating his appointment to the Supreme Court. He announced his discovery that Psi U. dated back to Shakespeare, and that the original founders of the Fraternity were Hamlet and Horatio, when students at Wittenberg; and quoted the words of the Prince to his friend to prove that Shakespeare had concealed in a cryptogram the motto of Psi U.:

*“Since my dear soul has mistress of her choice
And could of men distinguish, her election
Hath sealed thee for herself—
 give me that man
That is not passion’s slave, and I will wear him
In my heart’s core, ay in my heart of hearts
As I do thee.”*

TAU HONORS

THERE IS space here only for the most important. They have been arranged, not in any attempted order of merit or popularity, but alphabetically, which seems fairest. The lists have been gathered together after infinite and laborious search through class records, old, mediaeval and modern. One or two omissions may have occurred, a mistake or two may have been made. They have been checked many times. That is the best we could do.

I . A C A D E M I C H O N O R S

Phi Beta Kappa

J. DUNCAN SPAETH	'88
CHESTER N. FARR	'90
OWEN J. ROBERTS	'95
JAMES MADISON STIFLER	'96
FRANK B. EVANS	'01
RALPH B. EVANS	'02
ROBERT BURNS	'04
ROBERT McCRACKEN	'04
LEIGHTON B. REGISTER	'04
JAMES M. AUSTIN	'15
SPENCER S. SHANNON	'17

TAU HONORS

Beta Gamma Sigma (Wharton School)

HENRY N. WOOLMAN	'96 (Hon.)
WALTER B. BLIEDUNG	'31
SAMUEL A. REA.	'40

H O N O R A R Y D E G R E E S

OWEN J. ROBERTS, L.L.D.	'29
HENRY N. WOOLMAN, Sc.D.	'30
J. DUNCAN SPAETH, L.L.D.	'38
CLARENCE GRIFFIN CHILD, L.L.D.	'38

F A C U L T Y

WILLIAM P. HARBESON	Tau
CLARENCE G. CHILD	Beta Beta
MILTON STANSBERRY	Sigma
HENRY B. VANDEVENTER	Beta

T R U S T E E S

ROBERT T. MCCrackEN
WILLIAM P. REMINGTON
HENRY N. WOOLMAN (<i>Life</i>)

I I . A T H L E T I C H O N O R S

It has been impossible to secure, as was desired, a list of Varsity Letter Men.

Captains of Major Sports

J. DUNCAN SPAETH	'88	CREW
JOHN H. MINDS	'96	FOOTBALL
ROBERT F. CARBUTT	'01	CREW
ELLWOOD E. RAMSEY	'03	BASEBALL
HARRY C. WEEKS	'05	BASEBALL
ROBERT G. TORREY	'06	FOOTBALL
JERVIS W. BURDICK	'12	TRACK
FOSTER SANFORD	'28	BASEBALL
H. PAYSON BRICKLEY	'39	BASKETBALL

TAU HONORS

Managers of Major Sports

JOHN F. SINCLAIR	'93	BASEBALL
FRANCIS S. MCILHENNY	'95	BASEBALL
EDWARD A. MECHLING	'99	FOOTBALL
JOHN H. MUSSER	'05	BASEBALL
JAMES G. DAMON	'07	BASEBALL
C. HENRY SCOTT	'09	CREW
MORTON GIBBONS NEFF	'09	BASEBALL
CHARLES A. SCULLY	'09	FOOTBALL
ROBERT B. BURNS	'10	TRACK
STEPHEN R. GRISWOLD	'14	BASEBALL
FRED B. SHARP	'14	CREW
JAMES M. AUSTIN	'15	FOOTBALL
SPENCER S. SHANNON	'17	TRACK
OTIS M. POLLARD	'19	CREW
ROBERT P. RHOADS	'22	SOCCER
JOHN C. BOGAN	'23	TRACK
ELDON S. CHAPMAN	'25	FOOTBALL
JAMES L. MCVHEY	'25	BASEBALL
MADISON W. PIERCE	'25	CREW
E. ALLAN GRAHAM	'26	TRACK
WM. M. CLARK	'29	SOCCER
ROBERT M. CRAFT	'29	TRACK
FRANK D. GRAHAM	'29	BASKETBALL
ROBERT H. BOLTON	'30	CREW
FRANK M. MONTANUS	'35	CREW
WILLIAM W. ALLEN	'36	TRACK
GEORGE D. FRASER	'36	FOOTBALL
RACE CRANE	'38	CREW
RAYMOND S. PACE	'38	SOCCER
DONALD MACCALLUM	'39	FOOTBALL
JAMES S. MORGAN	'39	BASKETBALL
SAM A. REA	'40	TRACK

TAU HONORS

III. CLASS HONORS

Senior Honor Men

JOHN R. SAVAGE	'88	SPOON
J. DUNCAN SPAETH	'88	BOWL
CHESTER N. FARR	'90	SPOON
J. HERMON TERRY	'91	CANE
JOHN F. SINCLAIR	'93	SPOON
FRANCIS S. McILHENNY	'95	CANE
FREDERICK L. CLARK	'99	BOWL
JOHN A. BROWN	'05	SPOON
HARRY C. WEEKS	'05	CANE
LEMUEL B. SCHOFIELD	'13	SPADE
SPENCER S. SHANNON	'17	SPADE
THOMAS B. K. RINGE	'23	CANE
J. DUDLEY MARKS	'27	BOWL
JOHN S. NEILL	'36	SPOON
ARTHUR DARNBOROUGH	'36	SPADE

Senior Class Presidents

GEORGE B. HARRIS	'88	JOSEPH W. SWAIN	'05
PERCY REMINGTON	'98	CHESTER A. MINDS	'14
ELLWOOD E. RAMSEY	'03	THOMAS B. K. RINGE	'23

Sphinx Senior Society

OWEN J. ROBERTS	'95 (Hon.)	ROBERT T. McCRACKEN	'04
WM. P. REMINGTON	'00	LEIGHTON B. REGISTER	'04
EDWARD RICH	'00	JOSEPH W. SWAIN	'04
ROBERT F. CARBUTT	'01	JOHN A. BROWN	'05
O. T. WARING	'02	JOHN H. MUSSER	'05
LUTHER A. GRAY	'02	HARRY C. WEEKS	'05
TASKER HOWARD	'03	ROBERT G. TORREY	'06
JAS. G. LINDSAY	'03	CHARLES T. BROWN	'07
ELLWOOD E. RAMSEY	'03	JAMES G. DAMON	'07

TAU HONORS

MORTON GIBBONS NEFF	'09	GRAEME E. LORIMER	'23
H. BARTOL REGISTER	'09	THOMAS B. K. RINGE	'23
EDMUND H. ROGERS	'09	EUGENE C. FELT	'24
CHARLES A. SCULLY	'09	OSWALD ROTH	'24
C. HENRY SCOTT	'09	E. S. CHAPMAN	'25
ALLAN I. SMITH	'10	WILLIAM T. COLEMAN	'25
THOMAS CROOKS	'10	JAMES L. McVEY	'25
WM. J. H. HOUGH	'11	MADISON W. PIERCE	'25
GEORGE W. MINDS	'11	ROBERT A. EICHELBERGER	'26
J. HUTCHINSON SCOTT	'11	E. ALLEN GRAHAM	'26
JERVIS W. BURDICK	'12	J. DUDLEY MARKS	'27
HENRY M. McMICHAEL	'12	ARNOLD D. K. MASON	'27
LEMUEL B. SCHOFIELD	'13	FRANCIS I. CURTIS	'28
STEPHEN R. GRISWOLD	'14	G. FOSTER SANFORD	'28
CHESTER A. MINDS	'14	WILLIAM M. CLARK	'29
FRED B. SHARP	'14	ROBERT H. CRAFT	'29
JAMES M. AUSTIN	'15	FRANK D. GRAHAM	'29
SAMUEL EARLE STAUFFER	'15	J. TOWNSEND SELLERS	'29
WILLIAM R. CLOTHIER	'17	JOHN N. BALL	'30
CARL GEIS	'17	JAMES A. BLIEDUNG	'30
SPENCER S. SHANNON	'17	ROBERT H. BOLTON	'30
JOHN H. HARGREAVES	'18	FRANK J. KELLY	'30
HARRY S. ROSS	'18	J. RICHARD RANCK	'31
WEAVER L. MARSTON	'18	CHARLES M. GREENE	'32
CARROW THIBAULT	'18	WALTER N. HUFFEL	'32
WILLIAM K. BEARD	'19	WM. N. MORICE, JR.	'32
ELLWOOD B. CUNNINGHAM	'19	LESTER R. CARRIER	'33
OTIS M. POLLARD	'19	WILLIAM F. COLTON	'33
DUNCAN M. SPENCER	'20	GRANT McDOUGALL	'33
EDWIN H. VARE	'20	A. KENNETH MANN	'33
EDW. M. SHIELDS	'20	JOHN A. LOSEE	'34
A. EDMOND PARK	'21	FRANK M. MONTANUS	'35
C. GORDON COOKE	'22	CASTLEMAN D. CHESLEY	'36
ALFRED M. DICK	'22	ARTHUR DARNBOROUGH	'36
JOHN C. BOGAN	'23	GEORGE D. FRASER	'36

