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THE LOGBOOK





THE LOGBOOK

Class of 1915

373,748
C-7672
1915
c.2



FOSTER E. BRENNEMAN, PH. B.

TO
FOSTER E. BRENNEMAN, PH.^{IL}B.
DEAN OF THE SENIOR CLASS

THIS LOGBOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED BY

THE CLASS OF 1915

AS A TRIBUTE TO HIS BROAD WORK AND LOYALTY
FOR THE GRADUATING CLASS AND
OLD CONWAY

Greeting

ANOTHER year has come and gone at dear old Conway, and we are about to leave her halls to enter institutions of higher learning, or to start out to play the game of life for ourselves. Happy memories go with us—memories of good times shared with our fellows, memories of battles won on the gridiron and diamond, memories of intellectual victories achieved, memories of friendships formed. Wherever our lot may be cast, Conway, and those with whom we labored and loved there, shall always have a big place in our hearts.

In order to keep alive these memories and cherish this love and affection for old Conway, the Class of 1915 submits this Logbook, feeling sure that it will ever be kept as the record of one of the most successful years Conway has ever experienced.

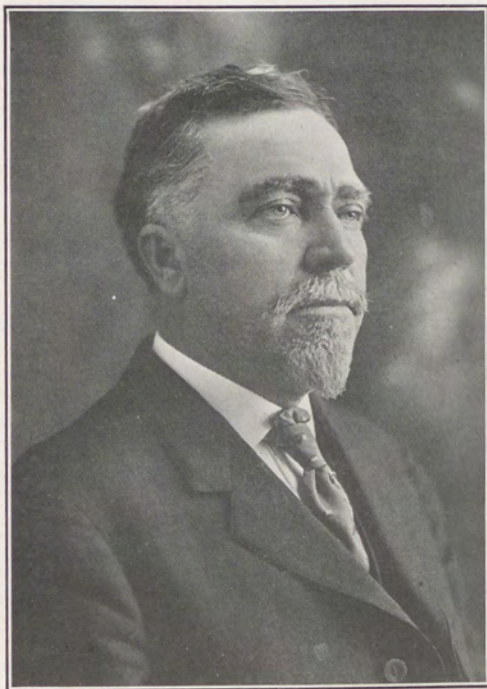


The Faculty

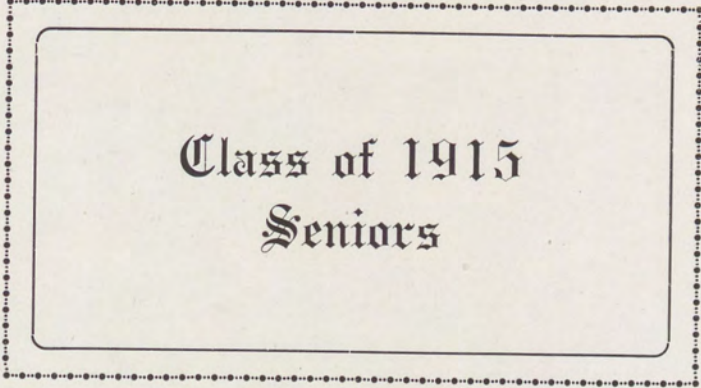


The Faculty

- JAMES HENRY MORGAN, A. M., Ph. D., D. D., Acting President of Dickinson College *President*
- WILLIAM ALBERT HUTCHISON, A. M., PED. D. *Headmaster*
 Born 1864; Ph. B., Dickinson, 1892; A. M., 1895; Doctor of Pedagogy, 1898; Student at Harvard, University of Chicago, and University of Pennsylvania; After serving twice, 1892-94 and 1896-98, as Assistant Vice-Principal of Pennington Seminary, he became Principal of East Maine Seminary, 1898-99; then Vice-Principal of Darlington Seminary, 1899-1900; Vice-Principal of Hudson River Institute, 1900-02; Vice-Principal of Syracuse Classical School, 1902-04; Headmaster of Conway Hall, 1904 to date.
- CHARLES LEWIS MAURER, PED. B., PED. M., A. B., A. M. *Master of History*
 Born 1884; Bloomsburg State Normal School, 1908-10; Ursinus College, 1912; Graduate Student in University of Pennsylvania, 1912, 1914, including the Summer Sessions of 1912-14; Held University Scholarship in Sociology, 1912-13; Principal Grammar School, Paxinos, Pa., 1903-06; Principal of Kulp High School, Catawissa, Pa., 1908-10; Principal Plymouth Township Schools, Montgomery Co., Pa., 1912-13; Master of History, 1913 to date; Vice-Headmaster.
- JAY D. COOK, Ph. B. *Master of Mathematics and Science*
 Born 1894; Carlisle High School, '10; Dickinson College, '14; Master of Mathematics and Science, 1913 to date.
- ELI EDWARD BURRISS, Jr., A. B. B. S. *Master of English*
 Born 1891; Philadelphia Central High School, '09; Philadelphia School of Pedagogy, '11; University of Pennsylvania, '14; Master of English, Conway Hall, 1914 to date.
- FOSTER E. BRENNEMAN, Ph. B., *Master of Latin*
 Born 1892; Carlisle High School, '10; Dickinson College, '14; Master of Latin, 1914 to date.
- HARVEY H. STECKEL, A. M., L. L. B. *Master of Mathematics*
 Born 1890; Slatington High School, '07; Mercersburg, ex-'08; Lafayette, ex-'12; Dickinson College, '12; Dickinson School of Law, '14; Master of Mathematics, Conway Hall, 1914 to date.
- ERNEST A. SCHIMMLER, A. B. *Master of German*
 Born 1873; Hanover, Germany, Gymnasium for nine years; Boston Latin School; Phillips Exeter Academy; Dartmouth College, 1893; Post-graduate work at Berlin and Leipzig Universities, 1897-98; taught at Agricultural College at Koestritz, Ger, College International, at Geneva, Switzerland, Pedagogiums at Waren, Mecklenburg, Muskau, Ober-Lausitz and Langebrueck, Saxony, and at other German State Schools, 1898-1912; Taught at Wilmersdorf Military Academy, 1912-13; Master of German, Conway Hall, 1914 to date.



WILLIAM ALBERT HUTCHISON, A. M., PED. D.

A decorative border consisting of a series of small black dots arranged in a rectangular shape, surrounding the central text.

Class of 1915
Seniors



Senior Class

Class Colors ORANGE AND BLACK.
Class Flower WHITE CARNATION.
Class Motto TU NE CEDE MALIS, SED CONTRA AUDENTIOR ITO.

President GEORGE H. RUPP
Vice-President GEORGE D. SWEITZER
Treasurer LOUIS J. MCGREGOR
Secretary JOHN H. METZGER

Historian GEORGE D. SWEITZER
Poet ALTON C. SIMPSON
Prophet IRA S. PIMM
Chaplain KENNETH L. STECK
Address to Undergraduates RICHARD H. VAUGHAN
Presenter DALLAS S. GANGEWER
Ivy Orator JOSEPH F. HILBUSH
Dean PROF. FOSTER E. BRENNEMAN



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Senior Class History

History is made by the performance of deeds. And we therefore feel that we can easily say that the Class of 1915 has made more history about Conway Hall than any class that has yet graduated, for they have performed more deeds.

This great class was the first in the history of the school to organize before its Junior year and from the day of its first organization it has been doing things about Conway. One needs only to look at the men who make up the Class of 1915 and he will realize that it would be next to impossible for such a noble and intellectual lot of young manhood to do any other than the very highest and best.

But let us get even closer to the facts and state them as they have been enacted during our school life. Our Sophomore activities were confined nearly altogether to scholastic matters, as those were the days in which we were establishing for ourselves the great reputation that has followed us through our entire course here. It did not seem to make any difference how hard we tried to keep to scholastics, the other things came along just the same, for in that year, the year of the birth of the Class of 1915, her men counted among the winners in outside activities. One was the president of a literary society, one was the winner of a C in football, three in basketball, and two won their letter in baseball, and one was in the Senate.

These victories in our Sophomore year were just the forerunners of what was to come. True to the high

standard that the previous year had placed before us, we started in to work harder than ever, not on the frivolous and foolish, but on the things that really count. This year we had all the presidencies of one literary society. Four football men were in our ranks, three basketball men, four baseball men, three Senators, and others too numerous to mention. It was in this year that we "got wise" to the plan of the Senior Banquet, captured their President, and thereby caused them to postpone it. However, as the year drew to a close, we could see that their class (the Seniors) was not going to cover itself with glory, so we willingly allowed them to pull us through the Creek and then got out a wonderful Commencement issue of *The Conwayan*, to take the place of the Logbook that wasn't. These things we did because of our real old "Conway Spirit" and because we did not want to see them given mention in the future as being the "pepless" class that they really were.

Now, we have come to the year when the nineteen fifteeners really did cover themselves with glory and fame that will live long after them. This year's football team, the greatest in the school's history, was almost entirely a Senior team, for there was only one under-classman on the whole team. This team of Seniors, for the first time, defeated Hill School, and whose toe was it but that of our classmate, "Bossy" Gougler, that turned this trick, and who was the captain of this team? Why, "Doc" Hanby, a Senior, of course. And who were the other Seniors that brought such great credit to Conway by helping on

this team? Why, Kemp, Martin, Reed, Pickens, "G. & M." Walkinshaw, Speck, McGregor, and Bacon. Who composed *The Conwayan* Board? The Seniors of course. Who were the Senators? Seniors! Who were the big men in the Show? Seniors! Who were the presidents of the Senate? Seniors. Who composed the basketball and baseball teams? A good portion of them were Seniors. In fact, anywhere that there was a Senior eligible for any position he got it, not because he was a Senior, but because the 1915 Seniors are such superior beings in every way. This just goes to show that the Seniors were really great men, for they must have been recognized as such or they would not have had these honors bestowed on them.

You may think that these Seniors got into the places of responsibility and then let things slide, but this was not the case, for they really have worked wonders. Everyone acknowledges that under the management of this Senior Board *The Conwayan* has been greatly improved. The printing is better, the paper better, more and more cuts are being used, and the size of the paper is being increased. The Senate has been resurrected under them and is, for the first time in many years, a real factor of the School's activities. This is another Senior Contribution to Conway's welfare. Under the guidance of these

Seniors the Literary Societies have been doing very good work.

Did this Senior Class, you may ask, find it necessary to have the Juniors step down and out in order that they might not be disgraced? No! For they have pulled off their Banquet on schedule time, and when they pulled it off, gave the Juniors one of the worst scares that they have yet received.

This Banquet, just like everything else the Seniors have done, was a howling success.

By the time you read this little account of the doings of the Class of 1915, the Logbook will be a reality and the Class of 1915 will have successfully carried through the biggest program that any class at the old school has ever undertaken.

While to a stranger this history might seem exaggerated, to any one who is really acquainted with affairs at the School it will be seen that only the great modesty of the writer has kept him from saying much more of the greatness of the Class of 1915.

But we must believe the old adage "Deeds speak louder than words" and let you make your own inquiries if you wish to know more of the Class of 1915, and then you can form your own opinion of that great and glorious Class.

G. D. SWEITZER.

Class Prophecy

For years I had been stricken with a peculiar malady. It had baffled the most learned medical men of the day, and, as it was of a serious nature, it was decided to remove me from civilization and place me on an island in the Pacific Ocean. At regular intervals my mind would become intensely fixed on certain persons and then I would lose all sense of being and become a raving maniac. During these spells the persons upon whom my mind was directed would appear before me in their present capacity and I could follow their movements just as if I were by their sides.

One day, while trying to amuse myself on my desolate kingdom, I fell to thinking about the 1915 Class of Conway Hall and the good times we used to have together. Twenty years had passed since the day of graduation and I was wondering what had become of the fellows, when I was seized with one of my turns and my thoughts of a moment before were gratified.

The scene was the National Capitol. Great excitement was everywhere manifest and I saw by the posters that the national Local Option bill was up before the Senate. I looked in at the assemblage of Senators and heard a familiar voice. There upon the floor was my old friend Todd hammering the bill with all his might. He was just winding up his argument as I arrived and, by the applause, I knew Pennsylvania was proud of its "boozehister" senator. But hardly had the noise subsided when the originator of the bill, George H. Rupp, took the floor. In glowing terms he presented his cause, using many

arguments which he had heard at old Conway Hall. When he took his seat the galleries had to be cleared, the excitement was so intense. The bill passed by twenty-four majority and Dr. Hutchison's broad smile appeared across the screen of events.

As I passed out of the Senate house I noticed a short man wearing a high silk hat and carrying a gold headed cane. I recognized him as Count Louis Serrano, the Ambassador from Ecuador, who had just negotiated a famous peace treaty with the United States. By his side walked Simpson, the editor of a great agricultural magazine, in which he explained how pancakes are an efficient means of reducing the high cost of leather. They were speaking of Ecuador and of the great success Sweitzer was having in that country as a civil engineer. He had just completed the longest tunnel in the world.

I then found myself along a country road gazing upon two very familiar persons. One was resting upon the handles of a plow, listening intently to the other. It was Pickens, who was plowing his field ready for the spring crops. The other interesting personage was honest Abe Goldin, who was trying to sell Pickens a pair of overalls. He had given up the law profession in preference to the traveling salesman business, at which he was making a big success. Just then a bread wagon came along, and who should I find the driver to be but our old friend "Metz?" He had at last settled on his favorite bread route and concluded that this was the best thing he could do after all.

He had not gone far when a tramp stepped out of the woods and begged him for something to eat. Martin, for it was he, had learned his trade well at Conway and was now a professional "eats" beggar.

This scene was changed for a seat in the Orpheum Theatre at Harrisburg. The curtain had just risen and out came Reed, the idol of the stage. His first selection was, "Sing on Ye Joyful Pilgrims," which was rendered in a most efficient manner. As an encore he sang that beautiful little ballad, "Blest Be the Tie that Binds," in variations. His success is no doubt due to the practice he received in Conway Hall Chapel.

At the end of the show a moving picture was shown and in it I recognized Steck playing the part of an Egyptian mummy. He is the hero of all moving picture enthusiasts. As the curtain fell I noticed an advertisement upon it in glaring letters:

G. & M. WALKINSHAW

Professional Dancing Lessons.

Clumsy Claude Step a Specialty.

As I stepped outside I heard some one say, "That's a good 'idear.'" Upon looking around I saw Clark, who had settled in Harrisburg, as he thought it would save

car fare. As I stood there watching him, who should step up but Gougler with the question: "Have you got a smoke?" He was still at his old trick of bumming cigarettes. I walked down the street a short distance and there saw Sheaffer standing in the doorway of his hair dressing establishment, waiting for the next victim.

A large fair ground was the next place that disturbed my troubled brain. I was attracted by a large crowd who were yelling: "Go to it, Kemp. Keep it up, old boy." Upon examining the cause of all this hubbub I saw the three hundred and forty-eighth pancake disappearing into Kemp's mouth, thereby winning the world's eating contest by a lead of thirty pancakes. As he left the platform I heard him say: "Gee, that was a cinch. I could eat a lot more yet."

As I was walking around the grounds I met Lupfer, who was still doing the same thing, bumming. He was lolling near a stand, around which were a number of people listening to a man who was explaining something to them. I had to look a second time to convince myself, but sure enough there was "Doc" Hanby. But he was a real "Doc" this time, for he was explaining to them the wonderful powers of a new medicine which he had discovered. He said it had even straightened the nose of the sausage man on the grounds. I was somewhat interested in this and started in search of this man who had been so wonderfully cured. I soon found the place and there was "Dutch" Gangewer, but he had a straight nose. He was demonstrating with his new machine how to make sausage out of sawdust.

As I was leaving the fair grounds I spied a card which read thus:

U. KISSEM BLAIR & I. HUGGEM MUMPER.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Matrimony.

Love Made on Short Notice.

Hugs are Embracing.

Widows Promptly Attended To.

Tulip Salve Given Away Free of Charge.

Kisses are Refreshing.

Blondes a Specialty.

Open All Night.

My attention was next turned to the dining room of the Bellevue Stratford. Two distinguished persons were seated in one corner of the room, talking earnestly. Upon closer examination I found one of them was my old friend Vaughan, and the other Herrick. From their conversation I gleaned that Herrick, an old bachelor, was being sued for breach of promise. He was stating his case to Vaughan, the most renowned lawyer of the day. Just then the head waiter came up, and I recognized in him our old head waiter at Conway, Bobby Reiner.

One more scene presented itself. It was back in the old town of Carlisle. On my way to the school I stopped in Lute Halbert's to see the old crowd, but to my surprise it was under new management. Speck, my old classmate, was now the head of the students' headquarters. When I arrived at the school I noticed a number of people

crowded about the place where the building once stood. I approached the group and found they were on the point of laying the corner stone for a new building. McGregor, the chief hod-carrier of the town, was laying the mortar upon which the stone was to rest. The speaker of the occasion was Hilbush, our flowery-tongued orator, who acquitted himself in fine style. Then Foster E. Brenneman, D.D., Ph.D., LL. D., our Class Dean, who was now President of the College, introduced the guest of honor, Hon. George Bacon, Mayor of Laurel, Delaware. He had received twenty-five votes at the last election, thereby getting a majority.

Gradually my mind regained its normal state and I found myself, the most unhappy victim of the Fifteen Class, alone on the desolate island.

IRA S. PIMM.

Our Dean

When the Class of 1915 decided that they needed a dean to keep a bridle in their mouths, they searched the Faculty until they found in one man all the highest qualities of leadership. Knowing a good thing when they saw it (and you can see it), they forthwith proceeded to embellish Foster E. Brenneman with the honor of advising and chaperoning the greatest class in Conway's history.

We did not judge blindly—such is not our way. We knew that it was he who had been valedictorian way back in high school, who had won honors in scholastics as well as in athletics at college, who had a voice which justified the great delight he takes in singing, and who was rapidly showing himself to be the big man around Conway this year. In short, we found him able, both physically and mentally, to fill the chair of Dean of the Class of 1915.

Next to taking trips to Philadelphia, his chief delight in life is singing, and he found opportunity that was especially congenial here, in leading the Glee Club, where he surely did make a big noise, and we must admit that it was music at that.

His other activities are numerous. The Senate, in which he holds the faculty membership, has been worrying him so much that in one week he actually lost a pound, thereby inflicting additional stress upon his already overloaded brain. He has attempted to control the stormy meetings of the Gamma Epsilon Literary Society, and, strange to say, when comparing their previous history, he has at least taught them the purpose of literary societies. Another enterprise that has engrossed quite a deal of

his time has been the LOGBOOK, whose efficient and active treasurer he has proved himself to be.

But the really big job of his year at Conway has been to advise the Senior Class as they ought to be advised. Not that these eminently respectable and highly proper gentlemen could not behave themselves—if this were all his life would have been like unto the proverbial bed of roses; nay, rather was the difficulty to be found in the fact that such a capable and intelligent and famous bunch of men demanded in a dean qualities akin to their own and in fit keeping with their own high sense of dignity and propriety. And our Dean has in no way failed us. He has led our class on to such victories as no other class has ever achieved. Everything has been attended to by the all-wise Seniors—LOGBOOK, Banquet, in fact everything that a perfect Senior Class should do. And back of it all Brenneman has been standing and urging us on and telling us how to make ourselves great.

Further words are useless—the case is proved and mere words are unable to expound the things our Dean has done for us. He has been a big brother and a friend to us all, and while other Deans may doubtless be found who have made memorable records, we are confident that the impression Dean Brenneman has made upon us and the choice memories we shall ever cherish of him are equal to those of no other. We are sure that, while but few classes will be as appreciative of his efforts as are we, he will continue to progress and we are confident that success will attend his efforts in whatever line of activities he may direct them. All hail to our Dean!

Our Stars and Others

<i>Laziest</i>	MUMPER	<i>Most Conceited</i>	STECK
<i>Handsomest</i>	VAUGHAN	<i>Most Innocent</i>	PIMM
<i>Thinks he is</i>	STECK	<i>Noisiest Boy</i>	SIMPSON
<i>Most Studious</i>	RUPP	<i>Biggest Eater</i>	KEMP
<i>Cutest Boy</i>	SERRANO	<i>Most Cheerful Liar</i>	SIMPSON
<i>Class Clown</i>	GANGEWER	<i>Tries to be</i>	HERRICK
<i>Biggest Bluffer</i>	McGREGOR	<i>Most Desperate Fusser</i>	VAUGHAN
<i>Thinks he is</i>	REED	<i>Thinks he is</i>	STECK
<i>Probable Old Bachelor</i>	SWEITZER	<i>Greatest Argufier</i>	McGREGOR
<i>Grouchiest Guy</i>	SPECK	<i>Longest Feet</i>	SPECK
<i>Quietest Boy</i>	SHEAFFER	<i>Worst Knocker</i>	McGREGOR
<i>First Place, Hot Air Contest</i>	McGREGOR	<i>Most Ladylike</i>	RUPP
<i>Second Place, Hot Air Contest</i>	McGREGOR	<i>Talks Most and Says Least</i>	GOLDIN



BACON, GEORGE MARION. "George;" "Bake." Laurel, Del.

