THE RECORD

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

1962
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FACULTY     HERMAN M. SOMERS
Sometimes fervent, sometimes desultory and almost unnoticeable, the long-drawn struggle of the Senior Class to overcome its own ignorance and prejudice could only end in relative victory. Some fine team-work and flashes of individual brilliancy, a good deal of ineffectual wavering and plodding perseverance — our Haverford education. Frequently it was felt that activities on the Haverford front lack a unified and comprehensive strategy, but, generally speaking, victories have outweighed frustrating impasses.

What facts we have learned are less significant than the prejudices we have unlearned and the values we have begun to uncover, in ourselves and in our work. Four years is not too long a time to work out our personal orientation, the most valuable yield of education.

For what personal cogency and integrity we have achieved here, we are particularly grateful to the example of the faculty. We have had four years of contact with men and women interested in developing us — not weighing us with facts or oppressing us with dogma, but showing us the structure of understanding. We thank the faculty for guiding us to many of the questions we must ask; we will remember their example.
Anyone who has taken the opportunity to listen to a ward leader or precinct committeeman soon discovers that the low man in the American political party hierarchy likes to talk. He wants to talk about his job, of which he is proud. He wants to elicit a little understanding and admiration for his efforts and his system, so often the object of abuse. He wants to educate his listeners. He might even philosophize a little.

In a sense, Red Somers is a ward leader with a forum, a man who puts the truths of American politics in terms a college student can understand. He has successfully bridged and integrated two worlds. There emerges from this dialectic a most profound view of what social man is and how he should be governed.

One can get the impression that Red looks on the academic world as a mission field for the salvation-bearing message of the politician. The religious metaphor is
unfortunate, because if there is one message that Red would have his students receive, it is that politics should not be a religion. In the spirit of real American pragmatism, Red is quick to point out that, politically speaking, it’s the “saints” who have caused all the trouble — the boys who will die — or kill — for an idea or a cause.

Human nature being what it is, peace is a possibility only when all submit to one. Rather than pay so high a price, Red would have men wage war peacefully. Virtue lies in tolerance, mutual respect, compromise and recognition of the fallibility of yourself and others. Virtue is made possible by institutions that allow for human fallibility and make peaceful war possible. The politician, for whom ideas are necessarily of first importance as they help or hurt his chances of election, provides the buffer between the battling idealists.

For all his protests against the men who are consumed by ideas, Red emerges as an idealist of a sort, or at least an enthusiast. The object of his enthusiasm is democracy, toward which he demonstrates a faith that is sometimes shocking to budding intellectuals whose confidence in their own infallibility is unknowingly accompanied by an assumption that the power to make decisions should lie in their hands. (It comes as no surprise to learn that Red was nurtured by the LaFollette Wisconsin politics of the '30s.)

There is some comfort for the academy. Some specialized activity is necessary to truly define the alternatives from which all men choose, and so Red will subscribe to the idea that education is of some value, as “... an article of faith — an unscientific observation because I’m in the racket”. Proof of this faith lies in his efforts in the field of social insurance, efforts that have achieved for him enormous stature as an “expert”. And beyond this work is his inestimable service as a teacher.

In accordance with Red’s un-inflated evaluation of man’s capacities, his students are not coddled. The carrot is implicit: the stick, in the form of persistent questioning and a little book, is most explicit. One has the feeling that one would have preferred to outrank Red in his Army days. On the other hand, no student of his can fail to realize that both teacher and pupil are fighting the same battle and are on the same side.

Another characteristic of the man in the classroom is his frequent indulgence in the use of experience as teacher. Anecdotes abound, rarely lacking significant powers of edification. Classes with Red often become a combination of anxiety (if you haven’t done the reading), outraged humor, and a smug delight in being told the “inside” story.

Perhaps the best measure of the man lies in the sense of privilege and opportunity his students feel in their exposure to him. Red is an educator in the widest sense of the word. He purveys not only information, but an understanding and admiration for democracy that is contagious and which goes far beyond the limits of political life. Haverford can consider itself fortunate in its association with this latter-day gadfly, who, while often destroying the old gods, replaces them with newer and wiser ones.
LOUIS C. GREEN

I'm very well acquainted too with matters mathematical,
I understand equations, both the simple and quadratical,
About binomial theorem I'm teeming with a lot o' news—
With many cheerful facts about the square of the hypotenuse.

The Major General's words can serve as an excellent introduction to the well-known figure who is head and sole member of the Haverford Department of Astronomy, Dr. Louis Green. His knowledge extends far beyond "equations, both the simple and quadratical," extending into such relatively unastronomic fields as philosophy and English literature. He is able to speak of Aquinas with almost as much authority as he can of the quantum theory. He does not allow science in general and astronomy in particular to remain an isolated discipline in the student's mind but relates it to the whole field of human experience.

If a person has ever stood in the hall outside of Chase 3 he perhaps might wonder at the laughter which he hears inside. The applause which follows would be even more mystifying. If this person were told that the class in session was an astronomy class his curiosity would probably grow to amazement. In most minds astronomy is certainly not supposed to be a discipline capable of inciting laughter in anyone. Astronomy is supposed to be a sober discipline. There is certainly nothing humorous in its elegance: if anything it is cold and distant. This, of course, is true to a degree: for viewing the moon through a telescope is certainly a different experience from reading Shelley.

The one fact that makes all the difference in this case is that this is Dr. Green's version of astronomy. Not to imply that the universe that he speaks of is different from that studied by other astronomers, but rather that it is more vital than most versions a person is liable to encounter. In this lies the clue to the laughter.

Dr. Green himself is a rather tall and severe man, suggesting more a Presbyterian minister with a strict Calvinist background than an astronomer. A first glance affords one no indication of the latent humor of the man. Yet it is the whimsical humor with which he liberally lards his erudition that permits him to excel in the class-room. His spontaneous acting ability permits him to imitate with equal facility a diatomic molecule or the hypothetical universe in angular motion.

