

**THE
RECORD
1961**

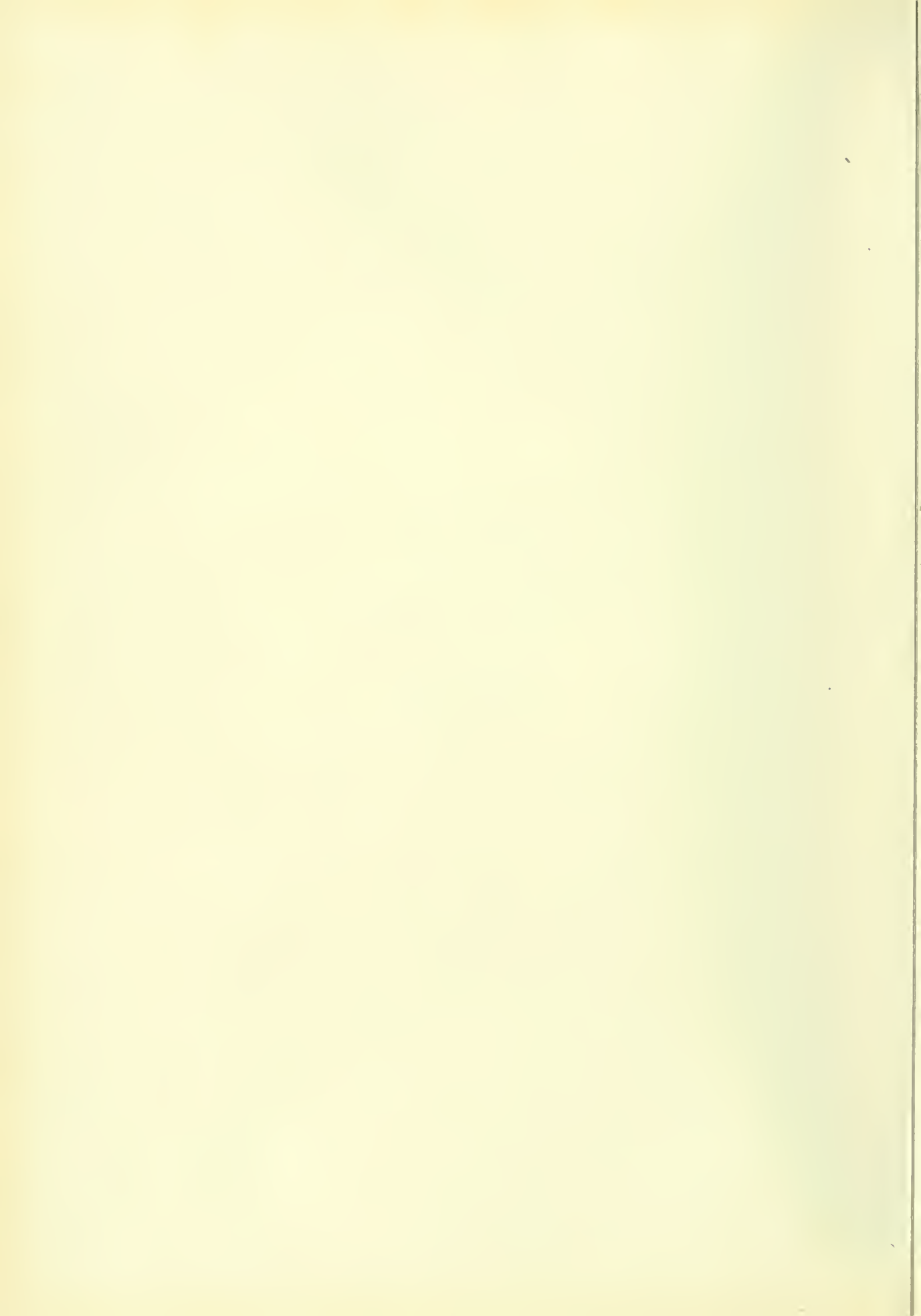
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**THE
RECORD
1961**



THE RECORD

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FOREWORD

When we first started discussing this book, hundreds of wonderful ideas flowed through our minds and life *vis-a-vis* the *Record* seemed very bright indeed. We bandied about lots of inspiring suggestions concerning formats, styles, themes and the like. All sorts of squabbles and feuds arose between editors and staff, between members of the staff, and between the editors themselves. One of the most interesting ideas put forth (this by a member of the staff) was made sometime in early March. He suggested that we get on with it. Although he was, of course, asked to resign from the staff, his idea was later found to prove most useful in solving certain problems which had been piling up during the year. Our publisher, a very nervous man, later wrote the lad a thank-you note.

It would be delightfully easy (but very unfair) not to extend our thanks to the many members of the Class of 1961 who have contributed time and energy to this effort. Each senior has an example of his prose or poetry displayed in the book. All of us, in a sense, have been implicated in this deed.

Our thanks are also extended to members of this year's Students' Council. That group constantly provided us with information about the money we couldn't have or couldn't spend.

In those early months, when all was golden, we planned to include a glorious two-page color spread of some lovely campus photograph. Upon investigation of various facts and figures, however, we discovered that such a good idea would have to be chucked out the window. We found that the book would have to be sixteen pages longer than any previous Haverford yearbook. This was because the Class of 1961 is one of the largest classes ever: 115 members. So all our extra money was channeled into extra pages, not into color spreads. So much for visual appeal.

The general theme of this book is that there was a lot of work to do and not very much time to do it in. We have devoted a great deal of space to the Class of 1961; quite frankly the members of that class seemed awfully important to us. The brief sketches of the academic departments were written by majors in those departments. They have been left unsigned for obvious reasons. Academic fortunes were, after all, at stake.

Looking back, there *were* some real moments of pleasure in working on this yearbook. We both certainly hope it pleases you.

W. M. C.

J. W. G.



DEDICATION

When the Class of 1961 first arrived on the Haverford campus, they were greeted by a new president. Hugh Borton had arrived only a few weeks before the freshmen. A certain very strong kinship was thereby established. And so to our colleague of four years we, the members of the Class of 1961, dedicate this edition of the *Record*.

All of us have, at one time or another, met with Dr. Borton on a personal basis — either with him in his home or on the campus. It is difficult, therefore, for us to think of him as a figure-head. He is an acquaintance of ours, a friend whom we respect.

The director of the East Asian Institute of Columbia University immediately before returning to his Alma Mater, Dr. Borton also brought with him the experience of having worked six years for various State Department groups. He has written two books and is a member of many academic and social service groups.

Perhaps most importantly to us, he is a loyal member of the Haverford family — a member who, in the sense of the Senior Class Night Show, is an "integrated, acclimated, educated man." He has remained, as we see, a sports enthusiast since his days as the captain of the soccer team of 1926. He can be seen in the late autumn afternoons conferring with Roy Randall and in the bleak season, he is on the sidelines beneath the drizzle.

A man of deliberation and firmness, Dr. Borton maintained a strong stand with respect to loyalty oaths. He has also investigated the prospect of expanding the size of the College (even amidst the pleas raised by newspaper editorials and Class Night shows). To a great extent the future of the College rests in his hands. We wish him well.







ACADEMICS . . .



"The academic atmosphere . . ."

Too often the college yearbook, in its concern for comprehensive reporting, tends to gloss over the one phenomenon which manages to influence, in varying degrees, every phase of college life. The physical plant, the school spirit, the informalia of extra-curricular activity — all are important; but the dominating factor continues to be composed of the world of classes, labs, assignments, reports, examinations, books, more examinations, and more books.

Everyone at school talks about the academic element, but few yearbooks do anything about it. The published result generally is a potpourri of nostalgia, criticism, and literary expression.

All well and good. But one needs a main dish before beginning to garnish with photographic reminiscence, baste with tradition, and perhaps sophisticate with a hard-cover binding.

Haverford is not a unique example as colleges go, but this dominant theme, despite controversy, continues to be the oft-neglected, sometimes overrated, yet generally-tolerated world of formal learning.

The academic atmosphere, for better or worse, pervades every corner of campus life. How else to explain the omnipresent book or sheaf of notes before the student, be he at his desk, at the dining room table, in a whirlpool bath, in Fifth Day Meeting, on vacation, or on the team bus to a varsity game.



". . . for better . . ."

Students are classified according to their involvement, or at least the image of involvement they present, with regard to scholastic pursuits. Those seemingly dedicated to books with a concentration that permits no diversion are dubbed "wienies" or "grinds." Yet the fact remains, and curiously enough many Haverfordians seem unwilling to admit it, that their admission to the

college in the final analysis depended largely upon a certain element of "grind" in their psychological make-ups.

Usually by the end of his first semester the average student is so well integrated into the repetitive cycle from desk to library to lab to class and back to the desk again that nothing about the process strikes him as being strange.

Elsewhere in the world people tend to lead nine-to-five lives, yet what student, after the initial shock, regards it as odd that at least one study

vocabulary. Everybody studies, and everyone is under pressure, yet few people brag of their studies, while most exaggerate the pressure. To appear to take academics seriously could lead to becoming a social outcast. Of paramount importance is that the carefree, "don't give a damn" image be presented at all times. No one dare say he has completed the next day's assignment. However, his invitation to the "in group" is assured if he hasn't slept for six hundred years and still has over half of the library to read by nine o'clock tomorrow morning.

Many students silently believe that Haverford is the last hope for culture, civilization, intellect, and learning in the Western world. They are defensive when compared to other schools, and are firmly convinced that their admission to



"... or worse ..."

lamp keeps the lamp of learning flaming atop the ivory tower twenty-four hours every day of the school year.

This academic realm, as might be expected, eventually filters into and becomes the central topic of most discussion on campus. The password for admission to such conversation is *pressure*, one of the most extensively used words in the Haverford



"... pervades every corner of campus life."

Haverford was one of the most influential moments in their careers. But . . .

Try to find the man who admits that he continues to return to Haverford for intellectual challenge. His existence, if such there be, is drowned out by a resounding chorus of rationalizations led by the soloists screaming, "I keep coming back because I like the guys;" or "I'm going with a girl from Bryn Mawr;" or "My parents made me come back again."

Still everyone derives some satisfaction from contact with the scholastic germ. How else to explain the satisfied feeling one experiences after hours of work when a neatly-typed paper, bound well, and prefaced by a good title lies before him, ready to be submitted. Regardless of the quality of its content, a sense of craftsmanship acts as a narcotic on the sleep-deprived brain and lulls the author into a feeling that his work not only is one of labor and love, but more importantly, probably borders on genius.

Not to say that this state of academic satisfaction embraces every part of Haverford life. There remain those moments of truth when one suddenly realizes that the paper he has written or the examination on which he has just scribbled his name is not worth the paper on which



"This academic realm, as might be expected . . ."

". . . eventually filters into . . ."





"... and becomes the central topic ..."

it is recorded. The hand gnarled with writer's cramp is tempted to affix to the honor pledge: "I didn't receive any help on this and God knows, I couldn't have given any."

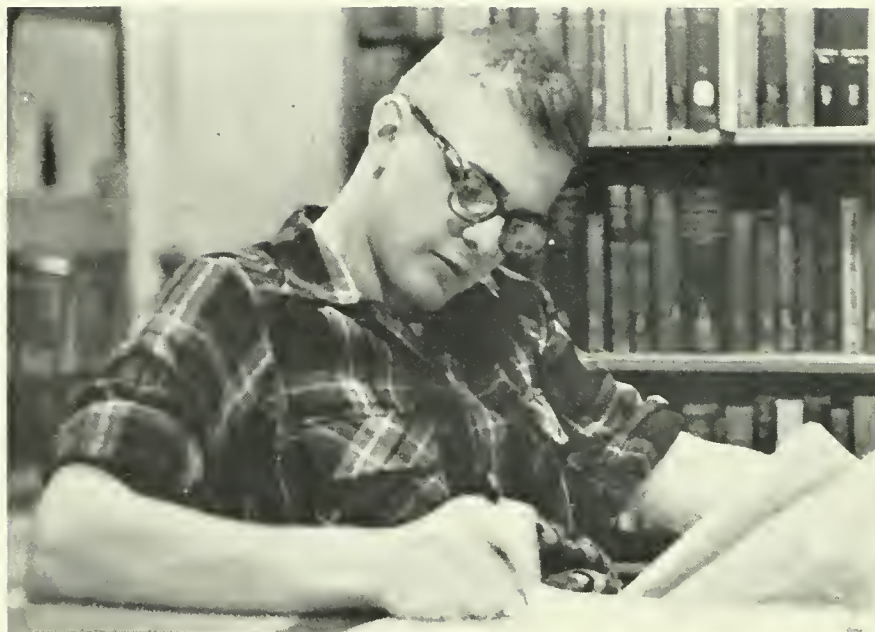
Academic involvement is manifested in myriad ways. It is visible in the way eyes, searching for inspiration, follow the movements of The Bobbysox Muse as she saunters the length of the reference section in the library. It presents itself in the group scene of a harried student, dictating his completed project paper to a battery of typists, inspired by a united pledge to help their suffering friend meet his deadline and by the fact that their suffering friend is paying them twenty-five cents a page.

One sees it in the rapt attention at a tutorial session as freshmen hang on every word in the sneering retort of a Gellens or search for hidden subtleties in the latest well-turned Satterthwaitianism. Possibly it is manifest in the slightly-embarrassed smirk on the face of a senior caught in the act of purchasing copies of the College Outline Series.

Paul Desjardins on the trail of a recalcitrant student, Stark Jones hiding from Paul Desjardins; this too is part of the scene. More seriously, deep involvement with the academic atmosphere can be

"... of most discussion on campus."





"... the student soon is forced to realize ..."

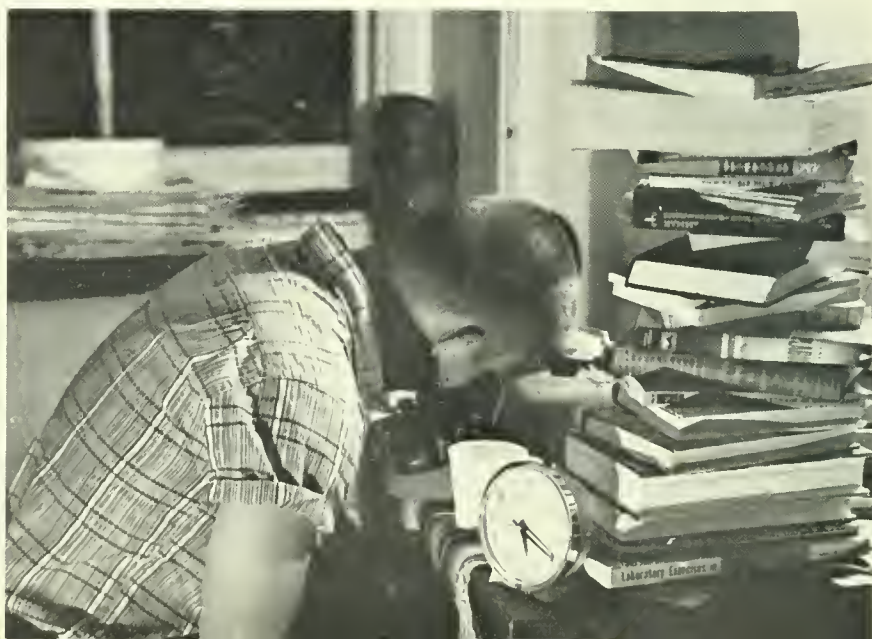
sensed in the mood of an exciting lecture, a rewarding lab experiment, a lively seminar discussion.

But often on the other end of the scholastic spectrum is the figure of a student seeking his own special form of Nirvana at Roach and O'Brien's as he braces himself into a booth with a glass of beer and a well-worn copy of *The Abolition of Man* before him. Or his good friend who sits at breakfast with an uncut grammar book propped against a pitcher of milk and frantically mutters German verb conjugations between mouthfuls of scrambled eggs.

The placid front of the ivy-draped ivory tower could lull one into a false sense of security if one were not aware of the world of repeating

challenges, impossible deadlines, and overfilled schedules which lies directly behind it. Having made it into Haverford on the basis of some sort of mental prowess, the student soon is forced to realize hitherto untapped sources of cerebral activity within himself. The discovery made, the refining process can move in several directions. It can be channeled into sophisticated "bull," or occasionally express itself in genuinely creative productivity.

The transformation may change our man at Haverford into an idealist, a cynic, or even a smooth-talking fence-straddler. Whatever the result, the effect will have been felt and will continue to be felt long after he leaves the College.



"... hitherto untapped sources of cerebral activity within himself."



"Personal interaction . . . recorded with electronic computation": Professor Hare tries to repair Ira Reid's TV set.

ANTHROPOLOGY-SOCIOLOGY

Despite the multiplicity of variegated sociopolitical complexes existent in the world today, the Sociology department was able to cast valuable insights into the resolution of societal difficulties and to provide a conceptual framework in which to envision life.

The leader and master of abstracting generality from specificity and couching it in a proper perspective was the sagacious and erudite Ira Reid. An advocate of informal seminar courses, Ira was well-known for his facility with sociological jargon and for his startling ability to recall seminal bibliographical material. Sociology majors will also remember the repeated excursions with visiting experts to the Viking Inn and Haverford Hotel.

When the billowing clouds from Smitty's pipe cleared away, Haverford had gained a new sociologist. A. Paul Hare, formerly of lesser known Harvard, brought a rigid and well-disciplined neopositivistic approach and talent for neologisms as a ready source of quantitative method and research design. With his arrival, Haverford attained leadership in yet another area, that of the one-way mirror. With the installation in Chase of the largest one-way mirror in the nation, Dr. Hare

created a social laboratory in which he could validate the old adage, "seeing is believing." Personal interaction could be scientifically recorded with electronic computation and programming and eventually could be analyzed for predictive and research purposes.

Assisting the Haverfordian pedagogues were the scholars from Bryn Mawr. Ably led by Frederica de Laguna, their program featured anthropological emphases on cultural development and germane patterns and processes. Among this group was Edward B. Harper, noted expert on preliterate and their religions, evolutionary processes and human paleontology, and the peoples of India and the prevalent caste dynamics.

The two anthropologists were joined by Eugene V. Schneider, who deftly revealed the basic sociological perspectives and attended to any resultant or dysfunctional problems of our dynamic industrial complex. His classes were noteworthy in that they were marked by the aromatic scent of Old Briar, in which environmental conditions only truth could persist.

With truth, so went sociology!

HISTORY OF ART

On a campus dedicated to the "inner light," one man remains in the dark and prefers it so. Whenever he appears in a classroom, bearing briefcases and exotic wooden containers, shades are drawn and lights immediately extinguished: It's time, friends, for another illustrated lecture by Dr. James Fowle and his trusty slide machine. The topic for exposition, on or off the subject of current consideration, may include a look at the art of any time, any place from Canova to cartoons, pylons to Picasso. For Mr. Fowle, things seen are things to be explored. His range of interest is as wide as his field of vision. A modernist by inclination, he collects colonial antiques, such as his own home. Steeped in the traditions of European Art History, a carload of color slides from the Carnegie Foundation converted him to a study of American architecture and painting.

Remaining objective in an aesthetic field in which subjectivism is an occupational disease, he has developed a unique vocabulary which "bespeaks," diplomatically, explication rather than judgment. When he does evaluate "the image be-



"From Canova to cartoons, pylons to Picasso".

fore you," Mr. Fowle reveals himself as something of a "New Critic" who judges not the artist's personality or his tradition but the individual *objet d'art* itself as it "works" on the eye. His sympathetic and open, although disconnected, approach to the art world leads one not to a sense of continuous art history, but to the realization that "art" is where you find it.

The Biblical Literature department! Few students make the "leap of faith" into this department but those who do look to the authority of two professors: Mr. Flight, who reveals to the remnant his understanding of the prophets and apostles; and Mr. Horn, whose wisdom reveals the myriad problems of religion to pious students (which revelation causes them to squirm in their

Mid "shrieking drills," and sounds of Horn.



BIBLICAL LITERATURE

seats and to doubt, spout and bout.) Mr. Flight produces his wisdom from within the bounds of our campus; Mr. Horn weekly spans the infinite distance between New York and Haverford, briefcase bulging with "metaphysical paradoxes," "acoustical illusions," and "absolute ideas." These are carefully laid out before his bright-eyed students to be resolved or accepted as such; seldom are they resolved and seldom are they accepted as such. Mr. Flight meets his students in a catacomb deep in the heart of engineering territory; three times a week his voice can be heard above whining band-saws and shrieking drills. Mr. Horn meets his disciples in a library catacomb, where once weekly his doubting, spouting and bouting students (the only source of heat) can be heard. Occasionally one confident voice is heard. It is that of Mr. Horn calmly and clearly revealing to his bewildered students where they got lost in their own arguments.

The knowledge gained by a Biblical Literature major? A knowledge of many problems.



Opening night at the "scientific drama": Dr. Santer raises the curtain on Act I of the Citric Acid Cycle.

BIOLOGY

The biology laboratory is the main habitat of Professors Loewy, Santer, and Finger. Each thrives in his peculiar microbial world observing with gusto the antics of gamma-globulin, sulfur bacteria, and paramecium, respectively. Between labs all ladle out courses to the student, who finds a unique challenge with each man. Dr. Loewy is on Sabbatical this year in California. Rumor has it that he is being cast for the star role in the forthcoming movie thriller, *I Made Golgi Bodies For Fun and Profit*. Of all three men, he is most likely to combine philosophy and biology: in his evolution course he comments upon the relationship between a Padre and a lungfish as well as on the ethical implications consequent to the Big Bang.

In very dramatic fashion, Dr. Santer will have you on the edge of your seat as he describes vividly a scientific drama in which penicillin is the protagonist, foiling by its very presence the leftist organization of a cell wall in bacteria. A stockpile of information, he is probably the only man alive who can recite at any given moment the function of every electron indigenous to the citric acid cycle.

Those who pass the required penmanship speed test may be enrolled in courses taught by the swiftly-speaking Dr. Finger, of Class Night mention. Genetically oriented, he provides a host of possible explanations for red-headed students who are sons of blond parents. Believing strongly in that catchy adage, "People in Science are Human", Dr. Finger drives a Triumph sports car and can be recognized anytime in a group by his English-tweed sportcoat.

Replacing Dr. Lowey this year is Mrs. Santer who taught Biology 13. Mrs. Green has her own projects and comes in contact with students as an ever-present help for those in the formidable embryology course, a new device of natural selection brought up from the Carnegie Institute by Drs. DeHaar and Ebert.

Acting quartermaster and strongman in the biology department is smiling Ed Butler. And those two girls running around the labs, cooking hot dogs and coffee are Carol and Lida, lab assistants who provide pleasant conversation to all senior majors, a factor which makes biology at Haverford a most sought-after subject.



"Our clan of tidy organic chemists": The Chemtone 5 minus 1 with guest artist Hudak on the two litre pot.

CHEMISTRY

With agents from the Signal Corps hot on his trail demanding free radicals or double their money back (an admittedly confusing demand), Robert Walter took flight for Columbia this fall, allegedly to do some theoretical organic chemistry and to plan a new freshman course (the fourth in four years) but he actually went to confuse the federal men long enough for him to finish his research. Substituting for him was Norman Hudak, who came from Oberlin to teach Qual. Organic, to continue his research into the structure of longifolene, and to become embroiled in Haverford's faculty committee system. He was a perfect addition to Haverford's clan of tidy organic chemists. To a visitor, the basement lab always appears unused, its benches clear, the single rows of alphabetically ordered solvents on the shelves, the hoods empty. The only disturbance this year was a two litre pot (Hudak's), refluxing gently, a murmuring testimony to the mysteries of the longifolene.

The second floor lab was quite a different story. There students did their best to maximize

entropy while Dr. Dunathan, despairing of keeping track of his minute quantities of cyclobutadiene derivatives, threatened to sweep everything left on the benches into the sink.

Dean Cadbury spent much time in the more general field of education, while Russell Williams continued his study of the reactions of carbon radicals. The Williams family was well represented this year, as Mr. Williams was no less common a sight than his son Stevie, who was present nearly every afternoon, usually with Colin MacKay, whom he knew was a soft touch for chemicals. This year the two joined forces to stage the afternoon parties which had formerly been sponsored by Mr. MacKay alone. And this year Stevie's birthday was added to the usual Christmas and St. Patrick's Day celebrations. Dr. McKay is owed a vote of thanks for the long time stolen from the study of carbon radicals and teaching of quantum mechanics and devoted to efficient production of coffee.

CLASSICS

The Classics department at Haverford is an enigma. But there is no reason why it should remain draped in obscurity. Such is not our intention. And perhaps we are not solely to blame; we do not know. But let's get one thing straight. Liberalism and tolerance doubtless apply to the French department. Classics (a singular noun with plural termination, like "Pericles") is a different matter. We ask no quarter, we give none. A man is ranged either among the sheep or the goats. A student of the Classics is not pleased if you say: "The study of dead languages is important, surely, but will they help you in real life?" He is offended. Ultimately, he will try to forget you. It is a sobering thought. Perhaps some think we are humourless. This is a mistake. The delightful antics of the Emperor Elagabalus (better known to some as "Heliogabalus") will raise a dusty chuckle at any convocation of Latinists. Another unhappy misconception about Classicists, dating from eighteenth-century England, is that they sit in tiny cubicles reading shredded manuscripts by candlelight and consuming quantities of port wine. Now, can you imagine anything so silly?

Needless to say, our public image, as is purported, has been contorted out of all proportion. Finally we are supposed to be out of touch with reality. It is probable that this prejudice has arisen from the fact that Thales, a pre-socratic philosopher, is reported to have fallen into a well while gazing at the stars. Let it be frankly stated that we do not like Thales any more than you do. Besides, he wasn't even a Greek. He was born in Asia Minor.

A last word about our department: we are few, but dedicated, anxious to be amenable, but infused with a seriousness of purpose which demands that we do not betray our convictions; not insensitive, but morally secure. And we extend a hand to those Lazari who care to better their condition.



"Is reported to have fallen into a well while gazing at the stars."



"From recession to fruition": The funniest thing happened to Ho Hunter on the way to Vladivostok.

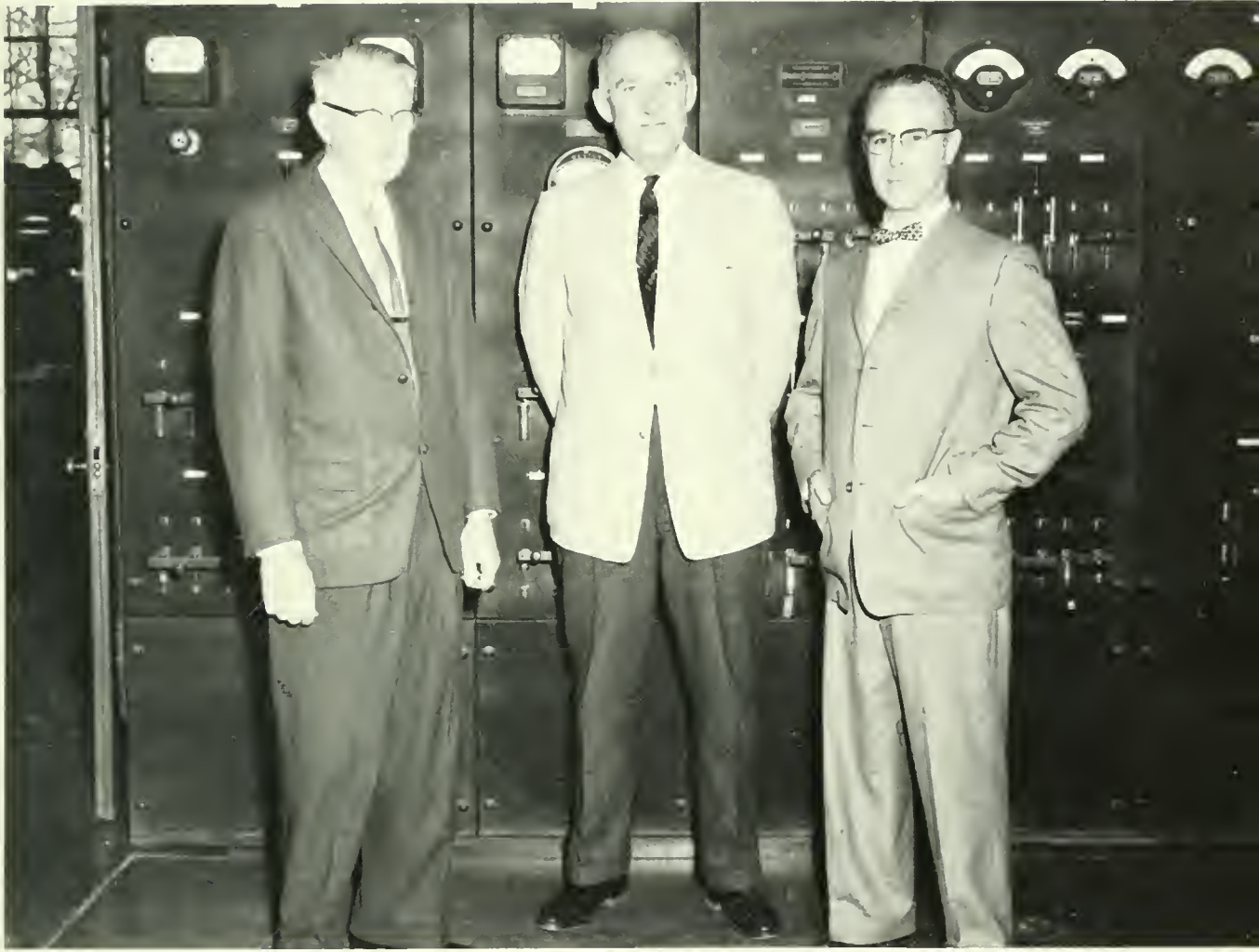
ECONOMICS

From the clouded (cigarette smoke) summit of Mt. Whitall, the gods of the renovated Economics department have guided their underlings through the analyses of What, How, and For Whom. This year, the task of developing the student cycle from recession to fruition was led without the thundering policies of Zeus Teaf, who shifted his demands to alumni campaign-contributors. In assuming the duties of acting chairman, Ho Hunter, '43:

- I. Succeeded in leading the department
 - A. To new worries about comps.
- II. Broke his own speed record
 - A. For the twentieth successive year
 - B. In climbing the Whitall stairs.
- III. Enlivened his Soviet System course
 - A. With marginal contortions.

If *will* was missing, the department nevertheless gained new inspiration with the return of Phil Bell from the University of California and with the addition of Gene Smolensky from the Univer-

sity of Pennsylvania. Phil, also known as The Crusher, became famous on the campus due to his crusades for babies and IBM's. He will be most remembered by Economics 81 veterans for his hovering guidance at Provident Mutal, the "surprise" final, and his casual manner in bumming cigarettes from us. Pipe-smoking Gene added to the color of the department as any student in his "Introductory," "Money and Banking," or "Labor" courses will attest. Sample: "So thus the MC curve intersects the AC curve at the price line, right?" (pause) "Wrong!! (class shifts uneasily in chairs). A credit to the department lies in the challenging problems which still plague its students: has Bell ever done less than 48 hours work in a day? . . . is Smolensky really so excited about Economics that he can never sit down during a class? . . . does Hunter ever fail to answer a question without quoting a dozen references? Research on all of these problems continues.



Haverford's Engineers caught on a busman's holiday in the cab of the Twentieth Century Limited.

ENGINEERING

Clayton W. Holmes, pictured here with other members of the Engineering department in front of the original Menlo Park switchboard, is a man of many talents and experiences. Contemptuous of sluggish minds in eight o'clock classes, slide-rule mismanipulations, and lost decimal points, he is a stern taskmaster who is possibly the only Haverford professor never to have granted an extension — "... you knew it was due today, why *didn't* you start on it last week?" Behind this exterior, however, lies a heart of pump bronze, which is at least the same color as gold.

The extensive effort required of his students and his searching examinations turn out graduates who appreciate exactitude and who know the value of being right the first time. His students are prepared for industry or graduate school, and are usually well received by both.

Mr. Holmes runs the wood-working course, lavishing the same consummate skill on those students that he does on his majors.

Among his relaxations are traveling, (from which he has an excellent collection of color slides), and summering at his New England farm. At his farm he finds peace away from the college commotion and there he spends his time solving all the problems in a new thermo-dynamics text and counting the trucks full of Bunker C¹ running up the road to a nearby generating station. Like a well-known steam turbine, Mr. Holmes never stops.

¹. Mr. Holmes will be glad to direct interested students to the proper books for discussing the unique properties and characteristics of Bunker C as applied to generating-station operation.



The Wastelanders gird their literary loins against Wordsworth, wildeyed students and *Alice in Wonderland*.

ENGLISH

One of the things an English major must learn before graduating is that William Wordsworth wrote *most* of his poetry *after* the death of William Shakespeare. He must also acquaint himself with the fact that James Joyce, because of very exasperating circumstances, was placed in a position in which he was unable to exert a strong influence on Sir Edmund Spenser. Other relevant information the English major would have to absorb would be: the century in which most scholars and experts have placed the French Revolution of 1789; and some of the *general* differences which critics have noted between the sonnet and the epic.

The Haverford English major is, you see, a creature of a very rare breed. One of the chief duties of the English teacher at the College is to assist in the preservation of that breed. All teachers have been carefully warned by Dr. Ralph Sargent that one of the most harmful things they can do to a creative imagination is to burden and stifle it with a heap of dates and facts. The liberal spirit of the College, promoting as it does individual ex-

pression and group discussion of original ideas, is a sharp deterrent to any teaching methods depending solely upon the direct communication of information from learned scholar to unwashed student.

Dr. Sargent, one of the most wholly pleasant and sympathetic teachers on the campus, has brought together a crew of teachers all of whom have developed elaborate methods of dealing with the precious minds that waft through the College. Dr. Sargent himself was last seen agreeing with a wild-eyed student that: "Yes, there *might be* something to your theory that *Hamlet*, Ibsen's greatest play, is a veiled treatise on the subject of lesbianism."

Members of Sargent's crew this year include Alfred Satterthwaite, who believes that a completely equanimous approach to literature can resolve everything into statements such as "Life is really quite gay, you know"; Jay Gellens, who was last seen proving to a freshman that Tennessee Williams is a greater playwright than Aeschylus; James Harper, who wants to replace the freshmen's *Man's Fate* with *Alice in Wonderland*; Homer Goldberg, who used more chalk and broke more furniture than any other teacher this year; and Guv Davenport, who both teaches *and* studies eccentric poets.

HISTORY

"... midcentury witnessed the culmination of a trend of modern historical consciousness and scholarship which had originated during the Enlightenment. Its long path of development, not always smooth and harmonious, had been illuminated by such illustrious names as Gibbon, Carlyle, and Trevelyan, Ranke, Hegel, and Burckhardt, Beard, Morison and Commager. It had seen such diverse achievements as the definitive Cambridge volumes on ancient, medieval, and modern history, the cyclic determinism of Spengler, and the founding of the American Historical Association. Yet throughout, the all-too-human tendency to try to fit history into established patterns — the over-emphasis on man's rational faculties, the idea of progress — had prevented historians from recording the past "wie es eigentlich gewesen ist."