"Corns may come and corns may go, but the 'Bull' goes on forever."

Kappa Delta Pi Fraternity; President of the Gamma Epsilon Literary Society;
Football Team, 1914; Student Senate, 1915.

Here is our Delaware corn-cracker. He is fuller of "gab" than a dog is of fleas. You can always tell when Bacon is around because the temperature always rises about ten degrees.

Wanted—Information which will lead to the discovery of an instrument that will reproduce Bacon's laugh. No one but a Delawarian could emit such a heinous sound, which he calls a laugh. It reminds us of an old-fashioned negro husking bee.

A lazy, lolling sort, unseen at church, at Senate, or at court; but nevertheless Bacon is always on hand when the crucial hour comes. He is slow but sure and believes in keeping everlastingly at it. Go to it, Bacon; you might be governor of Delaware some day, if your feet do not get in your way. Dickinson.

BLAIR, GEORGE WILLIAM. "Handsome." Crescent, Pa.

"Let the world slide, let the world go; A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"—HEYWOOD.

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; Basketball Team.

William the Handsome has broken many a heart in Carlisle and vicinity since his arrival in our midst. However, mysterious trips are made away from here; have been attributed to some female who has got our William.

Congeniality is one of his assets. "Always smiling," and "Be well liked" are Blair's slogans. In him, Conway loses a true son. However, he will grace the halls of any school he will attend.

He never misses church on Sunday and has been one of the faithful in the school Y. M. C. A. Sunday evening services. After Y. M. C. A. he wends his way to devotional exercises; where that is no one knows.





CLARK, ROLLIN BRECKINRIDGE. "Clark." Mansfield Center, Conn.

"Slips my soul with sorrow to the grave."—HOMER.

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; President of Gamma Epsilon Literary Society; President of Student Senate, 1914; President of Y. M. C. A.; "Step Lively," 1914; "Number, Please," 1915.

Here we have a young man with a tremendous amount of "idears." He has been at Conway for three years and in the meantime has developed his bright mind with all the different kinds of education, so that it is worthless for him to remain at the "Gift" any longer. A gentleman with such an education could well afford to spend two nights out of every month in Harrisburg visiting the hospital. Here he calls upon his beloved lady-friend, with whom he likes to talk about "politics" much better than hear Bashore explain geometry to him in vain. Clark was Prof. Cook's able assistant in the chemical and physical laboratories and was so good in explaining the principles that it was unnecessary for Prof. Cook to be present.

Next year he will enter the Hahnemann Medical College of Philadelphia and we wish him the greatest success.

GANGEWER, DALLAS SAMUEL. "Dutch" on week days, and "Gangewer" on Sunday. Allentown, Pa.

"As merry as the day is long."—SHAKESPEARE.

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; Y. M. C. A.; Gamma Epsilon Literary Society.

Dutch hails from the city of sauerkraut and beer. He is a jovial Dutchman, whose smiling countenance is somewhat marred by a bent nose.

Dallas is a good student and a good mixer, especially when it comes to the ladies. His only weakness, as far as we know, is his nose. He relates the story of his misfortune daily, and several times on Sunday. He also furnishes continuous vaudeville at the dinner table and speaks excellent Pennsylvania Dutch. On the night of the Senior Banquet he distinguished himself by giving a speech in that jargon. Dallas will enter Dickinson Law School, from which we feel certain will emerge a brilliant young lawyer, wearing his spectacles slightly awry because of his unfortunate nose.





GOLDIN, ABE JACOB. "Abe;" "Goldy." Shenandoah, Pa.

"I am not in the roll of common men."—SHAKESPEARE.

LOGBOOK Board.

Here we have one of the greatest knowledge boxes that ever braved the wilds of Conway Hall. He has told Dr. Hutchison how to conduct a preparatory school, he has taught Herr Schimmler German, and, yes, he has even instructed Prof. Steckel in the gentle art of eating soup. Between his multitudinous and rigorous duties of taking care of Dr. Hutchison and Conway Hall, he has found time to do a lot of studying. His long experience in the overall factory, which he left only because he could no longer stand the strain of his important position, enables him to speak authoritatively on the subject of high finance. He also takes great delight in triumphing over the Profs. in arguments. There is only one subject which he has never quite mastered, and that is why he must come to school. He is quite a good violinist and contributes to the fame of our orchestra. Abe is, however, quite proficient in all his work, and, a good speaker, he promises to become one of the country's supreme court judges. We wish him all success at Dickinson Law School.

GOUGLER, ROSCOE A. "Bossie." Harrisburg, Pa.

"Oh, this pernicious vice of gaming."—MOORE.

Football Team; Baseball Team.

Bossie is one of the good fellows of Conway. He claims he lived in Carlisle, while here, and visited in Harrisburg, his home. He came very near being a blonde. Many a heart of a maiden fair thumped while he made his record runs for Conway on the football field. And he is dependable. Being near a blonde, through the law of association he is a woman hater. However, we know by the picture on his bureau that there is one he sure likes. To say that we are proud of him,—well we guess! He is going to make a record for himself at Dickinson next year. Go to it, we wish you luck. No better athlete did they ever have. We look for broken records.





HANBY, FORWOOD EVANS. "Doc." Chester, Pa.

"And pines with thirst amid a sea of waves."—HOMER.

Kappa Delta Pi Fraternity; Reed Literary Society; G. O. N. O.; Member of Senate; President of Class when Sophomore; Member of Advisory Board; Captain of Football Team; 1912 Track Team; Cast of "Step Lively" and "Number, Please"; President of Dramatic Association, 1915; Business Manager *Conwayan*; Member of Skeleton Club; Toasted "Athletics" at Senior Banquet.

By looking at the foregoing statements, the reader will at once see that "Doc" certainly was a popular young man while at the "Gift." Let us not forget to mention that he is some actor and played the important part of "Number, Please." He was our able captain of the varsity football team and is interested in all lines of athletics, especially tennis, in which he would rather lose a meal than a game. He also has great vocal ability, which he showed during our plays.

Medicine is "Doc's" greatest aim and we wish him the greatest success while he continues his studies at the Jefferson Medical College next year.

HERRICK, WILLIAM WHITING. "Whitey." St. Marys, Pa.

*"O hell! What have we here?
A carrion Death who never smiles."*

Gamma Epsilon Literary Society.

Herrick has one very grave fault—he talks too much. We should suggest that he tie a tin can on his tail to let the inhabitants know that he is coming. He has an inimitable smile that wins all those who come in contact with him. Never out of his room after 10:30, always a species of angel in class, a regular attendant at the Methodist church, Herrick is a model for the young men who enter Conway.

Occasionally he gets in a sportive mood, and then all of us, including Walkinshaw, shake with fear. He sometimes even startles Lupfer out of his wonted apathy. He takes great delight in dressing well and is usually very sensitive on this point. Keep it up, Herrick, you are not the only fusser we have.

He has hopes of entering Michigan next year, and we feel sure that he will make good.





HILBUSH, JOSEPH FREDERICK. "Blondie." Newville, Pa.

"Ambition has no rest."—BULWER LYTTON.

Reed Literary Society.

This young gentleman from Newville is a beautiful blonde. However, this is not all, as he is an "A" student. Joseph is a Pennsylvania Dutchman and is therefore quite a German shark. He reads Wirgil fluently with a German accent, and is quite a good debater.

Blondie could not see fit to live at the Gift and positively refused to tell why. However, we have inquired and are informed that the Newville girls and trips on the Cumberland Walley are the two main reasons.

Joseph was captain of the famous "Newville" Basketball Team and is quite a baseball player. He also finds much enjoyment in fishing for bass.

Blondie will attend Dickinson and has not decided whether he will be a lineman for wireless telegraphy or a century flower picker. As Blondie has been very successful thus far in his life, we are sure he will attain yet higher things.

KEMP, ERNEST RAYMOND. "Ray;" "Mother." Nanticoke, Pa.

"Yon Cassius has a hungry look."—SHAKESPEARE.

Omega Chi Fraternity; Football, Baseball, and Basketball Teams, 1913, 1914, 1915; Student Senate, 1914-15; Captain of Baseball, 1915; President Athletic Association.

"Breakfast for six, right away." That's Kemp. "Mother" drolly blames his misfortune on a tapeworm, but we are inclined to believe that it has more the proportions of a snake than a worm. "Ray" stars in other lines, too, baseball, football and basketball, but when it comes to lady-killing, well, Kemp's there. We know that "Mother" has quite a collection of broken hearts to his credit now and, to make it worse, he shows no signs of reforming. Kemp is not the kind of student that he is athlete, but he manages to get by nicely in all branches. His greatest trouble is in putting "H's" where they belong, such as "Ydrogen" and "Hargue." He is a past master at the art of negotiating the fire escape, too, and has great ability for fabricating excuses, and getting away with them. He is an all around good fellow, to be brief.





LUPFER, JAMES ROBERT. "Bob." Bellwood, Pa.

*"A little more sleep,
A little more slumber."*

Omega Chi Fraternity.

Our Bob is the boy that put Bellwood on the township map. He says that before he came there it only had seven houses and a water-tank; since that it has grown to be a prosperous city of some 300 inhabitants. And Bob has a girl; Where? O, Bellwood, Phila., Juniata College, and Susquehanna. Judging from the paste boards on his bureau, many are under his spell. Being a quasi-grocer, he knows real sugar when he sees it in the dining room and tells about how much it is worth.

State claims him next year. Unless he doubles up with some winsome lass, he will be one of our great engineers. We wish him luck. He has the stuff that goes to make the man.

McGREGOR, LOUIS JONES. "Mac." Carlisle, Pa.

"I have found you an argument; but I am not obliged to find you an understanding."

Member of 1913 and 1914 Football Teams; 1914 Track Team.

In "Mac" we have represented a large portion of Scotland; however, we dare not mention the exact amount. He is a special friend of the Kaiser. No doubt his good behavior in German class accounts for the friendship. "Mac" is never happy unless he is doing "The Mexican Athletic Stunt." It is his chief delight to get back in a corner somewhere and argue with some poor victim, until he turns green in the face. It would not be so bad if he could be convinced, but he always takes the wrong view of things and stands upon this as firm as Gibraltar. He is somewhat like a woman in this respect, he must always have the last word. Keep at it, "Mac," you will make a second Socrates.

McGregor is an athlete of great ability and has aided Conway in many victorious contests, especially in football. He now holds the shot put record. Lehigh is his future Alma Mater.





MARTIN, FRANK FRED. "Frank." Easton, Pa.

"Diverse men have diverse recreations and exercises."—BURTON.

Kappa Delta Pi Fraternity; Football Team, 1914; Baseball Team, 1915.

Here is our quarterback of the football team. Although he is not a giant in size, he can make a football team work. He has the backbone and the grit, even though he is inclined to be a kicker. If we were to have a contest in football, without a doubt, Martin would head the list.

Martin also performs the duty of night watchman, at which he is proficient. It is a lucky boy that gets past Martin without being caught. Of course, he cannot be everywhere, it would be impossible for him to be at the fire-escape and the office at the same time. So some slip in once in a while.

He is a very quiet chap and minds his own business. If he cannot accomplish his end in one way, he will try another. You can always count on Martin. He will get there somehow.

METZGER, JOHN HUBERT. "Metz." Rebersburg, Pa.

"You lovers are such clumsy summer flies."—TENNYSON.

LOGBOOK Board; Student Senate; Secretary Senior Class.

Metz is a real lover of the fair sex. He is not athletically inclined, but his side partner says that he is quite a wrestler; another one of his diversions is canoeing. We sometimes wonder how it is that he has gained so much in weight, but we fancy he gets his roomie to do all the hard labor. Metzger shines particularly in solid geometry, but is not a great drinker, never having been seen drunk more than twice per week. Packer sometimes has a hard time to keep him in the straight and narrow path, but usually succeeds in forcing him to stay in at least one night a week. Metz expects to attend Gettysburg next year, and we are sure he will continue the good work he has done at Conway.





MUMPER, ABRAM ROBERT. "Bob;" "Mumper." Mechanicsburg, Pa.

"I can study my books at any time, for they are always disengaged."

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; Gamma Epsilon Literary Society.

There is only one thing that "Bob" likes better than a girl and that's two girls. He sure is some fond of the ladies. If Conway were to have an election to the office of "Chief Fusser," there would be no use of any one else's running, for there is no doubt in our minds but that he would win in a walk-away. Just as much as he likes the fair ones, so much does he dislike study, and yet he controls his dislike so well that he is a fair student.

His greatest grief is German, for he is a favorite subject of the German Professor's knocks or "vitless chokes" and is continually reminded of the fact that Mr. Bashore runs a class at 3:45. Mumper is a very earnest and hard worker in the Literary Society. He is some society man, and in his one year in Carlisle has made a large host of friends.

We wish him unbounded success at Dickinson, which institution will be the recipient of his knowledge for the next four years.

PICKENS, ROY. "Pickie." Bellwood, Pa.

"Gallia est omnis divisa in tres partes."—DE GALLICO BELLO.

Omega Chi Fraternity; Football Team.

Pickens has shown that he can play football, but he had quite a time convincing Prof. Burris that he knew enough Latin to drop Caesar. However, he loves the ladies and that atones for any laxness in other lines. Pickens has never been known to drink anything stronger than soft sodawater, although he has been found in Benfer's drinking birch beer. He has decided that city life is too swell for him, so he is going to State next year to prepare for the noble and exalted profession of tilling the soil. Pickens is a good Methodist and believes that dancing is one of the seven original sins. We notice, however, that his presence is not often seen in that church. He says his prayers regularly, and perhaps thinks that that is sufficient devotional service for a farmer.





PIMM, IRA SHUTE. "Mr. Pimm." Camden, N. J.

"In action how like an angel! the beauty of the world! the paragon of animals!"

LOGBOOK Board; *The Conwayan* Board; Junior Critic, Reed Literary Society; Senior Class Prophet.

His voice is like a raven's, but he insists on torturing the fellows by singing in the Conway quartette. At the pianoforte he is simply *ne plus ultra*. His roomie, Holme, tells us that he is as gentle as a kitten and is guaranteed not to bite. As a junior critic he is gentle and kindly, and would not wound one of his comrades by biting criticism for the world. He systematically avoids the fair sex, and sticks to his studies and Holme. Pimm's goal is the pulpit, and he expects to enter Dickinson next year to fit himself for his work.

REED, CHARLES WIGHTMAN. "Bull." Mt. Carmel, Pa.

*"Some men are born for great things,
Some are born for small;
But many men have no excuse
For being born at all."*

Omega Chi Fraternity; *Conwayan* Board; Football Team, 1914;
Cast of "Number, Please."

Reed's greatest accomplishment is along musical lines. His deep, melodious tones would make Caruso turn green with envy. He is quite an actor also, especially when the ladies are around, as he showed us in "Number, Please." He had better lie low or Hammerstein will capture our blonde.

Reed is right there when it comes to throwing the "bull." It does not require any effort on his part, it just seems to come natural. But then you must remember that he is quite a wrestler, so this accounts for his great achievements. But he can play anything from marbles to football. After all is said and done, our football team would not have been complete without "Bull" in the backfield.





REINER, ROBERT EMERSON. "Bobby." Muir, Pa.

*"Thou art a fellow of good respect;
Thy life book had some snatch of honor in it."*

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; Reed Literary Society; *Conwayan* Board; LOGBOOK Board;
"Step Lively," 1914; Cast of "Number, Please," 1915.

In Reiner we have one of the hardest working boys at Conway. He is always busy and always ready for more work. One of the items that contributes to his fame is the fact that he was the happy introducer of the Kaiser to Alfalfa. He has also been kept employed catering to the mouths of the hungry Conway boys. He insists that he does not order the hash in tights that they feed us on Saturday evenings. A *reiner*, purer minded boy you need never expect to find. He even blushes at the thought of meeting one of the fair sex. He contemplates becoming a country pedagogue and lucky must the scholars be to whom his boundless wisdom will be imparted. With his German accent and his kindly face, we shall all miss him, but of course we cannot expect to monopolize such a persevering piece of humanity. We wish you all luck, Bobby, and hope that we shall soon have the pleasure of association with you in college.

RUPP, GEORGE HOOVER. "George." Shiremanstown, Pa.

*"He would drown the stage with tears,
And cleave the general ear with horrid speech."*—SHAKESPEARE.

Omega Chi Fraternity; Editor-in-Chief of THE LOGBOOK; President of the Senior Class; Editor-in-Chief of *The Conwayan*; President of the Student Senate; Casts of "Step Lively," "Number, Please"; Toasted "Our Banner Class" at the Senior Banquet; President of the W. A. Hutchison Literary Society, 1913; Junior Critic, Reed Literary Society.

One would not expect a prodigy to come from a little back woods village like Shiremanstown, but the evidence confirms it. Rupp is a walking bureau of information. There is nothing he does not know, and if there is he doesn't know it. Always smiling, always treading on some one's toes, he works like a galley slave. *The Conwayan* and THE LOGBOOK would probably have remained ideas were it not for his efforts. He expects to attend Dickinson next year, and later take up graduate work at one of the larger universities. No one can predict where he will ultimately land, but if he goes on at the rate he has been going, he will become at least a college president or a magazine editor.





SERRANO, LUIS. "Louie." Quito, Ecuador.

"To live in unreprieved pleasures free."—MILTON.

Gamma Epsilon Literary Society.

This young gentleman is a native of South America, but has been in the United States for quite a few years. He has attended school ever since he came here and has acquired considerable knowledge of the English language. On account of his shrewdness, every one likes to carry on a conversation with him. Louie likes to be out in society very much and frequently he can be seen walking the streets of Carlisle on a Sunday afternoon with his little sweetheart at his side. Every Friday night, instead of reporting to chemistry lab, he would visit the billiard table at Lute's until 10:15 and then report to the night watchman that "he had been in lab." Louie likes athletics of every sort, with the exception of football, which he says is worse than bull-fighting in Ecuador. He is a very studious fellow and expects to enter the University of Pennsylvania next fall. Here he will again fall in touch with his old friend Crespo and no doubt will enjoy his college life. After graduating with an engineer's certificate, he expects to leave for the sunny south, where he will make his future home.

SHEAFFER, MAURICE CLYDE. "Shafe." Shiremanstown, Pa.

"For quiet was he and busy was he."

LOGBOOK Board.

Here is a young man who is as studious as he is quiet. He is scarcely ever in any disturbance, and then only in proper ones. But there's a reason—he's doing three jobs at once. Not only has he made big marks at Conway, but he has also been attending a night school, let alone holding down a business position in Harrisburg. The only time he was ever known to do anything positively wicked and sacrilegious was when, as rumor goes, he placed some water on the Kaiser's chair. He is sometimes seen to board the car for Mechanicsburg. While unable to speak authoritatively, we suppose that he doubtless has very important business there. In spite of the aforementioned adventure with Prof. Schimmler, he regards Shafe as one of his brightest students, not even excepting Walkinshaw. After Conway he expects to go to college and become an expert accountant. Doubtless we shall some day hear of him as the broker of the Morgans and Rockefellers. We predict for Sheaffer a bright and prosperous future, for he sure has the grit.





SIMPSON, ALTON CLYDE. "Simp." Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous man."—CATO.

Reed Literary Society; G. O. N. O.; Class Poet; *Conwayan* Board; LOGBOOK Board.

Simp is one of Nineteen-fifteen's very best all-round fellows. He is interested in everything that goes on about the "Gift;" is a poet and philosopher of great renown about Conway, and is decidedly active in the G. O. N. O. His greatest joy is taking some freshman down and his greatest grief is appearing in Carlisle society. He is greatly interested in everything pertaining to nature and is in his happiest state when roaming through the woods. Photography is his hobby and a certain fair one of Bubbletown is the favorite subject of his photographs.

We wish him the greatest of success in his chosen field, that of agricultural chemistry at Penn State for the next four years.

SPECK, LEON ATHERTON. "Speck;" "Leon." Carlisle, Pa.

"We are charmed by neatness of person; let not thy hair be out of order."

Kappa Delta Pi Fraternity; Football Team.

Speck is one of Carlisle's handsome young men. He is tall and has a fine figure. His hair is black and his eyes dark. The only thing that we could suggest that would add to his looks is a neat, misplaced eyebrow. Leon has a special weakness for the fair sex and is very popular among the young ladies of Carlisle. He is one of the few boys that behave (??) in German class and has therefore become one of the Kaiser's closest friends.

Speck has the record for large feet around the "Gift." However, this is quite necessary, as everything needs a good foundation. Speck is a regular attendant of the movies and McAndrews tells us that he usually occupies three seats, one for each foot and one for his body.

Leon is a good old chap and we wish him great success at Dickinson.





STECK, KENNETH LEWARS. "Steck;" "Ken." Carlisle, Pa.

"The world knows only two, that's Rome and I."—JOHNSON.

Omega Chi Fraternity; Cast of "Number, Please"; Business Manager LOGBOOK; *Conwayan* Board; Reed Literary Society; Chaplain Senior Class; Toasted "THE LOGBOOK" at Senior Banquet.