While the educators are working on methods to make the learning of science painless, Dr. Green has developed his own relatively painless method. Most students at Haverford enroll in the astronomy course as a means of hedging the science requirement and have little initial interest in the content of the course. Much to the surprise of many students they discover that they enjoy the course, and cannot remain indifferent, at least not to Dr. Green.

He is able to expound such complex theories as that of relativity to students with a minimal scientific background, and to do it successfully. It is Dr. Green's accurate and sympathetic feeling for the students and his desire to teach them, rather than just to "teach," that permits him to convey to them his feeling of enthusiasm for astronomy.
ROBERT H. BUTMAN

No performance of a play is ever "alive" unless the direction has been enthusiastic and invigorating. Time and again college productions go flat because there exists no driving, encouraging force behind them to lend pace and clarity. The same is true for the classroom: learning is a leading forth of knowledge, but first there must exist the inspiration and desire to learn. This is only created, in the classroom, when one feels that the professor himself is motivated by a profound desire to understand and to help others to understand. There are few professors who take the trouble to broaden a student's mind as Bob does. It is for this that great teachers are remembered.

What does it mean to gamble? With money as the symbol, the flip of a coin in Humanities class has shown us more about Dostoevsky's story than three hours of lecture time. Similarly, a simple stage direction, "You sound like you're making love to yourself instead of to her," has proved the most effective remedy for a common situation on the Haverford boards.

There is at least one place on this campus of keys which is never locked. As students we have walked into his apartment at any hour and been made welcome, which is something some of us can do nowhere else. He is necessary, he is there, and he is appreciated.

Yes, there have been quarrels, and some of us dislike him. To some he has come too close, to others not close enough. But that is part of the gamble — when each of us makes some attempt to reach out and sense the other, we are betting on the fulfillment of ourselves as human beings, and hoping, sometimes against hope, that we will win. He is respected for the amount and the frequency with which he stakes; criticized for his losses and loved for his victories, but always respected. That's as it should be. There are too few gamblers left.
It's pretty hard to get through Haverford without meeting Ernie Prudente. You can do it, although Ernie probably has as many people in his courses as any other professor. You can do it; but you miss something.

You may sign up with Ernie simply because of athletic requirements, or because you have the sinking feeling that a few weeks of grinding or loafing have left you miserably out of shape. So you sign up for sports instruction, body-building, softball, baseball or basketball; and you discover, if you didn't know it already, that there's an unusual man at the heart of the program. He knows what he's doing and he does it well; and if you came to learn something, you'll learn. Of course, if you don't want to learn, Ernie won't force you; if you want to goof off, you can get away with it. You won't fool Ernie; but he won't get tough with you either.

If you want to put yourself in shape, he'll help, shouting words of encouragement to his sweating disciples. "Let's keep those weights hot!" he'll bellow. "And build up those necks and get those arms strong and those stomachs tight." Easy? Take it from Ernie, "This is a gut course." When you're sure you can't lift five pounds more, he'll grunt for you so you don't waste your energy; or he'll get you laughing so you have to start over again.

Usually the result is that you make it next time; and that you find keeping yourself in shape great fun. Ernie may be serious about it, but he still makes it fun. Perhaps that's why you like him — and there's no one who doesn't.

When you come down to the gym, you don't stop being a student. Ernie believes that every part of you needs to be toughened and exercised and brought into harmony, mind and body. "Keep those arms going so you won't get tired typing," he'll roar. Ernie doesn't begrudge you the time you have to spend studying. He knows you're here to get an education. That's part of Ernie's job; and you like the way he does it.
JOHN ASHMEAD, JR.

During his student days at Harvard University, John Ashmead worked at one time or another as a salt tablet dropper in a tomato cannery, a music critic and reporter for the Hartford Times, a translator of German, and a cowboy and piano player at a Colorado dude ranch. The diversity of Ashmead's activities has stuck with him as Associate Professor of English at Haverford.

Most of us know him as a teacher of literature and creative writing, areas to which Ashmead brings a wide knowledge encompassing many of the arts. He believes that literature should be seen in a context which is not strictly chronological or isolated but which spreads into other areas of aesthetic endeavor. Thus Ashmead was a pioneer force in bringing to Haverford the Carnegie Study of the Arts of the United States — a collection of three thousand color slides of American architecture, painting, and sculpture which he uses to broaden the student's conception of literature as a work of art.

Similarly, Ashmead brings his knowledge of music to bear on the style and structure of literature. He frequently reads aloud to the class to give students a feeling for pitch and harmony in language, in the belief that "nobody is tone deaf." Interpreting a book, he may associate certain "motifs" with a character, or note an operatic effect, where three characters are "singing" at once.

Perhaps Ashmead's most valuable experience as a teacher in preparation for his second role as a writer, has been simply in meeting people. Having a wide variety of acquaintances is invaluable, he feels, and his various foreign teaching assignments in Athens, Japan, Burma, the Philippines, Korea, Formosa and Hong Kong have added greatly to this circle of friends. Out of those years of teaching and travel, and out of his experience in World War II, came The Mountain and the Feather. Ashmead worked on the novel on and off from 1944 until November, 1960, when it was accepted for publication. The book was written mainly from 10 p.m. to 2 a.m., or from 4 to 8 a.m., the only times available with a busy teaching schedule. Future plans include another novel (completed but not yet published) and a third in the drawing-board stage.

In his third role as critic, Ashmead has not confined himself to literature alone. He also has some rather provocative opinions about Haverford College. He complains of a "desperately overworked" faculty and student body dominated by the Puritan idea that "work is the first thing in life." Such conditions, he claims, produce an atmosphere where study is "95% analytical and 5% creative" and acts as a "stimulus to grinding out plodders." As a remedy for this situation, Ashmead suggests the possibility of abandoning compulsory classwork in the senior year. "Students need some time to reflect, even though the 'goof-offs' will take advantage of this free time... they will under any circumstances." Commenting on the new two million dollar science building, Ashmead half-humorously wondered about the possibility of buying 100 dollars' worth of reflection. Some of the points John Ashmead has raised in this account of his diverse career would certainly bear such reflection.
In Paul Desjardins, Haverford has its arch enemy of sophists, past and present. Philosophy for him is a life commitment, a passionate search for meaning on both the intellectual and practical levels of existence, and not just another academic discipline.

