

1927

## 1927 The Analysis

Harry Kirsner

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The  
Analysis  
1927



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# The Analysis

THE UNDERGRADUATES' ANNUAL  
PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS



Philadelphia Textile School  
1927

To  
**John Lockwood**

IN SINCERE APPRECIATION  
OF HIS LONG AND FAITHFUL  
SERVICE TO THE TEXTILE PROFESSION

**The Class of 1927**

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATE THIS

**Analysis**



JOHN LOCKWOOD

It has been requested by the Publication Committee of this year's "Analysis," that, if possible, I should prepare for them an article bearing on the origin and past history, as well as the future possibilities, of the Philadelphia Textile School.

In responding to this request, allow me to say at the outset, that it will be almost necessary for the purpose of gaining a fair understanding of the School's origin, to touch upon, as briefly as circumstances will permit, the conditions of the times which led up to, and practically made some form of technical education in textiles an absolute necessity, if we, as a manufacturing community, were to combat with and eventually attain our proper place as regards textile products with other progressive nations. Our first awakening, it is true, was stimulated by the Centennial Exposition of 1876. It was clearly seen in comparing the textile products of foreign nations with those of home products, that our products were poor; they lacked the artistic touch in both design and finish, but the real necessity for this educational movement owes its first serious consideration, along in the late seventies, at which time large quantities of a new type of most beautiful worsted fabric, of both men's and women's wear, were being imported into this country. These new fabrics created quite an evolution in the industry, and were only made possible by the wonderful mechanical improvements made a few years before in the construction of the worsted combing machine. The results of these improvements in the comb have been most marvelous and have created quite as much of an evolution in this worsted branch of the woolen industry as did the "Whitney Cotton Gin" in the cotton industry.

Prior to these improvements just mentioned, worsted yarns were made from long staple wools which were almost exclusively used in the manufacture of carpets, rugs, and coarse knitted fabrics, but with the new improvement, it was possible to comb a much shorter staple wool than previously, and the finer variety of the so-called clothing wools, not considered of sufficient length heretofore, began to receive such combing treatment that manufacturers were able to produce from these shorter wools a fairly good worsted yarn, for clothing purpose. In other words, they were able to utilize what was formerly termed a fine clothing wool of a soft downy nature, in preference to the long harsher wool, of the more coarse nature.

Necessity being the mother of invention, improvements were made, not in the comb alone, but in other branches of the worsted yarn manufacture such as drawing, spinning, etc. These new yarns gave a great impetus to the manufacturer of wearing apparel of both men's and women's wear. Moreover, the possibilities for new creations were far in advance of the weaving art to produce them. Greater scope was thereby given to the then existing designers, skilled in the art, in fancy mixtures and clean cut patterns. Fancy weaves of all descriptions were brought into use in these new fabrics which were not possible in fabrics made of woolen yarn.



E. W. FRANCE  
DIRECTOR

Fabrics of the above description, after supplying the European demand, were naturally exported to this country, and while some few of our foremost manufacturers seemed to have been fully alive to the situation, they were not, for various reasons, in a position to meet this competition. One of the first to observe the then existing condition, was Mr. T. C. Search, at that time a member of the firm of Fiss, Banes, Erben & Company, worsted yarn spinners of Philadelphia. (Years later, Mr. Search became President of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, of which the Philadelphia Textile School now forms a part.) This Fiss, Banes, Erben organization were successors of the first worsted spinning mill in this locality, if not in this country. Mr. Search readily saw that while the firm of which he was a member, was willing and anxious to adopt the machinery necessary to make these yarns, there were most serious difficulties in the way, the most important of all, being the lack of skill necessary, not only to make the yarns, but skill to design and execute this new class of fabric the yarn was intended to go into. He felt, after carefully looking over the field, that his earlier convictions were more than confirmed, that there was really a dearth, not only of the designers and superintendents, but skilled workers all along the line, dyers, weavers, finishers, etc., who fully understood this new field of work, and were competent to deal with problems which it presented. In other words, a new order of things had arisen. The products of the European looms were coming in here in large quantities and had a preference, owing to their wonderful appearance and possibility in design with the purchasing public. Mr. Search saw that something would have to be done to aid the future textile manufacturers, if they ever expected to reach a higher level of efficiency and cope with foreign competition. It was largely in response to Mr. Search's initiative in this direction that, in 1882, a number of the leading and most progressive manufacturers of Philadelphia, formed themselves into an association called the Philadelphia Textile Association (which has later become the well known Manufacturers' Club of Philadelphia) and among the many objects, if not the main one, for which this Association was created, was the fostering in every possible way (as clearly defined in the second article in their By-Laws), "Technical Education in Textiles."

Two years after the Philadelphia Association was formed, Mr. Theodore C. Search was elected its President, and through his leadership the Association undertook to raise a fund of \$50,000 to start a Textile School along the lines above mentioned, and while the Association did not quite reach the allotted amount, \$35,000 was promised, (no doubt the balance would have been gotten in due course of time). Before the Association had really accomplished its purpose along this line, the knowledge of its intention reached the ears of the Board of Trustees of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, an incorporated Association organized during the Centennial year 1876, for the purpose of emulating the wonderful progress shown by foreign countries in Industrial Art and artistic crea-



tions. This latter Association immediately set about to endeavor to have the Textile Association affiliate with them, so far as the School project was concerned. This was accomplished, and Mr. Search was invited to accept the Chairmanship of the Instruction Committee. This was in January 1883. In the late Fall of the same year, it was decided to organize the Textile School in conjunction with the School of Industrial Art and to be known as the Philadelphia Textile School.

Textile education was at that time, of course, a new idea to the American people. It was necessary to begin at the very foundation of the work without previous knowledge of methods to be adapted, but means to be employed to meet the desired end.

England at that time had made some little progress along these lines. In Bradford, Leeds, Huddersfield, Manchester and a few other textile centers, schools for the teaching of textile design as such had been started. Germany had already established schools as the means to raise the standard of her products, not alone in textiles, but in many of her industries. Indeed it was Germany's encroaching upon what England considered her special field in textiles, which caused the English Parliament in 1880 to compose a special commission (known as the Royal Industrial Commission) to go to Germany and carefully study the whole question, and to quote from the report of Sir Swire Smith, one of the members of this Commission, "We find our continental rivals have learned everything from us that we could teach them; more than that, whilst we had spent our energies developing machinery, which they bought freely from us, they had spent theirs in developing the brains of their men to the making of beautiful products by the same machines, which products were returned to us at a many fold profit." This showed conclusively that similar conditions existed in other countries, and at the time of the organization of the Philadelphia Textile School a sort of a world wide awakening to the needs of the times. While the examples of these foreign schools were good ones to emulate, conditions in our country were so different that any successful scheme of instruction pursued by them, was considered impractical here. It was necessary for us to begin at the very bottom and frame a system of instruction that would be in keeping with general needs of the situation, educational and otherwise.

Our School, the pioneer of this country, began its career in the very smallest kind of a way. Its early struggles were numerous and its sympathizers were few, and not until the School had been in existence for some years, or until its early graduates began to make themselves really felt in the industry, did the school begin to receive its deserved recognition.

The German and English conception of textile fabrications was, that structure and artistic embellishment, in the way of color and design, was all that was required, but with the advent of the American school, a broader and more comprehensive conception was ushered in, while we recognized the great importance

of structure and artistic coloring quite as keenly as did our foreign prototypes. We considered that a knowledge of raw materials was equally as important, and that their preparation and manipulation had equally as much to do with a satisfactory product, as structure and design alone, and in some instances more. Especially when handle and feel should be required to play an important part in the finished fabric.

From the very beginning this conception was kept constantly in mind, and just so soon as facilities in the way of necessary room presented itself, the needed machinery for the conversion of raw materials into yarns of cotton, wool, worsted and silk, were installed. With the addition of this new machinery came the necessity of further additions to our dyeing equipment, not alone on account of the natural growth of the school, but by a far greater demand for more dyed material in the shape of cotton, wool and worsted yarns, for the much enlarged Weaving Department, as well as wools for the Carding and Spinning department from which to make fancy mixtures and yarns, to be used in the fancy worsted cassimere trades, etc.

Thus the school has grown by steady additions, slowly but surely, into the commanding position which it holds today. The stimulus that has promoted this growth from the very beginning, and inspired all its promoters and friends to increased efforts toward higher efficiency, is unquestionably due first, to its loyal and efficient corps of Instructors, four of which have been with the School for over twenty-five years, and second, to the success as well as the loyalty of its graduates. How well the graduates have succeeded, is best attested to by the fact that they are now to be found in all centers of the country's textile industry. It must, however, be frankly admitted, that we are still in a long step from that perfect work which must eventually follow in the footsteps of the more general education of our young men in these Textile schools. Where today, many of the leaders of the textile industry are perhaps educated in such schools, the rank and file of those who are in charge of the work itself, are yet uninfluenced to any great extent by trained men. As soon as these positions are filled, as they are destined to be eventually, by those who have been in attendance at these schools, we shall see an uplifting of the textile trades, such as could be brought about by no other agency.

It is generally understood that technical schools in general, and particularly textile schools, naturally, have a limited number of students, a comparatively large Staff and extensive equipment, and a corresponding large consumption of materials, raw and otherwise, rendering this form of education a very costly one.

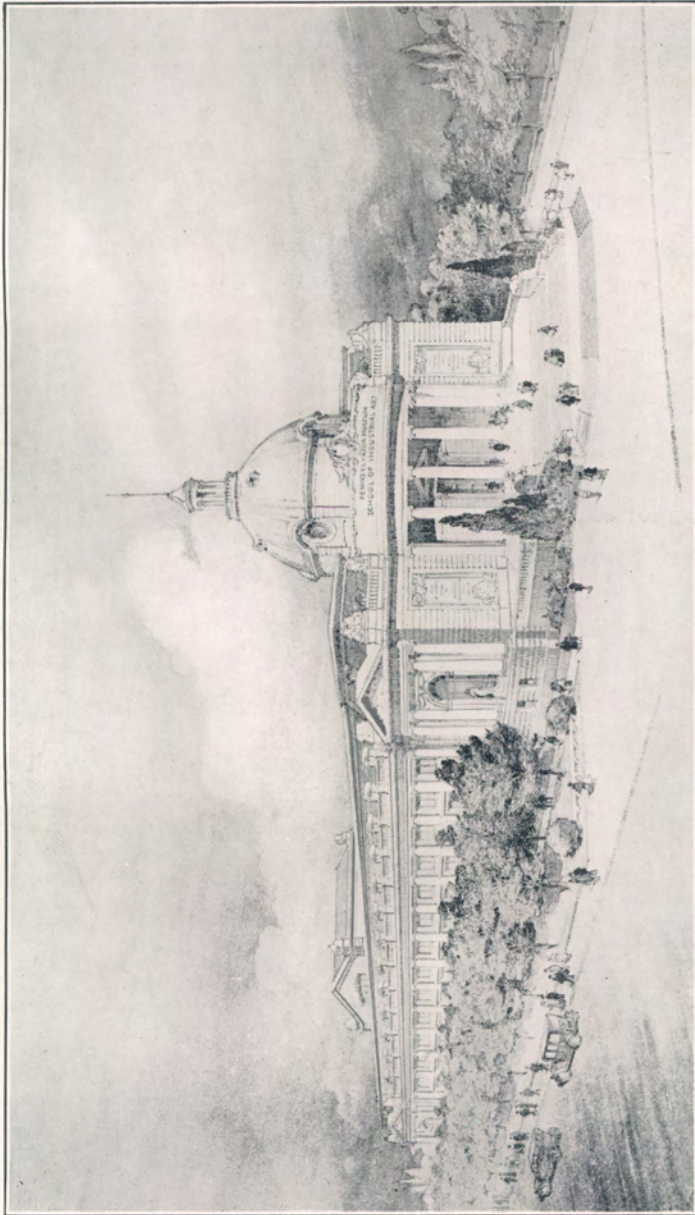
Costs in all industrial work are usually measured by results. Can anyone justly measure the benefits thus far obtained by this form of education in America? Especially when it is stated, that the graduates of this school in this vicinity alone, now shape or influence, fully, or in part, the products of \$80,000,000 worth of

invested capital. I think not. It is not then, what has thus far been accomplished in America, in technical education in textiles, that we should be the most concerned about, that is, we might say, a question of the past, but what must we do to even maintain the position we have gained, and what steps should now be taken to further stimulate and foster this all important form of special education. These are the questions of the hour, and they are as serious today, if not more so, than they were forty years ago. The evolution is still going on. We are facing new conditions, and they must be met fairly and squarely.

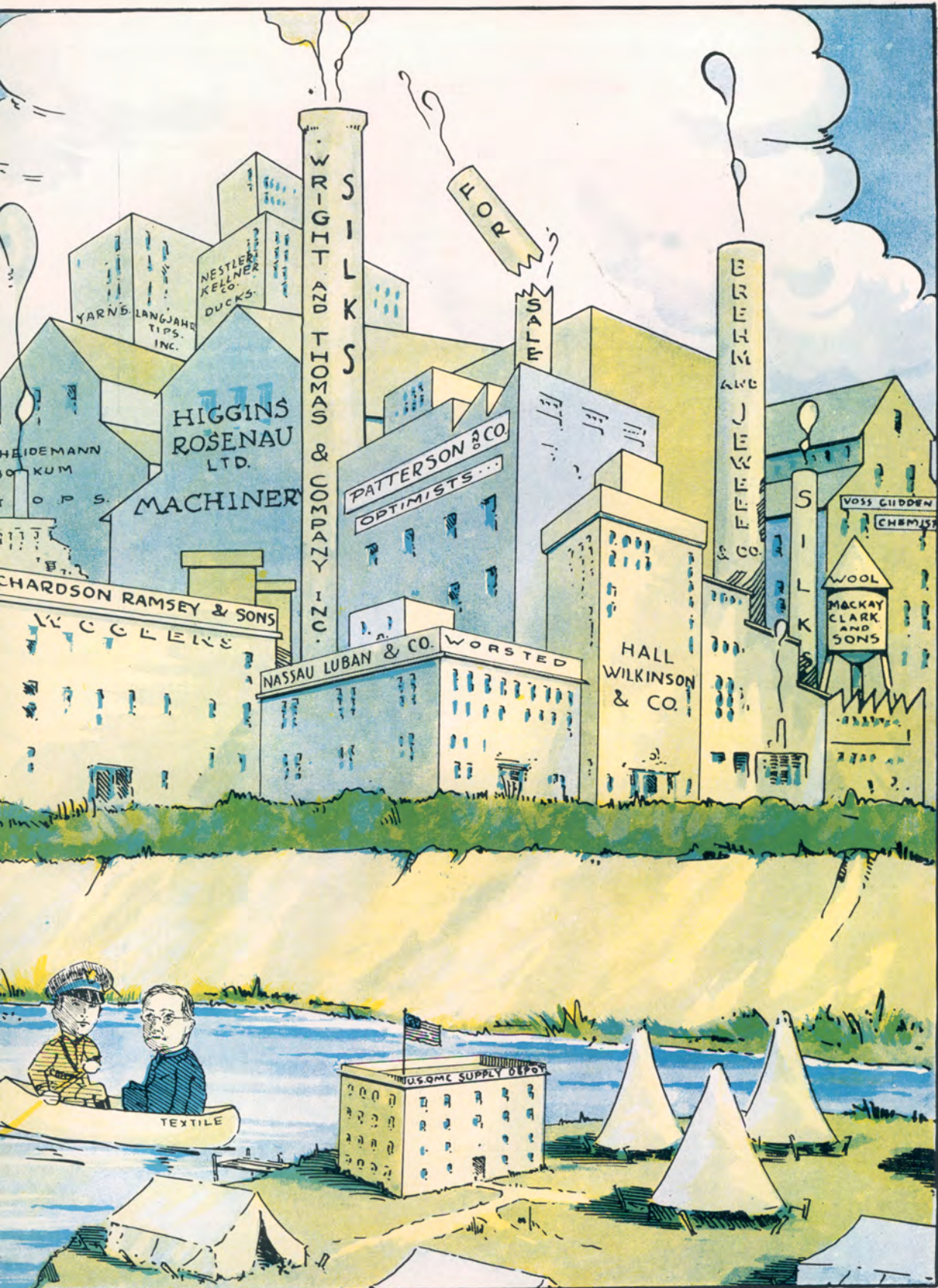
Now what we want right here in this great textile manufacturing city of ours, a city whose textile interests exceed in value the products of our ship-yards, locomotive works and steel and iron works combined, being capitalized for \$150,000,000 or more, and turning out annually in normal times, products valued at \$200,000,000 worth or more, is a proper recognition, not alone by our State and City, but by the whole manufacturing community of this great City, of such a character that would place this pioneer Institution in such a position financially, that it would not only be assured of continuing the high standard of education, which is now able to give, but that it would, in addition, be able to very largely increase its scope and usefulness. The school has accomplished wonders, it is true. It is not necessary today, it is generally conceded, to go abroad for any form of textile fabrics. We hear less and less of the words "latest importation," and indeed, criticism is rife from all quarters, and trade papers in particular, that many of the so-called "foreign importations," in men's and women's wear materials, (to please the whim of certain public) are made right here in America. No school, anywhere, has done more to help bring about these changes, but we have now arrived at a period in our progress, however, which means something more than private means or private initiative. The present facilities in the way of buildings are entirely inadequate for our growing needs, good as they may have been some years ago. More room and better facilities must be provided elsewhere, to meet this growing demand. Again, other branches of the industry should be added to the curriculum, which are quite as important, and quite as necessary, to the welfare of our community, as are those which we have thus far provided for. Our trustees having foreseen this coming condition, did make, several years ago, a most commendable effort to meet it, and were at that time exceedingly fortunate in being able to secure, what many competent judges have freely expressed, one of the most suitable sites for this particular purpose to be found in our City. I refer to a plot of ground on the Northwest end of the Fairmount Parkway, adjacent to the new Municipal Museum of Art (now nearing completion). The area of ground allotted by the Commissioners of Fairmount Park, is a triangular shape, and is bounded by the Parkway, the Crescent and Schuylkill Avenues. Upon this plot of ground, the intention of the Trustees of the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art, is to erect a new structure

to house both schools, Art and Textile, a tentative plan of building is shown on the opposite page. The building regulations of the Parkway will permit the erection of a structure four stories in height. It will have light on three sides as well as light from an interior court, and it is hoped that the facilities provided will afford ample accommodation for the schools for many years to come. The architecture will be made to harmonize with that of the Museum and other public buildings, projected for this portion of the Parkway.









The ANALYSIS





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PROFESSOR BRADLEY C. ALGEO  
ASST. DIRECTOR

Mr. Algeo is one of the few professors at Textile whom we all have the privilege of meeting. He has always been close to the students, both as a friend and a teacher.

His wonderful faculty for teaching is due in a large degree to his ability to present his subject in a humorous way. He has a keen sense of humor that is appealing to the modern student.

He is an able teacher, staunch friend and a success in the outside business world; we are grateful for the far too brief acquaintance we have had with Mr. Algeo.

PROFESSOR RICHARD S. COX  
JACQUARD DEPT. HEAD

From freshman to seniors we have found Mr. Cox one of the most patient of men, always ready to listen and always ready to explain some point that is not exactly clear. His explanations are always easily understood and are backed up, if need be, by plenty of reason. We could never truly say that his Jacquard course is the easiest ever seen, but his methods of teaching were very pleasing. Real interest in the welfare of all textile men, students or alumni, is manifest in all his actions. He takes great interest in the students, in the club, and yearly plans an after graduation trip, visiting various mills in New England. These trips are always looked forward to, as Mr. Cox is known as a friend and a "good scout."



PROFESSOR ELMER C. BERTOLET  
CHEMISTRY & DYEING DEPT. HEAD

Mr. Bertolet first met the class of '27 in September, 1926, in dyeing lectures. His lectures were both instructive and interesting. Upon one occasion, at least, he obtained the undivided attention of the class by advising them how to be successful after leaving Textile. His advice was "Work Hard." This advice has always been looked upon by men in the trade as the foundation rocks of successful business. To try to tell what Mr. Bertolet has done for Textile would be a real task. He is continually working and pushing to boost Textile, always taking an active interest in all athletics and activities at the school.

We all remember him as a good friend, and we know him to be a hard, enthusiastic worker, always ready to help a fellow out and to offer good, sound advice to anyone who may need it.



PROFESSOR JOHN NAAB  
COTTON DEPT. HEAD



"If you fellows will just look at this problem for a few minutes, you ought to have it most done." Mr. Naab was always a great man to leave out formulas, rules, etc., and do a problem simply by common sense. Unfortunately, however, we often did not seem to have enough.

We first learned what a practical man Mr. Naab really was, when he so capably showed us how to manufacture cotton yarn. He told us in order to get good yarn it required attentive work and for better results it simply required more attentive work.

Now, when we say good-bye to a true and loyal instructor, the memory of his companionship, both in and out of class, will always be retained by us.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM PFEIFFER  
POWER WEAVING DEPT. HEAD

As we think of our course in the weave shop we recall Mr. Pfeiffer with a great feeling of friendship and all of us regret that our stay with him was not longer.

To get stuck on anything in the weave room was not a crime, for there was always a helping hand, and after walking back to the scene of the endeavor, you always learned more about the job than you thought you would.

Mr. Pfeiffer did not treat us as students. He treated us as men. We found him to be a real fellow; one that is ready to help at any time and one who can be depended upon.

PROFESSOR FRED M. JENNINGS  
WOOL GRADING AND SORTING

In our second year we had our first opportunity to become acquainted with Mr. Jennings.

It would first seem that one could not understand wool grading and sorting, but his remarkable ability to make difficult things seem plain and simple at once altered our opinion. He put his subject over by relating incidents accumulated during his vast governmental experiences and by cracking a few jokes and stories that always kept the class interested. He has a keen understanding of the order of importance of things and we have learned many valuable points in the wool trade.

Mr. Jennings has always been a hard worker for Textile, and we who are about to graduate wish to pay our tribute to one who has given so much for the welfare of our school.



PROFESSOR WILLIAM A. McLAIN  
HAND WEAVING DEPT. HEAD

Our first meeting with Mr. McLain came during our freshman year, when he tried to pound some of his knowledge of hand weaving into our heads.

It rested on Mr. McLain's shoulders to instill the rudiments of note-taking into we freshmen and by his constant practice we must say that he was successful.

We have spent many "playful" hours under him in hand weaving. We found that he is by no means without a sense of humor, as displayed by his remarks when he found wrong draws, mis-picks and the like in our fabrics. He started us in our career and we thank him for our good start. He will always be remembered as a true friend to all Textile men.



PROFESSOR HOWARD WALTER  
CHEMISTRY DEPT.

Mr. Walter is not known to every one at Textile, but those who have taken his various analysis courses will testify to his thorough knowledge of quantitative analysis procedures and the calculations that puzzled us so on our first acquaintance with them. Many are the consultations which we have had at the door of his "sanctum," while he traced out the cause for an elusive precipitate not appearing at the right time, nor his devising of some means for saving an analysis that had been neglected in its last stages.

We shall remember Mr. Walter for his ever readiness to be of help to us and as one of the best friends we ever had at Textile.



Joseph Goodavage

Did I give you No. 7 yet? Oh, is it late? It is only 11:55 and you can do No. 7 in five minutes, anyway take the note for No. 7. No. 7 is a checker board motive  $13 > 23 < 9 \times 13$  repeats. With all these we found Geise to be a scholar and a friend. We all appreciate your help in a pinch and otherwise. Good luck and may you always be charitable.

All Hail! The Czar of the Dyehouse, "Joe" Goodavage, since his days at Philly Tec, has kept "in" with the fellows, and is always looked upon more as an experienced older brother than as an instructor. Joe has always taken an interest in baseball, and is always seen after school giving advice in that direction. In the dye house, Joe is a "gem," and "ever ready" with good pointers on color matching. We have all met you, and have admired your untiring effort to "put the stuff across." We all want to thank you, Joe, for your "colorful" counsel in our time of need, so here's looking at you.