Here we have one of the stars of the Class and an artist of great ability. His literary productions have obtained an unparalleled sale. He is noted especially for his marvelous pull with the *feminae*, his dramatic production, and his artist's tie. Among his countless social obligations he has now and then found enough time to secure the ads for this book, an achievement which speaks for itself. Always on the go, sometimes up in the air, sometimes off his base, he is also a movie fiend. One of the ambitions of his life is to earn his bread and butter from the nickels taken in at our photo-play houses; he assures us he has great ability along this line, and he may be right. He is very much interested in Vaughan and keeps a close guardianship over him. On the whole Steck is a jolly good fellow, always willing to put his shoulder to the wheel, and always ready for a good time. He will grace the halls of Dickinson until Fame calls him elsewhere.

SWEITZER, GEORGE DAVENPORT. "Sweitz." Plymouth, Pa.

*"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."*

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; President of Class in Junior Year; Vice-President Senior Class; Gamma Epsilon Literary Society; Student Senate; President of Senate, Spring Term, 1915; *Conwayan* Board; President of Gamma Epsilon Literary Society; LOGBOOK Board; Class Historian; G. O. N. O.; Skeleton Club; Toasted "Faculty" at Senior Banquet.

"Sweitz" is quite a character around the "Gift" and is an active member of the G. O. N. O., as well as the famous Skeleton Club. George has never failed to perform any task which was assigned him by the G. O. N. O. He has been very kind to the Freshmen and assisted many of them in taking their first shower bath, as well as removing the extra starch from their B. V. D.'s.

Sweitz is a friend of everybody around school and always has a pleasant greeting for his many acquaintances. He is a good student and we predict a brilliant future for him as a mining engineer. Good luck, "Sweitz." State.





TODD, THURLOW LOUIS. "Toodles." Phillipsburg, Pa.

"The mildest manners and gentlest heart."—POPE.

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; Gamma Epsilon Literary Society; LOGBOOK Board.

Thurlow has been with us but one year and showed himself a gentleman in all respects. He is a great social worker and loves to be out among the fair sex. Every Sunday night Todd can be seen in Clark's room, arguing with Clark about their ability as chemists. Todd is a very heavy eater and a good sleeper, and every morning reports to Prof. Schimmler's class about 8:45. Occasionally he will give his room-mate, Jim, a severe rebuke on account of keeping the room in an untidy condition. He is not interested in athletics very much, although he reported as a scrub on the football team. Being too delicate, he gave up the undertaking. It's no wonder the girls lose their heads over him. He is lovable, has a sweet disposition, is generous, and everybody's friend.

Next year he will enter the Penn Wharton School, where he will take a course in Accounts and Financing.

VAUGHAN, RICHARD HAMILTON. "Dick." Royersford, Pa.

"It's a plague to be too handsome a man."

Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity; President of the Reed Literary Society; Student Senate, 1915; LOGBOOK Board; Toasted "The Show" at Senior Banquet; Cast of "Number, Please."

Here is our ladies' man. Just take a squint at it. Do you wonder all the girls fall for him? His sentiments may well be expressed in his favorite song: "I Love the Ladies." They exert such an influence over him that he goes to church every Sunday, just because "she" is there.

Vaughan is quite a scholar when he wants to be. The only trouble is, he does not want to be often enough. On the whole "Dick" is a good fellow. Never does he have a grouch on, but always a smile for everyone. He is studying for the law preliminaries for Dickinson Law School.

One day when Vaughan went out to tea,
A girl to him did beck,
And when he took her home, behold!
He found her name was——.





WALKINSHAW, GIDEON JAMES. "G. J.;" "Peggie." Williamstown, Pa.

*"A stranger animal, cries one,
'Sure never lived beneath the sun.'"*

Omega Chi Fraternity; Football Team, 1914.

Behold! all ye that gaze upon this unequalled specimen of humanity. Look with fear and trembling, for it is the only one in captivity. Never was there anything quite the equal of this fellow. But what has been a puzzle to many is, what does he come to school for? He must be here for a good time and to play football, for that is all he has accomplished.

But there is one thing "Peggie" can do and that is eat. He does not need any of Professor Steckel's rules of etiquette, either, for he has a form all of his own.

He never fails to remind us that he has enough credits to graduate but, still, he needs them all, for he will not be overburdened with extra ones this year. Evidently "G. J." believes that "too much study is a weariness to the flesh." Never mind, "Peggie," there is no danger of your dying from fatigue. Penn is his aim.

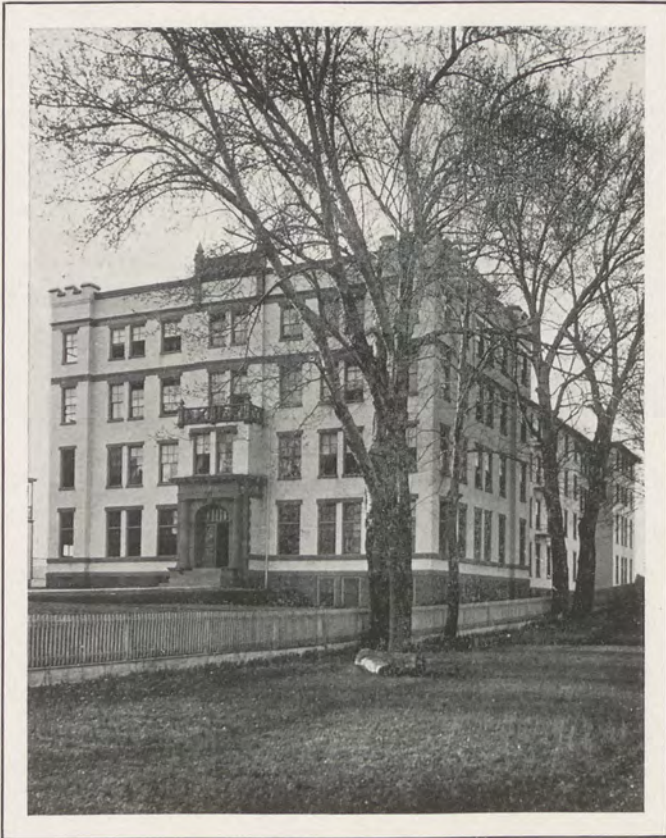
WALKINSHAW, MARK THOMAS. "Walky;" "Micky." Williamstown, Pa.

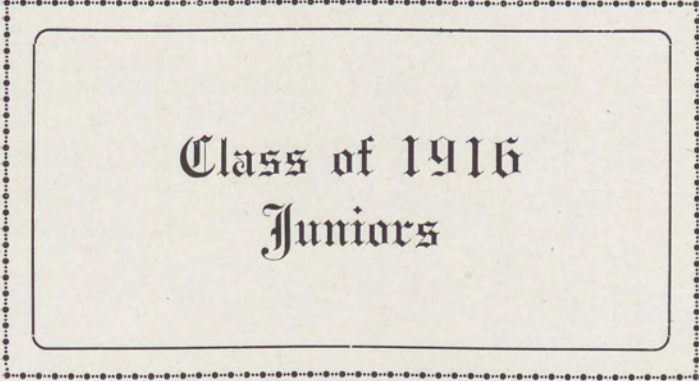
"Epicurean cooks sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite."—SHAKESPEARE.

Omega Chi Fraternity; Football Team, '14.

"Walky" was born and raised in the little borough of Williamstown, Dauphin County, Pa., surrounded by the coal mines. He left the University of Susquehanna last year and then came to the "Gift," where he showed his great intellectual attainments which he acquired at the university. "Walky" is a good student, especially in German. After each examination he says to Prof. Schimmeler, "It's all here and it's all true," but nevertheless, when his paper comes back, he discovers that a re-examination is required. Whenever Dr. Hutchison makes an after-dinner speech, "Walky" sits breathless for fear he might be told to report to Study Hall. He played his position well on the varsity football team and running up against him was like running against a stone-wall. He expects to enter Dickinson next year and there will make the Professors sit up and take notice.







Class of 1916
Juniors



Junior Class

Class Colors PURPLE AND WHITE

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	FOSTER E. ARMSTRONG
<i>Vice-President</i>	RUSSELL K. PACKER
<i>Secretary</i>	ALBERT Z. HUNTER
<i>Treasurer</i>	ROBERT B. SWARTZ
<i>Historian</i>	D. FRANK AKE
<i>Dean</i>	PROF. JAY D. COOK

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T. B. DERICK
 LINTON GROKE
 ALEX. GITTINGER
 BENJ. F. HOLME
 ALBERT Z. HUNTER
 HOWARD KLUCKER
 MARVIN MORRISON
 H. M. MILLER
 ARTHUR S. MYERS

RUSSELL K. PACKER
 GORDON ROBINSON
 ARTHUR STOKES
 EZRA C. DOTY
 HJALMAR ODERMAN
 D. FRANK AKE
 H. C. WILSON
 F. E. ARMSTRONG
 ROBERT MUIR
 JAS. W. WILLISON

ROBERT B. SWARTZ
 WM. A. WARKER
 NORWOOD SWAB
 FRED C. FORSYTH
 ROY E. LAROSSA
 T. B. REED
 G. H. PRATHER
 HENRY BROCKER
 ARTHUR BEISTLE



Denny Hall

Organizations

Literary Societies

The Senate Fraternities

Dramatic Association



The Reed Literary Society

OFFICERS

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<i>Vice-President</i>	JOSEPH HILBUSH
<i>Secretary</i>	IRA S. PIMM
<i>Treasurer</i>	JOHN H. METZGER
<i>Chaplain</i>	RALPH S. MONTGOMERY
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	GILBERT SNOWDEN
<i>Junior Critic</i>	BENJAMIN F. HOLME
<i>Senior Critic</i>	PROF. EDWARD E. BURRIS

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FRED C. FORSYTH
ALEXANDER GITTINGER
A. G. GRAHAM
JOSEPH HILBUSH
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PAUL POLEY
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GEORGE H. RUPP

ORION SILER
GILBERT SNOWDEN
LINUS SNYDER
KENNETH STECK
ROBERT SWARTZ
RICHARD H. VAUGHAN
C. CLARENCE WALTERS
WILLIAM A. WARKER
JACOB WILSON



The Gamma Epsilon Literary Society

OFFICERS

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<i>Vice-President</i>	FOSTER ARMSTRONG
<i>Secretary</i>	JAMES WILLISON
<i>Treasurer</i>	THURLOW TODD
<i>Chaplain</i>	ALBAN BISHOP
<i>Sergeant-at-Arms</i>	GEORGE BACON
<i>Editor of Dux Ducum</i>	WILLIAM MITCHELL
<i>Junior Critic</i>	HAROLD WILSON
<i>Senior Critic</i>	PROF. FOSTER E. BRENNEMAN

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G. M. BACON
W. J. BIDDLE
A. C. BISHOP
F. R. DERICK
D. S. GANGEWER
V. F. HEARNE

W. W. HERRICK
A. Z. HUNTER
H. M. MILLER
W. H. MITCHELL
C. M. MORRISON
A. R. MUMPER
A. S. MYERS

D. H. REINDOLLAR
G. J. ROBINSON
L. SERRANO
E. S. SIDES
T. L. TODD
J. C. WILLISON
H. C. WILSON



The Student Senate

Organized 1909

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	GEORGE H. RUPP
<i>Vice-President</i>	ROLLIN B. CLARK
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>	RICHARD H. VAUGHAN

MEMBERS

Fall Term:

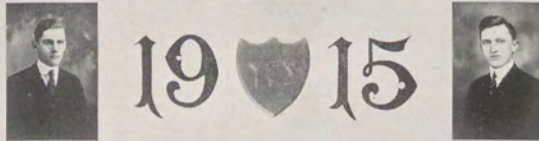
- ERNEST R. KEMP
- ROLLIN B. CLARK
- JOHN H. METZGER
- GEORGE H. RUPP
- F. EVANS HANBY
- ROBERT B. SWARTZ
- WILLIAM MITCHELL
- FRED C. FORSYTH
- DR. HUTCHISON
- PROF. BRENNEMAN

Winter Term:

- ERNEST R. KEMP
- ROLLIN B. CLARK
- JOHN H. METZGER
- GEORGE H. RUPP
- GEORGE D. SWEITZER
- RICHARD H. VAUGHAN
- ALBERT Z. HUNTER
- FOSTER E. ARMSTRONG
- D. FRANK AKE
- DR. HUTCHISON
- PROF. BRENNEMAN

Spring Term:

- ERNEST R. KEMP
- ROLLIN B. CLARK
- JOHN H. METZGER
- GEORGE H. RUPP
- GEORGE M. BACON
- GEORGE D. SWEITZER
- BENJAMIN F. HOLME
- FOSTER E. ARMSTRONG
- DR. HUTCHISON
- PROF. BRENNEMAN



Upsilon Gamma Sigma Fraternity

Pennsylvania Beta Chapter

ESTABLISHED 1904

Fratres in Urbe

GEORGE BARNITZ
ROBERT BEETEM
JAMES BEETEM
NEWTON BOSLER

FRANK CONNELLY
W. LEE GARLAND
MOSER GEHR
RIPPEY T. SHEARER, JR.

ALFRED STROHM
W. S. STUART
R. S. WILSON
GEORGE YEAGER

Frater in Collegio

WILLIAM G. STEPHENS

Fratres in Lege

GEORGE R. GRIFFITHS

JOHN W. PARSONS

Frater in Facultate

FOSTER E. BRENNEMAN

Fratres in Schola

1915

ROBERT E. REINER
ROLLIN B. CLARK
GEORGE D. SWEITZER
RICHARD H. VAUGHAN
ROBERT A. MUMPER
DALLAS S. GANGEWER
GEORGE W. BLAIR
THURLOW TODD

1916

BENJAMIN F. HOLME
FOSTER E. ARMSTRONG
JAMES C. WILLISON
MARVIN MORRISON
HAROLD C. WILSON
ARTHUR S. MYERS
ROBERT B. SWARTZ
ALBERT Z. HUNTER
ARTHUR M. STOKES

1917

FRANCIS DERICK
WILLIAM H. MITCHELL
WILLIAM J. BIDDLE
FRANK HUTCHISON
ALBERT BENSEL



Omega Chi Fraternity

Pennsylvania Alpha Chapter

FOUNDED 1906

<i>Alpha Chapter</i>	CONWAY HALL
<i>Beta Chapter</i>	INDIANA NORMAL SCHOOL
<i>Gamma Chapter</i>	WASHINGTON AND JEFFERSON PREP.
<i>Delta Chapter</i>	WYOMING SEMINARY

Frater in Urbe

JOHN MARTIN

Fratres in Collegio

CHARLES A. REITZ

PAUL L. HUTCHISON

F. DONALD DORSEY

Fratres in Lege

HYMAN GOLDSTEIN

HAROLD CLARK

Fratres in Facultate

JAY D. COOK

W. A. HUTCHISON

Fratres in Schola

1915

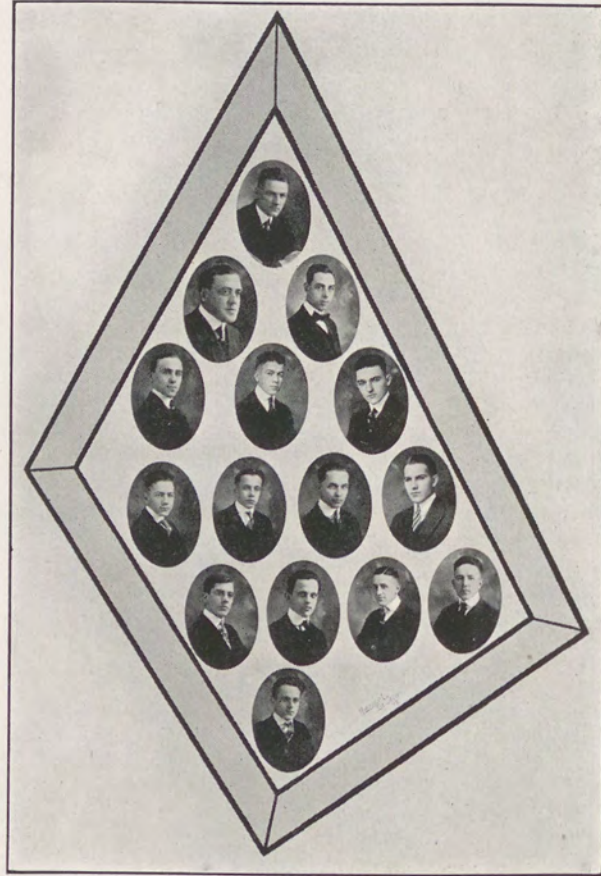
ROY PICKENS
 GEORGE H. RUPP
 ERNEST R. KEMP
 JAMES R. LUPFER
 GIDEON J. WALKINSHAW
 MARK T. WALKINSHAW
 CHARLES W. REED
 KENNETH L. STECK

1916

D. FRANK AKE
 ROY LAROSSA
 W. LINTON GROKE
 ROBERT MUIR
 GORDON ROBINSON
 NORWOOD SWAB
 EZRA C. DOTY

1917

STEVE J. BESSEMER
 HAVELOCK PHILLIPS
 GEORGE CORDOVA
 EARL SIDES
 ORION SILER
 GEORGE B. FIELDS
 LINUS W. SNYDER
 KENNETH KING



Kappa Delta Pi Fraternity

Pennsylvania Mu Chapter

FOUNDED NOVEMBER 19, 1906

- | | | | |
|--------------------------------|----------------------------|---------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| <i>Alpha Chapter</i> . . . | PEEKSKILL MILITARY ACADEMY | <i>Iota Chapter</i> . . . | KANSAS STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE |
| <i>Gamma Chapter</i> . . . | ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL | <i>Lambda Chapter</i> | LINSLEY INSTITUTE |
| <i>Epsilon Chapter</i> . . . | MICHIGAN MILITARY ACADEMY | <i>Mu Chapter</i> . . . | CONWAY HALL |
| <i>Eta Chapter</i> . . . | WYOMING SEMINARY | <i>Nu Chapter</i> . . . | BELLEFONTE ACADEMY |
| <i>Theta Chapter</i> | WILLIAMSPORT | DICKINSON | SEMINARY |

Fratres in Urbe

- | | | |
|-------------------|----------------------|---------------|
| GILBERT H. SADLER | CLAYTON J. DOUGHERTY | C. H. HUMRICH |
| ELMER E. TREGO | ROBERT J. FOREMAN | |

Fratres in Collegio

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| LYMAN G. HERTZLER | ROBERT E. RUCH |
|-------------------|----------------|

Fratres in Lege

- | | |
|-------------------|----------------|
| LUTHER E. BASHORE | JOHN W. POTTER |
|-------------------|----------------|

Fratres in Schola

- 1915
- F. E. HANBY
 GEORGE M. BACON
 FRANK F. MARTIN

- 1916
- STEPHEN W. LENAHAN
 RUSSELL PACKER
 ALEXANDER B. GITTINGER
 DANIEL W. JUSTICE
 HARLAN H. ROWE

- 1917
- RAYMOND T. HITCHENS
 DAVID E. REINDOLLAR
 VIRGIL HEARNE
 FRANCIS TREON
 FRED L. MARVIL
 ALTON BACON



Conway Dramatic Association

"NUMBER, PLEASE"

<i>President</i>	F. EVANS HANBY
<i>Vice-President</i>	D. FRANK AKE
<i>Secretary</i>	CHARLES REED
<i>Treasurer</i>	F. E. BRENNEMAN
<i>Director</i>	CLARENCE G. SHENTON
<i>Assistant Director</i>	J. N. DEETER, JR.
<i>Property Managers</i>	PAUL HUTCHISON, GEO. SWEITZER
<i>Chairman Reception Committee</i>	J. HARVEY STECKEL
<i>Orchestrations by</i>	FRANCIS SHENTON
<i>Music by</i>	SMITH'S ORCHESTRA

Cast of Characters

<i>Saul Wright, Manager, St. Charles Hotel</i>	RICHARD VAUGHAN
<i>Harry, Head Clerk of Hotel</i>	ROBERT REINER
<i>Miss Speedway, Head Stenographer</i>	MISS MARY McMAHON
<i>Prof. Buldoon, President, St. Vitus College</i>	GEORGE H. RUPP
<i>Mabel, Hotel Operator</i>	MISS RUTH NOLL
<i>Speed, Pride of the Western Union</i>	WILLIAM H. MITCHELL
<i>Onyx, an ex-Cab Driver</i>	ALBAN BISHOP
<i>Honest Bill, the Carlisle Police Farce</i>	ROLLIN B. CLARK
<i>Relentless Rudolph, Villain</i>	LINUS SNYDER
<i>Geraldine, Villainess</i>	MISS MARGARET GREASON
<i>Frank Merrihell, Capt. St. Vitus Football Team</i>	CHARLES REED
<i>I. M. Fussy, a Guest</i>	A. Z. HUNTER
<i>Bench Warmer, Coach of St. Vitus Team</i>	EVANS HANBY
<i>Mrs. Gotrox, New Head Trustee-ess of St. Vitus.</i>	MISS MILDRED GOODYEAR

<i>Sybil, her Maid</i>	MISS ROBERTA REIFF
<i>Floretta, her Ward, a Coed</i>	MISS MIRIAM OGILBY
<i>Joe King, the Joke King</i>	HAROLD CARTER
<i>Lord Bichester Fizzington</i>	C. C. WALTERS
<i>Spiffens, his Valet</i>	KENNETH STECK
<i>I. Searchem, Custom House Officer</i>	W. J. BIDDLE
<i>Manager Rival Football Team</i>	GORDON ROBINSON

Maids, Loyal Co-Eds, Society Dames, Etc.