Paul was born and raised on a farm in upstate New York. He entered Yale College, where he majored in English during his undergraduate days. During the war years he served in China as a lieutenant in the army. For one year after the war he was a novice in a monastic order. Then he returned to Yale and studied philosophy, writing his Ph.D. on the Platonic dialogues. At Haverford we have known Paul as amateur psychologist, family man, confirmed Platonist, sophisticated Catholic, and a "good guy" who could use the "King's English" with the best or worst of us.

There are some who would say of Paul Desjardins that of all the professors at Haverford he knew the most students but understood the least. But those of us who have benefitted so greatly from his friendship realize with appreciation that Paul set for himself a hard task: to understand us at the deepest levels of our complex and often confused natures, and not at the level of appearance.

To this task he brought a lively and sometimes baffling method of teaching. He was fond of classifying us, for purposes of argument, into certain Platonic personality categories. Every class at Haverford has one or two Charmides or Cephalus figures, an occasional Phaedrus or Thrasymachus, and sometimes a potential Socrates. Paul's hope for all of us, as we advanced from Philosophy 11 and Ethics to Plato, Aristotle and Kant seminars, was that we put off the old Charmides or Cephalus figures and become more and more like Socrates in developing the philosophical view of life.

Truth is never one-sided, according to Paul, but steers its way through opposites. The reconciliation of these opposites is the aim of philosophy, to rediscover the original harmony which man, in his alienation, sees in terms of polarities. Paul sought to teach us all to be good charioteers, harnessing the appetites in service of the rational elements of the soul, and good helmsmen, steering our individual courses upon troubled seas of warring appetites and motivations.

Even if most of us did not fully achieve this harmony in our own lives, most of us will agree with Paul that a life should be led from conviction and not from personal whim or inclination. Paul taught us to hold in contempt the "liberal arts relativist" who knows a lot about everything but has no convictions about anything. He also encouraged us to revitalize our often moribund religious heritage in the service of the philosophical life. By his own example he showed us that this life is not easy, for it involves constant self-overcoming and sacrifice. Yet with Paul we were all proud to "climb Plato's ladder" in search of a truth which would ultimately harmonize in a "kingdom of ends" — a kingdom within us, but not of this world.
MARCEL GUTWIRTH

Officially Professor of Romance Languages and head of the French Department, Marcel Gutwirth has taught both French and Humanities 21-22. A command of French remains a sign of culture, and an understanding of literature remains in this scientific age essential to the well educated man; by leading his students to these faculties Professor Gutwirth serves most significantly to fulfill Haverford's ideals of liberal education.

The coldness and reserve with which he first meets the student may be due to his European background or his desire to maintain academic distance and discipline. But through his thin smile and clipped phrases there clearly appears, in his careful analysis of literature, a man committed warmly and deeply to the humanities and ultimately to man. His interpretations of literature have inevitably seemed so convincingly right as to admit of little contradiction. The students in his seminars come away with a knowledge of the material discussed but they also gain the immeasurably more valuable insight into the philosophy which motivates Professor Gutwirth's intellect. Fundamental in his approach to every work of art is a deep understanding and sympathy with the human condition, and the student may learn something of this whether the work is Proust, Moliere, Dostoeivsky or the Book of Job.

In teaching for the first time this year a course in the Enlightenment, he has been able to indulge his interest in both literature and philosophy. The course bridges the provincial barriers of language and academic discipline and as an ambitious innovation indicates Professor Gutwirth's commitment to his role as a teacher. This function he has carried out of the classroom and into his home, where he has conducted informal discussions of literature with interested students in the best tradition of the salon. It is the willingness to teach those students who wish to learn, evident in these evenings of "Humanities Zero", which has made his classes sought after by the knowing, and made him one of the most highly respected members of the faculty.
Russell Williams is a name that will be remembered at Haverford for a number of reasons. His activities extended far and above the call of academic duty. Faculty square dancers will remember his calling at their gatherings, and students will recall his weekly visits to the dining hall and his enthusiastic participation at their picnics. On top of this he was a brilliant scientist, administrator, teacher and advisor.

Dr. Williams came to Haverford from Notre Dame already a well-known radiation chemist. He had published research papers of significance in his field and had written an important book on nuclear chemistry. While at Haverford he co-authored a now widely used text, *Principles of Physical Chemistry*. He also continued to carry on important research here despite the lack of elaborate facilities. As chairman of the chemistry department, his most notable achievement was the assembly of some excellent teaching chemists who have made their subject a progressive and exciting discipline for so many of us.

Perhaps his most attractive characteristic was his fatherly pride in his students. No one can easily forget or fail to appreciate his warm smile when Colin MacKay, a former student of Dr. Williams, confessed that Russell Williams had been responsible for interesting him in chemistry.

Those seeking his advice could be sure that he would lend a patient ear and that his approach would be one intended to aid and advise rather than to sell or push. Many students are grateful for his steady and mature counseling on personal problems, as well as plans for graduate school.

The students and the college as a whole benefited greatly from the presence of Russell Williams. His sudden and untimely death was a great loss, for such ability, energy and dedication in one man is unique. Haverford has indeed been fortunate for his short tenure here.
Wallace T. MacCaffrey has the knowledge and dedication of a master teacher, but his distinguishing excellence is that he has the master teacher's technique as well. His heavy assignments, his high standards, and his wonderfully disciplined lectures are all important parts of this technique; more important is the way in which he runs a discussion class. With MacCaffrey, one learns for keeps.