Frank Geise

Mr. Theel is one of the instructors who appalled us in class-room with his diction. Many of us had previously thought our vocabulary was not bad, but we were toppled from our throne. When we finally became conversant, we certainly assimilated much knowledge in both chemistry and etymology, with its many kinks.

We honor you for your ability to bring the reactions to a speedy conclusion, even though a number of us lacked the speed necessary for recording the results, we assure you of our appreciation and wish you continued success.



Percival Theel



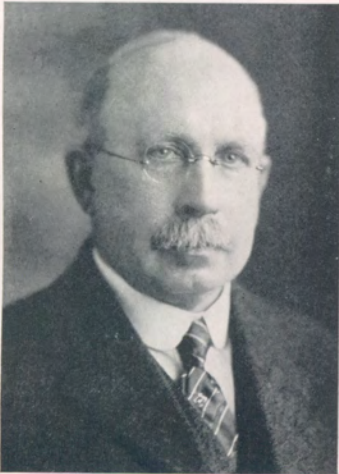
**George G. Byler**

George has the knack of taking the mystery out of the unknown. Your sincerity is only equalled by the genuineness of your help. We all join in giving a vote of thanks.



**Ercal Kaiser**

A little more red to offset the green, and it will be all right. Ercal is fortunate for his associations, and we predict a high diplomatic post for you old man herealong.



**J. W. France**

Here comes Mac. So Daddy kept us out of trouble the first year and ever after. He is our friend.



**W. B. Williamson**

Bill, here is to express our appreciation for a friendly countenance and sage advice, you unreservedly gave to your former school mates. Good luck, old man.



Mr. Wilmer

Mr. Marquart

Mr. Riley

"John"

"Charlie"

"George"



# In Memoriam

Alfred Burhouse

December 13, 1926

By the sudden, but natural, though unlooked for death of Mr. Burhouse, the Faculty of the Philadelphia Textile School, and all others associated, have lost a most valuable and esteemed friend and co-worker.

As Instructor, in charge of the Branch of Woolen and Worsted Cloth Finishing, Mr. Burhouse had no superior. His long and varied experience in some of the best of our Textile Mills, not alone in the Branch of Cloth Finishing, but in other branches of the Trade, prior to associating himself with the School, made him of especial value to the Institution, in assisting, and oftentimes caring for, other departments. In other words, an all round competent textile man.

He accepted service with the Institution in the Spring of 1916. Although just rounding out his seventy-fifth year, he was as active and clear minded as any man would be at twenty-five years his Junior. Pains-taking and thorough and with a lovable disposition, he made many warm friends, to whom his death so unexpectedly came as an especially severe shock.

It is with genuine pride that the graduating class reproduce on the opposite page the Grand Prize Diploma and medals awarded to the Philadelphia Textile School by the Sesqui-Centennial International Exposition.

The wards were made on the work of the students, of which this class formed a part as shown by the wording of the diploma.

“Excellence of course of instruction pertaining to the manufacture of Textiles from raw materials to the finished fabric, Exemplified by the commendable Exhibit of Students Productions of cotton, wool, worsted and silks, at all stages of designing, weaving, chemistry, dyeing, and finishing.”

As a further reason for gratification is the fact that the graduating class was fortunate to receive instructions from the Professors at the school which include such well known textile authorities as our director, E. W. France, Professor Bradley C. Algeo, Richard S. Cox, and Elmer C. Bertolet, each of whom was awarded a gold medal for collaborating in the preparation of the course of instruction.

The ANALYSIS

SPIRITUAL AND NATIONAL CONSCIOUSNESS

17 76

18 76

INDUSTRIES    ARTS    1926    SCIENCE    COMMERCE

THE SESQUI-CENTENNIAL INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION  
PHILADELPHIA - PENNSYLVANIA  
JUNE 1<sup>ST</sup> - DECEMBER 1<sup>ST</sup> 1926  
CELEBRATING ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE  
THE JURY OF AWARDS HAS CONFERRED A

**GRAND PRIZE**  
UPON

*W. Fisher*

*E. Switzer*

*The Philadelphia Textile School of the Pennsylvania Museum and  
Academy of Natural History and  
School of Industrial Art*

*Excellence of Course of Instruction Pertaining to the Manu-  
facture of Textiles from the Raw Material to the Finished  
Fabric Exemplified by the Commendable Exhibit of Students  
Fugatees of Cotton, Wool, Nitrates and Silk at all Stages  
of Designing, Weaving, Chemistry, Dyeing and Finishing*

*Allen E. Pope*

*J. D. ...*

CENTENNIAL EXPOSITION



In Memoriam

William H. Meyerhoff

August 5th, 1925

## Foreword

*In presenting this book the Board of Editors entertain the hope that the pleasant relationships formed during our three year sojourn at the Philadelphia Textile School will be perpetuated. The deep appreciation the Board of Editors have for the Director and Instructors of the school, precludes the possibility of any intention to offend their sensibilities. It is hoped that the printed matter will be received in the same spirit that it was written, and that is the spirit of good fellowship.*

## Senior Class History

### Officers

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Vice President, NELSON T. WRIGHT  
Secretary, WILLIAM H. SMITH  
Treasurer, WILSON K. THOMAS  
Historian, EDWIN WILKINSON, 3d  
Athletic Director, FRED LANGJAHR

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### Foreword

This is a great task and needs must take a lot of thought. So much greater the task then, for those who know the writer also know that he has no corner on the market of originality therefore, of necessity, is wholly unfit to attempt such a ledger.

However, in his quest for a wit the Editor failed (that's a balm) and next turned his efforts toward picking out a sucker. Lo and behold! you have the sucker scribbling this stuff.

If you are of a heavy bend of mind, taking life and all related thereto seriously, stop here and turn to the ads for I am sure you will enjoy them far more than you will this.—Enough!

### Our First Year

Each and everyone having been told by his High School Commencement Speaker that he was now entering a crucial phase of his life came to Textile School resolved firmly to work, work hard and show the world what it was lacking. In short, each man was set to grab the "cold, cruel world," by the proverbial neck and make it holler "nuff," loud and plenty.

At first we thought we had found just the place. The mill-like atmosphere on our side of the building blended perfectly with our H. S. C. S.'s description of the world. The looms fascinated and the yarn manufacturing machinery thoroughly excited our highest fancy. The easy, happy go-lucky way of the Seniors somewhat baffled, though, for we were not able to understand how anyone who had had his nose to the grindstone for two years could still be so human and so real. After two years of such work we felt they should be more like the faculty. Of course there were exceptions in both classes but they merely went to prove the rule.

You can easily see it was not long before we decided our stern advice on leaving High School was a lot of bunk—pure, unadulterated hokum. Our chances of collaring the world were as obscure as they had been in our preparatory years. Were we disappointed? We were not. The Art School gave us a great opportunity for consolation by substitution. So quick and thorough were some of our students in seizing this opportunity that the directors of both institutions deemed it advisable to abolish the noon hour dancing that had been a custom in the auditorium sandwiched between the two schools. Alack-a-day, well away!—How the boys did romp!

Then as the weeks passed we gradually began to see the true light, to know our classmates more fully and to feel ourselves the luckiest boys for having picked the best possible partners. The faculty also became more intimate as we analyzed their ruling passions and played them. It is at this point the true narrative begins, for it will be my endeavor to acquaint you, too, with our jolly crowd, the Class, and our austere supervisors, the Faculty.

Perhaps the first quarter had passed before we really began to feel this hominess. Our marks as a class were high and had a great tendency to unjustly swell our heads so that we felt, very wrongly of course, that we knew more about the various subjects we were studying than did the instructors themselves. The day that Woods Thomas finally got his color plate of grays accepted by Mr. Kaiser after three suggestions of alterations, which never materialized, was a jubilee day for the boy (for he was a boy then—didn't even have fuzz on his upper lip, let alone what he now proudly fashions, a mustache). "Tee-hee! I fooled him," tittered Woods, pouring the contents of a red paint jar down his left leg to look like a veteran, or something.

Color Harmony and Free Hand Drawing perhaps furnished more amusement than a good musical comedy and made the inmates of the zoo blush with shame for their sterility of calls and cries. Rumore, who before he entered school, did a little amateur ventriloquism, handling four dummies at one time, usually started things by giving the well known call of a walrus oogling for a pretzel. Immediately Whit Bird would go him one better with an astounding resemblance of the noise made by a canary cutting its toe nails.—Whit was clever! When asked why he gave up ventriloquism, Polly replied, "I found that one of the dummies was getting too much for me so I took up boxing, at which pastime I am no slouch, for I know most of the Lafayette Football team and a lot of hard guys in P'burg!"—"Oh!" said we, sliding down the elevator shaft to get a drink.

Our conduct in Cotton was different. The mysteries of "drivers" and "drivens" were gradually unfolded and exposed to light. The same is true of "differential motion," "convolutions" and the like. But one remained to be solved. Bill Lyall, the mathematical wizard, took it upon himself to settle that. Whereupon it was resolved that—if John Naab "was to turn around" as often as he threatened to, he would be dizzier than Bill Taylor in the last stages of a four-day—week-end—drunk! and that is *something*.—It's terrible.

When told of the unanimous decision of the class regarding his equilibrium, Johnny Naab's only comment was, "Fellows, it's marvelous.—After all, it's only a comparison." "Booh!" cried a small voice in the back of the room as "Misery" slid under the table.

A cold bleak morn', full of the announcement of storm and epic doing, broke one day on our noble institution with its classic face and bastard Romanesque back-sides. As the hour of opening approached, one Ellie Houghton and a Mr. France were seen skating down Broad Street arm and arm, conversing most amiably. That was the finishing touch, something was going to happen. Something *had* to happen. Pure, honest premonitions were justly awarded soon after the day's classes had begun. It all came about when Mr. Algeo asked Phillips in Weave Formation, his idea of the plain weave. Mr. Phillips, rising and acknowledging the plaudits of the class, cleared his throat, blew his nose and started. (Here, let me say, that when Phillips starts, he *starts*.—Believe you me, he is one rabid Rabbi)!"—"Algie, it's a phenomena!" (Here we may only give excerpts for his verbal fecundity and the length and weight of his speech, delightfully seasoned with humor, completely overwhelmed our reporter who, that night, severed his vertebrae in a vain effort to resemble the plain weave). Tracing it in history, simply to give it prestige, we find that the Toga, which Caesar wore on the eve he did the famous 'human pin-cushion' act, was neither twill nor drill but plain weave. The coverings that Hannibal spread over his charming bed warmers, while crossing the Alps were plain weave. The undershirt that protected the deposed Napoleon on the event of his departure for St. Helena was plain knit, was it not?" "It was knit," agreed the gracious pedagogue. A little later, with fire in his eyes and much dribbling, Phillips questioned, "Was it Queen Marie, Neitscheize or Will Rogers that likened the trend of human events and social orders into the plain weave?" "Lon Chaney!" growled Rosenau, by this time thoroughly disgusted with leno and other towel fabrics. "Plush may have its zeal," concluded Bird with oratorical zeal, "Repp its reputation but as for me I'll take plain scot-er-weave anyday!" "No doubt you have done some outside reading on this subject," ventured Mr. Algeo. "No foolin', Algie, I have," was the reply. "Well, it's lousy!" bellowed Mr. Algeo, blowing up like a balloon. "Nuts!" retorted Phillips, resuming his seat.

Perhaps the year's most amusing event was Folkman's little episode in Hand Weaving. Laboriously he had toiled for seven full periods picking the lease of his first warp, hecking and beaming it with stolid perseverance, singing all the while, "Who'll buy my pretzels?" Mr. "Mack," magnanimously offered aid in the "mounting," had been shunted ingloriously into a corner where he remained in utter disdain meditating on "corn" and its heavenly virtues. Folkman was determined to do it alone. Watching from atop the drawing frame sat "Daddy" France (so-called by the students—not chorines), the wise sage. Well, he knew that something unusual was to happen and his facial expression betrayed



a little desire within him for it to happen soon. To conceal his anxiety he attempted to hold the attention of the class by explaining his disdain for a "goose." "Now, geese as a whole are O. K.," explained "Daddy." "But a 'goose'—well, I always have been afraid of trolley cars!"—Plopp!—He was interrupted, for we all turned to see Folkman's beam, rolling down the aisle in a drunken course, unravelling the warp in a tangled and ragged condition. He had forgotten the mere detail of inserting the beam-pins, and on the first stroke of the lay his warp had jumped the frame and rolled clear down to the wall-frame. Thus it gave one look, uttered a feeble "woof" and dropped, overcome by nausea. That over, we all looked for Folkman, but he was nowhere to be found. After an exhaustive search he was unearthed in a kier, biting the heads off heddles and incoherently muttering, "Who'll buy my pretzels?" "Who cares!" growled Mr. "Mack," as he screwed down the lid and opened the steam valves.

However, our first year was not all nonsense, as you gathered from the above. We did manage to organize, elect officers, and have ample representation in the school's activities. The offices of President, Vice President, Secretary, Treasurer, Historian and Athletic Director were filled by Wilkinson, Rapp, Meyerhoff, Nassau, Langjahr, and Bird respectively. On the basketball team Wright, Gutekunst, Luban, Nelson, Grossman and Cadmus made themselves more than known. In tennis we were represented by Horn, Barton and Dixon. In baseball we carried Lyall, Kay, Connelly, Ramsey, Moran and Sears. Houghton, Broadhead and Wright performed on the track team.

Therefore, all things considered, the school was glad to have us and we were equally glad to be a part of the school. At commencement the following had records to walk away with prizes, Wright, Higgins, Bokum and Gutekunst.

### The Second Year

About the middle of September school opened, calling us together once again from the four corners of the globe. Some of us had spent the summer months playing and traveling, some worked and some did nothing, having spent all their reserve energy on the "finals" of the preceding year.

With his snowshoes strapped to his back, his skis stuck behind his ears like pencils, and carrying a portable electric fan, Camelford came galloping down from Canada (Dry). Northern Jersey, the Southern States, the Army, the West (Philadelphia and Lansdowne), and New York City were all fully and capably represented. The faculty was intact, the "Roman Delegates" having returned from their jaunt abroad, everyone looked for a banner year; when—BANG!—Who fired that?

We really found the second year much harder than the first, meeting several men of the faculty and embarking on new subjects. It proved not only stiff, but interesting. We were complimented that Mr. Cox should give us so much of his time, amused by the general studies. The novelty of the cook stoves having worn

away we looked upon the dye lab as a sweat-shop and found general chemistry not just one grand series of explosions, but real, honest work, irritating beyond description.

But—oh, boy—the stories we learned. Jim Ramsey had one for every other minute in the drawing-in room. How the “nifties” did fly. Wish we could print some, but modesty forbids—so does the faculty.

Why start a thing you cannot finish you ask—“To fill space is my quick and witty retort.” If you had the editor hound you as he does me you, too, would resort to all kinds of bally-rot.

Perhaps the hardest afternoon during the second year was the one boasting of three one hour lectures. By hard, I mean, in attendance. If you were not thrown out of the first you very rarely missed being requested to take a smoke during the second. However, there is safety in numbers, if you weathered through the first two, your chances were pretty good and the odds fell your way. It appeared as though our worthy professors vied in the number they could bounce. As usual Mr. Bert got the green felt hat (which he thought gray), for he asked the entire class to leave. Rumor has it that he had a red hot date, but this cannot be confirmed. Anyhow, in his following lectures, realizing that such measures were impracticable, as well as unreasonable, he enlisted the services of one of the Chemistry department to act as a policeman and henceforth tried to show a little discrimination. “Quality, not quantity,” eh, what, Mr. Bert?

But, really, that three-hour session was about the worst. Mr. Byler would rave (unbutton his coat), rant (button his coat), howl (adjust his glasses) and scream (unbutton his coat), but all to no avail. He was preaching to a bunch of dumb-bells. (Don't argue, didn't you pay \$3.50 for this book). Then, too, one hour or every so often Mr. France would tell us the tragic story of the boy that was locked in the kier, a very pathetic story, and a very powerful one, when aimed at the human neglect brought about by the modern factory system, or the practice of child labor, but somewhat annoying after the fifth rehearsal. But, Mr. France is a very busy, respected and I daresay, I do not put it too strongly, when I say, beloved man. To know him is to honor him and what a revelation it is, after hearing his sermon-like lectures, to talk with him, better, rather, to listen to him in his private office.

Mr. France, as a class, we take off our hats to you. May your work ever be a joy and the fruits thereof a blessing.

Then, too, in our second year we met dear old “Pa” Jennings. “Pa” Jennings conducted the Wool Grading course. To this day Rosenau, Clair and Nassau swear it was “Current Events,” “Topics of the Day” or some such highfalutin' subject, but they were wrong. True, it may be that it was there they learned Ty Cobb's batting average for the last eight years, or read “La Vie de Monsieur Jacques Dempsé,” but again—they were wrong—very wrong! I know whereof I speak, for, failing to get a grade in the subject one quarter, after a careful examination it

was shown me how I had fallen off the bottom of the page. "Pa" Jennings was very kind though and when I answered "Ninety" to his query, "What do you think you deserve?" he very diligently chalked up a "Seventy." I was very lucky, even though it was the next lowest mark in the class, for I had made the unethical error of "sliding off the bottom of the page." I might have gotten nothing, don't you see? Neither do I, but I think it very funny.

Abe Luban's was a pathetic case, dear me, yes—and Abe was such a nize boy. In spite of his disastrous efforts on "Honest Abe" Mr. Lockwood's "More or less" system still prevails. It all came about when Mr. Lockwood had so tangled Abe that all he could answer was "more or less." Abe firmly resolved to master the system, or die in the attempt (thrilling, isn't it, almost like a novel, but wait!). Let us not try to couch this in dramatic style, but just proceed with the facts. Abe's mind cracked. The first indication was noted one fine morning when he was observed coming down Broad Street, hopping over any one shorter than he, much in the manner of a boy playing leap frog, and crawling under the legs of any one taller, crying, as he did so, "If it is greater it goes on top; if it is less it goes underneath." Men, women and children suffered Abe's indignities and he got off, only as luck would have it, because there were enough Textile men there to rally to his aid and explain to the enraged men and the hysterical women and the stupidified youngsters the plight of the poor, demented mind. Speizman, seeing the possibilities, immediately feigned insanity, but got nothing more than a sound trouncing, his first victim being the trainerette of a boxing kangaroo. Abe, however, was in very bad straits. His girl, a sweet, demure little thing (let us explain here that it was his Philadelphia girl—not his "honest-to-goodness one") did not take so aptly to Mr. Lockwood's teachings and soon became thoroughly disgusted with him and gave him the gate. It had such a hold on him, that we finally sent him to a sanitorium and everyone contributed regularly to send him fruits, flowers and the like, except Daniels, his partner—he passed the hat!

Are you enjoying this? (Chorus) "More or less—so!"

"All right, you 'meanies'. For that we'll stop here and go on with the third year."

But just let me say that in athletics we had much the same representation as in the year before, with Wright, the captain of basketball; Horn, as tennis captain, and Knight of Columbus Smith piloting the track team.

"Ellie" Houghton took the Mrs. Henry S. Grove prize and Jack Wright received honorable mention. For the second consecutive time Gutekunst received the award for the highest average in the Chemistry and Dyeing course. This time it was the Anna E. Sinnott prize covering the two years' work.

### The Third Year

As we near each successive goal in life we, unconsciously or consciously, take on a new or higher pride. It is the result of the personal satisfaction to be had, to a greater or lesser degree, from looking back over the years we have spent achieving this realization of an ambition. To some these preparatory years are years of constant effort and labor; to others they are years of nice diplomacy and dextrous handling of existent conditions. What they are depends entirely on the individual's philosophy, or lack of philosophy. Let us not dwell too much on the cause when the result, in most cases, is the same.

It is only just to say we, returning as seniors, felt ourselves just a bit higher in the social scale and hoped the faculty would humor our little aversion. We did not expect to be invited to "play class" as we were prone to "play house" when we *were* small children, nor did we expect to be excused from the lecture room because our countenance was blessed with a smile—they are such wonderful things.

But the autumn thrill was in our blood and no doubt we did act a bit childish. 'Twas a willing day that found Joe Wright, alias Joe Pulquey, and the author gamboling gleefully over the restful greensward of the central campus, having successfully "plugged" the door that gave out on "Mike's Runway," the picturesque winding lane that leads to the workshop of the school. At one o'clock, baffled in their usual return to classes some students found it advisable to get to classes by passing through the "Corridorum Facultatem." Others, more athletically inclined, climbed through windows, or hand over hand along the rainspouts. A great number, especially the chemistry and dyeing contingent, didn't bother returning at all, but were to be seen striking out in the general direction of the Aldine singing merrily, "Bye, Bye, Bertie!" The Big Parade was a good picture, wasn't it, Gute.

There were so many rifts and debates of the highest interest between Mr. Algeo and Mr. Phillips that it is truly a wonder that this doesn't read like it bore the title, "Murphy's School Days," or "Sir Sid and the Dragon." Coykendall, too, had some tilts with the above mentioned dragon, but in his case the dragon usually won. Have you ever heard of "Boozies Worm Cure"? It is a pleasant process for ridding oneself of the worms, but hardly applicable to children (for confirmation of that statement see Clair). Horn has tried it successfully and Higgins turned pale at the suggestion, fearing that the remedy would be unable to discriminate between worms and a poor lonely old worm that never did anyone harm and which was a particular friend of Paul's for quite some time. However, Paul has not seen it lately and a few weeks ago deemed it safe to try the remedy, i.e., visit a doctor (preferably a young one). Slap doctor on back and salute: "Hello, doc, you old son-of-a-gun, how are chances on a prescription?" If a disagreeable glow lights in the doctor's eyes, pick up hat and walking stick and without further ado leave his office. Having tried the remedy thus far you may just as well go the whole hog and here is the

way: return to the Fraternity House and borrow somebody's fur coat, discard your walking stick and spats and take on a rather beaten felt hat (or go without one) and start out on foot for the nearest bootlegger. Drop around "Boozie" Coykendall's apartment on the way and artfully drop a hint as to the purpose of your mission. "Boozie," bubbling over with Southern hospitality, will proceed to throw out so many "gins and" or "gins" down the inside of your neck that in short order both you and the worms are so cock-eyed drunk you will all pass out. Of course, if it's dry day at Pine Alley Club you *will* have to go to a bootlegger's. But, they charge so frightfully these days!

But, now let's stop this nonsense and say a little in all seriousness to the faculty as a whole.

In our three years we have crabbed, griped and raised all manner of hell, but we were young and realized that we were playing for the last time a game in which worry and the earnestness of life mattered only indirectly. We now go out to—"out in the trade, industry, mill, or what have you." We are told it is the greatest game—we hope so—and we are told that every minute allotted to work counts. We realize it to be true. Our preparation to meet this condition has been in your hands and we are grateful to you for the manner in which you have dispatched your obligations.

As the years pass, and time mellows all pains let our inconsequential differences become no more or less than "do you remember" memories when we meet in the future. Look on us kindly with tolerance, as we will want to look upon you. You have our sincere best wishes—may we always have yours.

To the end, the class of nineteen hundred and twenty-seven!





# SENIORS

1927







*"Bob"*

**ROBERT C. BOKUM**

601 Rodman Ave.  
Germantown, Pa.

Frankford High School.  
Phi Psi Prize, '25.

When "Bob" entered Room No. 110 for the entrance exam in 1924 he did not realize that this room was going to mean so many restful hours. In fact, we give him credit for being able to sleep with his eyes open, and apparently absorb all the forthcoming knowledge.

"Bob" is interested in track and proceeds to take his "daily dozen" on the Wanamaker roof, but this is not the only training he gets. "Bob" has to travel on the Jenkintown local and the engineer persists in leaving ahead of time so he makes the last hundred yards in nothing flat.

"Bob" is one of the fellows in the class who always has his work in on time; how he does it we don't know, but it's there and always well done. With these two qualities as a starter, we know that you are going to make good. We are rooting for you, "Bob."