MISS MARY McMAHON	MISS GRACE ADDAMS
MISS MARGARET CRAIG	MISS OLIVE BRAUGHT
MISS RUTH KRUGER	MISS MAE HOUSTON
MISS JULIA HAWTHORNE	MISS REBA HUGHES
MISS RUTH FAGEN	MISS MYRTLE THOMPSON
MISS EVA KEENY	MISS LILLIAN FOREMAN
MISS ETHEL FELIX	MISS OLGA MELLOY

Bell Boys, Waiters, Etc.

D. FRANK AKE	GORDON ROBINSON
ROLLIN B. CLARK	A. Z. HUNTER
W. J. BIDDLE	ARTHUR STOKES
ALLEN MOSER	ORION SILER
GEO. FIELDS	DAVID REINDOLLAR
W. W. HERRICK	VIRGIL J. HEARNE
ROBERT REINER	GEORGE H. PRATHER

“Number, Please”

After much anticipation, more hard work and patient effort, the young men composing the Dramatic Association, coupled with a number of fair and faithful maidens from the town and College, produced the show of the season.

Prior to this, several weeks were used in hard practice. No effort or money was spared in giving Carlisle the amateur show of the season. An expert dancer from New York City was employed to teach those who delighted the audience with the Terpsichorean art.

The play was written by Mr. Kinsey of Reading. Therein were found pathos and merriment. The most hardened crank could not help but give vent to his feelings. One continuous laugh after another greeted the performers. The acting and clever dance drill work under Prof. Clarence G. Shenton, assisted by J. N. Deeter, Jr., was equal to professional. The orchestration of the music was under the direction of Francis Shenton.

The play had a well balanced plot, and, like all good musical comedies, every new phase elicited a song.

A big house greeted the amateurs. Nearly half the audience were in full dress. The old Opera House never held such a distinguished audience before.

The orchestra, consisting of twelve men, was under the direction of Clarence G. Shenton. Two of these, Justice and Goldin, are members of the school.

Every member of the company accredited himself faithfully, but special mention must be given to Hanby. His gyrations and actions of the "drunk" in the first act, and the husband in the interpolation, "The High Cost of Living," were given in a manner to delight the most fastidious. In the egg throwing scene no compassion was shown for the orchestra. They were to some extent bespattered with dirt-covered albumen. The audience appreciated the joke, and the house thundered in applause.

Bishop, in the delineation of the "coon" or "Onyx," was very real. He made a hit with his Ford song. Mitchell made a clever elevator boy.

Carter, '14, was the laugh producer of the Show. He brought a ray of good feeling and merriment every time he came out.

Reed and Miss Ogilby, as hero and heroine, captivated the house. As soloists and dancing partners they

showed good ability and were suited to each other for the parts.

Snyder and Miss Greason gave a most vivid portrayal of the "Hairbreadth Harry" type of villain and villainess. Miss Noll, as the hello girl, acted in a manner rivaling the experienced. Miss Goodyear showed the disposition of the militant suffragette and pleased the audience.

Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Reiff, the "Ragtime Suffragette" soloist.

Taking it as a whole, Conway's reputation was upheld, and we hope that this show will be a source of inspiration to our succeeding plays.

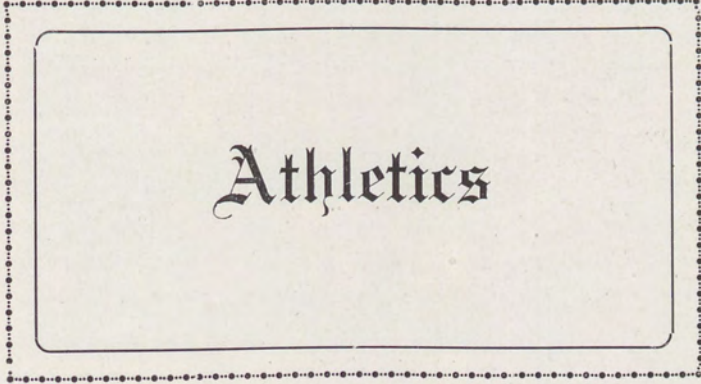
A flashlight was taken of the company, after the Show. The company, in the roof-garden scene, looked very enchanting and made a very attractive appearance.

The wind-up was held in Mentzer Hall, where a very formal dansant and entertainment was held until the wee hours of the morning. It is placed in the annals of Carlisle society as one of the finest affairs held in this hall.

We certainly are enthusiastic about the Show company. The lamentable feature is that the same bunch cannot meet again, as they will be separated far and wide after the vacation. However, here is praise to the passing show, and luck to the future plays.



The College Campus



Athletics



Gus Welch

Conway Hall has been particularly fortunate in having good football coaches in past years, but never has she had one who has won for himself greater affection and esteem from the students than Gus Welch. He not only led the team to the top of the football world, by his skill in showing the boys how to play scientifically, but he has also shown them how to play a clean game and still be winners. To Gus Welch the Class of 1915 owes a debt that can be paid only with love and gratitude. This he has in full measure. And, in parting, we wish him the best in life, and confidently predict for him a bright and roseate future. Wherever honor may call him, he may always feel sure that our hearts and prayers are with him. Hail to our Coach!



Football



Conway Hall Football Team

OFFICERS FOR 1914

<i>Coach</i>	GUS WELCH
<i>Manager</i>	RICHARD McANDREWS
<i>Captain</i>	EVANS HANBY

TEAM OF 1915

Left End	{ AKE
	{ SPECK
Left Tackle	FORSYTH
Left Guard	BACON
Left Halfback	PICKENS
Right End	KEMP
Right Tackle	M. WALKINSHAW
Right Guard	G. WALKINSHAW
Quarterback	MARTIN
Right Halfback	GOUGLER
Fullback	REED
Center	SWAB

FOOTBALL RECORD FOR 1914

October 3,	Conway Hall	.	.	.	26,	Millersville	3
October 10,	Conway Hall	.	.	.	0,	Mercersburg	0
October 17,	Conway Hall	.	.	.	13,	Bloomsburg	6
October 24,	Conway Hall	.	.	.	13,	Hill School	6
October 31,	Conway Hall	.	.	.	3,	Penn Freshmen	7
November 13,	Conway Hall	.	.	.	9,	Tome Institute	7
Games won	4	Games lost	1
Games tied	1
Points scored by Conway Hall	64	Points scored by opponents	29



Hanby



Mac

Football Resume

When Conway opened last fall and a burly bunch of fellows gathered around, and when we learned that Gus Welch was to be our builder, the outlook for a successful season at once became bright. The team was not shaped very fast because the coach was new and the fellows did not know one another. In due course, however, every man proved to be in his right position, for the team fit together like the works of a clock, each piece having its own duties to perform and each wheel or cog running in perfect adjustment with the others. We had an excellent selection of players and an excellent coach, so the team simply had to be excellent. The team of 1914 and their coach, Welch, deserve the greatest amount of credit for completing the most successful football season that Conway has ever had.

We lost only one game, and this was only by the score of seven to three. This game was with a college team, the University of Pennsylvania Freshmen. It was said by many impartial critics that we outplayed even these. But we are content with the good showing the score indicates. Mercersburg also had a successful season, but they could do no better than tie us, and we actually put up a better game than they. Every other game we won.

Our first game was with Millersville State Normal School, on October 3. This game was played in Carlisle and was won by us, the score being 26 to 3.

Our second game was played at Mercersburg on October 10, against Mercersburg Academy. As already stated,

the score was a tie, 0 to 0. We certainly outplayed them, however. This game was as clean-cut and as hard-fought as any game we played.

The next game was played October 17 at Bloomsburg, with the Bloomsburg Normal School Team. This team was defeated by a score of 13—6.

The big game of the year is always the Hill School game. We had never been able to defeat this team, however. We trained purposely for this game. That week we had a tremendous football rally, and our success was then confidently predicted. Nor were our hopes vain. The game was played on October 24 at Pottstown, and was won by us by a score of 13 to 6. Hill died hard, but we outplayed them in every line. The main feature of the game was the seventy-five yard run of Reed for a touchdown.

Our next game was with the Penn Freshmen. This was played on October 31, on Franklin Field, Philadelphia. They greatly exceeded us by their weight, and, by slugging some of our men (some had bones broken, while other wounds required stitches) they were able to make the score 7 to 3 in their favor.

Our last game was played at Port Deposit, Maryland, on November 13, with Tome Institute. This game was hotly contested, but we came out victors, the score being 9 to 7. With this game closed the most successful of all of Conway's football seasons.



Biddle Field



Baseball



Conway Hall Baseball Team

OFFICERS FOR 1915

<i>Coach</i>	RICHARD McANDREWS
<i>Manager</i>	RICHARD McANDREWS
<i>Captain</i>	ERNEST R. KEMP

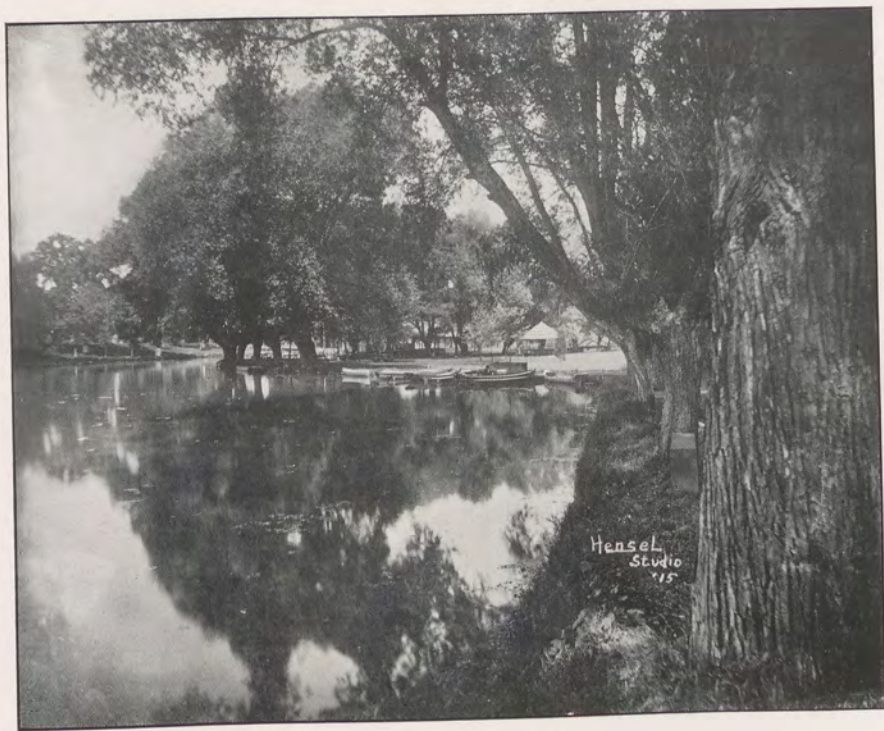
TEAM OF 1915

Catcher	ARMSTRONG	Shortstop	GITTINGER
First Base	KEMP	Left Field	F. BROCKER
Second Base	MARTIN	Center Field	DOTY
Third Base	BESSEMER	Right Field	GOUGLER
Pitchers	{	H. BROCKER	
	{	KING	
	{	STOKES	

RECORD OF 1915

(Games played up to the printing of the LOGBOOK)

Conway Hall	6,	New Bloomfield	1
Conway Hall	8,	Shippensburg	7
Conway Hall	17,	Harrisburg Tech	4
Conway Hall	4,	Mercersburg	3
Conway Hall	5,	Harrisburg	2
Conway Hall	5,	Mercersburg	4
Conway Hall	2,	Shippensburg	4
Conway Hall	6,	Lemoyne	11
Conway Hall	8,	Harrisburg Tech	0



Boiling Springs Park



Basketball



Basketball

OFFICERS FOR 1915

<i>Coach</i>	RICHARD McANDREWS
<i>Manager</i>	RICHARD McANDREWS
<i>Captain</i>	D. FRANK AKE

TEAM FOR 1915

<i>Center</i>	KEMP
<i>Forward</i>	BLAIR
<i>Forward</i>	AKE
<i>Guard</i>	MUIR
<i>Guard</i>	GROKE (BESSEMER)

RECORD OF 1915

Conway Hall	7,	Indian School	22
Conway Hall	7,	Carlisle High School	11
Conway Hall	24,	Dickinson Sophomores	10
Conway Hall	34,	Lindner Shoe Factory	5
Conway Hall	8,	Carlisle High School	7
Conway Hall	22,	Newville	8
Conway Hall	16,	Waynesboro	43
Conway Hall	19,	Indian Reserves	20

Winners of the "C"

FOOTBALL, 1914

PICKENS
SPECK
KEMP
MCGREGOR
AKE

HANBY (Captain)
BACON
REED
MARTIN
SWAB
FORSYTH

G. WALKINSHAW
M. WALKINSHAW
GOUGLER
FIELDS
KNITTLE

BASEBALL, 1914

ARMSTRONG
BROCKER
DOTY

EVANS
GARLAND
GRIFFIN

HARRINGTON (Captain)
KEMP
WELCH

BASKETBALL, 1915

KEMP
MUIR

BESSEMER
GROKE

AKE (Captain)
BLAIR

TRACK, 1914

HARRINGTON
WARKER

MCGREGOR
WELCH

Conway's Field and Track Records

Established Since May 22, 1907

100-yard dash, Batties, J. D., '10, 10 1-5 seconds.
220-yard dash, Batties, J. D., '10, 24 1-5 seconds.
440-yard run, Welch, G., ex-'15, Banks, '15, 53 4-5 seconds.
880-yard run, Taylor, ex-'15, 2 minutes, 10 seconds.
1-mile run, Walls, J. A., ex-'14, 4 minutes, 58 1-5 seconds.
2-mile run, McCready, J., '13, 10 minutes, 41 seconds.
120-yard hurdle, Whiting, L. D., '13, 17 3-5 seconds.
220-yard hurdle, O'Brien, G. E., '08, 28 2-5 seconds.

Running high jump, Spier, A. H., '07, 5 feet, 4 inches.
Broad jump, Seitz, W. W., '07, 20 feet, 8 1-2 inches.
Pole vault, O'Brien, G. E., '08, 10 feet, 3 inches.
12-lb. shot, McGregor, L. J., '15, 42 feet, 1 inch.
12-lb. hammer, Burd, S., ex-'15, 149 feet, 7 inches.
Discus, McFarland, '12, 107 feet, 5 inches.
1-mile relay race, 3 minutes, 42 3-5 seconds, made at Philadelphia, April, 1906. Team: J. E. Washbaugh, J. P. Parsons, B. J. Albright, W. W. Seitz.





Bosler Hall

THE CONWAYAN



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APRIL NUMBER
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PUBLISHED BY AND FOR THE STUDENTS OF
CONWAY HALL, CARLISLE, PA.

VOL. X

APRIL 22, 1915

NO. 6



THE CONWAYAN

CARLISLE, PA., APRIL 22, 1915

PUBLISHED MONTHLY IN THE INTEREST OF CONWAY HALL BY THE STUDENTS

GEORGE H. RUPP . . . *Editor-in-Chief* F. EVANS HANBY . . . *Business Manager*

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CHARLES W. REED . . .	<i>Athletics</i>	E. EDWARD BURRISS . . .	<i>Faculty Member</i>

EDITORIAL

Get the old Conway spirit, fellows. Rough house Dr. Hutchison, thereby giving us some news. Always speak in favor of local option when Doctor is around. Never argue with Kemp. Never ask the Kaiser about the temperature of the creek.

RELIGIOUS

The gospel of Christ is winning its way. Pimm and Trego Lloyd have signed the temperance pledge. Angels in Heaven are rejoicing. Dr. H. trying his wings.

SCHOOL NEWS

Over the Water

This morning, while canoeing in his bath tub, Prof. Schimmler capsized. His wig fell into the briny deep, and was saved only after the Professor had swum some distance to the spigots.

Here and There

Clark went to Harrisburg yesterday.

SPECTATOR

While but a few of our boys are somnistically- minded enough to with all due reverence and resgrhimenarisationism peruse "The Inner Workings of The Brain of the Black Feminine Cobwebular Ant," we recommend it as a very interesting and simple book. It is almost as good as "The Evolution of the Toad; or, How the Mastadonic Nebular Gucherstintylvuinelekababcock Ass Morbidly Depravitated into the Wart Producer; with Notes by Prof. Ebenezer Jehosophat Burr-iss-a-scholar" We recommend both books, seasoned with the Holy Scriptures, to guard against atheism. *Ne iertis in regna Plutonis.*



Mooreland



Birth

will give a general idea of the business-like manner in which the affairs of this organization are carried on. The following is an exact account of the meeting of February twenty-second, nineteen hundred and fifteen.

THE BASEMENT,

2-22-15.

Promptly at 12:40 A. M. the King and his cohorts appeared and he immediately called the meeting to order. First we had the roll call, to which every one answered present. Then the Chaplain exercises. These exercises consisted of repeating in unison the "Ten Commandments of Conway Hall" and then the Chaplain's praying that Dr. Hutchison might be caused to see the light and be saved before it is too late. The Log of the session of the twentieth was then read. The Log as read was not corrected, so it stood as approved. The next thing in the order of business was the deferred business, but there was none, as the G. O. N. O.'s always keep their business

affairs straightened up to date. Now, before going to the next head, that of new business, His Majesty addressed the assembled courtiers thusly: "This meeting of our beloved and honored and very traditional Grand Order of Night

Owls has been called, as my messenger, Brother Paul King, has likely told you, at the request of Brothers Cordova and Doty, who state that freshmen Shank and Del Valle last night ran away with, took, or stole their (C. Cordova's and Doty's) girls from in front of Denny Hall at precisely two (2) minutes before the hour at which they had a date at that place. Now, O Brethren, it is one of the most grievous wrongs that any freshman can commit, to run away

with a Night Owl's girl, and it behooves this great Order to cause these freshmen to regret having acted so disgracefully. I think that they should be brought down and put through a little more than the usual course."



Spoke up his Royal Highness the Crown Prince "Ay." "Right O" and various other signs of approval showed that this was the unanimous opinion and desire of the members.

"I delegate Simpson, Sweitzer, Muir, and Martin to go and fetch these freshies. I cannot go myself to-night, for I have twenty-four demerits now, and if I should just be caught out of my room, Doc would hand me the pink slip. So the pleasure will be all yours to-night. Now, hurry," quoth His Majesty the King.

"Ay! Ay!" came their happy rejoinder and in the same breath they were gone. Their leave of absence was not for very long, for soon they appeared with the first victim. The King's Jester, Paul King, who is also the King's messenger, immediately took charge and soon had the victim rolling a match across the concrete floor with his nose. This stunt was executed amid much applause and a good deal of paddling by the King's paddling corps. "Portage" Forsyth at hand, the victim was seated in a basin of water, a match was placed in each hand, and he began to row. Soon, the brothers told him of the rising of the wave and great was his surprise when the boat capsized (several buckets of water were dumped on him). Paddling was again in order and Forsyth got in some more of his good work. Then he (the victim) was caused to kneel before the throne and the King gave him a lecture and a bit of good advice, which was almost an exact reproduction of that given by Dr. Hutchison, for our King is often called in the office to consult with the Doctor on affairs pertaining to the good of the school,

and therefore knows just the kind of speeches to give to those so unfortunate as to be taken into the Doctor's confidence. This victim was then allowed to go back to his bed, after each of the brothers had issued a word of warning to him, and we all expressed a sincere hope that he would profit by their advice.

No sooner had he gone than the King shouted, "Hurry, now, boys and bring the other victim." This was done in short order, but, as the victim seemed very much put-out and insulted and as he could not understand what was said in English and kept babbling at an awful gait in Spanish, a motion was made and seconded and a vote on it was taken to the effect that we release him after a speech to him by one of the Spanish members, when the Vigils arrived from their post of sentry with the alarming news that Docky was in the building and was descending to our chamber by means of the front steps. Here the meeting broke up rather unceremoniously and every one scattered to a place of security, to await an opportunity of getting to his dormitory. Soon the dear Doctor appeared, found the dazed Valle, and started to question him but, alas, Valle's only answer was "No forstay." In a fit of anger and even rage the pink whiskered Monarch of Conway consigned him to his room and strode out, destined never to know who was responsible for the presence of that young and innocent Cuban in the basement at 3 A. M.

(Signed) HINKEY HUNKLE,
Schreiber of G. O. N. O.

(Now, gentle reader, are you aware of the great value that the G. O. N. O. is to Conway Hall?)

Who's Who at Conway

SERRANO, COUNT LOUIS SUNFLOWER. Philosopher, artist, social arbiter; born at Serranoville, of noble parents; came to America to retrieve his battered fortunes, by annexing a rich wife; was disappointed in this hope, and got a host of them; inherited the title in 1913; author of several works on philosophy, notably, "*Philosophia de Arte Amandi*;" composed verse of merit at the age of three; has endeared himself to the denizens of Conway by his scintillating wit.