TAU HONORS

JOHN S. NEILL	'36	WM. DIGNAN	'39
CHARLES H. STURTEVANT	'36	JAMES S. MORGAN	'39
WHARTON L. DONALDSON	'37	DONALD MACCALLUM	'39
RAYMOND S. PAGE	'38	CHARLES J. DE RITIS	'40
CHARLES H. WHEADON	'38	A. L. MOORE	'40
CHARLES H. AUGSPERGER	'39	SAMUEL A. REA	'40
H. PAYSON BRICKLEY	'39		

Friars Senior Society

W. CHATTIN WETHERILL	'09	ROBERT P. RHOADS	'22
RUSSELL SPRUANCE	'13	EUGENE L. FLUES	'25
RICHARD F. WARREN	'17	ANDREW J. KELLY	'36
BRYCE BLYNN	'18	J. P. CROZER LUDLOW	'37
WARREN B. HAMPTON	'19	SAVILLE T. FORD	'39
DANIEL RHOADS	'20	ARTHUR R. KNEIBLER	'39
WM. H. COPELAND	'21	ARTHUR S. HEITZ	'40
HARRY L. CURTIS	'22	PALMER HUGHES	'40

Hexagon Senior Society

GEORGE P. PILLING	'12	EDWARD A. SHUMWAY	'24
COLEMAN SELLERS, 3D	'14	JAMES F. NICHOLAS	'26
WM. R. CLOTHIER	'17	HARRY P. BROOM	'33
BRYCE BLYNN	'18		

Plumb Bob Senior Society

KNOX B. BIRNEY	'13
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Phi Kappa Beta Junior Society

JOHN H. MUSSER	'05	CHARLES A. SCULLY	'09
HARRY C. WEEKS	'05	ROBERT B. BURNS	'10
SAM B. WHETSTONE	'05	THOMAS CROOKS	'10
JAMES G. DAMON	'07	ALLAN I. SMITH	'10
MORTON GIBBONS NEFF	'09	WM. J. H. HOUGH	'11
H. BARTOL REGISTER	'09	GEORGE W. MINDS	'11

TAU HONORS

J. HUTCHINSON SCOTT	'11	G. FOSTER SANFORD	'28
JERVIS W. BURDICK	'12	WILLIAM M. CLARK	'29
HORACE W. HAYDOCK	'12	FRANK D. GRAHAM	'29
DANL. L. HUTCHINSON	'12	JOHN N. BALL	'30
STEPHEN R. GRISWOLD	'14	GRANT McDougall	'33
CHESTER A. MINDS	'14	JOHN A. LOSEE	'34
FRED B. SHARP	'14	CASTLEMAN D. CHESLEY	'36
DONALD F. TORREY	'14	ARTHUR DARNBOROUGH	'36
JAMES M. AUSTIN	'15	GEORGE D. FRASER	'36
SPENCER S. SHANNON	'17	JOHN S. NEILL	'36
RAYMOND D. STEVENS	'17	RACE CRANE	'38
HARRY S. ROSS	'18	RAYMOND S. PAGE	'38
OTIS M. POLLARD	'19	H. PAYSON BRICKLEY	'39
EDWIN H. VARE	'20	WM. DIGNAN	'39
C. GORDON COOKE	'22	DONALD A. MacCALLUM	'39
ROBERT P. RHOADS	'22	JAMES S. MORGAN	'39
ROBERT A. EICHELBERGER	'26	CHARLES J. DE RITIS	'40
J. DUDLEY MARKS	'27	SAMUEL A. REA	'40
ARNOLD D. K. MASON	'27		

D R A M A T I C H O N O R S

Graduate Members of the Mask and Wig Club

J. WARREN COULSTON	'93	C. HECKSHER WETHERILL	'12
ALBERT R. BARTLETT	'98	JOHN H. MCFADDEN, JR.	'13
J. PERCY REMINGTON	'98	COLEMAN SELLERS, 3D	'14
WM. N. MORICE	'99	JAMES M. AUSTIN	'15
ARCHA E. WILCOX	'99	SPENCER S. SHANNON	'17
EDWARD B. RICH	'00	RAYMOND D. STEVENS	'17
EDMUND H. ROGERS	'09	BRYCE BLYNN	'18
CHARLES A. SCULLY	'09	HARRY L. CURTIS	'22
W. CHATTIN WETHERILL	'09	EUGENE C. FELT	'24
WM. A. WIEDERSHEIM, 2D	'10	WM. B. SEVERN	'24
HENRY M. McMICHAEL	'12	NORMAN P. SHUMWAY	'27

TAU HONORS

FRANCIS I. CURTIS	'28	WILLIAM M. HUGGINS	'33
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1887

Brunner, Charles Thomas Parry *
Elverson, Joseph Sketchley—Catasauqua, Pa.

1888

Harris, George Brodhead—3819 Oak Rd., Gtn., Phila.
Ross, George Gorgas *
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1889

Kiersted, Henry Stevens—233 Maple St., San Francisco, Cal.
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1890

Coulston, Joseph Warren, Jr.*
Farr, Chester Nye, Jr.*
Ferguson, Joseph Cooper, Jr.*
Kushida, Manzo *
Stoyle, Richard Saunders—910 Girard Trust Bldg., Phila.

* Deceased.

1891

Adams, John William (Mu) *
 Dougherty, Thomas Harvey *
 Light, Ralph Hutchinson *
 Rowland, Walter *
 Terry, John Hermon—Edgewater Park, N. J.

1892

Harris, Clinton Gardner *
 Moore, Henry Frank—Linville Falls, N. C.
 Moore, John Percy—Route 2, Media, Pa.
 Pitfield, Robert Lucas—5211 Wayne Ave., Gtn., Phila.
 Sailer, Thomas Henry Powers—219 Walnut St., Englewood, N. J.
 Thomas, William Richards, Jr.—502 Pine St., Catasauqua, Pa.
 Weaver, Gerrit Elias Hambleton *

1893

Hughes, George Maurice—St. John, Virgin Islands
 Lightfoot, Thomas Montgomery—400 So. Muncy St., Muncy, Pa.
 Patterson, Horace Hill, P. O. Box 132, Camden, N. J.
 Scott, John Travers * (Beta Beta)
 Sinclair, John Falconer—4103 Walnut St., Phila.
 Smith, William Clive (Phi) *
 Spaeth, Henry Douglas *
 Willson, Robert Newton, Jr. *
 Wood, James Henry

1894

Barrows, George Shattuck—91 Keene St., Providence, R. I.
 Critchlow, John Franklyn (Upsilon) *
 Glover, Tomisaburo Amajugo
 Hawkins, Russell *
 Huey, Arthur Baird *
 Matsugata, Masao
 Paddock, Ernest Moorhead—121 Raymond St., Cambridge, Mass.
 Sinclair, Robert Soutter *
 Thornton, Henry Worth *
 Woolman, Edward—Panmure Rd., Haverford, Pa.

* Deceased.

1895

Brown, Henry Harold—Woodstock, Collegeville, Pa.
 Cregar, Edward Matthews *
 McIlhenny, Francis Salisbury *
 Martin, William Walter—2111 Second Ave., Spring Lake, N. J.
 Minds, John Henry—1900 Rittenhouse Sq., Phila.
 Roberts, Owen Josephus—1401 Thirty-first St., Washington, D. C.