*"Wes"*

**WESLEY E. BROADHEAD**

625 Newland Ave.  
Jamestown, N. Y.

Track, '25, '26 and '27.  
Basketball, '27.

"You can never tell the depth of a well by the length of the handle on the pump." In other words, you cannot tell what kind of a fellow a man is by his size or the amount of noise he makes. "Wes" is one of those chaps who can be working in the same room with you, but you wouldn't know he was around. This isn't so in weave formation classes, or fabric analysis sessions, when you can see the students going in "Wes's" direction to check up on his work.

If "Wes" puts the same amount of energy in his work when he leaves school as he has put into basketball practice and track training, there will never be any question about his rising to the top.



"Kami"

### JAMES GORDON CAMELFORD

Dunnville, Ontario, Canada

Woodstock College.  
Baseball, '26, '27.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

A couple of days late, a strong north wind blew in "Kami"—oh, what a wind that was. In those days he was a heedless, innocent, little child—but you should see him now, a soup-strainer adorns his upper lip. "Kami" is from Canada, but nevertheless he is Scotch—all the way down to the breath.

The first year he was quiet and harmless because he couldn't find himself—however, he found lots of time, under Mr. Naab's able instruction, to learn a new game, new to him, called checkers. In his odd moments, in the evenings, he was frequently found in the vicinity of the Y. W. C. A.

In "Kami's" second year he branched out and added baseball to his long line of achievements. He also proved himself quite worthy of the title—"Peg O' My Heart."

Joking aside and speaking seriously, for a change, other than the fact that there was an extra fee for aliens, "Kami" never worries. He is a good fellow and from the depths of his Canadian heart he pours forth happiness to everyone and radiates good cheer to all. Some day we can expect great things from "Kami" and upon entering his offices you will probably find him comfortably seated in a big swivel chair, his feet on the desk, and a big, black cigar in his mouth. And then—"God Save the King"—Amen.



*"Jawn," "Fats"*

**JOHN M. CLAIR**

12 Lynwood Ave.  
Glenside, Pa.

Abington High School.

Delta Phi Psi.

Class Historian, '26.

Social Committee of Textile Club, '26 and '27.

One fine September morning a Reading local surprised the countryside by retarding its speed at the then unknown hamlet of Glenside. This peculiar action of the engineer was destined to mean great things for Glenside and for the Textile School, as it allowed a passenger to jump aboard who proved to be none other than "Fats" Clair, whose manly countenance adorns this page.

One look at this handsome swain would convince even the most skeptical that Glenside is no longer an unheard of village in the backwoods, but it now occupies a prominent place on the map.

After three years of the man-killing, disposition-wrecking work of the school, "Jawn" is still the same robust, good-natured "Fats" of our freshman year. The only change that has occurred is that his popularity has increased each year.

John displays a slight partiality for the dyeing and finishing game (what?) but as yet has not decided what branch he will honor after graduation. No matter where he goes, his success is assured and the whole-hearted support of the class of '27 will follow him in his every enterprise.



*"Jimmy"*

**JAMES B. COYKENDALL, JR.**

2351 Kingston Pike  
Knoxville, Tenn.

University of Tennessee.

"Jimmy" came to us from that large and ever-prospering southern city called "Knoxville." At first he couldn't compare weather, women, etc., with those of Old Tennessee, but after living out in West Philly he soon learned how things were done in a big city.

During his three years as a student at Textile he was always able to attend classes, thereby taking away all the honors for being on time. He attributes this success to the old-time saying, "Early to bed and early to rise makes you healthy, wealthy and wise."

From the first day that "Jimmy" entered school he has been well liked and respected by everyone with whom he came in contact. He is known for his ability to grasp things and hold them with the slightest effort, which is proved by the way he held a few residents of Oak Lane in the palm of his hand during his last two years. He has attended many social events in and outside of school, and one look at him would tell you why he has made such a hit with the ladies.

"Jimmy" is undecided as to what he intends to do, but a man possessed with such a personality and uncanny ability to accomplish anything he sets out to do, cannot help becoming a success and gaining for himself a place in industry which is rightfully his.



### JESSE DANIELS

Brooklyn, N. Y.

City College of New York.

Jesse's first rise to fame was shortly after landing in the old school at Broad and Pine. The use of the cotton card, according to him, was "to clean the cotton of its 'doit'." Jesse stood by the city in which he acquired his lingo. It was no uncommon thing to see Jesse pitted against the class as to the merits of Brooklyn, Brooklyn Dodgers, Brooklyn Horsemen, etc., in fact anything that came from Brooklyn.

When spring came, our friend was one of the first to report for the track team. We were amazed that such little legs could travel so fast until he told us the secret—he acquired his speed from running away from cops and wild wimmen! His training consisted of shooting pool with Mr. Naab, but he had to quit because the only left-handed cue broke.

Jesse was slow—but he always got there. In fact, we think that story about the hare and the tortoise was written for him.

We spent some space reminiscing, but now we will prophesy the future for this lad. We are sure he will succeed in his bid for fame just as he succeeded in his work at Textile. Good-bye and good luck, Jesse.



*"Stan," "Nyne-tee"*

**STANLEY M. FOLKMAN**

1337 Mineral Spring Rd.  
Reading, Pa.

Reading High School.

Sigma Phi Tau.

It was in the memorable September of 1924 that "Stan's" fond parents filled his head with advice and his pockets with pretzels and put him aboard the Reading Special. He arrived at Textile armed with his wonderful smile and provided to prove the practical value of a Textile education by selling furniture during his summer vacation.

There isn't much we can write about "Stan" except that he tries for a good standing in his classroom work and is an expert in his course of "Womanology." If we would write exactly what we know—then volumes would not completely cover the subject. Suffice it to say that his wallet contains a commutation ticket to Baltimore and he does not attend any horse races, either.

Seriously though, "Stan" has often demonstrated that good wishes for his success are superfluous, for his inherent fine qualities of character are certain to carry him far in his chosen profession.



*"Jim"*

**WILLIAM JAMES HALL, JR.**

20 S. Stratford Ave.  
Lansdowne, Pa.

Lansdowne High School.

Phi Psi.

Crowfoot.

Manager of Tennis, '27.

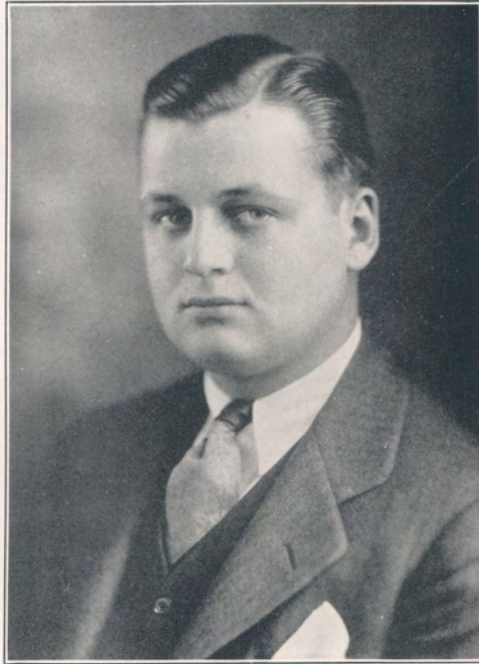
Chairman of Social Committee, Textile Club.

To look at "Jim" one can readily see the reason why it takes thoroughbreds to produce shoddy. "Jim" will certain set his stamp on things. His genial smile even captivates Professor Lockwood for a 10 on the numerous "Lockwood twisters," and then James, Jr., demonstrates that a real man may be down, but not out, for Shank's mare pays the penalty when "Jim" gets in the saddle again. "Jim" has proved to be a regular fellow with a disposition the business world will appreciate.

"Jim" took up equestrian sport during his senior year and judging from his progress, he will soon be a candidate for the "All American Polo Team."

Go forth, Hall, the industry and nation looks for leadership in the reworked wool business; with your "get along" it will not be a very long while before Hall and Sons will be leading. Your comrades and classmates are rooting for you.





*"Barellis," "Hig"*

**PAUL ELON HIGGINS**

Oak St.  
Shrewsbury, Mass.

Worcester Polytechnic Institute.  
ANALYSIS Staff.  
Treasurer, Textile Club, '27.  
A. A. Association, '27.  
Social Committee of Club, '27.  
Delta Kappa Phi Prize, '25.  
Phi Psi.

Who is this plump looking little fellow? Why that's Elon, the sleepy-eyed youth that comes into morning classes around 9.15 and still considers that early.

Paul came to us as an innocent boy from Worcester, but he is leaving us this year, not only with a fair knowledge of Textiles, but also well versed in the subject called "Life." Paul decided to become a member of the "Sheep Tick" class and immediately was made center on Mr. Lockwood's football team, for he surely knew his signals! He was also very proficient with the mule, and it wasn't long before he amazed Mr. Lockwood by his discovery of a new part called the "snivey."

"Hig" took up the sport of riding under Army tutelage, but this did not last very long, for the Army soon noticed that most of their horses were beginning to look like camels; thus sadly ended Higgins' riding lessons.

This jolly fellow has business ability and his life is bound to be successful.



"Elly"

**G. ELLWOOD HOUGHTON**

Westtown, Pa.

Westtown School.  
Track, '25, '26, '27.  
Crowfoot.  
Mrs. Henry S. Grove Prize, '26.  
Phi Psi.

It was a luck day for the Class of '27 when "Elly" decided to come to Textile. Little did we realize at first that this quiet youth was to become one of the leading students of the class. However, from the very first he set out to acquire a complete knowledge of textiles during his short sojourn at school.

Do not think, however, that the pursuit of knowledge was his sole ambition. He went out for the track team the first year and made good. During the entire three years he could always be counted on for points in a meet. He also was a member of the relay team which won the City College championship in '26.

In the fall of '26 the football fever broke out at school and every noon "Elly" was out on the south campus playing touch football along with several other noted members of our class.

In all his tasks he has tried his best and we know that he will reach the goal he has set out to accomplish.



"Bill," "Will"

**WILLIAM H. HORN, 3RD**

No. 5 Windsor Circle  
Springfield, Delaware Co., Pa.

Upper Darby High.  
Phi Psi.  
Tennis Team, '25 and '26. Captain '26.  
Whatnot Committee, '26.  
President Crowfoot, '27.  
Third Year Club Director.  
A. A. Council, '26 and '27.

*"And he may well in fretting spend his gall."—Shakespeare.*

"Bill," a very close friend of "Miss Errie," is quite a wag and greatly enjoyed by the members of his class. Being a man of strong likes and dislikes, it is a far better thing to have him as a friend than otherwise. His wit, gently masked, is keen and penetrating as well as agile.

But a strong personality is not the least of his assets, for he is an athlete, a tennis player who has turned in a goodly share of wins for Textile in the past three years. Endowed with the qualities of a decider, his advice in Athletic Councils has always been gladly received. For these reasons, we believe we are sending out a man that the "trade" will be glad to have and one who will do a great deal for the steady advancement of the Horn Surgical Company. What is a "what not"?

Good-bye, "Bill," and good luck.



"Louie"

**HARRY KIRSNER**

1st Lieutenant (Q. M. C.) U. S. Army

Crowfoot.

Editor-in-Chief of the ANALYSIS.

"Louie"—the name, that is all that is necessary, for, without a doubt, "Louie" is the best known (to say nothing of being the best dressed) man on the "Big Quad." His career at Textile has been that of the proverbial month of March. Three years ago he sneaked in quietly like a lamb and now he is leaving us with the roar of a lion.

"Louie" has been a very busy man, rushing here and rushing there, nevertheless he is 100 per cent efficient not only as Editor of this book, which office he has filled nobly, but also in finding impossible pick-outs, cutting classes, and keeping his hands clean in Lockwood's wool.

The Government need never fear for its Army once Harry has left our midst, for, with his great knowledge of textiles, engineering, and his practical experience, he will be well fitted for an emergency.

Harry has been our bottomless mine of information. He is the grand old man of the class, and his great store of sage advice has done much to keep up our spirits and save us from hard falls. For his friendship, influence, and work, we will be ever grateful. To anyone with a zeal such as yours, "Louie," we can only predict unbounded success.



**FRED W. LANGJAHR**

Richmond Hill N. Y.

Richmond Hill High School.

A. A. Director, '27.

Delta Phi Psi.

Here is a man with a distinct aversion to Philadelphia, or so it seems when Saturday comes. We believe there must be something or someone in New York, for how else can one explain his double quick run to Broad Street Station nearly every Saturday at noon?

Good things come in small packages, and therefore it is not hard to understand Fred's popularity. We hardly realized that anybody could obtain the goodwill of so many men in three short years.

His partner deeply appreciates his knowledge of textiles acquired at school, inasmuch as he is grateful for the many times that Fred has sort of pushed him along.

We all will be sorry to see Fred leave us in June, but we know that with that certain party in back of him, Fred will make a success in his life's work.



*"Honest Abe"*

**ABE LUBAN**

1411 W. 7th St.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

New Utrecht High School.  
Basketball, '25, 26, 27.

Guarding the destinies of Textiles should be "Abe's" best bet, as he has shown his ability along this line during the past years on the basketball team. He has ridden through all kinds of opposition and gotten his baskets.

During his last year, "Abe" has gone in for equestrianism and has come along so well that he understands a mule quite thoroughly.

"Abe" is a thorough going chap with a smile for everyone, and is a typical specimen from that much-maligned portion of New York City known as "Brooklyn."

The thoroughness and enthusiasm "Abe" has shown in the school we know he will carry into the business world and win the everlasting confidence of his future associates as he has done with us here, so here's the best of luck and hoping to again meet in good fellowship.



*"Charley"*

**CHARLES F. NASSAU, JR.**

1710 Locust St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Penn Charter.  
President Senior Class.  
ANALYSIS Staff.  
Crowfoot.  
Delta Phi Psi.

"Charley," otherwise known as the light, curly-haired boy at Textile, is usually seen sporting a derby. Among his many achievements at school, he has earned for himself the right to be called a horseman. Every Saturday morning he came to school in riding boots and spurs, and usually gave Mr. Lockwood's mule a work out. "Charley" has quite a bit of trouble trying to adjust the shoes on the mule, but he finally conquered this obstacle.

Socially, "Charley" has been very active, being on various dance and banquet committees. He was always willing to lend a helping hand in putting anything over. His popularity was shown when the Senior Class elected him as their president. He has always been one of the boys and we wish him the best of luck.



*"Sid," "Moiphy"*

**SIDNEY PHILLIPS**

927 Fox Street.  
New York City

University of Pennsylvania.

Character, principle and faith to one's ideals, places the above man high in the minds of his classmates. His classmates congratulate him on his steadfastness amidst a multitude of stumbling blocks. Furthermore, he has shown by his relentlessness in tackling various school assignments, the right caliber and stamina required to become a successful business man. We feel confident that the same spirit will be exemplified by him in his commercial relations. His merry laughter and quick wit were certainly the source of many a good afternoon's fun. We trust that these same qualifications will lead him to success in the business world. We expect great things from "Sid" in the future and we all wish him lots of luck and success in his journey through life.





"Jim"

**JAMES G. RAMSEY, JR.**

6713 Ridge Avenue  
Roxborough, Pa.

Germantown High School.  
Baseball, '25.  
Crow Foot.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

From way out west in the wild and wooly town of—Roxborough—came a clean-shaven, two-fisted, always "get-the-draw" Gym. He told us his name was Jim but we know better, as anybody with an athletic odor like the type he had, certainly must be "Gym."

In his first year there were really two outstanding features of his memorable career. Lest ye forget him, Gym was the author of that famous saying, "Hey, call the roll. Somebody died." Secondly, every day in the far corner of the club we observed him playing checkers as a substitute on Textile's third team.

When the second year rolled around, Gym came trotting back to school with a scowl on his face and a worried look in his eyes. Finally he confessed to his belief in an early marriage, but did not know quite how to go about it as he was not yet earning his fifteen per. However, what little time he was not busy with "her" he must have been practicing checkers for this year.

The pep and enthusiasm Gym has shown in school we know he will carry into the business world and win the everlasting confidence of his future associates the same as he has done with us. So here's to the best of luck and remember we are looking forward to hearing great things about you.



"Dick"

**FRANCIS STILLMAN RICHARDSON**

East Orange, New Jersey

East Orange High School.  
Delta Kappa Phi.  
Crow Foot Secretary and Treasurer.  
ANALYSIS Staff.  
A. A. Association.  
Tennis Manager, '25.

Readers—this is our "Dick"—handsome, blue-eyed and tall. We don't know much about Dick because for two years he was very quiet. This year, however, he has done some fast stepping, especially during noon hour, but he usually gets back in time for all the afternoon classes. We haven't the slightest idea what he does during noon hour but he is always in a hurry.

Dick has shown that he is a capable business man by managing the tennis team 1925, in fine style. Don't forget Textile has some so-called combinations, the outstanding one of which is the "R & R" combination. Dick stands for the second "R" and with him in the outfit it seems to run very smoothly.

During the year Dick brought in some photos, the most effective one being one of himself in overalls and driving a horse. We noticed, too, that he carried a shovel. From this we gather that he must have followed the "Four Horsemen" on their trip. This, however, is just a few of the things we know about Stillman; we wouldn't, under any circumstances, tell all we know for we surely know plenty.

Kidding aside, Dick is a great fellow. He can always be depended upon to do his share and at times he will do more. As a student, Stillman came through with colors flying, and we know that after he has traveled through the portals of Textile, we will find him working hard. Good luck to you, Dick.



"Ed"

**EDGAR S. ROSENAU**

235 S. 15th Street, Philadelphia.

Abington High School.

One day in September, 1924, a Spu-ick dashed madly down Broad Street and out stepped our hero, Edgar. Ed hailed from Abington High School somewhere in the sticks—"x" the unknown country. The school was on the third floor of the building, hence the "high school." Still doubting the existence of such a place as Jenkintown, Abington, and so on, we will proceed with our narrative.

During his first year, not much was heard of Ed, inasmuch as his duties and studies at the school kept him rather busy. But you can't keep a good man down and in his second year he came to the front as an ardent "square" player. Here his foundation of first-year work showed itself. When one is exposed to something for a time some part of it must eventually sink in. So let it be with Ed. If golf is added to the school's sporting activities, Ed must surely win the coveted "T," being an ardent golfer according to his story. He had great ability for getting to Shibe Park, with a yellow pass card, much to his \_\_\_\_\_'s disgust.

On Tuesday afternoons he could always be found at the Billiard Box. The reason—no charge. And now he has moved to the \_\_\_\_\_. Being such a "bear" with the opposite sex, he found too much of his time was being lost commuting. And now we will pass on.

We can see our Ed a great exponent of Terry. Great works can be expected from smiling Eddie. Words fail us when we try to express our best for his success. So, as the poet says—

*"Would that my tongue could utter  
The thoughts that arise in me."*



"Polly"

**PAUL RUMORE**

Phillipsburg, N. J.

Phillipsburg High School.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

Paul Rumore, known to fame as "Polly," "Kid Hogan," "Pride of P.Burg," "Valentino's Double," or what have you.

Three years ago from the wilds of Northern Jersey came this Son of the Mystic Mitt. Ask Polly and he'll tell you all about the ancient Order, especially the 7-8-9 part of it! Oh yes, and there is only one college worth mentioning and that is Lafayette. At least that is Rumore's version of it and the story goes that had he played football, the portals of Textile would never have been graced with his presence. Woe is us, had such a thing occurred. To think, we should never have heard the old familiar expressions such as "Hey, you lads," or "Buzz around and I'll sting ya," sayings which will probably go ringing down the ages (if they don't get rung down sooner).

Paul is the other member of the R & R combination—he is the front "R" and does the scouting for the outfit. Their motto is, "Never put off till tomorrow what you can do today, if somebody else has already done it."

Joking aside, Polly is all right and a mighty fine fellow, good-natured and all that. He is the man they meant when they said, "A friend in need, is a friend indeed." We wish him luck. When he has left us and we go our several ways, we know Rumore will make good.



*"Junior," "Dutch Wonder"*

**GEORGE SCHEIDEMANN**

Stroudsburg, Pa.

Stroudsburg High School.

Back in the days when the entrance examinations were giving us sleepless nights, preparation was under way for the matriculation of a red-cheeked boy from the mountain town of Stroudsburg. George soon became one of us and we were all impressed with his jolly light-hearted manner and outlook on the life of a large city. These traits quickly gave rise to the title of "Junior," the appellation remaining during the succeeding years. However, the fitness is no longer needed as "Junior" now holds vast amounts of information about the places to go, the things to do, and the people to see.

Choosing the cotton course in his third year, he showed intense interest, especially in finance. In our Thursday afternoon discussion classes, the "Dutch Wonder" was at his best and the rooms resounded with his alertness and reasoning.

We know Junior will achieve all sorts of success because of his progress here at the school, and we wish him well.



*"Ken," "Casey"*

**KENNETH C. SMITH**

Wyncote, Penna.

Penn Charter.  
Track Team, '25-'26. Captain '27.  
Treasurer, Textile Club, '27.  
Crowfoot.  
Delta Phi Psi.

To look at this quiet fellow one would never suspect his prowess on the cinder path. For three years he has run for Textile and made for her a brilliant record. He possesses those qualities which make success in a business as well as a social world—at all times he is a cool, calculating chap.

From the time he first came to us, Ken has been liked by all who have known him. Unlike most of us he has a definite idea as to his future work, and we are anxious to see the bigger and better tapestries on the market which we expect from our fellow schoolmate.

There are many kinds of "yellow cards" at school, but the only kind that Ken has ever signed; as far as we have been able to find out, is the ticket for a card cutter. For this we think he should receive a gold medal.



"Bill"

**WILLIAM H. SMITH**

1645 Howarth St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Frankford High School.  
Delta Kappa Phi.  
Secretary, '27.

Just as certain men who have that substantial and prosperous look about them always impress one as being bankers, so does Bill impress one as a successful textile man. The fact that he makes his home in a "textile atmosphere" such as is afforded by Frankford, has something to do with this. "Bill" is the type that you always find holding down the responsible position in a concern, as he is always dependable. He has that ease of manner that is admired by everyone who knows him, and you will find that he often goes out of his way to do a good turn.

Somehow, we think that Bill will find his calling in some variety of silk research work for the Government, as each year he spends his summer in Government service, chasing around the countryside sleuthing down a variety of beetle which is supposed to hail from Japan. We fear that Bill expects to obtain from this thriving invader the silken threads that we now depend upon our Japanese neighbors to supply us.

With a future so full of possibilities we predict for "Bill" a success that will be his due.



*"Speezy"*

**MORRIS SPEIZMAN**

70 Terrace St.  
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Kingston Collegiate Institute.  
Track, 1925-26.  
President Textile Club, '27.  
Manager Track, '27.  
Sigma Phi Tau.  
Crowfoot.  
Analysis Staff.

It was a dark, dreary and stormy day when quite a disaster was visited upon Wilkes-Barre. For it was then that "Speezy" left for Philadelphia, and the entire village mourned his loss.

During his first two years Speezman, "Speizman, Sir," spent his waking hours trying to teach us the correct pronunciation of his name. He grieved whenever he received a mark lower than 99.99. However, in his third year, he more than made up for the time he wasted in study during those former years.

He is frequently seen in the vicinity of North Philadelphia during moonlight evenings, which may account for his drowsiness in Chemistry lectures next morning.

But, asleep or awake, he has clearly demonstrated that he has all of those qualities necessary for a successful career. Here's the best of luck, "Speezy."





*"Woods"*

**WILSON KREBS THOMAS**

508 Manheim St.  
Germantown, Phila., Pa.

Chestnut Hill Academy.  
Secretary of Class, '26.  
Social Committee of Club, '27.  
Treasurer of Class, '27.  
Analysis Staff.  
Phi Psi.

Hm—So Wilson Thomas decided to go to Textile in 1924! We certainly are glad of his choice for it most assuredly would have been a great loss to us had he done otherwise.