STECK, KENNETH ANACTOR. Terpsichorean artiste; leading cheese in "Number, Please;" created a sensation by appearing on the third of February with his hair parted in the middle and wearing a dapper artist's tie; a regular old beau among the ladies.

SCHIMMLER, ERNESTO FALL-IN-THE-CREEK. Professor of German; billiard shark; chicken fancier; lover of bergs; fancy dancer; won renown at his famous exhibition of fancy diving in the creek early in April; closely identified with him are his dog "Alfalfa," whose demise caused such a furore around the "Gift," his little oil stove, his cream cretonne coat, his walrus mustache; sold hot doggies to the soldiers in the Franco-German war; emigrated to America to avoid service in the army; studied the art of chicken culture in the baked-bean city, and then retreated to Carlisle to teach the natives how to do it.

GANGEWER, SCHNITZELSTUMPF. Born at Peanuttown, among the Dutch; spent his early days in pop's slaughter house; early learned the art of fashioning hash-in-tights; even while in the cradle he showed an affinity

for onions and amber colored soda water; noteworthy for his modest, retiring ways; was admitted to Carlisle society in 1914; engaged to several mesdames in Salt Lake City.

GOLDIN, ABE JEHOSEPHAT. Born at Jerusalem; could read Latin at the age of two; was manager of the overall factory at three; gained renown at Conway as the senior member of the Faculty Advisory Board.

MUIR, TACKY. Born at Reno; educated by private tutors; then entered Barnum and Bailey's circus, as the leading clown; deserted and came to Conway in 1898; ascended the throne of the G. O. N. O. in 1913; formed the Muir-Walkinshaw combination in 1915; claims descent from the noblest of the jack-rabbits; particularly notable as the oldest denizen of the "Gift."

KING, PAUL. Born at Mechanicsburg of Irish parentage; raised on chop suey and kindred foods; translated the Bible from the English into Chinese; engaged to the Princess Choo Choo; pickled his pig tail in 1911; made a name for himself as a composer of poetry.

WALKINSHAW, G. and M. Born, twins, at the Ritz-Carlton, Philadelphia, with tin spoons in their mouths; raised on Mellin's food; spent their early days delivering groceries for pop; took the second prize in the local beauty show,—registered stock; authors of a treatise on table etiquette and "The Life of St. Patrick."

STECKEL, JIMMY TABLEDOTE. Professor of table etiquette and kindred subjects; gained a reputation for himself by assassinating a former student who consigned him to warmer realms; born at String Town on the pike, half

way between Porkville and Pickleburg; can take soup without a murmur; like his colleague, he is a chicken fancier.

MCGREGOR, WARMBREEZE. The largest puff of wind that ever hit the "Gift;" worked on the railway as a tramp until 1913, when he decided to be a minister; fond of sauerkraut, tripe, and onions; created a sensation on the first of May by getting a hair cut.

SHENTON, CLARENCE AVOIRDUPOIS. Born in the "Land of Let's Pretend," of slender parents; spent early days drinking milk and eating eggs in order to make an impression in the world when he grew up; showed an early leaning toward dramatic art; took the part of curtain lifter at several small amateur performances; taught Latin and Greek at Conway for several years as a diversion; high mukky-muk in "Number, Please," which took the sleepy denizens of this burg by storm.

KEMP, ERNEST BUTLAZY. Omniverous eater; master of dialectics; won a name by the way he concealed himself from the crazy inmate of the "Gift" a number of years ago; won additional fame by being captured by several small Juniors and carted to distant barn, where he was made do stunts for the amusement of the spectators; student of biblical history; chief cheese in the Y. M. C. A.; self-appointed captain of the baseball team; created a stir in the religious world by appearing in the Methodist church on Sunday evening, April 3.

BRENNEMAN, DOCTOR FLUVIUS EVERLONELY. Professor of Latin and Popularity at Conway; studied art at Philadelphia for three moons; started his career by shutting out the Independent Order of Anti-Lovers without making a hit (he has made a hit at Conway, however);

baseball bumpire; instructor in the art of imitating a fog horn or a factory whistle; is noted for his grouch; expert in the way of weighing; thinks himself heap big chief in



that illustrious, renowned, and exalted but modest body of brilliantes, the Class of 1915; is renowned for his eating capacity; came to Conway from college because he knew it all; a shining dancer.

REED, CARUSO WORLDDOWNER. Noted for his modesty, bashfulness, diffidence, and humility; sang for seventeen years in the Madison Street Theatre; made a hit in "They Wouldn't Believe Me" (When I Said I Could



Sing); though he will not admit the fact, he is reported to be a star in football; one of Doctor's proteges; *some* bull; very weak-minded; earned money to go to school by cleaning cuspidors and washing pans; hair like that of

a gooseling (we didn't say goose, please); expert clod hopper; also very popular in cabarets.

BURRIS, SOCRATES THEMISTOCLES HIGH-BROW. Very fond of rag time music; is an expert baseball player and all around athlete; has translated the "Life of the Earth Worm" into Sanskrit and Hindu; very cultured and effeminate; guaranteed not to cuss or booze, though he may sometimes playfully bite; a movie fiend; quite an artist; drew the Grand Prix at the Paris Exposition of Intellectual Females; canoes for pastime; also takes a fiendish glee in seeing other members of the faculty taking a bath; speaks Latin and German; occasionally he is heard to utter an English syllable; has a large, pompous, and stately form; is Master of English at Conway, but teaches philosophy.

MAURER, PROFESSOR COBWEBBY HUBBY. Professor of Divorce and Political Scandal; would like a divorce, but, in present state of circumstances, suppresses his natural inclinations; greatest concern is for his hair; has a faithful and trustworthy bodyguard in Mother Maurer; one day the apron string tore and our beloved Vice Headmaster was soon seen scurrying down to Lute's; got one game of pool shot and two bottles of beer drunk before his soul mate succeeded in capturing him; was put to bed; a shining light in political economy; believes in allowing boys but one mill per month spending money or, better yet, having no boys; prominent member of the W. C. T. U.; sometimes hair dresser.

MARTIN, MRS. ALWAYS GOSSIPING. Head of the beanery; largely responsible for the introduction of hash-in-tights to Conway; a great lover of Kemp; erstwhile guardian angel of the Profs; maker of renowned Conway soup.

CLARK, ROLLIN IDEAR. Born the Lord knows where; said to have sprung from an ancient line noted for their idears; raised on milk, eggs, and soda crackers; gained a reputation for himself at Conway for his efforts to bring up his fraternity's grade; as a president of the Y. M. C. A. he is simply out of sight.

PIMM, MISS IRA. Born at the Philadelphia dumping ground, Camden, N. J.; showed an early proclivity for religion; read her Bible at the early age of two; gained fame at Conway for her clever stories, and for being able to operate a typewriter, 1776 model; took part in the

famous minister-devil football game; spent her early days peddling hot waffles on the streets of her native hamlet.

RUPP, GEORGE METOO. Editor, actor, danseur, assistant headmaster of Conway Hall; chief adviser to the faculty; a typical Conway gentleman; smokes, swears, chews, lies, pries into other people's business, and is a general nuisance, especially to the English department.

HUTCHISON, WILLIAM BOOZE. Local option leader, and incidentally professor of public speaking; discoverer of the coloring properties of sage tea; won fame as an after dinner speaker and for perorations.



At Midnight

De Magistrorum Concilio

"Where's Local Option?" inquires the Professor of table manners, as he strides up to the English room, with his hands in his pockets and a Sunny Jim smile spreading from ear to ear.

"Talking local option with the Methodist minister outside," answers the Professor of orchestration, cocking his head on one side like Chanticleer.

Half an hour late the General arrives, clad in his most characteristic scowl, and perorating vigorously. He takes the throne, grunts, rubs his gouty patella, picks his aching tooth, and looks around the meeting to count heads. One is missing.

"Where is Prof. Schimmler?" he queries, and the sparks fairly fly from his face lights.

The Vice Headmaster is dispatched to the second floor, and returns, announcing that the Professor will be down as soon as he has smoked his stogie and donned his cream cretonne.

"I suppose that we shall have to get rid of Marvil," mutters the General, as he waits for the arrival of the German department, "but we must wait until he has paid his bill before we fire him. What do you think about it, Professor?" (turning to Prof. Maurer).

"He should have been fired long ago," this estimable gentleman replies, with considerable emphasis, "that's no way to run a _____."

But at that moment Prof. Schimmler bows his way into the august assembly, striking Napoleonic attitudes the while.

"Really, gentlemen, I knew nothing of the meeting, for I took chicken dinner with Rev. and Miss Stock. I was quietly smoking, when Professor——"

"Never mind that, Professor, have you your roll book with you?"

"Pardon me, doctor, but if you will kindly wait until I step up stairs, I shall be greatly obliged. I shall be back in the shake of a lamb's tail."

During the Professor's absence part of a new German class is formed, and he comes back in time to catch the words: "Now are there any conflicts among the O's? All the O's can come to the new German class at eleven?"

"I beg pardon, Doctor, but do I understand that you have given me a new class during my absence? Why, that is out of the question, really, for I shall have four hours in succession, and it is more than I can stand. You tried, if I am not mistaken, to force your algebra class on me, earlier in the year, and then you and Herr Brenne-man foregathered and gave me that deuced Latin class of asses—in fact I have seen Professor Prettyman about the matter and Professor Prettyman says . . ."

"Next, Packer. Are there any conflicts in his roster?" Prof. Schimmler subsides, but his walrus mustache curls with wrath.

"No conflicts," answer the Professors with one accord.

"Packer? Is that the name before the meeting? Yea, verily, a tiptop fellow, excellent in all respects. In fact, quite O. K. He made the grade of——"

"My dear friend, but all I want to know is whether he has any conflicts at eleven."

The Kaiser turns to Cook and whispers, "I shall not stand any more cuts like this. I shall write to Dr. Morgan about the matter."

"Lenahan? By the way, have we got the names of those who took part in the New Wellington shin-dig? It appears that at least ten were drunk."

"Yes, I have," chimes in Prof. Maurer, "here is the list. They were—"

"Hold on a minute! Hold on a minute! I feel morally certain of the names of the boys who were mixed up in this affair, but to prove that a man has been drinking, you've got to see him drinking or find him in a drunken state."

Doctor's jaw indicated that it was time for Prof. Maurer to subside, and he did as the jaw bid.

"Have you any new business?" he inquired of Prof. Maurer.

"Yes, I have," he replied with Pennsylvania Dutch determination. "Mrs. Martin has been feeding the boys after 10:30, and it should not be. We get nothing but left overs then for breakfast. She has also been talking about the teachers, and this will never, never do."

"We'll tend to that matter at once," replies the Doctor and he makes a note of it with a yawn. "Is there anything else?"

"Yes," announces the English department, "G. Walkinshaw consigned you and me to the hot regions. I think that is going a little too far."

"Well, you see, Prof. Burriss, we have to put up with all these little annoyances. G. will not pass, so we shall be rid of him next year."

"If that is the case I suppose that we shall have to grin and bear it," and Prof. Burriss sinks back in silence.

"By the way, Brenneman, what do you think of the prospects of a victory for local option?"

The two have a little chat on this subject to the nausea of the German department, who nudges Prof. Burriss and whispers in accents sweet and low: "Perfectly absurd, purely perfunctory to take up all this valuable time. I could be down town playing a couple of games of billiards with Mitchell, and here we have to waste precious time talking about Billy Sunday and local option." It disgusts me, really. I think I shall word the letter to Dr. Morgan in no uncertain language. It will do Doctor H. good. After the meeting I shall go to my room and prepare one of my broadsides."



"Shh! his honor is about to speak!" whispers Prof. Burriss.

And the oracle spoke thus: "There seems to be a great deal of cheating going on. We've got to check it up somehow."

"Cook says that half his class cheated its way through the exams this week," Brenneman chimes in.

"Zero and ten demerits for every one," retorts the General, and the names of several ministerial students and many others go down in his book.

"Now there are several boys whose work is not up to the standard, and all we can do is to flunk them. I give you permission to fail the following men—

"I think that is all I have to say, unless someone has something to bring up. Perhaps Prof. Schimmler will tell us how he fell into the creek. What about it, Professor?"

"It was a lie pure and simple. I swear I never fell into the creek. It's a base prevarication, really."

"But what about that picture that is to appear in the LOGBOOK? Surely it is your likeness," says Cook.

"Well, I must confess it bears a striking resemblance to me, but the camera lies, and I can prove it."

He turns to Prof. Burriss, and whispers "Damn you! If you squeal your life is in danger.

"Professor, did I or did I not fall into the creek?"

Prof. Burriss hesitated a moment and then, with a new light in his eye, detailed the following: "It was a fine afternoon for swimming, so, doffing his clothes, Prof. Schimmler plunged in. Meanwhile, the canoe carrying the clothes of the German Professor floated out from shore, a gust of wind took hold of the frail craft and overturned it. That, in fine, is the story of why he came home wet."

Dr. H. let out a guffaw after several perorations, and the meeting broke up in an uproar.

"Perfectly absurd to hold these meetings," whispered the German Prof. as he limped toward the door and made for Hanover street to seek consolation.

Here and There, or Odds and Ends

Conway Limericks

Of all the lads that are so smart,
There's none like little Jay.
His physics he doth know by heart;
He turneth night to day.

Of all the lads that are so wise,
There's none like Foster B.
He's grown to such enormous size
He'll bust 'fore long, by Gee.

Of all the lads that are so quick,
There's none like Harvey S.
Of ladies he doth have the pick,
Whom he may long caress.

Soft sweet April breezes were waking the morning crows, and the katydids were caroling "Blest be the Tie That Binds," when strolling along the cooling bank of a mud puddle, underneath the shade of tall, stately lamp posts, the stalwart form of Mumper was seen, fanning himself with the soft side of a friendly brick, and chewing the end of a tooth pick.

What was our surprise to find Prof. Brenneman in his nightie, eating cold doggies, and singing softly to himself a lullaby which he had composed in

one of his insane moments. He offered us a doggie as we approached, but, knowing that doggies are only for the elect, we bowed our best bow and politely refused in the following terms, "Kind sir, we know your pristine kindness of heart, but we know, also, the ill effects of certain kinds of doggies on the thought life of the individual, and so, while we thank you from the depths of our hearts, we beg to be excused from eating them."

"Don't eat them then, have a hot cake." But we beat a polite retreat, don't you know.

A Page From Professor Brenneman's Note Book

"A fat man is the choicest work of creation. The man who can boast of a pouch like mine is the man to select when it comes to giving out the big jobs. He occupies more space, and hence has a greater degree of self-respect. He was intended to be in the forefront of the fray, and, while a little man has to yell like forty to get a hearing, a man with a good front will be heard gladly. So cheer up,

Brennie, what we lack in looks we make up in size."

A Page From Prof. Steckel's Dairy

"This day have I got myself into a deal of a scrape. While walking down the main thoroughfare of this measly burg, I spied one of my old girls whom I had not seen for ages. Not wishing to meet her face to face, I skinned across the street, but she recognized me by my pale green necktie, which, by the way, was a gift of the same young lady, and skinned after me. I pretended not to see her, but she, realizing the while that I knew it to be her, followed closely in my wake. When we had arrived at the corner of Main and Hanover, I looked out of the corner of my eye to see whether she was still following me, and lo! I felt her presence near. I hastened up Hanover street, intending to escape from the clutches of the fell creature, but still I heard her footsteps following close behind me. 'Great Heavens!' I cried within me, and my soul bled tears of anguish. 'Will not this fiend of Hades cease

her torments? I will turn about, face the enemy, and tell her that—it was not I who—borrowed the ten cents.’”

As Chanticleer ushers in the morn, and the first dim rays of dawn break across the horizon, I rise from my slumbers, and, peering into the far distance, listen to the soft, melodious snoring of Prof. Schimmler.

The Personification of—
 Beauty—Herrick
 Peace—Walkinshaw, “G.”
 Virtue—Gougler
 Religion—Kemp.
 Ugliness—Myers.
 Vice—Pimm.
 Innocence—Goldin.

Synopsis for various chemical and physical substances found in the laboratories of Professor Jay D. Cook:
 Air—McGregor.
 Heat—Walkinshaw, “M.”
 Ice—Sheaffer.
 Hydrogen Sulphide—Pickens.
 Nitric Acid—Rupp.
 Salt—Mitchell.
 Glucose—Shanks.
 Blow Pipe—Goldin.
 Spirits—Gougler.



The Conodoguinet

FOR SALE—White Duck Vest, slightly damaged by water; can be remodeled to suit the dictates of modern fashions. Price \$.25 (F. O. B.) Apply to Prof. Ernest Schimmler, Conway Hall.

Odds and Ends, But Mostly Ends

I wonder what the devil would think if he saw Dr. Hutchison swinging away from the straight and narrow path. He might muse: “Ah! here comes that local option fiend; he’s given us a deuced lot of trouble, so you devils there give it to him hot and heavy. George? George! Put ten extra shovels of coal on. Here comes a good fat victim. He will make good roast beef for Mrs. Satan. Besides he looks as if he were flavored with sage tea, and you know Mrs. Satan has a failing for elderly gentlemen who are flavored with sage.”

A little while later Ernest Schimmler Satan, the son of Mrs. Satan, while watering the asparagus on the front lawn, sees a familiar figure wending his way up the road. He chuckles to himself and calls out: “Hey, mom, here comes Dr. H. He, he, ha, ha, ho. We’ve got him at last.

And to think he suffered so long to get to Heaven, and is compelled to remain here for saging his pink whiskers."

I wonder what the angels would think if they saw the willowy form of Prof. Schimmler slowly making his way up the gold paved streets with a pass certified by Billy Sunday. The cherubim would probably chant "Tipperary" and wave local option banners as he advances. We can imagine one of the cherubim named Hutchy, scowling, as he sees the hated

form of his earthly tormenter approaching, and whispering to his wife, Geraldine, "What the deuce did Billy want to give that bean pole a pass into Heaven? Why, they wouldn't use him in Hades to make hash out of, nay, not even sausages."

Over The Shoulders of the Professors

PROFESSOR COOK

"And the fair damsel, seeing that the charming youth was already in the clutches of her charms, heaved a sigh from the depths of her heart, and plunged into his arms."

PROFESSOR BRENNEMAN

"And seeing a fat man, he made a deep salaam, and saith, 'My good sir, thy fatness hath reconciled me to thy face.'"

PROFESSOR MAURER

"And the ladies shall wear small hats this season, and there shall be fruit and green balls thereon."

PROFESSOR STECKEL

"And Miriam and Aaron spake against Moses because of the Ethiopian woman whom he had married: for he had married an Ethiopian woman."



Senior Banquet

On the evening preceding the Senior Banquet several Seniors met in Sweitzer's room to discuss the best way to get those men who roomed with Juniors away without arousing the horde of innocent Juniors. Pimm was the man under consideration, and it was decided that the only way to keep Holme from becoming a nuisance was to forcibly persuade him to remain in bed. Accordingly, at five-thirty on the morning of the Banquet, Hanby, Sweitzer, and Simpson silently entered the room and climbed upon Ben's neck. Ben was mightily surprised, but realizing that our argument was a good one, submissively allowed himself to be bound and gagged. Pimm dressed leisurely and went to the bath room. Holme, in some inexplicable manner, slipped his bonds and fled to give the alarm, but his efforts were unavailing. Owing to the secrecy which surrounded our plans, the Juniors were taken by surprise and wholly unprepared.

Holme got Ake, Swab, and Groke, and the four "scoured" the building for Juniors. But, as we stated before, their efforts were unavailing, owing to the armored cranium which the Conway Juniors possess. Swab kindly rang the bell, which was the signal previously agreed upon, and the Seniors made their get-away.

After breakfast, the chagrined and disgruntled Juniors decided to wreak vengeance upon the Seniors who were not attending the Banquet. An army of thirty attacked Goldin and "trussed" him upon the bed. The next victim was Kemp, whom they easily captured in "Mac's" room. His fate was the same as Goldin's. Next they rushed

Martin and Reed and a lively battle ensued. Chairs proved to be effective weapons until re-enforcements arrived, putting an end to the conflict. M. Walkinshaw was surprised in negligee and bound. After this had been accomplished, Holme and Shank went down town to secure a wagon. The unfortunates were piled into the vehicle, pulled by Juniors, and hauled out into the country. The first stop was Shearer's, but they were not allowed to place their captives in the barn. The procession proceeded on to the next farm house and so on until at last about two miles from town they found a suitable prison.

Half the bunch remained as a guard while the rest planned to make themselves obnoxious to the Seniors in Harrisburg. But before their plans materialized, the crowd was stricken with cold feet and quit. After some lively times at the barn, the prisoners were released and all returned to school. Shortly afterward, on the second floor, affairs began to move rapidly. Kemp and Armstrong, Martin and Mitchell, and Walkinshaw and Morrison began to fight. The scrap lasted several rounds and was finally settled by the timely appearance of Dr. Hutchison. Several of the Seniors captured Armstrong and tied him in Larossa's room, and then all adjourned to the dining room for dinner. The rest of the day passed quietly, but in the evening a presentiment of impending disaster pervaded the Junior ranks and all armed themselves with clubs and bricks. It later turned out that their precautions were unnecessary, for the Seniors decided to let well enough alone.