1896

Ferguson, Lincoln *
 Stiffer, James Madison—1225 Gregory Ave., Wilmette, Ill.
 Woolman, Henry Newbold—132 St. George's Rd., Ardmore, Pa.

1897

Bevan, William Edward—27 Athens Ave., Ardmore, Pa.
 Bucknell, Howard—11 W. Wesley Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
 Crawford, Joseph Emanuel—645 Wellington Ave., Roanoke, Va.
 Hodge, Cortlandt Van Rensselaer *
 Mallory, Dwight Farlow *
 Morice, John Henry, Jr.—Shinnecock Hills, Long Island, N. Y.
 Patterson, Charles Moore *
 Payne, Ralph—P. O. Box 1142, W. Palm Beach, Fla.
 Stroud, Edward Adams *
 Tracy, Atlee Hoffman—1432 E. Marquette Rd., Chicago, Ill.

1898

Bartlett, Albert Russell—Colonial Inn, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Conwell, Walter Lewis—80 Lloyd Rd., Montclair, N. J.
 McCauley, William Lloyd (Phi) *
 Moore, Edward Kemp—411 N. Oleander Ave., Daytona Beach, Fla.
 Ogelsby, William Porter—5501 Wayne Ave., Gtn., Phila.
 Remington, Joseph Percy *
 Wittenberg, William Joseph—11 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

1899

Abrahams, Armistead Lattimore—1019 Doheny Dr., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Cardeza, Louis Gilliams Martinez *

* Deceased.

- Clark, Frederic Lewis—Wissahickon & Stafford Sts., Phila.
 Gilkeson, Franklin *
 Hewitt, John Morrison Oliver—355 Boyleston St., Boston, Mass.
 Hodge, Edward Blanchard, Jr.—2019 Spruce St., Phila.
 Lane, Lauristone Job (Theta)—P. O. Box 14, 204 Rua Consoloua, Sao Paulo, Brazil
 Mechling, Edward Anthony *
 Morice, William Nelson *
 Paddock, Ralph Latrop *
 Ramsey, William Heines Crawford—632 Montgomery Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Rogers, Charles Stanley—26 E. Clearfield Ave., Upper Darby, Pa.
 Whetstone, Walter *
 Wilcox, Archa Edward—2519 Lake Place, Minneapolis, Minn.

1900

- Abrums, Horatio E.—367 S. Maple St., Trinidad, Colo.
 Bennett, Reuben Nelson (Xi) *
 Cheyney, Edward Lafourcade—2228 Chatfield Dr., Cleveland Heights, Ohio
 Kirby, Harold Stilwell (Theta) *
 McCormick, John Hays—1024 First Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
 Remington, William Proctor—711 Lewis St., Pendleton, Ore.
 Rich, Edward Burwell *

1901

- Carbutt, Robert Foster—c/o Electric Advisers, Inc., 60 Wall Tower, New York, N. Y.
 Earnshaw, Arthur Reginald—Mermont Plaza, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Evans, Frank Brooke, Jr.—Wynnewood, Pa.
 Freeman, Samuel Miller—443 W. Price St., Gtn., Phila.
 Rogers, Bertram Harper—440 W. Queen Lane, Gtn., Phila.

1902

- Barrows, Richard Lee—735 Millbrook Rd., Haverford, Pa.
 Earnshaw, Boulton—7821 Winston Rd., C. H., Phila.
 Evans, Ralph Berrell *
 Gilliams, Louis, Jr. *

* Deceased.

Hawley, Tomlinson Kent—1139 Knapp St., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Hinckle, Charles Frederick, Jr.*
 Moorhead, Stirling Walker—1523 Pine St., Phila.
 Quarles, Edward Louis (Phi)—Deutsches Vacuum Oil Co.
 Smith, Morris Edgar—233 Cornell Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.
 Waring, Orville Theodore—54 Le Gare St., Charleston, S. C.

1903

Clark, Robert Parry—17402 Clifton Blvd., Cleveland, O.
 Howard, Tasker—46 Sidney Pl., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 King, Thomas Ewing*
 Lindsay, James Gibson, Jr.*
 Mason, William Clarke—600 W. Hartwell Lane, C. H., Phila.
 Mechling, Benjamin Schreiber—303 River Bank, Riverton, N. J.
 Ramsey, Ellwood Ellis—Marshall, Va.
 Rea, George Black*
 Sharpe, John Semple—Montgomery & Haverford Aves., Haverford, Pa.

1904

Atlee, George Bullock*
 Boardman, Carl (Nu)—620 Buchanan Ave., Gary, Ind.
 Burns, Robert—210 E. Central Ave., Moorestown, N. J.
 Erdman, Henry Preston*
 Gray, Luther Albert—Lansdale, Pa.
 McCracken, Robert Thompson—1009 Westview St., Gtn., Phila.
 Register, Layton Bartol—Biddle Law Library, 3400 Chestnut St., Phila.
 Swain, Joseph Warner, Jr.—Land Title Bldg., Phila.
 Warren, William Richard—511 Eaton St., Key West, Fla.

1905

Armstrong, John—385 W. Lancaster Ave., Haverford, Pa.
 Baker, Joseph Boyd, III—5818 Howe St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Beach, Ransford Mix—4400 Walnut St., Phila.
 Brown, John Arthur—21 E. Willow Grove Ave., Gtn., Phila.
 Musser, John Herr, Jr.—Tulane Medical School, New Orleans, La.
 Ramsey, Herbert Marseilles—117 Penna. Ave., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Weeks, Henry Conner—St. Martins & Gravers Lane, C. H., Phila.
 Whetstone, Samuel Bray—4911 Monument Rd., Phila.

* Deceased.

1906

- Burns, Eugene Lee—125 E. Maple Ave., Moorestown, N. J.
 Dulles, James Bateman—P. O. Box 514, Carmel, Cal.
 Harbeson, William Page—6122 McCallum St., Gtn., Phila.
 Hertzler, Arthur Groff (Eta)—374 B. St., Salt Lake City, Utah
 Holliday, Persifor Smith (Eta)*
 Jones, Isaac Hampshur (Gamma)—5200 Linwood Dr., Los Angeles,
 Cal.
 Reynolds, Royal—Walter Reed Hospital, Washington, D. C.
 Thomson, McLeod—43 S. Aberdeen Pl., Atlantic City, N. J.
 Topping, Wilbur Baird (Eta)—c/o Bethlehem Steel Co., Gen. Motors
 Bldg., Detroit, Mich.
 Torrey, Robert Grant *
 Watson, John Warren (Eta)—209 Pembroke Ave., Wayne, Pa.

1907

- Brown, Charles Taylor—3113 Queen Lane, Gtn., Phila.
 Corson, Charles Schell *
 Damon, James Graham *
 Dulles, Charles Winslow, Jr.*
 Helbert, George Kingman—305 W. Horter St., Gtn., Phila.
 Martin, Arthur Coe (Zeta)—657 Morewood Ave., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Pearce, Henry George *
 Ramsey, David Madison *
 Shields, Albert William (Beta)—905 Fidelity-Phila. Tr. Bldg., Phila.
 Thomas, Frederick Throckmorton—40 W. Walnut Lane, Gtn., Phila.

1908

- Brooks, Edwin H. (Upsilon)
 Keyser, Charles Maris *
 Kiefer, George Croney (Eta)—33 Whiting Ave., New Haven, Conn.
 Pilling, Joseph Ross *
 Potter, Sheldon Frothingham—35 Rex Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Stevenson, Vincent Moore—1210 Locust St., Phila.
 Tilden, Herbert Marmaduke *

1909

- Brown, Everett Henry, Jr.—5720 Wissahickon Ave., Gtn., Phila.
 Brown, Henry Paul, Jr.—Willow Grove & Cherokee Aves., C. H., Phila.

* Deceased.