Reputed newspapers and periodicals of the early 1960's have established Haverford College as the center of the then current historiographical attainments, unsuccessfully rivalled by such lesser lights as Harvard and Yale. Contemporary historians, among them Arnold Toynbee and Alan Bullock, pilgrimaged to Haverford to rejuvenate and reinvigorate their historical sensibilities at this fount of knowledge. Not only were they attracted by the extensive Quakeriana collection of the library, but, more importantly, also by those resident scholars whose historical principles and con-

ceptions dominated, shaped and determined the character of Western thought — Thomas Drake, Wallace MacCaffrey, and John Spielman.

Professor Drake, conscientious and dedicated, usually found in his sumptuous offices in the Treasure Room, carefully instructed his followers in the open high-ways and little known by-ways of American history. His keen bibliographical interest, his class anecdotes, and his deep concern for Friend history made him well-known over campus. Second-semester, 1961, he made a "field trip" to peruse the impact of the Inner Light on the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, being ably replaced by Professor Russell F. Weigley from nearby Drexel.

Professor MacCaffrey, noted for his discoveries of the foibles and whims of the medieval English urbanities, dazzled his classes with his intimate knowledge and sparking presentation of life in the Dark Ages and shocked them with his paper grades. His students in 11-12 marvelled at his historical interpretations while his majors revered him as a god. Expressing sincere interest in the individual undergraduate and the ideals of the College and demanding high standards and tough-mindedness, Professor MacCaffrey injected a spirit of life and immediacy into the study of the past.

The newest department member, John Spielman, contributed a firm background in Austrian intellectual history to his teaching of modern European history. Alternating between the French Revolution and German history, he shared his historical enthusiasm with seminar students, provided expert guidance and encouragement, and elicited scholarly interest from his students, often in spite of themselves.

"Resident scholars", Drake, MacCaffrey, and Spielman determine the character of Western thought for another week of lectures.





Die deutsche Professoren: Always pro-Pfund.

DEUTSCH

Stauneh, scholarly Harry Pfund, a Haverford-Harvard combination, supervised only two majors but many students involved in the phantasmagoric offerings. Himself a Goethian figure, influenced by the *Sturm und Drang* enthusiasm, in speech and thought to the classical rules of *Iphigenie*, he also has a yearning for the *Romantik*. Die alte Geschichte continually threatens his lyrical and ursprüngliche Overbrook endeavors and his awe-inspiring knowledge makes him as much a legendary figure as MacCaffrey in another field.

His protege, John Cary, searches for Penedelian heights in *die blaue Blume* and his Fontanian speciality finds but antithetical conflict with the naturalists and realists of the nineteenth century. The idiomatic expression of 24, however, gives way often amidst the Korffian analysis to anglicisms, only to return belatedly under a Wiesian re-evaluation.

Joachim Maass penetrates modern literature past the Peeperskorns, Aschenbachs and Tonios to the depths of Gabrielle, a figure which, like his analyses, he eminently controls. Faustian director Rudolph and Dietmar Haack serve in Mercedian spirit and good-naturedness *die Kindern*, while viewing aesthetics in Lenz and Crane.

Aux Armes! "Humanize the Heathen".

LA FRANÇAIS

This year the gymnasium has become the center not only of the "corps athletique," but also of the guardians and cultivators of "la teste plustost bien faite que bien pleine." Here Marcel Gutwirth, foremost exponent of "The Place of the Humanities in a Liberal Arts College," can keep his zealous eye on undergraduate activities in the heart of the campus, while he ponders how to "humanize" the heathen.

Bradford Cook, who from Founders can communicate over the heads of the students far below, loves, in the time left between the numerous papers, innumerable exams, and frequent pop quizzes, to fly off in discussions contrasting eternal attitudes in French thought. He also hates long, involved sentences in student compositions.

Jacques Maries is never to be seen near his library office, but can be spied in his daring Dauphine on secret missions, from which he reappears only to terrify his pupils. Gallie inscrutability is his trademark and weapon.



EL ESPAÑOL

ADVERTISEMENT (published annually): Special! Again this year! (We're still trying!) Major in Spanish and see how you too can have your Spanish soul carefully moulded by small classes with one small man. Let the influential Haverford dean try to get you "in" at exclusive Spanish House where no one enters unless he can say "Manolo me mandó."

Just think! Anyone who can write "Major: Spanish" after his name is entitled to a carefree, cheap year of romance (languages) in that center of thriving dictatorship, Madrid. You too can spend exciting holidays in damp cathedrals and poorly lit museums, drinking in whatever aspects of the atmosphere which haven't been bought by other Americans.

With a background of five year-courses at the University of Madrid and perhaps an enlightening summer at that international language spa, Middlebury, ("Manolo me mandó"), you will be ready to formulate your own ideas about the interpretations of Manuel J. Asensio on "las maravillas del arte y de la literatura española" of various special periods. SEE your local agent, Senor Asensio, for further details. HURRY!

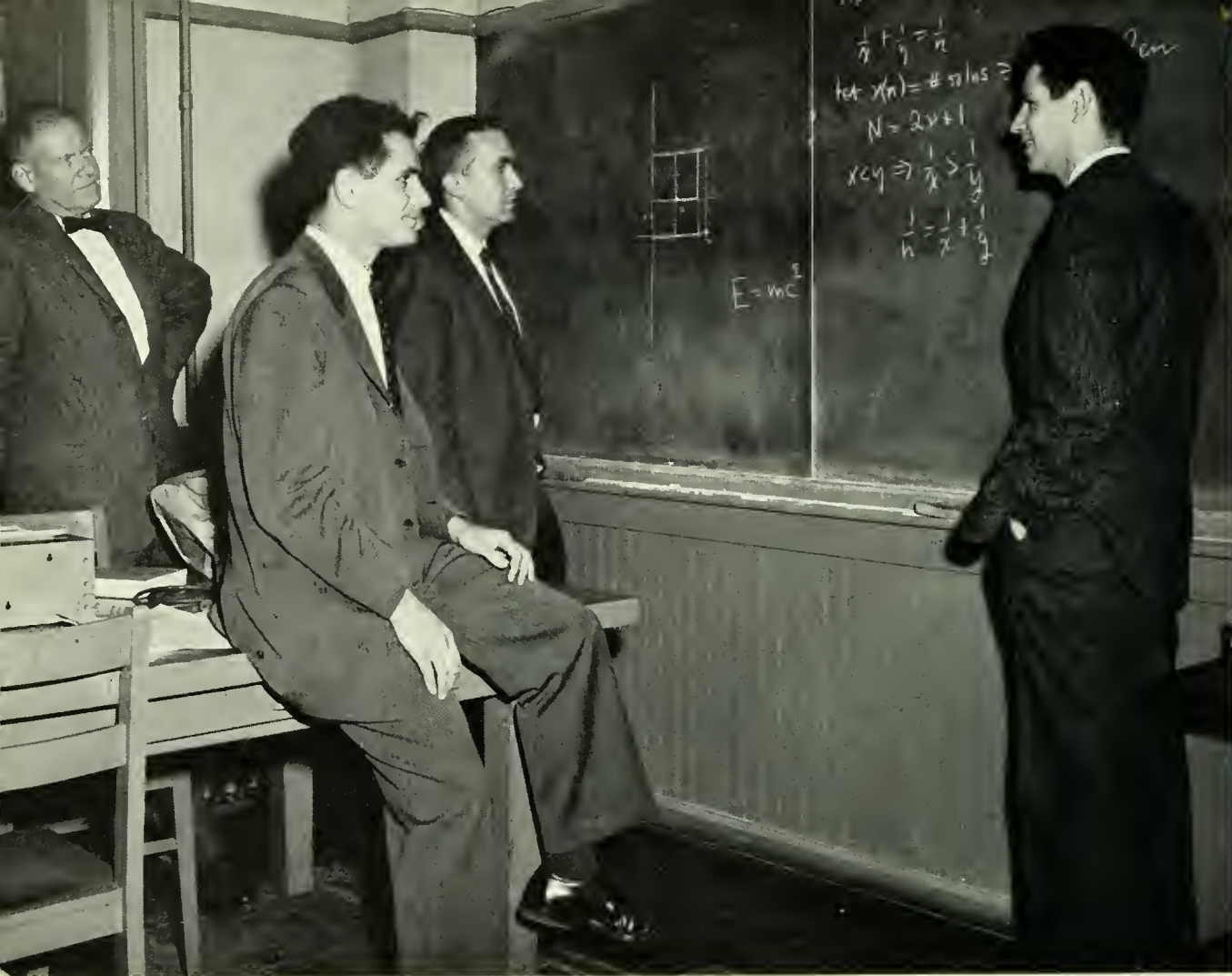
"with impassioned eagerness . . ."



Local agent Asensio: "One small man."

RUSSIAN

With the Soviet emphasis on the productive capacity of women, it is fitting that the distaff side should hold sway in the Russian department. Till this year, Frances DeGraaf, on loan from Bryn Mawr, has constituted a one-woman department. Although she demands a great deal from her students in the elementary course, her easy-going manner and sense of humor, so unexpected from a product of Haverford's sister college, make even the first-year homework less than painful. This year, Ruth Pearce has joined her in teaching at Haverford. With energy and enthusiasm she requires *le mot juste* in all translations, and with impassioned eagerness she exhorts her beleaguered students to spend each idle moment exploring the fascinating world of Russian grammar. Her interpretations of Khrushchev's folksy clichés and Lermontov's vivid descriptions are spiced with tales of the Russian people gathered first-hand on her famous trip to Moscow. Their combined Four-year plans have resulted in a quadrupled enrollment at Haverford.



"Don't worry about it. If you don't see it now, take it home and think about it."

MATHEMATICS

In the absence of Cletus Oakley, who is away on a year's Sabbatical, Louis Solomon has ably headed the Mathematics department and has been a moving force in the "new setup" of the department. The "new setup," not to be confused with the math secretary, will greatly accelerate the mathematical education of the Haverford student. Even though he has been here only two years, "Uncle Louie" has quickly made a reputation for himself through his challenging tests — tests followed by a generous scaling, his constant use of the word "trivial" in all of his proofs, his subtle and clever way of transforming "theorems" into "facts," his way of calling any problem which a student can do "garbage," his lack of preparation for project courses, his colds, and his favorite expression: "Don't worry about it. If you don't see it now, take it home and think about it." Backing up the trinity of Oakley,

Solomon, and Bob Wisner (alias Robert J. Dropper of the Academic Standing Committee) are Jim Brooks and Leonard Bidwell. Mr. Brooks is a lover of the philosophy and history of mathematics and he appreciates its real beauty, as can be seen by his facial expressions when he finally solves a problem. J. O. B. is known to spend a whole period on a student's question and to end the class period by saying: "I'm . . . I'm terribly sorry . . . I promise to look into this for the next meeting." One can be sure that he will have the solution by the next class. Mr. Bidwell comes to Haverford from Drexel Institute of Technology. He fills the gap created by Mr. Oakley's absence. A very friendly and easy-going man, he has aided in the program of discouraging many underclassmen from becoming math majors.

MUSIC

"It's imposssible, Threadgill! Just imposssible! If you can't get here to class on time, then don't come at all. I don't want to see you under such horrid circumstances. If you and Caplan want to sit in the Coop all day long and just talk to each other, then I don't see how I can help you prepare for Comps." — thus the man with the dashing black eyebrows, the wavy silver hair, and the great green cape admonished the tardy Music majors who had just appeared ten minutes late for Music 100. Of course, they had had to scream Outrage to get something to eat in the Coop at 1:30 and then they were forced, as is the usual custom, to wait for over an hour before meeting with the Master. "It's outrageous!!!" snapped back the impertinent Threadgill. "You know very well how I hate to bolt

down my lunch. In Europe I always found that I had two whole hours for lunch . . . I'd much rather go home for my nap than to have Comp conference anyway!" And, with that, he swept out of the Music Room and slammed the door behind him. The more patient Caplan sat down with the Master to ponder over a book of 16th century German chorales and they were soon both engulfed in an ecstatic fit of cantus firmus delight. Sensitivity and overly-intense personal feelings, as we all know, are the first prerequisites for a musician, and especially for Haverford Music majors. Thus there is never a week when someone is not hurt or even incensed because *he* hasn't been allowed to use the big pianos or asked to take over the student orchestra. But then, sometimes, bitter invective appears in the *News*, writing articles for which has often proved the only legitimate outlet for repressed indignation. Ultimately, however, all this does keep one vital.

"The man with the dashing eyebrows" and John Davison gather around the baby grand to relive their vaudeville days.





Dr. Steere, "who always smiles", "imparts his words of Wisdom" at a "meeting of the heart".

PHILOSOPHY

"Friends, in philosophy, there is a single approach by which one can arrive at an understanding of the Truth, and certainly, that approach is the one of Brotherly Love." So speaks the head of the Philosophy department, Douglas Steere, who always smiles as he explains to his students the relative merits of turning in their weekly "little papers."

"I agree basically with your ideas, but you do not back up what you say. Give examples; perhaps Philosophy 14 would be of some help to you, for after all, the logical method of examining any system is best." Frank Parker thus voices his opinion after returning an exam or a paper to some disillusioned undergraduate who thought he "knew it cold."

"I'm sorry I had to give you that low grade, but don't worry about it. The best thing for you to do is to go out and live a little. Experience is the best teacher. Relax, have fun, then you'll find you can study more effectively." And then Paul Desjardins strides purposefully across campus to correct one of those papers that were turned in last October.

The three L's — love, logic, and life — characterize these three outstanding members of the Philosophy department, each of whom is certain that *his* way is *the* way to really burrow down and

uncover the meaning of life. Dr. Steere, who has travelled from Union Seminary to Dr. Schweitzer's Africa, imparts his words of wisdom "don't you see that a meeting of hearts, a true union of the loving spirits of all mankind, can do what a ballistic missile could never dream of doing . . ." with various gesticulations indicating the merits of a world-embrace.

Dr. Parker, who this year gained new inspirations at the University of Indiana (and had to retire from active competition in the volley-ball), has pointed out to all of his students the necessity of "clear and distinct" ideas, "if and only if" one wishes to make a statement "more meaningful."

Dr. Desjardins continues to explain all philosophy in his own unique way, going off on an occasional tangent ("that reminds me of a story . . .") but he always manages somehow to leave his listeners no more confused than before.

With the additions of Mr. Gourevitch and Mr. Wolterstorff, who bring two more approaches to philosophy, and who are both certain that their own approaches are best, it is evident that life for the phil. major is largely a matter of hero-worship — whichever teacher is deified thus assuring us that paganism is not dead, even among campus philosophers. Perhaps, summing it all up, we can learn to "love our neighbor" *if and only if* "we relax so that we can study more effectively."



"Constantly at play in circuit analysis": Dr. Selove pretends not to notice Dr. Wood's predicament.

PHYSICS

Despite dire warnings, Dr. Aaron Lemonick, chairman-on-sabbatical of the Physics department, did not remove to the California Institute of Technology that spirit of somber, rational inquiry which is such an essential part of the mental make-up of all those students serious and sturdy enough to accept the challenge of this department. The spirit remains, for here with us is somber, rational Dr. Fay Ajzenberg-Selove, better known to students as "Fay," who has bravely borne the responsibility of taming and focusing the eager, impetuous minds entrusted to her care as acting chairman. In addition, she has indoctrinated students with the Calvinistic dogmas of mechanics and the higher mysteries of modern physics, a subject, it is said, which has surpassed Zen Buddhism in campus popularity. (Dr. Selove is supposed to have abolished a committee once). These two somber, rational types have been considered by the more psychologically astute of us as, respectively, the Father Image and the Mother Image of the department. The third somber, rational member of the department is Thomas Alonzo Benham, whose pedagogic duties include introducing students to the terrible beauty

of Maxwell's equations and wave guides and making them aware of the high drama which is constantly at play in circuit analysis. His secular duties include tracking an immense number of satellites and commanding Science For The Blind, an organization whose tendrils extend into every section of the country and into every sector of the economy. Also, he spends much time inveighing against the rolls of red tape which the College administration piles in front of him. Dr. Thomas A. Wood and Dr. Walter Selove of Penn and Samuel M. V. Tatnall of Chestnut Hill (all three are somber and rational) are having fun with the students in the courses which Dr. Lemonick used to ignite (teach). The amazing Dr. Louis C. Green, who has the Astronomy department all to himself, seems to be spending most of his time explaining his research to earnest members of the Haverford community, but he also finds the time needed to teach courses on *everything* and to command a multi-lingual crew, second in number only to Mr. Benham's, which relentlessly probes into the divine nature of the Schrodinger equation. There is reportedly an Astronomy major this year.



"What do you mean you took the bus?", guest conductor Diamant questions Bachrach down at the Haverford station.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

For the past four years the Political Science department has carried on its own program of aid to the railroads. Reaching the conclusion that the solution lay in more passengers, they have acted accordingly. At the end of the academic year 1957-58, the department selected two volunteers to use the trains: Andy Scott to go to Washington to help that line, and Steve Mueller to ride the rods to Cornell. This meant more passengers not only for the outward bound specials but also for the incoming freights to the Haverford depot. Rogow and Freund pulled in as replacements to maintain railroad quantity as well as quality.

At the end of the year, the problem still wasn't solved. The pump-priming was continued after its eminently successful beginning. Rogow took an express for California and, to follow suit, Milton Sacks bought a round-trip ticket from Brandeis to Haverford.

Nevertheless, the plight of the roads still seemed desperate after 1959-60. The support to the Brandeis line did not seem enough so the Head Engineer himself, "Railroad Red" Somers, volunteered to take a leave of absence and to make several trips to Washington during the year. In a last minute

change in the time table, Gerry Freund was placed aboard the late train to New York to further the recovery. At last the railroads seemed to be holding their own, so one-way tickets were purchased by Messers. Glickman and Diamant.

The commuter lines have not been forgotten. Janosick did his best in 1959-60 and his ground work was furthered by Mishkin and Gilbert. Thus the department reverted to the "quantity as well as quality" principle employed earlier. Glickman and Diamant turned their full attention to teaching political science. Diamant hesitated about changing the pattern of the classes. But, utilizing the techniques learned at the University of Florida, he gave brilliant lectures to seminar classes. Glickman wandered from class to class, keeping close to the assigned reading in each subject, branching out to give learned talks on Africa to various groups outside of the College.

Members of the department stand poised and ready should the railroads need help once more. It is still uncertain whether the current recovery will be permanent and until the department can be sure, they teach with suitcases packed.



With two minutes left: "the whole problem of infantile sexuality".

PSYCHOLOGY

In its struggle for growth and good teachers, the Psychology department has managed in the past few years to lose an average of one good man a year. It tries to obtain faculty members who have not yet a "name" in the field, and yet are excellent teachers; this year it succeeded on both counts. But just when we figured we had something good, we found that the two newest additions are leaving: we hate to see them go. It seems that if you tell Howard Rankin that psychology is not a science, he becomes rather defensive. His reaction, as we have classified it, seems to be rather conventional among psychologists. He prefers not to be labeled as a proponent of one or another particular brand of psychology; our own psychological acuity, however, has made it fairly clear to us that his private inclinations are in the direction of the Skinnerian theories. In early March, he was shocked to discover that there was wood under all the papers on his desk. David Rosenhan, whose work has been primarily oriented toward personality and social psychology, is fine at discovering answers, but even better at digging up new questions. He has that wonderful knack of making all his students believe that *his* experiments were their own original ideas;

and he has more unconscious tricks with a cigarette than Edward R. Murrow. Douglas Heath never managed to be completely *in absentia* this year, but if you asked him, I'm sure he'd swear he tried his best. He'll probably remain the Id of the department for a very long time, at least until he finishes his first book. At the end of a class hour, when picking up their notebooks, students may hear him say: "Gee, only two minute left, gentlemen . . . tsk, tsk . . . only two minutes to cover the whole problem of infantile sexuality." But as the new men come and go so quickly, the words of the "science" grow unceasingly and, as we pass by Sharpless, we can hear the practitioners of the new magic creating spells with their terminology: ". . . a scheme which would present a taxonomic dichotomization which would allow for unilinear comparisons. In this fashion, so to speak, we could hope to distinguish the relevant variables which determine the functional specificities of social movements. It would be an implicit attempt to answer the various hylozoic theories which tend to deny that social categories can be regarded as separable or not . . ."





ADMINISTRATION ...



"Fearless Hugh: A clever dribbler".

THE PRESIDENT

The traditional perceptiveness of the *Record* was particularly evident in its description of "Fearless Hugh" Borton in the 1926 issue. "Borty's" ability to inspire and unify the student body in Collection, for example, was clearly foreseen:

Then he gave a shout and round about
His faithful thronged his feet
And they looked at him and their
eyes were dim

And he cried, "Let's go retreat."

"Fearless Hugh," a standout on the soccer team, was "master of the difficult left-footed cross, so necessary to a left out-side's equipment." And what implications lay in this carefully worded sentence: "Not especially speedy, he was, however, a clever dribbler and quite able to utilize every ounce of his none too heavy frame." Anyone familiar with Borty's fund-raising efforts can attest to his craftiness although his frame shows the effect of thirty-five more years of sitting in Meeting.

Hats off to the '26 *Record* for its keen foresight in citing those qualities which have made this fearless, soccer-playing leader so distinctive.

"Mac": "Always at the center".

VICE-PRESIDENT

Good counsel has a way of being unobtrusive. If a man has been a "pro" for over a quarter of a century, his reticence usually imparts real force. Solid experience is a vital part of "Mac." What Haverford College has been to the outside world since 1929 has been, in large part, what Archibald MacIntosh has been since then. Always at the center of the life of the College since first serving as Assistant to the President, "Mac" has seen action as Acting President twice; he has been Vice-President since 1942. In 1932, he became Director of Admissions.

A college must inevitably assume the identity of its students. Classes and teachers notwithstanding, Haverford has always presented its "image" through its student body. And behind the admission of each of these students for many, many years has stood "Mac". For almost thirty years, reticence and professional capability have prevailed.



THE DEAN

The average Haverford student sees Dean Cadbury a minimum of four times during his college career: his first freshman meeting; to discuss a major; the famous "dinner with the Dean;" and his farewell senior conference (a highly significant and intimate ceremony which lasts for ninety seconds). In evaluating these meetings from a senior perspective, we can say that Mrs. Cadbury cooks the best meal a student is likely to get at Haverford.

Any further dealing with Dean Cadbury usually involves a conflict either academic or social, and for this reason his campus image as a sympathetic and personable father-figure remains dim.

One bright spot in the Dean's office is Mrs. Andrews, whose cheerful smile provides hope that a Meeting or Collection cut will not be held against us as long as we can create entertaining excuses. For these small favors we must be grateful.



"The father-figure": "Dinner with the Dean".

"Bill": "Golden-boy from gangland streets".



ADMISSIONS

Haverford's own blond-haired, blue-eyed Assistant Director of Admissions, Bill Ambler, arrived on the scene just in time, fortunately, to admit the Class of 1961. He has been trying valiantly ever since to maintain the standard set by that extraordinary group.

The character of the Admissions Office has changed considerably since Bill arrived from Chicago's treacherous gangland streets. The warm Scottish atmosphere and soft-spoken manner which bespoke unqualified acceptance have been modified somewhat on second-floor Roberts. Business-like Bill has brought a titanic hand-shake, a golden-boy appearance and a bursting vigor, qualities which are the unmistakable signs of a pioneer on the "new frontier."

On his capable shoulders has fallen part of the task of keeping Haverford in step with the tempo of the times and of bringing to the campus the leaders of tomorrow. We of '61 helped him to an excellent start. May his good fortune continue.



Comptroller Aldo Caselli smiles in spite of painful stapler wound, (Note patented flesh extractor, lower left).

A crest-fallen Walter Baker finds that a long shot at Garden State with Alumni funds failed to Develop.



"Les Girls": Mrs. Nugent and her Food and Housing staff always look ravishing even while slaving over a hot stove.



INDISPENSABLES

A familiar visitor and Charles Perry check the old Bridge pad after another tough day in basement Founders.





Ben Cooper in his last year as Alumni Secretary leaves the College with regret and the room list with relief.

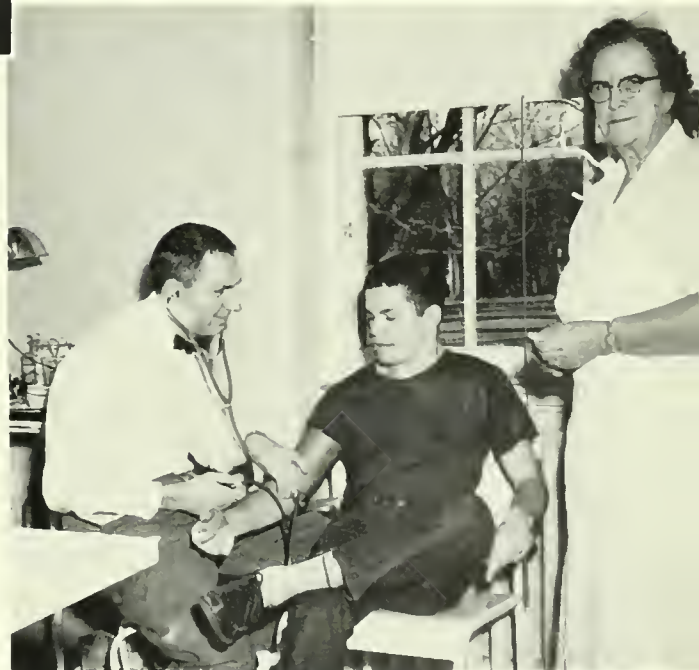
Edytha Carr, the tireless Registrar, appears dubious about the new six course plan.



Forrest Comfort in his phone booth office appears just a bit tired—probably from reading too much too fast.

Nurse Bertha Kratz looks coy for the camera while "Doctor" pays his daily visit to the Infirmary.

Dick Kubik peers through badly swollen right eye after a little spat with the Development Office.





The Library Staff gathers in the North Wing, leaving Librarian Craig Thompson to defend the Reserve Room.

Jean makes a cash sale with pleasure while Pat thinks over an unidentified student's request to charge a battery.



Lunch Time: the Secretaries rally on Whitall steps before descending on the Coop.





"Slim Pickins picked up an early lead from the support of the Kitchen and Maintenance Crews." Ward leaders gather for top-level strategy talks.

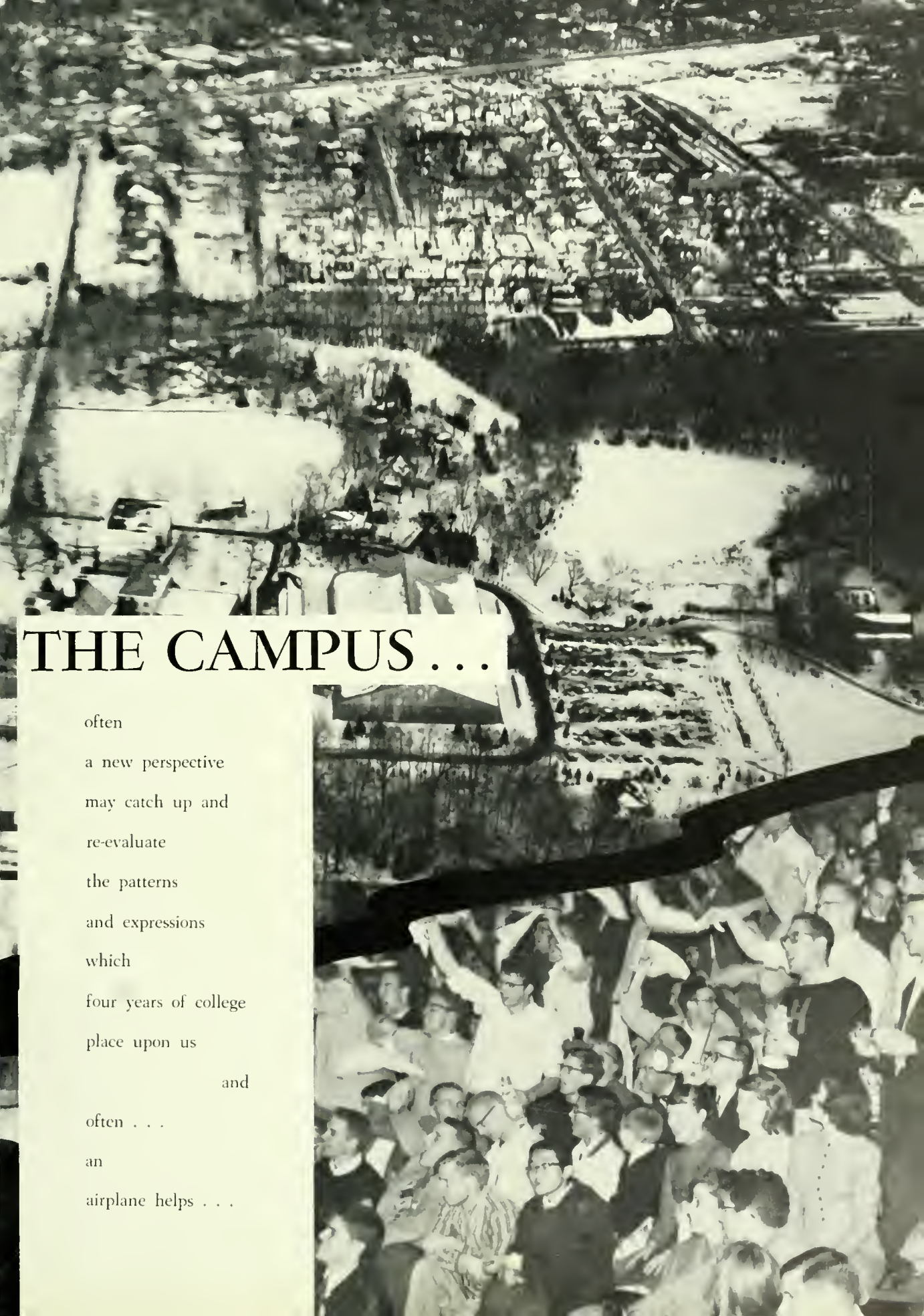


Billy and Tom take a work break just before opening up another package of cookies from home.

The Haverford Chapter of the D.A.R. strikes an informal pose at its annual lawn fete.







THE CAMPUS . . .

often
a new perspective
may catch up and
re-evaluate
the patterns
and expressions
which
four years of college
place upon us
and
often . . .
an
airplane helps . . .



that

there are patterns

of one sort or another

no one doubts

that

they are indicated

for us in a number of

ways does remain to

be seen . . .

although they are

surprisingly beautiful

sometimes . . .

depending on how you

choose

to look at them



On the other hand:

whatever

patterns we

create





is far
beneath
the
complexities
alive
in the whole
situation . . .
for example

witness

the

parish

(?)

so

the

library

looks



and

perish

the

witness

who

opens

his books . . .





our

aesthetic

appreciation

is scene

ambivalent . . .



of

presenting

contradictory

sides



the most

important educational

pattern

of all . . .

though

what is lying

underneath

is organic

in the scents

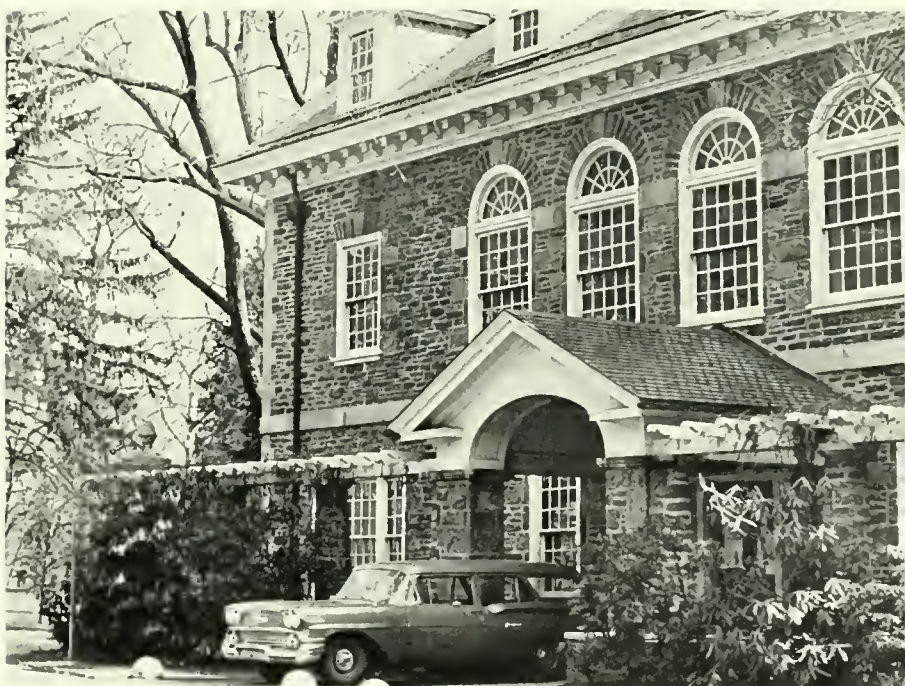


to

what we thought

was union.

here resides



exactly

what is going on

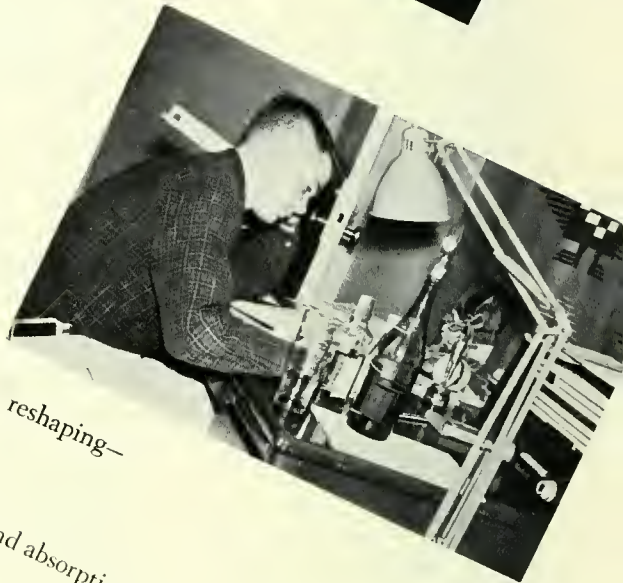
or in or out

of Roberts Hall? . . .

the whole business

requires



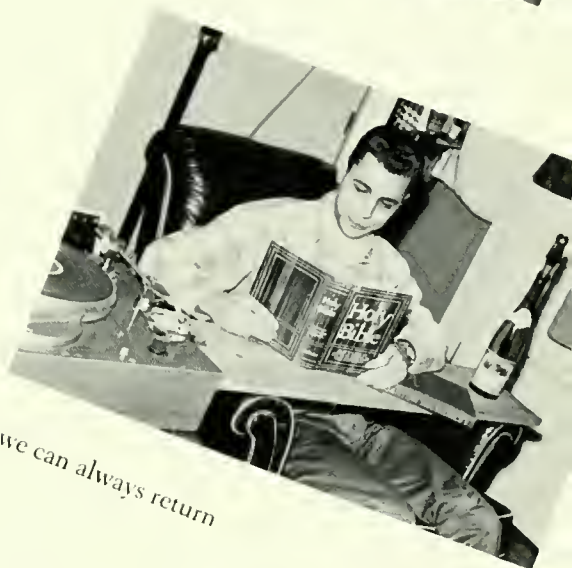


a delination—
deliberation,

a reshaping—
and absorption of

until the external world





our abstract expression

and a certain exuberance;

is brought down to earth

we can always return

to the primary source

or vice-versa . . .