While the aforementioned was taking place here, the Seniors, who were in Harrisburg, were having the time of their lives. The first thing after arriving in the "burg" was some breakfast. Then we made a complete exploration of the Capitol, which took until noon. Many very good pictures were taken on this trip. Another big meal came in here and then we all went to the Orpheum, where Louis Serrano brought the house down with a few remarks about the costumes of the young ladies. Next supper was engaged in and at seven-thirty we sat down at the Metropolitan Hotel to the Banquet of the Class of 1915. Here the following menu was served in a very pleasing style:

Oysters on Half-Shell	Soup
Fish	Tomato Puree
Alicri Saratoga Chips	Tartar Sauce
Roast Turkey, Dauphin County Style	
Green Peas	Mashed Potatoes
Salad	Cranberry Sauce
	Lettuce and Tomatoes
Neapolitan Ice Cream	
	Frou Frou Cakes
	Roquefort Cheese
Bent Crackers	Coffee
Mints	Cigars

As we arrived at the cigars part of the menu, Prof. Shenton, who very ably filled the position of toastmaster, arose and very pleasingly told of the very extra qualities

of the Class of 1915. He counted our "positive qualities" until it became very easy for us to see why some of our members are suffering from swelled head. Really, it is a hard thing to keep from falling victim to the disease if



one just stops for a moment and considers what a very august and intellectual bunch the Seniors are. He then introduced President Rupp, who spoke at some length on "Our Class." He handled his subject very well. Then Sweitzer was introduced and he responded to "A Toast to the Faculty." After this Hanby spoke on "Athletics." In a very fine way he told of the great things the Senior athletes have done for Conway in the past season. Next Steck told of the LOGBOOK and dropped the bomb by stating that the cash necessary for its publication was forthcoming. Vaughan very, very capably toasted "The Show" and Prof. Burriss read a mighty clever, original toast to the Seniors in the form of a poem, and last Dean Brenneman spoke on "The Outlook." The Dean's talk was a masterpiece and was the first one of the evening to take a serious tone. A few speeches by some of the other

fellows followed and, with a rousing chorus of cheers for old Conway, the Banquet broke up. When we arrived in Carlisle at midnight we assembled on the front campus

and gave our class yell for the Juniors. Then we sought our downy couches, and tried to get some sleep, lest we should miss classes the next morning.

By this event we showed up the true character of the Conway Juniors and demonstrated our superiority over them in all respects. The entire day had passed just as we had planned it, and our hopes of a good time had been fully realized.

In short, this affair was one of those real, howling successes which 1915 alone can pull off.

The committees were as follows:

Program Committee—F. E. Hanby, G. D. Sweitzer, K. L. Steck, Dean Brenneman.

Committee on Arrangements—N. W. Barber, T. L. Todd. Loeser's Orchestra, of Harrisburg, played finely throughout.





A Familiar Scene

Our Dean

There is a man named Brenneman, a very famous man,
Whatever he may wish to do,—he does it, for he can.
Around Conway he rages, around Conway he raves,
Ne'er kicks about the wages, but simply saves and saves.

For he's so very famous, for he's so very fat,
He's broken down 'most every chair in which he ever sat.
He's taking fat producer, for just to make him stout;
We can't exactly figure just what he is about.

His favorite is singing, he has a splendid voice,
In joyous carols ringing, he liketh to rejoice.
He organized a Glee Club, just for some work and fun;
It must have been for pure love, for all the singing done.

He is at home in baseball, he is an ardent fan,
He likes to see them hit the ball and scoot across the pan.
He umpires with rejoicing, but he's so very poor,
His baseball fame is waning, we would suggest a cure.

A cure he's found himself, it is so very simple,
Its principal foundations, are smiles and hugs and dimples;
For dimples doth he seek, to Philly doth he go,
He goes so very often, we know she can't say no.

The Senate he disgraceth, with his huge, supple frame,
He gets us into trouble, and makes us take the blame.

He argueth with Doctor, he argueth with Abe,
When these things dire do happen, we let him roar and
rave.

In Latin he is nimble, in Latin he is skilled;
With Latin nouns and proverbs, forever he is filled.
He is so very able, we wonder if he's sane;
He's got an awful forehead, he's got an awful brain.

He's in the Class of fifteen, he is their holy dean;
He'd make a better peddler, we just can't help but ween.
He giveth admonition, he giveth us advice,
He's very meek and gentle, he's really very nice.

But when all's said and counted, but when all's said and
done,
He really is a good dean, he's really full of fun.
So here's a cheer for our Dean, a man all brave and true,
He always does whatever he setteth out to do.

And when we're through with Conway, when we have
left the Hall,
His kindly smile and greeting, we often will recall.
We'll think of all our classmates, of all we've heard or
seen,
But most we'll think of that one, who e'er will be our
Dean.

Conway Hall

CARLISLE, PA.

Department of High Class Cabaret Shows, Ragtime Music, and Ballet Dancing.

CLARENCE SHENTON, D. H. K.
(Doctor of High Kicking),
Head of the department; professor of decollette and Salome dancing.

WILLIAM ALBERT HUTCHISON,
Professor of perorations and Neptune's Daughter dancing.

FOSTER BRENNEMAN,
Professor of rag time music
(Conway Hall prayer meeting book used.)

ABE GOLDIN, D. O. F. (Doctor of Overall Factoring.)
Professor of the Jews harp.

CHARLES MAURER,
Instructor of Fog Horn vocalics.

Department of Religious and Moral Education.

ROSCOE GOUGLER,
Head of the department; professor of sermonizing.

WILLIAM ALBERT HUTCHISON.
Professor of moral philosophetics and card playing; instructor in the art of chewing tobacco without getting it all over the mouth.

ROBERT HERRICK,
Assistant professor of the same art.

HARVEY STECKEL,
Professor of artistic cigarette smoking; special lecturer on the value of early hours on the character of growing boys.

GORDON ROBINSON,
Instructor in the art of climbing the fire escape at 1 A. M.

Department of Pennsylvania Dutch and Irish.

DALLAS GANGEWER,
Head of the department; professor of the art of making seasonable sauerkraut.

NORWOOD SWAB,
Assistant professor of Pennsylvania Dutch.

JOSEPH HILBUSH,
CHARLES MAURER,
Instructors of Pennsylvania Dutch.

Department of the Midnight Arts and Sciences.

ERNEST SCHIMMLER,
Professor of billiards; instructor in chicken raising.

ROSCOE GOUGLER,
Instructor of poker; professor of home missions.

HARVEY STECKEL,
Instructor in the art of eating gracefully after 2 A. M.; professor of the art of dancing on Spahr's tables at the same hour.

WILLIAM MITCHELL,

GORDON ROBINSON,

WILLIAM BLAIR,

Instructors of post 12 P. M. student visitation.

Class Poem

MEMORIES

The day outside was gloomy and chill.
 The logs in the fire place burned low;
 The embers shot gleams of the flickering past,
 On an aged man, palsied and slow.
 The hair on his temples was silvered and light,
 His face was withered and sere,
 His eyes, though sunken, were gleaming,
 As he traced his youthful career.
 And the time was kind to this venerable
 man,
 She guided him back through the
 haze,
 And left him a smiling and dreaming,
 O'er the pleasures of his prep school
 days.

He'd been down to see the
 movies
 And now the evening study's
 on;
 He stealthily stole across the
 hedge
 And up the parson's lawn.
 Silently raised the window,
 Clambered 'cross the sill,
 Waited in the office
 'Till every thing was still;



Crammed his hat well out of sight
 And hastened up the hall,
 A-thinking what he's going to say,
 When the roundsman made his call.

Then too, there were the Night Owls,
 Who worked in the dead of night,
 Stealing in rooms while men slum-
 bered,
 And scaring them stiff with fright;
 Persuading them with the paddle
 If perchance they showed any fight;
 Dragging them off to the chamber,
 Where all the torture was done,
 Giving them a cold shower,
 The finishing touches of fun.
 Oh, how he plagued those Masters,
 In all they did and said,
 Giving his books the "once over"
 And shying them under the bed.

At narrowly averted disasters
 He laughed with ghoulish glee;
 At the many deeds accomplished
 Which he thought they didn't see.
 Of penalty lessons they assigned,
 With these words hard underlined,

“Do this today or else tomorrow
You may have some cause for sorrow.”

The logs in the fire-place were gray and cold,
The embers had lost their glare,
The old man's face wore a radiant smile,
But his eyes a wistful stare.
And slowly his face changed from young to old,
As the picture slipped into the past.

With a sigh of despair he rose from the chair,
And trembling, rekindled the fire.
Then sat down in a daze in the glow of the blaze,
And pleasantly recalled his dream.
His thoughts stole away with the light of the day,
And his mind became calm and serene.
He had drifted again to the time when
He was one of the Class of fifteen.

ALTON C. SIMPSON.



Looking Over The Dam

Baseball

A LA MODE

Time—Stolen from classes.

Place—Biddle Field.

ACT I.

Zeus steals into old Sol's room early in the morning and kicks him out of bed at 4 A. M. to make him hot.

A sporty bunch of Preps with frock coats and pumps arrive at Biddle field, equipped with necessary implements for playing baseball. Heinie Reindollarsteinbock, the sable mascot, is delegated to purloin a large mirror and a hair brush from Dockie's boudoir; Pickens and Swab are unanimously elected by themselves to captain the opposing squads. Heinie arrives with the mirror and places it against the backstop. All ingredients of the pre-arranged fracas make a careful toilet and take their positions. Sol smiles sardonically and sends some samples to Simpson, who mops his heated brow and places his high silk hat upon the ground behind him.

The game begins. Umpire Goldinbrick extracts a horse pellet from his coat tail and hands it to the gunner. Ake selects a stick and steps to the plate. Pickens sticks his foot in the hole and begins winding up. The ball slips toward Valle the receiver. "Bawl one," lisps Goldinbrick. "Oi yoi Caracko, dat was igzactly crozt the dish," remonstrates our Cuban catcher. Valle wiggles his fingers at his nose and Pickens nods. Ake calmly smashes the pill, brushes his hair in the mirror, and then ambles

A LA DECOLLETE

A LA RESQUE

to first. Sir Anno, with tears in his eyes, pleads with Alfalfa, the Kaiser's hund, to go after the ball.

Fields steps up to the plate and faces the mirror, Pickens hurls the ball and hits the batter on the head, causing him to drop in the dust. Goldinbrick counts nine and declares the man out. Fields makes no move. Umpire counts nine more. "Two out. One-two——"

"Yer a liar," yells Fields from the ground. "I was only cogitatin."

"Don't conderdict me. I'm the guy that put the out in clout, so I knows, see."

The Kaiser steps up. Spurning a bat, he strikes with his cane. The ball glances off and breaks the mirror.

"A perfect billiard," howls the Kaiser, and beats it for first.

"Yer out," yells Goldinbrick.

"I'll flunk you in Dutch," yells the Kaiser.

"Time out for second act," announces the umpire.

ACT TWO

All players retire to the fence and remove their coats and shirts. The female portion of the spectators begin to be interested. The game begins.

Serrano gets a hit and is safe on first. Alfalfa notes his fluttering shirt tail with interest. Swab throws a wild one. Alfalfa grabs playfully the shirt tail. Valle yells "vamos, vamos, pronto," which is good advice, thinks

Louie, who beats it for second. Alfalfa skillfully accompanies him.

"Time out," yells Goldinbrick. "Yer penalized fer interferin with Alfalfa. Go back to first."

Serrano made a few pointed remarks about umpires, and Jew umpires in particular.

Snowden stepped to the pan. "Hey, Pick," chortled Valle, "dis is a cock-eyed preacher; he can't see de pill."

"Strike one," blissfully asserts the ump, with his eyes on a dame in the bleachers.

"Wassat?"

"Why that one went over the fence."

"Sure, I know it; that was a peach of an upshoot," says the ump, turning towards the bleachers.

Crack! The preacher ducked and Goldinbrick got the pill on the beak.

"Oi yoi, Fader Abraham, mine nose."

"Bueno," howls Serrano, scurrying home. "I'll go to church with you next Sunday, Snowden."

"Side out," yells ump. "They ain't nobody what kin do that to me and get away with it."

Old Sol getting heated.

Five minutes intermission.

ACT III.

Players gather up their clothes and retire to fence corner.

The umpire blows his nose and the squads appear minus their breeches. The female audience starts unwillingly toward the exit. B. V. D.'s became the popular attire and everybody is cool and happy. The game progresses swimmingly. Billy Blair bunts and is safe at first. Sweitzer sends a sizzling shot at Reiner, who is dozing at short. The ball hits him in the eye and knocks him cold.

"Yer out, double play," growls the ump.

"That's no double play," shrieks Blair. "I ain't out."

"I says you wuz; now shut up."

Reiner wakes up to find Goldinbrick standing up looking like a hero. Quick as a flash he slugs the ump. Sweitz and Blair join the fracas. Simpson takes a crack at the ump and wallops Mumper. The fight begins in earnest. Lenahan, smoking a cigarette, sits on the fence and yells encouragement. Some one spies Steve and shies a brick at him. Lenahan topples gracefully off

his perch and lands upon the pile of clothing. In an instant he is mixing with the bunch. Goldinbrick is feebly squaking:



"Oi you, es genug." Finally things calm down and we take stock. There is not a whole undershirt in the crowd, and many have no trousers.

The fellows start for their clothes and find only a smoking heap of ashes. Steve's cigarette has done its work.

Supper time. The bunch make a rush for the lime

barrels stacked behind the grandstand. Each fellow dons a barrel and starts for Prep. The feminine population flee at their approach. Dr. Hutchison refuses to allow them to take the barrels to their rooms. All squat on the campus until Old Sol's wrath has been appeased and he has quit work for the day; then, like Arabs, steal silently to their rooms.



If

If Doctor'd send off Lenahan, or Reed,
If we'd see Snowden do a cruel deed,
If we'd see Burriss have a midnight feed,
We'd weep and wail and cry.

If we'd see Blair show some signs of fun,
If we'd see Lupfer have a problem done,
If we'd see Sheafter hop and jump and run,
We'd throw a fit and die.

If we'd see Conway lose a baseball game,
If we'd hear Canevari change his name,
If we'd just hear that Schimmler wasn't lame,
We'd sob and snooze and sigh.

If we'd see Simpson a mustachio raise,
If we'd hear Gougler singing songs of praise,
If we'd see Muir working all his days,
We'd rage and rave and roar.

If once again Alfalfa'd snarl and bark,
If Walkinshaw would make a passing mark,
If energy would light on that man Clark,
We'd know our cares no more.

If Armstrong wouldn't come to class so late,
If Brenneman could only add some weight,
If Mr. Maurer could control his mate,
Why,—Schimmler wouldn't snore.

If Steckel'd come to Chapel just sometimes,
If we could send all Profs. to warmer climes,
If we would need compose no jokes or rhymes,
We'd really love Conway.

But since we are ordained by cruel fate,
To struggle here and work hard very late,
And since the end you scarcely can await,
We'll wipe our pen;—that's all.

Forty-five Minutes With Der Kaiser

Der Kaiser—what fond memories this enchanted name recalls to our minds. Oh yes, we love him! We have agreed that we love our teacher with a unanimous and contagious love. That erect military bearing, that inscrutable smile that greets us each day, forever fresh and sweet!

Inevitably four minutes, fifty-nine seconds late at each class, he catapults himself into our expectant midst. But something is wrong with the Professor's key and—alas it is a sad story how we all individually attempt to open the door amidst a cloud of German execrations.

The class room is cold, whereat a general howl goes up and Kemp suggests that class be suspended. Herr Schimmler, however, advances toward the radiator, and, bending gracefully over it, is heard to mutter, "I see, I see, vell, vell;" at which Swab cries out "Moosgank," which, by the way, has become the most popular expression about the Gift.

Then the roll is called, and all goes well until Herr Professor calls "Muir," who responds "Absent." "Mind-ed," returns our quick-witted German friend, and in the resulting laugh, Kemp swallows his chewing-gum and

barely escapes strangling. When quiet is restored, the work of the day is taken up. Prof. Schimmler stands erect before the blackboard and demands a translation into German of sundry sentences. "Willison," exclaims Herr Professor, "take this one: 'Who is standing in front of the blackboard?'" "Der Kaiser," is the instantaneous response—and Willison spends an interesting period with Prof. Bashore at the end of the day.

"Say, Perfessor," exclaimed M. Walkinshaw, by way of diversion, "this Saturday class business is awful, perfectly awful, and I guess we'll be coming to school on Sunday next." "Vell, Valkinshaw, there are no objections to your going to Sunday School," says Herr Schimmler. "Not on your life, Professor," answers Walkinshaw—and can you imagine "Walkie" getting good and pacing the golden streets, draped in a Roman toga, with downy white wings, strumming on a harp, and with a golden crown cocked on one side of his head?

And so with many a jest and laugh the period passes, and when the excitement of learning from the "Lehrbuch der Deutschen Sprache" is at its height, the bell rings and the fun is ended.

L'Allegro

On returning from our Christmas vacation, the first thing that greeted our ears upon entering the English room was "New books." Immediately a deep gloom overcast every countenance, but when we heard the name of it, despair dragged us to the very depths of remorse. As near as we can remember, the book was called *L'Allegro*, or some such name. At any rate, it sounded as though it had been handed down from the Medes and Persians. The author of this great volume is generally known as John Milton, and perhaps it would have been better for us if he had not—but we will not speak disrespectfully of the dead, for this worthy gentleman really did die, even though he knew all about the gods.

After the first fit of despondency had worn off, we went down town to buy the book. Every fellow stopped in front of Clark's store, straightened his tie, placed his hat on top of his head, and assuming an air of indifference, stepped inside and accosted the young saleslady. Vaughan was the first to enter: "I would like to have the book called *La-La-La*—what is the name?—*La-La*—I forget what you call it, the author is John Milton." The face behind the counter smiled at his embarrassment and proceeded to wrap up the article.

As Sheaffer approached the store he began to mumble, "What a crazy name for a book, I know I shall turn red in the face when I ask the girl for it." In the meantime he had entered the store. "A copy of Milton's '*Leg'O*,' please." Instantly his face turned the color of Siler's

hair and, seizing the book in great confusion, he made a dive for the door, almost forgetting to pay for the purchase.

So one after another the books were procured, but no one ventured to open them until they came to class the next day. Then we were actually ready to die with our backs to the enemy, for behold, the poem—I think that is what it is—was worse than the name. The Professor at once began to explain this wonderful piece of Italian poetry. It is written in Italian or French, or perhaps it is Greek, anyhow it is some foreign language. He first asked who Cerberus was. It would have been just as well if he had asked why Gangewer was a Dutchman. No one knew but himself. Finally Muir's face lit up and he volunteered an answer, "Say Professor, isn't that a patent medicine? I used to put some stuff like that on the bump on my head." As this was not the right answer, and no one else knew it, he passed on the next work. "Who can tell me what the Styx is?" Instantly a number of hands went up and G. Walkinshaw was called upon. "Sticks is something father used to put in our punch and lemonade." But again the Professor selected another word in disgust. "Someone surely knows something about Euphrosyne," he ventured. "I know what that is," sang out Goldin, "that is the name of a mountain in Afghanistan." By this time the teacher was completely disgusted. He began to grow reckless and fling all kinds of names at us, which we felt compelled to answer. About every other word of the

delightful poem was the name of some god whose pedigree we were supposed to trace as far back as Adam. Such names as Aurora, Hebe, Zeus, and Jupiter almost took our breath away.

But one by one we began to get the names straightened out. We soon learned that "September Morn" was not a painting of Venus, and that Bacchus was not an old man who chewed "Polar Bear." Rupp had some difficulty placing Zephyr; first it was the



The Campus in Winter

south wind, then the east wind, and then the north wind, but, as these were all wrong and there was only one more, he concluded that it really must be the west wind.

After many days filled with brain-racking study and many nights filled with dreams of gods and goddesses, we have grown to love the figurative poem of Milton. And anyone in the class can now tell you that the name is *L'Allegro*.

A History Paradox

It had been a hard day in the classes and when I went to bed that night my brain was confused, to say the least. The last lesson I had studied was history and fragments of the next day's assignment must still have lingered after sleep descended and wrapped me in her dark mantle. Be that as it may, in the course of my dreamy wanderings I glanced into the history room and a strange sight met my gaze.

Professor Maurer was there, but how changed, how peculiar he looked! His head, once covered with a thick batch of hair, was now as bald as a peanut and its shiny surface glistened and twinkled under the electric light. His face was graced with bushy mutton-chop whiskers, which gave him a ministerial aspect.

And my classmates—it was with difficulty that I recognized them. There was Snyder, it must be he, but he was disguised as the beautiful Egyptian Cleopatra. He was arguing vivaciously with his companion "Pud" Levinson, who was supposed to be the graceful Mark Antony, that he was not of Pennsylvania Dutch descent.