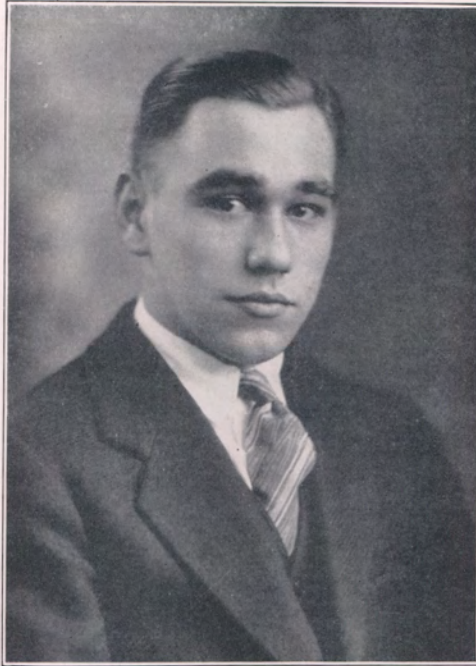
Wilson, better known as "Woods" among his friends, is one of the most popular fellows attending Textile. A pleasing personality, combined with a flair for conversation, make him a welcome addition to any company.

"Woods" has always been thoroughly interested in the activities at school, both social and otherwise, and the confidence shown by his schoolmates in electing him to his many offices has not been misplaced.

"Woods" is a true devotee to the art of slapping Adams' Chiclets. Many times throughout the day one may see his huge jaws moving incessantly chewing these little happy confections. We understand Mr. Adams has a gold-framed picture of "Woods" above his desk in his private office because he is one of his most profitable advertisements.

We hope Woods will enjoy his European trip and eventually receive that long delayed wrist watch on the eve of his departure for the Old World.

"Woods," in his final year at Textile, elected to be a Boll Weevil, and by what he has shown us, we know he will be a success in this branch of the industry and eventually expect to see his name at the head of several large and prospering enterprises.



"Al"

**C. ALFRED TIPS**

Woodhaven, N. Y.

Richmond Hill High School.  
Secretary of Club.  
Crawfoot.  
Baseball, '26; Captain, '27.  
Delta Phi Psi.

Here we have with us Al, the boy with the smiling countenance, who joined us just three short years ago to startle the textile world.

Funny things do happen and only a short time ago "Al" just abhorred Philadelphia and to such an extent that he used to start his vacation anywhere from a day to a week earlier than school closed, but Dame Rumor has it that he missed Philly so much during the past summer that one could nearly always see him here over week-ends, and "Al's" third year has practically been spent in Philadelphia entirely, as he arrives here about three days after vacations have started.

Taking this all into consideration, "Al" has had time to play baseball and in his senior year captained the team.

We all know that when "Al" starts out to conquer the world he will succeed, for he will set out with a life partner who will spur him on to success. So here is wishing you every happiness and hoping you will come out on top, "Al," old boy.



*"Eddie," "Red"*

**EDWIN WILKINSON, 3RD**

1302 Hunting Park Avenue  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Germantown Academy.

Phi Psi.

ANALYSIS Staff.

Class Historian, '27.

Class President, '25.

Red hair, baby blue eyes, a goodly crop of freckles, good disposition and a bright smile accompanied by brilliant speech. "Eddie" is the most versatile man of the class of '27. Many and varied are his activities and all are well done.

His good humor is at all times evident and the truth that he speaks is even more noticeable.

During his time with us he has given birth to more ideas, both good and bad, than any other six men in the class. No member of '27 will ever forget "Eddie's Terrors." That marvelous body of men, whose chief aim during the past winter seemed to be dying for "Dear Ole Textile" and beating the Art School "Antelopes," using a game called football as a means for accomplishing this end. Who can forget this stirring call to arms during that dark period when the "Blackshirts" were threatened with disaster brought about by too much Analysis, Dyeing, etc.

His Ford will live long in the memories of many here at school and each night on retiring we will breathe a prayer for his life to be spared still another day.

His stories were always splendid and many dull moments were replaced by many bright moments because of them.

With all this and much more "Eddie" stands at the end of a long rough road, and the class thanks him for his continued aid in making that same road smoother.

Every good luck, "Eddie."



*"Jack," "Joe"*

**NELSON THEODORE WRIGHT**

Woonsocket Hill Road  
Woonsocket, R. I.

Brown University.  
Basketball, '25, '26, '27; Captain, '26.  
Track, '25, '26, '27.  
A. A. Association, '26.  
Class President, '26.  
Class Vice President, '27.  
Crowfoot Vice President, '27.  
Associate Editor of ANALYSIS, '27.  
Mrs. Thomas Roberts' Prize, '25.  
Delta Phi Psi Prize, '25.  
Phi Psi.

The name Nelson Theodore Wright perhaps needs introduction, because he is known to us better as "Jack," the great big "Butter and Egg Man" from the wilds of Woon-sock-ett. Aside from this introduction, none other is needed as Jack has been one of our leaders in both studies and activities. His good work as a student earned not only high marks and prizes, but also a position on the faculty of the night school. He also undertook the coaching of the basketball team along with the captaining, and did full justice to both positions.

Jack is quite a society man and has been found at all the school affairs as well as at some others. He is quite a cagey boy and manages to go and come a good bit.

Joe has upheld the good name and reputation of New England while here and we know that when he returns he will do much to further that well-earned reputation.

There is little left to be said about Jack, as the list of his activities shows what he has done since he has been here. Perhaps nothing could be more fitting than to say, "He came, he saw, and he conquered."



# Chemistry and Dyeing



"Harry"

**HARRY I. BRAWER**

60 12th Avenue  
Paterson, N. J.

Paterson High School.  
Social Committee, '27.  
Sigma Phi Tau.

It was a balmy September morn in 1924 that Harry cashed his first check at Mr. Wilson's famous window. Little did we realize what the wilds of Jersey had yielded to us.

From the beginning his ability to grasp things quickly, and the energy he displayed in his work made we plodders sit back and take notice.

The first two years of Harry's sojourn were spent mainly, it seems, in preparation for his third and the young man certainly is a great "preparer." As a member of our Social Committee he has been a tireless worker. Proof of his activities is to be remembered whenever the banquets and dances are recalled. He has even gone farther as a social emissary. Not content with "intra-mural" work, Harry has done much in the way of cementing our social relations with certain members of a co-ed institution in Philadelphia. In fact, he has also brought us into closer touch with the far flung hamlet of York, Pa. 'Nuf sed, or we'll get him in "Dutch."

Seriously, however, Harry possesses the ability to work hard and be happy, and this argues well for his future success. Best of luck, "old dear."



*"Dick"*

**RICHARD H. BREHM, 2ND**

2100 Venango St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Northeast High School.

Phi Psi.

Dick joined us three years ago not quite understanding what it was all about. In fact, he still is in great doubt if he knows what happened that first day in Room No. 110.

He has furnished dancing lessons for the C. and D. Department in all of the latest steps since his classmates learned of his ability as a dancer. When things get dull in the Chemical Laboratory everyone looks to Dick to liven them up.

He has worked harder each year since he entered Philadelphia Textile and sometimes he was working in steam that was so thick that you could not see him, but always you could hear him going over the latest song hit or giving his impression of John Barrymore.

Above all, we have found that Dick is a woman-hater, more or less, mostly less, and this will help him to be a great success. But he has fought battles with greater evils than the fair sex, and now we feel sure he will win again.



*"Pedro," "Tip"*

### HARLAN E. GLIDDEN

Beverly, Mass.

Bowdoin College.

Pedro came to Philadelphia on the tail end of a strong wind from the wilds of Massachusetts.

He has tried to surpass everyone, no matter what the task may be, and he has succeeded in a few of his attempts. In fact, he is so good that he originated a Charleston which no other person could duplicate.

"Tip" is quite a sheik and to any persons who doubt that statement and want proof it can easily be secured for them. Just ask him and he will tell you what a sheik he is. He has a way with the fair sex, but he does not weigh so much.

But when all is said and done he is a much better fellow than the above may seem. And we know that he will reach his goal in life and be a credit to old Textile.





*"Willie," "Gute"*

**WILLIAM R. GUTEKUNST**

1435 North 5th St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

La Salle Preparatory School,  
C. and D. Prize, '25, '26.  
Basketball, '25, '26, '27 Captain.  
Phi Psi.  
Crowfoot.

"Willie" or "Gute," as he is more commonly known to his classmates, passed through the portals of Textile three years ago and immediately made his mark in his class. In his first year in school he shattered all scholastic records of his class, which is nothing to sneeze at in this C. and D. course of ours. In his second year he proved again his scholastic superiority by again attaining the highest grades.

But with all this he is always willing to help a friend in need whether it be difficulties in studies or in personal questions.

Gute is also quite an athlete. In his first year in Textile he started off on the jump and became the center of our basketball team. In his second year he again starred on the basketball team and was elected to lead the team in his third year.

Good luck, old man, the class wishes you all the success possible and knows that you will carry on just as successfully in the business world as you have done here at old Textile.



*"Jimmie"*

**JAMES B. JONES**

Troy, N. Y.

R. P. I.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

No C. & D. class is complete without a Scotchman, and Jimmie is ours. Although Scotch in name, he is not so in manner, for this young spendthrift actually owns a Ford. We will not state the age of the car, but it has been rumored that it was in such a skiff that Washington crossed the Delaware, but at any rate it must be old, for it requires the complete attention of Jimmie every day an hour or so before school is over. We know this latter to be the truth or else what does Jimmie do or where does he go when he leaves at 2.30 every day?

Jimmie, unlike many "Trojans," is a big Arrow collar man from Troy, who necks, and we're sure he knows Helen very well.

To say we wish the future Mayor of Troy all the success in the world is putting it mildly, for we all know that when Jimmie starts it will be hard to stop him.



"Art"

**ARTHUR J. KELLNER**

1414 77th St.  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Marquand Prep.

When Art left his home in New York he was unconsciously proving the old saying that "A little bit goes a long way." To us, the distance between New York and Philadelphia is not very great, but our little Arthur is of a different opinion and could hardly wait until the time when he was to make the journey—usually every other week-end. We do not know the reason but anyone who could see the look of peaceful contentment and joyful bliss upon his countenance when he returned Monday morning could safely surmise that he was not with the fellows all the time.

When he is not talking chemistry he can be heard giving his idea of how a necktie should be made. We believe that some day he will be making Manila neckties to use on those who are forever kidding him about his size.

What our friend lacks in size he surely makes up in personality. His ready wit and cheery smile have done much to keep the spirit alive in the class. His constant application to his studies has placed him well up in his class and he has proved himself to be one of the bright lights both in the class and in the laboratory.

The class will be sorry when the term ends as it will mean the parting of the ways for us, but we hope that we shall again meet on the road. We part with the best of wishes to you, Art, and the hope that you may meet with every success on your journey.



*"Ted"*

**THEODORE E. NESTLER**

Mifflintown, Pa.

Mifflintown High.

On the 15th day of September, 1924, a stout lad laboriously climbed the awe-inspiring steps of the Philadelphia Textile School. This good-natured fellow was none other than "Ted," from Mifflintown.

Jokes are Ted's long suit and many a trying situation has been breeched over with a wise crevice from Ted. Pool should never be mentioned in his presence or you might witness the workings of a pool maniac, for although Ted has never distinguished himself as a pool champion, still, morning, noon and night finds Ted busy pushing a rubber tipped stick at funny colored balls.

This Mifflintown protege came to us with a scholarship, and while he is unassuming and will tell you he doesn't know a thing about it, still he is right there with the goods, especially when the goods are women's silk stockings.

May luck ever be yours, Ted, and success crown your efforts, for you can do anything you start out to do.



"Pat"

**ARTHUR N. PATTERSON**

12 Oak St.  
Newburgh, N. Y.

Newburgh Free Academy.

Everyone has heard of the drummer of the Civil War, but has anyone heard of the drummer of Newburgh? If not, we now take great pleasure in introducing Mr. Art Patterson, of Newburgh.

Pat stepped into our realm just two years ago, a blushing Newburgher, and although the first few days were trying ones for Pat, he soon had scores of friends due to his likeable manner.

Pat is an unassuming young chap and is never heard bragging about his knowledge, but we all know that when he starts out to do anything it is done up in fine shape.

Although Newburgh overlooks the Hudson Pat has never been seen to overlook any of the girls, and it is our solemn wish that in the future he will not overlook the success that is certainly due him.

*"Vic"***VICTOR J. VOSS**

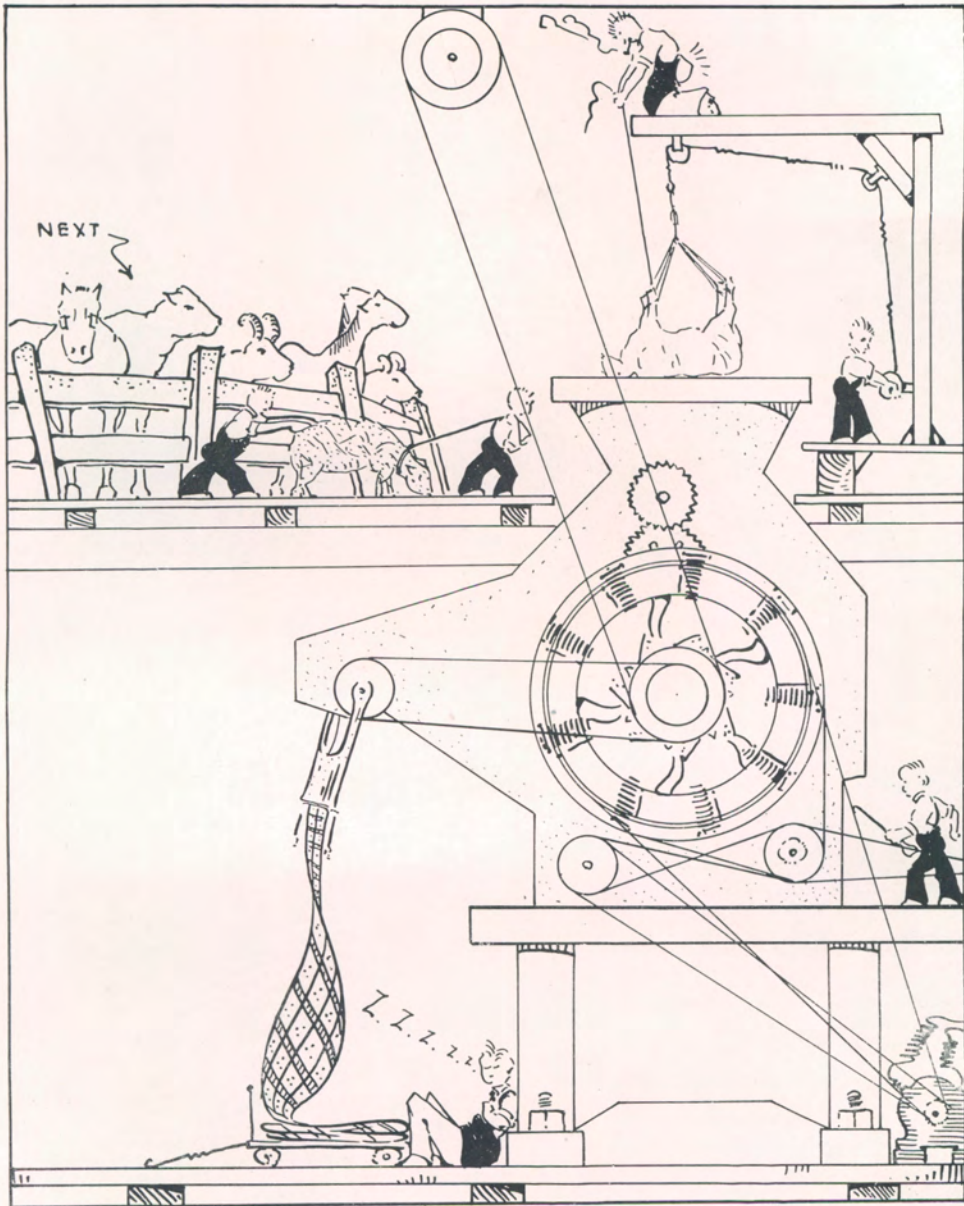
New Britain, Pa.

La Salle Prep.

Once upon a time a train left the little hamlet of New Britain, carrying with it a product of the sticks. This specimen of humanity was on his way to the city of Brotherly Love, leaving behind him his little red riding hood, weeping copiously at the station. It was Love's first parting but our Victor was on his way to make his "niche" in the Hall of Fame. Arriving here our hero set forth with his bundle slung over his shoulder. After viewing several of our institutions "Vic" at last came to one on the corner of Broad and Pine Streets, and, being tired and sleepy, sat down on the inviting stone steps until a kindly and benevolent grey-haired gentleman invited him in.

Our little Victor parked himself in the C. and D. Department, where his radiant smile and sunny good nature soon made him a favorite with everyone. He at once proved himself to be the champion glass artist of Textile.

"Vic's" ability and hard work are sure to give him the success he deserves and there is no doubt that he will return home the idol of his little Milk-Maid's heart.



# Wool and Worsted



*"Paul," "Mellie"*

**PAUL L. DUNHAM**

Winchester, Va.

Handley High School.

Phi Psi.

Delta Kappa Phi Prize, '26.

"Now listen here, Miller," Paul still has that old Virginia atmosphere which is quite apparent. Ask Jewele, he knows.

"Boys," let me introduce to you the Wool and Worsted "Wee" Dunham from Winchester and all points east. Paul claims that if there is anything he don't know, it "ain't" in books. And you should see him lead off at dances.

Looking at the serious side of Dunham, we must admit that for two years he put his heart and soul in his work and came through with flying ribbons.

Hats off to the future captain of the "Golf Team." A toast to Dunham, boys, "Lots of luck in the Textile World."





"Stew," "Stewey"

**BERTRAM STUART JEWELL, JR.**

30-32 4th Ave.  
Long Island, N. Y.

Bartlett High School.  
President of Class 1925-26.  
ANALYSIS Staff.  
Phi Psi.

That there may be no misconception of the character and habits of this young man, we must first reveal that the folks at home call him "Stuart." Hence the "Stew" and the "Stewey."

Stew hails from the rock-bound shores of New England. Two arduous winters of his life have been passed in the City of Brotherly Love and one romantic summer at the Sesqui, but he still says "hoss" for horse.

Though a horse may be a "hoss" to Stewey, a mule is only a mule. This he has proved by his ability to master this enigma of all the wool classes. Many other tasks and problems has he solved, even as he has taken the balk from the mule. In fact, not only has he conquered them all, but he has excelled in his mastery of them, and when results of work and exams have been published, Stewey's name has always been among the ones at the top.

In no measure has his popularity been marred by his prowess in the classroom. He is not the over-serious type, but is more often a leader of witty and humorous play, and in the more or less serious business of stepping out socially. To know him is to like him.

We expect to hear much and often of you, Stewey, through your future accomplishments in the textile world (and as—best—as any accomplishments could be), and you go forth to the battle with our most sincere "Good Luck."



*"Mac," "Jenkie," "Louie"*

**PALMER JENKINS McCLOSKEY, U. S. N.**

Cynwyd, Pa.

University of Pennsylvania.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

"Mac" comes to us from a great organization, being fully qualified to "carry on" in any branch of the service. Although not in the army, he is very efficient in the handling of the "mule." He gets as much "kick" out of it as any member of the famous "Wool and Worsted" class. Mac was very much interested in a visit to a pullery and has decided that a sheep hasn't much of a chance in this "plastic age." He was particularly interested in the "pickled" skins, saying it reminded him of a few of his classmates. Mac, himself, is built like a torpedo boat, and it is my advice not to cross his bow except in a friendly way.

Mac has made a record which is hard to beat and his amiable disposition and pleasing personality have made him one of the "boys" very much liked and respected by all. The best of luck to you, Mac, and may we meet in mid ocean sometime.



*"Herbie," "Martsie"*

**HERBERT H. MILLER**

6229 Carpenter St.  
Philadelphia, Pa.

Central High School, Philadelphia.  
Sigma Phi Tau.  
Treasurer, Second Year Class.

A good looking gentleman with a brown derby and a "pugilistic nature." On arrival he started negotiations to purchase a controlling interest in the wool and worsted course. It is his one desire to master this course without calculations. "Herbie" is a deep thinker and may be found at times unconscious—"thinking"—of a method whereby a "mule" can be driven without a carriage. Many times he has solved the mystery of dyeing, when he has held his classmates spellbound in a "dyeing" quiz.

We expect to hear of a "million dollar" a year man and he won't be under Mitten Management but under Miller management. Good luck and the best of success to you, Herb.



*"Charlie," "Duke"*

**CHARLES RADCLIFFE SHAW, JR.**

19 Archer Ave.

Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Mt. Vernon High School.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

On the day of the entrance examination, a "dyed in the wool" textile engineer entered through the stately portals of the Museum, but luckily, turned to the left. In an exhausted condition he entered the club, having wrestled with a tough problem—the signing of his check. It took him a short time to become acclimated to the ways and means of the textile industry. At any dance given in honor of the "textile business" Charlie has always been an "outstanding" figure. At a recent dance he created a style which should give Rayon a bit of competition.

May you have the best of luck in your endeavors and may you revolutionize the industry. We suggest "Mexico" as a camping ground.



**RALPH LEWIS TAYLOR**

1491 Felton Rd.  
S. Euclid, O.

Ohio State University.  
Delta Kappa Phi.

What is the noise about? Why, haven't you heard? South Euclid is celebrating the departure of Ralph Lewis Taylor! Things will again run smoothly in this Western Metropolis for another year, but think of poor Philly. What a beating she will take!

However, Ralph arrived in September, and after knocking the mud off his shoes, proceeded to unpack. This didn't take long for his toothbrush was in his pocket.

His study of the mule was most pleasant and enjoyable and it was only a short time, while under Mr. Lockwood's watchful eye, before he could clean the mule very well.

We know that in future years, when Ralph is an officer in some thriving company, he will completely revolutionize the shoddy and Mungo industries. We wish him the same success in the business world that he had in Textile.





# COTTON

1927



*"Red," "Poker Face," "Pinky"*

**FRANK CLARK**

10 Clarkson St.  
Ansonia, Conn.

Ansonia High School.  
Phi Psi.

When one of the fast Pennsylvania trains arrived at the end of its journey a small, shy and bashful youngster alighted from the baggage car and was swallowed up in the angry mob. The tag in his button hole read "Perishable, deliver not later than today to Philadelphia Textile School." With information obtained from one of the Philadelphia Military Policemen he was escorted to "The School and The Museum." Frank, when shown the building, said "Naw, that's not a school, that's the Parthenon."

As a chemist he leads a terrible life going from one to another of the chemistry students helping them out. He admits it is rather dangerous during a chemistry lecture and proves it by "allowing" that his hair has been bleached several shades lighter. Frank "takes" everything very seriously, even "pick out" glasses and weave formation paint. Nevertheless we look to Pinky to revolutionize and stabilize the elastic webbing trade. It is certain that Ansonia may some day become the capital of the Nutmeg State. If you don't believe it, ask Frank, and he is liable to sell you the Ansonia Post Office. He has done much to prove the "Darwin theory" and is a tribute as well as an honored member of the Cotton Trio. Good luck, and may prosperity and good fortune follow you as it has haunted you in Textile.





"Herk," "Meek," "Mac"

**MALCOLM McMEEKAN**

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Phillips Exeter Academy.  
Phi Psi.

We were rather overjoyed to see Herk at the beginning of the school year, for it was feared that he had turned from Textile to study "Evolution" and maybe he is still pursuing this study, as may be judged from his choice of cotton. He has a great chance to further gain this desired end by his close association with the "Other Two-Thirds" of the famous "Cotton Trio," namely, "Cotton, Gin and Linseed."

Malc has great stories concerning aviation and the Sesqui fliers certainly kept him entertained this year. He would like a "Curtis Hawk" for he is getting tired of strap hanging on the "Black Diamond," except when a certain Titian blonde is swept into the car as the doors are opened. More power to you, Herk, and may the cars run more often.

What Herk doesn't know in Chem is surprising, and what he does know about the industry has earned for him the title of "Joe Textile."