ACTIVITIES...



Henderson and his Kronies eye their tasks for 1961. Rose and Shapiro just can't seem to face them.

THE COUNCIL

After a long and sometimes heated wrangle over Honor System interpretations, the Student Council settled down to an average year. Rather than any serious Honor System problems, the Council found its major concern for the year to be student conduct. After a week-end discussion of the role to be played by the Administration and the Council in student conduct, it was found that the Council had a big job on its hands.

This problem was exemplified by the Students Association meeting to consider a vice-president. In spite of a superlative job by Al Petraske and the Rules Committee in formulating the amendments, the student body seemed more interested in the aerodynamic, rather than the political, implications of the amendments.

As the Council members know only too well, the main job of the Council consists of boring

administrative duties, which range all the way from going over budgets to appointing sometimes ill-fated concessions and "package deals" on committee appointments. But the Council did have the privilege of learning, from a representative of the phone company, many methods of "jacking" phones to avoid the expenditure of a dime.

Like its predecessors, the Council did most of its work through its committees, with interesting ideas advanced by both the Dining Hall Committee and the Student-Faculty Relations Committee (to mention just two.)

With student conduct still a problem and the eternal questions of improved social life and activities, it is hoped and expected that Jim Block will lead a dynamic Council next year, perhaps realizing the aspirations that many of us held for this year.



Customs Committee: In Ralph Quinter's absence George Behling reads N. Matchett the riot act for forgetting his hat. G. Behling, J. Heuss, B. Sah, J. Baehr, G. Holtzman, W. Hammaker, J. Margolis, A. Walton, N. Matchett.

Most honorable Honor System Committee: Wise (note beard) Bob Lynn discourses with Frank Young and Lee Yearley.



ITS COMMITTEES



Parking Committee: Frans De Nie finds a spot for chairman Joe Elkins' car.

Social Committee: Chairman Lehfeldt finds his committee hard at work. G. Lollobrigida, J. Geddes, J. Schamberg, H. Taylor, D. Snider, M. Lehfeldt.





Meeting Committee: With a name like that they simply have to get together once in a while. M. Dohan, T. Noell, F. Young, D. Leonard, G. Rhoads.

Service Committee: Under Lew Smith it's service with a smile in the most successful drive ever. L. Smith, D. Snider, R. Shapiro, K. Smith.



Student-Faculty Relations Committee: Noted political expert, Bob Brobyn, kept truce talks going and avoided armed conflict. J. Gould, G. Houston, W. Chace, R. Brobyn.

Day Students Committee: Here today and gone tonight. W. Steigman, H. Deshong, J. Wills (Chief Commuter), J. Swift, W. Shermer, F. Wightman, E. Harshaw.



Curriculum Committee: George Rhoads & Co. are to blame for all those courses you don't like. D. Hunt, F. Stokes, A. Paskow, G. Rhoads, K. Trabert, T. Arny.



Big Brother-Sub-Freshman Guide Committee: If Stark Jones and his boys continue to dress up like that they'll give the place a bad name. G. Tai, E. Fenander, S. Jones, K. Stevenson, A. Quint, R. Andrews.

Collection Speakers Committee: Collection going was almost a pleasure with Bob Parker's fine slate of speakers. W. Houston, S. Klineberg, R. Parker.



Rules Committee: Without Al Petraske they decided that the runner holds at third on a ground-rule double. L. Auer, W. Edgar, S. Klineberg, W. Steigman, B. Fowler, S. Ettinger.



Dormitory Committee: Bill Edgar (Leeds) smiles while the lower rent districts see nothing funny at all. M. Dohan, J. Flaccus, L. Williams, W. Edgar, D. Decker, S. Waite, D. Silvers.



Class Night Committee: The men behind the scenes who keep the fight fair, help where they can, and get no thanks at all. G. Houston, Ghengis Khan, G. Holtzman, M. Nevins, J. Winterer, C. Conn, S. Ramseyer (Bossman), A. Stone.



Dining Room Committee: Bill Craig leads the ensemble in the Haverford College Food Song. W. Craig, R. Lockey, M. Thompson, J. Wood, C. Watkins, F. Stokes.

HONORARY SOCIETIES

Phi Beta Kappa: Ken Trabert plays dumb while Curt Callan looks extremely intelligent.



Varsity Club: There's been alot of talk about what the "H" really stands for but President Jere Smith wouldn't let us print any of it.

Founders Club: Al Armstrong puts the inevitable question to Frank Stokes and Chris Kimmich, Undergraduate Secretary, "Are Founders, Keepers".





The Armstrong Regime gathers without apparent controversy in the pine paneled library of the News Room.

Without repeating the usual yearbook trivia to describe the school newspaper — cutely meaningless phrases such as “All the news that *isn't* fit to print” — it can be said with a minimum of overstatement that *The Haverford News* under editor Alan Armstrong seldom suffered under the handicap of a middle-of-the-road-position.

Armstrong, always ready to spot a controversy-opener and circulation-booster, seized on the topic of expansion soon after assuming office and quickly managed to fan the coals of a still-unknown issue into a three-alarm fire, which brought out volunteer companies from administration, alumni, faculty and other students. Week after week of editorial blasts for keeping the college small, a Class Night program dedicated to the proposition that winning shows are derived from topical issues, and a summer vacation helped reduce the rampant flames into an only sporadically fanned smolder.

To the reader it soon becomes obvious that a

basic change in journalistic responsibility had taken place; no longer did the editorial section represent an incisive commentary of the campus scene, rather it attempted to present a sensationalistic, and often meandering, view of campus shortcomings and improvements. It was a view, frankly, which was frequently one-man-oriented. New typography and new paper added to the misunderstanding and confusion generated among the alumni. As a vehicle for expressing the *vox populi*, the only significant use made of the *News* was the discussion of the headshaving issue, an issue which, in the last analysis, unfortunately remained unresolved.

Al's editorial fervor diffused throughout the staff, inspiring front-page staff writers to try their hand at seeking a marriage between the “loaded” adjective and journalism's code of ethics. Under the guise of managing editor, Chris Kimmich often felt called upon to tone down some of the editor's runaway enthusiasm, to contribute edi-



They kept the presses rolling: J. Margolis, P. Fox, S. Lippard, H. McLean, F. Stokes, W. Grose, D. Snider, D. Gwatkin, R. Wertime, D. Yaffe, A. Williamson, J. Von Ranson, W. Ings, M. Sonnenborn.

torials (far and between), and to act as a general factotum. The two wizards responsible for the second page, Marty Lehfeldt and Dick Wenzel, came up with marvels of composition and style within the last hour before the deadline. Bizarre layout work was filled with articles, ranging from the sociological to the spicy, surrounded by alumni opinions and orchid commercials. Lehfeldt's analysis of the *genre* Bryn Mawr and Wenzel's essay on the biological eccentricities of the *Drosophila* became notorious on and off campus. With boyish delight, both thrived on satirical puncturing of campus foibles and fallacies, blown out of proportion, and vastly exaggerated in length and depth to meet deadline demands.

The seniors on the business staff, headed by Frank Stokes, fought a running battle with enraged alumni subscribers, worried advertisers and parsimonious Student Council critics to keep the paper in the black.

Without John Margolis, probably the only

qualified journalist on the paper, it is doubtful whether the *News* would have appeared every Friday. Armstrong's Man Friday, John maintained a campus network of secret information that kept him supplied with vast quantities of newsworthy material, printable and otherwise, which he shared with his fellow editors during the late hours. The other undergraduates on the staff, Mike Spring (whose Council and newspaper loyalties often conflicted), Steve Lippard (versatile editorialist and science feature contributor), and Scott Gillam (long-suffering alumni editor), rendered service often beyond the call of duty.

The sports page was cared for by Dave Gwatkin and Don Snider. Dave acted in the role of editorial assistant and idea man, repeatedly solving front-page problems while keeping the sports page up-to-date. Don was tireless in his efforts to drum up athletic support in his columns, fighting a losing battle in a generally a-athletic campus.



Editor Armstrong gives vent to a bit of his well known "runaway enthusiasm" as his final issue goes to press.

T H E R E C O R D



The Record Staff for 1961, featuring Madman Meyers: "We may be small but we're slow."

There was a lot of joking this year about the Record. Most everyone had something clever to say about the bashful entrance which last year's book made into reading circles and most people had pointed comments to make about the progress of this year's effort. It was a year of good humor.

So the editors of the *Record* tried to capture some of the wit which the critics of the book could produce so easily and gracefully. Not an easy thing to do. As the year wore on and as nerves got frayed and as deadlines were reached and not met, humor began to pale and laughter grew weak and forced. Time was slipping by. Grim and unsmiling, the editors decided that *something had to be done*.

In late March, a summit meeting was held and it was decided that, papers and mother's home-cooked food notwithstanding, the thing to do was to remain at the College during Spring vacation. Masochism. So four or five of the foolish stalwarts stood by while the magic beans were planted beneath the full moon and all watched as the

stalk grew to the sky.

Soon, amidst the good days of Spring, galley proofs were returned to us by our publisher. As we were busy correcting them, word was passed around that senior members of the staff were, contrary to precedent, going to be asked to participate in Comprehensive Examinations. The rumor cut a wide swath through the staff and progress was brought to a halt as people fled to their rooms and to the library.

The yearbook, in short, was done in true Haverford style. We waited until the very end, were suddenly snapped into consciousness, and then we grew energetic and industrious as the tick of time became heavy and ominous.

One of the major results of our efforts was the debunking of Parkinson's Law. It seemed that no matter how many people we were able to shanghai into working for the book, the amount of work remained the same. Nothing multiplied but our anxiety, and that manifold.

Among Chuck Read's many services to WHRC, perhaps the most significant was his leadership in an overhaul of the organization's constitution, streamlining the management by reducing the awkward fifteen-member Board of Directors to a more effective and autonomous three-man executive board, aided by an appointed board of seven.

Sensing an urgency in the cause of WHRC, WBMC responded immediately with a total collapse, "streamlining" the potential audience of WHRC by 70 per cent. Meanwhile, "Slim Pick-ins" and his boys shredded Dan Smiley's line at Walton Field, cutting off one of the station's remote units. Another line at the Common Room was mistaken for a wire tap and was confiscated by the telephone company. A minor flub in the thousands column of Student Council finance, and Business Manager Levi's attempt to replace disintegrating equipment was thwarted. At this point, Secretary Holtzman resorted for communication to the Coop bulletin board . . . frustrated

again. His announcements (the ones not burned off) were cryptically inscribed: "Visitors are Meatballs."

Manager Musgrove pledged a counter-trend, and re-wired the station's Coop speaker. Realizing that this clearly indicated the need for more music, Mr. Caselli installed a loud juke-box just opposite the murmuring speaker.

These incidents, however, were only minor disturbances in the life of a busy radio station. The newly-classified record collection grew rapidly through contracts with leading manufacturers. "Slave" transmitters will soon carry Workhorse Heuss' full program schedule to Leeds and Scull. Remote installations are being replaced and extended, and WBMC may become the first men's room in Pembroke.

The most alluring chimera now being pursued is the possibility of conversion to an educational FM system, and the leadership of Read and Musgrove shows that such a change is quite feasible.

After a fine year under the guidance of the mellifluous Chuck Read, next year's Manager Musgrove seems to have the whole world in his hands.



W
H
R
C

MUSIC



Between Smith and Swarthmore: "Tenors at 6:45 and Basses at 7".

Again this year, William Reese helped the Glee Club and the Orchestra to prove the oft-quoted adage that "a singing college is a happy college." The Glee Club maintained its traditionally ambitious schedule, while the Orchestra, with a newly increased membership, gave three fine performances.

The rehearsals this year would always begin with calls of "support, support." After a few cries that "this is impossible," things would get underway in earnest and soon everyone would find that he was doing "nothing." The power of Bill Reese to achieve a quality surpassing the seeming potential of his performers, coupled with his terrific energy and tenacity, was, as we shall remember, his most remarkable talent.

Svend Holsoe, president of the Glee Club, and Garry Holtzman, his hard working business manager, took care of most of the administrative duties of the club. They (and their eight officers) were responsible for details such as staging, personnel,

publicity, and social arrangements for each concert.

As usual, the schedule for all the musical groups was varied and rewarding for all. In November, the Club traveled to a new, modern Cedar Crest to sing a Scarlatti Mass. The highlight of the fall performances at home was the Three College's Chorus's presentation of Honegger's "Cantique de Noel." Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr Colleges joined with Haverford in early December to sing with the Philadelphia Orchestra under Eugene Ormandy.

In early Spring, the Glee Club and the Orchestra gave the premiere of Professor John Davison's "Tryptich, Three Canticles", a work dedicated to the Glee Club. The piece was repeated when the Club made its "southern" trip to Goucher College. Many members of the Club will never forget that fine city, particularly after their experiences to and from their hotel.

The brightest highlight of the year was an en-

The Freshman Glee Club: More than half the class turned out.





The Octet, under Maestro Behling, blows a kiss to the Record photographer.

gagement to sing at Northampton with Smith College. There, singing with a full orchestra, the two glee clubs gave a performance of Haydn's "Creation." The Smith group returned to join the Haverford singers at the Spring Concert here. In a brief spring trip, the club and a brass ensemble visited Gwynedd Meeting on Saturday and St. Thomas' Church in New York City on Palm Friday.

The Freshman Glee Club, 80 members strong, followed its most demanding schedule in five years. They met the Smith College Freshman Club at St. Thomas' in December to perform Bach's *Cantata 61*. With the upper-class Club busy with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the Frosh took the opportunity of assisting Bryn Mawr in the Christmas Concert. In the spring, they engaged Greenwich Academy and Roland Park Country Day School for social and musical performances of Bach, folk songs, and a special arrangement of "Green-sleeves" by Dr. Reese.

The Octet held forth at school dances and Glee

Club trip social activities. The baritone sounds at Goucher were memorable, as were the weird sounds at the Frosh Dance. This small group of superior voices was best known for its relaxed appearance.

The Orchestra, a Haverford-Bryn Mawr organization under the direction of Mr. Reese, gave three excellent engagements this year. In November, the work given was Handel's "Water Music." Following this success came Bach's "Suite No. 1 for Orchestra in C" in February, and Dvorak's "Bohemian Suite" in April. Other selections included 18th century symphonies by Johann Christian Bach and William Boyce. Although the audiences were small, those who did come were surprised at the sophistication of the group.

With the usual weekly rehearsals and concert costume, the Glee Clubs of Haverford were institutions which were able to mold 125 individuals into the single largest performing group on a campus well-known for its strong individualism.

The Orchestra plays on in spite of Roberts Hall smog.



D R A M A



Before the show finally goes on there's much to be done backstage. This year's technical crew was excellent.

The pressure of academic obligations often forces the aspirations of student creativity into a secondary position. As part of their effort to correct this situation, the Drama Club placed its fall productions in the hands of the students. The program was an evening of three one-act plays, each directed by a Bryn Mawr or Haverford student, with only advisory assistance from resident director Robert Butman.

President Peter Garrett began this fall presentation with his production of Buchner's *Woyzeck*, a pathfinder of 19th century naturalism. The play, though unfinished, gave by its swiftly paced scenes an effect of powerfully moving tragedy. *The Dock Brief*, a British comedy of understatement directed by Bryn Mawr's Ginny O'Roak, provided an attractive change of pace. Andy Lehner presented a polished and highly enjoyable production of Moliere's farce, *The Enforced Marriage*, in a new translation by Haverford's Marcel Gutwirth.

Productions of the foreign language clubs this year included Dave Challis' presentation of Lorca's *La Zapatera*, a well acted performance of Cocteau's *Orphee*, directed by Jacques Maries, and a brave though somewhat unsuccessful attempt at Goethe's *Urfaust* under the direction of Ottomar Rudolph.

Robert Butman's superb understanding of Shakespeare was again made manifest on the Goodhart stage this March in the Drama Club's production of *Twelfth Night*. An all-star cast of



"Almost professional" Hauri offers Hartman a sandwich in a scene from "Twelfth Night" . . .



The Caucus Club plots the overthrow of the administration as cell leader Booth Fowler looks Machiavellian: V. Gage, W. Steigman, K. Smith, Comrade Fowler, J. Fox, R. Harris, G. Blauvelt.

Dr. Heath leaves his brain in the hands of the Psychology Club while on sabbatical: S. Klineberg, E. Silverblatt, P. Platenius, M. Stanley, H. Deshong.



The Chem Club caught during one of its frequent fire drills: R. Tannenbaum, M. Griffith, M. Thompson, A. Tillis, G. Rhoads, M. Showe, A. Cucinotta.

Finding themselves at the wrong end of the camera, Ed Reiner and his snappy group smilingly shutter: C. Bernheimer, Ivy Ed, W. Snyder, D. Wittington, M. Gary, J. Eisele, G. Couch.



The Economics Club: F. Stokes, M. Dohan, K. Matsuura stock up on market dividends, P. Fox finds the funnies full of interest.



D. Haack, Deutschland Visitor, regales the German Club with tales of the Old Country from Bach to Bock: T. Souders, M. Dohan, G. Olsen, H. Gray.



"You are surprise I speak your language", Senor Matsuura informs the Spanish Club: G. Houston, B. White, J. Ballard, C. Glass, F. Worth.



The ubiquitous Matsuura moves into the International set: B. Fowler, G. Blauvelt, S. Kurian, You Know Who, L. Smith, N. Akashi.



Frank Parker and Epicurean Friends Stoically await Philosophical Feast: J. Larson, K. Traibert, Peripetic Parker, Plato, J. Winterer, M. Briod, H. Jenkins, R. Parker, R. Martin, A. Pas-kow, R. Penn.

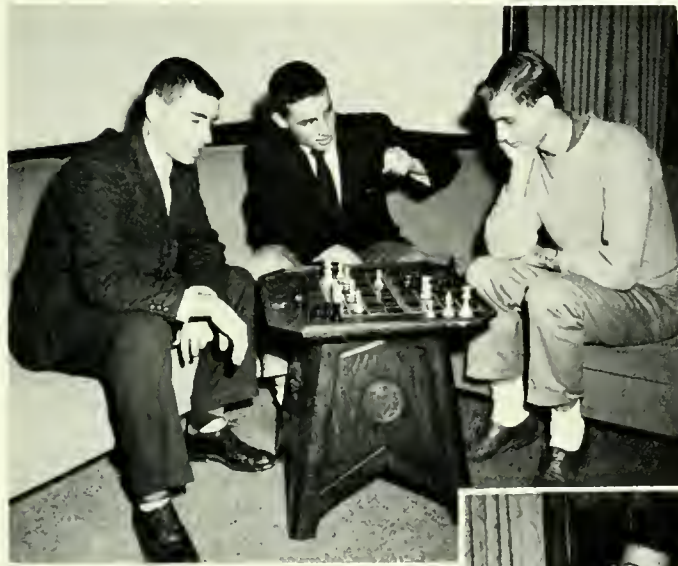




Not less than it was or more than before, ICG continues affairs undercover: Rumplestiltsken, Willie Sutton, Baby Face Nelson, Bugs Moran, Elliot Ness, Gary (Fingers) Olsen.



The Revue: Going up or going down? R. David, P. Garrett, L. Allen, B. Lederberg, L. Scott.



The Chess Club: Two against one, S. Ettinger and S. Smith vs. I. Leppik.

AIIESEC Chief (Fingers) Olsen presides at a board meeting of his migratory workers: R. David, J. Cooper, F. Stokes, W. Speakman, M. Dohan, J. Carroll, R. Westberg, The Chief, C. Stafford.







ATHLETICS



FIRST ROW: O. Oyelaran, F. Swan, G. Kovacsics, G. Rhoads, A. Linthicum; SECOND ROW: W. Malandra, H. Hetzel, F. Carson, D. Smiley, W. Oelkers; THIRD ROW: R. Parker, P. Lane, H. N. Taylor, H. E. Taylor, D. Snider, J. Mills.

SOCCER

"All right, fellas, run four fast laps, and then we'll do some leap frogs, calisthenics, and go through a few pattern plays." With these words, spoken in a definite Scottish brogue, another season of soccer began. The grand old man, Jimmy Mills, looked over his candidates, probably wondering how so many clumsy people could be assembled on the same field. But as the days passed, the kinks went out, and as the grumbling subsided, it appeared that we were learning something. We began to play like a team and, at the end of the season, after we had compiled a 7 and 5 record together, the outstanding individuals received their well deserved recognition.

Both Hal Taylor and Gyula Kovacsics were named as members of the starting All-American team. Gyula, the right half-back, and Hal, the right full-back, had each developed special talents which made their game a pleasure to watch. The former had somehow mastered the art of placing the ball

Opp.		Hav.
1 Merion C.C.	-----	6
0 Alumni	-----	3
2 Navy	-----	1
6 Princeton	-----	1
2 *F & M	-----	7
4 Pennsylvania	-----	0
2 *Lehigh	-----	1
1 *Stevens	-----	5
0 *LaSalle	-----	2
0 *Ursinus	-----	2
4 *Rutgers	-----	3
1 *Swarthmore	-----	4
*League competition		WON: 5 LOST: 2
Overall record		WON: 7 LOST: 5



on his head where it seemed to stay until he decided to let it come back down to earth; and the latter caused several opposing goal keepers to wonder how anybody could shoot a penalty kick so hard and well, not to mention those unfortunates who challenged "Load" and found themselves momentarily inoperable.

First team All-Division honors were awarded to Holly Taylor in the goal, and Gyula, at right half-back. With "Head's" quick reflexes and constant, relaxing chatter the goal was well protected and the team "loose". Henry Hetzel was on second All-Division team, and anyone who saw him score two goals in the Swarthmore game, both from impossible angles, knows his talent.

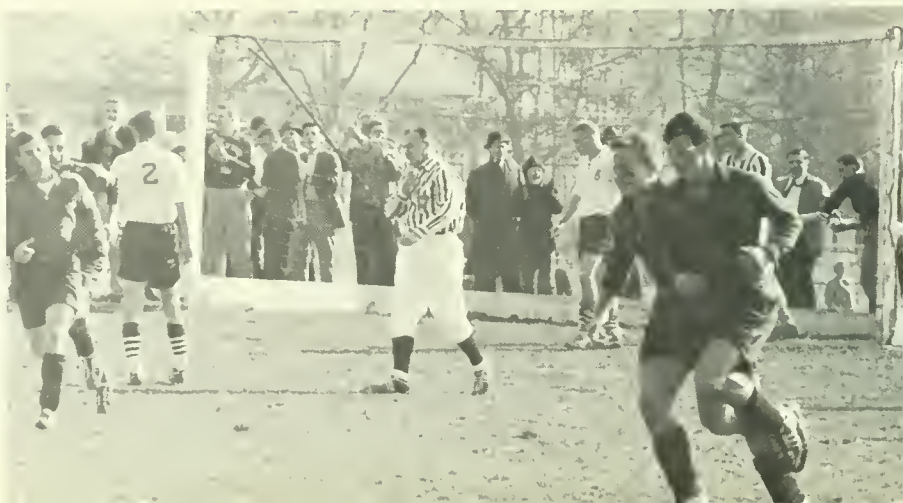
The team opened the season with two quick victories over Merion C.C., 6-1, and a young, very fast Alumni team, 3-0. Next they traveled to Annapolis to lose to a strong Navy team by a close 2-1 score. At Princeton, the Tigers were out to avenge their defeat at the hands (or is that feet?) of the Fords the year before, and they more than succeeded. F&M was next, in the first league game. They arrived in high spirits and limped back to Lancaster with a five goal deficit. Losses to Penn and Lehigh brought the Ford's record to 3-4. Captains Fred Swan





and Gyula kept everyone in good spirits, however, looking forward to the rest of the season. Stevens, La Salle, and Ursinus all fell in quick succession and the remaining games proved to be the best of the season. The Fords fell before a powerful Rutgers team, the eventful division winners, in the second overtime 4-3. But next came Swarthmore, the last game for eight of the starting eleven, and sentiment was high. After a quick Garnet goal on a fluke, the Fords could do no wrong. Four years of work proved to be really worth while. Try as they may, the Swarthmore offense was stopped, and the defense may as well have been stationary. At last Jimmy Mills saw his team play the way he always said they could. The big one was won, 4-1, and next year it may may well be done again.

Under Captain-elect Don Snider, the Fords will field another strong team. Regulars such as Hogenauer, Malandra, and Smiley, and promising members of this season's Junior Varsity will be well worth returning to watch.





FOOTBALL

1960 was a bad year for football. The Fords scored three TD's in losing seven games. The loss of Bob Ortman was sorely felt and lack of depth proved to be the team's main problem. Many eager Freshmen, however, show promise of better years ahead.

Wagner came first, 36-0. QB-Captain Heilman's potent passing was the team's main asset, while poor tackling was the most glaring weakness. The Fords bowed 26-0 to Dickinson in a rash of fumbles. The running of Aird and the passing of Mitchell, both Freshmen, were the only bright spots against Johns Hopkins; 48-0. Playing their best game of the season, the Fords held PMC to a 6-6 tie for three periods. Sophomores Gerry Harter and (B.D.) Mervine were the defensive stalwarts. Against Ursinus, the hard running of Freilich and Freshman Dallolio, together with the passing of Heilman and Mitchell brought the Fords close to pay-dirt many times. The score was a disappointing 22-0. Against Wilkes, Jenks, Schulze, Watkins, and Tom Henderson defended heroically. With Mitchell and Shermer scoring, the final tally came to 33-12. A strong Swarthmore team blocked many of Heilman's passes, the ends dropping the others. Despite the heavy line work of Juniors Watkins, Natelson, Waddell, and Fox, as well as the fine running of halfbacks Aird and Freilich, the Fords succumbed 14-0.

The loss of only two players, Seniors Heilman and Henderson, provides great hopes for a winning season in '61.

Opp.	Hav.
36 Wagner -----	0
26 Dickinson -----	0
48 Johns Hopkins -----	0
20 P. M. C. -----	6
22 Ursinus -----	0
33 Wilkes -----	12
14 Swarthmore -----	0

WON: 0 LOST: 7



FIRST ROW: R. Shuman, E. Andrews, G. Mitchell, G. Sargent, S. Dallolio, J. Aird, R. Snow, J. Spaeth. SECOND ROW: J. Von Ranson, R. Jenks, J. Schulze, W. Mervine, J. Fox, J. Heilman, S. David, W. Freilich, T. Henderson, L. Waddell. THIRD ROW: R. De Luca, R. Randall, R. Morsch, E. Natelson, B. l'Etoile, C. Watkins, G. Harter, W. Shermer, D. Dane-ker, E. Northrup, E. Prudente, W. Docherty.







FIRST ROW: J. Van Cleave, R. Linville, P. Hopper, R. Miller, B. Ruppenthal, M. Nevin, H. Bibber. SECOND ROW: J. Heuss, S. Bobrovnikoff, F. Pollard, S. Ettinger, A. Crane, S. McDougal, I. Leppik, E. Hartman, M. Strickler, P. Jernquist, W. Breuninger.

CROSS COUNTRY

Despite the mid-season loss of its most promising member, the Haverford Cross Country team managed to achieve a 2-5-1 record against some very strong opponents. Against Albright College, Freshman Mike Nevin was victorious in his first competitive race and Captain Pete Jernquist, Junior Matt Strickler, and Sophomore Frank Pollard wrapped up a 20-38 victory for Haverford.

The Ford's second meet was against PMC and the fine running of Nevin, Jernquist, and Strickler earned them a 28-28 tie. An all-Senior Lafayette team next defeated the Harriers, 17-41, as Nevin was the only Ford to finish in the first six.

With Nevin missing, a powerful Johns Hopkins

Opp.	Hav.
38 Albright	20
28 P.M.C.	28
17 Lafayette	41
17 Johns Hopkins	44
18 Lehigh	48
37 Moravian	39
18 Swarthmore	44
WON: 2 LOST: 5 TIED: 1	

aggregation crushed the Fords 17-44. The next week, Jernquist and Strickler were able to stay in the lead for four miles, but then faded out on the five mile course and Lehigh won, 18-48. In Bethlehem for the second straight week, the Fords split with Moravian and Temple in a triangular meet. Moravian was the victor with 37 points to 39 for Haverford and 44 for Temple.

The only bright spot in the Swarthmore meet was that Pete Jernquist covered the course in 23:05, half a minute better than the best previous Haverford time. Frank Pollard also contributed his fastest time of the season as the Garnet won, 18-44. In the season's finale, the Fords ran in the Middle Atlantic Championships as Jernquist and Strickler again led the team.



Three men dominate every phase of Haverford athletic life, Roy Randall, Bill Docherty, and Dick Morsch.

Roy Randall, Director of Athletics and Head Coach of both the Football and Baseball teams, is the backbone of the Department. From his office



on the second floor of the Gym, Roy manages schedules, teams, statistics, awards and trophies. In the Fall, he can usually be found pacing the sidelines of Walton Field wondering how students with astronomical IQ's can make such terrible mis-



takes on the gridiron. In the Spring, the same thoughts wander through his mind about the Baseball team.

Bill Docherty's ponderous bulk, which can move with astonishing speed, and gruff exterior masking a good-natured interior, intimidate most students as first sight. As Director of Intramural Athletics and as Coach of the Football and Golf teams, Bill becomes known as the all-around good friend he truly is.

Finally, there is Dick Morsch, who as Trainer keeps everyone in one piece so they can fight another day for their dear Alma Mater. Dick, resplendent in his Navy whites, can usually be seen on any afternoon running back and forth between the stock and training rooms, staying one jump ahead of Haverford's scholarly athletes.

These gentlemen are the denizens of the Gym—the men who run Haverford athletics.





KNEELING: W. Horton, E. Prudente; STANDING: R. Kelly, C. Kauffman, R. Gillmor, B. Foerster, W. Erb, H. Darlington, R. Lockey, N. Matchett, W. Mervine, T. Del Bello, W. Dorwart.

BASKETBALL

The 1960 Basketball team was the high point of the Haverford sports year. An almost even balance of ability enabled this team to compile the second best record in the College's history. The starting five averaged 14.6 to 10.6 points per game, which led the team to the MCA Finals for the first time. Coach Ernie Prudente also had a strong bench, providing plenty of depth. Frequent substitutions usually spread the point gathering fairly evenly among most of the squad.

The season opened as co-captains Rick Gillmor and Tom Del Bello led the team to a sloppy 68-55 conquest of Drew. Paced by 6'8" Sophomore Pete Dorwart's 20 points, hapless Pharmacy was next routed 92-61 as six players hit double figures. The team began to jell against Johns Hopkins (see pictures). Sophomore Jerry Darlington set the season's high with 30 points for the 85-70 victory. At Moravian, the first defeat was suffered despite 19 points and 18 rebounds by 6'7" Del Bello. PMC was smothered at Chester, 110-91, as the Fords played

Opp.		Hav.
55	Drew	68
61	Pharmacy	92
70	*Johns Hopkins	85
76	*Moravian	67
91	*P.M.C.	110
64	*Ursinus	79
57	*Drexel	54
66	*Stevens	82
65	Delaware Valley	93
80	*Ursinus	74
48	*Swarthmore	62
79	*Drexel	65
72	*P.M.C.	76
63	*F & M	83
60	*Swarthmore	76
*League competition		WON: 8 LOST: 4
Season record		WON: 11 LOST: 4
MASCAC tournament		WON: 1 LOST: 1

their finest game in years. Gillmor, Erb, and Dorwart all hit for over 20, and no starter was under 16. Ursinus was downed 79-64, as Gillmor produced 26. The league lead was then stolen from the Fords by Drexel, 57-54. Erb's 24 points failed to offset the defeat. Steven was routed 82-66, as Dorwart

again led all five starters in double figures. Del. Valley was also blitzed, 93-65, paced by Gillmor's 19 points and Del Bello's 20 rebounds. Disaster struck after exams, in the Ursinus games. Erb led with 28 in the 80-74 slander. Swarthmore fell easily, as Kauffman spurred the 62-48 win. Drexel took the Fords 79-65 on an off night, but PMC was subsequently edged again, 76-72 with Darlington's 23 and a crucial three-point play by Del Bello. Highly rated F&M was upset badly, '83-63, as Erb hit 24 and Gillmor held all-conference Baron to 5. The Hood Trophy game was tense, but (B.D.) Mervine's tie-breaking foul shot kept the Fords on top all the way. Del Bello's best game of the year helped bring the final score to 76-60.

Haverford faced Albright first in the playoffs, losing to the eventual champs. The consolation game, however, led by Dick Lockey's 21 points, brought revenge against Drexel, 72-61, and a pleasant closing for Seniors Gillmor, Del Bello, Lockey, Matchett, and Kelly.





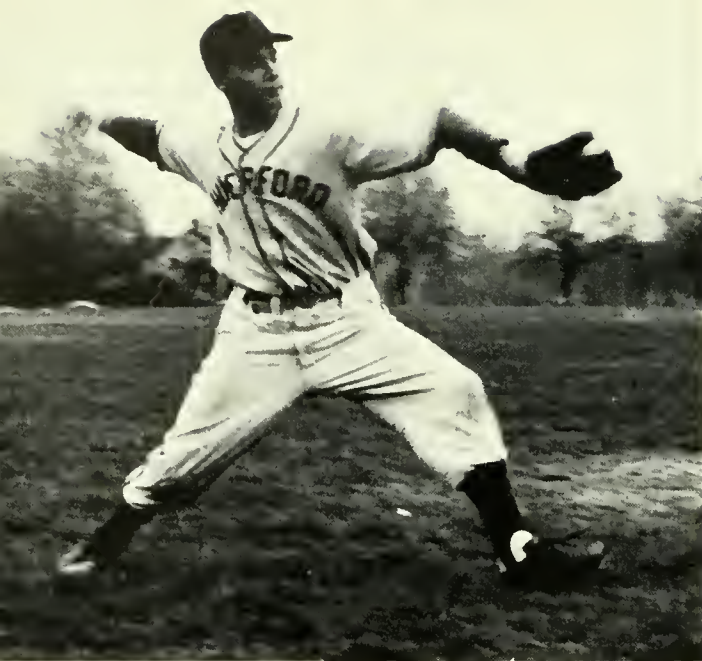
Player	Pos	Games Played	Field Attempts	Goals Scored	%	Individual Statistics		%	Shots Missed	Rebounds		Points	
						Free Throws Attempts	Free Throws Scored			No.	Avg.	No.	Avg.
Jerry Darlington	G	17	228	94	41.3	71	46	64.8	159	112	6.6	234	13.8
Bill Erb	F	16	190	88	46.3	79	57	72.1	124	128	8.0	233	14.6
Rick Gillmor	G	17	225	70	40.0	74	47	63.7	162	72	4.3	227	13.3
Tom Del Bello	F	17	233	75	32.1	72	46	63.8	184	218	12.8	196	11.5
Pete Dorwart	C	17	128	65	50.7	82	50	60.9	95	147	11.6	180	10.6
Dick Lockey	F	17	66	30	45.4	41	26	63.5	51	53	3.1	86	5.0
Chris Kauffman	G	16	64	29	45.3	18	10	55.5	43	32	2.0	68	4.2
Bill Mervine	C	14	20	7	35.0	13	7	53.9	19	39	2.8	21	1.5
Noel Matchett	F	14	9	5	55.6	15	10	66.7	9	18	1.3	20	1.4
Bob Kelly	G	14	19	8	42.1	9	4	44.4	16	4	0.3	20	1.4
Bruce Foerster	G	8	6	2	33.3	4	0	0	8	2	0.3	4	0.5
Haverford Statistics		17	1188	493	51.4	488	303	62.2	870	1002	58.9	1299	75.8
Opponents' Statistics		17	1257	434	34.6	464	274	59.2	1013	881	51.8	1142	67.4





In the field events the Fords were often found lacking, if only in number. Lew Smith performed well in the high jump, but there was little help to back him up in the meets. It is most likely that Lew will have set a new Haverford high-jump record before the season ends. In the shot-put, Max Bockol showed promise but inexperience as yet. Mike McKeon in the broad-jump, Dick Lockey in the discus, and Stu Levitt in the javelin met standards that would have won many meets in 1960, but the standards have changed. The point scoring in these events resulted mostly from second and third place positions. Only in the pole-vault was the picture bright: Fred Swan was not only assisted but at times surpassed by Freshman George Sargent, and Gordon Barnett provided further insurance of dominating the event. The team's strong undergraduate support indicates greater success in future seasons.





found Steve Dallolio, '64, on the mound as fireballer, with Pelouze on the receiving end of the battery. At first base, making his first start at that position, was basketball co-captain Tom Del Bello. Andy Siegel, having looked very good in defensive drills during pre-season practice, commanded the keystone sack. Last year's starters returned intact on the left side of the infield in the persons of Briod and Mears at shortstop and third, respectively. The outfield reflected some new talent in the persons of rifle arm Dan Hailman in left field, Senior and captain of the football team; swift ex-left fielder and infielder Freilich in center field; and hustling Freshman Bob Snow in right.