The secret (or rather the result of the secret—one learns the secret only by becoming another master teacher) is Professor MacCaffrey's consummate ability to manipulate a problem. Passing it around the room, occasionally dropping it in the middle of the table, MacCaffrey skillfully controls its slow and laborious demise. Make no mistake, MacCaffrey knows how he wants the problem solved—he also wants his students to do the solving. It may take them three hours of twisted analogies and non sequiturs to construct what MacCaffrey could have put together in fifteen minutes, but at the end of class, each student carefully wraps up the result and takes it home, a permanent possession because he helped to make it.
The student knows that things run fairly smoothly at Haverford—he is vaguely aware that freshmen are selected, policy shaped, and money raised each year. Beyond this he has little interest in, or knowledge of, the Administration. He is likely to become acquainted with at least one or two of the men in Roberts during his four-year stay, and the chances are that he will find that they are intelligent people with a real concern for education: *qua* Administration members, however, they are remote by small college standards.
Thus the student gets the impression that the Administration's concern for education is oriented not towards him personally, but towards a hazy, ill-defined entity called "the College". Undergraduates, wrapped up in the task of dealing with the parts of the College which affect them directly, are not likely to see it as a whole, and often do not understand or sympathize with the Administration's perspective.
With an effort, however, one occasionally takes an objective look at Haverford, and realizes that many of the advantages he has enjoyed as a student result from the unobtrusive efforts of men and women tucked away in offices around the campus. The Administration does a good job for "the College", and perhaps its lack of publicity is the best testimony to that fact.
IMPRESSIONS
To follow the course of Collection speakers, dates, the Glee Club, or even to trace the phenomena of the Saturday Night Movie, is to say, with real pictures, that the extra-curricular activities remain about the same from year to year, and that there are a number of ways in which the retreat from academia is rationalized, justified, rendered more or less exciting.

What we do when we don't (study, attend classes, study, read, take notes, attend classes . . .) turns out to be what we will read about here, and occasionally almost as interesting.
In this pastoral setting a young man was enabled to loaf comfortably and delightfully through four luxurious and indolent years. They loafed and invited their souls or, with great energy and enthusiasm, promoted the affairs of glee-clubs, athletic teams, class politics, fraternities, debating societies, and dramatic clubs. And they talked—always talked, under the trees, under the ivied walls, assembled in their rooms... they talked with a large easy fluency about God, the Devil, and philosophy, the girls, politics, athletics, fraternities and the girls—My God! how they talked!

Thomas Wolfe.
*Look Homeward, Angel*

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O tedium, tedium, tedium. The frenzied Ceremonial drumming of the humdrum!
Where in this small-talking world can I find
A longitude with no platitude?...
If only I had been born a flame, a flame
Poised, say, on the flighty head of a candle,
I could have stood in this draught and gone out,
Whip, through the door of my exasperation.
But I remain, like the possibility
Of water in a desert.
Christopher Fry. *The Lady’s Not For Burning*
Books are good enough in their own way, but they are a mighty bloodless substitute for life. It seems a pity to sit, like the Lady of Shalott, peering into a mirror, with your back turned on all the bustle and glamor of reality. And if a man reads very hard, as the old anecdote reminds us, he will have little time for thought.

Robert L. Stevenson,
*Virginibus Puerisque*

To spend too much time in studies is sloth; to use them too much for ornament is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules is the humor of a scholar.

Francis Bacon, *Of Studies*
"I got the idea in my head—and I could not get it out—that college was just one more dopey, inane place in the world dedicated to piling up treasure on earth and everything. What’s the difference whether the treasure is money, or property, or even culture, or even just plain knowledge? It all seemed like exactly the same thing to me, if you take off the wrapping—and it still does! Sometimes I think that knowledge—when it’s knowledge for knowledge’s sake, anyway—is the worst of all. The least excusable, certainly... I don’t think it would have all got me quite so down if just once in a while—just once in a while—there was at least some polite perfunctory implication that knowledge should lead to wisdom, and that if it doesn’t it’s just a disgusting waste of time! But there never is! You never even hear any hints dropped on a campus that wisdom is supposed to be the goal of knowledge. You hardly ever even hear the word ‘wisdom’ mentioned."

J. D. Salinger, Franny And Zooey
The only really strict laws were those laid down by the students to professors in the Italian universities, and enforced by the threat of boycott. At Bologna the professors were compelled under oath to obey the Rector elected by the students, forbidden to leave town for even a day without permission, fined if they began or ended their lectures a minute late, fined if they failed to attract an audience of at least five students for an ordinary lecture, and in general subjected to a very rigorous but possibly salutary discipline.

Herbert J. Muller,
*The Uses of the Past*
The devil of drowsiness is at his most potent, we find, about 10:30 P.M. At this period the human carcass seems to consider that it has finished its cycle, which began with so much courage nearly sixteen hours before. It begins to slack and the mind halts on a dead centre every now and then, refusing to complete the revolution. Now there are those who hold that this is certainly the seemly and appointed time to go to bed and they do so as a matter of routine. These are, commonly, the happier creatures, for they take the tide of sleep at the flood and are borne calmly and with gracious gentleness out to great waters of nothingness...

....but they miss the admirable adventures of those more emibittered wrestlers who will not give in without a struggle. These latter suffer severe pangs between 10:30 and 11:15 while they grapple with their fading faculties and seek to reestablish the will on its tottering throne. This requires courage stout, valour unbending. Once you yield, be it ever so little, to the tempter, you are lost. And here our poor barren clay plays us false, undermining the intellect with many a trick and wile. "I will sit down for a season in that comfortable chair," the creature says to himself. "and read this sprightly novel. That will ease my mind and put me in humour for a continuance of lively thinking." And the end of that man is a steady nasal buzz from the bottom of the chair where he has collapsed, an unsightly object and a disgrace to humanity. Only by stiff perseverance and rigid avoidance of easy chairs may the critical hour between 10:30 and 11:30 be safely passed. Tobacco, a self-brewed pot of tea, and a browsing along bookshelves (remain standing and do not sit down with your book) are helps in this time of struggle...