Gibbons-Neff, Morton Henry—P. O. Box 118, Wynnewood, Pa.
 Halsey, Samuel Armstrong (Sigma)—Llewellyn Park, Orange, N. J.
 Martin, Sherwood Erle *
 Register, Henry Bartol—7 Radnor Rd., Radnor, Pa.
 Roberts, William Wallace *
 Rogers, Edmund Henkels—2125 Delancey St., Phila.
 Scott, Charles Henry, Jr.—50 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
 Scully, Charles Alison—Corn Exchange Nat. Bank, Phila.
 Smith, Horace Finch, Jr.—Green Hill Farms, Overbrook, Phila.
 Topping, Henry Junkin—Stockton & Valley Rds., Meadowbrook, Pa.
 Trump, William Henry—1014 W. Horter St., Gtn., Phila.
 Wetherill, William Chattin—1673 Willow Grove Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Young, Henry Newton (Gamma)—Rosedale Rd., Princeton, N. J.

1910

Brown, Joseph Jeans—1535 Land Title Bldg., Phila.
 Burns, Robert Bruce, Jr.*
 Crooks, Thomas—4301 Chestnut St., Phila.
 Seiler, Carlino Linn—St. Davids, Pa.
 Small, Harold Sumner (Kappa)*
 Smith, Allan Iunjerich *
 Wiedersheim, William Augustus II—St. Davids, Pa.

1911

Bowen, Albert (Upsilon)—Station Hospital, Fort Sam Houston, Texas
 Hough, William Janett Hallowell—60 Butler Ave., Ambler, Pa.
 Hunter, Rolland Mitchell Brown *
 Leighton, Bedford—84 Riverside Dr., Binghamton, N. Y.
 Minds, George Wilson—Ramey, Pa.
 Potter, Raymond Frothingham—Winter Park, Fla.
 Scott, James Hutchinson, Jr.—8001 Crefeldt St., Gtn., Phila.
 Sharp, George Thomas—1728 Fairmount Ave., Phila.
 Steinman, James Hale (Beta)—Marietta Rd., Lancaster, Pa.

1912

Breitinger, Frederick William *
 Bromer, Ralph Shepard (Beta)—629 Pembroke Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Burdick, Jervis Watson—625 Walnut Lane, Haverford, Pa.

* Deceased.

Deacon, Benjamin Harold—724 S. Latches Lane, Merion, Pa.
 Edmunds, James Richard, Jr.—Glenarm, Md.
 Haydock, Horace Welden—266 Linden Lane, Merion, Pa.
 Hutchinson, Daniel Lovett, III—1837 Spruce St., Phila.
 McMichael, Henry Morton—7816 Cresheim Rd., C. H., Phila.
 Pilling, George Platt, III—232 W. Willow Grove Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Wetherill, Charles August Heckscher *
 Wilson, Arthur Howell *

1913

Birney, Knox Boude *
 Colton, Ralph Lester *
 Crooks, William Davidson, Jr.—22 E. Central Ave., Williamsport, Pa.
 Fish, Frederick Studebaker—1113 E. Jefferson Blvd., South Bend, Ind.
 Harmar, William Wurts—7831 Winston Rd., C. H., Phila.
 Holloway, James Donald—2035 N. Kenmore St., Arlington, Va.
 Lippincott, George Eyre—266 W. Tulpehocken St., Gtn., Phila.
 Matthews, Charles Linton, Jr.—2022 Spruce St., Phila.
 McFadden, John Howard, Jr.—2184 Buffalo Dr., Houston, Texas
 Schofield, Lemuel Braddock—Gravers Lane & Stenton Ave., Gtn., Phila.
 Spruance, Russell—2227 Delancey St., Phila.
 Sullivan, Romaine Livingston—Pine Terrace & King of Prussia, Radnor,
 Pa.
 Value, Beverly Mason—4315 Teesdale Ave., No. Hollywood, Cal.
 Van Rensselaer, Bernard Sander (Lambda)—49 Wall St., New York,
 N. Y.

1914

Crawford, William Ward (Mu)—131 E. Second Ave., Duluth, Minn.
 Gordon, Charles Caldwell—3130 W. Penn St., Gtn., Phila.
 Griswold, Stephen Rose—931 W. Gray St., Elmira, N. Y.
 Minds, Chester Arthur *
 Patrie, Harry Hapeman—115 Lenox Rd., Brooklyn, N. Y.
 Pyle, Louis Apgar—89 Fairview Ave., Jersey City, N. J.
 Sellers, Coleman, 3rd—115 Edgewood Rd., Ardmore, Pa.
 Sharp, Frederick Berten—2606 Ninth St., Wichita Falls, Texas
 Sturdy, Harold Frederick (Omega)—Orchard Hill Farm, Valparaiso,
 Ind.
 Torrey, Donald Fuller—316 Penn Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.

* Deceased.

1915

Austin, James Moore *

Bowman, Frank William—1769 DuPont Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

Brown, Comfort Ellis—c/o J. H. Weaver & Co., Broad St. Station Bldg., Phila.

Davidson, Philip James *

Fox, Charles Young, Jr.—Box 255, Wynnewood, Pa.

Freeman, Albert Lockier *

Gilpin, Edmund Watmough—40 N. Garfield Ave., Pasadena, Cal.

Newball, John George—Pothouse Rd., Phoenixville, Pa.

Stauffer, Samuel Earle *

Sweeter, Norman—c/o Nat. Broadcasting Co., 30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

Thibault, Lewis Rodman *

Towneley, Wardwell Thornton *

Welch, Kenneth Curtis (Phi)—40 Prospect St., N.E., Grand Rapids, Mich.

1916

Bloomquist, Earl Albert—5307 First Ave., So. Minneapolis, Minn.

Breitinger, John Russell—222 W. Mt. Airy Ave., C. H., Phila.

Creamer, Francis John

Keally, Francis Xavier—28 East 70th St., New York, N. Y.

Leonard, Lawrence Morin—Metropolitan Club, New York, N. Y.

MacLeod, Alexander John—1925 Waverly Ave., Duluth, Minn.

Gunther, Lester Capell—c/o Gen. Milk Co., Inc., 19 Rector St., New York, N. Y.

McGonagle, Robert Emerson—35 Minneapolis Ave., Duluth, Minn.

Nichols, Ernest Williamson—504 Carlisle St., Hanover, Pa.

Souder, Ralph, Jr.—131 Linwood Ave., Ardmore, Pa.

Thomson, James Adam Renwick—Pinebridge Rd., Chappaqua, N. Y.

Turner, Daniel Norman—Strafford, Pa.

Wisner, Gilman Hatch (Mu)—Eldora, Iowa

1917

Armstrong, Roger Newton—Milford, Pa.

Boggs, Edgar Otis (Pi) *

Clothier, William Rowland *

* Deceased.

Dixon, Thomas Danforth *
 Geis, Carl Edwin—1319 Menoher St., Johnstown, Pa.
 Haserot, Francis Samuel
 Shannon, Spencer Sweet—Bedford, Pa.
 Stevens, Raymond Donald—710 Ohio St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Warren, Richard Fairfield—Devon, Pa.
 Weisbach, Arthur Hedrick—43 Monroe St., Pelham Manor, N. Y.
 Wilson, Robert Thomas—Shore Dr., Corpus Christi, Texas

1918

Blynn, Bryce—101 W. Springfield Ave., C. H., Pa.
 Denault, Elliot Warden
 Hargreaves, John Harold—18666 Parkside Ave., Detroit, Mich.
 Hill, Robert Alexander (Gamma)—48 Kent Park, Rochester, N. Y.
 Hunter, Thomas Guy, Jr.—166 Village Ave., Dedham, Mass.
 MacInnes, Donald Adriance—345 East 68th St., New York, N. Y.
 Marston, Weaver Loper *
 Ross, Henry Shelmire *
 Thibault, Carrow—124 Llanfair Rd., Ardmore, Pa.
 Thomas, John Parnell—E. Allendale Ave., Allendale, N. J.

1919

Beard, William Kelly, Jr.—330 West 42nd St., New York, N. Y.
 Bein, Paul Charles August—1729 Wallace St., Phila.
 Borden, Joseph Wilson—1 Lodges Lane, Cynwyd, Pa.
 Churchill, William (Beta) *
 Cunningham, Ellwood Baker—81 Joyce Rd., Tenafly, N. Y.
 Freeman, Frederick Lewis—2031 Locust St., Phila.
 Hagenbuch, Jacob (Eta)—15 Washington St., Newark, N. J.
 Hampton, Warren Burrows *
 Kingston, Douglas Pake—220 Waverly Pl., New York, N. Y.
 Larzelere, William Gaulbert—740 Vernon Rd., Mt. Airy, Phila.
 Massey, Thomas, Jr. *
 Moore, John D.—“Whistling Winds,” Downingtown, Pa.
 Parsons, Lewis Morgan—3rd & Ross Sts., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Pollard, Otis Mason *
 Richter, Herbert Williams
 Smucker, John Reed, Jr.—6426 Jefferson St., Kansas City, Mo.
 Weiser, Victor Albert—1421 Oak St., Burbank, Cal.