The PMC game was a scoreless duel for three innings, but the Cadets tallied single runs in the

BASEBALL

The Haverford College nine again took advantage of the Alumni Field House to weather the early monsoons which plagued any attempts at outdoor practice. With head mentor Roy Randall back at the helm, the Fords looked forward hopefully to their first game, against PMC.

Captained by Senior Marc Briod, Haverford had also five other returning starters: Bill Freilich, Preston Mears, Bruce Foerster, and Seniors Tom Del Bello and Pierce Pelouze — last year's leading hitter and fielder. The lineup for the PMC game

Opp.	Hav.
5 P.M.C. -----	0
8 St. Josephs -----	5
0 East. Baptist -----	0
13 Drexel -----	2
7 Ursinus -----	7
P.M.C. -----	
La Salle -----	
Swarthmore -----	
Pharmacy -----	
Ursinus -----	
St. Josephs -----	
Moravian -----	
Delaware -----	

FIRST ROW: S. Dallolio, J. Aird, F. Carson, E. Harshaw, M. Levin, R. Snow, P. Henderson. SECOND ROW: J. Burgin, T. Del Bello, P. Pelouze, M. Briod, W. Freilich, P. Mears, J. Heilman, E. Hatch, R. Morsch. THIRD ROW: R. Randall, A. Siegel, W. Riggan, T. Kessinger, K. Smith, J. Cook, R. Nolte, R. Allendoerfer, R. Riordan, E. Prudente.



fourth and sixth and a cluster of three in the seventh to win 5-0. Dallolio was impressive in his first start, fanning eleven and allowing only two unearned runs. Reliever Murray Levin was hit hard, but settled down to finish the game. Siegel, Snow, Del Bello, and Pelouze were the only Fords to hit safely, each having a single to their credit.

The next game, against St. Josephs, saw the Haverford nine grab a lead then lose it, together with the game, after a strong Hawk rally. Freshman Phil Henderson started on the mound and allowed only one run until the fourth inning. Meanwhile, the Fords loaded the bases in the third and garnered

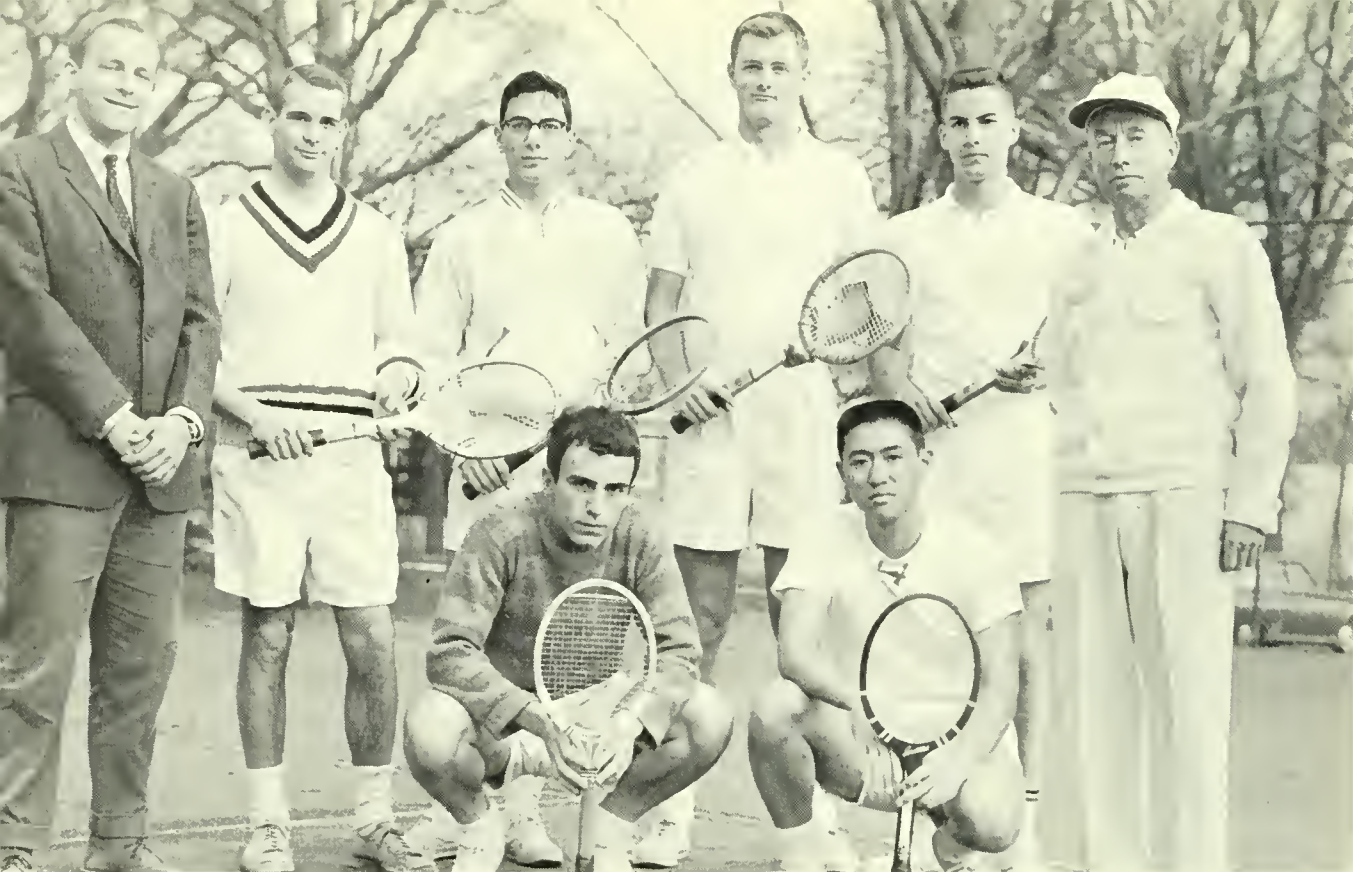


The Drexel game followed a rain-out against Eastern Baptist in which Dallolio had a no-hitter and ten whiffs in four innings. An early barrage by the Drexel Dragons was dealt out. Del Bello, back on the mound, pitched creditably in relief and reflected just one of several position shiftings. Riordan took over third, Aird started in right field, Ed Harshaw went to shortstop, and Briod to first. The Fords managed only two runs and five hits, consequently losing 13-2. Riordan went for three and scored once, Aird had an RBI, Tom Kessinger a pinch single, Mears a hit, and Del Bello an unexpected bunt and one scored run. The Drexel totals were considerably more impressive.

The Fords have had a lamentable season thus far, winning none. Decided improvement, however, has been witnessed and better results should almost certainly follow the development of this year's many promising Freshmen. The caliber of baseball at Haverford is not to be judged solely on the playing field. It should be added that singles, doubles, and "trips" are chalked up quite expertly elsewhere—often before, sometimes during and even after regular practice itself. Contrary to most phases of Haverford life, the team spirit is manifest extensively in baseball, darting to and fro, resulting in a corking good time as had by all.

four runs as Pelouze's bases-loaded single highlighted the rally. However, Henderson's wildness got him in trouble and Dallolio relieved him in the fourth. St. Josephs took advantage of several walks and hits to vault into a 8-4 lead. In the ninth, Snow walked, Pelouze smote his second hit of the day, and Briod hit a sacrifice fly to drive in a run, but the Fords fell short at 8-5. Freilich, John Aird, and Dallolio collected the other Haverford hits of the day with Siegel, Snow, Bob Riordan, Pelouze, and Henderson crossing the plate for the runs.





KNEELING: R. Kelly, E. Quill. STANDING: H. Deshong, F. Stanley, R. Penn, J. Howe, W. Parker, N. Bramall.

TENNIS

Coach Norm Bramall's tennis squad, with seven lettermen returning, is almost sure to improve last year's 6-5 record. The Fords hold a 4-0 record at the time of this writing, and all Senior members of the squad, Captain Bob Kelly, John Howe, and Andy Miller, are undefeated in singles play.

Matches with Georgetown, Columbia CC, and U.V.A. during the Spring recess provided valuable pre-season experience. The Fords easily white-washed Temple in the season's opener. Rutgers proved

Opp.	Hav.
0 Temple	9
2 Rutgers (N.B.)	7
0 Moravian	9
3 Johns Hopkins	6
La Salle	
Ursinus	
Bucknell	
Swarthmore	
Lafayette	
Lehigh	
F & M	
Penn	



a more formidable foe, though only singles matches were lost, in three sets, by Parker and Stanley. In the Moravian match, John Howe was the only Ford extended beyond a deuce-set, as the second shutout was collected. The first upset of the season came against Johns Hopkins, reversing last year's 6-3 loss to the Mason Dixon Champions. The match was clinched by four singles wins and Kelly's straight set victory, making the doubles anti-climatic.

This year's team should go on to beat Swarthmore and perhaps capture the Middle Atlantic Championships as well.



FIRST ROW: O. DeRis, G. Tai, D. Hogenauer, D. Snider, J. Adams, P. Lane, A. Tillis. SECOND ROW: J. Holland, T. Sterrett, D. Adams, R. DeRis, J. Baehr, O. Oleyaran, J. Richardson, F. Popper, G. Smith, H. Knox, J. Campbell.

CRICKET

The Cricket team acquired a new coach this year, Mr. James Campbell, while Howard Comfort was on sabbatical. Mr. Campbell has come from England to teach at Haverford School, and has spent his afternoons, along with Captain Don Snider, instructing the relatively inexperienced Haverford players in the skill, common sense, and customs of Cricket, the last-mentioned of these being not the least important.

In fielding, the team proved quite strong. Freshman Tim Sterrett is especially to be commended for his performance as wicket-keeper. Owen deRis, Hugh Knox, and Don Snider stopped a good many balls with alert fielding, while Don Adams must be congratulated on some spectacular catches.



Opp.

Hav.

Textile	-----
Gen. Electric	-----
Howard Univ.	-----
British Commonwealth	-----
Princeton	-----
Alumni	-----
Harvard	-----
Fairmount	-----

The team has had good depth in its bowlers. Don Snider's fast-bowling was consistently on-wicket and especially dangerous for less sure batsmen. Jim Richardson's very tricky spin-bowling was effective against very good batsmen, but a fractured thumb put him out of action for most of the season.

Other bowlers were Owen deRis, Evan Alderson, Hugh Knox, and George Smith.

In batting, Don Snider, Peter Lane, and Don Adams all showed excellent form, while deRis' excellent eye and éclat served the team well. Ola Oleyaran and Hugh Knox also scored significantly for Haverford.

Manager Al Tillis faced a Herculean task: not only did he perform his usual duties, helping with practices and serving as umpire — he also executed the team's most essential function: the faithful serving of tea at 4:00 every Saturday afternoon.





GOLF

The Haverford College Golf team is fortunate this Spring to have Bill Docherty back as its coach. Docherty was asked last year by the U.S.G.A. to go on tour with the U.S. Ryder Cup team. Not being used to a winning team, however, he felt somewhat uneasy and decided to continue his position at Haverford.

Last year's record is not too impressive, but the

Fords now have several things in their favor. They were permitted to use the Merion Golf Course in the Fall of the year, giving newcomers a chance to familiarize themselves with the course. Also, the majority of matches will be played at home, including the Swarthmore match. The addition of several very promising Freshmen to the team this year has bettered the chances for a winning season. Bad weather has given the team a slow start on the season, but by the time the Swarthmore match rolls around they should be in "full swing". Matt Stanley's new golf bag should also prove to be a decisive factor in the overall outcome.

Opp.

Hav.

Moravian	_____
Deleware	_____
Lehigh & F&M	_____
La Salle & St. Josephs	_____
Swarthmore	_____
Drexel	_____
Temple & W.C.	_____
Lafayette	_____

KNEELING: R. Tannenbaum, J. Taylor, J. Cole. STANDING: M. Stanley, F. Sanford, R. Luke, W. Houston, E. Williams, W. Docherty.





CLOCKWISE: B. Stavis, D. Olton, H. Robinson, T. Downs, R. Phipps, J. Zangerle, J. Franklin.

Oct. 2, '60
Oct. 9, '60
Oct. 16, '60
Oct. 23, '60
Oct. 29, '60

Pentagonal (Schyk)
Mono. Elim (Schyk)
Pentagonal (Schyk)
Pentagonal (Schyk)
Phila. Champ.s

Nov. 5, '60
Nov. 12-13, '60
Nov. 19-20, '60
Apr. 9, '61
Apr. 16, '61

Pentagonal (Schyk)
Mono. Champ.s (Navy)
Fall Invit. (Navy)
Hexagonal (Schyk)
Mono. Elim. (Princtn)

SAILING

Wind, rain, cold water and stiff competition were the major elements the Ford sailors faced this year. As usual, the team came back to school on Sunday nights cold, wet, tired, aching, and happy. In the Philadelphia area the "tars" established the reputation of being able to win virtually at will; but the local Schuylkill waters were used mostly as a training ground for Freshman sailors. In the district meet (Middle Atlantic States) the sailors felt proud to lose to teams such as the Naval Academy, Princeton, U.S. State Maritime College, and U.S. Merchant Marine Academy, coming in last themselves.

Commodore Ben Stavis was reasonably successful both in sailing and swimming. He skippered in the Annapolis team and monotype races, and placed second out of twelve in monotype racing at Princeton during the Spring. He was the only Haverford sailor to go swimming twice in one day. Also effective as a skipper was vice-commodore T. K. Sharpless, skippering at Annapolis in both the Fall and Spring. He will be given the Lundt-Lawyer award for protesting (and eliminating)

three competitors in a four boat race. Other proven skippers include Senior John Hanson, Ned Schwentker, Tom Richardson, and Freshmen John Zangerle and Ralph Phipps. Skipper Hanson deserves great credit for his well-ried patience. Finally, returning C. B. Tertius Downs should prove to be a large asset in subsequent races, owing to his previous experience and know-how.

These skippers would have been valueless were it not for fine crewmen, ready to respond to their every cuss and command. They also ran.







VISITORS . . .

COLLECTION

Spit as you may, polish as you will, the portals of Roberts Hall have always accepted come who may. They have taken in the unwashed and have entrapped the knowing, offering to one and all a place to spend a profitable Tuesday morning. So they are always there: that self-assured, critical, tired and questioning assemblage — the Haverford student body. Bare feet and beards, oxfords and khakis, loafers and tweeds — these are their trademarks. It is a group which cannot bear to separate disciple from leader. They arrive *en masse*, shoving and finally sliding into place before the performer of the week who, poor soul, has no idea yet of the cunning intelligence hidden behind the rows of weary eyes. The harmony of his unsuspecting mind will soon be shattered by the dissonant chords of the student's questions.

"The View From Robert Hall" was a panorama which included this year: an endless search for loopholes in the talks of each of the Tuesday visitors; the Gellenese commentary negative; the saber flourishes of a union defender who vainly tried to justify why his sword had long since been out of his sheath; a discussion of the rules of law, national and international; and a look at Japan and Cuba in a new light. These are only a few of the things which made up Collection this year. Detailed comments are necessary.

Of the little that we know, we know by now that the drama of today's living always finds a critic. Sometimes that critic is the drama itself. And sometimes the drama critic hides from most of us behind shades, inside his eyes are dulled, his voice is racked by a cough, but his words have a certain driving power and a certain magnetism. His drama is that of Chekov, Ibsen, Miller and Williams. Yet, as our critic told us, the plays of these artists cannot be scrutinized as "academic"



Your Host, Dean Cadbury.

literature. They are uniformly undistinguished by epigram, stichomythia, asides, soliloquies, and lofty spectacles. But if the work can demonstrate its inclusiveness, its capacity to remain faithful to the complexity of our human experience, it is, our critic informs us, a good work of art. Thus in Chance Wayne of *A Sweet Bird of Youth*, our critic describes that complexity by which Williams achieves the uniquely tragic simplicity of the tragic here. Here for the critic, before his critics, here for the modern drama critic, is "a hero who goes

The Collection speaker must be prepared to face the questions of those before him . . .





Walter "Red" Barber: "The Powah of Pain".

down spitting and *knowing* at the same time and he exhilarates us. Chance Wayne is a tragic hero — when he stays to face castration, it is in defense of the dedication he has made to life; it is a gesture performed in the same magnificent intensity which identifies for us the tragic hero whether it be an Antigone or a Hamlet enjoining Horatio 'to report my cause aright in this harsh wall, to draw thy breath to tell my story'."

And because of the efforts of a poorly-understood man who spends his time on off-off-off

Broadway, we have the privilege of hearing a critic whose ears are not made of tin and who sees much through the glass darkly, whose movements are graceful and whose poetic sensitivities are very discerning. And such a critic has his own intensity, his own insistent rhythm.

And such a critic knows also that the typical Broadway audience is not interested in real theatre, but is instead more concerned with "being titilated with some new product." Such theatre, as another of our Tuesday visitors commented, is shoddy and its prices have little relation to the quality of the product. Today's musical is, he said, a "luxury package". Therefore the major problem of the modern theatre is its audience.

The Haverford audience, however, does not consider itself a part of that audience. It is alien to such a world. It stirs its posterior now and again to gaze at another aspect of the world outside. But it only looks and does not enter. The Seniors above are the most restless for they have not fallen into the decadence of luxury which cushions their compatriots below them.

Like the proper style and approach before a critical audience, like the proper tone of words upon a stage, like the proper accent in the written drama, like the proper voice modulation of a man who insists that women are better than men, the proper use of space is a matter of great interest to the architect.

In the Victorianism of the nineteenth century and in the functionalism of the twentieth century, no truly creative use of space exists. Only the titan Frank Lloyd Wright has given the three qualities of delight, firmness, and commodity to the things he has created. (But Mr. Wright, it would seem, has not been consulted on the prob-

As well as those behind.



The "Bird Man".



lems of our own College. If indeed there is to be firmness, how to explain the great sprawling tin-house in which our Commencement spectacle was held? And if commodity, what is the purpose of *el domo*? And if delight, then why the cyclone fence in front of Sharpless?)

Meanwhile we are reminded of our labor acquaintance puffing us full of the inflated phrases which were designed to quell our doubts about his organization. Was it not a time to be spent more wisely with Darwin, Descartes, Lenz, Rousseau, Pascal or *LIFE*?

Throughout our Haverford experience, and during Collection too, were not each one of us trying to be someone else, our best conception of the someone we thought we might someday be?

Was it "the complete man" of Andre Gide to whom our ambitions turned? Some of us were true writers, most of us satirists, and the great majority of us mere critics. But were we critics before being students or students before being critics? Collection gave us many opportunities to criticize various experts but did it also show us that it was our responsibility to develop our own fields of expertness?

These moments of reflection are the moments which we remember — they have a value of their own. Collection precipitated them; now we look at Collection as something rarely dull and in most cases provocative. We had been honored by some important personages and from them we had learned.



The Allard String Quartet.

PHILIPS VISITORS

The sciences are annually provided with a collection of visitors who give courses, add to other courses, or who make one-night stands before Haverfordian and non-Haverfordian alike. At those meetings, their reputations soar or fall before the critical but awed listeners. Sometimes this audience is not exclusively the listening type. It is characteristically inquisitive, and by nature can spot a loop-hole or inconsistency from any distance.

The level of approach, taken by the speakers, is not always as lofty as might be expected. Senator Eugene McCarthy's comments on the Kennedy administration, the usefulness of the House Committee on Un-American Activities, and on cloak-room politics, might better have been given to a high-school audience. On the other hand, psychologist James Olds, by his persuasiveness, wit and energy, was able to motivate his listeners until they were eager to inquire more deeply into the study of the mind. In even other cases, personal vivacity can be less pronounced, but the visitor, once he has been put at ease, can make equal headway with his discussion. Physicist Charles Townes, who spoke on "MASERS", was an example of such a visitor.

There are many others who remain in one's memory of the past year's group of outside speakers. In the Natural Sciences, Louis Green was able to bring Sidney Chapman to the campus; the Chemistry Department hosted Richard Masland, George Kimball and Carl Djerassi; and the Physics Department called on Martin Deutsch, Phillip Morrison, Murray Gell-Mann, and K. A. Atkins.

The Advanced Studies Institute at Princeton provided three lecturers in mathematics; Professors Marston, Tate and Weil. Political scientists at Haverford were treated to Harold Laswell but missed Nigerian Chief Awolowo, who had to cancel his visit because of political upheavals. The sociologists met numerous dignitaries such as Harold Glass.

George Mylonas joined with the Classics Department for a series of class lectures. The psychology faculty and majors heard Donald Lindsley, Gardner and Lois Murphy, and Herbert Jasper.

It was a highly informative year. But we missed hearing speakers in economics, a department which generally offers something interesting. And, of course, the Humanities departments are still without the funds which they must have in order to bring to the campus the necessary lecturers.



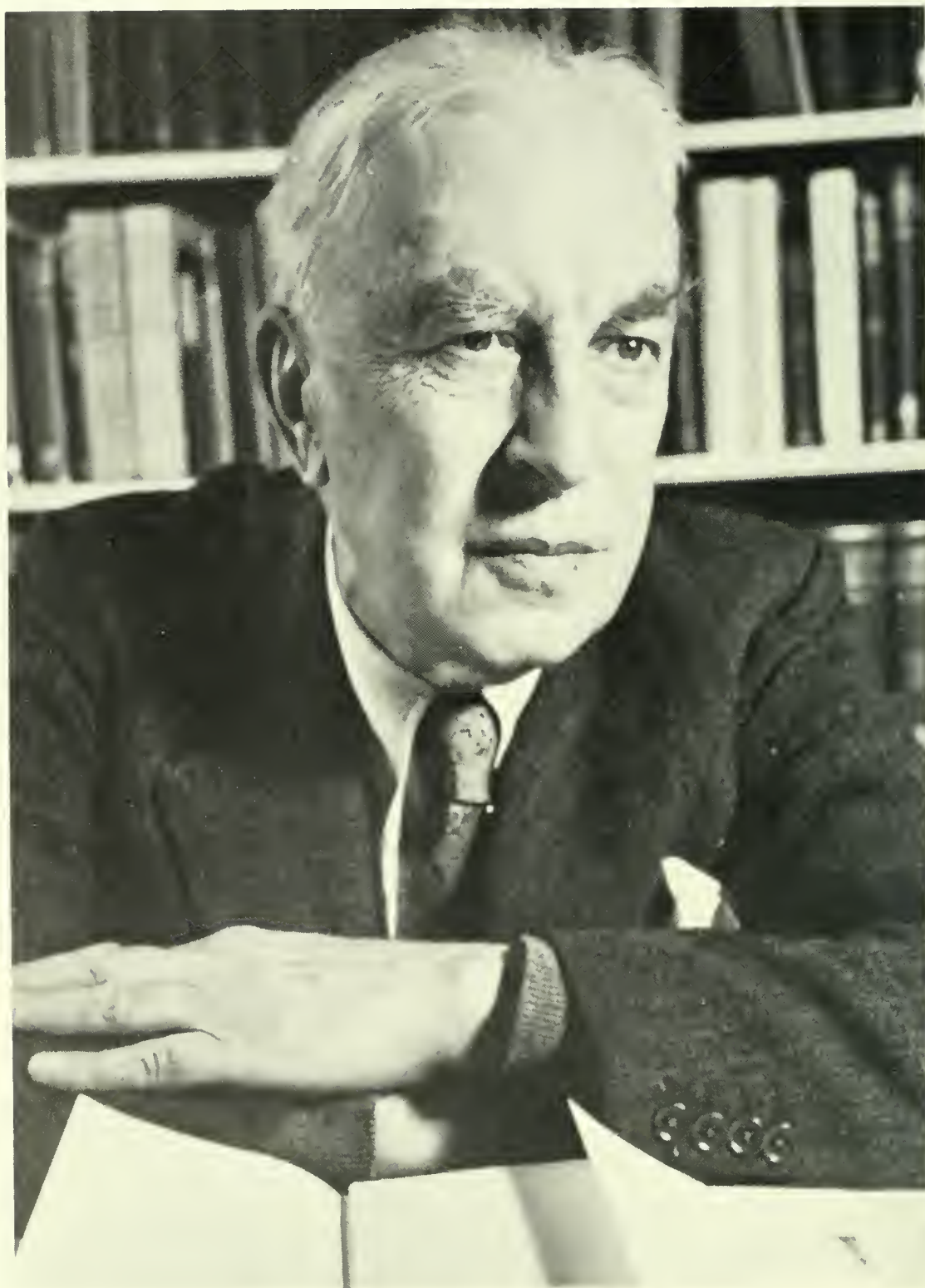
Carl Djerassi



Senator McCarthy

George Mylonas





DR. ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE

COMMENCEMENT

"It would be presumptuous," President Borton noted at the end of the Commencement Address, "for anyone to say anything after Dr. Toynbee's remarks." That the faculty, parents, friends, and even more importantly, the Senior Class, felt no differently, was perhaps the most befitting end to the British historian's stay at Haverford. He had been our first choice, our first acceptance, and he had been a great success.

At the top of a list of prospective speakers, Arnold J. Toynbee needed no "reconsiderations" to make his Haverford plans. He and his wife Veronica (who seemed his perfect companion) came to the campus for two weekends in February and March. These first meetings set his hosts at ease and the friendship began.

Dinners, luncheons, class meetings, small get-togethers and private talks followed one another in short succession. New faces appeared at each; more than ninety members of the Senior Class were able to meet Dr. Toynbee and many were eager to participate in more than one meeting. It was an experience which many of us were bound to remember with a great deal of fondness in the future.

Responding to our challenge as his challenge, it was of the future that he spoke on the ninth of June. And like an historian, his words for the future naturally found roots in the past. But it was not a too distant past to which he referred. It was his half-century; his and that of his classmates, the "best of us" who had perished in the wars. What the next fifty years would hold in store as a challenge did not seem, to Dr. Toynbee, to be full of sweetness and light. Perhaps it was to be something dark and painful, but to those that would accept the challenge of those years, there would be as many opportunities as those offered to Dr. Toynbee in 1911.

Our responsibility, he implied, is certainly to be the preservation of the free world. If we accept the challenge of public service as against the attractions of private enterprise, there hopefully might be some world progress, progress opposing the "debilitating effects of the mechanization of

our society" and the depressed condition of "the majority of our fellow beings."

To adopt this position and to accept this challenge is to acknowledge our duty as human beings. The task itself, as Dr. Toynbee pointed out, is a formidable one and one demanding much from each of us. And the conditions of the modern world seem to oppose the ethical principles formed in our youth, principles which, if strong, have either withstood the Haverfordian influence or disbelief and skepticism or have grown into something stronger and more viable.

What the world is like, we have begun to understand. In this respect, "we do not walk blindfold towards our fate." Whether we will be "animals" or not is still a serious question, but to the collective fate of the future days "our eyes are open." Perhaps, indeed, "this is more painful" to those who can feel pain, "but it is also more human."

Some members of the Class of 1961 will undoubtedly proceed in other directions, for the most part, personally-oriented directions. They will probably find some disagreement with a historian's viewpoint of space exploration as a "contemporary foible characteristic of both sides of the Iron Curtain." Or perhaps they will come to agree with him that it is a "form of escapism from the ignominious common failure of ours on the face of our own planet." Will they fall prey to that temptation to escape, or will they form another attitude? Their responses, our responses will be many and varied.

But there will be few immediate responses to the challenge which has been placed before us. Events, as they become more pressing and their outcomes more crucial, will finally bring the stragglers to a point at which they must use their minds in helping to solve the problem. As yet, the majority of us seem too sure of ourselves, too confident, and too optimistic to believe that the individual must become more closely bound to his society before another more dominant society takes its place. Meanwhile, a small number of us will come to a clearer understanding of the events of the next half-century. Those few will have been influenced in part by an individual whose own clear awareness of his world began some fifty years ago. And after fifty years, he remains the same perceptive and charming individual, an individual whose humility is something few of us could now hope to possess.





SENIORS ET AL.



"She's in there naked and she's from Bryn Mawr!"

RHINIES

The one outstanding characteristic of the Class of 1964 might be defined as *seriousness*. Having been told by Mr. Ambler that we were the thirteenth consecutive "best class ever" to enter Haverford, we have been spending all of this year trying to substantiate through everything we do his statement. In sum, a tough job. So, like Odysseus, we have been searching — searching with the help of our class president for that most nebulous goal of all: the class purpose.

To some it was manifested in a special autumn

visit to the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Church. To a few others it was shown by participating in inter-collegiate athletics. Four gallant souls were able to earn the coveted Haverford H while struggling in vain for the hapless football team.

Others also tried to establish a pattern of thought and action (or lack of it) for our class. If nothing else, we were one of the first classes in recent years that as a group understood and desired to practice the Quaker ideals of peaceful coexistence through non-violent action. Perhaps this was best shown during the very first week of school when three-fourths of the class retreated to the fourth floor of Barclay and others hid out in the library rather than submit themselves to the disgrace of actually meeting the immature sophomores in a childish water-fight.

But is this all there is to the freshmen? Or is it true that there is another, hitherto unrevealed, side of a class the reputation of which now stands merely on academic excellence, scholarly devotion and solid maturity? Whatever the outcome may be, this class, like every other class, is not and will not be typified by what other colleges look for: "the well-rounded man." It is only hoped that we do not tend to its opposite: the square.

The washing-machine in Barclay basement.



SOPHOMORES

You ran along, happy as the grass was green; the trees marked your path and the daisies were light in the air. Sometimes you felt a little breathless when the earth beneath you went by too fast. But you were still running nicely, and then *suddenly* and with time only to see you had no choice, you jumped. And felt nothing but blackness underfoot and the sky went gray — and there you were, hanging by your fingers to a root growing out of a cliff. Straining and pulling to get to the top and over the edge, you fell back exhausted, because whenever you felt you were getting a firm grip and were making some progress, somebody came by and asked you silly questions and told you that you were doing it wrong, and he gave you advice which you tried without success. And soon you were very tired and began to think that in all probability you would remain holding onto that root forever. Your shoulders hurt.

Sometimes, when you saw the sky and not just gray above, you saw also a bird resting on the air with wings spread wide to catch the wind. The bird as you saw it moved gently toward the sun and to the top of the cliff where others like it rested.

Once a girl came by with a basket of fruit and offered you some and you said — A, pull me up — and maybe she said — No, I can't stop, but perhaps tomorrow — and somehow she forgot to come again, or maybe she said — Of course I must try, but I can't reach you.



"So how do you think I'd look with a beard?"

Not strong enough to climb up, and somehow not falling, there you hung and wondered what became of the ones who were with you. You were dying to shout and ask the others on the top what the answer is. But you were ashamed of hanging only with your fingers and you hoped that nobody, after all, would notice. And maybe, you thought, there is no question at all.

And then there was not quite so much time. The end, absurdly enough, came when the root itself moved up the cliff. And then you were at the top, it seemed.

"And the alumni think we're poorly dressed!"





"Bah, bah" is the reply heard from Lloyd.

JUNIORS

In the middle of the journey of our education we found ourselves in a dark wood of fig trees and dates where the straight way was lost. Ah, how hard a thing it is to tell of switching to our major fields where white rats chased Dante to the barber's for a beard trim. Earnestly we tore off our black gowns and stamped our feet in time to the rock 'n' roll. Departments scratched their heads in amazement at our versatility and ability to relate Definite Integrals to Indefinite Articles.

We have fumbled as Freshmen, stammered as Sophomores, and now (having our fill of the old crone who attempted to direct our future), we are jubilant as Juniors. Not unlike Haydn's "Toy Symphony" we cling to time-honored cellos and violins and still play as toy soldiers and mockingbirds. This sharp break with the past has even made itself felt in our activities on Walton Field. "We have *no* axes to grind" is the motto of the leading segregationists who have replaced sweat-suits with street clothes. "Bah, bah" is the reply heard from Lloyd.

The class has evolved into a successful creative machine on campus, as evidenced by its performance academically, musically, dramatically and socially. Perhaps it may not agree on "To be, or not Toynbee," but at least it thinks maturely. "It has been said that the wills in the Junior class are so strong that one can hear a girl in the next room change her mind.

"Sure, but don't steal the ones marked 'Union Lounge'."





The show of the year — 'nuff said.

SENIORS

Haverford, June 9 — Reliable sources close to the President announced today that the Class of 1961 has finally reached graduation terms with the Administration.

Thus four years of uneasy negotiation between two groups have been resolved. As early as its freshman year, the Class bucked management by demanding a decrease in class hours and an increase in marks over a graduated four-year period.

Soon after the settlement was reached.



It also sought such fringe benefits as improved medical care and graduate-school acceptance insurance. A wildcat refusal to accept flu inoculations prompted the executive powers to call out company guards. The Class retaliated by using loose timber to barricade the main gate of the Hilles Mill. The Administration managed to bring about an uneasy truce through a sheaf of injunctions.

Only two years ago, conflict arose again as members of the Class petitioned the Administration, protesting the admission of members of the Class of 1960 to their ranks. However, their attempts to create a "closed shop" only met with threats to lay off already-established members. New members were consequently taken, in, several paying their dues under duress.

Junior year was peaceful. In the Spring, class members were named to head various company committees and plant teams. A high spot came when a representative of the Class took first-place acting honors in a high-powered talent competition.

When seniority status was gained, the Class organized and appointed Dr. Arnold Toynbee as spokesman for the group. The company soon after sponsored another evening of dramatic competition in an effort to boost morale (and production rates.) The evening was a success for the Class as it took first-place show *and* acting honors. But production dropped to thirty per cent of capacity during the



Chief Inquisitor Gordon Adams not pictured.

time allotted to preparation of the show.