....those who survive this drastic weeding out which Night imposes upon her wooers—so as to cull and choose only the truly meritorious lovers—experience supreme delights which are unknown to their snoring fellows. When the struggle with somnolence has been fought out and won, when the world is all-covering darkness and close-pressing silence, when the tobacco suddenly takes on fresh vigour and fragrance and the books lie strewn about the table, when it seems as though all the rubbish and floating matter of the day's thoughts have poured away and only the bright, clear, and swift current of the mind itself remains, flowing happily and without impediment.

Christopher Morley, Pipefuls
No one is separate from another, how difficult
That is, I move, and the movement goes from life
To life all around me. And yet I have to be
Myself. And what is my freedom becomes
Another person's compulsion.
What are we to make
Of this dilemma?
Christopher Fry, Venus Observed

Confused, too late, you said, "I love you."

"Love!" she said, and you were shocked to find you had made her angry; she did not know that, however little you might be able to mean, still you had said these words first to her. And the words, once said, took on a life of their own, their meanings grew upon you, branching and rebranching, coral-like, deep within your mind.

The three words grew on and on, and you had to touch Leilani, most of what you had was touch—your families would never agree, you shared no friends, and yet your hands, your bodies knew that touch was sacred, to touch was to begin to love.

John Ashmead,
The Mountain and the Feather
"Are you innocent?" he asked. "Yes," said K. The answering of this question gave him a feeling of real pleasure, particularly as he was addressing a private individual and therefore need fear no consequences. Nobody else had yet asked him such a frank question. To savor his elation to the full, he added: "I am completely innocent." "I see," said the painter, bending his head as if in thought. Suddenly he raised it again and said: "If you are innocent, then the matter is quite simple." K’s eyes darkened, this man who said he was in the confidence of the court was talking like an ignorant child. "My innocence doesn’t make the matter any simpler," said K.

Franz Kafka, *The Trial*
... What need I be so forward with him that calls not on me? Well, 'tis no matter; honour pricks me on. Yea, but how if honour prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honour set to a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honour hath no skill in surgery then? No. What is honour? a word. What is that word, honour? Air. A trim reckoning! Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it: honour is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism."

Shakespeare,
*The First Part of King Henry IV*
Another fact . . . Food, when it is not enjoyed, kills. The best diet in the world is useless if the patient has no appetite, no gusto, no sensuality. On the whole, Americans eat without pleasure. They eat because the bell rings three times a day . . . They don’t eat because they love food. To prove it you have only to shove a glass of whiskey before them. See which they reach for first! And now, with vitamins and all the other lifesavers, food has become even less important. Why bother trying to squeeze a bit of life out of our worn-out products of the soil? Why pretend? Throw anything down the hatch to stop the gnawing and swallow a dozen vitamins. That way you’ll make sure you’ve had your proper dose of the vital essentials.

Henry Miller. “The Staff of Life”
Vladimir: Well? What do we do?
Estragon: Don’t let’s do anything. It’s safer.
Vladimir: Let’s wait and see what he says.
Estragon: Who?
Vladimir: Godot.
Estragon: Good idea.
Vladimir: Let’s wait till we know exactly how we stand.
Estragon: On the other hand it might be better to
strike the iron before it freezes.
Vladimir: I’m curious to hear what he has to offer.
Then we’ll take it or leave it.
Estragon: What exactly did we ask him for?
Vladimir: Were you not there?
Estragon: I can’t have been listening.
Vladimir: Oh . . . Nothing very definite.
Estragon: A kind of prayer.
Vladimir: Precisely.
Estragon: A vague supplication.
Vladimir: Exactly.
Estragon: And what did he reply?
Vladimir: That he’d see.
Estragon: That he couldn’t promise anything.
Vladimir: That he’d think it over.
Estragon: In the quiet of his home.
Vladimir: Consult his family.
Estragon: His friends.
Vladimir: His agents.
Estragon: His correspondents.
Vladimir: His books.
Estragon: His bank account.
Vladimir: Before taking a decision.
Estragon: It’s the normal thing.
Vladimir: Is it not?
Estragon: I think it is.
Vladimir: I think so too.

SILENCE

Beckett. *Waiting For Godot*
In every child who is born, under no matter what circumstances, and of no matter what parents, the potential of the human race is born again: and in him, too, once more, and of each of us, our terrific responsibility towards human life; towards the utmost idea of goodness, of the horror of error, and of God.

Every breath his senses shall draw, every act and every shadow and thing in all creation, is a mortal poison, or is a drug, or is a signal or symptom, or is a teacher, or is a liberator, or is liberty itself, depending entirely upon his understanding; and understanding, and action proceeding from understanding and guided by it, is the one weapon against the world's bombardment, the one medicine, the one instrument by which liberty, health, and joy may be shaped or shaped towards, in the individual, and in the race.

James Agee,
*Let Us Now Praise Famous Men*
The Haverford student occasionally finds himself wondering why the 450-odd people here are broken down, somewhat arbitrarily it seems at times, into four separate Classes. The traditional structure, however, is usually attacked from two curiously opposing viewpoints. On the one hand it is felt that Haverfordians are already so homogeneous as a group that further attempts at promoting unity are unnecessary. On the other hand we are seen as a college so marked by individualism that any efforts directed toward class spirit are doomed to failure. Perhaps this confusion of self-images is itself an indication of the true character of the typical student.
"And what were you president of?"

This question seemed ubiquitous one day last September when 117 cautious Freshmen converged upon Haverford and began a new chapter in Rhinedom. Contrary to popular belief, however, not everyone in the Class of '65 had been president of something: some had only been geniuses—or good athletes, or talented musicians—or Just plain Good Guys. But it seemed that everyone had been something. For some of the young lads, Haverford presented a great black amorphous grind; for others Haverford was only the jumping-off point to Bryn Mawr and la dolce vita. For everyone, Haverford presented a challenge.