* Deceased.

1920

- Brehm, Allen Kinney—Old Sands Pt. Rd., Sands Point, Port Washington, N. Y.
 Calder, Benjamin Griffith—121 W. Tulpehocken St., Gtn., Phila.
 Gerhardy, Theodore Walter *
 Harris, Frank Drake *
 Hough, Israel Ely—107 Glenn Mawr Dr., Ambler, Pa.
 Kane, Howard Williams—408 Douglas St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Maynard, John Edward—106 Highland Ave., Montclair, N. J.
 O'Neill, Thomas Joseph, Jr.—307 N. 63rd St., Phila.
 Pollard, Edward Bagby—620 E. Franklin St., Chapel Hill, N. C.
 Rhoads, Daniel—337 N. Duke St., Lancaster, Pa.
 Robeson, Filmore Kirker—338 Barrington St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Shields, Edward Mullin—504 W. Union St., West Chester, Pa.
 Sisson, William Henry—300 Main St., White Plains, N. Y.
 Spencer, Duncan McGlashan—9 Sniffin Ct., New York, N. Y.
 Vare, Edwin Hornberger, Jr.—379 N. Latches Lane, Merion, Pa.
 Whipple, Russell A.—23 Binford Sayles, Providence, R. I.

1921

- Copeland, William Harold (Theta Theta)—13th & Taylor Sts., Portland, Ore.
 Crane, Edward Arthur—959 Hilltop Rd., Plainfield, N. J.
 Gaston, John Mason—237 N. New Jersey Pl., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Goetz, Augustus O., Jr.
 Hawke, Edward Lukens—Rose Valley, Moylan, Pa.
 Jordan, Charles Roderick—West 72nd St., New York, N. Y.
 Kingeter, George R., Jr. (Beta Beta)—335 E. Phil-Ellena St., Gtn., Phila.
 Ledyard, Frank Hand *
 McCollum, Hugh Burdsal, Jr.—4729 Placidia Ave., No. Hollywood, Cal.
 Miner, Waldo Lawrence—803 Montauk Ave., New London, Conn.
 Nichols, Donald LeRoy—661 Tods Hill Rd., Stapleton, Staten Is., N. Y.
 Park, Amos Edmond—527 N. State St., Kendallville, Ind.
 Robinson, John M.—387 Osceola Ave., Kingston, Pa.
 Schneider, Thomas Franklin, Jr.—First Nat. Bank, McGregor, Texas
 Steele, Samuel Joseph, Jr.—Alden Park Manor, Gtn., Phila.
 Weitz, Harold Kinnel—5717 Waterbury Rd., Des Moines, Iowa
 Woodruff, Percival Crandall—3 Worthington Pl., New London, Conn.

* Deceased.

1922

- Blabon, George Washington, 2nd.—P. O. Box 266, Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Clough, Anson McNeill—2 Russell Ter., Montclair, N. J.
 Cooke, Charles Gordon—115 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
 Curtis, Harry LeRoy—Spring Mill & Old Gulph Rds., Villa Nova, Pa.
 DeHaas, Clyde Tiffany—722 Pine St., Marquette, Mich.
 Dick, Alfred Martin—381 E. Gowen Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Guenther, Stuart Henry (Theta Theta)—105 Ward St., Seattle, Wash.
 Hamilton, Joseph Wilcox—21 N. Wood Ave., Atlanta, Ga.
 Hellowell, John Summers—331 Fangreen Ave., Youngstown, Ohio
 Jones, Edwin Alfred (Beta) *
 Jopson, John Marshall—133 Township Line Rd., Jenkintown, Pa.
 Landell, Coates England—5814 Drexel Rd., Phila.
 Lukens, George Enos—N. Main St., North Wales, Pa.
 Prescott, DeWitt Clinton (Theta Theta)—2816 Harvard St., Seattle,
 Wash.
 Reakirt, Robert H.—P. O. Box 385, Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.
 Rebmann, Godfrey Ruhland, Jr. (Chi)—1418 Packard Bldg., Phila.
 Rhoads, Robert Petriken—350 East 57th St., New York, N. Y.
 Schofield, Joseph Anderson, Jr.—28 Church St., Gouverneur, N. Y.
 Sprankle, Edwin Weaver *
 Vosburg, Alton Floyd—Scranton Elec. Bldg., Waverly, Pa.
 Whiting, Charles Perot—Albany, Ga.

1923

- Alcorn, Samuel Stewart, Jr.—Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Bailey, Frank Prentiss *
 Beard, David Fleming—6 Uxbridge Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.
 Bogan, John Clayton, Jr.—8115 St. Martins Lane, C. H., Phila.
 Fiske, Robert Bishop (Beta)—30 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
 Garlock, Frank Fletcher (Upsilon)—135 La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
 Hulbard, Merritt, 2nd.*
 King, David LeRoy *
 Lorimer, Graeme Ennis—Spring Mill Rd., Conshohocken, Pa.
 Pray, James Aurelius—988 Memorial Dr., Cambridge, Mass.
 Ringe, Thomas Biddle Kenilworth—424 W. Mermaid Lane, Phila.
 Schlosberg, Philip Henry (Kappa)—657 Congress St., Portland, Me.

1924

- Boswell, S. Shaw (Xi)—134 Montgomery Ave., Cynwyd, Pa.
 Eichelberger, William Sweet (Eta) *

* Deceased.

Faucett, Benjamin *

Felt, Eugene Curry—Box 461, Centralia, Ill.

Hightower, John Wesley—578 Cryor St., Atlanta, Ga.

Kelly, Ralph Lathop—66 Newport Dr., Youngstown, Ohio

Lyon, Charles Jefferson—180 Kenyon St., Hartford, Conn.

Parkinson, Robert Lincoln, Jr. *

Perry, James W.—1506 W. Water St., Elmira, N. Y.

Quinn, Frederick Emil—15 Washington St., Newark, N. J.

Roth, Oswald Herman, Jr.—216 S. Orange Ave., S. Orange, N. J.

Schoble, Ralph E.—Medford Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.

Severn, William B., Jr.—Atlee Rd., Wayne, Pa.

Shumway, Edward Adams, Jr.—341 N. Bowman Ave., Merion, Pa.

Thomas, Lowell Shumway—Cresheim Valley Rd., Wyndmoor, Pa.

1925

Buterbaugh, Arthur Clyde—332 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Buterbaugh, George Henry—210 E. Pearson St., Chicago, Ill.

Chapman, Eldon Seely—64 Grove St., Fitchburg, Mass.

Coleman, William Thomas—72 Berkeley St., Nashua, N. H.

Fenner, Ward Wadsworth—Astor-on-Hudson, N. Y.

Fessenden, Stanley Boutelle—Northfield Rd., Lunenburg, Mass.

Flues, Eugene Manning—609 Birchard Ave., Fremont, Ohio

Guthrie, Frank Warren—1526 Fifth Ave., Youngstown, Ohio

Hall, Sidney S.—611 Fisher Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

Hull, George Benjamin—1809 Virginia Rd., Los Angeles, Cal.

Kingston, Harry Layton—173 Lancaster Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

McVey, James Lewis—Haverford Mansions, Haverford, Pa.

Mitchell, John Arthur—8527-118th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.

Pierce, Madison Westcott—924 Landing Rd., Rochester, N. Y.

Sherrill, Nelson Buckley, Jr.—261 Forrest Ave., Montclair, N. J.

Skilton, Henry Alstone—Box 166, Monroeville, Ohio

Stockton, Ralph Frank (Xi)—2120 N. 60th St., Phila.

Williams, John Rasmussen, Jr.—c/o Elec. Storage Battery Co., Phila.

1926

Atherton, Thomas Homer, Jr.—7811 St. Martins Lane, C. H., Phila.

Bartlett, Earl Hampton Wright *

Eichelberger, Robert Alexander—17732 Scottsdale Blvd., Cleveland,
Ohio

Graham, Edgar Allan—Brookview & Manchester Sts., Dallas, Texas

* Deceased.