New honors accrued to the Class when twelve of its members were declared winners in a nationwide talent hunt. This contest, named in honor of the former president of the industry's Princeton Works, allegedly is one of the toughest elimination rounds in the business.

Late word has it that few, if any, of the members are slated for promotion to the Havorford offices; therefore most members will transfer to other branches or will leave to strike into entirely different fields. Some even hope to leave the wage-earners class, anticipating success in the professional fields.

"Well, yes, we *can* do other things beside play stickball."



ROBERT ABRAMS

A great admirer of men and direction and achievement, Bob has found that they all either graduate or take sabbaticals as soon as he decides to follow their example, having him to probe (successfully) within himself for sources of inspiration (Haverford, hurrah!). During his one-and-a-half years of Lloyd Hall, he has watched his roommates fall by the wayside, the hapless victims of Bryn Mawr wiles, and through it all his love of independence has been strengthened, while he gazes at his weaker friends with benevolent and fatherly compassion. Bob is blessed with the rare ability to laugh at himself, and this, coupled with a perceptive wit lightly tinged with Shelley Bermanisms, lends an air of joviality to whatever he does, even the most harrowing of papers. No doubt because of this joy in literary creation, he settled upon a major in English, probably figuring that this would give him the best possible preparation for the time when he finally comes to write his memoirs. We can see him now, after a long and successful life, chuckling over his memoirs and reflecting on four very full and rewarding years at Haverford.

Baseball 1,2; Dormitory Committee 2; International Club 1,2; Soccer 1,2.



GORDON W. ADAMS

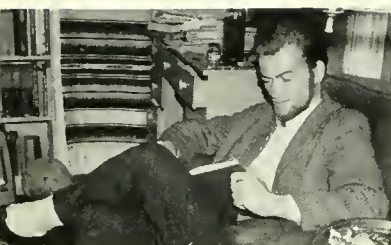
"Any question?" Yes. I was wondering if you would comment on the following: When you mentioned the complexity of higher education or something like that with regard to the basic concepts underlying the whole fundamental principle behind the whole damned mess, that is . . . well, does this mean that any damned person can decide to . . . that is, I was just thinking . . ." The Collection speaker or professor stares bewildered. Either the student wearing the T-shirt and the intent look is brilliant or fantastically confused. Gordie's other response usually takes the form of a subjective comment whose frankness of diction and vocabulary has the professors meeting in closed session to determine who will enroll Mr. Adams in his section. This amazing wine, women, and song connoisseur from North Philadelphia has interests which span the spectrum from working with a boy's choir in the city to contemplating employment with a railroad after graduation. A sporadic English major whose love for Bach often leaves no room for *The Faerie Queene*, Gordie can be imagined years later composing organ chorales behind the throttle of a switching diesel, as he debates whether to write to the President, asking his opinion on the Federal Aid to Education program.



EVAN W. ALDERSON

Between Williams House and Yarnall House lies Alderson House; wherein lies one apartment with an assortment of books, bottles, bibliographies and an incredibly comfortable easy chair; wherein lies one comatose troglodyte, dedicated to the proposition that for the purposes of scholarship the dark is light enough. Persuading him to lay aside one of the bibliographies he reads for recreation, it is easy to lead him into a conversation on any topic about which he is better informed than you. There is a surprising range of such topics, from Ben Jonson's fifty-second epigram to the twenty-five best Austrian beers. Evan's extracurricular activities include service as a personal advisor and father-figure to a bevy of young maidens (none of them from Bryn Mawr). His academic interests center on the humanities, in the service of which he will probably continue to study and ultimately to teach.

Cricket 3; Soccer 1,2,3.

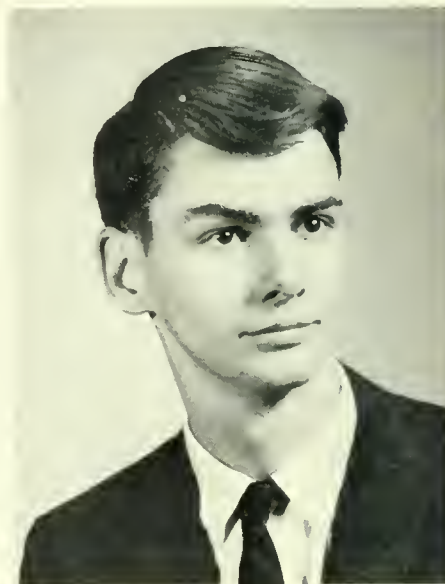


J.W. LINN ALLEN

Sing for Lycidas. He drowned in the flood of female tears, tide of infatuation. Notes:

- Agenbite of inwit dissolved in Laird's, from a corner in Tenth, an outraged squawk at anything.
- Wash my shirts, girl, and I'll kiss you.
- The Great American Odyssey: unwritten, while the poet amasses material. Our knowledge of Allen remains fragmentary: mostly glass. Some records exist, still in the possession of the Howard Johnson chain on the N. J. Turnpike. They tell of violent pre-dawn raids by madmen who spoke only Latin.
- Poorly organized: 94
- I have seen him suffer, but I don't know more than you.
- A champion swordsman; an avid motorcyclist, plagued by the illegitimacy of the Greeves marque; the last of four generations of Founders guitar-whompers.
- Later days (away from the fold): he read too much, spent too much time alone with women:
"So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high."

Arts Council 3,4; Class Night 1,2; Classics Club 3,4; Curriculum Committee 3; Drama Club 1,2,3,4; Fencing 2,3,4; Mountaineers 1,2,3,4; Review 2,4.





CARL R. ALVING

"Simplicity is the mean between ostentation and rusticity." — Pope. A biology major and senior resident of French House, Carl maintained an extra-curricular interest in Leadbelly, grilled steaks and mechanical devices for his room. Indeed, the general clutter of room 5A was quite obscured one day by clouds of smoke swirling out from Carl's smoldering espresso machine. Several vacations spent in the apple orchards of Washington State were followed by a summer sweating in the laboratories of the University of Chicago. Quietly picking his lip, Carl allowed his mind to range from such subjects as salad dressing, dancing the "slop," and the complexities alive in the relationship between science and the humanities. His remarks were punctuated by a nervous cough and a reference to the contacts he meant to establish at Bryn Mawr. His abortive interest in astronomy ended one day when his telescope proved too difficult to repair. Undoubtedly, the next four years will find him in medical school where his mind will concentrate on the complexity of the human body rather than upon telescopes and espresso machines.

Debating Society 1; French Club 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1.



ALAN W. ARMSTRONG

Haverford, Pa. (AP) A reliable journalistic source revealed that "contrary to popular belief, there *will* be a newspaper this Friday." Blushing young editor Alan W. Armstrong (a past participant in the Junior Year In Founders Program) confirmed from his Ninth Entry executive suite that his crusading editorial policy would continue in true Speerious fashion, in spite of Alumni pressure, mutiny in the ranks, and lack of controversial issues. "New paper, new print, and my favorite feature, Newsgirl of the Week, will make the *News* more readable even if there is nothing to say," he added. Enthusiastically involved in numerous campus affairs, Mr. Armstrong is qualified to make his trenchant editorial comment on the college scene. His athletic experience on the track and on the field has earned him the reputation of an exuberant combatant whose reach sometimes exceeds his grasp. Socially, this has not proven true. A Scotts-man, he found economic truths in the Lyon's den, while pursuing Faulkner, Dreiser, O'Neill, and the elusive "modern war hero" among the Roses. Ceaselessly working to revive the splendor of the English tongue, the budding Clarence Darrow has enriched campus vocabulary with "excrudescence," "charismatic," "pastiche," and "WUUFF."

Class Night 3,4; Collection Speakers Committee 2; Founders Club 3,4; Glee Club 1; International Club 1; *News* 1,2,3, editor-in-chief 4; *Record* 1,2,3, co-senior editor 4; Track Manager 3; Varsity Club 3,4.



THOMAS T. ARNY

The likeable, apologetic nature of Tom Arny is well-known to everyone. Because of his easy-going ways, he often finds himself the object of the cutting humor of some of his classmates. Dexterously he disarms such barbs with the smiling retorts: "I'm sorry" or "You're mucking me again." These expressions are as characteristic of Tom as that inevitable red-lined, hooded jacket, which six strong physics majors could not force him to wear inside-out. Muffled against the observatory cold (with the red lining *inside*), our local expert on *Alice in Wonderland* contemplates the heavenly mysteries through his gilded looking-glass, and pores over his senior research thesis, based on the scientific writings of Lewis Carroll. Everyone is awaiting this work with anticipation, most of all Dr. Green, who recently caught a glimpse of the new Arny-Carroll magnetic field theory. Despite this exotic background, Tom's future plans center around more mundane interests. After hurdling the formidable obstacles presented by seven rigorous qualifying exams, he hopes to assume the duties of an actuary.

Curriculum Committee; Rocket Society, secretary.



DAVID R. BAKER

Dave is a man on the go. He can be seen every morning wheeling his trusty Hermes up Haverford Lane. Known to his former class of '59 as the bearded sunshine and avocado boy, he gained the reputation of having quite a streak of adventure in him. He lived up to his reputation by leaving the College after his freshman year to pan gold in California and Alaska. The gold he had culled from the hills was immediately shipped to foreign capitals all over the world. When Dave returned to the College, he was subdued, sophisticated and married. And at the beginning of his junior year (September 4, to be exact) the best reason yet for contributing to the Alumni Fund was born and named Brick Baker (see picture). During the past three years, Dave has acquired: an interest in world problems such as a balanced budget; skills in fencing and water-skiing; and, after a marvelous summer in Detroit, a Veblenesque appreciation for Big Business. The future is a bright one for the entire family and, as we leave the Baker household, we notice that little Brick has almost mastered the speech he is reserving for that final day in June: "Congratulations, Pop, you've finally made it."

Caucus Club 2; Collection Speaker's Committee 3; Cross-Country JV 1; Fencing 1,2, captain 3,4; German Club 2,3; Glee Club 2; International Relations Club 1,2, vice-president 3, president 4.



ALEXANDER BALLARD JR.



I must down to the Dean's again
to the lonely Beady Eye,
And all I ask is a plausible line
and some bull to Steere me by.
And a few kicks and a cool song
from the strings of my guitar,
And I'll hang my amp from Spanish
House so they'll hear me from afar.
I must down to the Steere's again,
for the call to D.V.'s side
Is a phil call and a tea call
that cannot be denied.

And all I ask is a little luck
when the bull starts flying,
Or when Desjardins or Parker, too
think I'm lying.
I must down to Bryn Mawr again
to the vagrant gypsy life,
To the girl's way and the girl's play
with a wit like a whetted knife.
And all I ask is a study date
when a pretty one comes my way,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream
at the end of a long, long day.

German Club 4; Glee Club 1; Junior Varsity Fencing 1; Philosophy Club 3,4;
Spanish Club 1,2,4, vice-president 4.



THOMAS A. BEGGS

The doors of Barclay flew open. A grin beneath horn-rimmed glasses emerged. Tom Beggs, after spending his first three years at college in the Barclay basement, was on his way to Leeds. With his Stradivarius over one shoulder and all the volumes from his MacCaffrey courses cradled in his arms, "T-bags" sprinted eagerly ahead, halting briefly at the library, ostensibly to preside over the reserve desk from five to six o'clock. He re-emerged after punching the time-clock, not to return until six o'clock to lock up. "Ah yes, the plains between Barclay and Leeds are just like my own Midwest. Why didn't someone tell me sooner? — Plato's cave and Barclay basement. At last Truth — Leeds! After this, what can there be at grad school?" Such is Tom Beggs — cheerful, friendly, studious, quiet. But no one is ever really sure what thoughts lie behind his amiable smile. It will be interesting to watch him rewrite and explicate history before the bright blue eyes of high-school bobby-soxers in the near future. Maybe then, the contagious, enigmatic smile will be fathomable.

French Club 1; News 1,2,3; Orchestra 1,2,3,4.





GEORGE R. BEHLING

If Washington, D. C. is important to the nation and incidentally, to Haverford, it is because of "Belly," "The Abdominal Snowman." We will all remember the solo he sang at Bryn Mawr the night all his past dates gathered in Goodhart Hall. The sound of "Hawgeeeee" filled the auditorium and the girls were pleased for they knew not the meaning of George's lyrical outburst. His fatherly advice to many of us who went to Tenth too often, his practice of writing an economics paper for psych courses, his advice for the college athletes on how to be jocks, his enthusiasm for the Glee Club, his vain attempts to snow dates on the dance floor, plus his general moral force will go but will not be forgotten. Announcing that bachelorhood is "the only way to live," George has found it hard to explain the frequent trips to Smith. Influential in campus affairs, "Belly" has recently been unanimously elected permanent president and administrator of the Haverford Five Year Plan. As part of his onerous duties, he will head the procession of his "Boys" to the wake at Tenth after Comps.

Baseball 1; Customs Committee 3,4, Evaluation Committee 3; Economics Club 3, vice-president 4; Glee Club 1,2,3, Personnel Manager 4; ICG 3; Octet 4; SCM 1,2. Class Night 3; Economics Club 3,4.



DAVID A. BELSLEY

Putting the manic-depressive on this all-too-corporeal paper is a drag but I take it, go and the rigor will follow. There are particles and the physics moves me. But God created light and the Heisenberg combo comes on too fast. Momentum is lost, the vision is not there no more. The ambiguity is unsettling but motives burn luridly. I am not unpleased with form, *ergo* mathematics. Form is slow to come and there are things to do, many rounds to make. I move, I move, and the world must follow. I shall arrive. I know where but not how. Don't sweat it, man. However, there exists economics, there exists music, there exists philosophy, there exists literature, and many people talk. There exists, indeed, the universe, although the multiplicity of beliefs is amusing. I believe, I believe, help thou my unbelief. Well, I mean, if you don't want to, that's a ball. An irreverence, a primitive crudity is what I possess. But not without rectitude, of a sort. But it's nothing, it's a game, it's a bottle, the world is lost and the rising tide of amorality will not wash me up on the shore of belief. Same to you, buddy. Excunt omnes.





RICHARD W. BESDINE

Richard came to Haverford from the Bronx complete with stomping boots, garrison belt and levis . . . the whole scene. But undercutting this mode of presentation was our ineluctable realization that he was caught in an ironic conflict. His attempt to formulate the 20th-century aesthetic was, as we saw, conducted on two levels of responsive awareness. Their differences could never be reconciled. One exemplary epiphanic and poignant revelation came when we saw Richard, with dangling cigarette and with black pants girding his immortal loins, reading Shelley. Richard, a resourceful lad, soon grew aware of the impossibility of maintaining his tenuous suspension between the two worlds. So he lowered his temperature and hoped cool would be the way out. He was aided in his new adventure by the man in charge of Cathie, Cranny and cacaphony. To this he added his own Corvette. But he still had Miles to go before the conflict could cease. He brought to himself the art of Art and Ayn and the beatitudes of biology and booze. But even with the lowered temperature, forces still militated against him and made his position an ambiguous one. Ultimately, his world was not cool for his ven fought his Zen, emerged victorious, and he went to medical school.



JAMES T. BLANCHARD

Stooped, slumping on the edge of his bed, "Clutch" pulled one of the few remaining hairs from his beaded forehead . . . Kalvar 240. Monday, Lee walked from his room, carrying an ice pack and the Karate handbook, leaving Jim in his misery. He looked around the box-like enclosure, hoping to find solace in the bevy of feminine pulchritude cheese-caked upon the walls. A knock on the door. Two dozen happiness roses from the Tuesday-night visitor. His bedroom smile tilted the nonchalant cigarette upwards. The espresso boiler: another mysterious gift. Would he have to unload that extra share? "Is the pope catholic?" The ten to one shot came in. Natta's check came in. A phonecall from Del . . . Kalvar 950. "Let's go over to the Manor. Drinks on me." Burly Jim tip-toed to the men's room, careful not to awaken his partners in stumplifting. "Remember, Miss Penn State." After using his super blue-blade ("Wow, is that a good stock! I had that when . . .") he retired to his private steam bath. One more call before he hit the sack. "Say, Amer, what did it close at today?" . . . Kalvar 1280.

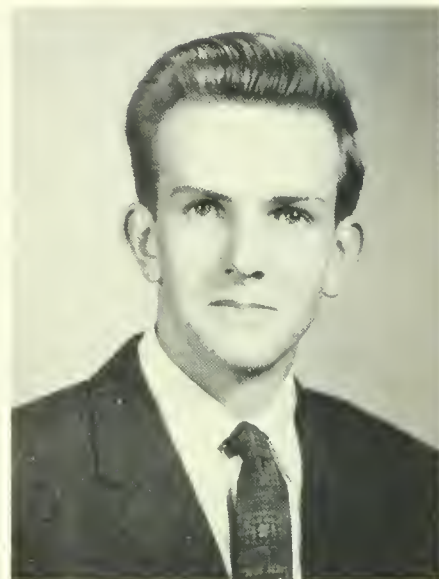
Class Night 3; Economics Club 3,4.



HUGH BONNER, JR.

"Hello there, how are you today" is this cheery fellow's invariable greeting; "See you then" is his invariable close. Nothing, absolutely nothing, has been known to shatter our blonde and Brooksonian friend's goodnatured mein. Historian, violinist, and genteel host to innumerable Bryn Mawr aesthetes, this energetic son of Westtown approaches *everything* with boundless enthusiasm (sometimes to the surprise of his female companions), including his Drakeian labors, Reeseian agonies, and daily sallies upon the soccer field. American history major that he is, Hugh has delighted in waxing pungently wroth over the idiocy of the Turner thesis, the worthlessness of the cultural contributions of one Oscar Handlin, and in a less esoteric vein, the tradition of bourgeois intellectualism in this country. His greatest orations, however, have dealt with the foibles of the Democratic party since 1800. Bonner's talent for obfuscation — demonstrated and improved in the course of his continuing defense of a Mainline Republican bias — promises to prove invaluable in the legal career he plans to pursue. Hugh's special talent, combined with his charm and savoir faire, will undoubtedly have a devastating effect upon those unfortunate enough to have to oppose him in the courtroom.

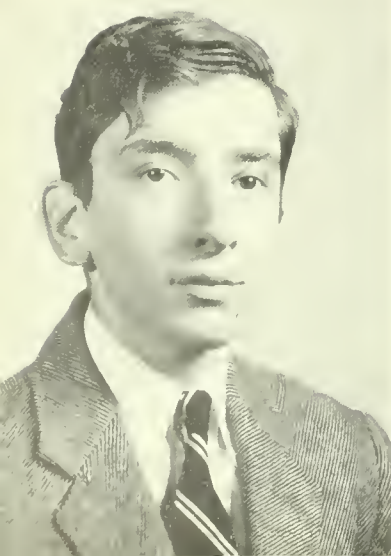
Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Orchestra 1,2,3,4; Madrigal Group; String Ensemble.



ROGER A. BOSHES

In the late summer of that year we lived in a real estate that looked across the traffic and the pike to the tavern. I didn't want to return to the campus because I been there before. Now, as a triumphal young man narrating my boyhood experiences, I see that all my Haverford success comes from a union of the religion of words and the heresy of science. If you read my life, you must stop where the religion is stolen from the union. For the rest is just cheating. But it was the best time I had. All-American living comes from that. There was little before. There has been nothing as good since. (Like most heretics, I will be warm). Of course, there was the hirsute Hebrew, the Kelly conundrums and the Rhodian eroticism. But when I mixed the magic oil of literature with the clear water of science, it was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom and it was the age of foolishness. It was im-miscible and impractical and wonderfully chaotic. So now I proceed north by northwest, hoping my Adam will find an Eve and I a Dodger.

Class Night 2; Collection Speakers Committee 4; Curriculum Committee 3,4; JV Football 1.



DAVID R. BOWEN

Oh Muse, leave — and adulterate not Bowen's tale!
 Little have thee for him for not is his soul for sale;
 Truly once was sought the essence of thine light;
 Though the darkness caused no fright.
 How can it be: one world, one peace?
 To find such a world amongst men is the folly of a fool.
 While to find two, or even three —
 And to find them related by R inconsistency —
 Is the nature of he who sees a goal:
 That of mankind is not of the whole.
 There are those who write in verse- abstractness;
 And who describe life as a quality of . . . blackness:
 Yet why be content to settle for one
 Version of a life scarcely begun.
 Why live with mankind when you can live with me?
 Against a rock or nature herself shall be
 Lined up those who seek to know. And objective
 Glances shall be the judge
 Only if they are in tune with love
 Or kindness- as he knows there must be-
 For he has found it . . . with all others but thee.

Debating Team 1; Glee Club 1.



MARC E. BRIOD

When Marc went out for baseball his freshman year, it was rumored he was the best player Haverford had seen in twenty years. Much to Roy Randall's chagrin, the rumor proved false. Haverford had chosen not only a shortstop for the class of '61, but also a sensitive philosopher who engaged in a tacit dialectic with every opposing pitcher. Marc's habit of reflecting at crucial moments resulted in a three-year hitting slump. The athletic scholar, the Haverford dream of the ideal man, had a touch of schizophrenia. Marc's psychic split has continually disconcerted his uncomprehending friends (especially female). He can talk enthusiastically about football, Kierkegaard, and Bartok, and all are equally important to him. If asked about future plans, Marc might reply: compose, philosophize, or coach baseball, depending on how he feels at the time. Does he have any real preference? No, one's as good as another. This characteristic attitude is certain to prevail. When Marc begins contemplating marriage in two years, his friends will be at his side smiling knowingly to one another as he dials first Rhoads (busy signal), then Pembroke (busy signal), and finally Merion (answer), and later exclaims: "Fellows, I'm engaged."

Customs Committee 3; Baseball 1,2,3, captain 4; Football 3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Octer 2,3,4; Philosophy Club 3, president 4; Student Council 4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4.





ROBERT J. F. BROBYN

"Brobes" in action is a refutation of all physical laws of motion. To see this rather rotund figure ambling around campus in his "tractor shoes" or "brothel creepers," one wouldn't believe that he had been hunting that morning or had been checked out the night before. His endurance is legendary. Before joining the political science department, "Brobes" decided to leave after his sophomore year for two semesters of Wanderlust 11-12. Upon his return, his football quarterbacking days were over, but his forward motion wasn't. They still talk of the day when the Old Pro came out of retirement and ran up an unbroken record of touchdown passes in intramurals. Much of perpetual motion has recently been directed toward Bryn Mawr, perfecting his infamous dancing style, or, more frequently, toward Tenth to have a few brews and tell a few lies. When not on the move, this mildly cynical commentator on the Haverford scene is always willing to talk power politics or gather "concepts" with the "Boys." Bob mutters about the possibility of law school in the future and the benefits of financial security, but readily admits that it will take him one helluva lot of motion before he reaches that stage.

Caucus Club 2,3,4; Customs Evaluation Committee 1,2; Football 1; ICG 1,2,3,4; Parents Day Committee 4; Student-Faculty Relations Committee, chairman 4.



PETER G. BROWN

"The transcendental is ineffable." From this comment we recognize that Pete the Philosopher is speaking. Ever since his freshman year, Pete has been interested in philosophy. While the premise that Peter is a true philosopher is as yet open to doubt, he nevertheless talks like one. He has applied Plato's concept of the Philosopher King by being elected to the Students' Council. Pete is known to have a talented thumb which has taken him as far afield as Alaska, California, and Vancouver. However, his love for western mountains is surpassed by his love for eastern women, and he has twice made the trip from the West Coast to the shores of the Atlantic in less than two and one-half days to see a woman; but each time they had dates! Not only is Pete well-known for his "cool" maneuvers, but also for being "wishy-washy." He has also suffered through four years of "Hey waiter! hot coffee!" Next year, Pete intends to study philosophy and English at graduate school, hoping to develop ideas to go along with his manner of speaking.

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Philosophy Club 3,4; Students' Council 4; WHRC 1,2.





CURTIS G. CALLAN JR.

Curt is grateful to the College for giving him a well-rounded and complete education. Not only was he introduced to the wonders of the academic world by able professors, but in off-hours he was taught all about the incessant battle for survival going on in the world outside the ivory tower. Indeed, during his residence in Barclay, he found himself so inept at dodging freely falling buckets of water and wads of toilet paper that to avoid permanent psychic and physical damage he made a retreat to Sharpless. Thus he happened upon an open physics book, became entranced, and moved in, lock, stock and barrel. The peace and quiet of Sharpless (broken only by an occasional ear-splitting female screech which has been prompted by good news from the West Coast) convinced him that the "real" world was not the place for him to make his stand. He soon found that uncertain elections, shrinking meter sticks and the like could be coped with and that the foibles of his contemporaries could not. So his apprenticeship as a mathematical physicist will soon be over and we will hear him discuss learnedly Feynman diagrams of all kinds.

Phi Beta Kappa 3.



RICHARD L. CAPLAN

"Hinder not musick, pour not out words where there is a musician." Ecclesiasticus XXXII, 4.



Class Night 4: Orchestra 3, assistant conductor 4.



WILLIAM M. CHACE

Variations on a theme by Allen Ginsberg: Grilled cheese! Dreitz hom! Poet is dynamo. Intensity like a bald eagle roosts in sublime Georgia-buggies. I have seen untapped Sculls flooding reason. Clearly sinning, Prometheus ascended the cone and found himself but a stone's throw from eternal summer. I am the pourer of concrete foundations; I erect monuments to the idiocy of Big Business. But I must now reckon the soul of the academy. The cognitive powers have broken through to the precipice of negative capability and the library has built an alchemical machine which will rear up primal life out of secondary sources. And not nobody publishes a word which is not the cowardly robot ravings of a depraved mentality. Now Detroit has built a million automobiles out of rubber tires and phantoms but out of North Carolina comes the Road King and I drive, I drive, and Joyce and Auden, Faulkner and lb. drive with me. We celebrate ourselves, making sound and fury on the floorboards, unthrottling our passions. But I will die only for poetry, that will save the world. History will make this poem prophetic and its silliness an awful prophetic message.

Collection Speakers Committee 2; Football 3; News 1,3; *Record* feature editor 3, co-editor 4; Student Faculty Relations Committee 4.



DAVID J. CHALLIS

As sole representative of our class in the Spanish department, Dave has pursued the interests of his major avidly since early in his college career when he forsook the remote confines of French House for the even more remote towers of Spanish House. Consistent in his desire to live off campus, he spent his junior year at the University of Madrid. Returning from the Old Country this year, Dave, the mild-mannered benevolent *emperador* of Spanish House, has been instrumental in fostering a genuine enthusiasm and participation in the language among the heterogeneous inhabitants of that villa. His knowledge of the history and traditions of the land of the *Conquistadores* complements his lingual ability, while a "Letter to the Editor," smuggled past the Madrid censors early in 1960, revealed a perceptive understanding of contemporary Spanish problems. As for the future — like most Haverfordians, Dave's plans have not yet been definitely formulated. A spurious report from a fairly unreliable source states that this Sewicklev social worker intends to utilize the accumulated wisdom and ideas from his Haverford life in a government-sponsored trip back to Spain in an effort to convince Franco to institute a series of liberal social reforms.

Bridge Club 1,2; Class Night 1; Dormitory Committee 4; Glee Club 1; International Club 1,2,4; Spanish Club president 4.



WILLIAM A. CRAIG

Bill has been pre-med since freshman year. To avoid med student's occupational disease, long lab, he majored in math, allowing him more free time. Bill's interest in medicine has been maintained by extra-curricular research with local nurses. Next year Bill hopes to continue his explorations as a student at Tufts. This interest in the physical is carried through in the realm of sports. In fact, he is a quasi-jock. He has participated in all three intramural seasons each year and exhibits his weightlifting abilities in the dining room. Ever since his sophomore year, Wild Bill has been known as a human TV Guide. In the dining room, across the quad, and even in classes one hears that familiar cry, "Hey, Bill what's on the tube tonight?" On weekends one can enter 204 and be assured of finding Bill hypnotized before the set whether it's on or off. As a surgeon he will continue his tube watching before an X-ray machine.

Caucus Club 2,3; Dining Room Committee 3, chairman 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; ICG 2; WHRC 2,3.



ANTHONY J. CUCINOTTA

Every morning around eight o'clock, you'll find one of the most pleasant people around the Haverford campus coming from the Lloyd parking lot. Chances are he's heading for the chemistry building or one of the mathematics classrooms for these two subjects are Tony's forte. But he has by no means limited himself to the realm of science: Tony is one of the few two-year veterans of History of Art imbued with a fine appreciation of things humanistic. A sportsman of sorts, "Cooch" is noted for his aggressive brand of play in the intramural football circuit. He has devoted his summers to his major interest, chemistry, working for the past two years here at Haverford as a research assistant for Williams & Co. Tony intends to study medicine at Temple Medical School and if he does as well there as he has at Haverford, he will be at the top of his class scholastically and one of the best liked students among the future men in white.

Chemistry Club 3,4; Junior Varsity Baseball 1.





DOUGLAS A. DECKER JR.

"Why do you study all the time, Doug?" "I'm not studying, I'm just reading a little history." Douglas has been the chief proponent of peace and quiet in Scull House for three years, except for an occasional lapse around 10 every evening. His room tends to be the scene of a long and bloody bull session, becoming the not too silent battleground on which the whole course of history is retraced. At times he seems content to wallow in a warm rut of jigsaw puzzles and Christmas knitted socks, but on the field when he's playing intramural football or on the road to Bryn Mawr astride his hair-raising bicycle (ostensibly in search of an archaeology text), Doug is a guy with direction and purpose. Often Douglas trains himself for future fatherhood by hiring himself out as a baby sitter, and for future motherhood by developing a most suggestive beer belly. We hope the Obs & Gyn department at Penn will give him some more practical training.

Dormitory Committee; JV Football.

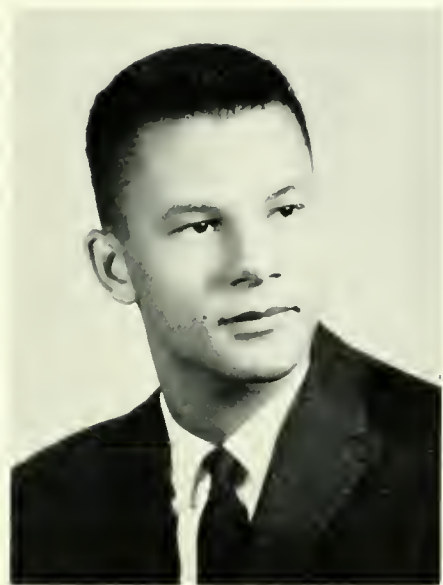


THOMAS M. DEL BELLO

"Get the chips . . . Here comes Haverford's coolest representative from the outside world." Arriving at college immediately following the Ocean City summer session, D.B. stands out as one of the memorable members of the Leeds Racket Society. Between basketball, baseball and dating Sue, he managed to immerse himself in sociology long enough to grasp a few latent concepts. An ardent student of small groups, Tommy parlayed his research into a pot of gold. After amassing a fortune in his junior year, Lucky Tom, as he is widely known, invaded the stock market where he is currently riding a string of seven consecutive winners. Presently eyeing real estate speculations from the Jersey shore to Bikini, Tom figures to have his fingers in many financial pies after Haverford. Smitty's class is out early and from 103 a voice can be heard, "Where's Newk? Get Andy down here. I've got a date with Sue tonight so let's get this show on the road."

Baseball 1,2,3,4; Basketball 2,3, co-captain 4; ICG 2; Varsity Club 2,3,4; WHRC 3.





WALTER J. DENT

Everyone knows who Walt is, but few see much of him and fewer still hear him speak. Those who are prey to his whims, however, may have cause to wonder if his reticence is not calculated in part to add to the effect of his quiet, sardonic sense of humor. The interruption of a sober mood by a pithy comment and a knowing smile often takes people by surprise. Pipe in mouth, Walt frequently reflects on the years at Haverford: originally an economics major (since disavowed), he had time for basketball and soccer. But with the shift to music, his energy was absorbed by listening to records and playing the violin. Much of his time was spent in his room in Barclay, huddled over the scores and music books. Occasionally he would break the routine by commenting to himself on the music and science departments. At other times, he would sneak out to pay a surreptitious call at Bryn Mawr (especially senior year). Walt has enjoyed the successes of several College performances of his compositions and he prides himself on being able to avoid the College orchestra for four years. The hesitant approach to music will prove crucial in his future financial status — he's not yet sure whether he wants to starve.

J.V. Basketball 1,2; Orchestra.



MICHAEL R. DOHAN



Mike possessed a high consumption function (particularly for cognac and the finer white wines) and a high demand for study (sic) dates counterbalanced only by the inelastic supply at Bryn Mawr. He tried living at home for a semester, moved to French House, Yarnall, and finally found paradise in the Leeds singles. Here he was custodian and chief bottle washer of a renowned wine cellar and operated a refuge for strayed Bryn Mawr waifs with whom he conversed in Russian, German, French, and occasionally English. Lonesome for a room-mate and finding Bryn Mawrtys uncooperative, he imported his dachshund to keep him company. But even female dogs were not appreciated after 2 a.m., so man and his best friend parted ways. Much to our hero's chagrin, other exogenous factors were introduced into the system which removed the edge from his idyllic setup. Armed with two pipes and only one girl, he could be seen poring over a Bell assignment (three weeks overdue) and catching up on the latest comparative cost figures which must be at his fingertips before our budding economist can succeed to his place at the head of the President's Council of Economic Advisers.

Economics Club 2,3,4; German Club 2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2; International Club 3,4.

WILLIAM H. EDGAR

The telephone rings: "Yes, I've got a lot of work to do, but what do you have in mind? . . . OK, I'll be over in a minute." Bill has just been talked into another diversion. But all has not been lost. He has marked his place in the book — eight pages farther than yesterday. This affable fellow is a real sports enthusiast — from drag-racing in his rag-topped, baby-blue buggy to membership in the local "Beat 'Em Bucs!" club. Not all of Bill's life is completely unrelated to scholastic activity. Occasionally he plays the role of a poli sci major. He has designed, for example, a study of local government which has included an interview with Miss Pennsylvania and various trips to the Bryn Mawr library. Bill has also served as an ambassador to Oberlin for his first three years of college. To acquaint himself with the enigmas of bureaucratic life, he has served on committees such as the Second Entry Leeds Party and Television Committee. And he has represented the land of Scull-diggery in countless situations. He recently formed the Committee for Getting Edgar through Comps!

Career Conference Committee 4; Caucus Club 2,3,4; Class secretary 4; Dormitory Committee 3, chairman 4; Rules Committee 4; *Record* advertising 1,3,4; Tri-College Dance Committee 3,4; Wrestling 1,2.



JOSEPH H. ELKINS JR.

"That's insane, absolutely insane!" What is? Almost anything pertaining to the other political party, to petitions or to Mr. Goldberg's project course, all of which encountered Joe's violent opposition. The Thunderbird you may have seen slinking onto or away from campus was the get-away car. Get away where? Anywhere, but more specifically, to search for leisure moments usually to be found among the complex wires and switches which have made him the omnipotent divinity of the Lionel Railroad and Plasticville, U.S.A. The Thunderbird allowed Joe to slip away quietly without admitting to the Drama Club that it was through the medium of the dance that he attained fame as a child star during the last decade, or that he has directed and acted in a large number of plays. His own class of '61, however, discovered his artistic talents and chained him to the elaborate decorations for several class dances. Add to these attributes his checkered career as chauffeur, carpenter, painter, cabinet maker, cook and bottle washer, and peacemaker (or is it piccemaker?): you now have a distorted picture of J. H. Elkins Jr.