Perhaps the first great struggle for the Frosh was learning to balance their oddly-shaped Rhinie hats on top of their oddly-shaped? cranial cups in the wake of little outstretched hands. But this was only the beginning. According to tradition, they had to out-talk Mr. Butman, out-sing Professor Reese, out-think Dr. Comfort, and, in general, outwit as many people as possible. When challenged on the field of battle (mixers with Bryn Mawr Freshmen), the Class of '65 performed admirably. In a final struggle, the Rhinies had to acclimate to several Haverford phenomenona including mysterious air-borne projectiles at meals, mile-and-a-half marathons to Bryn Mawr, and B-M belles skipping through Barclay at all hours of the night.

For the past year, Big Brothers had been telling Little Brothers what Haverford was really like. Now, it was time to verify those words of wisdom, and many a Freshman set about to find the Haverford man. For some inevitably, the Haverford man was the football star who almost put Haverford in the Rose Bowl; while for others, the Haverford man stood on a soap-box, quoted from the New York Times, pounded his fists, and expressed his Views. Another ideal showed the H'ford man brushing his hair from his face just long enough to read a verse of Jack Kerouac, and to strum an (inspired) augmented seventh on his guitar. And, of course, there were versions showing the H'ford man who drank tea and discussed pseudo-naturalism in Italian provincial drama. As is generally the case, 117 Freshmen have formed 117 concepts of the Haverford man.

The Rhinies have matured since their arrival in September. Upperclassmen, friendly and otherwise, have had a real part in fostering this growth in character. As a result, the members of the Class of '65 have a new outlook on life: They are sitting back rubbing their hands together, smiling a confidential smile—and awaiting the Class of '66. . .
IN MEMORIAM

Jonathan Raymond Crum

1942-1962

Classmate and Friend

Class of 1964
There came Edmund Bear, up the stairs, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Customer Robin. He felt there must be another way of coming up stairs, if only he could stop bumping for a while and think of it. Anyway, there he was at the top, ready to be introduced: Weenie-the-Pugh.

When They first heard his name, They asked, just as all have once asked, "But we thought he was a man."

"So did I," said Customer Robin. "But then I couldn't call him Weenie."

"Well," said They. "It's still early in the morning; perhaps by afternoon Things will have changed."

"But how?" said he. "Tell Pugh."

So They tried.
One sunny morning, the sort of morning that makes you feel like doing Nothing, when the birds are singing and the sun is shining through the trees and making shadowy places on the heather, Pugh was strolling along a pleasant path through the Forest. It being that Sort of morning, Pugh was swinging a small pot of honey by his side and was singing happily to himself a song which he had just made up for Spending-Sunny - Mornings - Singing - While - Walking - Through - The - Forest.

Coming out into a small clearing, Pugh sat down upon a grassy knoll from where he could see the whole way he had come that morning, through the Forest and sunny spots. But he soon forgot the Forest when his stomach told him that it was time for a Little Something, and so he opened the pot of honey and began to eat.

As he licked his last lick, he suddenly thought to himself, "Now let me see, where was I going?" And he remembered the sunny morning and his singing, and started off again in the cooler afternoon. But somehow he could not recall the words to his Song. This was just beginning to bother him, when he heard a buzzing noise that seemed to come from the top of a tall tree.

"Bees," thought Pugh, "That means honey."

And Pugh being Pugh, he began to climb the tree. He climbed and he climbed, and he was nearly there; but stretching toward the last branch—CRACK!

"Oh, Help!" cried Pugh, "If only I hadn't—" as he bounced from branch to branch and slid finally into a gorse-bush at the bottom of a little bank. "It all comes of liking honey so much. I suppose. Oh, Help!" Climbing out of the bush and pulling the prickles from his nose, a dazed Bear stumbled on down the path.

Just then the sun had gone behind a cloud, and now there were more shadowy places than sunny ones. It was darkish and he still could not remember the words to his Song. A deep hole, which on another day he and his friends had dug for catching Heffalumps, lay before him in the path. He was almost remembering his Song when he stumbled near the edge and would have tumbled in if Owl, flying over the Forest, had not at that moment called out to warn him. And Edmund Bear caught himself just in time.

He looked up just as a ray of sun fell on the hill in the distance and on the Enchanted Wood which stood on top. Edmund Bear started up the slope feeling a little happier and singing a New Song which was coming to him. When he came to the Rocks and the Floody Places on the way up, he didn't see them, but kept singing his tune.

And as he entered the Enchanted Wood, Customeir Robin and They were waiting for him. "Here is Edmund Bear," they said.
When asked if he were going to the Junior Weekend Dance last February, one member of the Class of 1963 replied.

"I don't much care for dances—not for Juniors." This attitude is indicative of the Class's spirit. Class spirit is seldom strong at Haverford, but in the case of the Class of 1963 it is virtually nonexistent. The sole distinguishing feature of the Junior Class is an intense but passive individuality displayed by its members; any Procrustean attempt to characterize it further is futile. The jocks scorn the wimps, the intellectuals scorn one another, and the Founders crowd scorns everybody else.
The Junior Class officers, under the direction of Dave Daneker, have made noble but somewhat ill-conceived efforts to stir their constituents off their leaden-ivory-clad posteriors. At least a quorum is now attained at Class meetings, after a period of more than fourteen months of working towards this goal. That number of people which shows up at a class meeting is called "a quorum of the active members of the class"—and business goes on. It has probably not been since Freshman year that the class has acted in body on any issue.

The Junior Class has not developed along specifically class lines, yet a hope for some sort of working arrangement among its members is not entirely in vain: God knows there is talent enough among the individual members of the class. These members may slowly be coming to tolerate, if not to like, one another. The Juniors' Class Night Show this year, while it didn't rise to any literary height, was at least presentable, though it represented, as one might suspect, the work of only a fraction of the class.