Guenther, Ralph Carl—Pine Lake, Ind.
 Nicholas, James Forsythe—3434 W. Coulter St., Gtn., Phila.
 Randall, John Leavitt—Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Richmond, Hiram Warren, Jr.—14 Bedford Ct., Wilmington, Del.
 Walton, Joseph William—St. Davids, Pa.
 Webster, David Reznor—Mercer, Pa.

1927

Browning, Robert Livingston—Carter's Lane, E. Riverdale, Md.
 Gerhardy, Edward Oscar—4423 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Lascelles, Arthur Patrick—187 Bryant St., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Marks, James Dudley—169 Hubbard Ave., Columbus, Ohio
 McFadden, William Maffitt—1187 E. Washington Lane, Gtn., Phila.
 Mason, Arnold Dale Kerfoot—425 Linden St., Winnetka, Ill.
 Meeker, William Painter—110 Midhurst Rd., Pinehurst, Baltimore, Md.
 Off, Henry Barton—314 W. Duval St., Gtn., Phila.
 Perfect, Frederick Eugene—2202 Crescent Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Shumway, Norman Price—341 N. Bowman Ave., Merion, Pa.

1928

Curtis, Francis Irvin—Yale Club, New York, N. Y.
 Gade, George Alexander—1530 Locust St., Phila.
 Goodwin, Frederic Charles, Jr.—345 Beresford Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
 Johnson, Walter Albert—202 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Cal.
 Kinloch, Durand Reed, 2nd., (Psi)—70 Blaine Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.
 Koch, John Elbert *
 Marshall, George William, Jr.—Hamilton Rd., Lancaster, Pa.
 Moore, Bertram Powell—39 Larchmont Ave., Waban, Mass.
 Park, Harry Todd—112 S. Orchard St., Kendallville, Ind.
 Rowan, Henry Alexander, 3rd.—4927 Hazel Ave., Phila.
 Sanford, George Foster, Jr.—347 Grove St., Upper Montclair, N. J.
 Sims, William Jasper—93 Morris Ave., Buffalo, N. Y.

1929

Andrew, Lucius Archibald, Jr.—134 S. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.
 Ashley, Edward Gordon—393 Oxford St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Cassel, Albert Morris Dilworth—722 Clarendon St., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Clark, William Minott, Jr.—521 Oakhurst Rd., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Clements, John Morrison—Phoenix Title & Tr. Co., Phoenix, Ariz.

* Deceased.

Craft, Robert Homan, 123 Woodmere Blvd., Woodmere, N. Y.
 Eichelberger, Eli—308 S. George St., York, Pa.
 Goodwin, Philip Curtis—65 Windmere Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
 Graham, Frank Doran—1804 Walker Ave., Houston, Texas
 Hansen, Elwood Emil—11 St. Joe Manor, Elkhart, Ind.
 Hoffman, Lefferts Suydam—222 S. Parkview St., Los Angeles, Cal.
 Hulme, Thomas Read—Haverford, Pa.
 McCoy, Samuel John—181 Apple Tree Rd., Winnetka, Ill.
 Mills, Willis Nathaniel—Mt. Kisco, N. Y.
 Myers, Charles Stowe—45 Prospect Pl., New York, N. Y.
 Schroeder, Frederick Jerome—2227 E. Woodstock Pl., Milwaukee, Wis.
 Sellers, James Townsend—Black Rock Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 Sheaffer, Charles Miller, Jr.—Haverford Mansions, Haverford, Pa.
 Towell, Bernard Augustine—River Rd., Chagrin Falls, Ohio

1930

Ball, John Negedonk—Naval Res. Aviation Base, New Orleans, La.
 Beale, Joseph Washington—101 W. 55th St., New York, N. Y.
 Bliedung, James Alexander—c/o John Beal, Actors' Equity Ass'n, New York, N. Y.
 Bolton, Robert Harvey—2011 Thornton Ct., Alexandria, La.
 Field, James Gibbs—211 Berkeley St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Flint, Kenton Rowe—312 Hartford Pl., Utica, N. Y.
 Garner, Wesley Hurlburt—806 N. Broadway, De Pere, Wis.
 Keator, Richard More—Louella & Pembroke Aves., Wayne, Pa.
 Kelly, Francis Joseph, Jr.—505 Anthwyn Rd., Merion, Pa.
 Maschal, Edgar Alan—Box 211, Washington, D. C.
 Mitchell, Robert Nicholas (Mu)—9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.
 Sagendorph, William Lloyd—Haverford Villa, Haverford, Pa.
 Stradley, Leighton Paxton, Jr.—29 Snowden Rd., Cynwyd, Pa.
 Van Lennep, Gustave Adolphe, Jr.—St. Michaels, Md.
 Webster, Marriott Coates (Xi)—179 Prospect St., East Orange, N. J.
 Woodruff, Albert Cook, Jr.—12 Seton Rd., New London, Conn.

1931

Bliedung, Walter Robert—3909 Ridgefield Circle, Milwaukee, Wis.
 Clegg, John William, Jr.—Penna. Co., 15th & Chestnut Sts., Phila.
 Collins, Franklin J., Jr.—738 Taylor Ave., Scranton, Pa.
 Eichelberger, Ralph Richard—Saxton, Pa.
 Gregg, Royal Douglas—280 N. Maple Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
 Knowles, James Hughes—525 Wm. Penn Pl., Pittsburgh, Pa.

Larkin, Maurice Daniel, Jr.*
 Miller, Richard M.—2048 Fourth Ave., S.E., Cedar Rapids, Ia.
 Ranck, Jacob Richard—1416 Chestnut St., Phila.
 Reeks, Norman Alfred—4 Sunset Ave., Montclair, N. J.
 Robinson, Basil D.—141 Edgerton St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Russell, Adair (Iota)—616 S. Sierra Ave., Fontana, Cal.
 Taber, Benjamin Charles—11415 Hessler Rd., Cleveland, Ohio
 Vare, George Augustus—Pugh Rd., Stratford, Pa.
 Wright, Henry De Forest—1164 Stratford Rd., Schenectady, N. Y.

1932

Bailey, Percival R., Jr.—221 Chelsea Dr., Decatur, Ga.
 Brown, Thomas Taylor—406 Park St., Albert Lee, Minn.
 Chapin, Robert M.—332 East 53rd St., New York, N. Y.
 Child, William Spencer—718 Braeburn Lane, Narberth, Pa.
 Curtis, John Norman—5 W. Hampton Rd., C. H., Phila.
 Davidson, Perry Allan, Jr.—14 Hertzell St., Warren, Pa.
 Davis, Wesley Eugene, Jr.—1759 Albert St., Alexandria, La.
 Dilks, John Hyland—St. Georges Rd., Mt. Airy, Phila.
 Greene, Charles Moore—Harmon Parkway, Shores Acres, Mamaroneck,
 N. Y.
 Hupfel, Walter Mott—Fishkill, N. Y.
 Morice, William Nelson, Jr.—Eagle Point Colony, Rossford, Ohio
 Moss, Donald DeMott—461 Belleville Ave., Glen Ridge, N. J.
 Smith, Robert Whitney, 318 Bryn Mawr Ave., Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.
 Weeks, William C.—2228 Kendall Ave., Madison, Wis.
 Williams, Robert Chrisman—2440 Ellsworth St., Berkeley, Cal.

1933

Broom, Harry Parkhouse—5 N. Morgan Ave., Upper Darby, Pa.
 Carrier, Lester R., Jr.—1662 Lauderdale Ave., Lakewood, Ohio
 Colton, William Francis—63 Burns St., Forest Hills, N. Y.
 Delaney, Phil Sheridan—
 Hodgdon, George Francis, Jr.—415 S. 42nd St., Phila.
 Huggins, William Mustin—8252 Crittenden St., C. H., Phila.
 Hulburd, John Bechtel—Butler Pike, Ambler, Pa.
 Keator, Samuel Reed—234 Lane Ave., Wynnewood, Pa.
 Laverell, Frank Bland—161 S. Easton Rd., Glenside, Pa.
 McCullough, Warrington B., Jr.—Cedar Rd., Elkins Park, Pa.
 McDougal, Grant—American Club, Buenos Aires, Argentine

* Deceased.