Class Dance Committee 2,3; Glee Club, secretary 1; Parking Committee 2,3, chairman 4; Spanish Club 4; Tennis Manager 3; Varsity Club 3,4.



ELLIOT W. FENANDER

Who knows what screwball ideas lurk behind the facade of the shy smile and the tousled forelock? No one can ever be completely certain what is going on in El's mind as he wanders dutifully from class to class. One thing is certain: a fiendishly-compounded sense of humor bubbles ominously, only to erupt at odd and seemingly random moments. Witness, for example, the frequent Lawrence Welk impersonations; the crusade for the creation of an annual Ivy League hoola hoop contest; or the memorable decision to Madison Avenueize the Drum and Kazoo Corps. In his senior year El finally decided to take advantage of the opportunities afforded by Leeds, and established himself in Playboy-like elegance at the head of the casual second floor single rooms. From this temporary headquarters, he sauntered forth occasionally to play junior varsity soccer; once to reaffirm himself as an English major to Mr. Sargent; and countless times to travel to Swarthmore in search of Margie, a young lady who stands as clear evidence of the benefits which can accrue from a young man's employment at summer camp.

BBS SFG 3,4; Class Night 3,4; Glee Club 1,2; Soccer 1,2, manager 3; Varsity Club 3,4; WHRC 1,2; Young Friends 3,4.

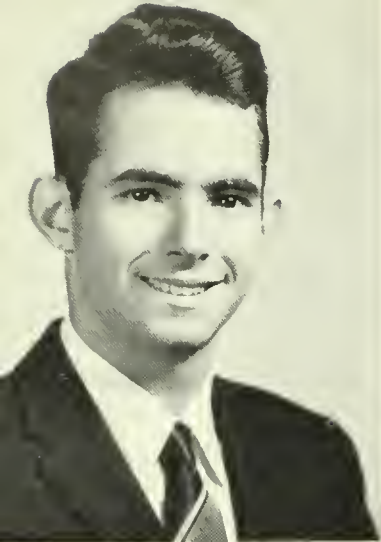


GEORGE L. FERNSLER JR.

George has spent his career at Haverford in the tradition of those inconspicuous science majors who delight in subject matter that is, to most of us, unthinkable: physics. Like most of his classmates, George spent his first year in Barclay; those who looked for him could usually find him in his room (except for those times spent at pacifist demonstrations). Sophomore year found George still in Barclay, but relocated in a new and more boisterous section. After this introduction to rowdy parties, George decided to leave the hallways of Barclay and to secure himself a single in Founders. One doubts, however, that there was much improvement in the surrounding noise level, because the chosen room was on the third floor of Founders. George has always had a tendency to keep odd hours, but the achievement of single status brought this tendency to fruition. He maintained this reputation during his sojourn in Leeds senior year, and those who trudged back to the singles in the wee hours of the morning could use his lighted window as a beacon. Not infrequently, however, as they walked past, they could notice that George was cheating; he would often be asleep at his desk!

AFSC College Committee 3,4; International Relations Club 1,2,4; Peace Action Fellowship 1,2,3; WHRC 1; Young Friends 1,2,3,4.





PETER D. FOX

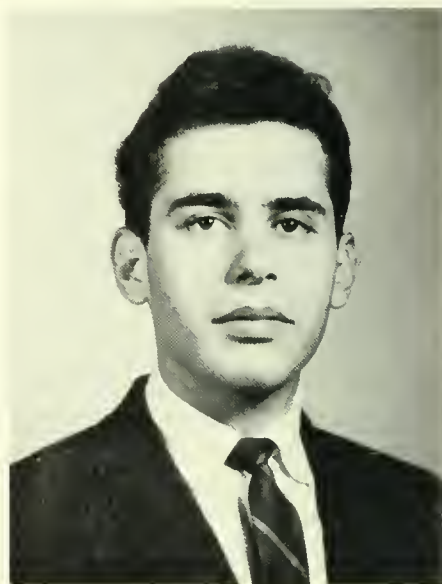
A member of the family, *Foxus*, (order, *minima*), *Petrus* is a migratory species of fast pace and strong appetite. Species *Petrus*, known as *Pete* to the local natives, is difficult to locate but, once within range, is easily identified by his brisk gait and determined look. A closer view may reveal a mischievous gleam in Pete's eye, indicating that this creature is playful as well as tame. It is known, for example that he is not averse to such pranks as leading a funeral procession astray with a borrowed hearse. *Foxus Petrus* has proved quite versatile in adapting to the Haverford environment. Rarely observed in his own *nest*, especially during his senior year, *Petrus* is lured by aged liquids from the Rhine valley. In quest of this nourishment, he will make repeated hops to the Leeds singles. Although known to have 8 a.m. classes, Pete will often decide quite suddenly that a study date is necessary. An interesting patter (LA 5- . . . , "Say, Gary, about your car . . .") develops as our busy friend instinctively works out the quickest BMC-line to still another *locus operandi* and thence to his own abode. Summers will find *Petrus* winging his way anywhere from Allahabad to Zurich, and indication that he will go far wherever MIT might steer him.

Bridge Club 1,2,3; Class treasurer 1; Economics Club 2,4, treasurer 3; Fencing 1,2; News 2,3, associate editor 4.



FRANK F. FURSTENBERG JR.

A bubble labeled "PRETENSION" floated quietly into Tammy's room. He raised his well-trained voice and tried to shatter the bubble, but to no avail. He hurled volumes of Weber and Mills, but they bounced ineffectually off the surface and clattered to the floor. The bubble continued to float around the room but Tammy, resigned, made a call to Bryn Mawr, filled out several graduate school applications and scrutinized the *Times*. The bubble followed him to his criminology course at Penn, to dinner at his sister's house and also to BMC. After his return, it settled to the floor and rolled about as Tammy listened to the seven-o'clock news and then it bounded gaily after him and his date as they went to baby-sit. When Tammy returned to his room, he noticed the bubble was still hovering nigh. It seemed to have something to say, some criticism to offer. Suddenly, Tammy noticed his reflection on its surface, scratched his hair and broke into a grin. The sphere burst and Tammy and date agreed it was "an interesting sociological and psychological phenomenon."





MELVIN L. GARY

After forsaking the chem department after his sophomore year for somewhat questionable reasons (perhaps a passion for indolence?), Mel spent a year in the labs of Jonas Salk perfecting the technique of primate extermination (his room abounds in monkey skulls). Although he returned as a psychology major, Mel retained the tough minded scientific temper. Always suspicious of Dave Rosenhan's "tender minded" pontifications on the nature of the human psyche, Mel would ask to see controlled, empirical studies. An unashamed advocate of *Brave New World*, Mel often found himself at logger heads with his doctrinaire humanist friends. One must commend him, however, for his patience and perseverance in facing his mentors. Resisting an intractable Marxist-Leninist comrade of Herculean intelligence in his sophomore and junior years was no mean task. Mel is known by many for his assuming manner behind the library reserve desk. On the other side of the coin, however, is his pastime of giving much-overworked Haverford students impossible nonsense-syllable tasks. Is it possible that behind this unpretentious exterior lies the personality of a future Mephistophelian psychologist? Our conclusion: a psychology major and, by coincidence, a human being.

Cross Country manager 2,3; ICG 1; Psychology Club 4; Track: asst. manager 1,2, manager 3; Varsity Club 2,3,4; WHRC 1,3.



RICHARD P. GILLMOR

This is your life, Rick Gillmor! Wake up and face it! One might think that after having battled Red Somers' legions of political science teachers, after having survived eight different roommates, and after having dribbled into the basketball captaincy, that you would finally realize Marple-Newtown and your high-school sweethearts are things of the past. But no, you would rather talk for hours on the telephone to Ginny or Nancy and reminisce about the Senior Prom, not worrying about Haverford's preoccupation with ultimates. As the popular "two-brew" leader of the Tenth Entry Fraternity, your keynote address on the "Virtues of Being in Love with Love" was received with skepticism. Well, they are the breaks of life, Rick. However, you managed to retreat happily to another haven in the combination of classical music and studies. Now, we know that you are most often found reading poli sci from a book bound by "Sports Illustrated," while standing in the shower singing one of the "Top Ten" — "I'm Just a Lonely Teenager." Life will always be a victim of your happy-go-lucky attitude and contagious smile, and though you refuse to recognize her, she is forced to please you.



Basketball 1,2,3, co-captain 4; Baseball 1,2,3,4.

OSCAR B. GOODMAN

"Oekie" not only has the distinction of being Haverford's only undefeated heavyweight wrestler (all forfeits), but also of being the only athlete solicited by a coach who never intended to let him walk on the playing field. If Mr. Randall could not recognize raw football talent, he was at least aware of what makes "The Big O" big. Football players who found him a spark plug on the bench and literati who found his aesthetic views "invigorating," saw what Randall saw and flocked to his twenty-four hour campaigning in the Coop to elect him Students' Council Treasurer. Perhaps the forgotten lines of a rather Semitic class-nite Caselli, or the hopeless stammerings of an actor, promoterless, in a bathtub, or the almost childish giggle which accompanied the laughter of the student body as he "respectfully submitted" his (hours of work preparing) treasurer's report, led many to think that he did not possess the dignity demanded of the president of the student body. His paintings show promise; Gellens thinks his short stories show promise; Reid thinks he's a promising sociologist; Desjardins: a promising rabbi. Even the campaign (and who can forget the campaign?) looked promising. We think there will be no broken promises.

IV Baseball 1,2; News 1,2,3; Student Affairs Committee 3; Student Council treasurer 3; Varsity Club 3,4; Wrestling 1,2, manager 3,4.



JOHN W. GOULD

The curtain falls on our 1960 Class Night show. Amid applause, John is called back to receive the "Best Actor Award" for his impersonation of "beloved Dean Lockwood." The versatile Gouldy refuses to be upstaged in any part of life: academically, he ranks in the top five; athletically, he's got the sharpest elbows in the intramural football league — "nice guys don't win ball games"; socially, he combines Beta Nu presidential duties and house-motherly chores for errant roommates. Though he always had a yearn for polevaulting, John confined himself closer to earth and broad-jumped to fame on the track squad. Known for superior and curious dialogues, he can rightly boast of "many good talks" on coffee dates at the Comet, when the Grand Inquisitor of 93 sets out to find another Truth — "sex rules the world." Delicate diplomacy is not always John's. His frank concern for quick, efficient results is shown in the inevitable line: "Your best is none too good." Moreover, devotion to the College coupled with ability mark him as a rare student. Well-qualified, the American historian steps off the collegiate stage to assume the role of world traveler, destined to explore all of life's subtle nuances, after which we can expect him to "return to the cave" as Haverford's first philosopher-king.

Class Night Best Actor 3; ICG 1,3; News 2; Record associate editor 3, co-editor-in-chief 4; Track 1,2,3; Varsity Club 2,3,4; Corporation Scholar 3.



MARTIN G. GRIFFITH

Marty probably set some sort of record among chemistry majors by taking more courses in the department than anyone since Bill Cadbury. In spite of this dubious distinction, Martin Trouble Griffith was able to escape from the lab and be safely ensconced in his Founders Hall refuge by 5:00 each afternoon, and by 6:00 to be able to face the rigors of the dining hall. In his daily struggle for self-preservation, this self-styled epicurean soon discovered that the number two feature of the College is its proximity to Penn Fruit. A sportsman extraordinaire, he maintained an active membership in the Delaware County Field and Stream Association. His sharp eye and steady hand were also put to good use at the local bowling academy, an establishment which he thoughtfully considered would have been better located in the Field House than on City Line Avenue. One is certain that this versatile chemist will distinguish himself in post graduate school days by the creation of newer and more exciting compounds.

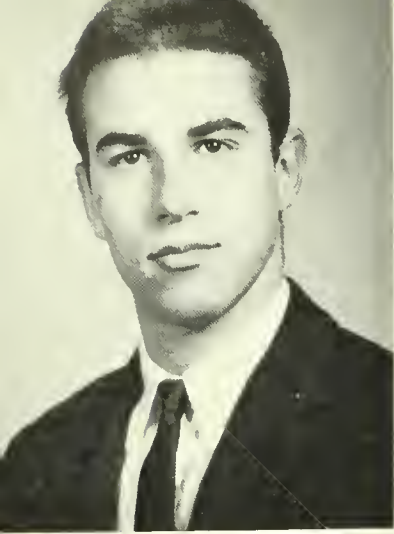
Chemistry Club 1,2,3, secretary-treasurer 4; French Club 1; Glee Club 1.



WILLIAM R. GROSE II

Coming out of the West Virginia hills, Bill was rather retiring and moderately Southern. From his somewhat inhibited life in the classroom (he doesn't sleep through *all* his classes), not many know of the store of philosophy which periodically bubbles forth from him. At other times, his paternal advice gives solace to juniors and peers on a variety of subjects. His inner light may be only an incandescent bulb, but it is fed by a seemingly ceaseless spring of wisdom. This, coupled with a sense of humor, enabled him to maintain a relative outward calm amid four years of inner struggle with his ideas of the complete man. After doing well with Louis and Loewy, he decided that the science departments were too undemanding and so became an English major, which was more intellectually and less physically demanding. In spite of overlong lit classes and Honors work, he found time to defend the country, keep the News solvent, and become engaged. His real ambition, though, is to help put some struggling corporation on its feet or, perhaps, to make *Time* his life.

News 2,3, advertising manager 4.



ROGER L. GROVES

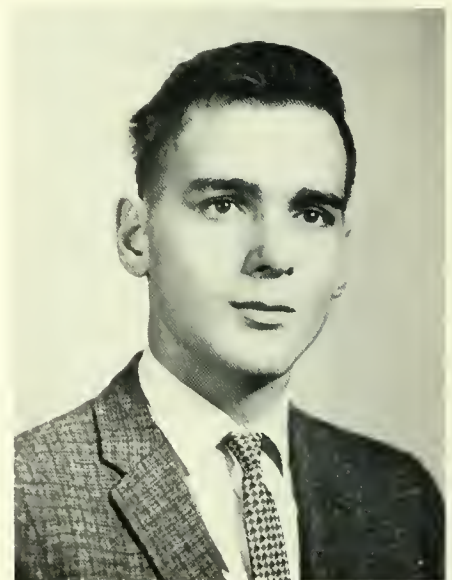
Rog retired at four and set the alarm for eight o'clock. He awoke at noon to find the clock lying at a rakish angle, halfway under the bed, amid a jumble of shoes, electric cords, over-due library books, sweat shirts and chewed toothpicks. After rising, he grimaced at the mirror which reflected a three-day's growth of beard and a three-month-old crew-cut. The remainder of Rog's day was spent collecting yiddish stories, eating corned-beef sandwiches at the Chuckwagon and daydreaming about his years at Haverford. He recalled the time in organic lab when he simultaneously discarded his product and elbowed his apparatus onto the floor. He remembered his impromptu early-morning rides to the shore and the fact he had never read a newspaper. Finally, he rehashed his desire to combine the medical profession with the not-too-closely allied field of delicatessen proprietorship. Musing about the future, Rog decided to bequeath his loud voice, his yiddish stories and his suitcases of fat to Founder's Hall.

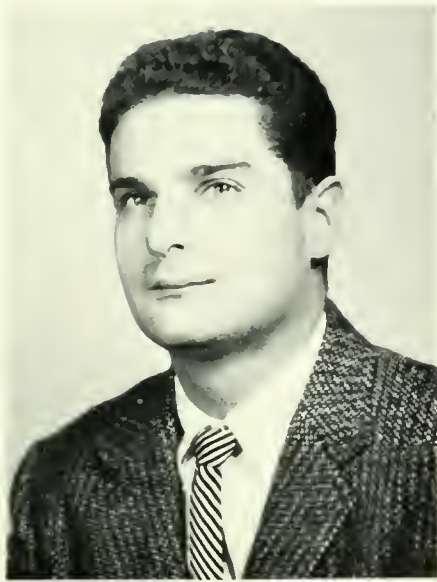


DAVID P. HANSON

Bebo: He hails from Puerto Rico, the land where the rum cums frum. Having sampled the delights of Spanish House, Barclay, and Lloyd, we in Leeds regard him as our most cosmopolitan resident. "Leeds may be nice, but it's nothing like home." Home, it might be explained, is where Tessie lives. "\$20!! But I only talked to her for five minutes." All of which illustrates one of the hazards of tropical love. Bebo's distinguished Haverford career is divided between the poli sci and Spanish departments, much to Senor Asensio's disgust: "Senor Hanson, you are butchering our language." Bebo has other interests which keep him busy: astronomy, fast little cars, (shh), and "four for bridge anyone?" But as they say, people are Puerto Rico's most famous export; besides we usually need that fourth for bridge.

Caucus Club 3; Cross Country 1; Fencing 1,2,4; Rocket Society 1; Spanish Club 4.





JOHN P. HANSON

Class of '61? After defending the country's coastline and sampling Drexel's engineering, John returned to Haverford's sterling engineering department and has now well earned the honor of being one of Haverford's most prominent "Monadnocks". John's early years at Haverford are shrouded in obscurity. He lived in center Barclay, and for some reason he now invokes the Fifth Amendment whenever questioned about his activities there. His first love is little cars which make loud noises, only slightly more attractive to John than little girls who make soft noises. To Mr. Holmes' dismay, John has a strange compulsion to put Haverford into orbit: "You think a pickle barrel reactor is big stuff? Wait'll Rauch (another Monadnock) and I get finished with our little project for Holmsey. We're going to bridge the missile gap singlehanded!" His rocket will probably be powdered by a three stage Ferrari V12, and it may not reach escape velocity; however, after eight years it seems likely that John will.

1. Gilbert White, *Collection Address*, Spring, 1960.

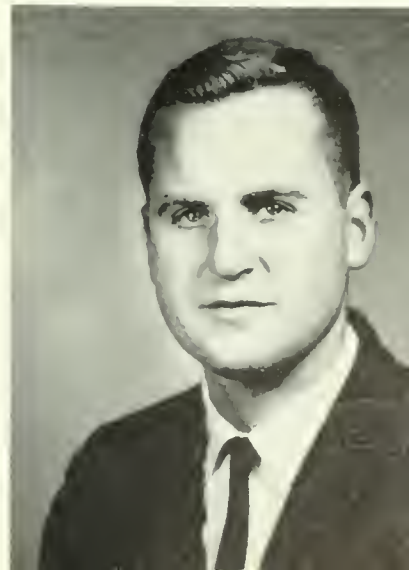


Class Night 1,2; Drama Club 1,2; Sailing 2,3,4; WHRC 1,2.

ROBERT B. HARVEY

Since coming to Haverford, "Harv" has divided his time between cars, the engineering lab, and leisurely philosophizing with an occasional assault on the books. "Bubby" spent his first semester enjoying the comforts of home but decided to change to an in-residence status and to absorb some passive resistance concepts from his roommate, Kendrick Putnam. Remaining on campus for two years, he enjoyed erratic, if not erotic, living with Hurf, Tom, and Harry and took a one semester vacation to catch up on the outside world and give his sanity a break. In his junior year, Harv decided to retire to the quiet halls of the Leeds singles. Failing to find solitude, however, he went home again to seek inner peace. For his last illustrious year at Haverford, Bobby moved back to Lloyd, leaving the sanctity of home and risking the sanity of his mind again to room with Steve Reeves and the Dong. This unsettling experience should prepare him well for the rest cure he will take upon graduation. Bobby's plans for the future include a stable full of fuel injected Corvettes, a quiet haven safe from female intrusion, and a soft bed where he can sleep twelve hours a day.

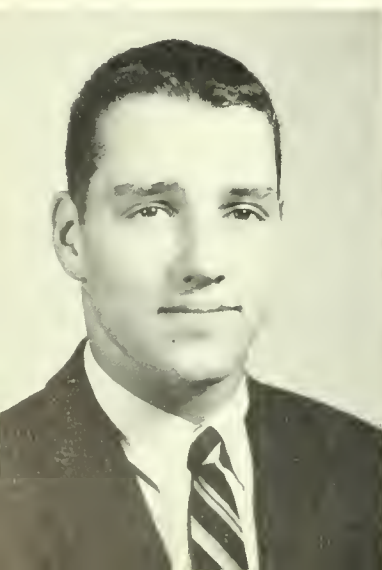
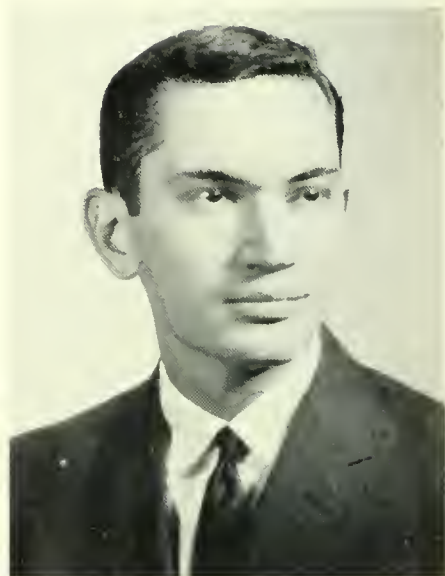
Parking Committee 1,2,3,4.



EDWARD L. HATCH

The rain was still dripping from the trees; mud-puddles and worms stretched endlessly toward the horizon. A solitary figure stooped patiently beside the edge of the side-walk, stick in hand, slowly and carefully removing worms back into their natural habitat. In one way — funny; in another — serious. Ed's ready ability to catch the humor of life and in himself is well used. His friendly smile and words of encouragement are on frequent display both at Bryn Mawr and Haverford. Behind his pacifistic intentions still lurks an inkling of an urchin notoriously belligerent in a Jackson, Michigan, grade school. "Match" never did find out who had converted the living-room couch into a fully equipped bed with all the trimmings — blue lights, glowing embers in the fire place, *et. al.* — for the benefit of his date. Clearly it wasn't Ed; for he was studiously pondering over his fourth draft of another English paper, a faint grin spreading from ear to ear and halfway back again. Basically, however, Ed is serious-minded. Principles and ideals play an active role in guiding his life. All things living are sacred to him, from people to worms. This is a unique quality in a world which so easily forgets even about people.

J.V. Football 3.



J. DANIEL HEILMAN

Look sharp, dear kiddies, for here you shall sear
The lurid Saga of Dangerous Dan.
A Doctor he's now, a physician we see,
But here's our Dan as he used to be:
He wore an odd hat and smoked foul cigars,
He tortured white rats and beat on guitars.
A Titan he was, and an ogre of sorts
(When it came to the playing of contact sports).
He could swing like an ape, and chirp like a bird
Or come out with a roar that should never be heard.
But for animal failings Dan couldn't be blamed:
As a student of Heath's he was psychically maimed!
And remind him, dear kiddies, when next he goes by,
Of his old love for "Richard" and his "Beat 'em Bucs" cry,
Though a doctor he's now, staid, sober, and white
We saw your "Big Danny" in a quite different light.
Oh kiddies, dear kiddies, when next he goes by,
Please let him hear this taunting cry:
Ha barefoot boy, with cheeks of tan,
How art thou now, our Doctor Dan?
Still shocking those rats with fiendish glee?
Or are your patients shocked now by your great fat fee?

Basketball 2; Football 3, captain 4; Glee Club 3,4; Psychology Club 4; Varsity Club 3,4.

THOMAS A. HENDERSON

In the course of a Haverford career, Tom backed into more successful situations than ever seemed possible, and in thus winning public confidence, managed to violate every rule considered necessary for such an accomplishment. He never had played organized football, yet Roy Randall, noting his size, unearthed the largest shoes available, and strapped him into uniform. Roy's confidence was rewarded a year later when he had a starting right end for his team. Then there was the Sunday afternoon freshman year when Lehfeldt persuaded Tom to come along for dinner at the home of a girl Marty planned to date. Lehfeldt chose that afternoon to come down with the flu, and Tom handled the situation so well that a year later the newly-introduced couple was engaged. Nor did Tom have political ambitions. But his classmates persuaded him to run for the Students' Council. Almost four years later, a campaign-hardened veteran called the Students' Association meeting to order, and the era of "Boss Henderson" rule began. And so it seems to go . . . years from now Tom will be called upon as a last-minute substitute speaker for a man being groomed for public office and will wind up as President of the United States.

Basketball 1,2; Football 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1; Students' Council 2,3, president 4; Varsity Club 2,3,4.



HENRY T. HETZEL

"Anyone seen 'The Hetz'? Soccer? I doubt it — it's only 4:00 — he won't be out for twenty minutes, anyhow. Bryn Mawr? Not a chance . . . at least not for a date — so far as he's concerned, all girls are good for is beating in hockey, (well, maybe one or two dates a semester, but only in a moment of weakness, and no one ever hears about it). Where's Hetz? — sure. He's at 768 — United Hetzel Industries, Inc. He's working on his project — the one Benham is sure will never work." . . . After out-sprinting everyone on the soccer team, (you can see why he's the fastest 100 runner on the track team), he's back at that desk complaining about that English 21 assignment. "You using that Chaucer pony?" "Well, let me have it when you're done!" Then there are those phone calls — "Dad? . . . Can I have the Volks? What? She *can't* be taking it to West-town" — in the ensuing discussion, Hen invariably comes out on top. With that he hangs up, quietly puts on his coat and slips out the door. Destination? Who knows — he's got his own plans.

Dormitory Committee 1; Soccer 1,2,3,4; Track 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; Young Friends (birthright).





ERIK P. HOFFMANN

Erik is fazed by nothing; or so he would have us believe. Exams, papers, BMC — almost everything evokes the same calm front, broken only by the inevitable whistling and rarely appreciated singing. But Erik is not without his quirks: try spelling his name incorrectly or not acknowledging that phrases such as “self-determination” or “peaceful coexistence” can mean anything people read into them. (“You’re just too relative,” was the common complaint of fellow SCUSA conferees). Erik’s academic interests are becoming more and more channelled towards political science. (“The Big ‘B’” turns out to be an East European specialist by the name of Brzezinski, and not a rock ‘n’ roll singer). Musical interests have been more satiated by four years in the Glee Club. Athletic interests have run more towards coaching (by necessity?) football and baseball at Haverford School, but technically he could claim to have had the highest E.R.A. of any Haverford pitcher on last year’s baseball team. Lastly, his interest in women: these have ranged from BMC’s president Miss McBride (by means of a highly unconventional Class Night portrayal) to constant mutterings about “combining Main Line looks with Haverford attitudes” (by definition his own attitudes). Lots of Luck.

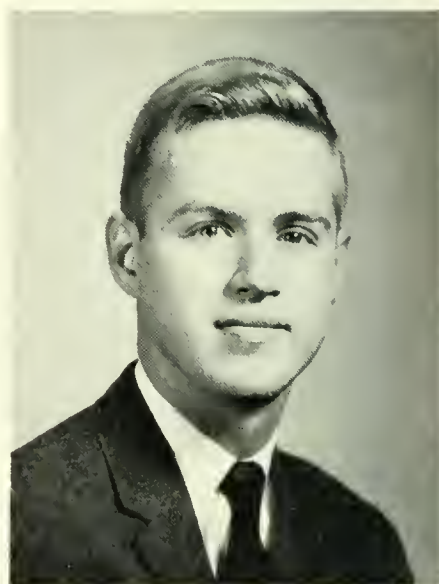
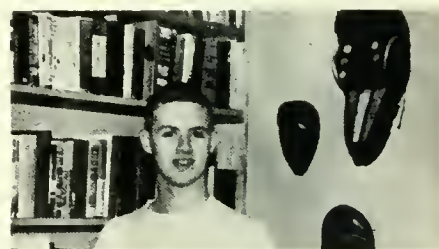
Baseball 1,3,4; BBS-SFG 2; Class Night 1,2; Football 1; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Freshman personnel manager 2; International Club 1,2; SCM 1; Student-Faculty Relations Committee 3.



SVEND E. HOLSOE

Boom, boom, boom, . . . sounds of the jungle fill the still air. Tribal calls echo from hut to hut: vee, vee, vee, . . . mumm, mumm, mumm. Paramount chief waves his arms, all chant in rhythm. Noticeable member of the tribe is Chanter Number 1 who, although subordinate to paramount chief, is important figure on his own. Wields power through complex tribal structure, except on feast days when ceremonies require personal supervision of complex dance patterns. Chanter Number 1 is active in extra-tribal activities as consultant to local Missionary Doctor on plants and herbs, having formerly nourished rare specimens in his hut. Wishing to be cooperative with Western World, he has daily interviews with visiting sociologist from small place in far-away land. Chanter Number 1 engages in illicit smuggling activities for sociologist so that far-away land can enjoy tribal culture. Being very busy, ancient tribal game involving four persons is left to other members of local sub-group. After passing initiation rites, Chanter Number 1 will learn more about tribal territory by listening to Great Doctors from whom all knowledge flows.

AISEC secretary 3; Class Night 1,2,3; Glee Club 1,2, business manager 3, president 4; *Record* circulation manager 3.





WILLIAM A. HOUSTON

In the days following the Hungarian and Polish uprisings and the conflict between the Israelis and the Egyptians, there came from the West to dwell among the hardy inhabitants of the vicinity around Athensville, an apostle of the winds — William the Peaceful. It was the beginning of an intense period of re-evaluation and investigation of ultimate Truth. William the Peaceful pursued his study of the drama of life, immediately recognizing the immense task of reform with which he was confronted. He was able to acquire immediately an accomplice in his mission — D. the F. (Douglas the Friendly, to the uninitiated), who proved to be extremely helpful in the seemingly over-ambitious undertaking. W. the P.'s oft-misguided searching at times took him North to the land of the hyperboreans, where he was wont to visit Hydrie the Restless. This association seemed to crystallize the ideals of the two wanderers into a common goal that approached the realm of the attainable. During the last year, the quest was directed from the Temple of the Holiest, and W. the P., H. the R., and James the Restless — for by now three destinies are as one — were sent on the one course designed for fulfillment.

Bridge Club 2,3, president 4; Collection Speakers Committee 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Golf 3,4; ICG 2,3; Philosophy Club 3,4; WHRC 1.



JOHN S. HOWE JR.

"... consequently, the next development in tennis will probably be open tournament play rather than the end of grass courts." Having developed arguments that leave the amateur aghast at his professional (tennis) scholarship, John finally brings the monologue to a close; it is getting late in the evening, and only a trip to the Comet (the refrigerator having been emptied) will prepare him for a late date with a Davenport filing card. Not all of John's twilight hours are spent discussing tennis. With the benefit of a broad liberal arts education, he branches into other fields such as basketball (he never misses a home game), New Hampshire summers, and occasionally things academic (i.e., Bryn Mawr). Periodically, John's discourses are rudely interrupted by Glee Club rehearsals. Although he continually deprecates these command performances, John has accumulated four years of seniority in the second bass section. Indeed, he has recently increased his musical engagements by appointing himself conductor of the 101 Leeds Madrigal Group. John warily faces the problem of what to do in the future. He aspires to a career as a tennis bum, or, this being barred, to a government sinecure. However, informed sources suggest that he will spend next year improving his game on graduate school tennis courts.

Class Night 1; Drama Club 1; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Tennis 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 4, WHRC 1.



PETER B. JERNQUIST

Adam Smith he does not care for;
Keynes is P.J.'s new-found wherefore.
Taught by the Lion and tempered by the Bell,
Pete can now *prove* the dollar's gone to hell.

A runner, this man, and a student of sorts,
He avoided Bryn Mawr in favor of sports.
But come his fourth year and Pete changed his mind
And tore off to Bryn Mawr, a female to find . . .

Preppy he is, and sober past reason,
At least, we should note, while running's in season.
But come the off-time 'twixt cross-country and track,
Friend Peter becomes another Beta Nu hack.

This campus detective and lover of bop
Might become a deejay or a rugged state cop.
But "Invest In America" offers much more,
And he *might* end up selling econometrical lore.

BBS SFG 3,4; Cross Country 1,2,3,4; News Bureau 2,3,4; Track 1,2,3,
captain 4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; WHRC 1,2,3,4.



STARK G. JONES

A high-pitched squeal reverberates across the campus, rebounding from sturdy buildings and trees, yet never diminishing in intensity. Freshmen glance from side to side, anticipating attack; sophomores and juniors shake their heads sadly, and seniors, without looking up, reply simply, "Hi, Stark." Over a period of four years, this undergraduate answer to Jonathan Winters has convulsed audiences, ranging in seriousness of intent from Student Council meetings to haphazard table groups in the dining hall, with his readiness to laugh at such varied subjects as his worst mark of the week or his anticipated marriage. Paradoxically enough, behind the anticipated cartoon which one moment is leading cheers at a football game, another moment ducking behind a tree to avoid a professor to whom he owes a paper, and still another moment trading insults and hysterical laughter with Lehfelddt, there lurks an intellectually-sensitive member of the Philosophy department. At present, Stark's plans call for a few years sojourn at a seminary. Whether or not organized religion ever will recover the impact of his arrival is doubtful. Stark has left his mark on Haverford, and in graduating represents one of the finest attributes of the Haverford spirit: he never took himself too seriously . . . nor anyone else, for that matter.

BBS SFG 3, chairman 4; Class Night 3; Customs Committee 2; Dorm Committee 3,4; Glee Club 1; Philosophy Club 3,4; *RECORD*, advertising manager 4; Varsity Club 3,4; Wrestling 1,3, co-captain 4; WHRC 1,2,3,4.



C. ROBERT KELLY



Go and drive a foreign car,
Learn to play a six-stringed lute.
Tell me where passed ructations are,
Or who will eat my orange fruit.
Teach me to hear the Mawrmaids singing,
And how to keep from social flinging.
To practice these clever measures,
To enjoy the charms of beatnik leasures.

If thou beest born to see strange sights,
Things of surprise suspected by none,
Watch ten thousand tennis fights,
Waged on rugs in 83.
Thou, when thou reviv'st, will see
The window defeated, six games to three,
And me swear my hair is never mussed,
But simply getting bare.

C. R. K. with deb on arm,
Discussing loans that float and Samuelson's harm,
With rumpled hair and peacock gown,
Our Brown-topped Moses takes the crown,
In pressed white shorts C.R. Kelly,
(aided some by sharp retorts) clomps S.R. Belly.
Whether C.R. or merely K. makes no difference until later,
In either case he'll not stray 'til he becomes an educator.

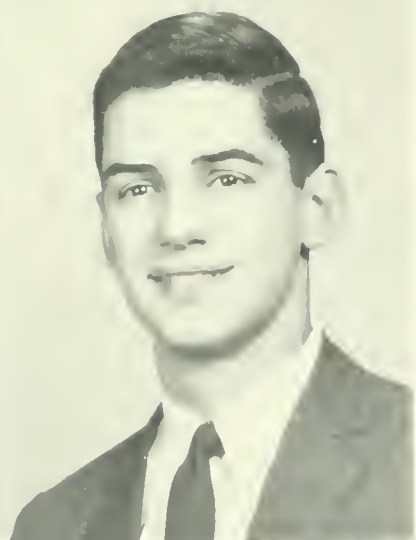
Basketball 3,4; Glee Club 1,2; Tennis 1,2, captain 3,4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4.