In one corner of the room sat Swartz, cross-legged like a Turk. Before him was a model of the city of Jericho and "Bobbie" was diligently sawing away on his violin,

making the most weird sounds in trying to discover the vibration number of the city walls. Beside him sat a boy dressed in knickerbockers with a little sailor hat on his head. His cheeks were puffed out and he was blowing mightily into a tub of water. It was Vaughan, testing Professor Maurer's theory that a strong breeze parted the waters of the Red Sea, enabling the Children of Israel to cross safely.

While I looked, Goldin stepped into the room and our Professor seized him by the collar and thrust at him the robes of an Egyptian priest. Goldin struggled frantically to escape. "Not for me," he shouted, for he remembered that an Egyptian priest took a bath three times a day and shaved even oftener. They compromised upon Goldin agreeing to be Moses, whereupon he was handed long grey whiskers, which he solemnly affixed.

On the radiator sat Dutch Gangewer, clothed in the celestial garments of Saint Patrick. A map of Ireland was strapped to his back like a knapsack and he was industriously feeding two snakes with shamrock. A halo of—tobacco smoke encircled his head.

Professor Maurer turned and, espying me in the doorway, started for me. Fortunately, however, the alarm clock exploded just then and I found myself safe in bed.



The Cave

Die taglichen Ereignisse

SEPTEMBER

September 14.—The wave of undesirables which Dr. Hutchison has succeeded in ensnaring during the summer, makes its appearance. Clark stops in Harrisburg. Hayseeds with pea green beans lend color to the landscape. Storms threatening. Prof. Schimmler asks for a valet; in wrong; shoes out over night.

September 15.—Annual pee-rade to Burton Chapel, to see our old friend Moncure. Read Admiral Morgan out the usual line and overawes us with the astuteness of his Vergil and his Niagara Falls mustache. Fellows renew old acquaintances with Lute. Der Herr Kaiser von Schimmler makes his debut as a billiard shark.

September 16.—“Mother” Maurer starts to darn socks. First after-dinner speech, asking boys to confine their activities to tiddle-dy-winks. “Tacks” pikes for Pittsburgh, followed by a flood of tears. Miss Martin and Der Kaiser der Erste become mutually attached. Night Owls give their first hoots; all freshmen shake with fear. School doing business at the old stand. Prof. Steckel thoroughly disgusted with the boys’ table manners.

September 17.—Boys don football togs. “G. and M.” arrive. Ten boys excommunicated forcibly from the German class. Prof. Schimmler dines in a cream cretonne, direct *aus dem Vaterland*.

September 18.—Fish make their debut. An unobtrusive-looking little gentleman by the name of Mr. Burriss gets his first touch of melancholia. Canevari arrives late and almost swamps the ship.

September 19.—First dance at Bubbletown; all rough-necks cut loose. Sweitzer makes his initial attempt at the ascendancy of the fire escape. Waiters, dumb and otherwise, bring in the usual hash of potatoes and meat.

September 20.—All new men and Prof. Steckel go to church. Prof. Schimmler makes his appearance with a white vest, a highly-polished cane, and the gout; all town chickens look on with admiration. Superannuated chickens appear in the beanery.

September 21.—Blue Monday. Jupiter Pluvius favors the campus with a deluge. All greenies homesick. Doctor speaks on chapel attendance; n-g-k. Mrs. Maurer allows Prof. to go to the movies.

September 22.—Mitchell plays an awful trick and causes great surprise; he actually pulls out a pack of Fatimas and asks Swartz to have one. Der Kaiser walks into the office and asks Doctor for a match to light his Recruit stump; Doctor gives vent to righteous indignation.

September 23.—We sing number 98. Chapel parades and the inimitable orchestra startle us with their Satanic caprices. Prof. Brenneman starts to put on weight. In an eleven-minute after-dinner speech, we

are warned to escape perdition and attend prayer meeting.

September 24.—Clark has an "idear" and goes to Harrisburg. Prof. Schimmler's sonorous and startling snore awakens the night watchman. McGregor has first argument of the year. Klucker klucks his first kluck. Day off to go to Fair. Pimm sees the bearded lady; faints.

September 25.—Goldin tells Prof. Burriss how to conduct an English class; Prof. very grateful. Prof. Steckel goes to Buffalo; why?

September 26.—Saturday Hades begins. Goldin makes his first visit to the basement. Muir returns from Pittsburgh, saying that the village was too slow for him. Simpson decides to explore the mysteries of a church on Sunday.

September 27.—Another gloomy Sunday. Bar-room lunch, water crackers and pickles. Prof. Schimmler maeks his debut in Carlisle society. Simpson goes to church and is greatly interested in the strange sights.

September 28.—Treon leaves. Graham goes home; fiancee has toothache. Church reports handed out; all report having attended.

September 29.—Swartz decides to leave school. Number 98 sung in Chapel. Reed is sure he is destined to become great. "Millionaire" Bensel decides that speedy exit is highly desirable; groans are heard all over school.

September 30.—Doc announces that this is no boarding-house; boys must get down to work. Lenahan ar-

rives from home; starts attending prayer meeting. Muir and Walkinshaw decide they are learning too much. Simpson and Serrano seen on Hanover street. Reed Society organized; Rupp boss; Swartz president.

OCTOBER

October 1.—Everybody broke; all look homeward. Kemp eats for forty-five minutes; then kicks about Conway grub. Swartz gets heart failure, but, fearing for the success of the Reed, recovers.

October 2.—Rah-Rah-Rahs practiced under the joint leadership of Clark and Doctor. Serrano converts villain Burriss to atheism; Pimm leaning that way. Consumptive and debilitated oysters with pale gills sing number 98 in the dining-room.

October 3.—Conway opens football season; Conway, 26; Millersville, 3. Goldin explains high finance in the Chapel, talking from his long experience in the overall factory. Lute's business prospering. McGregor gets a hair cut.

October 4.—Prof. Shenton goes to church. Ministers, chaperoned by Prof. Burriss, marshal the boozers and ungodly to divine services. Clark's Nine O'clock Club organized at Spahr's.

October 5.—The Kaiser's keyhole plugged; detectives employed. Dick Vaughan becomes enamoured of one of Steck's relatives. Clark inquires how Armstrong is coming along with his work.

October 6.—Prof. Schimmler purchases an oil-stove for

- foot-baths. Hearne is unable to wake Hitchens; Willy arises at twelve. Kemp has an argument with Prof. Steckel.
- October 7.—Literary societies. Boys go swimming and canoeing. Dr. Hutchison talks on temperance. McAndrews appears in Study Hall with corset unlaced. Prof. Steckel uttereth an oath.
- October 8.—Speck appears without a grouch! Steck explains the source of his mar-velous ability. Prof. Schimmler and Miss Martin become more deeply infatuated.
- October 9.—The school dads assemble in Senate meeting; Dr. Hutchison promises a drinking fountain. Gittinger breaks his silence.
- October 10.—Conway, 0; Mercersburg, 0. King and Swartz sing "I Love the Cows and Chickens." McGregor argues in four of his three classes.
- October 11.—The Kaiser and Miss Stock go to church; Miss Martin jealous. Simpson steals an apple; gets "tummy-ache;" goes to infirmary.
- October 12.—Swartz leaves school "for good;" Reed Society sheds a tear. Myers gets an extra dose of powder on one cheek. Sheaffer puts water on Prof. Schimmler's chair.
- October 13.—Serrano tries to raise a mustache like Prof. Burriss's. Rupp gets a "B" in English; a brooklet of tears shed.
- October 14.—Doc's ology, "Blest Be the Tie That Binds," sung in prayer meeting; Muir admits that he was there. Marvil in his room at 9:30.
- October 15.—Tri-weeklies begin; gloom pervades our Home of Learning. Swartz returns to school; another tear shed.
- October 16.—Prof. Schimmler strains his soup through his mustache. Prof. Burriss in a bad humor; jumps on Speck and Lupfer.
- October 17.—Conway, 13; Bloomsburg, 6. Pickens explains the advantages of high life in a big city. A disreputable-looking bunch of Preps go for chestnuts. Scotland, 23; Hot Shots, 6.
- October 18.—Gangewer explains how the architecture of his nose improves his landscape; Prof. Brenneman is silent concerning his. Prof. Steckel gets through the day without an argument.
- October 19.—Prof. Cook misses the last car home; walks to town. Lenahan spends the whole period in German without getting excused.
- October 20.—Prof. Bashore installed as warden; prisoners swear vengeance. Prof. Burriss is love-sick; we all sympathize.
- October 21.—First talk on local option. Doc's whiskers trimmed; he discovers the coloring properties of sage tea. Prof. Maurer makes rounds at 2 A. M.; finds that Siler is out on A Street.
- October 22.—King-Swartz corporation organized. The Kaiser introduces his dog, Alfalfa, with a platonic bark.
- October 23.—Clark receives three chickens from home; Borja departs for Ecuador. Serrano continues his argument with Prof. Burriss on the *post mortem* fate of the soul.

- October 24.—Hill School beaten so badly that the S. P. C. A. almost stopped the game. Freshmen parade the town, and give themselves a roll on the ground. Big celebration, led by Prof. Steckel.
- October 25.—Swartz goes home again. Prof. Burriss teaches Dr. Hutchison's Sunday School class. Montgomery called home on account of illness in his family.
- October 26.—Kemp thinks burglar in his room last night; fails to convince Doctor. Gangewer eats two plates of onions and no classes held in Latin.
- October 27.—Grog reappears among the students. Prof. Maurer combs his hair. Prof. Steckel appears in a sky-blue, pink tie.
- October 28.—Prof. Schimmler takes a bath, also Simpson. Mitchell chews O. P. T.—Other People's Tobacco.
- October 29.—Prof. Steckel comes in at nine; Prof. Maurer at three; Mrs. Maurer raving. Goldin tells Doctor how to run an ideal school.
- October 30.—Alfalfa lost; Kaiser distressed; sheet used to dry his tears. Tritt makes an "A" in Latin.
- October 31.—Profs. Schimmler and Brenneman have a battle over "that class of asses." Conway Reserves beat Shippensburg. Penn Freshmen, 7; Conway, 3.

NOVEMBER

- November 1.—Blair addresses Y. M. C. A.; Gougler leads in prayer; Prof. Schimmler sings "Shall We Meet Beyond the River?"
- November 2.—Dark, sea-blue Monday. G. Walkinshaw swears at Dr. H. Hot cakes for breakfast for a change; also eggs for dinner. Gittinger gets a demerit for excessive use of profanity. Prof. Brenneman gets back from Philly; big grouch on.
- November 3.—M. Walkinshaw cusses Mr. Bashore. Pimm discovered in Lute's. Election Day. Dr. H. talks on temperance.
- November 4.—Number 98 sung. The orchestra springs "Napoleon's Last Charge;" several freshies, including Reed, faint. After-dinner dissertation enjoyed by all.
- November 5.—Muir elected *ludi magister* of the G. O. N. O. Warker becomes engaged. Bottle of whiskey found lying in Hanby's room; Reed offers to dispose of it.
- November 6.—Treon, Hitchens, and Hearne make a successful entrance through the Reed Literary Society Room. Holme wears his fourth suit of the week.
- November 7.—Dr. Hutchison throws a fit. Conway Reserves beaten by Bloomfield. McAndrews seen sporting one of the fair sex.
- November 8.—Gougler spends the morning after the night before. Reed, in Y. M. C. A., sings "O Lord, Make Me Meek and Lowly;" very bass.
- November 9.—Packer gets an "E" in mathematics. Vaughan going out Hanover street every night. Reiner caught smoking.
- November 10.—Gougler caught at 2 A. M. playing poker. Kemp is ill; is fed bread and milk. Doctor gives his yell in the public speaking class; boys climb out the windows.
- November 11.—Boys file down to see Annette Keilerman, Jr., in abbreviated costume; results satisfactory.

- Prof. Brenneman caught sewing sheets. Glee Club organized; it's all right, but we wish they wouldn't sing. Rupp criticises the Reed *maxima cum dignitate*.
- November 12.—Armstrong enters class on time; hearty applause. Metzger is seen looking at a lovely maiden; Packer entreateth him to turn his eyes thitherward.
- November 13.—Steck sure he is a born author. Preachers and devils practice for annual game. Fourth floor preachers pray for Muir's soul.
- November 14.—Conway, 9; Tome, 7. Bashore's Hot Shots wallop Shippensburg. Hanby sings, "*Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten, dass ich so durstig bin.*"
- November 15.—Prof. Schimmler and Miss Martin go to church; Prof. Shenton jealous; Prof. Schimmler takes a footbath on returning. Lenahan takes Mac to church.
- November 16.—Prof. Cook, from regions unknown, arrives in time for breakfast. Headmaster advises the considerate use of the fire escape as it is dangerous.
- November 17.—King catches five mice in his room; Mrs. Martin prepares them for dinner. Swartz leaves school "for good."
- November 18.—Muir gets a reserved seat in Study Hall. Dr. H. plays pinochle with Lloyd; no gambling. Martin dreams he is in Heaven, playing football and waving palm branches. Number 98 not sung in Chapel this morning.
- November 19.—McGregor explains the nebular hypothesis to Prof. Cook. Kaiser hunting in vain for Alfalfa. Montgomery treats Snowden and Siler to pretzels and beer. Swartz returns to school.
- November 20.—Friday; fish for dinner. Prof. Maurer and Mrs. Martin have a fly-around; Mrs. Martin denies calling him a female antiquity. Boxes begin to arrive; boys discover many new friends.
- November 21.—Prof. Schimmler's dog is captured by Annie and made into Alfalfa frankfurters for Thanksgiving. Snyder nose it all. Preachers wallop devils in football; Kemp sore.
- November 22.—Prof. Schimmler eats three chicken dinners—one at Stock's, one with Miss Martin, and one at Hanover Berg. Kemp and Lenahan caught coming in late; Kemp gets ten demerits; Lenahan none.
- November 23.—Prof. Burriss gets six love letters from home; Rupp wants to read them. Prof. Steckel plays solitaire all night with Prof. Brenneman.
- November 24.—Groke joins the W. C. T. U.; Dr. Hutchison elected president. Larossa appears without a Picadilly collar. Doctor gives his yell in public speaking; poor man! Number 98 sung in Chapel. Rowe and Muir take that horseback ride to Gettysburg; Doctor lectures on extravagance.
- November 25.—Pickens appears with a white silk shirt, a cane, and a carnation. Hilbush, in glowing Patrick Henry terms, pictures woman as a model of purity; "almost equal to Walkinshaw in this respect;" very good. King sings a Chinese song in Literary Society. Rowe and Muir leave for parts unknown.
- November 26.—No school; Thanksgiving Day. Turkey demi-tasse served. Kemp eats for one hour, thirty-nine minutes, and fifty-nine seconds; gets sick; is in infirmary for two weeks; devils and preachers thank

the Lord with one accord. Profs. Cook and Steckel leave for lands beyond the sea.

November 27.—We slowly recover. Prof. Schimmler is seized with gout; he denies eating too much; we all deprecate the absence of German classes. Prof. Maurer has his nose powdered and photographed; pictures sell rapidly at fifty cents each; proceeds go to Old Ladies' Home. Klucker and Prof. Schimmler discuss the war; Prof. Schimmler wishes Herr von Klucker is in—(Germany, of course).

November 28.—Holme caught chewing tobacco; is rushed to the hospital. Prof. Steckel is seen in Chapel; speaks on table etiquette; heartily encored.

November 29.—Prof. Cook and Doty converse intelligently in whispers. Oderman gives lesson in throwing tissue paper on Professors' doors. Sunday, ice cream day.

November 30.—Steck contemplates buying an artist's tie. Sheaffer introduces his Mechanicsburg friend at Conway. Hearne has a grouch on. Senior Class meeting held; officers elected.

DECEMBER

December 1.—Welch, convalescing, returns from Chicago; all welcome him. Clark complains of too much work. Week of prayer begins.

December 2.—Junior class meeting; Armstrong makes a strong president. T. B. Reed caught whistling "The High Cost of Loving." Serrano is seen unaccompanied by one of the fair sex. After-dinner temperance lecture.

December 3.—Willison works for ten minutes. Prof. Schimmler buys a new white vest and a little alcohol (for his stove, of course.)

December 4.—Lupfer snores in the English class. Holme becomes pestiferous with his perfumery. Dean Holmes of State College speaks in Chapel.

December 5.—Vaughan and Swartz, chaperoned by Steck, go to York. Prof. Brenneman retreats to Philly. High glee in German class.

December 6.—Myers at Mechanicsburg; Mitchell gobbles his ice cream. Robinson leads the Y. M. C. A.; speaks on swearing.

December 7.—Miller bamboozles the boys into buying socks. Treon finds he has lost one necktie and one sock; detectives put on the case. Gangewer and Swab organize a Dutch club.

December 8.—Goldin has a meeting of the Jewish citizens. Ake complains of hard studying. Canevari caught eating Italian spaghetti.

December 9.—King exhibits his pig-tail. Simpson attends Chapel and sings "Lead on Ye Joyful Pilgrims." Prof. Schimmler gets a hair cut. Prof. Brenneman taking fat producer.

December 10.—Snowden has a *post* 10:30 P. M. spread. Clark goes to Harrisburg; we wonder what's his "idear?" Shenton gives Steck the principal part in the Show and buys him a mirror.

December 11.—Levinson smokes two black cigars at football rally; Prof. Steckel toastmaster. Kemp found under Maurer's bed; why? Muir returns to his beloved Alma Mater.

- December 12.—No school; boys stick to the straw. M. Walkinshaw stubs Mrs. Martin's toe. First carousal at the New Wellington; among those present—Holme, Steck, Pimm, Lloyd, Remer, and other roughnecks.
- December 13.—Prof. Brenneman sings a solo in church. Doctor trims his whiskers and looks human; gives lessons on swallowing oysters. Reed stays sober.
- December 14.—Montgomery says "Damn" (*horribile auditu*) (See A. and G., 510). Prof. Brenneman sings in the Glee Club; we like the Prof., but his singing——.
- December 15.—Tri-weeklies begin; Muir makes 100 in English, just like Rupp; Metzger pulls a hundred in trig. Vaughan and Phillips—Mutt and Jeff—walk out Hanover street; whither?
- December 16.—Der Kaiser resigns his Latin class; contemplates writing to Dr. Morgan. Frank Hutchison consigns Prof. Steckel to warmer regions. Prof. W. A. Hutchison, A. M., Ped. D., speaks in the dining room and leads prayer meeting; gives his yell.
- December 17.—Annie falls in love with Gittinger; John jealous. Steck and Miss Noll discovered singing love songs in Chapel; he explains his ambition. Many boys leave for home and Christmas.
- December 18.—Examinations over! "Hallelujah Chorus" sung, led by Prof. Brenneman, assisted by Prof. Maurer with his nasal monotone. All leave save King and the wops.
- December 19.—Building as quiet as a mouse save for the snoring of the German department.

JANUARY

- January 4.—Snowden and other innocents arrive. Profs. all sporting on Christmas money; fellows wearing Christmas ties. Prof. Schimmeler displays a manger for Alfalfa, a Christmas present from Miss Stock. Morrison moves to second with Reverend Montie—two of a kind. Walkinshaw, "G. and M.," swear off on booze.
- January 5.—Serrano starts reading Descartes and Hume, and arguing with the Profs. Boys arrive all day. Same old story, "Glad to see you back."
- January 6.—Post cenam lecture on religion; Gougler seen taking notes. King writes poetry.
- January 7.—Forced entrance to the grub room attempted; Prof. Brenneman heroically blocks the way. Prof. Steckel appears with yellow, green, and scarlet necktie. A suspicion grows that Prof. Brenneman might weigh 150—must be getting fat.
- January 8.—Holme gets Pimm and Hanby out for exercise before breakfast. Es schneit. Was tut der Kaiser? Er slips and cracks his patella, and then artfully denies it.
- January 9.—Sauerkraut for dinner. Grand orgy at the New Wellington. Hutchison on the alert.
- January 10.—Watch found at the foot of the fire-escape; Todd claims it. Many boys, because of the morning after the night before, stay in bed all day. All deny having been at the New Wellington.
- January 11.—Hutchie waxes eloquent on temperance; Larossa busy all day. Armstrong holds a rough-house class meeting.