McKinley, Donald Newton—Three Mile Bay, N. Y.
 Mann, Abram Kenneth, 2nd.—1298 Wheatland Ave., Lancaster, Pa.
 Murrie, Robert Bruce—Reynolds & Co., 120 Broadway, New York, N. Y.
 Richards, James Merritt—Box 424, Villa Nova, Pa.
 Sparks, Charles Davis—4050 Cedar Lake Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

1934

Bolton, Roscoe Alexander—1304 Jackson St., Alexandria, La.
 Booth, John Seeley—733 W. Water St., Elmira, N. Y.
 Brown, John Arthur, Jr.—3545 Porter St., N.W., Washington, D. C.
 Cross, Harold Seymour, Jr.—Clovely Lane, Rydal, Pa.
 Grant, Charles Blackwood—1775 N. Orange Dr., Hollywood, Cal.
 Hunter, William LeGrand—50 N.W.S., Drive, Miami, Fla.
 Keeton, George Alger *
 Kellogg, Justin—4414 Marble Hall Rd., Baltimore, Md.
 Losee, John Allen, Jr.—303 French Rd., Utica, N. Y.
 Smith, Stuart Horton—Warson Rd., Clayton, Mo.
 Stevens, Leland Carl—Wallingford Ave., Wallingford, Pa.
 Taber, Thomas Constantine, Jr.—95 W. Main St., Norwalk, Ohio
 Watkins, Thomas R., Jr.—S. Highland St., Memphis, Tenn.
 Weeks, Evert Deyet—200 Tonawanda Dr., Des Moines, Iowa
 Williams, Robert Wright—201 Inwood Ave., Upper Montclair, N. J.

1935

Allen, Richard Katell—69 N. Greenwood Ave., Hopewell, N. J.
 Castner, Phil Dewees—619 Bryn Mawr Ave., Penn Valley, Pa.
 Clark, William Eberhardt—627 W. Church St., Elmira, N. Y.
 Ferriday, Edward Calvin, Jr.—1925 Delaware Ave., Wilmington, Del.
 Gray, John Barbour, Jr.—609 Hinman Ave., Evanston, Ill.
 Harwood, Fred Robinson—225 Arlington Ave., Springfield, Ohio
 Hottensen, Wallace Malcolm—732 Bittersweet Pl., Chicago, Ill.
 Jeffrey, John Arthur—2643 Irving Ave., S. Minneapolis, Minn.
 Kohl, Charles Edward, 3rd.—1732 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee, Wis.
 McCormick, Stephen Craig—5409 Overbrook Ave., Phila.
 McFarland, Harold Barclay, Jr.—Washington Lane, Rydal, Pa.
 Merritt, William John Woods—Claffin Ave., Mamaroneck, N. Y.
 Montanus, Francis Michael—1203 E. High St., Springfield, Ohio
 Smith, Robert Campbell—622 S. Bowman St., Merion, Pa.
 Van Sciver, George Dobbins, 2nd.—1735 Cloverleaf St., Bethlehem, Pa.
 White, Norville Elwood—Dominick & Dominick, New York, N. Y.

* Deceased.

1936

Allen, William W., Jr.—162 Pine St., Corning, N. Y.
 Bushnell, John Pulver—314 Paddock St., Watertown, N. Y.
 Castle, John Bayne—Oxon Hill, Md.
 Chesley, Castleman De Tolley—3800 Chestnut St., Phila.
 Darnborough, Arthur, Jr.—Rydal, Pa.
 Fenniger, Carl W., Jr. (Psi)—371 E. Gorgas Lane, Gtn., Phila.
 Fraser, George Duncan—302 N. 54th St., Omaha, Neb.
 Fraser, Robert Bucham—30 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Hillier, Colson Henry—208 Shawnee Rd., Merion Golf Manor, Pa.
 Kelly, Andrew Jackson—Pan American Airways, New York, N. Y.
 McCagney, John Warren—80 Remsen St., Astoria, N. Y.
 Marshall, Austin Woods—Warburton Ave., Yonkers, N. Y.
 Morris, Thomas Bateman—Burroughs Add. Mach. Co., Columbus, Ohio
 Neill, John Scott—R.D. No. 2, Phoenixille, Pa.
 Scholow, Raymond William—430 Ohio Gas Bldg., Cleveland, Ohio
 Steiner, Lawrence McIver—1941 Knox Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.
 Sturtevant, Charles N., Jr.—811 W. 38th St., Kansas City, Mo.
 Warren, George Allen—Dept. Public Health, Fort Lauderdale, Fla.
 Weiss, William E., Jr.—270 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Wentworth, Palmer—1267 Torrey Rd., La Jolla, Cal.
 Whetstone, Pearce—414 Oak Lane, Wayne, Pa.

1937

Bement, Herbert Day—27 Summit Ct., St. Paul, Minn.
 Bryant, James—Grove City, Pa.
 Costello, John Noble, Jr.—Jericho Apts., Jenkintown, Pa.
 Donaldson, Wharton Landell, Jr.—2244 N. Prospect Ave., Milwaukee,
 Wis.
 Essick, John Peters—1267 W. 103rd St., Cleveland, Ohio
 Godfrey, John Altimont—Wanevatosa, Wis.
 Graves, Carl, Jr.—1201 Rubican Rd., Dayton, Ohio
 Jones, Dallett—123 N. Portage Path, Akron, Ohio
 Keeton, Thomas Wrayburn—435 W. Clinton St., Elmira, N. Y.
 Ludlow, John P. Crozer—Glenn Rd., Ardmore, Pa.
 Morrison, Robert Zephamat, Jr.—603 Market St., Warren, Pa.
 Selby, Edgar Fordham—323 Brush Cr. Blvd., Kansas City, Mo.
 Spong, Harper William, Jr.*
 Wallace, Fred Martin, Jr.—1808 E. High St., Springfield, Ohio
 Wark, James K.—345 Pelham Rd., Gtn., Phila.
 Weaver, Charles Ellis—301 East 38th St., New York, N. Y.

* Deceased.

1938

Boyle, Frank Foster—St. Davids, Pa.
 Caskey, Frederick Antrim *
 Castner, Robert Cortland—Wynnewood, Pa.
 Cornwell, Donald Page—1723 Lamont St., Washington, D. C.
 Crane, Race Frank—704 S. Kenwood Ave., Austin, Minn.
 Essick, Raymond Frebert—1267 W. 103rd St., Cleveland, Ohio
 Fullan, Henry Constantine, Jr.—2 Ivy Close, Forest Hills, N. Y.
 Groetzinger, Edward, Jr.—868 Clover St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Hamilton, Henry Smith—Jericho Manor, Jenkintown, Pa.
 Herkness, Lindsay Coates, Jr.—Meadowbrook, Pa.
 Hill, William Edwin—1114 Childs Ave., Drexel Hill, Pa.
 Holland, James Buchanan, 2nd.—R.D. No. 4, Norristown, Pa.
 Norton, James Anthony—1001 Woodcrest Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Page, Raymond Sharswood, Jr.—376 Irving Ave., S. Orange, N. J.
 Richards, William Pessano—7810 Lincoln Dr., Phila.
 Sturtevant, Peter Mann—4321 Frankfort Ave., Phila.
 Whalen, Herbert Eugene, Jr.—269 Schantz Ave., Dayton, Ohio.
 Wheadon, Charles Harland—125 W. Fifth St., Kansas City, Mo.

1939

Adey, John S. (Xi)—136 East 16th St., New York, N. Y.
 Augspurger, Charles Holly—22 Penhurst Park, Buffalo, N. Y.
 Brickley, Henry Payson—3209 Queen Lane, Gtn., Phila.
 Brown, Charles Taylor, Jr.—3113 Queen Lane, Gtn., Phila.
 Dignan, William, 3rd.—158 Harrison St., East Orange, N. J.
 Du Pont, Charles Everett—Montchanin, Del.
 Felton, Maurice Ployd, Jr.—435 Geneva Ave., Phila.
 Ford, Saville T.—5 East 62nd St., New York, N. Y.
 Forshay, Stewart Fowler—Cathlow Dr., Riverside, Conn.
 Gates, Forrest Palmer, Jr.—100 Second Ave., Johnstown, N. Y.
 Haines, George Rodney—Meadowbrook, Pa.
 Harmor, William Wurts, Jr.—7831 Winston Rd., C. H., Phila.
 Kneibler, Arthur Reed—6347 Fifth Ave., Kenosha, Wis.
 Koenig, Charles Joseph, Jr.—2943 Del Monte Dr., Houston, Texas
 Kramer, Henry Marvin, Jr.—215 Larchmont Ave., Larchmont, N. Y.
 Lueders, Thomas Lewis, 3rd.—271 Linden Lane, Merion, Pa.
 MacCallum, Donald—Wynnewood Park Apts., Wynnewood, Pa.
 Miller, Norman Henry—431 Hansbury St., Gtn., Phila.
 Morgan, James Sill—Bent & Church Rds., Wyncote, Pa.