New York is fortunate in having Malc as a resident and I'm sure he will be a great help to stimulate business conditions, as he is bound to succeed in anything he attempts. We are looking for big things from you, Herk, and we will get 'em, too.



"Coley"

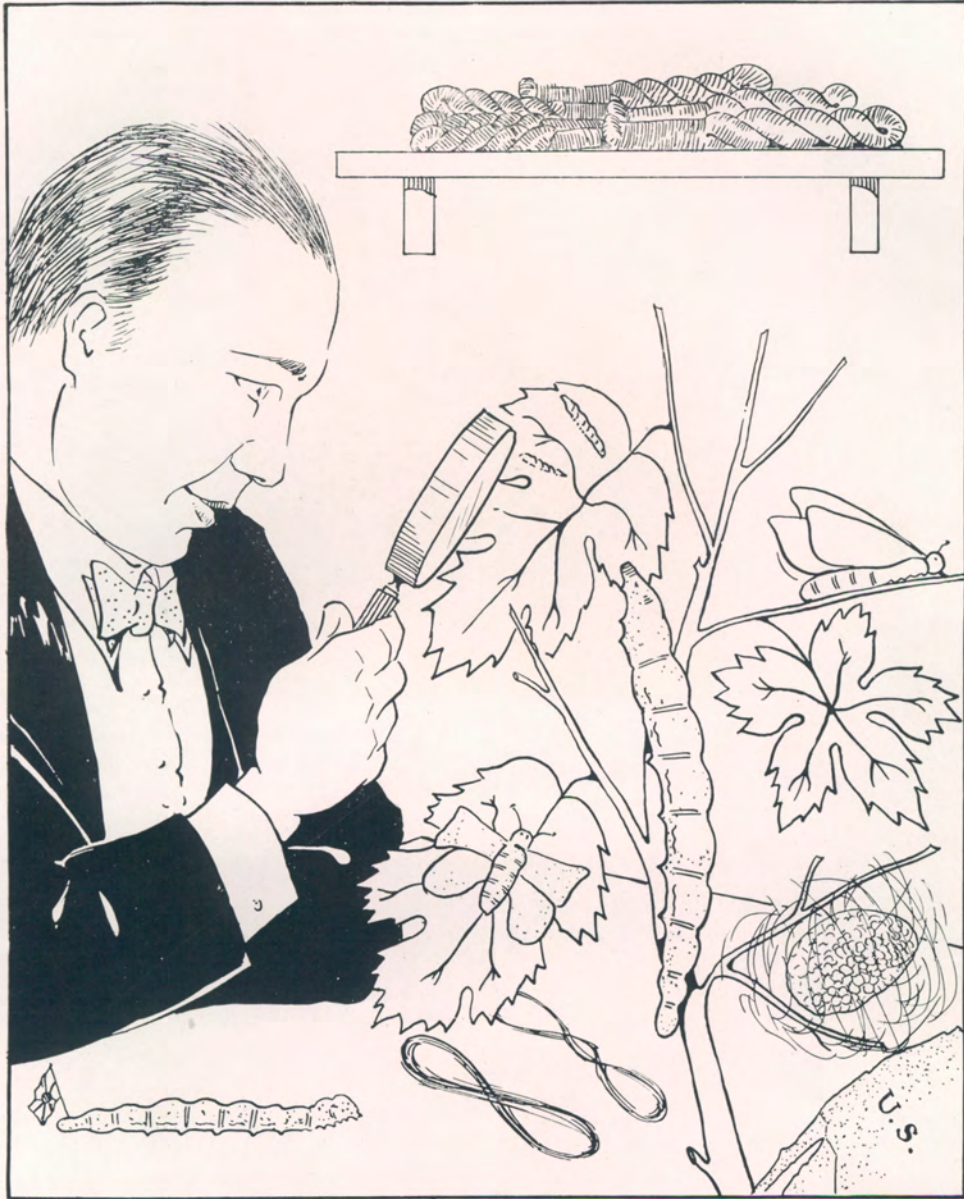
**COLEMAN WORTHAM, JR.**

920 Park Ave.  
Richmond, Va.

University of Virginia,  
Richmond, Va.

"Coley" is one of the "fair" Colonels of Virginia and comes to us as an inspiration for the crown of "Ol' King Cotton." His ability as a dyer and chemist earn for him the name of "Joe Twaddle," and it is quite a treat to be seated near him during a quiz. He sorta thinks out loud, which is rather an advantageous habit for his neighbors. He, like Jeff Davis, thinks that Richmond is the coming city and already plans, under his guidance, are being formed to have planes travel between Richmond and Philadelphia, but I doubt if they will be under "Mitten" Management, for "Coley" is quite a "flier" himself, although he does carry quite a bit of ballast. His nature is characteristic of the Southern gentlemen and perhaps his fine disposition is caused by the association of the other "Two-thirds" of the cotton class—may I say the "celebrated" cotton class. Although they are about the only ones who celebrate the fact.

"Coley" has the build of Paul Whiteman, but when he has his apron on in chemistry lab he is as talkative as the "naborhood grocer" we read about. The best of luck to you, big boy, and may we read of your completely revolutionizing the cotton industry in the Sunny South.



# S I L K

1927



"Al"

**ALEXANDER EPTING**

New York, N. Y.

New York Textile.  
Delta Phi Psi.

"Al" and his curly hair came to Room No. 110 fresh from New York Textile and the busy whirl of that great American metropolis. At New York Textile "Al" gleaned a knowledge of yarns and fabrics along with his regular academic work that helped to pave the way to two very creditable years here.

Quiet and unassuming in manner, "Al" is seldom heard except on those rare occasions in Jacquard when "Al" whistles. And then "Tin Pan Alley" in all its glory. What songs "Al" didn't know aren't worth mentioning. And, oh, yes! Let someone unwittingly attempt to argue box chains in silk weaving and then watch "Al." Box chains are "Al's" favorite hobby as anyone who has watched him and Mr. Williamson argue the subject can readily ascertain. Notwithstanding these rare occasions when "Al" bursts forth, he prefers to go serenely along, keeping his own counsel and the respect of his fellow classmates.

We predict a bright future for "Al" and hope that in the broadsilk trade or whatever branch of the industry he selects, he will attain great heights.



"Fred"

**FREDERICK J. KAEDING**

5011 Major Ave.

Delta Phi Psi.

During a lull in the firing, Fred was born in the machine-gun town of Chicago. As a boy he had a longing for the playthings which the other little boys of Chicago had—sawed off shot guns, grenades, butcher knives and armored cars. But his desires were not gratified until after a year at the University of Illinois, when he obtained a weapon against humanity from Henry Ford.

Having decided early in his youth on a career of banditry and crime, he carried out his plan by deciding to enter the "trimming" business. Leaving the "peaceful" city of Chicago, he started east to study "trimming" at the Philadelphia Textile School. Following graduation here he intends to center his future interests in the Phoenix Trimming Company, where, considering his record here at Textile, he will be a paramount credit and valuable addition to the trade.



*"Don"*

**GEORGE DONALD MACKAY**

538 Grove St.

Upper Montclair, N. J.

Xavier Prep.

Phi Psi.

Delta Phi Psi, Prize, '26.

Phi Psi Prize, '26.

Don, as he is called, will, in our opinion, make his future a success. He seems to have that quality which makes a successful man. Don was trained at Xavier Prep where he obtained quite a liberal education. He chose this school for the simple reason that he wished to enter the ribbon business and we all agree that it was the most logical step; so much for his education.

Don hails from that part of Jersey called "Montclair," which has the name of being the best town in the State, and is called by Mack at times, the best in the country. It must be remembered though that "Mack" has only been away from home once, and has most likely not seen the good parts of the world. Anyone coming from Montclair usually is some golf enthusiastic, and we can truthfully say that Don is no exception. He may be found during week-ends, rain or shine, on the fairways, not in the rough, mind you, of the Cobbs Creek and Manufacturers' Club courses.

We are of the firm opinion that he will be the contender for Bobby Jones' Crown, but anyway, here's wishing him success in his undertakings. Good luck, Don.



### VAN OSWALD

69 S. Delancey St.  
Atlantic City, N. J.

Staunton Military Academy.

Two years ago a serious looking young man came from Staunton Military Academy and entered Textile. Van's appearance was that of a man of the world—a traveling salesman. His sole purpose was to make an intensive study of silk, from the worm to the finished product. Van has been successful in his pursuit of this knowledge and we hope he does as well in the business world. We are almost sure that some day Mr. Van Oswald will be the president of America's largest silk mill.

Upon becoming better acquainted with Van we soon discovered that there was some truth in the old saying that looks are deceiving, for he entertained the whole class with his jokes and strange, weird noises. His laugh is one that is contagious, for we all get plenty of enjoyment out of hearing him guffaw.

When Van looks downhearted we usually know what the trouble is. It is one of the things that is detrimental to the happiness of a great many of our business people—the troubles of a commuter. Mr. Oswald commutes from Atlantic City. Because of this difficulty he often had to be satisfied with a breakfast of chocolate bars.

We sincerely hope that when Van leaves Textile he will live closer to his place of business. May success be yours, for we are all for you.



"Fritz," "Fred"

### FREDERICK REES STEWART

Reading, Pa.

Reading High School.  
Phi Psi.  
Track, 1925, '26, '27.  
ANALYSIS Staff.

Has anybody missing knowing this bright-eyed youth from the Pretzel town? It is safe to say that if you have met him you would at once know that he hails from Reading because during the course of your conversation some machine, locomotive or silk mill will be mentioned and Fritz will not let you forget that it bears the stamp "Made in Reading."

And can that boy run? It remains to be seen. In one of our several (ahem) track meets he was running in the mile and the third lap around the runner in the lead caught up to him and ordered him off the track thinking he was an excited spectator. More power to you, Fritz! If anyone wants a "pretty" girl to take to a dance, see Fred, he knows his "wimmen" and they are all right smart. He and his partner have been trying to get acquainted with silk worms for the past two years and it is evident that they both have succeeded, as we believe that the silk center will be Reading instead of Paterson, N. J. Fred always did have it in for Jersey. Not so long ago Fred was a "Lone Star Ranger" on a farm where he soon became accustomed to the "bark" of the trees and the "eyes" of the potatoes were turned towards him often to witness the progress of a "misplaced eyebrow," which one of the strong November winds whisked from his upper lip. Fred is always a welcome addition to any group and his pleasant disposition is always noticeable. A true friend and jolly "dawncer." May he "jazz" up the silk industry as well as he can Charleston, and he is bound to succeed. Good luck and best wishes to you, "Freddie."





*"Veet"*

**HAROLD MORRITZ VEIT**

Grantwood, N. J.

Drake College.  
Delta Phi Psi.

Quietness is the word to describe the gentleman pictured above, but true to form, he bears out the saying "still waters, etc."

He has some bad points, however; first, he hails from Jersey, the land of swamps, baby parades and beauty contests; second, he lives on "Thoid" Avenue.

His great love is chemistry. He is seriously thinking of applying this science in a murderous manner. "Veet," don't play with chemistry, it might backfire and give you an amorphous form.

Seriously, we all like "Veet" a great deal. He gives us several things to think about, is a good friend, and is always willing to help anyone out.

We know you are going to make good in the silk game and we wish you the very best of everything.

Practice  
Here  
In  
all  
Arts  
Demonstrating  
the  
whole  
Practical  
History  
In  
All

manufactured  
materials.  
textile,  
Too,  
Includes  
analysis  
weaving

chemistry  
 Jacquard  
finishing  
coloring &  
cost  
Lectures.

## Graduates

### THREE YEAR REGULAR

Robert Clayton Bokum.....	601 Rodman Ave., Jenkintown, Pa.
Wesley Ernest Broadhead.....	625 Newland Ave., Jamestown, N. Y.
James Gordon Camelford, ΔΚΦ.....	Dunnville, Ontario, Canada
John Morris Clair, ΔΦΨ.....	12 Lynnwood Ave., Glenside, Pa.
James Barker Coykendall, Jr.....	Kingston Pike, Knoxville, Tenn.
Jesse Daniels.....	323 Martense St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Stanley M. Folkman, ΣΦΤ.....	1337 Mineral Spring Rd., Reading, Pa.
William James Hall, Jr., ΦΨ.....	20 W. Stratford Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
Paul Elon Higgins, ΦΨ.....	Oak St., Shrewsbury, Mass.
George Ellwood Houghton, ΦΨ.....	Westtown School, Westtown Pa.
William H. Horn, 3d, ΦΨ.....	No. 5 Windsor Circle, Springfield, Del. Co., Pa.
Harry Kirsner.....	Care of the Adjutant General, U. S. Army, Washington, D. C.
Fred Wm. Langjahr, ΔΦΨ.....	8418 108th St., Richmond Hill, N. Y.
Abe Luban.....	1411 W. 7th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Charles Francis Nassau, Jr., ΔΦΨ.....	1710 Locust St., Phila., Pa.
Sidney Phillips.....	115 N. 62d St., Arverne, L. I., N. Y.
James G. Ramsey, Jr., ΔΚΦ.....	6713 Ridge Ave., Philadelphia., Pa.
F. Stillman Richardson, ΔΚΦ.....	23 Midland Ave., E. Orange, N. J.
Edgar S. Rosenau.....	109 Summit Ave., Jenkintown, Pa.
Paul Rumore, ΔΚΦ.....	137 Cedar St., Phillipsburg, N. J.
George Scheidemann.....	705 Main St., Stroudsburg, Pa.
Kenneth Chubb Smith, ΔΦΨ.....	146 Fernbrooke Ave., Wyncote, Pa.
William Henry Smith, ΔΚΦ.....	1645 Howarth St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Morris Speizman, ΣΦΤ.....	351 S. River St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.
Wilson Krebs Thomas, ΦΨ.....	508 Manheim St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Carl Alfred Tips, ΔΦΨ.....	9428 8th Ave., Woodhaven, N. Y.
Edwin Wilkinson, 3d, ΦΨ.....	1302 Hunting Park Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.
Nelson T. Wright, ΦΨ.....	Woonsocket Hill Rd., Woonsocket, R. I.

## CHEMISTRY AND DYEING

## Three Year

Harry I. Brawer, $\Sigma\Phi\Gamma$ .....	60 12th Ave., Paterson, N. J.
Richard H. Brehm, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	2100 W. Venango St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Harlan E. Glidden.....	20 Highland Ave., Beverly, Mass.
William R. Gutekunst, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	1435 N. 5th St., Philadelphia, Pa.
James B. Jones, $\Delta\kappa\Phi$ .....	184 6th Ave., Troy, N. Y.
Arthur J. Kellner.....	1414 77th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Theodore E. Nestler.....	Mifflintown, Pa.
Victor J. Voss.....	New Britain, Bucks Co., Pa.

## DYEING AND COLOR MATCHING

## Two Year

Arthur N. Patterson.....	12 Oak St., Newburgh, N. Y.
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## TWO YEAR WOOL

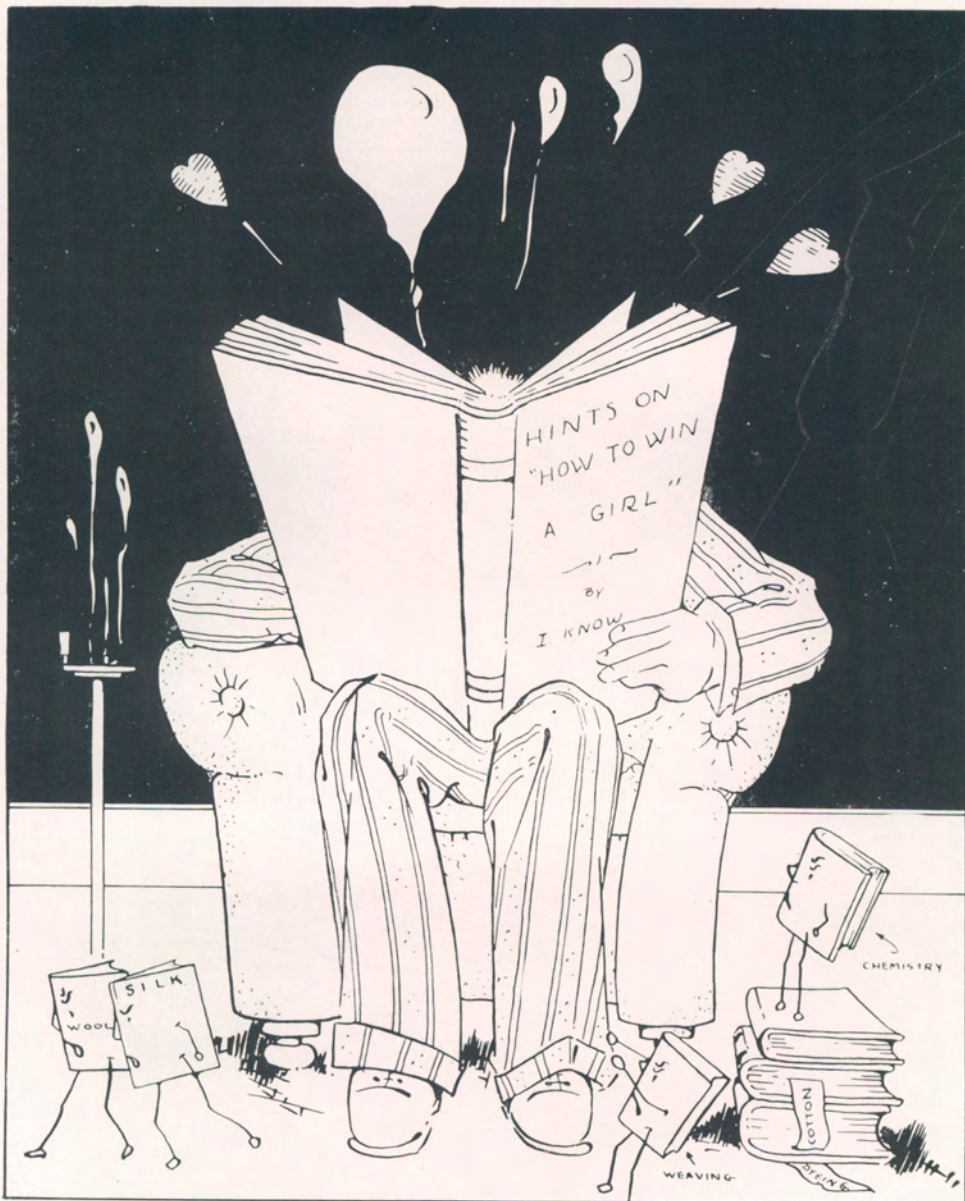
Paul L. Dunham, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	Winchester, Va.
Bertram Stuart Jewell, Jr., $\Phi\Psi$ .....	30-32 4th Ave., Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Palmer J. McCloskey, $\Delta\kappa\Phi$ .....	521 Bryn Mawr, Cynwyd, Pa.
Herbert H. Miller, $\Sigma\Phi\Gamma$ .....	6229 Carpenter St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Charles R. Shaw, Jr., $\Delta\kappa\Phi$ .....	19 Archer St., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.
Ralph L. Taylor, $\Delta\kappa\Phi$ .....	1491 Felton Rd., S. Euclid, Ohio

## TWO YEAR SILK

Alexander L. Epting, $\Delta\Phi\Psi$ .....	164 E. 89th St., New York City
Fred John Kaeding, $\Delta\Phi\Psi$ .....	5011 Major, Chicago, Ill.
George Donald Mackay, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	538 Grove St., Montclair, N. J.
Frederick R. Stewart, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	409 Franklin St., W. Reading, Pa.
Harold Morritz Veit, $\Delta\Phi\Psi$ .....	440 Washington Ave., Grantwood, N. J.
Venantinius A. Oswald.....	69 S. Delancey St., Atlantic City, N. J.

## TWO YEAR COTTON

Frank S. Clark, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	10 Clarkson St., Ansonia, Conn.
Malcolm D. McMeekan, $\Phi\Psi$ .....	416 Ocean Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Coleman Wortham, Jr.....	920 Park Ave., Richmond, Va.



# JUNIORS

The ANALYSIS



1927

## Junior Class History

### Officers

President, C. H. WESLEY MANDEVILLE  
Vice-President, V. WARD SMITH  
Secretary, HERBERT H. MILLER  
Treasurer, RAYMOND FRANKS  
Class Historian, COLEMAN WORTHAM, JR.  
Athletic Director, EDWARD R. WOOLEY

When, on that memorable day in September, 1925, the portals at Broad and Pine Streets swung open, there were gathered outside the members of the class of 1928 and as every class leaves behind them a history when they depart, it is my duty as scribe to record the happenings of the class through the first two years of its existence in this institution of great renown.

With the arithmetic exam off our minds, we wandered up to the supply room to receive our supplies, little knowing what the future held in store for us, and there was no great beacon of understanding among us when we obtained brushes, paints, bottles, rulers, weights, etc. However, after a week or two we began to get into the swing of things, and also found that all the things Mr. Giese had sold us were not to merely litter up our lockers but had a definite meaning in our work.

All too soon the weeks flew by and we found ourselves confronted with the first quarterly quizzes. Then came Thanksgiving, the Christmas holidays, and it seemed that almost as soon as we got back to school we were in the midst of exams. For the most part, these were successfully passed and we turned our heads to the setting sun, viz., the Finals.

As luck would have it, we were not allowed to dance during the lunch hour as had been the custom in years before, but the upper classmen, who in previous years had enjoyed the privilege, graciously introduced us to the girls and we soon found ourselves taking them to dances and entering into the social activities of the school with unwonted vigor.

As soon as finals were over, we bade a fond farewell to the teachers for the time being and departed on our ways homeward, some to work in mills, others to vacation at resorts, but all promising to return the following term. Before we knew, we were again back at school, relating to others our wonderful times of the summer and resolving to work harder the second year than we did the first. Most of the class returned and those that stayed behind were sorely missed and we wished them the greatest success in whatever they had undertaken.

Class Elections were held in November and Wesley Mandeville was destined to lead our class for the years 1926-27.

The Class of '28 has upheld the spirit and honor of "Old Textile" both in athletics and other branches of school life. Mandeville and Cavanaugh are on the Tennis Team, the former being the Captain; Wolley, Cushman and Rogers are on the Basketball Team; on the Track Team we have Cushman, Wooley, Stewart, and Franks. Ephie Witty is Manager of Baseball. Thus you can see we are contributing our bit to the school.

Now that Midyears are over we are thinking of the finals to come in June and then two-thirds of our school life will be over. After another summer we will come back for our final stretch and when that is accomplished, great sorrow will be felt by us to leave our school associates, some never to be seen again, but all will carry with them the same thought: "Gosh! I'm glad I was in the Class of '28—Those were the Happy Days!"

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### The Red Grange of Philly Tech

You've often heard of horse thieves,  
 Unbred, uncultured, coarse thieves;  
 But have you ever heard they rank  
 With robbers of the water tank?

You'll never hear, you'll never see,  
 An ice man from the C. & D.  
 For they are crafty, sly and wise,  
 And never fail to win their prize.

Although a janitor may "hang" near,  
 A C. & D. man has no fear;  
 For even they will not suffice  
 To keep him from that "hunk" of ice!