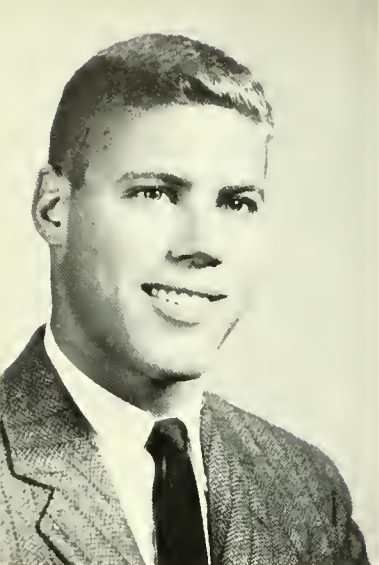


CHRISTOPH M. KIMMICH

The author, whose name has adorned more than 93 best selling historical works, was born in Germany and moved to the U.S. at an early age. Attending the posh Hill School, he later graduated from Haverford College, a fairly small mental institution on the East Coast, after in his own words, "four of the happiest years of my life, as it were." There he was an active sweater concessionaire, pulling the wool over the eyes of most of the freshmen. He subsequently rose to the bigtime Blotter Operation, where allegedly he applied choice lines from his "vast readings" on love to win the hearts of local merchants' daughters. His modesty has thus far prevented a detailed account of his activities as a Corporation Scholar and secretary of the Founders Club. Mr. Kimmich is indebted to the broadening influence of a liberal arts education for a knowledge of blended Scotch, the pleasures of tobacco, and the competitive thrill of the dart board. Continuing his education abroad, he became well known throughout the Continent and has since crossed and recrossed the ocean to pursue his studies. With his reputation established and preliminary investigation for his fourteen volume study of "A Day in the Life of Gerald Freund" completed, Mr. K. has moved to Tahiti with his wife and seven children where the balmy climate will "presumably" continue to stimulate his productivity.

Corporation Scholar 4; Founders Club 3, secretary 4; Glee Club 1,2,3; News 1,2, sports editor 3, managing editor 4; Track 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4.





STEPHEN L. KLINEBERG

Steve is a born optimist. He came to Haverford with an inexorable smile and after four years of "psychic differentiation" he has emerged as the natural Rousseauian man: uncorrupted by the cynical pessimism which has claimed some of his less fortunate fellows. He was the constant source of "folksy-philosophy" for his benighted junior roommates, and though the folksiness is now gone (having rubbed off on them), the romantic spirit behind it is still there. His junior suite was also the Mecca for woeful underclassmen who made nightly pilgrimages to hear the Word on Freud and Jung, Adler and Klineberg, and usually came away instructed in mind and soul. In the same year in which he discovered psychology, he also met the two women of his life: Maggie and Peggie. Maggie is small and cute but given to fits of stubbornness. And besides, she uses too much gas. Peggie has given him new faith in Bryn Mawr and has become a permanent guest in first floor Leeds. Next year will find Steve studying psychology, and it is our guess that the example of his spirit will be his greatest contribution wherever he is.

Class President 2; Collection Speakers Committee 4; Dance chairman 3; Drama Club 3; French Club 1; German Club 1; Orchestra 1; Wrestling 1,2.



JEFFRY K. LARSON

A Clerk ther was of Hauerford also,
That vnto lettyre hadde longe ygo.
As leene was his hors as is a rake,
And he has nat right fat, I vndertake,
Bvt looked holwe, and therto sobrelly.
Fvl thredbare was his ouereste covrtepy;
For he hadde geten hym yet no benefice,
He was so worldly for to haue office.
For hym was leuere haue at his beddes heed
Twenty bookes, clad in blak or reed,
Of Baudelaire and bele poesye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay savtrie.
Bvt al be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he bvt litel gold in cofre;
Bvt al that he myghte of his freendes hente,
On bookes and on lernynge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the sovles preye
Of hem that yaf hym wherwith to scoleye.
Of stydie took he moost evre and moost heede.
Noght o word spak he moore than was neede,
And that was seyde in forme and reuerence,
And short and qvyk and fvl of hy sentence;
Sownynge in moral uertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne and gladly teche.

Arts Council 2,4; Chess Club 1,2,4; Class Night 1, committee 2;
French Club 4; Hamilton College Junior Year in France.





MARTIN C. LEIFFELDT

The casual young man lounges in his easy chair, flipping cigarette butts into the fireplace with frightening accuracy. His conversation reveals an astounding knowledge about every entertainer and writer since 1900, possibly excepting those included in his English courses. With a cavalier disregard for science requirements, and little more than a token regard for anything other than English courses, Lafe has concentrated his four years at Haverford on *The Extra-Curricular Life*. As social chairman, his method of producing events so that all arrangements seem to materialize at the last moment, leaves onlookers gaping. His notebook contains more plans for Tri-College weekends and snowy letters destined as keepsakes in some girl's scrapbook than notes taken in class. In addition, his role as campus leader has provided a respectable front for such undercover work as attacks on Bryn-Mawr maypoles. Lafe's financial acumen is demonstrated by a series of illegitimate machines, very nearly resembling automobiles, positively identifiable by accumulations of parking tickets. Having displayed his smooth wit in such diverse writing efforts as *Class Night*, the *News*, and a metropolitan daily, Lafe will always be happy with a typewriter in one hand . . . and a cigarette in the other.

BBS-SFG 3; Class secretary 3, president 4; *Class Night* 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1; *News* 1,2, co-sports editor 3, co-feature editor 4; Soccer 1,2,3; Social Committee 2, junior chairman 3, chairman 4; WHRC 1, program director 2,4, secretary 3.



ALEXANDER LINTHICUM

Back in '61 when comps were hard,
He had a late phil paper and electric guitar.
A '56 Chevy and a Mike Hammer hat,
And he ain't been shot down by nobody yet.

He hung out in Ninth where things weren't tame,
And over in Roberts they all knew his name.
It was freshman year as Mac will recall,
When Lips got full pro: drinking in the hall.

Every Saturday morning during the fall,
His head was as big as a soccer ball.
But about the time when the kick-off was due,
He never failed, he always came through.

Up from the South he brought a brand new line,
"Twenty minutes to stop" and "That'll be fine!"
"Sagg" and "Grunge" are with us yet,
And "Let's get dates!" we can't forget.

With pants hung low and head held high,
Our flat-top man bids the Fords good-bye.

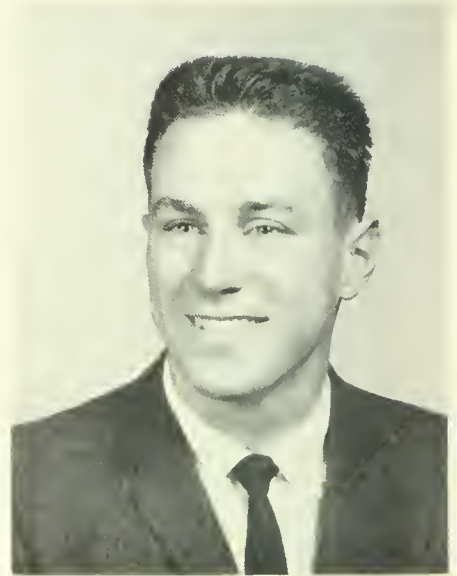
Class Night 1,3,4; Glee Club 1; ICG 2,3; Philosophy Club 3,4; *Record* 4; Soccer 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 3,4; WHRC 1,2,3.



RICHARD F. LOCKEY

A figure dashed madly from the chemistry building to Sharpless, the smell of ether and blood intermingling in his wake — obviously a pre-med, the only breed of animal fool enough to take organic and microbiology simultaneously. As "Lock" cut around the gym, a smile crossed his face; indeed, basketball at Haverford would never fully recover from his four-year assault on the sport. This, however, is not the picture of the whole man. Who can forget this good-looking paradox's refreshing *non-sequiturs*: "Come on you guys, I'm studying . . . boy, does Johnny Mathis ever snow the girls!" So far, he has offered stiff opposition in his fight for survival in a world of marriage-minded women and has managed to keep his pursuers in such distant places as Altoona and Texas. It seems, though, that they are closing in on their quarry. Aside from his endless legends of conquest, Dick is of serious mind, resolute in purpose, and generous by nature. His friends — i.e., all who favor keeping Haverford a sports-minded institution — think of him as a real friend, dependable and faithful. How can the medical profession lose?

Basketball 1,2,3,4; BBS-SFG 1,2,3; Cross Country 1; Dining Room Committee 4; Glee Club 1; International Club 1,2; Track 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 3,4.



ROBERT L. MARTIN

ARGUMENT

"Of the Nature and State of BOB with respect to HIMSELF,
as an Individual"

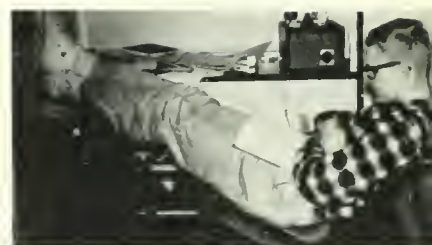
What strains of music echo down the hall?
The 'cello, noblest instrument of them all,
Received his fond caresses, day by day;
His friends were often moved to hear him play.
E'en though, while studying, amongst themselves 'twas said,
"We're moved, all right, to smash it on his head."
Nor was his whole devotion on music spent.
This Philosopher of some accomplishment
Loved knowledge, and for its sake alone.
Philosophy Queen of Wisdom did he enthrone.
Said he, "I'll gladly teach, and knowledge sow,
(In case the union scale should fall too low).
Nor mind nor music was his sole domain;
He sought for love, nor did he seek in vain.
And he was single-minded, yes, and true.
One girl alone was he devoted to.
"I'm born," he'd say, "One single girl to wed,
So one a night I'll take to bed."

Arts Council 2, chairman 3; Curriculum Committee 1,2; Haverford-Bryn Mawr Chamber Music Group 1,2,3,4.

NOEL D. MATCHETT

"Say, does anybody here know where the state store is?" said a voice high pitched and cracking, trying desperately to become a bass. The rhinies were confronted by a cello and Noel Matchett, carrying ten pounds of wheat germ, five pints of yogurt, and forty pounds of oranges — provisions for the first winter away from home. This sixteen-year-old youth went on to become the youngest person in Pennsylvania to buy regularly at the state store. "Match" soon ventured forth to do battle with the Political Science department. Gerry Freund's immoral words still ring in his ears: "Get thee to a nunnery, go!" Our hero had been unhorsed. But with dauntless courage he tackled economics, showing how to build a \$50 couch for only \$90. Watching his lad grow up has been a pleasure. Who can forget the first time he shaved? Who can avoid the excited anticipation in waiting for him to shave again? Who cannot share in his eager expectation of another date with his very first girl? Our "Match" is bound to go places. With a German major, he plans to become a German in the very near future.

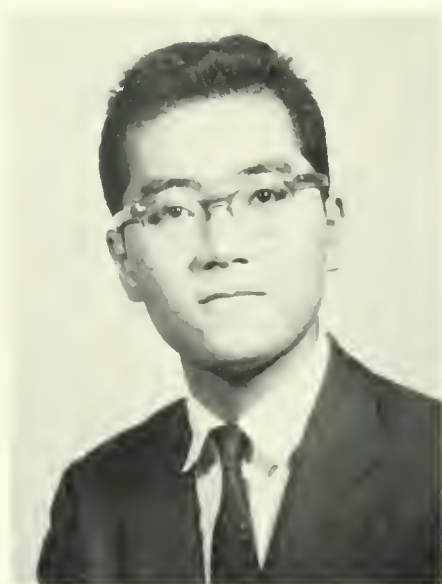
Arts Council 3; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Class Treasurer 4; Customs Evaluation Committee 2; Customs Committee 4; German Club 2,3; Glee Club 1; International Club 2,3; Orchestra 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 3,4; WHRC 1,2,3.



KOICHIRO MATSUURA

Ah, sooo! Most honorable delegate from Japan is Matsuura Koichiro San, a member of the Japanese Foreign Service. The many late hours during which a faint light may be detected glimmering beneath the door of his room are not spent in study, as most people think, but are used to contrive coded messages to send home dealing with the deplorable living conditions of American students, e.g., Madame Nugent's culinary triumphs. Always the true diplomat, Koi, as he is called by those who feel inadequate when faced with the pronunciation of his Japanese name, avoids revealing the part of the United States which he liked best on his many sight-seeing tours. He does have some very definite opinions on politics in America, newspapers in America, and girls in America, especially those girls at the University of Colorado. His Haverford experience of two years, which has taught him the inefficiency of waste and the handiness of an indifference curve, has well prepared him for service in the consulates and, perhaps someday, the embassies of the world, be they in Washington, Havana, Paris, or Leopoldville.

Economics Club 3,4; International Club 3,4; Spanish Club, secretary 4.

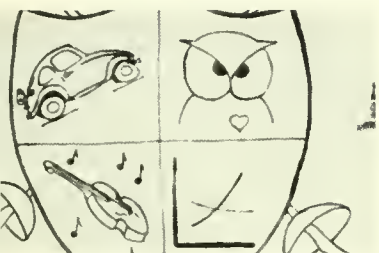




HUGH C. McLEAN

From outst the distance, above the horrendous noise of chattering gears and clanking pistons, one canst faintly hear: "I thought it couldst, I thought it couldst, I *knew* it couldst." Soon we can distinguish a knight errant, identified by his blazing shield (see photo) and sturdy black charger, and by the fair maid, Lady Katharine, in his arms. Giving the reins to his squire he quoth: "Unsaddle the beast and give him oats and water, and while thee is about it, looketh nigh for a new transmission." "I couldst stand it no longer," he explaineth, whilst helping Lady Katharine from the charger," for after three days I groweth lonesome for the company of a fair maid." "Besidesa," quoth she, "after three days, verily he needeth me. I cleana his room a mucha better than da regular maidsa." Our erring knight leaveth us with: "Tarry not, Lady Katie, Sir John and Sir David need twain for bridge when thee finisheth."

Economics Club 3,4; Fencing 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; News advertising 3,4; Orchestra 1,2,3.



EDWARD A. MECHLING II

If the Haverford quadrangle were Washington Square and the time the turbulent Thirties, no soapbox could support a more impassioned pair than our hero and his overly developed sense of outrage. His text, however, is drawn from constantly witnessed violations of personal, rather than governmental, responsibility. Fortunately for those members of the college community who feel themselves to be doing the best they can in a world whose virtue was sullied long ago, these verbal assaults on meanness of spirit and cheapness of action occur no more than twice a day, and then in private. At other times, our occasional orator goes quietly about his business, that of preparing himself for the life of an educated farmer. Here he is the very example of purpose amid aimlessness; feeding bugs, bleeding rabbits, and in general being useful (another important word) around the bio lab. To keep fit, he fences at school, rides at home, and dreams of Olympic decathlon events. After a year of further preparation at Cornell Agricultural School, this thoughtful type should be ready to embark on a life unsoiled except by Mother Earth.

Fencing 1,2,3,4; German Club 1,3; Glee Club 1; Varsity Club.





N. MARSHALL MEYERS

The laundry's my keeper, I shall not fear, it'll be non profit the following year. It leteth me to lie down in green pastures, and supplieth me besides distilled waters, I driveth a blue car; it leadeth me where I have to go, then quiteth for its own sake. Yea, though I commute by the path of the arbors of death, I rear no evil, for they bear fruit but once in three years, and I am sympathetic. They prepareth a quiz on the essence of my studies; comprehensives approacheth, my time runneth out. Surely Alumni Giving shall follow me all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of debt forever. We believe in Marshall Meyers, maker of trouble and mirth; and one more brunette his fourth, or most recent flame; retrieved from our sister school, commonly seen as a Gothic ruin, suffering from lack of appeal to the particular palate. Buddha was innocent, once, and carefree; he condescended into Haverford; he rose again from the dead, ascended into Law School, and percheth on the shady side of common sense; from there he shall judge the slick and the dead. He believes in higher education; the College Outline Series; the resurrection of the body; and a life without fasting . . . A, yes.

Hoyt 1; Radeker 2; Fanning 3; Underwood 4; Class Night 3,4; ICC 1,2; Record layout editor 4; Social Committee 3,4; Student-Faculty Relations Committee 3,4; WHRC 1.



ANDREW L. MILLER

Andreas Pistor was his name,
And to Haverford he came.
Put the grindstone to his nose,
Danced with daisies 'twixt his toes.
Rudely jested to offend 'em,
Went to Roache's *ad bibendum*,
Where the volume of his flatus,
Gave him overwhelming status.
Eructation was his calling,
Often loud and quite appalling.
Played the beast *cum tergo duo*,
Never grieved *pro vita suo*,
Sometimes goat and sometimes rabbit,
Andreas, *qui molam habet*.

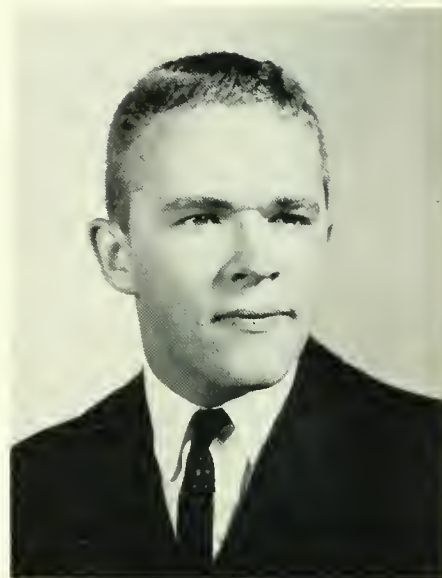
Arts Council 3,4; Drama Club 3,4; Tennis 3,4.



GARY K. OLSEN

"That's right, Erwin, in 1859 liquid gold was discovered in Titusville, but what is left must be hauled up at great cost. Here's the thing, Erv, the most profitable business now is the sale of broni waawa to the natives." "You mean, Ols, that it tops hair-oil sales in the Mexican jungles?" "Ya, ya, Erv, but you need such enterprises to build upon. First you earn as a school boy and store it in specie form. You then sell for Collier's over the summer to earn tuition for a practical education. After managing college concessions, you spread out by entering the underdeveloped world through Aruba. You take a junior year in Houston and become a headwaiter to cover costs of exploration of the Latin jungle markets. The final step is to gain continental contacts in Deutschland and maintain ties through an emeritus position in a student exchange organization. With the degree which you have picked up during the winters, you pass through Wall Street to learn why you lost so much along the way." "So it's as easy as that, Ols?" "Sure, Erv, a real breeze! . . . Say, operator, I deposited an extra five cents; could you please forward it by mail?"

AIIESEC chairman 5; BBB-SFG 1,2,3,4,5; Class Night 2; Class treasurer 2; Cricket 2; Economics Club 3,4,5; Flying Club 4; Glee Club 1,2; ICG 1,2,3,4,5; Wrestling 1,2,3.



ROBERT M. PARKER

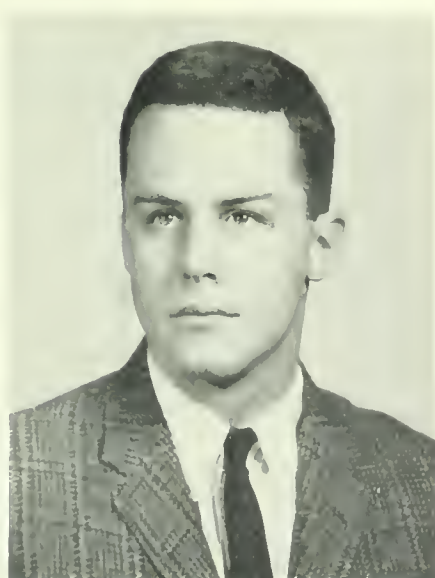
Settling into the dust of his ancient sofa, Bob feels the ebbing of another day. He sighs his long wheezing sigh awaiting the radiator's gurgle, evening's inevitable harbinger. "Yep!" Bob notes with satisfaction, "there it is, right on time." Already the puff and odor of rotting fabric is building into a miasmal haze. The radiator has become glowing hot, its oppressive heat throbs in the brain — Bob smiles. Time, freewheeling, whirls on — slowly from deep within rises the self-forbidden extravagance of Bob's nature, his philosophical imagination. Were the hard years worth it all? — the question is warm and amusing, teasing his modesty — was the painful ascent from the barbaric hell of Barclay tire fights to the mastery of foil and saber, the infinitude of committees, the chairmanships, the restless passion to grasp authority — was it worth the struggle? The grinding, organizing and grinding? Of course it was! Bob is Ambassador to Beta Nu! At three a.m., Bob's roommates lift him gently from the couch and put him to bed.

Caucus Club 3; Class Night 1,2,3,4; Collection Speakers Committee chairman 4; Commencement Speakers Committee chairman 4; Drama Club 1,2,3,4; Fencing: manager 2,3, captain 4; German Club 2,3; International Club 3; News 1,2,3; Record associate editor 4; Soccer manager 4; Varsity Club 2,3,4.

ALAN K. PASKOW

Al's uncanny ability to lose his personal belongings, or to remember today his meeting of yesterday, undoubtedly stems from a mystical rapport with the river Lethe. We find him checking behind the record-player for the last time ("What was I looking for . . .?"), shaking off the grip of lethargy with strains of Shostakovich's *Fifth*, and pondering the memory of a turbulent year: frustrated philosophical endeavor, a Russian lit paper nine months overdue, and finally (glancing at Picasso's "The Tragedy") — Phoebe. Despite these difficulties, Al has never lost sight of the medical profession. Could it be that his philosophical bent is merely a means to examine the fundamental tenets of the Hippocratic Oath? Or will his sharp thinking and crystal-clear Parkerisms lead to fruitful conclusions about man's estrangement from his surrounding world? ("Estrange that I still can't find my shoes . . .") In any case, Al's stubborn persistence in the face of academic disaster is proof positive of his successful battle against Fate. Recall that ghostly figure seated by the window at the break of dawn, those organic notes still frozen in his hands: truly a sleepless wonder. Could such an iron will fail to emerge supreme? Only beware, the waters of Lethe!

Drama Club 2, secretary 3,4; Fencing 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 2,3,4; News 2; Philosophy Club 3,4; Varsity Club 2,3,4.



H. PIERCE PELOUZE, III

Pierce scans the library for familiar faces. Ahah . . . from then on till eleven, he discusses everything from college athletics to sociology, from current world events to, of course, Judy, a deified *femme*. His typical day ends as he returns to Leeds to arrange a party; discuss ways to improve school spirit; listen to personal problems; help someone write a sociologically-oriented paper; and then, lastly, learn nearly all the important concepts for next day's classes. Most know him as perhaps one of the best athletes at college, one who distinguished himself in varsity baseball while scourging the intramural circuit. Far from being submerged in *academia*, Pierce found a Golden Mean through his capacity to reconcile rock 'n' roll, nights at Tenth, and numerous social excursions with his sociology assignments, thus arriving at a well-rounded education. His jargoned papers (precipitative phallicism, ideological ramifications of demography, etc.) and his quick, incisive comments attest to a fast wit and good mind. A constant source of merriment, a charter member of Beta Nu, a master at course selection and exam preparation, Pierce intends to serve as a naval officer next year, marry Judy, and then lend his beneficial attributes to a business firm.

Baseball 1,3,4; Class Night 3,4; Glee Club 1, ICG 1,2,3; News 2,3; News Bureau 4; Record 3,4; Social Committee 4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; WHRC 3,4.



JAMES N. PENDLETON

Jim is best known to Haverford students for his black leather jacket, his long blond hair, and a pair of dark glasses. These three objects are to Jim as a blanket is to Linus. He is a teenager at heart as evidenced in his dress, his manner of speaking, his love for the music of E. Aaron Presley, his hobby of writing rock'n'roll music, and most of all, his women. In a recent contest he won the MMMEUS Award (Mister Make Master of the Eastern United States). He has settled down recently, however, as far as women go. Much of his time is spent at Bryn Mawr seeing a certain young lady. The rest of his time is spent with her in his room at Haverford. Even with all this play, Jim does find time for his studies. Since his freshman year, he has been interested in the foreign service, but he soon found out (after two poli sci courses) that this interest would be best fulfilled as a foreign social worker, instead of by serving in the diplomatic corps, thus robbing the United States of its first rock'n'roll ambassador.

Caucus Club 3; Class Night 1,2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Dance Committee 2; WHRC 1,2,3; AIESEC Treasurer 3.



E. EVERETT PIERCE III

After two years of Barclay living with "fast company," Turk left for Pittsburgh, where he supervised the rise of the Pirates and coined the popular "Beat 'Em Bucs" phrase. With his return, WIBG regained its most avid listener and Moore Institute of Art, one of its most distinguished patrons. A psychology major, Turk started out in math and is now probably the College's greatest statistician — everything from dining room companions to Top 99 lists. He found an outlet for his statistics and enjoyment of athletics by heading up the News Bureau in his senior year. Thus he keeps the sports pages of the local papers tinged with Haverfordian color. His duties met, he has not missed a major athletic event at the College during the last two years. He has made an effort to stir up athletic interest in the more lethargic of the student body with his *News* articles and the "World's Worst" on WHRC. A dedicated intramural athlete, Turk has been an asset to the class soccer, basketball and softball teams. In the future, one will not have to travel to Pittsburgh to find him, but will need only to return to the campus on any Swarthmore weekend.

News 1,2,3,4; News Bureau 1,2,3, chairman 4; WHRC 2,3,4.





DANIEL H. PIERSON

Time: early afternoon on a December Thursday. Place: a dark bedroom with shades drawn. Sounds: the ticking of a clock and the deep breathing of a form under the bedcovers. Suddenly the door opens. "Wake up, Dan, you've missed lunch!" In a matter of fact tone: "I know. I was up all night studying for today's Russian exam." "Was it rough?" "Can't really say. I never got out of bed." "You missed the test entirely?" "What do you think I should do now? I'm going hunting and I won't see Mrs. Pierce until Tuesday." "Partridge again?" "No, pheasant. Hope it snows. It's easier to see them against a white background." "Sloatsburg?" "No, Connecticut." Shortly thereafter Pierson departs. Time enough for studies later . . . No need to get excited over missing one exam . . . It could've happened to anyone. Time: 3 p.m. Tuesday. Place: same bedroom. Sounds: the ticking of a clock and . . . "Checkmate!" Pierson triumphs again. "But when will you write that lit paper, Dan?" "Set up the board again. Forget the paper." Gazes out the window and murmurs: ". . . a .22 should do it . . . three weeks . . . nothing like small game in the winter!"

Football 1.



PETER H. PLATENIUS

It is not often that an institution such as Haverford, devoted to peaceful Quaker ideals, is graced with the appearance of a strong military figure. However, after conquering a good part of Puerto Rico under the aegis of the U.S. Navy, Admiral Pete decided to retire to the sedate but sympathetic fellowship of balding psychologists. With his varied backlog of Latin experiences, it is only natural that he should turn to physiological psychology rather than the less tangible branches of the field. As both importer and player of a contraband Mexican guitar, the Admiral of Scull devotes much of his studying time to composing additions to his Segovian repertoire. Always ready to argue with quasi-Socratic objectivity, he can often be seen bending the ear and opinion of some less wordly-wise passerby. Indeed, he appears knowledgeable on all but the plan of attacking an unassuming red-headed Bryn Mawr fugitive. Her beauty has so inspired his photographic enthusiasm that she has had to seek refuge from his eager lens in Mexico City for a year in hope that his zeal will mellow to a more constructive form. Her return will find him nearby, Penn Grad school willing.

Drama Club 1,2; Glee Club 1,2, Mountaineers 1,2; Psychology Club President 4.



RALPH D. QUINTER III

Roister Doister? Sure I remember him. We first met just after his return from the Continent. I'll never forget him: not a big guy, but smooth as hell — a skater or dancer like. He wore a long somber coat which extended to his ankles. Over his shoulder he had this tapestry full of books. "For the youngsters back at the Cloister," he said. It was then I guessed he was a Padre. He explained that he'd left the States after a disappointing political campaign, but because of his interest in international relations, I suspect that his foreign escapades were not entirely an escape. French was a second language to him, so the *Pigalle* was a natural. With glowing recommendations from *The Club* under his belt, and copies of Faulkner under his arm, he sought shelter in the strange city. That's all I recall, but some stories about him are still going around: of the black car he chauffeured, and his strange preference for junior roomies for three years at school; of charmed girls and low moans; of extra research projects with Rogow; and of friendly slaps and his characteristic shrug, as if to say: "Might as well — can't dance."



Caucus Club 1; Customs Committee 3, chairman 4; Customs Evaluation Committee 1, chairman 3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; International Relations Club 1,2,3; Parents' Day Committee 3; Student Christian Movement 2.



STEPHEN F. RAMSEYER

"Tell her to call Steve if she wants to go out tonight." A few minutes later, a smiling Ramseyer drops his slide rule in response to the ringing phone — engineering has once again found practical application outside the walls of Hilles. Frequently, however, Steve spends his evenings in more constructive ways. In past years a large number of them were devoted to stage work for the drama club — on eight different productions. More recently, his dramatic interests have been restricted to Class Night, first as stage manager and then as chairman of the committee. This leaves him time in the fall to search for prospective stage managers among the sub-freshmen with the keen eye acquired by four years' experience. Since Haverford somehow fails to stage a dramatic production every weekend, Steve has had to look for other sources of entertainment. He rapidly grew tired of the wallet-reducing exercises through which most of us toil, and secured himself a job as a swimming instructor at the Baldwin pool. It seems a shame that incessant problem-sets force Steve to study five nights a week, but such is the fate of the engineering major.

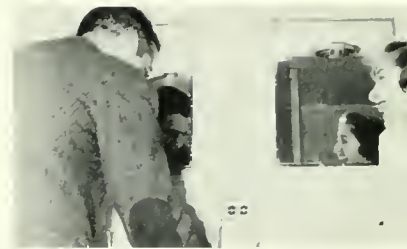
BBS-SFG 2,3,4; Class Night Committee 1,2,3, Chairman 4; Drama Club 1,3, Production Manager 2; Social Committee 2.



RICHARD M. RAUCH

The uneasy Collection speaker whose joke, hesitantly told, is approved with a hearty guffaw owes this appreciation to Dick Rauch, who somehow manages to look up from his calculations in time for all of the choice remarks. The independent spirit that emboldens Dick's laughter has been so well carried out in the physics lab that he has the reputation of being the only guy who can trade sharp words with Mr. Benham. After two years of pushing WHRC thorough its technical paces and of leaving freshmen awestruck at his overpowering certainty, Dick found that electronics firms paid better for his services than did Haverford. Later, reluctantly giving up such projects as designing lightweight airborne tape recorders, Dick returned to college, aided by a wife who seems actually to enjoy his penchant for disorder. Although Dick is now solidly respectable, complete with cards to convince Caselli's henchmen that his car is double-parked in the service of hospital electronics, he doesn't deny his nostalgia for the Ford with the piecemeal paint job, in which he earned the title, "The Merion Express."

Drama Club 1, production manager 2,3; Orchestra 1,2; WHRC 1,2.



W. CHARLES READ

A suit of rumpled pajamas rolls from the bed as the alarm rings. Unintelligible sounds emit from the folds as the cotton-draped mass lurches toward the daily rite of baptismal awakening. One hour later, order has proceeded from chaos, as an alert figure seats himself at his desk, flicks his cigarette nervously, and, staring at the blank sheet before him, mutters, "Let's see, who should go at the top of my "S" list today — the Bell Telephone Company, the Bryn Mawr administration, or that bonehead who just signed up to work for WHRC?" Chuck's ability to rationalize his beliefs in such diverse areas as politics ("I'm a conservative for Kennedy"); as an advocate of AA ("I believe anyone is entitled to do his drinking anonymously!"); or plans for the future ("Every man should own at least one good sports car before he considers marriage!") has left many people greatly confused. But perhaps his greatest ability lies in the field of administration. Through a unique blend of caustically straightforward behavior toward some and overweening graciousness toward others, Chuck succeeded in pushing WHRC to its highest level of prestige in many years.

BBS-SFG 2; Cross Country 1; Dining Room Committee 2; WHRC: chief engineer 1, technical director 2, station manager 3,4.





EDWARD REINER

HAVE CAMERA — WILL PHOTOGRAPH! Coming to the College with a bevy of cameras, gadgets, and the claim of living in Haverford as well as going to Haverford junior and senior high schools before reaching our campus (so he wouldn't have to scrape the large "H" decal off his car window), Ed has channelled his extra-curricular activities towards photography and just plain fun. Having made the six-minute run down the Haverford Road speedway for three years, he finally succumbed to the pressure of 8 a.m. classes and moved into a Leeds single this year. A random sampling of the Humanities and Natural Sciences directed Ed to the Social Sciences, where he settled down to many a long semester's night in the third floor stacks with British Constitutional History. Come September, our intrepid shutterbug will forsake his cameras for law books and an eventual career as a barrister. Weekends, our Leeds "lover" can be seen with a vivacious blonde from Penn, descending upon the singles with, "Hey, men, let's have a party. I'll build the fire." And by the way, please, no more of those 3 a.m. 'phone calls with, "Hi, Ed, old buddy, pal, friend. I, uh, need this application picture by nine a.m. and I was wondering if . . ."

News 2; Photo Club president 4; *Record* 1,3, photography editor 2,4.



GEORGE G. RHOADS

"How could I have wasted the last three hours?" exclaims George, momentarily conscience-stricken by a casual look at the clock. "No bull sessions for me tomorrow night!" Yet tomorrow night will find George in his customary location among the habitual conversants. The next three evenings will be taken up by Curriculum Committee meetings, Chemistry Club talks and interminable planning sessions for the Young Friends. Nevertheless, this danutless young man manages, by a pre-breakfast slumber over his notes, to learn enough by osmosis to score high on a Phil Bell exam. A European grand tour encouraged George to further broaden his perspective towards academics, a development symbolized by his aversion to writing the weekly paper in philosophy. More notable, perhaps, is his distinction of being a pre-med chemistry major taking no lab courses in his senior year. George's stint as co-proprietor of the morning paper concession has provided further evidence of his breadth of interests and has revealed that beneath his relaxed appearance lies the shrewd mind of a Quaker businessman.

Chemistry Club 3,4; Chess Club 1,2, president 3; Collection Speakers Committee 3; Curriculum Committee 3, chairman 4; Debating Club 1; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Soccer 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 3,4; Young Friends 2, chairman 3,4.





EUGENE K. RITTER JR.

By his language ye shall know him. The play on words, the satire, and the invective are favorite tools which Kerf uses to express himself and by which he makes himself known in a group. His comments outside as well as inside the classroom sometimes shock people into nervous laughter. By his language he doth enliven conversation. Another fact of Kerf's college career has been his inspiring social relationships. Study dates as well as entire festive weekends have been graced by this Southern gentleman. He manages to import Southern belles and date local dolls, rekindling the battle between the sexes but not the War between the States. Nay, he hath not yet begun to fight. Kerf is Haverford's answer to the American politician, that is to say, as much of a politician as Haverford will allow. He is formal but not too formal, he is rigid in his standards but not too rigid, he is pragmatic but not too pragmatic, and he is intelligent . . . He enjoys administering and exercising authority under a semi-formal atmosphere and seems to be extremely successful in this attempt. He is able to get people to work for him (no easy chore at Haverford). Even the professors have a hard time.