* Deceased.

Ogden, John Herbert, 2nd.—112 S. Lansdowne Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
 Potter, Sheldon, 3rd.—35 Rex Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Shattuck, John Garrett, Jr.*
 Wallis, John Herod—94 Old Army Rd., Scarsdale, N. Y.

1940

Bradshaw, Charles Baker—607 Country Club Rd., Des Moines, Ia.
 Collings, Clifford Carmalt, Jr.—Ringwood Rd., Rosemont, Pa.
 De Ritis, Charles Joseph—201 Rugby Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
 Hawkins, Ewing B.—Rocky Mountain News, Denver, Colo.
 Heitz, Arthur Sunderland—175 Park Rd., Dayton, Ohio
 Hughes, Palmer, Jr.—1537 S. Newport Ave., Tulsa, Okla.
 Ludlow, Alden Rodney, 3rd.—Wynnewood Park Apts., Wynnewood,
 Pa.
 Moore, Augustus Le Conte, Jr.—336 S. Graham St., Pittsburgh, Pa.
 Moore, Maynard Hale—219 Main St., Everett, Mass.
 Rea, Samuel Arthur—2445 Fairfield Ave., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Smith, Davis I.—2209 Miramar Rd., Wichita Falls, Texas
 Sullivan, Theodore Gerald—1701 Locust St., Phila.
 Thomson, Lee Swinney—207 W. 51st St., Kansas City, Kan.
 Watts, Robert Cyrus—935 Coast Blvd., La Jolla, Cal.
 Weeks, Lafe—200 Tonawanda Dr., Des Moines, Ia.

1941

Dutcher, John Wallace—129 N. Lawe St., Appleton, Wis.
 Flynn, William David—122 B. Ave., Albia, Ia.
 Gleeson, Lawrence, Jr.—210 Llandrillo Rd., Cynwyd, Pa.
 Hand, Avery Chapman, Jr.—37 Sturges Ave., Mansfield, Ohio
 Jones, Robert Schmid—7147 Ditman St., Phila.
 McLane, William—4061 N. Meridian St., Indianapolis, Ind.
 Mercer, Eugene LeRoy, Jr.—630 N. Chester Rd., Swarthmore, Pa.
 Moeling, Walter Goss, 3rd.—277 W. Tulpehocken St., Gtn., Phila.
 Neuhaus, Richard Voelcker—433 Niagara St., Tonawanda, N. Y.
 Nussbaum, Victor Michael, Jr.—1328 Westover Rd., Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Ogden, Raymond—112 S. Lansdowne Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
 Shackleton, Alan K.—Crescoe, Ia.
 Tiffany, Clayton William, Jr.—504 Comstock Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.
 Von Hassenstein, George Abbott—41 Riverview Height, Sioux Falls,
 So. Dak.

* Deceased.

1942

Alcorn, Richard Leiper—112 County Line Rd., Bryn Mawr, Pa.
 De Mott, Richard Warren—501 W. Allens Lane, C. H., Phila.
 De Ritis, Harry—201 Rugby Ave., Rochester, N. Y.
 Douglas, David—818 St. Claire St., Manitowoc, Wis.
 Felchlin, Douglas Marchbank—188 Manhasset Woods Rd., L. I., N. Y.
 Ford, Quintin—471 Park Ave., New York, N. Y.
 Heid, Alexander, Jr.—19 Lee Ct., New Rochelle, N. Y.
 Lamar, Raul—Calle F., Havana, Cuba
 McCloskey, John F., Jr.—8720 Germantown Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Murray, LeRoy Milton—140 Maple Ave., Cedarhurst, L. I., N. Y.
 Paul, William H.—229 East 79th St., New York, N. Y.
 Pilling, John T.—322 Willow Grove Ave., C. H., Phila.
 Wallace, Herbert Pease—64 Appleton St., Rochester, N. Y.

1943

Arthur, James Clarke—157 Carpenters Lane, Gtn., Phila.
 Ashley, Richard Lee—333 Tuscany Rd., Baltimore, Md.
 Babson, James Arthur—415 Linden Ave., Oak Park, Ill.
 Beck, Robert Coulson—Scudder-Collver, Princeton, N. J.
 Brown, John Herbert, 3rd.—W. Cass St., Middletown, Del.
 Childs, Frederic Richards—6 Chandler St., Lexington, Mass.
 Cox, Townsend Colmore, Jr.—W. Rose Valley Rd., Moylan, Pa.
 Donaldson, John Berne—14th & Walnut Sts., Chester, Pa.
 Ewing, Alexander—112 Columbia Ave., Swarthmore, Pa.
 Furner, John Woodward—6733 Emlen St., C. H., Phila.
 Gehrke, Adrian Price (Psi)—80 Edgemoor Rd., Rochester, N. Y.
 Hueber, Edward Kelley—616 Bryn Mawr Ave., Narberth, Pa.
 MacDonald, Donald Gordon—623 N. Oak Park, Oak Park, Ill.
 Morham, James Clifford—61 Birch Ave., St. Lambert, Canada
 Morhard, William Warren—434 Owen Rd., Wynnewood, Pa.
 Murphy, John Charles—5956 Overbrook Ave., Phila.
 Roos, John Treymann—Copples Lane, Wallingford, Pa.
 Rowan, Henry Walter—312 Thomas Ave., Riverton, N. J.
 Smith, Thomas Adams—43 Appleton St., Rochester, N. Y.
 Southgate, Wheelock Allen—Keene, N. Y.
 Suedhoff, Thomas Lau—1922 Forest Park, Fort Wayne, Ind.
 Walton, Lewis Brosius, Jr.—1826 Livingston St., Evanston, Ill.
 Wolf, William Taft—33 Stimson Ave., Providence, R. I.

1944

Callow, Gordon McLean—314 Kent Rd., Bala-Cynwyd, Pa.
Corsa, Richard Turner—428 Essex Ave., Narberth, Pa.
Ford, Philip Hastings—3411 Jones St., Sioux City, Ia.
Garrett, Robert M.—3708 Dewey Ave., Omaha, Neb.
Horkan, George Anthony, Jr.—2433 S. 21st St., Phila.
Hunt, Bridgford—130 East End Ave., New York, N. Y.
Ludlow, Henning N.—225 Glenn Rd., Ardmore, Pa.
Mercer, David Hicks—630 N. Chester Rd., Swarthmore, Pa.
Pennewell, Harry Howard, Jr.—440 Irvington Rd., Drexel Park, Pa.
Robbins, Jack Kinkelin (Epsilon)—Route No. 1, Box 148, Pasadena,
Cal.
Rohrer, George Smith—3903 Vaux St., Phila.
Wetherill, William Gray—20th & Providence Ave., Chester, Pa.
Wolfenden, Charles Gilbert, Jr.—Indian Sp. Rd., Indiana, Pa.

1945

Hudson, Charles Franklin, Jr.—2121 Porter St., Phila.
McClosky, Paul William—8720 Germantown Ave., Phila.
Merritt, Theodore Clarence—Howell Park, Larchmont, N. Y.
Parsons, Alonzo Ritter—136 Brookmere Dr., Fairfield, Conn.
Reese, Robert Allen—Welsh Rd., Meadowbrook, Pa.
Resor, James Charles—"Ridgeview," Ridgefield, Conn.
Schwab, George Van Fossen—4707 Fulton St., N.W., Washington,
D. C.
Shroyer, James Mark—314 Northview Rd., Dayton, Ohio
Wall, Robert Bruce—310 Rosemore Ave., Glenside, Pa.
Woll, Seneker—Durham & Crittenden Sts., Phila.