R. H. B.



## SECOND YEAR REGULAR

Herbert Abt.....	217 Hoffman Ave., Oil City, Pa.
James A. Bostwick, ΦΨ.....	432 S. 44th St., Phila., Pa.
Edwin C. Cruickshank, ΔΚΦ.....	92 Lincoln St., Montclair, N. J.
Robert M. Cushman.....	Elm St., Dartmouth, Mass.
Raymond G. Franks.....	748 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Joseph A. Golden.....	551 W. 170th St., New York City
George R. Griswold, Jr., ΦΨ.....	159 W. 55th St., New York City
Joseph A. Horlacher, ΦΨ.....	1459 Walnut St., Allentown, Pa.
Arthur G. Hedden, Jr., ΦΨ.....	6 E. Manoa Road, Brookline, Pa.
Bernard F. Kaminski.....	53 Dorchester St., Worcester, Mass.
James M. Kavanagh, ΔΦΨ.....	1829 W. Venango St., Phila., Pa.
Herbert B. Ludlum, Jr., ΦΨ.....	139 N. Arlington Ave., East Orange, N. J.
C. H. W. Mandeville, Jr., ΔΦΨ.....	26 Alumni Ave., Providence, R. I.
Merton A. Morrison, ΦΨ.....	Yale, Mich.
Theodore A. Morrow, ΔΦΨ.....	243 Bloomfield Ave., Passaic, N. J.
Dante P. Orcurto.....	384 Tilghman St., Allentown, Pa.
Jacob Rosenstock.....	395 17th Ave., Paterson, N. J.
Walter F. Rogers, ΦΨ.....	214 1st Ave., N. Pelham, N. Y.
Isadore R. Schwartz, ΣΦΤ.....	966 Social St., Woonsocket, R. I.
Max Schuster.....	1710 Townsend Ave., Bronx, New York City
V. Ward Smith, ΔΚΦ.....	648 Ridgewood Ave., Montclair, N. J.
Harold Sunshine.....	99 Leland Ave., New Rochelle, N. Y.
Harry Turkenich.....	1601 Gravesend Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Herbert Whitehouse, ΦΨ.....	Newport, Maine
Ephraim D. Witty.....	590 West End Ave., New York City
Edward R. Woolley.....	80 Hamilton Ave., Woonsocket, R. I.

## SECOND YEAR CHEMISTRY AND DYEING

Sidney Brawer, ΣΦΤ.....	322 Broadway, Paterson, N. J.
Carl S. Dick.....	160 W. Windsor St., Reading, Pa.
Edward Haack.....	1008 Magee St., Phila., Pa.
Edward Thompson Warner, ΦΨ.....	19 W. Oakdale Ave., Glenside, Pa.

The ANALYSIS



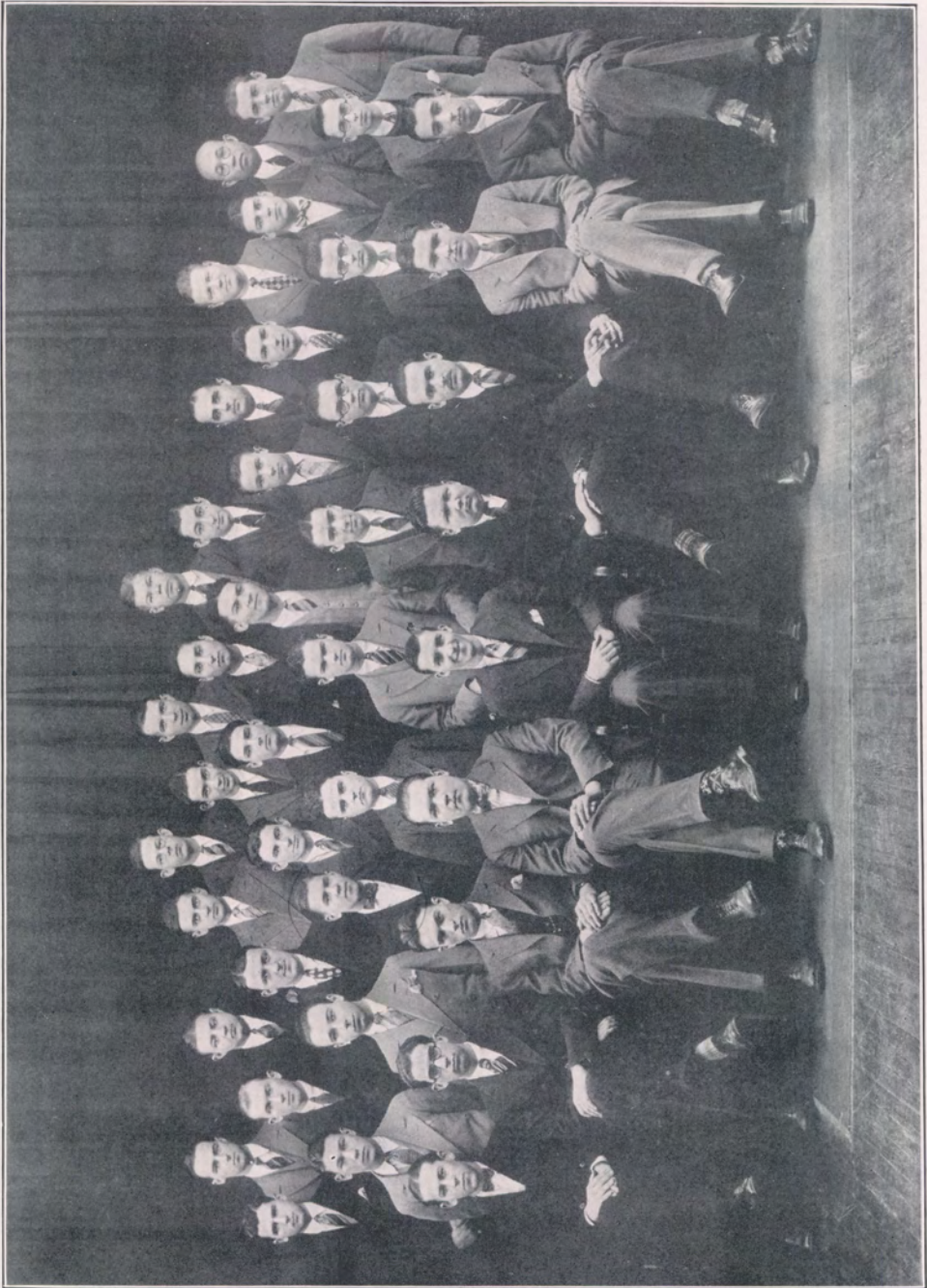
1927



# FRESHMEN

1927

The ANALYSIS



## Freshman Class

### Officers

President, HENRY CRUMBLISS, 3rd  
 Vice President, W. F. STIFEL  
 Secretary, GEORGE DOWNS  
 Treasurer, J. LEON BAKER  
 Historian, W. H. SMITH  
 Athletic Director, J. M. FIERY

It came to pass, that on the thirteenth day of September, 1926, the massive portals of Philadelphia Textile opened to admit fifty-four bewildered yet resolute members of the Class of 1929.

Those early days were hectic ones, but fond in the memories of us all; new faces, new surroundings and new work. Plenty of the latter, but we pulled through nobly, hundred per cent. intact with promises of great things in the future.

October saw the class election and those chosen to lead us from Freshman bondage into Junior nonchalance, have proven worthy of their task. Later in October we were guests of the school at the annual Freshman Banquet. By this time the congenial and sympathetic spirit which prevails at school had welded us into an entity which has remained unbroken, and which will continue many years hence, after we leave our Alma Mater to make our way into the textile world. With this spirit cementing us, and with the upper classmen and faculty beaming broadly, we drank to the full of good fellowship and fraternity at the banquet. Long will it linger in our memories.

But time flew, and we realized Thanksgiving holidays had come and gone. Once more our backs were bent to the wheel of E. Pluribus Unum.

In athletics we were very fortunate to have Shirer and Raub represent us on the Basketball team. On the Track team we are represented by Brown and several star runners.

Of course there were mid-years and finals. But there always have been and probably always will be. The same frenzied last minute search for knowledge and overtime work. Hearts stopped beating temporarily, then flopped and returned to normalcy. It was over, and the Fifty Four took up the battle once again, intact and happy.

It was ever thus throughout the whole of that first but illuminating year. It is with eager anticipation of the reunion next September that we bid our fellow classmates Godspeed.

## FIRST YEAR REGULAR

Ben P. Anderson, ΔΦΨ.....	4145 Parrish St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Benjamin S. Bellemere, ΦΨ.....	1642 Perkiomen Ave., Reading, Pa.
Leon Beresin.....	1783 Marimon Ave., New York City
George F. Berlinger, ΣΦΤ.....	1050 Park Ave., New York City
E. Stanley Bowers, Jr., ΦΨ.....	State Rd. and Childs Ave., Upper Darby, Pa.
William John Bragg.....	13 Douglas St., Worcester, Mass.
Kenneth Brancato, ΦΨ.....	93 E. 38th St., Paterson, N. J.
Maurice L. Broder, ΣΦΤ.....	391 Sterling Place, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Prescott W. Brown, ΦΨ.....	48 Maple St., Woonsocket, R. I.
Walter L. Brown, ΔΚΦ.....	50 W. Stratford Ave., Lansdowne, Pa.
Otis W. Coggeshall, ΦΨ.....	122 Ocean Ave., Cranston, R. I.
Henry Crumbliss, 3d, ΦΨ.....	Boynton Terrace, Chattanooga, Tenn.
Robert S. Cunningham.....	4214 State Rd., Upper Darby, Pa.
George Downs, Jr., ΔΚΦ.....	4708 N. Broad St., Philadelphia
Norman Duberstein, ΣΦΤ.....	1561 48th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.
Harold M. Evaul, ΔΚΦ.....	602 7th Ave., Haddon Heights, N. J.
Fred H. Heinrich.....	520 Burke St., Jersey Shore, Pa.
Garson F. Heller.....	796 Lexington Ave., New York, N. Y.
Harry K. Jass.....	6239 Spruce St., Philadelphia, Pa.
Norbert William Knoerschild.....	644 28th St., Milwaukee, Wis.
Fritz Knecht.....	97 Aycrigg Ave., Passaic, N. J.
Kenneth Watts McKenzie, ΔΦΨ.....	6 Hawthorne St., Rutherford, N. J.
Donald E. Morgan.....	616 W. 116th St., New York, N. Y.
Henry A. Osterman, ΔΦΨ.....	105 Van Buren St., Passaic, N. J.
Franklin Raub, ΔΚΦ.....	Elm St., Chadwicks, N. Y.
Manas M. Reinach, ΣΦΤ.....	22 W. Earle St., Greenville, S. C.
Otto F. Schuman, ΔΚΦ.....	1006 Reading Blvd., Wyomissing, Pa.
S. Ross Shirer.....	901 McCartney St., Easton, Pa.
David E. Singer, ΣΦΤ.....	52 E. 91st St., New York City
Willis Henry Smith, ΔΚΦ.....	315 S. Church St., Prairie due Chien, Wis.
William Flaccus Stifel.....	Hubbard Lane, Wheeling, West Va.
Norman L. Thurnauer, ΣΦΤ.....	348 Central Park West, New York City
Thomas G. Underwood.....	127 Hepburn St., Milton, Pa.
Russel E. Woerner.....	1519 68th Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.

**FIRST YEAR WOOL CLASS**

A. Eugene Andrews.....36 Orchard Place, Ridgewood, N. J.  
 J. Leon Baker, ΦΨ.....North Grosvenordale, Conn.  
 Maurice S. Becker.....607 46th St., Des Moines, Ia.  
 Guild Bruda, ΔΚΦ.....225 7th Ave., Haddon Heights, N. J.  
 William C. Brumbach, ΦΨ.....Easterly, Pa.  
 John P. Koester.....711 N. Downing St., Piqua, Ohio  
 J. Edward Lippincott.....806 Main St., Riverton, N. J.  
 James Miller.....4914 Griscom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

**FIRST YEAR SILK**

Lorain P. Appleby, ΔΚΦ.....Decorum, Pa.  
 John M. Fiery, ΦΨ.....Martinsburg, W. Va.  
 Charles Gavenonus, ΔΚΦ.....82 Taft St., Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

**FIRST YEAR FIGURED DESIGN**

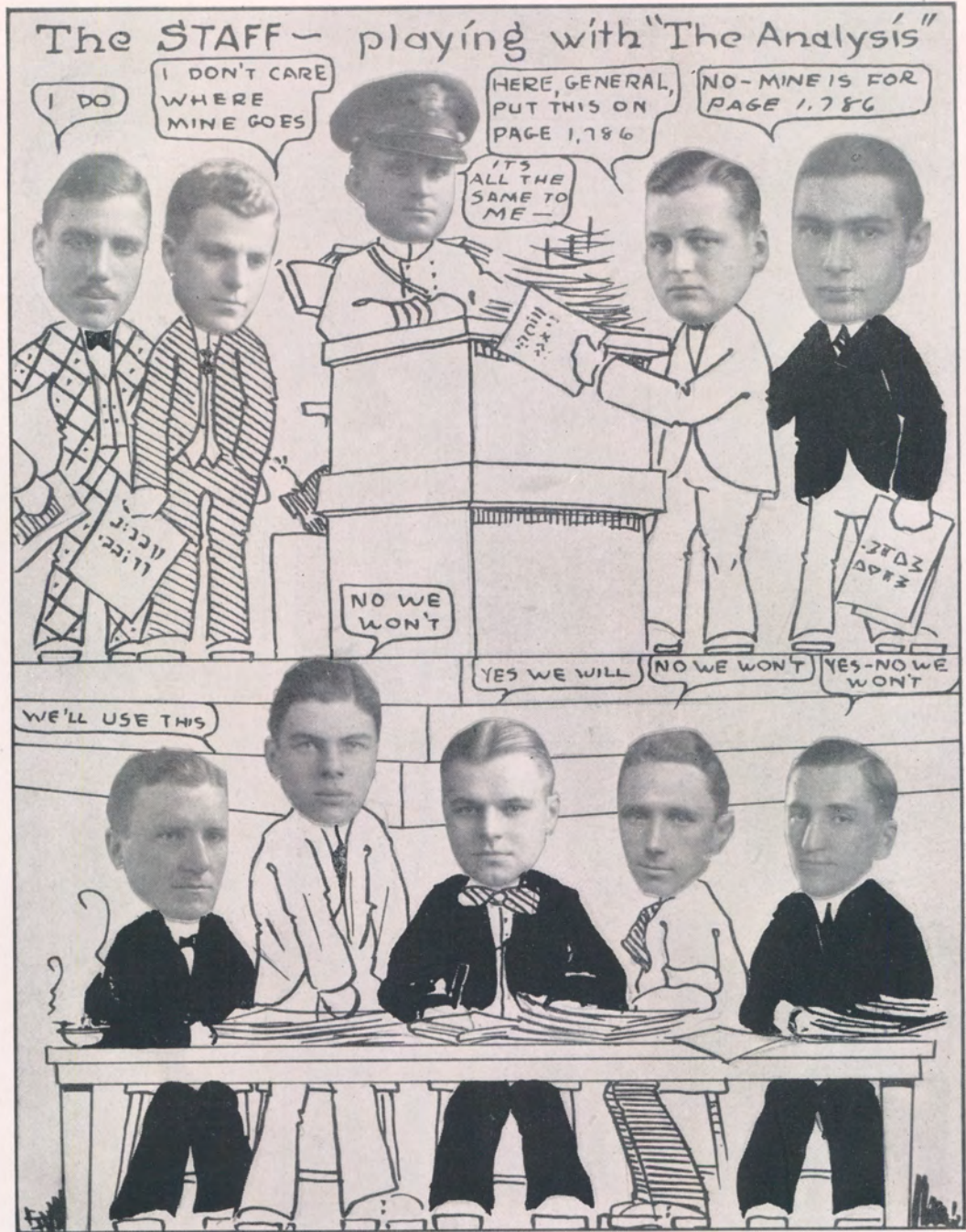
Hunter R. Neisler, ΦΨ.....Kings Mountain, N. C.

**FIRST YEAR CHEMISTRY AND DYEING**

Moe Amsterdam.....1889 Bergen St., New York City  
 Alfred W. Cavedon, ΦΨ.....49 Verry St., Woonsocket, R. I.  
 Walter M. Fenton.....78 Spring St., Woonsocket, R. I.  
 Henry C. Hennig, ΦΨ.....529 Maple Ave., Glen Rock, N. J.  
 Carl J. Spengler.....1114 East Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 William Frank Uhlig, ΦΨ.....15 Columbia Terrace, Weehawken, N. J.

**FIRST YEAR DYEING AND COLOR MATCHING**

Young R. Kim.....Korea  
 John Watt Shaw.....Hotel Biltmore, Providence, R. I.



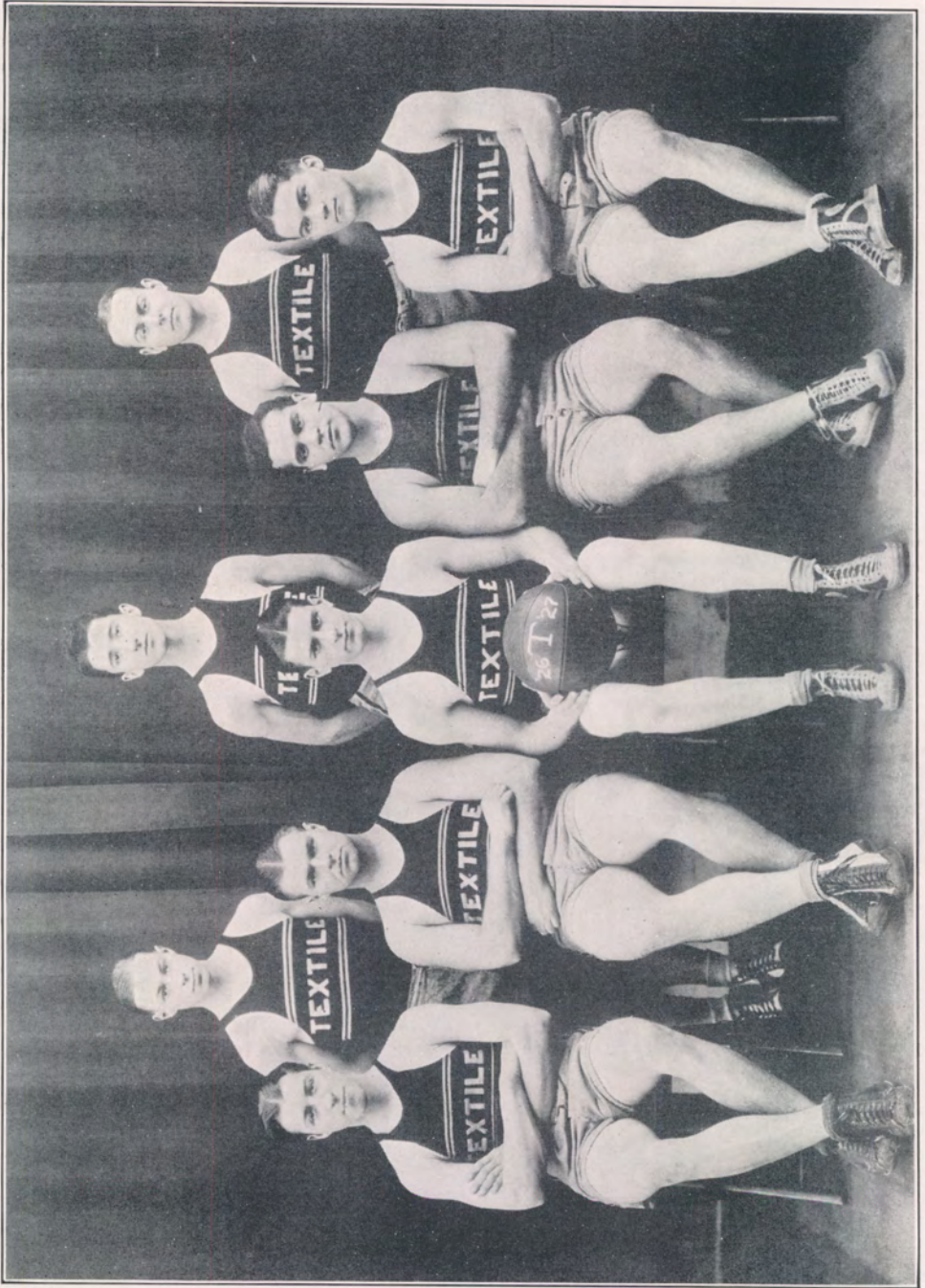




# ATHLETICS

1927

The ANALYSIS



1927

## Basketball

WILLIAM R. GUTENKUNST, *Captain*

GEORGE R. GRISWOLD, *Manager*

In the attempt to maintain the high standard of athletics at the school much credit should be given to the basketball team for its share in upholding and even adding new laurels now enjoyed by the school. Although without the services of a competent coach, the showing made by the team has been very impressive and too much credit cannot be given where it is due.

The first call for practice last November found a wealth of material present from which the following were selected after much spirited competition: Captain Gutekunst, Wright, Luban, Woolley, Rogers, Broadhead, Cushman and Kavanaugh, from last year's squad, with the addition of Shirer and Raub, two promising freshmen.

Practice was held in the gymnasium of the Y. M. C. A. and a smoothly working combination was soon formed, which gave quite a favorable account of itself.

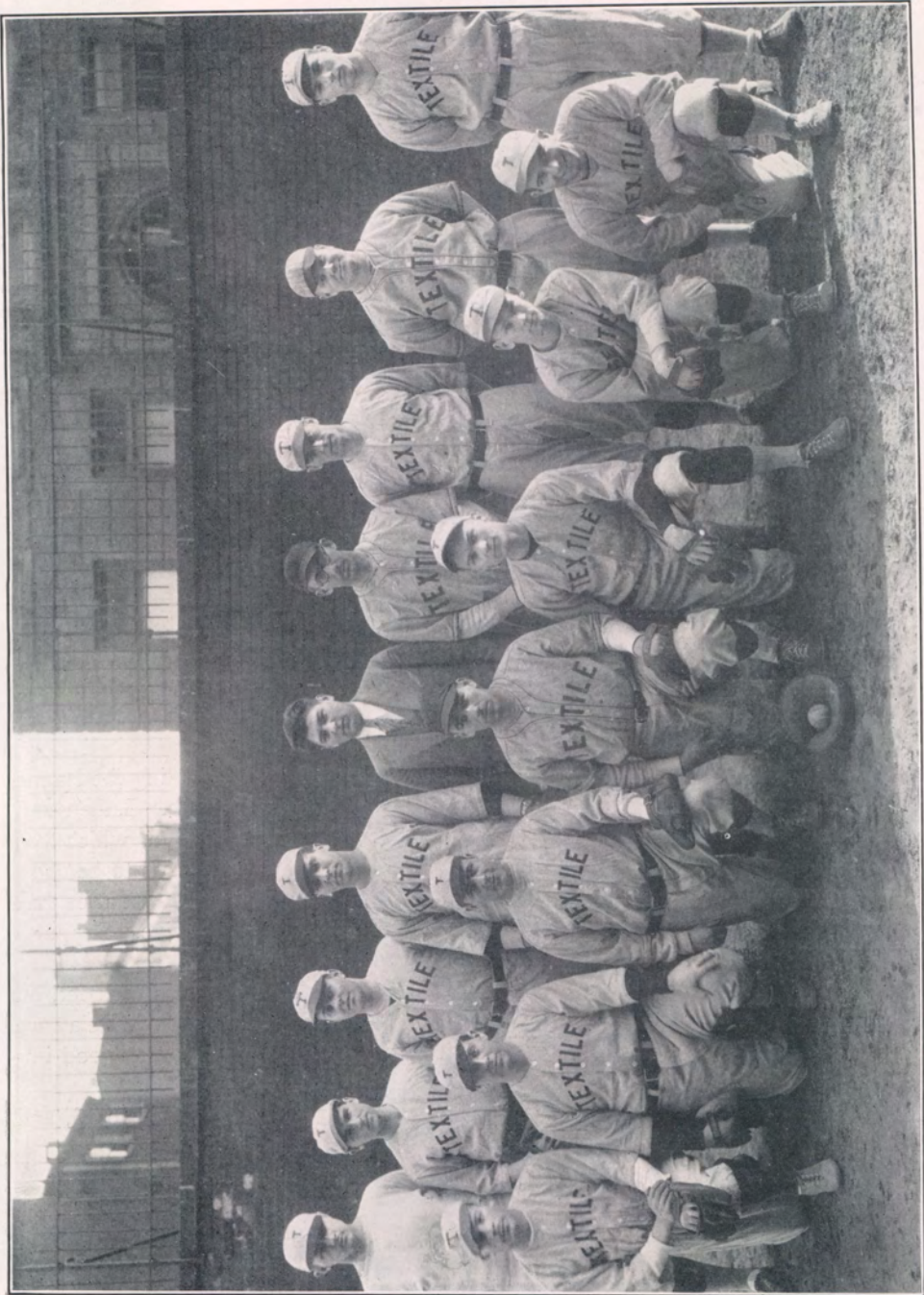
As members of the City College League, Textile finished second in the first half of the season, scoring wins over Hahnemann and Temple Physical Ed., but were obliged to accept defeat in two hard-fought games, one with Dental, by the score of 31 to 28 and the other with Optometry by the score of 27 to 26. However, revenge is sweet! With the opening of the second half Textile defeated Optometry to the tune of 18 to 11. This game is representative of the fighting spirit displayed by the team and to all indications our men will come through to win the second half of the season and eventually gain possession of the City College League Trophy.