Caucus Club 2,4, chairman 3; Class President 1; Customs Evaluation Committee 1; Dormitory Committee chairman 2,3; Election Procedure Committee 1,2; Glee Club 1; Honor System Committee 2; Students' Council 1; *Record*: advertising manager 3; business manager 4.



HOWARD L. SCHAMBELAN

Bo's really bright even though he doesn't look it. The poignance of his "sensitivity, consciousness and awareness" was often blocked by the bulwark of his 17-inch neck and the rippling muscles of his biceps, triceps and insteps. But salvation came when Bo parted his hair and became a cross between Maverick and Peter Gunn. This cross, an appealing Hollywood version of the platonic pithecan, won him the recognition of an off-Broadway playwright (seen drooping about in sunglasses) and one Midget Small. His versatility as a character actor chalked up curtain calls for him, one after the other. Roars from the crowd made the philosopher-king-turned-wrestling-captain lift his ear-cast to the crowd. No other man would have dared make the statements that the butler made to the drunk monk, who in turn pedagogued the burglar-devil. Who else would have said during the off-season, when twenty extra pounds were put on to provide fuel for ethical analyses, "I'll give you a B if you give me your Pepsi." The College is fortunate that Bo's fortitude saw him through the Freshman days, during which he served as a dummy for a knife thrower in 304 Barclay; for we have seen him climb the heights of the academic Olympus.

Class Night 1,2; Drama Club 2,3; JV Football 1,2; WIIRC 1; Wrestling 1,2,3, co-captain 4.



LAWRENCE P. SCHRAMM

Ah thank that Lar boy is a nice boy. You-alled never have persuaded me that anyone what has small feet could amount to a hill of beans — but he seems real wholesome. He don't talk much but when he does, you kin tell he's still a farm boy. He ain't been hert none by schoolin'. Why shucks — he kin still kill a possum jes by takin' off his boots. He ain't lazy, that boy. Why hez got hisself two automobeelz. One of 'ems reel nice. Hits a nineteen thirty-two Innernational pickuptruck. When he gets home agin, he kin use it to haul rocks. He can pick a rite smart git fiddle, effen hez got a mind to. He tells me some old codger is larnin' him some new toons — Saygovaiy ah thank he sed. Lak ah sed, Lar's a quiet feller. He was a real Hell raizer in the ole days, but hez got Relijun now and lak the song sez, he ain't gonna study war no more. He writ and sed that they are goin' to let him leeve that place in a littel while — ah sure hope it's afore spring plowin', cause Mule died yestidy. Corse since ahm hiz woman, ah allows as how ah could be pridipregi — sorta partial. . . . Diana



LEIGHTON R. SCOTT

Elaborate gestures and extravagant epithets are indiscriminately bestowed on a two-dimensional world. Scotty sprawls about the potentials of existence with more scene-shifting than *Anthony and Cleopatra*. Amid cries of "Railroad!", he organizes everything from State Store runs to class dances. All succumb to the magnificent metaphor. Vision starred with Homeric grandeur, he finds an epic in every situation; and as the narration unfolds the bloodless grey of the anti-heroic modern world becomes a splitting landslide of color and action. He finds the labors of Sisyphus in a paint factory, the sex life of Zeus in a carny show, and on the Olympus of Founders Third a troupe of lesser satyrs and bacchantes. With unphilosophic optimism he affirms that man will finally realize his baser nature and stop degrading himself with artificiality and idealism, and devotes a good part of his time to the moral mission of offending the fragile aesthete. Plagued by timid professors who falter and drop their pencils when fixed with the unwavering indifference of his cold eye, he pacifies them with the gentle obscurity of his literary style. Sadly we watch as he tramps off into the jungle, his .600 nitro-express in one hand and his Sidney's *Arcadia* in the other.

Arts Council 2,3, President 4; Class President 3; Drama Club 1,2,3,4; Mountaineers, 1,2,3, President 4.

FRANK W. SHELTON

"Do you sometimes feel that life has passed you by?" "I feel that it has knocked me down and walked all over me!" This was Frank's philosophy of life for his first two-and-a-half years at Haverford, but then a radical change occurred. To begin with, he changed his major from economics to English. "It's a lot easier to fall asleep over a novel than over an economics text." However, the biggest change came this year, and it came within the walls of the Bryn Mawr gymnasium: "It's easy to get a date, Frank. Just go over and ask one. Remember, you're a senior, and they're only freshmen." "Oh, I don't think I could pull it off." "Come on! What can you lose?" Ultimately, thanks to the boldness of his roommate, Frank got a date that night. It hasn't ended yet. "Do you have another date tonight?" "Sure. Why the hell not? It really makes the scene." "But what about all the work you have to do?" "Don't worry. It'll get done sometime or other." Not only does it get done, but it gets done well, as his average can attest. Nobody need worry about this future teacher.

Caucus Club; Economics Club 3; JV Tennis.

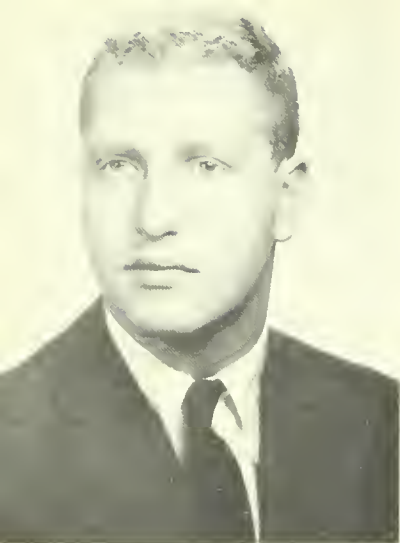


MICHAEL K. SHOWE

BEHOLD! THE GREATEST SHOWE ON EARTH! Except for a brief period in his senior year, when his surveillance of the simple pleasures of the fruit fly suggested to him another way of life, M.K.S. has maintained consistently that the varied life is the avenue to happiness. He stands with one foot planted firmly in the Sciences and with the other he salutes the Humanities; his Scull House window looks toward the biology laboratory but the door opens to Bryn Mawr. The Nine Muses have struggled over M.K.S. but Lady Science has won his heart. Biochemistry may be his life work, but cheer up, you liberal arts: there is always time for a study date! With the cool sagacity that has distinguished him at Haverford, Michael now begins his search for the right graduate school — by checking climates and proximities to beaches, theatres, museums and bird-watching areas. Let us give partial credit at least to Haverford for this man of diverse achievement and we shall indeed be generous in our praise of the school.

Cercle français 1,2; Chemistry Club 1,2,3,4; Collection Speakers Committee 2; Cross Country 1; Honor System Committee 2,3; News science editor 4; Orchestra 1.





EDWARD R. SILVERBLATT

The Oedipal-Complex tip-toed into Ed's room and remained unnoticed for several minutes as Ed patted his stomach and carefully arranged the sheafs of graduate and medical school applications. It smiled as Ed looked with great satisfaction at his carefully prepared pot of coffee and neatly arranged row of sharpened pencils. It chuckled, knowing Ed would have to feed the roots at the psychology lab that afternoon. It broke into peals of laughter when Ed began to think about the additional chapter he planned for Fromm's *The Art of Loving*. Ed leaped up in surprise, knocked the Complex onto the floor and kicked it disdainfully across the room where it perched rather precariously on Ed's flimsy bookcase. It sneered as Ed fondled his Brooks Brothers clothes, took a shower, and dressed for dinner and an evening in Philadelphia. After Ed had left, the Complex began to sulk. It wondered how it would feel upon Ed's graduation, knowing that then the Complex would be mastered. How, in addition, would the Birthday Cake Concession survive? It wondered if the College had ever really understood the stocky red-faced lad with his unobtrusive air of an ordered universe beneath which there seethed a potpourri of visceral desires.

Economics Club; International Club; Psychology Club.



JAMES B. SMILLIE

"Did you know that the Brandenburg Concerti were sold in job lots at ten cents each?" "That's nice, Jim. Wanna go to the Comet?" (Lights a Pall Mall) "No thanks, I walked there after I slept through dinner and Glee Club. Besides, I have 273 pages of Feuerbach to read and a twenty-page paper which I haven't started due tomorrow." (Lights a Pall Mall, *Wozzeck* blasting in the background). "As a matter of fact, for Wednesday I have 180 pages of . . ." "S'long, Jim." Jim turns off *Wozzeck*, turns on the Warriors game, and sits down on the floor with his Feuerbach. He lights a Pall Mall and stares stoically at the pages. (Sound of door opening). "Boy, you're back early." "Whaddya mean? We've been gone for 3 1/2 hours." "Oh, guess I must've fallen asleep." (Lights a Pall Mall). "Anyhow, do you know I have only 268 pages left? I just thought of Frederick the Great's second cousin, who fell asleep during a performance of the *Third Flute Concerto*." Time rushes on, dragging Jim along. He finishes his paper with the help of two extensions; then, with a glow of Scottish satisfaction, sits down with his *Gaelic Self-Taught* and falls asleep, Pall Mall carefully extinguished . . .

Glee Club; Student Christian Movement.





JERE P. SMITH

This year, 1976, finds Jere P. (*Paramecium*) Smith unfortunately forced from competition in the British Open by a curious turn of events. It seems that Dr. Smith, the president's private physician, was hastened home to treat a sudden ailment in the White House after he had taken an early lead in the tournament. Hoping to return to Britain to clinch the Grand Slam, he was permanently detained when he learned that one of his Temple students had attempted to freeze his *Paramecium aurelia* stocks. Having recultured his little creatures, his disposition was colored by shades of blue as he contemplated the return to his country estate to put his hapless clubs to rest. He moved up his drive past marble busts of Wagner, Cicero and Beethoven. At the doorway he was greeted by his petite wife Sharon, whom he had met down by a duck pond during an undergraduate summer. Moving to his downstairs music room, Smitty was soon wound up in the tape of his newest stereo system. He grimaced as he worked to adjust his malfunctioning aural compensator. Finally relaxing, he thought back on tranquil college days when golfing was more rewarding. His compact car was evidence that service as Varsity Club president brought no mean returns.

Class Night chairman 1; Class Dance Committee 1,2,3; Glee Club 1; Golf 1,2,3, captain 4; Varsity Club 2,3, president 4.



LEWIS F. SMITH

Freshman year, post midnight, and Saturday; 93 Lloyd, couples strewn about: The tranquility of the entry is interrupted as a lone man comes bounding up the stairs three-at-a-time. The hall door slams shut. A tall, lean figure stands at the living room entrance. "Smitty!" "Ha Lew!" "Straight Arrow!" With a tilted smirk and audible "hrrumpf," the lanky Californian fades into his room. One final thump is heard as the Riverside mystic perfects his high-jump form with a standing leap to the top bunk. Thus passed Lew's first year, but since then some changes have been made: the West Math Room has been given up in preference to the Northeast Wing. An occasional study date is now worked in. And as '60 roommates have left for grad school, Lew has joined the Leeds' singles rank where his dedicated spirit is now heard in non-passive echoes: "Dammit, you guys. Let's hurry up and plan this party. I have to finish my paper . . . No, that was for Monday. This one's for tomorrow and if I don't get it done, I'll never get to my Soc. Theory." But, "dammit," everything will get completed.

Class Night 3,4; International Club 3,4; Service Fund Chairman 4; Track 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 1,2,3, vice president 4.



THOMAS B. SOUDERS

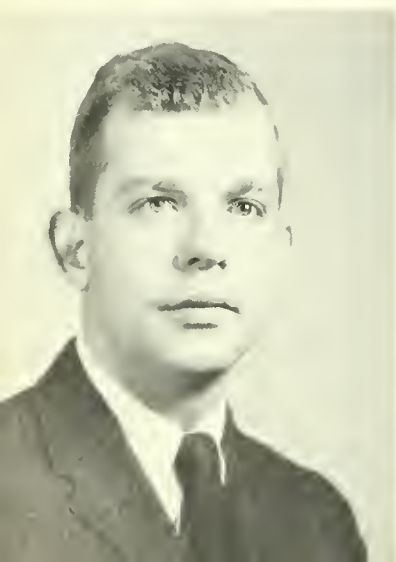
Two years of work here were enough, so Tom decided to take a vacation in Germany. He skied, caroused, admired art, acquired a taste for beer and traveled in Europe all under the aegis of a Junior Year Abroad. For some crazy reason, he gave up this idyllic existence and returned to Haverford. It is no wonder that senior year and organic chemistry are a trifle depressing. He did manage to learn to speak German and to acquire enough reading skill to fulfill the requirements of his major — History. However, he still prefers Goethe to Spengler. Tom is a true ascetic — at least whenever he has a paper due. He is one of the few students who procrastinates about eating (“There’s only one or two pages in this chapter”). He is not one to ignore the social life of the community. Once a week he goes to Bryn Mawr to fiddle around — ostensibly to play the violin in the Orchestra. Music is one of his main interests. He is in the Glee Club and studies to the strains of WFLN. Provided he doesn’t starve himself or drive himself insane worrying about imagined academic catastrophes, Tom is going to med school in the fall.

Glee Club 1,2,4; Orchestra 1,2,4.



WILLIAM H. SPEAKMAN III

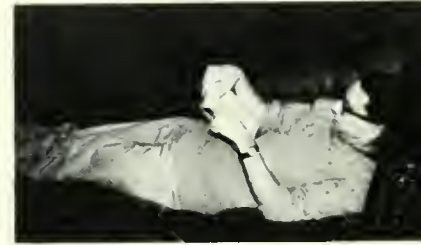
Many and varied are the activities of William H. Speakman III. He is a pilgrim whose quest for quiet brought him to live in all three sections of Barclay before he finally took up residence in the solitude of Bennett Cooper’s third mloor. He is an interior decorator: each of his abodes has been distinguished by walls of varying shades of green. He is a genealogist: evenings spent with cousins of many removes have proven beyond doubt that Speaks is related to everyone from William Penn to *Queen Elizabeth* (the boat). Nevertheless, he is a democrat, friendly with groundsmen, postmen, secretaries and a certain bell-maid at Bryn Mawr (she does his laundry). He is a practical economist, who, though gifted in the art of wheeling and dealing, supplements his income by running the magazine concession and working in the library. He follows the Quaker principle of non-violence, preferring to disarm his assailants with threats of legal retaliation. Finally, Speaks is a lover whose search for the ideal companion has caused him to undergo abortive Thanksgivings in New York, illicit interludes in Ocean City and sudden night flights to Pittsburgh.



GEORGE H. STEIN JR.

Given the proposition that nine hours of sleep are better than eight, George set out to prove that the "all night stand" could be avoided by planning one's work in advance. Since George was a combined pre-med and religion major, he found these extra hours of "sack time" were helpful in keeping him alert during the long days which often began with an early morning class and dragged on into afternoon and evening seminars. Outside of lectures, he divided his time equally between the science and humanities laboratories (i.e., the test-tube and the bull session). With the coming of spring, he emerged from the library and searched for a tennis opponent. George came to Haverford to acquire a well-rounded education; so he scrutinized carefully the areas of religion and science. Thus the opportunity of pursuing his avocation during his leisure hours qualified him as a future subject for a Viceroy cigarette advertisement. Another of the significant benefits of the Haverford years has been a gourmet's taste cultivated at the *only* college dining hall rejected without qualification by Duncan Hines.

Tennis 1,2,3.

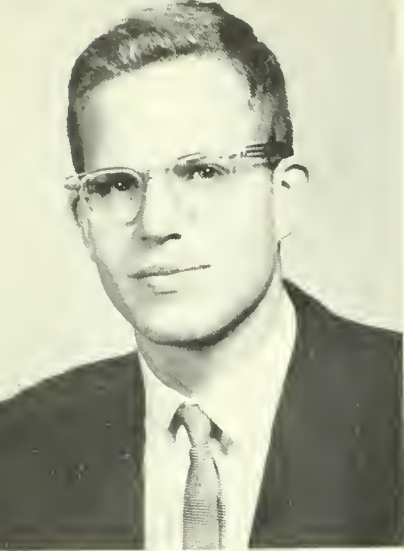


FRANCIS J. STOKES III

Here is a person with what appears to be an endless amount of time to do everything. Having his fingers in more committee and treasury pies than most students, it would not be surprising if, one of these days, he became, in his quiet and unobtrusive way, the fourth Stokes registered at the beginning of the Haverford catalog. The family tradition, we are guessing, will not be broken by Frank. In the midst of many activities, he always has time to read at least one new book a week as well as to play innumerable hands of bridge. Of course, there are also many hours spent keeping up with the *Times*. The truly amazing thing, however, is that the school work always gets done and gets done in fine style. With this excellent ability for time management, there can be little doubt as to his future: Big Business. But this must wait for at least another year's training in the composition of black on white, so that the lines and curves finally meet at something called the point of equilibrium.

AISEC vice-chairman 3; Class Night 1,2,3; Curriculum Committee 4; Dining Room Committee 4; Economics Club 3, president 4; Fencing 1,2,3,4; Founders Club 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Meeting Committee 3; News advertising manager 3, business manager 4; *Record* 2; Soccer 1,2; Varsity Club 4; Young Friends 1,2,3,4.





FREDERICK C. SWAN

In the fall of 1957, a quiet freshman arrived at Haverford for pre-season soccer practice and walked purposefully to the field. Rumor has it that the coach was telling people where to play when Fred, without further ado, stepped to an inside position. At the time of this year's Swarthmore game, he was still there, this time a co-captain of a team which went on to defeat the Garnet. Steady Freddy has been consistent about everything he has done at Haverford, whether it be methodically firing shots into opponents' goals, bravely attending Bryn Mawr mixers, calmly pole-vaulting, or grimly walking from the library to his next class. A budding sociologist, Fred began his study of small groups by boarding with Dr. Hetzel freshman year, and then by switching the following autumn to observe the random behavior of Brown, Craig, Pendleton and Co. He next became The Quiet Junior as he said little but worked 'round the clock to determine a norm for Ninth Entry activity. Thoroughly confused thereby, Freddy retired to the haven of a Leeds single, there to assimilate material for a proposed thesis dealing with the effects which Haverford has on the Westtown transferee.

Meeting Committee; Soccer 1,2,3 co-captain 4; Track 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; Young Friends 1,2,3,4.



JOHN K. SWIFT

John is one of the few Haverford men who managed to enjoy marital bliss as he garnered academic goodies at our noble institution. A day student, of course, Swiftie was rarely to be found on campus after dusk in the years after his marriage to Bunny. But during the day, he was an active figure in Whithall where he studied the intricate economic machinations of Master Bell. John was another of the Lyon's sweet and innocent children who faced a rude economic awakening when a pair of new and sinister faces appeared for our Senior year. But John made it through, and he entered the Great World Outside with an ability to torture IBM 650's with a cunning that defies description and a wonderful knack of correlating the most unrelated data in the world and coming up with balance-of-payment statements that could make British bankers pale, Swiss financiers tremble and German monetary officials ready to devalue the Deutschemark. Our boy's talents will not go unnoticed. He's bound to turn up as Budget Director in a Republican cabinet one of these days.

Chess Club 1; Class Night 1,2,3; Day Students Committee 3,4; Economics Club 3,4; Track 1,2; WHRC 1,2.





HAROLD E. TAYLOR

8:30 p.m.: The Bandit Wall's All-American hunk has just come in from chow. "Did ya get a *Bulletin*, Bob? Where's that worthless Lane? If he'd only get to work for a change, Yuz wanna play bridge, Hetz? — Well, how 'bout the movies? I'm not goin' tonight but you can go!" A retreat is made to the backroom. The icebox trembles with the misplaced touch of a delicate pinkie, which momentarily hoists two gallons of home-grown, home-squeezed cider. (Pure selected apples. Select the good ones, press the rest.) The door slams behind him, hanging desparately by one hinge. "Ya nyc, panni my you," warbles from the jagged keyhole of 92. Scattered sketches of Milton and King Lear are broken when an uninterrupted forty minutes of direction on his project comes over the wire from Iowa, Dominion Observatory, Canada. The current Eastern Standard Time: 21 hours, 30 minutes. "Let's go to bed, Pete . . . I know it's only nine thirty, but I don't want to study. . . . O.K., ten o'clock, but no later."



J.V. Baseball 1; J.V. Basketball 1,2; Soccer 1,2,3, All-American 4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; Young Friends 1,2,3,4.

HOLLINSHEAD N. TAYLOR III

Young Holly Taylor at the prime of life
 Came to Haverford to escape a world of strife.
 Freshman year, in Spanish House were laid
 The problems of the world on his shoulder blades.
 He did his work and faced the truth,
 Pushing a slide rule to words uncouth.
 By sophomore year he was the no more wise,
 Still in Spanish, Engineering still his guise;
 Through problems the slide still ruthlessly went
 But Holly now read Bib Lit to Beethoven's lament.
 From May Day to girls, he discovered real fun;
 As a Junior, the lad's life had just begun.
 Striving as goalie on the soccer field,
 Head moved closer, to Lloyd he did yield.
 With tight smile on face, L&M in hand,
 He joined the laundry concession and that humming band.
 Junior summer, in rage and disgust,
 He went to the Continent, return though he must.
 In Senior year, he seldom missed the worst of classes;
 Young Holly measured out his life in empty glasses.
 With the end approaching and no time left to doodle
 Our boy replied, "Fair to middlin, toodles."



Class Gift Committee chairman 4; Class vice-president 4; Dining Room Committee 3; Dorm Committee 2; JV Basketball 1; *Record* sports editor 4; Soccer 1,2,3,4; Social Committee 4; Varsity Club 3,4.

MARK E. THOMPSON

The phone rings. What! Already a patient calling for this young doctor in the making? No, not yet, but rather some perplexed chemistry student suffering a bit of frustration with chemical problems or maybe a baffled student astronomer wishing to find out where he is in relation to the stars. They are both wise, for they seem to know where the answers can be found. After his bright career here in the chemistry department analyzing, synthesizing, learning and "bombing," Mark, also a budding young golfer, is going to tee off for the great city of the Bucs. There he will pursue and complete his medical education and will be on the scene as the Bucs take the World Series year after year. "It was 'tairrible' that I wasn't there this year when they came up from the cellar!" With him, Mark will take that famous indispensable green chair (at Haverford, Mark never settled for less than the best). Yes, Pitt Med School awaits his arrival. He'll be there just as soon as the Big-4 of the chemistry department filters him through . . . for medicine is the next step in the synthesis!

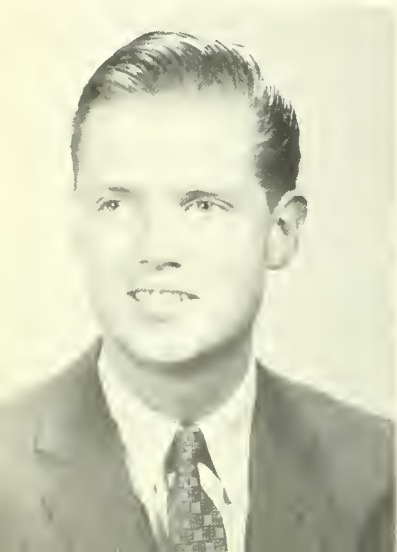
Baseball 1,2; BB-SFG 2,3; Chemistry Club 3, president 4; Class Night 1,2,3,4; Dining Room Committee 4; Glee Club 1; Golf 3,4; Varsity Club 4.



F. DYCUS THREADGILL JR.

He spent one of his Haverford years abroad. Report has it that, in his travels, he always followed the more difficult routes, crossing treacherous passes, fording rocky streams, braving arid deserts. All this was endured, we hear, as preparation for the notoriously difficult journey through Haverford's music major program. Surely this preparation was wisely taken — few fully understand the puzzling vicissitudes of the College music program (and not without Reese-n); surely this preparation was admirably vigorous, for few have completed the trip so gracefully. Some troublous waters he crossed with the help of the good ship John D.; at other times he came courageously on in Lohengrin style, Swan and all. F. Dycus has danced nimbly to his graduation, avoiding with astounding success the innumerable toes that the music department offers for stepping on. What difficulties can the future hold for one so trained? Well-armed gentility ventures forth.

Arts Council; French Club; Glee Club 1; JV Track 1; News 1,2, music critic 3,4; Spanish Club; WHRC 1.



ALAN C. TILLIS

Obsessed with converting H_2O into tea, mad scientist Tillis has spent four years here enmeshed in a maze of tubes, beakers and other potentially dangerous apparatus "borrowed" from the chemistry department. Always within the framework of science, Alan has spent his summer days experimenting with drugs and their effects on dogs and his summer evenings experimenting with New Jersey girls. Preliminary notes on the former research are now ready for publication; he hopes to receive a large grant from some understanding foundation which will allow him to devote himself entirely to work on the latter. Alan and Haverford squirrels have something in common: both store up great quantities of food for the long hard winters. When Sunday evening odors waft across Founders from Mother Nugent's kitchen, Alan has a choice to make: he can get the Plymouth out of storage for a quick trip to the Chuck Wagon or he can prepare the chemical compound known as the Tillis omelette (served with distilled tea). An acceptance at Georgetown Medical School has assured Alan a means of continuing to perfect the art of carving and of increasing the stock of his dispensary — currently limited to Bufferin.

Chemistry Club 2,3,4; Cricket 1,2, manager 3,4; Customs Committee 2; Dorm Committee 3,4; Glee Club 1,2.



KENNETH K. TRABERT

During the past three years, a red Studebaker has become a familiar sight on the campus. Behind the wheel, Ken is usually scooting off to the U of P or Bryn Mawr [for purely academic reasons, of course]. When on campus, Ken is rarely seen, but can be located by those in the know in the physics library solving the riddles of the stars or pursuing the elusive origin of magnetic fields of galaxies. To call him a mere scientist is to overlook one of his favorite interests — the study of philosophy and its relation to science. He is as conversant in the ideas of Plato, Aristotle and Russell as in the thoughts of Einstein, Planck and Schrodinger. He even dabbles in Shostakovich on the side. Closely attuned to these interests is his passionate concern over baseball and pro-football, the philosophical and scientific foundations of which, he maintains, cannot be fathomed by ordinary mortals. Ken usually appears as if he were in the advanced stages of depression, bemoaning his "low" grades and life in general — nobody quite knows why, for he has remained a Corporation Scholar since his freshman year and has captured a Phi Beta Kappa key. Ken does not intend to be confined by the normal academic pattern — after obtaining a Ph. D. in physics, he plans to enter the field of medicine.

Curriculum Committee 4; Orchestra 1; Phi Beta Kappa.





JAN H. VAN DER VEEN

The ineluctable modality of the invisible.



STEVEN K. VERNON

One sunny October morning of his sophomore year, Steve proclaimed that the expressions "existentialism," "nihilism," and "decline of the West" should be consigned forever to limbo. Gone was the philosophic pre-med student. In his place was a New Man, a biologist, seeking Truth among fruit-flies and infusorian. But Steve had not become a Philistine; to complement his freshly gleaned truths from the scientific world, he sought knowledge of humanity in the eyes of a sympathetic Bryn Mawrtyr. To most, this devotee of the neo-Enlightenment has the qualities of a man most likely to succeed in science. But to those closest to him, Steve reveals the misgivings of his philosophic past. An observer (unknown to him) recounts this story: in the dead of winter under the light of a full moon, a prostrate figure appealed to Buddha with supplicating eyes. A sigh. Then a voice: "Thirty years among the test-tubes!" A sip of sake, a bowed head and the lugubrious strains of Verdi's *Requiem* accompanied the sacred confessional. Purged of his doubts, the figure then emerged with renewed optimism, ready to face the microbial world once again.



Chemistry Club 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; JV Football 1.



WILLIAM E. WALLING JR.

"The Bear" is a more complex animal than might first meet the eye. On occasion prone to disorganization, chaos and the esoteric art of wallowing (no pun intended), our "Bear" is nevertheless at ease at any social gathering — from those on the North Shore to those on the Main Line to those in New York City. Roommates have been heard to mutter in awe: "He's so uncool he's cool!" There are also more important sides to Bill: a devoted interest in classical music (pianist Richter is the present craze, as all Leeds can attest) elevates the musical tastes of roomies and neighbors more inclined to WIBC; a keen interest in political affairs (his speciality is The Smith Act) which has been nurtured on faithful reading of the *Times* provides a sound base for his interest in a law career; perhaps most important of all one finds in Bill a blend of modesty and lack of aloofness that is very refreshing in Haverford's "all business" atmosphere (i.e., academic "business" *THE* editors take note).



MICHAEL R. WEIL

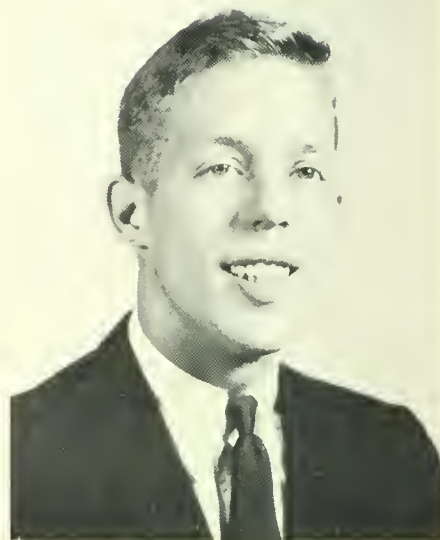
And how should I begin to spit out all the buttends of his days and ways? Do I dare . . . do I dare disturb the universe? Do I dare sing the song of M. Robert Weil . . . tell you of the eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase, that teach us to care and not to care . . . talk to you of *Spontaneity* . . . of predictable unpredictabilities . . . of the time found to prepare a face to meet the faces that he meets . . . of literary symbolism — full of high sentence but a bit obtuse (you can't tell the depth of the well by the length of the pump-handle) . . . of music, a piano, a dangling cigarette, a mood related by agile rambling fingers . . . of appeal . . . in the room the women come and go talking of Michael — of time past and time future — there will be time, there will be time to love, to learn, to write, to teach and for the present to play . . . of dreams of faraway places . . . of thoughts uninhibited . . . of this and so much more . . . of a suggestive personality . . . an acquired taste . . . Michael.



RICHARD P. WENZEL

Kindly Old Dr. Wenzel met Haverford's challenge by going in all directions at once. Passing by Spanish ("Angelita de Alma Mia") to find Truth in philosophy ("the unmoved mover"), the Wenz found the Biological activities of the *Drosophila* closer to his major interest. Social activities coordinator at Ninth ("Did I ever let you down?") and untiring social critic ("I was an imagebuilder for the FBI"), R.P. combined science and art in arranging intimate small group studies - "Harem Checks." The institution of the 1960 Harcum-Bryn Mawr coffee hour verified his "Sardine Theory" that proximity assures closer social contact, while his patented "Batman Swoop" provided the answer under less crowded conditions ("Everything I know, I learned from Wenz"). In recognition of his outstanding service in the field of social relations, Dick was awarded the Order of the Red Carnation as a lifetime member of the board of Mrs. Chew's Mainline Chowder and Marching Society. Under his direction, the class of 1961 put its best dramatic foot forward and the *News* feature page reached new heights of subtlety, often eluding local readers and slow-witted alumni. With such preparation, the good doctor should fall easily into a starring role on "Medic" and create prescriptions with literary as well as medicinal flair.

Class Night director 3,4; Dance Committee 1,2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3; ICG 2,3; *News* feature editor 3,4; *Record* 3,4; Social Committee 3; Track 2; WHRC 2,3; Wrestling 1.



JOHN W. WILLS JR.

Take note Ben Cooper: This happy economist will probably wind up the wealthiest member of our class and an outstanding Annual Giving candidate in future years. Propounder of remarkable economic theories (transcending even Phil Bell's comprehension) and thoroughly baptized in the Republican tradition, this enterprising executive-to-be has spent his college years making incisive analyses of American industry, and he emerges from Whitall portals prepared to renovate our national industrial complex. Truly embodying the Haverford ideal of "spit and polish," John has never failed to appear in the latest Wall Street fashions, full of hopeful news about a rather dubious investment he has made in Pelican Lake Uranium stock (an item, he notes, listed *only* on the Toronto exchange . . .). John's executive abilities demonstrated themselves admirably in the course of his two-year reign as head (and, incidentally, founder) of the Day Students' Committee. Not only did he acquire a special bulletin board for his cohorts, but he even managed to cadge our comptroller into providing his group with a plush and secluded lounge in Union. But his greatest triumph was the staging of an elaborate ceremony toward the end of his Senior year from which our John emerged a married man.

Day Students' Committee, chairman 3,4; Economics Club 2,3,4; Track 1,2.



PETER WOLFF

Peter lived in the back of a little store with his father-figure, Maggie the cat and a duck by the name of Karsh. Every day he played unhappily at the bridge by the pond. He had guilt feelings about his wanderlust because his father-figure had said: "Peter, don't travel because you'll end up in the Mawful Forest where black and white six-toothed monsters lurk." One day, however, Peter put on his green ten-foot scarf, packed a barrel with sardine sandwiches and, shouldering his trusty snapping tripod, set off with the cat and Karsh. Sure enough, it was dark as a room in the forest. Soon a band of monsters leaped out and snatched at his snapping tripod and companions. Libido made for the cat; Caliban bound his arms; Merlin precipitated Karsh into *la vie morte*. Mammon reached for his bread. Peter, however, conned and shocked them into making him their leader. They set off to look for The Wolf. Six years later they reached High Hill and nabbed their quarry. They returned, psychosexually, to be greeted by the father-figure, who, by means of group therapy, inculcated the *gestalt* into a state of penultimate harmony with the biota, which is where he now grooves.



FRANK H. YOUNG

Frank is almost never seen studying. His return from Penn invariably leads to a bull-session with easily tempted room-mates. Sometime after midnight, he settles down with a book in his hand and goes to sleep, still in coat and tie. Next morning a metamorphosed Frank, now attired in an aged blue bathrobe, appears at a fashionably late hour and proceeds to peruse the *Times*. This sort of life has given Frank a somewhat spotty academic record. The standard deviation of his grade-average has increased and his transcript has become a rather familiar item in the eyes of the academic standing committee. But Frank *has* progressed since coming to the College; during his stay he has acquired a keen sense of frugality and a delicate palate. His gourmet sensitivities became so highly developed that by junior year he was not able to eat College food and was forced to retreat to home-cooked meals. He shows great promise as a chef and has even reached the point of washing the dishes — once a week. But Frank has found time to take four grad courses in math and this grad school practice he hopes to continue next year.

Constitution Revision Committee 2; Students' Council secretary 3; Glee Club 1,2; Honor System Committee 4; Meeting Committee 3, chairman 4; News 1, associate editor 2; Peace Action Fellowship 1,2,3; WHRC publicity director 1, program director 2; Young Friends 1, planning committee 2.





JAY F. ZIEGENFUSS JR.

This "big swinger" came to the College an ambitious pre-med but after several years of close contact with the biology department is now considering joining those in the research labs. After a freshman year of much female companionship, Zig decided to turn his attention completely to his studies. This caused a mild disillusionment at Bryn Mawr and Baldwin, but for the advancement of Science, no sacrifice was too great. Two years of College food convinced him that there is no place like home and his familiar Chevvy could be seen heading for Lancaster Pike every afternoon after long hours with Messrs. Santer and Finger. Some of us did not get to know Jay for he always seemed to be working on some project for school or for the Young Friends. But we knew his smile and his genial manner. A regular member of the Germantown Meeting, Jay was also a fullback for two years on a JV soccer team whose only strength, we might add, was its defense.



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