- January 12.—Prof. Brenneman seen buying baby socks in the Imperial Department Store—also Prof. Schimmler holding hands with one of the female employees. Conway gymnasium, also reading room, opened. Mac sprains his back. Number 98 sung in Chapel. Log-book Board announced.
- January 13.—Simpson discovers a blonde hair on Prof. Schimmler's coat. Senate holds a meeting; Doctor promises the removal of garboons and regrets the delay in establishing drinking fount. First call for the Show sent out; Steck rehearses the leading part.
- January 14.—Kemp eats with his knife; Prof. Steckel lectures on table manners. License court meets; Doctor conspicuous by his absence from Conway. Prof. Schimmler assigned another German class; writes to Dr. Morgan; tells how he is abused.
- January 15.—Prof. Steckel goes to Chapel for the second time during the year. Rupp and Prof. Burriss caught chewing tobacco.
- January 16.—Warker starts to carry her market basket. G. Henry Prather makes his appearance; Prof. Brenneman gets shocked and hits the trail to Philadelphia. Cordova arrested for loafing on the corner.
- January 17.—Dr. Hutchison has a tooth-ache; jaw goes down; boys look happy. Rain and snow force the Walkinshaws, "G. and M.," to miss church. Big temperance meet in the Opera House; Hutchie, heap big chief, holds forth.
- January 18.—Packer comes back to school with heavy eyes and heavy heart; we wonder why? Prof. Brenneman has a big grouch on; was in Philly over Sunday.
- January 19.—Rupp thinks that he is the cheese; Prof. Burriss fancies himself the smell. Prof. Cook nocturnates at the Indian school; arrives at the Gift at 6 A. M.; naughty!
- January 20.—Reed Literary Society debates on soup; samples exhibited; Rupp becomes green and has to be carried into the infirmary; Mother Maurer smooths his ruffled feathers.
- January 21.—Speck, with a pair of number nines, sings, "How Firm a Foundation." Prof. Burriss strains his soup with his misplaced eyebrow.
- January 22.—Reiner begins ringing his cow bell at 7 A. M.; everybody down for breakfast. Lenahan reports to class on time. Show practice starts. Steck purchases a dapper artist's tie.
- January 23.—Packer becomes love-sick and beats it for Penbrook. Prof. Schimmler comes in at 2 A. M., feeling somewhat cold; Reiner contends that he was in the berg.
- January 24.—Prof. Cook prays in Y. M. C. A.; Prof. Schimmler leads the singing.
- January 25.—Hanby thrown out of German class. Bluest Monday up to date. McGregor still arguing.
- January 26.—Todd argues with Prof. Steckel on "Woman's Rights." Willison cleans up his room. Hilbush, wery walorous, eats winegar on his wictuals.
- January 27.—Boys hold hands with the Show girls; Prof. Shenton froths at the mouth. The rumor goes that the Walkinshaws said "damn" today; all the evidence is not in, however.

- January 28.—Clark chews the rag and rakes his frat about studying. Wilson found with his first bag of tobacco.
- January 29.—Soup served, by special request. Butter gets strong, and walks up to Hanby's room. Sheaffer seen giving the Conway yell; blushes.
- January 30.—Metzger makes his debut into Carlisle society; appears with his first girl; looks scared to a frazzle. Steck practices tying his tie; gets a hair cut, parted in the middle. Doctor goes to Philly to hear Billy Sunday.
- January 31.—Lupfer and Pickens go to the Lutheran church; why? Harry Evans rolls in, in his \$2 overcoat.

FEBRUARY

- February 1.—Steck appears with his artist's tie and his hair parted in the middle; *Conwayan* prizes announced; Steck sheds a tear; removes the tie.
- February 2.—Sweitzer exhibits local option banners. Snyder misbehaves in the German class. Prof. Schimmler appears with mustache trimmed *de luxe*.
- February 3.—Dr. Hutchison is in a good humor. Herrick smiles. Doctor is seized with gout; misses prayer meeting. Levinson carried to German class in pajamas.
- February 4.—Muir caught smoking a cigarette. Clark goes to Harrisburg. Number 98 sung in Chapel.
- February 5.—Third floor wins from fourth in basketball. Dr. H. harps on Billy Sunday.
- February 6.—Joy in camp; rumor goes that Lenahan is fired; it turns out that he is merely fired with enthusiasm for cutting classes.
- February 7.—Gloom in camp; Reed gets religion; Gougler, Kemp, and Martin pray that he may return to the straight and narrow path.
- February 8.—Vaughan is surprised by the appearance of his mother and sister. Swab does his Monday wash; Larossa put through the wringer.
- February 9.—His Eminence, the Kaiser, besits himself in a pool of water, presaging his Aprilian dip in the Conodoguinet. Snyder changes the slant height of his nasal tetrahedron two degrees and forty-seven minutes.
- February 10.—Miss Martin flirts with Prather. Jacob Wilson is ensnared by Hymen; delivers a speech on married life, in the Reed.
- February 11.—Simpson gets spring fever, and writes erotic poetry; don't do it, Clyde. Klucker acts like a human being; Prof. Schimmler sings, "O Praise the Lord!"
- February 12.—Gangewer eats two quarts of doggies and a keg of sauerkraut; is carried into the infirmary. Serrano appears with a sun-flower in his coat; causes a stir in the dining-room.
- February 13.—Dr. H. makes his regular trip to market; brings back onions, pretzels and clams. Wilson seen walking with both eyes open.
- February 14.—Prof. Schimmler entertains the faculty at 6 o'clock tea; his oil stove is in evidence; pabulum galore. Myers does not go to Mechanicsburg today.

- February 15.—Prof. Brenneman and Dr. H. confer on their mutual resemblance to a bean pole. Canevari forces entrance through the basement workshop.
- February 16.—That dreaded affliction, Seniorationitis, casts its ghastly shadow upon our horizon. Herrick buys five cartons of "Red Man" for chewing purposes. Kemp dieting.
- February 17.—Reed's head grows so mastadonic that he is buying a new hat daily. Prof. Schimmler and Gangewer sing "Im Vaterland" in Chapel. Prof. Steckel discovered with noodles hanging from his mouth; shame!
- February 18.—Number 98 sung in Chapel. Swab receives a box from home; contains "apple snitz and neps." Prof. Schimmler wins a bottle of birch beer at billiards; gets deucedly drunk; carols "Tipperary," by George.
- February 19.—Vaughan detained from dinner on account of the Show; sporting a female. Junior class meeting held; plans perfected for keeping the Seniors from the Banquet.
- February 20.—Temperance lecture in chapel. Kemp caught coming in through the Study Hall window. Bashore stays in tonight; also Prof. Schimmler; ye gods! what wondrous creatures be we!
- February 21.—Beds kept warm all morning; some arise in time for dinner. Doctor speaks in Hogestown on "Saving Our Boys."
- February 22.—Washington's Birthday; no classes; cherry beef tea served with axes. Dickinson Freshman Parade.
- February 23.—Sweitzer has trouble keeping Simpson from writing poetry. Miss Martin goes on the stump for suffragism.
- February 24.—Prof. Brenneman becomes af-Philly-ated with love. Lenahan speaks in Y. M. C. A. on booze.
- February 25.—Cook makes a precipitous descent on the front stairs; bumps his adding machine. Blair shows the faintest indication of a smile.
- February 26.—Clark shaves his upper lip off. Gougler uses cold cream and powder. Gangewer is homesick; sobs for pop and mom.
- February 27.—The orchestra inflicts "Poor Pauline" on the innocents; Holme and Snowden fox-trot and hesitate. Prof. Shenton worried about Steck.
- February 28.—McGregor sits on a tack; we should suggest a nail. Hanby does some work on *The Conwayan*; Rupp beams with bliss.

MARCH

- March 1.—Reiner talks French with Prof. Schimmler; der Herr Kaiser spat upon him. The styles of mustaches change; Serrano buys a new one.
- March 2.—Prof. Burriss caught reading a dime novel; Dr. Allen attended. Speck and Bacon seen in dining room.
- March 3.—Pimm reads the Bible; Holme reads "Daring Dick Delights Darling Dora" and goes to the movies. Gangewer treats his friends to doughnut holes.
- March 4.—Tritt and Steck attend the Odd Fellows Banquet; Prof. Schimmler chaperons and speaks on German finances. Lupfer dances till 5 A. M.

- March 5.—Treon falls off the fire escape and skins his leg. Prof. Burriss finds a dummy in Cordova's bed. Vaughan gets a cut and visits Steck.
- March 6.—Prof. Brenneman in bed with tonsilitis; prospects good for no Latin classes for some time. Miss Martin holds the faculty meeting.
- March 7.—Clark spends the day at Harrisburg with friends. Gougler appears in dining hall with a shave. Prof. Schimmler attends three chicken dinners.
- March 8.—Show practice with a vim; Shenton roars at the stars like a bull. Alton Bacon leaves for cooler climes.
- March 9.—Hanby incarcerated in the infirmary. Hudelson's room rough-housed at 2 A. M. Walkinshaw consigns Dr. H. to warmer climes.
- March 10.—Prof. Brenneman and Dr. H. hold a tete-a-tete on the third floor; fourth floor lets loose. Final practice for "Number, Please!"
- March 11.—Snowden falls over his feet, and precipitates a tray of dishes. Prof. Steckel memorizes a new prayer to say at meals. Someone ties Prof. Schimmler's bedroom door with rope.
- March 12.—"Number Please!" seen at the opera house; much doings afterward; Prof. Schimmler pronounced it "tip-top."
- March 13.—Heavy heads, sleepy eyes all day; local option ice cream for dinner; temperance sermon after supper.
- March 14.—Still suffering from the effects of the Show. Kemp seen in the Methodist church with his girl. Serrano mounts the front stairway with his suit covered with cobwebs; we wonder why?
- March 15.—Seniors take the day off and go to Harrisburg for their annual banquet. Kemp, Reed, the Walkinshaws, and other little ones are bound hand and foot by stalwart Juniors.
- March 16.—Rumor goes that Prof. Schimmler was heard singing "Tipperary" on High street at 2 A. M. Doctor raves in Chapel because the Juniors cut classes yesterday.
- March 17.—"Harmony Hall" moves to 22-24 on the third. Herrick pays an extended visit to the infirmary. Prof. Steckel appears in a new tailored suit.
- March 18.—Spring fever hits Conway; Simpson, Serrano, and Armstrong are taken violently with it. Warker explains his phenomenal learning.
- March 19.—Poker chips and the voices of Muir, Treon, and Fisher heard on third at 2 A. M. Boys leave for home, mother, and the spring vacation.
- March 20.—Silence pervades our noble halls, save in the vicinity of 8 on second, at 1 A. M.
- March 29.—Boys slowly come back. Clark stops in Harrisburg. Dr. Hutchison gets some rouge put on his whiskers. McAndrews sports a pair of pumps.
- March 30.—Spring fever spreads; Speck and Lupfer suffer especially. Serrano comes in at 8:30 with his new spring dip all be cobwebbed and dirty; Prof. Cook refuses to believe his old story—"in the basement."
- March 31.—M. Walkinshaw begins writing his senior oration. Steck hands in his subject as "My Ambition." No. 98 sung in Chapel.

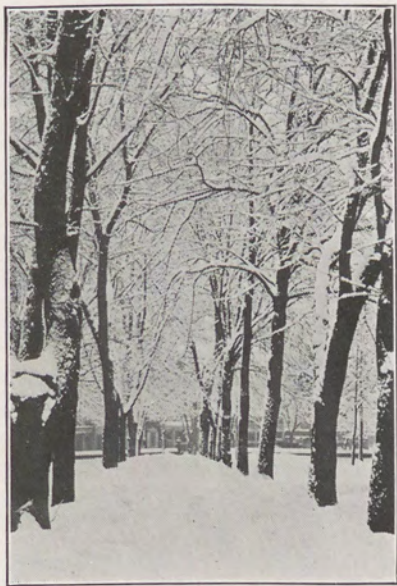
APRIL

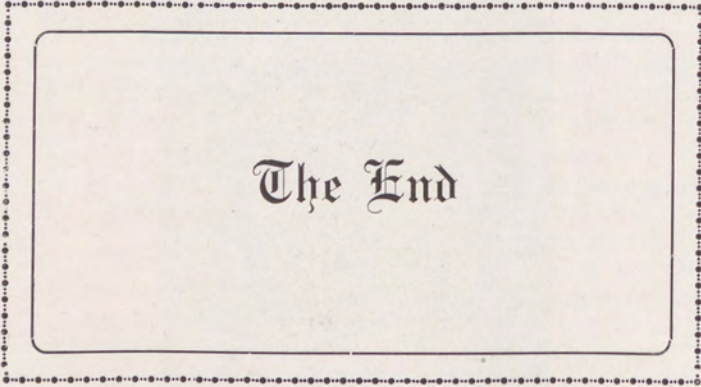
- April 1.—Prof. Schimmler sends his second "broadside" to Dr. Morgan; consults with McAndrews over its probable effects. Simpson attends Chapel. Lenahan fired (April Fools' Day).
- April 2.—Prof. Little, a former teacher, makes his appearance as the guest of Prof. Shenton. LOGBOOK Board gets busy; Steck promises that the cash will be forthcoming.
- April 3.—Waiters dye Easter eggs for Sunday; Prof. Schimmler receives three eggs that were laid on Good Friday. Faculty decides to make twelve o'clock rounds to see whether Treon, Robinson, and C. Reed are in.
- April 4.—Many fellows home for Easter, despite Doctor's protests. Professor Schimmler's Good Friday eggs served raw; effects are disastrous.
- April 5.—Treon and Robinson spoil their Sunday-go-to-meeting duds on the greasy fire-escape. Prof. Maurer discovered wiping dishes for wifey.
- April 6.—Paul King given a demerit for swearing; swears by his pig tail that it was not he. Klucker spends the afternoon in Doctor's office, arguing.
- April 7.—Gamma Epsilon holds the first orderly debate of the season. Doctor forgets the regular prayer meeting, and G. Bacon takes his place.
- April 8.—Montgomery decides that Vaughan is going to Hades because he smokes. Prof. Schimmler takes an evening toot bath.
- April 9.—Prof. Schimmler and Klucker attend the movies, chaperoned by Treon. King discovered chewing "Green Goose" tobacco.
- April 10.—Der Kaiser, Prof. Burriss, and Dr. Cleland taking canoe trips regularly; Herr Schimmler talks of taking a bath. Prather gives dancing lessons to a select class; three dollars per lesson, but he's good; Mrs. Parker's improved method; Mrs. Maurer chaperons.
- April 11.—Warker tries to organize a club to rough house the G. O. N. O.; Goldin and McGregor join. Oderman goes to Sunday School.
- April 12.—Wilson chews the rag; Myers chewing gum; Fisher, tobacco; we wish they would eschew this rough stuff. Prof. Brenneman goes to Philadelphia; Prof. Burriss envious.
- April 13.—Gougler plays tennis with Pickens; both join Mitchell's tennis club. Muir appears with his twelfth tie of the month; this one merely yellow and green.
- April 14.—Herr Schimmler goes canoeing and swimming; water fine; offers to give lessons. Prof. Shenton calls Lenahan an ass.
- April 15.—Holme and Pimm play poker. Larossa seen escorting a chicken. Der Kaiser says he merely got his hand in the creek; we think he has put his foot in it.
- April 16.—Huddleson says Carlisle has the finest girls of any town he knows. Conway baseball season opened; Conway, 6; Bloomfield, 1. Speck sprains his ankle and cusses Conway's ministers.

- April 17.—McGregor argues the somnabular metempsychosis of the medulla oblongata of the carnivorous, amphibious mastadon with Prof. Steckel; Prof. gets sore because Mac does not quote Blackstone. Prof. Maurer is seized with an extravagant fever and allows Mrs. Maurer to go to the movies if she will sit in the balcony; collection taken in chapel; both go; then Prof. says ten cents per week is enough spending money for any boy. Conway, 17; Harrisburg Tech, 3.
- April 18.—Fields attends the Charity Ball, dances till 4 A. M.; scrubs the floors on returning; then goes to church. Reiner is seen wearing a cane; lectures on the problems of a school teacher.
- April 19.—Number 98 sung in Chapel. Peggy Walkinshaw praises Prof. Burriss; wants to dedicate the LOGBOOK to him and send them both to the abode of Nero. Prather sings "My Father Knows it All."
- April 20.—Armstrong urges the Juniors to get to work; "You might all do as well as me, and raise your mark." Siler's red head causes Snowden to lose his religion; we wonder what's left at him.
- April 21.—Prof. Maurer washes dishes and lectures on household economy. Senate holding usual meetings and Doctor is sure we will get drinking fountain by 1920; at least he will "take the matter up with Mr. Bursk." Local option and Billy Sunday expounded by the Czar. Conway, 4; Mercersburg, 3.
- April 22.—Steck explains his ambition and his strong guarantees of success; organizes his Carlisle Dramatic Association; production to be given on All Fools' Day, 1916. Prof. Steckel caught using a toothpick.
- April 23.—LOGBOOK Board working like pack-horses (some of us). Last issue of old *Conwayan* Board appears; as usual, nothing whatever in about the Kaiser.
- April 24.—Conway wins as usual; this time Conway, 8; Shippensburg, 7. Ake, Swab and Groke stay in Harrisburg all night. Prof. Brenneman sleepy after that dance; moral—fat men should never maxixe.
- April 25.—LOGBOOK copy sent in; editors depart for regions of River Lethe.

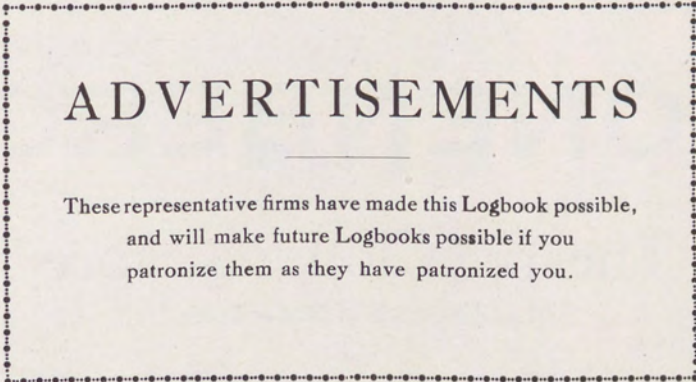
Acknowledgment

Before closing this book, we feel that justice demands that thanks be given to the Sentinel for the cuts they have gladly lent us; also to The Telegraph Printing Co., who have co-operated with us faithfully and enthusiastically in getting out this book. Finally, we wish to thank all who have assisted us in any way, and hope that the book will repay their efforts.





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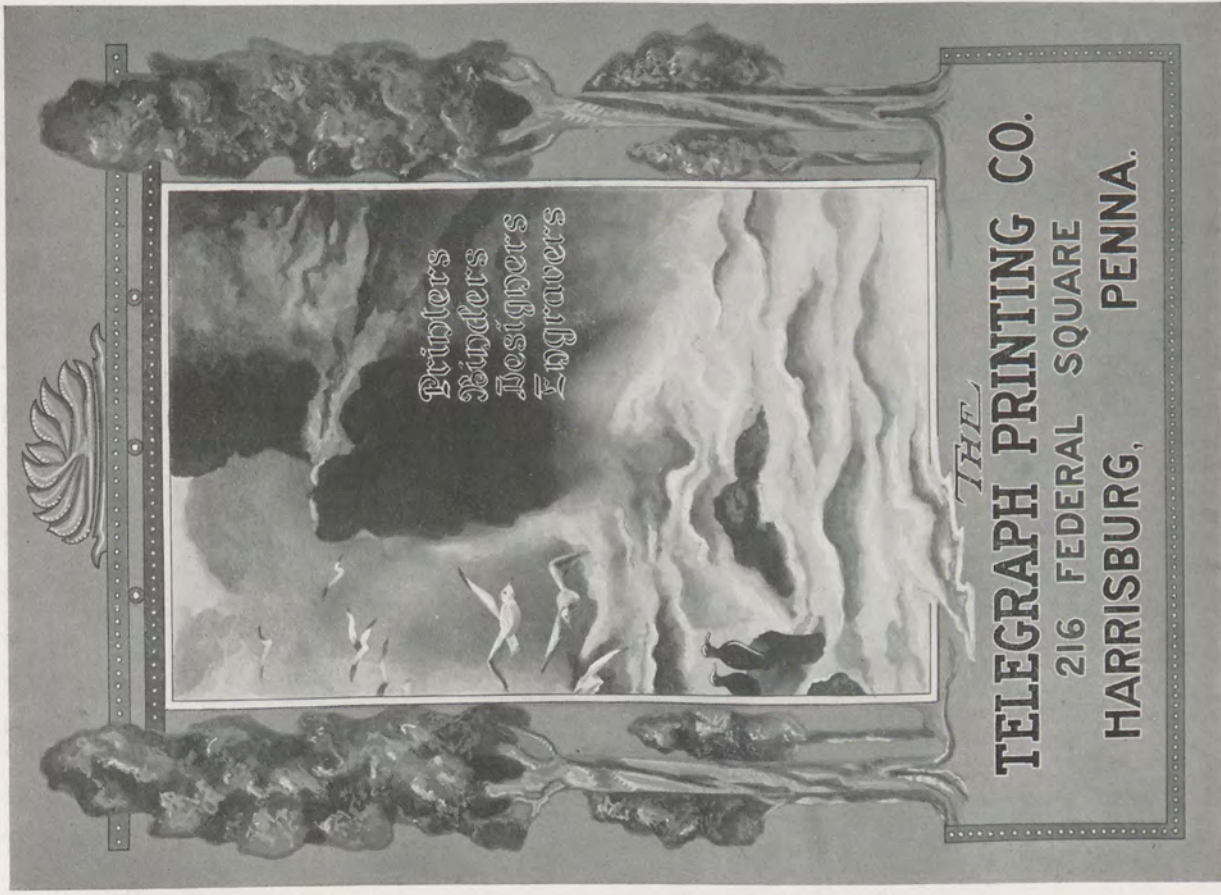
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