What the Class of 1963 needs to rise above the mediocrity which it has shown thus far at Haverford is not clear, but the political leaders of the class—and they are never the same for two succeeding years—must realize that any attempt to rally 'round a flag with class numerals emblazoned on it in scarlet and black is not the answer to their search for togetherness among the members of the Class of 1963.
SENIORS
The class of '62, like any other Haverford class, has had its factions, the first appearance of which occurred early in the freshman year when Jon Smith encouraged some previous preps to free themselves from social bondage and let their hair grow. Thereafter the Barclay pit grew and prospered. Following this gross class division came others more subtle. A scholarly math set and another in the humanities emerged, still leaving a number of classmates homeless and dissatisfied. This restless element, slowly at first then more quickly, developed into a band of traditionalists that lasted and fought its way through four years of college.

As the years progressed both the nonconformists and traditionalists manifested their social discontent in various ways. the first through dress and glass-shattering orgies, the second by laying waste the campus and through indiscriminate shaving. Each group ignored the other, the abysmal gap bridged through the median of nondescript neutrals and the self-styled rationalists of the math and humanities sets. In the middle years the class division became acceptable, unchangeable, and comfortable.

The last year, bringing moderation of behavior with seniority, brought no greater unity but greater isolation of worlds, and finally illustrated the continuous process of diffusion. Although individual achievements have been great, the collective class history has not been illustrious, but disappointing in the lack of useful communication between the various elements.
...communication is not a leveling, it is not an elimination of differences. It is a recognition of differences, of the right of differences to exist, of interest in finding things different.

When a few words provoke an immediate affirmation, it is generally not because they provide a completely fresh insight which changes our view of a problem, but because they give expression to an attitude towards which we had already been groping. This was my experience when I came across the above passage from Ezra Pound this fall, and I think my ability to respond to it was a direct result of my career at Haverford.

Most of the members of my freshman class had been exceptional students in high school; we may not have had distinguished academic records, but we were the intellectual elite and we knew it. Coming to Haverford, most of us felt that we were joining a still more elite group—we were separating ourselves from "other colleges" and attaining a lofty position from which practically everyone could be looked down upon and judged with the amusement of conscious superiority.

Even within Haverford, as we soon learned, there were intellectual strata: some of us clearly had quicker minds than others; some were almost wholly oriented towards studies; some lived highly intellectual lives, but rejected any concession to scholastic life in the pursuit of their private goals; and some, reacting against what seemed to be Haverford's academic atmosphere, more or less defiantly proclaimed their allegiance to sports and social life. Each of these vaguely defined groups, including the one of which I was a part, tended to feel that it had created for itself a fairly well-balanced, meaningful life, and that the other groups were operating under the wrong standards.

I suppose I am exaggerating these feelings: they were rarely expressed and they certainly weren't the dominating forces in our lives. However, I do believe that most of us had them to some extent, and that they gave a slight but definite cast of brash superiority to our thoughts.

Slowly, perhaps more throughout contact in courses with writers and thinkers who obviously were our betters than through our friendships with our contemporaries, we began to realize that there were other ways of living life, and that our way was not necessarily the height of wisdom. Parts of reality to which our minds had been closed forced themselves upon our attention.

More slowly (I am still in the process), we took a second look at those on and off the campus whose values and ways of life differed greatly from ours, and found that an honest effort to meet them without prejudice almost invariably revealed that they were of real worth. Having conceded to myself the possibility that some sort of common ground might exist between me and those whom I had judged earlier, I found that the concession itself provided a basis for understanding. This increase in understanding, on the one hand, enlarges my capacity for pleasure in human relationships; on the other hand, it deepens pain. For in place of humorous scorn for the "foolish," there is an awareness of the tragedy involved in a man's inability to recognize and accept his unique potential goodness.

This is not to say that Haverford has turned me and my classmates into complete relativists with no standards of any kind. I think, rather, that I have learned something about the meaninglessness of distinction between "relativist" and "absolutist." Few of us, fortunately, are leaving college with the feeling that we have arrived at final schematizations of reality; our minds have generally, however, been awakened, and we are unlikely to return to the easy reassurance of the half-truths with which most of us began our four years here.
DONALD W. ADAMS

After brief skirmishes with athletics and drama, Donald W. limited them to wife Linda. Our Father Freud Family Man, he, what with baby Stevie, the Bryn Mawr fish, rats, monkeys, and counseling for misdirected students who stumble into the apartment after a ghastly evening at the Comet or Bryn Mawr. The original married Adamses '62 became fixture at Haverford — Donald with instant theories for any occasion, rivalled in personal growth only by Ted Hauri; campus wife Linda a-waiting for Donald to get out of class (coop, libe, that overdue paper); and Baby Stevie with the cricket club as patron organization, motivating his father to faster-than-the-human-eye type fielding by wandering absently onto the crease.

JACK R. ADAMS

Originally a member of the Class of '60, Jack withdrew from Haverford after his sophomore year to study in Edinburgh. In so doing, he “lost a year but gained a wife.” After this Scottish sojourn, a distinct change came upon his campus life. Philosophy with the possibility of graduate work replaced English in the academic sphere, athletics yielded to housekeeping, and the arrival of a baby daughter brought babysitting to the forefront as an extracurricular activity.
NORIO AKASHI

The Dean of Haverford suki-yaki, Norio faces the cultural barrier of garlic. The overpowering smell of dried squid in the desk drawer is replaced by the perfumed letters of a Westchester pen-pal. Philosophy of Religion, Sociology, and American History. With gentle sincerity and charm, we see him lead a delegation of Fords to the UN — wearing his amazingly shapeless rain hat.

ROBERT D. ALLENDORFER

Despite his years in Seattle, the “Dorf” remained at heart an Eastener who would gladly take the mountains of New Hampshire — provided that they are covered with six feet or more of snow. Every year, however, after the last white had disappeared from the slopes of Stowe, Bob resigned himself to the inevitable, put away his skis, and just as enthusiastically headed for the baseball diamond.