Not only is the team's work as a whole proving satisfactory, but the individual playing of the men is worthy of mention. Woolley, a forward, is leading the league in scoring, with Captain Gutekunst ranking third and Wright sixth. Luban and Wright, playing guard positions, have proved a sterling combination, which has helped to turn back many a stubborn offense. Wright, in particular, is to be complimented upon the brand of basketball he has displayed. With Gutekunst at centre, Shirer and Woolley, forwards, the team has a very dangerous offensive. Supporting these five were Kavanaugh, Cushman, Rogers and Raab.

Manager Griswold deserves much credit for his ability. He has included on his schedule such teams as Ursinus, Penn's Jay Vees, Villanova, Drexel, Delaware and Haverford. Although not victorious in all of these contests, a very good impression was created by the team upon their opponents.

Our most noteworthy rival, Drexel, was beaten by the score of 18 to 13, and the results of the other games are as follows:

Textile .....	36	Ursinus .....	51
Textile .....	21	Penn Jay Vees .....	29
Textile .....	20	Villanova .....	29
Textile .....	19	Delaware .....	28



1927

## Baseball

C. A. TIPS, *Captain*

E. WITTY, *Manager*

When school reopened last September, Manager Witty was faced with the loss of the greater part of last year's team, including Capt. Hodgeson. The only veterans who returned were Tips, Camelford and Ramsey, so that the task of rebuilding the squad appeared quite formidable.

The first call for practice, however, changed the outlook from one of dubious possibilities, to a most encouraging prospect for the coming season. Over thirty men turned out, every one of whom is capable of making a strong bid for the Varsity nine.

The letter men have elected Tips to captain the team and under his direction the task of weeding out the squad has begun. Through the courtesy of Prof. Walters, we have been enabled to use the grounds at 49th and Chester Ave. for practice purposes. In addition to this, baseballs may be seen flying through the air every noontime, on the South Campus. When the first game is played on April 9th, the team will be in a position to do its best for Textile.

A great deal of credit is due to Prof. Goodavage, who has unsparingly given his time to help coach the team. As a result of his work, the men are being molded into a combination whose team work is worthy of comment.

Our pitching staff is fortunate this year, in that we have several capable men to assist Capt. Tips in this department. Anderson and Cunningham in particular, are two dependable hurlers who may be counted upon to bring home victories.

At the receiving end of the battery we have Broncato, Cushman and Koernenchield. Broncato has a slight edge on the other two for the position, but the competition for this berth promises to be keen.

The infield will find Rosenau, Rumore, Rogers, Brown, Luban, Clark, Appleby and Turk all striving eagerly, while in the outfield Camelford, Shirer, Ramsay and Osterman will look after the gardens in capable fashion.

At the time of going to press we are informed that the probable line up for the game with Drexel will be as follows:—Broncato, catcher; Tips, pitcher; Rogers, first base; Roseman, 2nd; Clark, shortstop; Anderson, 3rd; Camelford, center field; Ramsey, left field, and Shirer, right field.

Broncato will be lead off man in the batting order, followed in turn by Clark and Ramsay, Camelford being the cleanup man.

With men of such calibre to count upon, the baseball schedule for 1927 should be a very successful one for our team. Manager Witty has arranged the following games, all of which will be played away:—

Drexel .....	April 9th
Osteopathy .....	April 13th
Schuylkill College .....	April 16th
P. M. C. ....	April 20th
Haverford College .....	April 27th
Albright College .....	April 30th
University of Delaware.....	May 4th



1927

## Track

K. C. SMITH, *Captain*

M. SPEIZMAN, *Manager*

This year Textile is fortunate in having a large squad of veterans around which to build a track team. Three of these veterans are Captain Smith, Houghton and Broadhead, of last year's champion Relay team. They are back again for another season and with the aid of such men as Franks and Woolley the prospects are very bright for another victory at the Penn Relays in April.

An exceptionally large number of ardent Track and Field enthusiasts are turning out for practice. So that the veterans will be given plenty of vigorous competition in every event.

With Captain Smith and Broadhead in both the 100 and 220-yard dashes and with such Freshmen as Brown, Broder, Uhlig, the team is certain to place in these events. The 440 and half-mile will find us adequately represented by two of our track stars, Woolley and Houghton. This pair will also have to prove their mettle once more against a field which includes Franks, Reinach, Spengler and Amsterdam, all fast men. Over the longer route Speizman, of last year's team, will be supported by some promising material from the freshman class. Chief among these is Fenton, who has made a name for himself in cross-country work.

In the weight events Wright, a consistent point winner last year, will be back again to score for Textile. The presence of new men like Shaw, Cunningham, Cavedon, to aid him in the remaining field events will round the team in a capable fashion. All in all the outlook is very favorable for another successful season in Track.

The schedule, which Manager Speizman has arranged, includes colleges, whose teams we have met in past years, and whom we shall look forward to meeting once again in the next few months. The triangular meet with Drexel and St. Joseph's College will inaugurate our relations with the latter institution and it is hoped will be the forerunner of many such meets in years to come.

The schedule is as follows:

- April 6—Villanova College at Villanova, Pa.
- April 20—Drexel Institute and St. Joseph's College at Drexel.
- April 23—Schuylkill College at Reading, Pa.
- April 29—Penn Relay at Philadelphia.
- May 4—University of Delaware at Newark, Del.

### SPECIAL NOTICE

This year the team won the One Mile Philadelphia City College Relay Championship at the University of Pennsylvania Relay Carnival on April 29, 1927.



1927



## Tennis

W. MANDEVILLE, Captain

W. J. HALL, JR., *Manager*

The tennis squad, under the able leadership of Capt. Mandeville, shows every indication of rounding out a formidable team this spring. Three of last year's letter men, Capt. Mandeville, Horn and Kavanaugh, are back again, so that the line-up is practically intact. Barton is the only member of last year's "Big Four" lost to us through graduation. While his loss may be felt in the earlier matches, we feel confident that there will be enough new material of sufficiently high calibre with which to fill this gap in the lineup.

Among the first year students such men as Duberstine, Andrews, Cavedon, Smith and Reinach, will bear watching. Duberstein in particular, as he comes to us with an impressive Prep. School record.

In the second and third year classes there are a number of promising candidates who can be counted upon to make their ability felt in competition. S. Brawer, Jones, H. Brown, Gliddon and Schwartz are men who may prove stumbling blocks to many freshman's hopes.

The lack of home courts is a handicap which is being felt severely. As a result of this deficiency the squad is forced to use the public courts at Fairmount Park for practice purposes. Arrangements are also pending, whereby we may have the use of several courts on the John Wanamaker Roof. This lack of proper facilities is a condition with which our teams must cope each spring, until the New Textile School, with its adequate athletic facilities is finally a reality.

The first match is scheduled for April 9th, with Drexel Institute. The line-up for our 1927 debut will probably be Capt. Mandeville, No. 1; Wm. Horn, No. 2; J. Kavanaugh, No. 3, and S. Brawer, No. 4.

With such men as Duberstein, Speizman and Cavedon to draw upon as alternates, prospects look bright for a Textile victory.

Manager Hall deserves much credit for the way in which he has overcome the many obstacles confronting him.

The schedule which he has arranged is as follows:—

Drexel .....	April 9th
Haverford .....	April 23rd
Moravian .....	May 7th
Swarthmore .....	May 14th



## Equestrian Club

With the idea of stimulating the interest of students in the ancient sport of horsemanship, this club was founded. Through the courtesy of Lt. Kirsner, and his keen interest in the welfare of the student body, the club was enabled to meet and ride every week during the school year.

Under the able tutelage of Sergt. Donoughe, (former pupil of Patsy Dugan—the most daring and finished rider in the country), we soon graduated from the school of aching knees and other things, and before many weeks, we experienced the thrills and spills of a four rail fence.

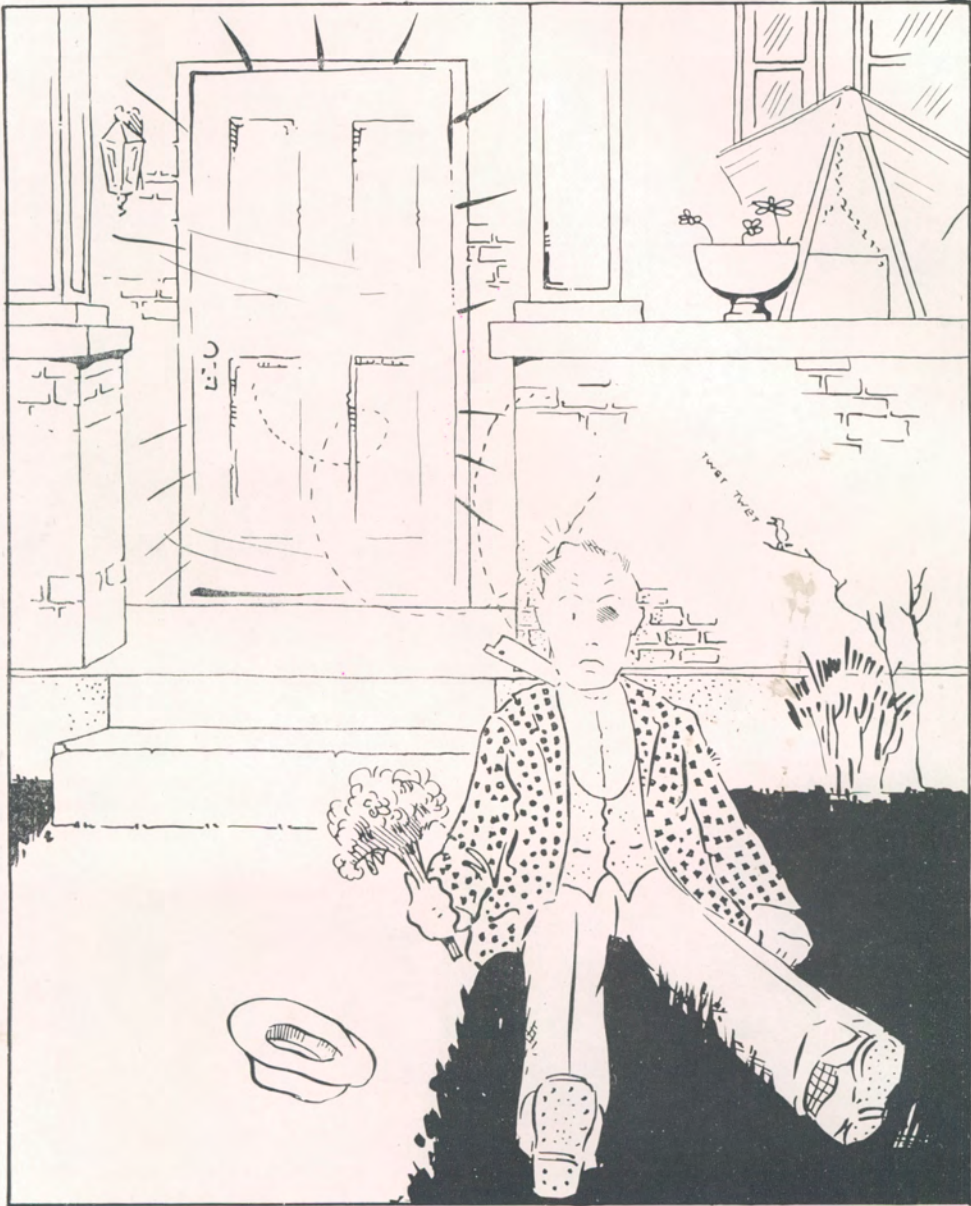
Our ability as horsemen (?) we feel is entirely due to the patience and generosity of Mr. Lockwood at the beginning of the school year by the loan of his Siberian Mustang or Missouri Mule—Alcibicides January Johnston.

During the winter months the few opportunities for riding that were offered were received with great enthusiasm. Now that Spring weather has arrived the activities of the club are moving at a full gallop. We are expecting a great turnout for our first annual gym-Khanna and barbecue to be held on the grounds of the Huntingdon Valley Hunt.

The emblem of this society is a golden spur worn as a watch charm. The charter members of this club, founded October 6, 1926, A. D., are as follows:—Charlie Nassau, Jim Hall, Thomas, Higgins, Wilkinson, Luban, and the newly elected members, Cavedon, McMeekan, Uhlig, Hennig, Stiefel.

In closing, we wish the equestrians of the coming years will keep up the standard of the jumps (not to be kicked over) and enjoy the same beneficial exercise and pleasure as we have had during our final year at Textile.





# S O C I A L S

1927

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1927

## The Textile Club

MORRIS SPEIZMAN, *President*

STILLMAN RICHARDSON, *Vice President*

PAUL HIGGINS, *Treasurer*

ALFRED TIPS, *Secretary*

FRED LANGJAHR, *Third Year Director*

EDWARD WOOLEY, *Second Year Director*

JOHN M. FIERY, *First Year Director*

The Textile Club plays an important part of every student's day-time life at school, whether he be stopping in for lunch, pool, chess or any other of the various diversions. Its tables are constantly filled with the latest magazines and always crowded with absorbed readers.

The club has two or three annual evening affairs, either banquets or dances. This year we decided to have two banquets and a dance.

In October the banquet at the City Club replaced the usual Freshman reception. This get-together at the beginning of the year was a huge success. Practically every man in the school availed himself of the opportunity of meeting the others and we believe this to be the largest gathering ever held by the school club.

After an excellent dinner Mr. Algeo gave us splendid news when he announced the Government plan for army camp training for the summer months and further enlistment plan during the school term for the students. The plans, however, were, more or less, in their infancy. This project appealed to many and quite a few of the students will undoubtedly avail themselves of the opportunity the Government may present. Shortly after this we listened to an address by Dr. Holmes, psychologist of the University of Pennsylvania, who advised us against specialization in relation to our life work and warned us against becoming narrow in the pursuit of our share of the world's goods. Professors Cox and Bertolet and Registrar Wilson then addressed the gathering and left a few thoughts with us to carry along.

The Club Textile Dance, an important social feature of the year, was as popularly attended as usual and was held at the Hotel Stephen Girard.

So much for the serious. Now, we must throw aside the cloak of dignity and lapse into our usual cheerfully, sincere (no matter how painful) mood.

Part of the evening's entertainment at the dance was unexpectedly furnished by the complete ensemble of "Pine Alley Club." Choirmaster Coykendall led the boys in song, the feature number of the evening being that immortal ballad, "Whooping It Up for Tennessee." This popular number was enthusiastically sung by the many Southerners present. Not to be outdone the snappy lads from the far North were led by "Jim" Hall in the moss-eaten ditty entitled, "The Boys in Blue" (No, Junior, not the cops and firemen). This very naturally brought on a riot and

amidst the resounding crash of glass, chairs, etc., we crept, I mean ran, away, just beating the Maria by a hair's breadth.

Though the above seems to hint at the fact that we had a ball (you know how to pronounce it correctly), seriously everyone regretted the final trip to the cloak room as we all sure did have one fine time.

## The Interfraternity Dance

This dance is an annual affair held by the combined fraternities of the school.

Fred R. Stewart was chairman of the affair and handled the entire dance in an able manner. He is a member of the Phi Psi Fraternity. Assisting him were Harold Veit, of the Delta Phi Psi Fraternity; Charles Shaw, of the Delta Kappa Phi Fraternity, and Harry Brawer, of the Sigma Phi Tau Fraternity.

The dance was held the evening of Friday, January 28th, in the North Garden of the Bellevue-Stratford Hotel. The appointments of the room and the many beautiful dresses worn by the ladies in attendance presented a very pretty scene. Music was furnished by Ziegler's Orchestra and was of a type that appealed to all those present.

"Tagging" was quite in evidence and we will say that this certainly livened up the evening. This fact was quite obvious to those present. There was only one regret that the members and their partners had and that was the final strains of "Home, Sweet Home."

## Pool Tournaments

Two tournaments were held during the year. The first, which took place during November, was highly interesting to both spectators and participants. The final matches were rather loosely played, but the preliminaries were furiously contested. Whitehouse struggled through to victory on the final match, being opposed in the curtain act by "Honest Abe." The prize so valiantly fought for was a hand-painted cue, which "Whitey" finds of great use in his "staggering" attempts at the—impossible.

On a rainy day in March, the fourteenth to be exact, the final match of the second pool tournament was played. Nearly every student was interested in the play and at four o'clock the club's swinging door was the centre of a traffic jam. The atmosphere of the club on tournament days undergoes a great change. Usually, after school, the tables are crowded with players and the air is filled with light-hearted raillery and good fellowship. However, on a tournament day the air is heavy with anxiety, hope and cigarette smoke and a large crowd of big, strong, silent men line the walls watching the play which is so dear to the heart of every



shark. The two men to clash in the finals were "Fats" Clair and B. S. Smith. 'Twas an epic. The contest was one of the closest ever witnessed, both boys displaying a great assortment of shots. Smith battled bravely and looked like the winner, but the rare skill, coupled with an iron nerve and hand of Clair finally won for him in a last minute rally by the score of 100 to 98. For this brave deed "Fats" was awarded a handsome cheese cloth, gauze trimmed, brief case, which he found very handy to carry apparatus in on his Chemistry trips for research work at the Billiard Box. Incidentally, Luban accompanied him.

## What Not

Plans are under way as this book is going to press for the holding of the annual What-Not banquet. This affair is one that brings to a conclusion the social festivities of our school year and is attended by the entire school body.

At this affair the coveted "T" is awarded to the students who had sufficient school spirit to go out for the teams in the various athletic enterprises indulged in. These boys deserve a great deal of credit, as our school roster comprises a total of thirty-three hours per week, which everybody realizes is an extremely "stiff" proposition. In addition there is sufficient work at home to keep everyone busy. It is worthy of note, that among our best athletes are to be found those boys whose marks are the highest in the school. Athletes, our hats are off to you!

The ANALYSIS



1927

## Crowfoot

### HONORARY

RICHARD SHOEMAKER COX

1927

WILLIAM H. HORN, 3d

*President*

NELSON T. WRIGHT

*Vice President*

F. STILLMAN RICHARDSON

*Secretary & Treasurer*

GEORGE R. GRISWOLD

WILLIAM GUTEKUNST

W. JAMES HALL, JR.

G. ELLWOOD HOUGHTON

LIEUT. HARRY KIRSNER

Q. M. C., U. S. Army

C. H. W. MANDERVILLE, JR.

CHARLES F. NASSAU, JR.

JAMES C. RAMSEY, JR.

KENNETH C. SMITH

MORRIS SPEIZMANN

C. ALFRED TIPS

EDWIN WILKINSON, 3d

EPHRAIM D. WITTY





# FRATERNITIES

1927

The ANALYSIS



## Delta Kappa Phi Fraternity

Founded at the Philadelphia College of Textile Engineering, 1899

Incorporated in 1905—Publication, "Bulletin"

### Officers

J. G. RAMSEY, JR.  
*Consul*

C. R. SHAW, JR.  
*Pro-Consul*

WILLIAM H. SMITH  
*Annotator*

F. S. RICHARDSON  
*Custodian*

R. L. TAYLOR  
*Scribe*

J. B. Jones  
P. Rumore  
J. G. Camelford  
E. C. Cruickshank  
V. W. Smith  
O. F. Schumann  
G. Bruda  
W. L. Brown  
L. P. Appleby  
G. T. Downs  
H. M. Evaul  
C. Gavenous  
J. P. McCloskey  
F. Raub  
Willis H. Smith

The ANALYSIS



1927



## Delta Phi Psi Fraternity

Founded at the Philadelphia College of Textile Engineering, 1901

### Officers

CHARLES F. NASSAU, JR.

*President*

FRED LANGJAHR

*Vice President*

JOHN CLAIR

*Secretary*

C. H. WESLEY MANDEVILLE

*Treasurer*

KENNETH SMITH

*Chaplain*

Alfred Tips

Theodore W. Morrow

James M. Kavanaugh

Harold M. Veit

Alexander L. Epting

Fred J. Kaeding

Kenneth McKenzie

Harold Osterman

William F. Stifel

Ben. P. Anderson



1927

## Phi Psi Fraternity

Founded at Philadelphia College of Textile Engineering March 18, 1903

Publication—"The Phi Psi Quarterly"

### Officers

NELSON T. WRIGHT  
*President*

PAUL E. HIGGINS  
*Vice-President*

WILLIAM J. HALL, JR.  
*Secretary*

WILSON K. THOMAS  
*Treasurer*

BERTRAM S. JEWELL  
*Senior Warden*

FREDERICK R. STEWART  
*Corresponding Secretary*

George R. Griswold  
Joseph A. Horlacher  
William H. Horn, 3d  
Malcolm D. McMeekan  
Edwin Wilkinson, 3d  
Richard H. Brehm  
William Gutekunst  
James A. Bostwick  
Frank S. Clark  
Paul L. Dunham  
Arthur G. Hedden, Jr.  
Herbert B. Ludlum, Jr.  
G. Donald Mackay  
Herbert C. Whitehouse  
Hunter R. Neisler  
Merton A. Morrison

Walter F. Rogers  
Edward T. Warner  
Joseph L. Baker  
Benjamin Bellemere  
E. Stanley Bowers, Jr.  
Kenneth Brancato  
Prescott W. Brown  
William C. Brumbach  
Alfred W. Cavedon  
Otis W. Coggeshall  
Henry Crumbliss  
John M. Fiery  
Henry C. Hennig  
W. Frank Uhlig  
G. Ellwood Houghton



1927

## Sigma Phi Tau Fraternity

Founded at Philadelphia College of Textile Engineering, 1915

Publication—"The Bulletin"

### Officers

MORRIS SPEIZMAN

*Counsellor*

STANLEY M. FOLKMAN

*Vice-Counsellor*

HARRY I. BRAWER

*Scribe*

HERBERT H. MILLER

*Exchequer*

SIDNEY BRAWER

*Corresponding Scribe*

ISADORE R. SCHWARTZ

*Warden*

George F. Berlinger

Maurice L. Broder

Norman Duberstein

Manas M. Reinach

David E. Singer

Norman Thurnauer





H U M O R

1927

BRAGG—Tell the boys why I gave you those Cigars.

MR. GIESE—You passed, didn't you?

There are two ways of doing problems—Algeo's and algebra.

MR. WALTER—What is pulled wool?

DANIELS—Wool that has been stretched out.

HENRY CRUMBLISS (in Child's)—Will you warm this pie for me?

WAITRESS—I am not that kind of a girl.

McMEEKAN is going to study abroad—he met her in Child's.

MR. NAAB—Who invented the Cotton Gin?

WORTHAM—I didn't know they made Gin out of cotton.

Anyone seen Pete?

Pete who?

Pet-roleum.

Kero-sene him yesterday, but he ain't ben-zene since.

CLARK (in chemistry)—Mr. Byler, where does the light go when it goes out?

PROF. B.—First answer this. What holds bricks together in a building?

CLARK—Mortar.

PROF. B.—No, that holds them apart.

McMEEKAN—Mr. Algeo, have you got a steel rule?

MR. ALGEO—It's an iron rule of mine not to loan anything.

MAC—Gee, he's a hard guy.

CAVEDON (relating an experience)—You know on these old whaling ships medicine bottles were numbered and the captain treated according to the book accompanying the medicine. This book told what number bottle to use for the illness. One day one of the sailors got sick and according to the book No. 12 bottle had to be used. The captain found he had no medicine in the bottle, so he took some from bottles No. 7 and 5.—The sailor died and the poor captain could not understand why!

CAVEDON—I think I'll go to New York.

HALL—Are you taking your wife along?

CAVEDON—Does anyone usually take a sandwich to a banquet?



The ANALYSIS



1927

## A Telephone Conversation

TIME: Present.

PARTIES: Frank Clark and an unknown "beauty."

PLACE: Pay Station.

NOTE: This last, *the place*, needs a remark. The operator fell asleep, so he only spent the nickel "borrowed."

Cling—ng—ng.

"Hello, Op. Give me Belmont 4930R2." (Aside—Kiss it for me.)

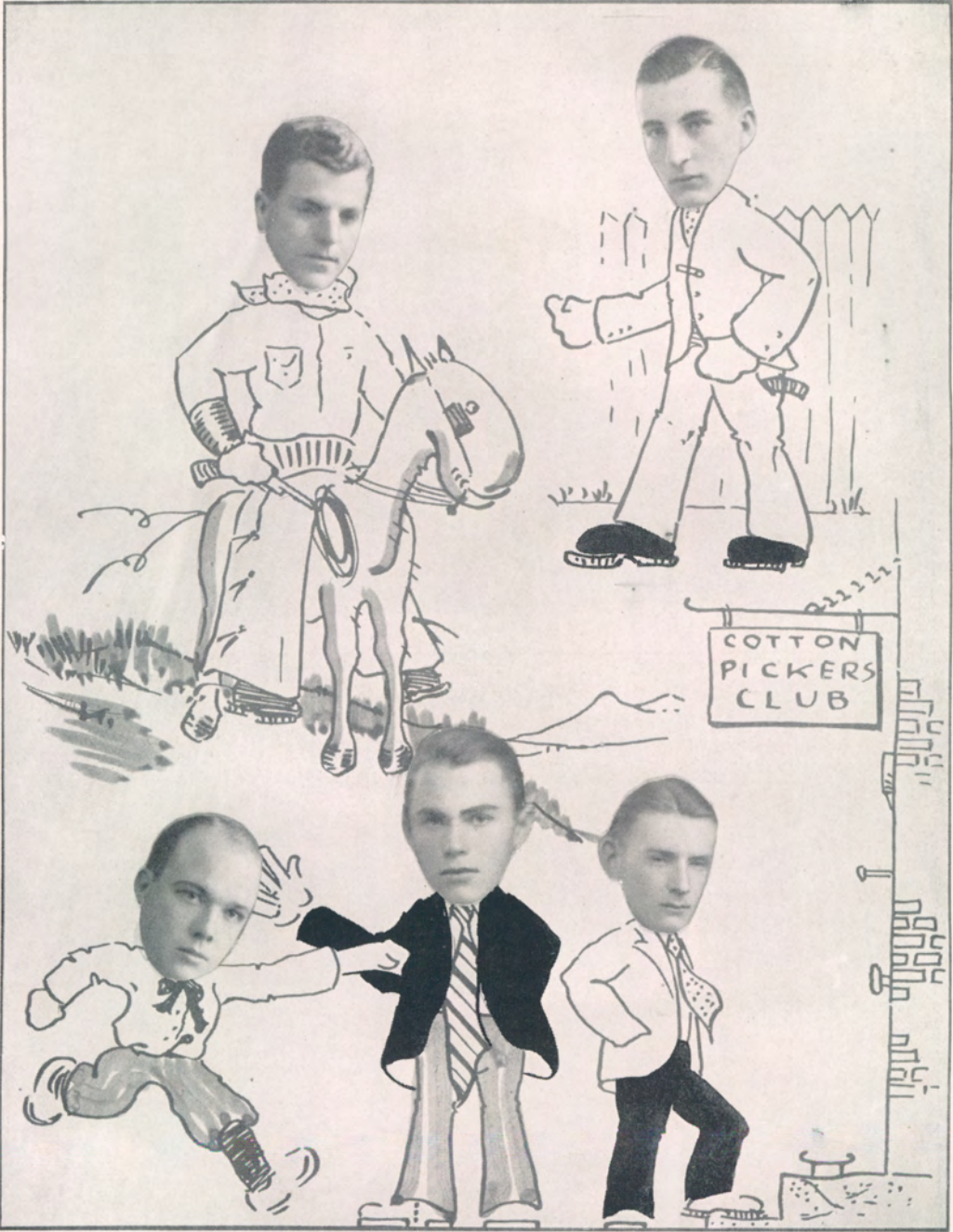
"Hello, Marion there. I'd like to speak to her, please."

"Hello, Marion. How are you? This is Clarke Thomas speaking. What—you don't know me! You should. However, I don't know you, so we're both happy. My room-mate knows you. Let's get acquainted. Whose my room-mate? I forget his name. Huh. Well, you see he was kicked out of school, so I've forgotten his name! Absolutely, lady, my name is Clarke Thomas. You don't think I'd fool you. WHA-A-AT! Why, I've seen you on No. 40, you know, the Coonerville Trolley, otherwise the Black Diamond Express. Now that we're acquainted, let's discuss serious problems. What do you think of the Nicaraguan situation? Well, neither do I—that is settled. Where do I live? In the Netherlands over at 43d and Chestnut. I live with my aunt, because she needs protection. What do I do? Sweep the sidewalks, deliver the mail and all that errand boy stuff. I'm from Connecticut. You know, I'm the one that was in King Arthur's court. Do I know anybody in Bridgeport? Yes, I met a man on the train from that town. You don't know him? That's curious. I've a cousin named Sam Smith, living in New York. Next time you're over there stop in and see him. How do you like car No. 40? What? I don't like to hear you say that, cause Tom Mitten's a friend of mine. Sure. The other day he and I were talking the situation over and he said to me, "What do you think of the Yellow Cabs?" I said, "They are yellow!" "That's all right," he replied, "Cunningham is blue." Seriously, now, when can I have a date? Monday? No, I can't. Why? I have to attend a chauffeur's meeting. We're going in for a drive. You wouldn't like me to be a chauffeur. Why not, they're all fast. Listen, I'll call for you in my car. You can't sit with me in the driver's seat. I'll have to put you on the radiator cap. Up where the Y & C are joined. You can be my barometer and tell me whether I'm empty or not. Where do you live? Gee, that's on the corner. I'm in the real estate business. Do you want to sell it? No, I feel sorry for you. I just bought a building. It had 13 stories, although I've heard many more about it! Do I dance? Well, the square set barn dance—pardon me—the black bottom? Well, no, I don't go in for Ethiopians. My looks aren't so hot. My hair is Titian blond, my eyes are blue (brown eyes, why are you blue?) and my teeth are stars, that is, they shine at night and both of them come out."

And so on for an hour or more. He got the date, kept it (which was unusual) and when he saw her, he swore off blind dates.

The next night the telephone was used by Clark again for the same purpose!

The ANALYSIS



1927

**Nine See-Dee Aspirations**

1st worse—

To be a Barrymore  
Is Dick's intention ;  
Let's inform King Vidor  
And relieve his suspension.

2nd worser—

Demosthenes, Diogenes,  
Cicero and Aristotle,  
Could never quite comprehend just  
How Harry pronounces bott-ul.

3rd more worse—

A sheik our Glidden tries to be  
When a girl he meets ;  
And he'll show her a dandy time  
Providing it's her that treats.

4th most worse—

On the basketball court we find  
A handsome youth named Gute ;  
But off the court he's girl shy we hear,  
But, oh, my gosh, how could he.

5th much more worse—

Have you ever heard the story told  
Of the Scotchman brave and bold ;  
Jones would rather treat his bonnie lassie  
Than buy a new much-needed brassie.

6th most more worse—

Oh, how Nestler loves to wiggle his ears  
And make his face go through contortions ;  
We all surmise that in future years  
His jolly map will be his fortune.

7th worstest—

Art, our friend, is small and good lookin' ;  
We can't guess why. Do you know ?  
It must be because he hails from Brooklyn,  
The home of his friend, Clara Bow.

8th worserest—

Voss likes to eat shredded wheat,  
From appearances he shows ;  
Enthralled we gaze at that thing so neat,  
That grows on the region 'neath his nose.

The ANALYSIS



1927

9th damworse—

I tell you, our friend, Arthur "Nelly,"  
 Would like to be a chemist and dyer;  
 And when they want to write his finale,  
 Why do they have to pick the biggest liar?

**Ask Me Another**

1. How far can a twill run?
2. How many ways can a twill be broken?
3. How far can a satin float?
4. How many rounds can a shuttle box?
5. How loud is a ticking design?
6. Where does a diagonal rib come from? A male or female?
7. How many cards in a wool deck?
8. How far can a twill skip?
9. In what does a picker stick?
10. How many ends can a reed dent?
11. Does a twisting room make you dizzy?
12. How often and how loud does a bell crank lever ring?

*(To the tune of "Bye, Bye, Blackbird")*

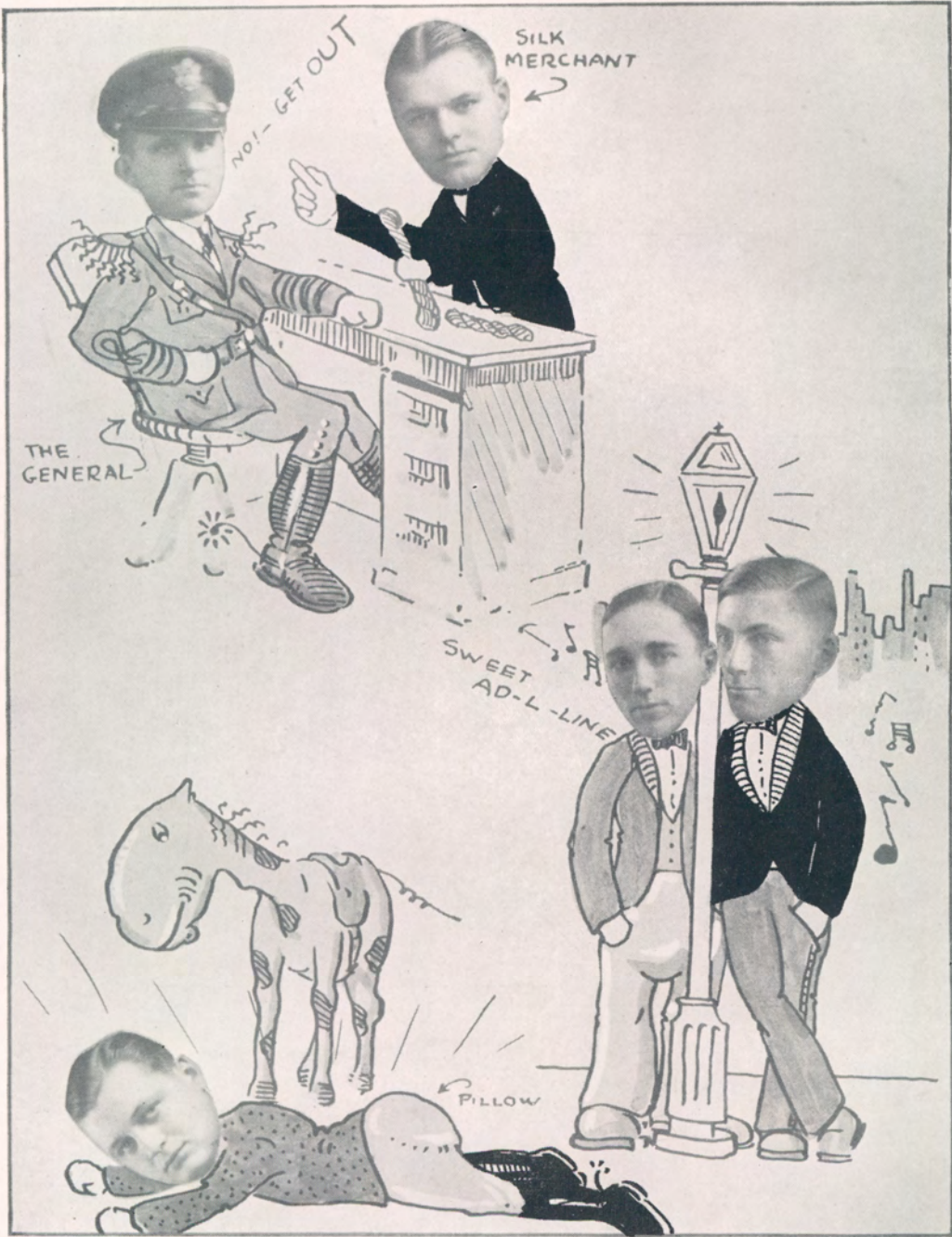
Here we go to Philly Tech, except when we're locked out, by heck,  
 Bye, Bye, Bertolet.  
 Where he always waits for us, Sugar's sweet, so is he,  
 Bye, Bye, Bertolet.  
 No one here can love or understand us,  
 We never believe the stories that he tells us,  
 Lock the door and call the roll, we are going for a stroll,  
 Bertolet, Bye, Bye.

JOS. GOODAVAGE—Where are you going, Pat?  
 PAT—Going down to the drug store to get a caustic soda.  
 JO—That would be cutting!

We are very sorry to say that "Gentlewomen do not prefer blondes"—for reference inquire of "Mellie" Dunham.

We should like to know where Mr. Bertolet learned all those things that he tells us not to do.

The ANALYSIS



1927

The ANALYSIS

PROF. WALTER (to C. & D.)—Kellner, did you do that pyridine extraction?

KELLNER—No.

PROF.—Glidden, have you done yours?

GLIDDEN—Yes, dammit!

Who were the two greatest bootleggers of antiquity?

SMITH—Why, Whitney with his gin and Johnson with his mule.

Does Herbert Whitehouse live here?

Yes, bring him in.

Here lies the body  
Of old Ash Dump—  
Had thirteen clubs  
And bid no trump.

We heard that Coley Wortham has a girl down home so hot that when she kissed a tree she started a forest fire. Oh, Lawd, these Virgin—ians.

Is Mac meek and gentle? (The answer is NO.)

CLARK—Dunham, I just saw Jewell trying to kiss your girl.

DUNHAM—Did he succeed?

C.—No.

D.—Then it wasn't my girl.

LOCKWOOD—What is the difference between wool and worsted?

ROGERS—We have wool on Thursday and worsted on Friday.

PROF. THEEL (in lecture)—Twenty-five years from now people will think the men of today were dumb-bells.

DUNHAM—They are!

MACKAY TO STEWART—You're like hydrogen; you blow up, but don't support anything.

(Heard in chem. lab.)—Hey, Epting, do you want a graduate on your head?

EPTING—No, on my feet.

Do you "expect to rate" in Mr. Cox's class?

Yes, when he's not around.

1927



WRIGHT—Kirsner, you're getting bald-headed.

KIRSNER—Well, you know grass doesn't grow on a busy street.

WRIGHT—Sure, but it doesn't grow on a cue-ball.

### Famous Battles

Waterloo ; those in chem. lab. ; between Section G and the second year C. & D. ;  
Oswald against the rest of the silk class.

### Figure This One Out!

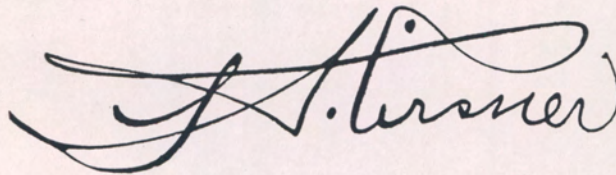
On Wednesday we were told Thursday would be Friday, but on Thursday, which was Friday, we only had Friday during the morning of the day, which was Thursday. In the afternoon of Thursday, but don't forget it was supposed to be Friday, we had Thursday for an hour and finally, that is the last two hours, we had Friday, but when we left school it was still Thursday!

### The Fraternity Sweetheart

On the street across from us  
Lives a girl; she has a "bus."  
As a driver, she's not so good,  
Dependent, of course, upon your mood.  
If you feel like risking your form  
Ask her to call for you at the dorm.  
Curves on one wheel  
(You don't dare squeal)  
She pushes the car in front  
While your insurance policy you hunt.  
Her form, voluptuous and not petite,  
Her crowning glory "are them feet."  
The hair, like unto Titian straw,  
Those hands, oh, boy, what a paw.  
When she spies you, she let's out a yell,  
You want to tell her to go to—umph—well!  
Still she's our sweetheart,  
At least, she's adopted us in part.  
May she get all at which she does aim,  
BUT, woman, do not us blame!

*The successful edition of this Annual was made possible by the team work and co-operation of the members of the Analysis Staff.*

*I take this opportunity to thank Mr. Charles Denzler, a student of the Art School, for faithfully interpreting my ideas through the medium of his drawings.*



1ST LIEUTENANT, Q. M. CORPS,  
EDITOR.

*The*  
*Advertising*  
*Section*  
*of*  
"THE ANALYSIS"

1927

# Textile World

Established 1868

Vol.

Published Every Saturday

No.

BRAGDON, LORD & NAGLE CO.

334 Fourth Ave., New York

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The American Directory  
of the Knitting Trade

The Consolidated  
Textile Catalog

Textile Advance News  
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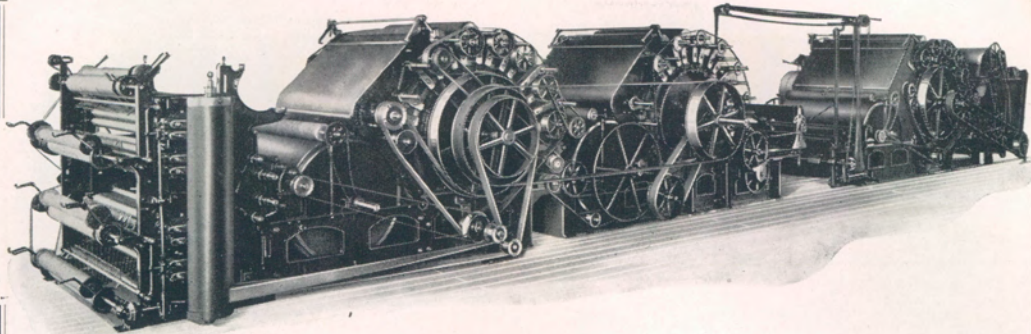
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## TEXTILE DIRECTORIES

The OFFICIAL AMERICAN TEXTILE DIRECTORY, published annually, contains a list of all the Textile Manufacturers in the United States, Canada and Mexico, together with their officers, product, machinery, selling agents, whether dyehouse or not, etc.; also twenty-five maps showing location of mill towns; list of mills with worsted machinery, Yarn Trade, etc. Price of Standard Edition (small size, flexible covers), \$3.00. Office Edition (attractively bound in board covers for office use), \$5.00.

The AMERICAN DIRECTORY OF THE KNITTING TRADE contains substantially the same information as the Official, but is limited to knitting mills. Price, \$2.00.

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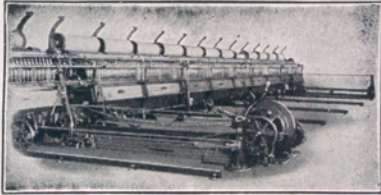
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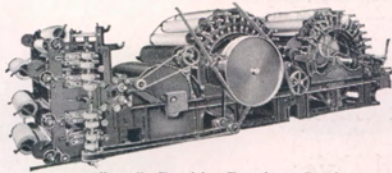
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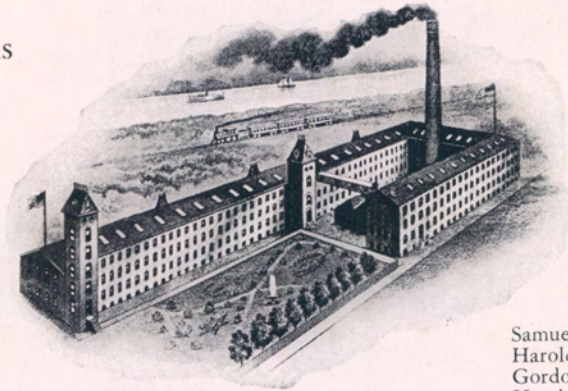
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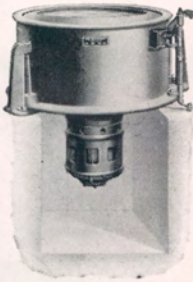
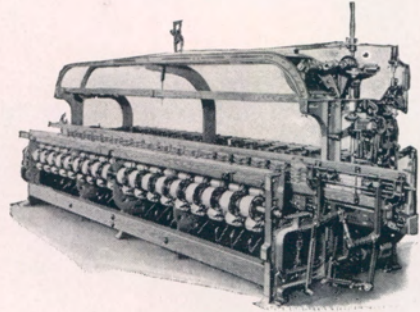
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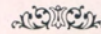
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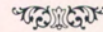
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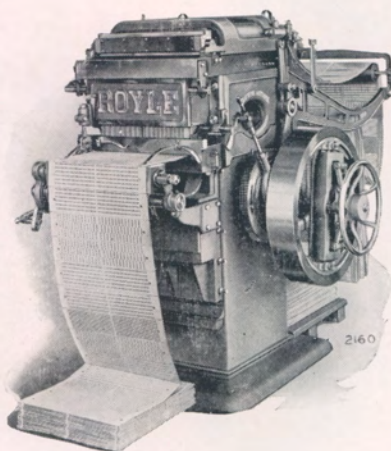
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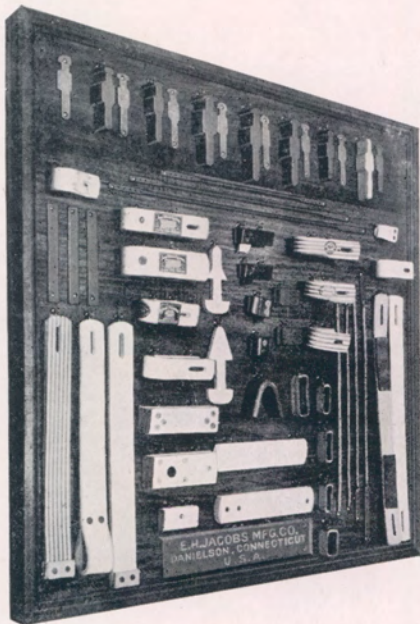
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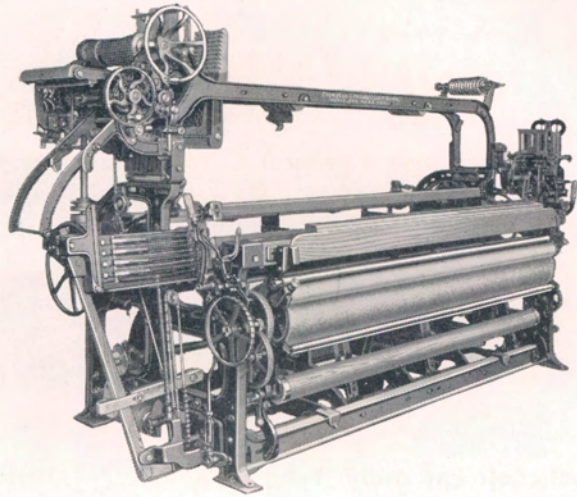
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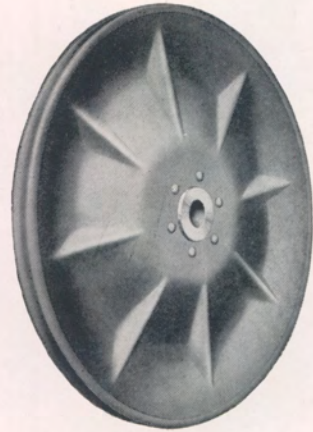
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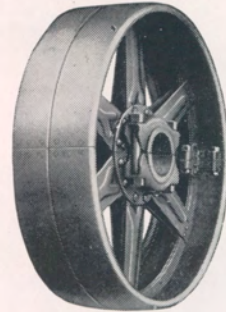


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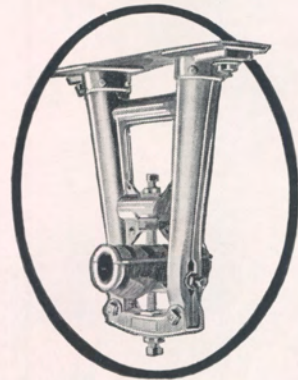
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