Although rejecting his inherited tendencies toward pure mathematics, Bob managed to retain some integrity by remaining one of those rare chemists’ chemists. And when the pressures of this discipline became too great, West Chester soon became the perfect place to find comfort and solace.

MICHAEL S. ARONOFF

Would you know what’s soft, I dare,
To take things as they be,
A hull — a high and naked square
In gangly arms and sea.
A certain sort of god am I —
That “glib and oily art”;
Well do I vow to follow me
The rasten to depart.
A modern daub it was perchance
With soft and naked eye;
A moonless night — a friendly one —
A scrap of sky have I.
Of many things that ere do leave
Blend mirth and sadness, too,
A bird appears a thoughtless thing
Not to mention Steven Simpson or his cousin.
D. ALAN ATCHISON

The first voluntary exile of charming, well-dressed Alan Atchison, Haverford's only super-sophisticate, came in his sophomore year when he chose to grace the finer tables of Bryn Mawr. The following year, sensing a forthcoming paucity of medical excuses for meeting, collection, classes, and athletics, Alan defected to Madrid to study Spanish culture and the Riviera. Upon his return, his interests in medical excuses and Bryn Mawr were joined by the study of the twenty-seven native languages of his twenty-seven continental girl friend. After college, Alan headed for a career bringing ivy league diplomacy to the underdeveloped countries. His answer to the problems of the Spanish government — “Install me as King.”

JOEL D. BAEHR

Freshman year, Joel arrived on campus with an interest in sports, a six-pack, a bass, and pre-ministerial intentions. Four years of Haverford changed these interests only in degree. The intramural league replaced his varsity aspirations, and a keg the six-pack. The bass yielded to major contributions to the glee club, orchestra, Tenth, and two years of Octet leadership. While not emphasizing the academics, Joel still managed to participate in many philosophy classes, discussion groups, and seminars, and to maintain an interest in religion for graduate school. Behind him remained memories of all the fraternity parties he threw at a non-fraternity school, a pile of beer cans hiding a stack of undone work, and one Hell of a reputation.

MALCOLM F. BALDWIN

Active in stimulating extra-curricular violence and battling the campus bureaucracy whenever possible, Mal's notable achievements included the development of the standard 10 hour sleep not including morning and afternoon naps, and the initiation of the now annual Great Pumpkin Drop. For these and other activities, the Imperial Wizard of the former Vigilantes was viciously attacked by campus leftists. Scholastically, Moose reached his peak early in freshman year, and with the Political Science Department decline (i.e. the departure of Freund), he turned to Tom Drake's stimulating program. Possessing an uneasy knack for verbally expounding upon extraneous material, his avid study of argument marked him for success in law school.
THOMAS J. BARLOW, III

In 1959, Thomas Jefferson Barlow, III, President of the Freshman Class and member of the Students' Council, valiantly defended the Bryn Mawr maypole from the onslaughts of the Haverford hoards. Never did Tom forgive himself, and the remainder of his stay at Haverford was spent in one glorious, largely successful attempt to live down the infancy of earlier years. This effort received a tremendous boost with the entrance of one Harriet Strong, whose devoted support, both moral and physical, proved the decisive factor in many a waterfight and riot. Showing that four years of knowledge could be gained in sixteen frenzied weeks (two at the end of each semester), Tom Barlow effectively proved that the Haverford education could indeed leave time for the better things in life.

ROBERT BEMIS

Signore dissipé Gatsby in residence presiding over the descendents of the stairwell Scull House, to whom will your fourth novel be dedicated? to be written yes in the Bloom of a Roman spring while exploring the limits of the Via Veneto since you are the only one to make a Dickensian film sur Celine yes and to write a letter to the world addressed to Alex. Graham Bell denouncing his invention of the Mechanical Approach to Biophysical Decadence yes but how can we know the dancer from the dance? and because it takes genius to get the highest mark in the class but since it was a very lovely spring day yes I said yes I will tell the whole story yes

JOHN F. BLAIR, JR.

Aupres de ma blonde,
Qu'il fait bon, fait bon, fait bon.
Aupres de ma blonde,
Qu'il fait bon dormir.
GERRITT H. BLAUVELT

"I feel I've studied enough," said G. B. as he laid aside his battle-scarred notebook and left the academic atmosphere of 104 Leeds to go into Philadelphia. After his usual stop at the World, Gary found himself lured to the Uptown by the melodious strains of James Brown and the Flames. In spite of some "great hacks" he had planned, he returned to campus just in time to send out his weekly "good music program" over WHRC. Arriving back at Leeds, Gary somehow found time to discuss the basic rules of Greek grammar with Harry and argue about labor unions with Booth before he and "V" went to watch The Untouchables. Another hard day ended for G. B. at 12 o'clock after briefly studying for a test he had the next day which, of course, he bombed.

JAMES A. BLOCK

This face did not belie the character behind it. He is a man burdened with cares. How to explain to the football coach the necessity of his disrupting a game in freshman year to tell the referee a joke; how to persuade the administration that the worm condition of the walk approaching his Leeds suite was the price of effective Students' Council government; or how gently to tell some young woman or another that, alas, theirs should only be a Platonic relationship; or even how to convince his Citroen mechanic that he was not an exceptionally inept driver. The future, too, held problems, for he had to choose a vocation: doctor, sociologist, or Y.M.C.A. director? In the word of this philosopher-king, "for the gods, life is hard."

JAMES W. BORTON

The tall, spare, ghost-like figure gliding across campus was not Jude the Obscure but Jim Borton making a momentary appearance on campus only to vanish in an instant.

After a year meditating Wolfean prose in central Pennsylvania, Jim came to Haverford to hibernate for a year in one corner of a Lloyd suite. On infrequent occasions, Jim would leave his brown chair, his English papers, and his Scotch to collect a seemingly boundless female following.

Junior year, Jim fled to freedom and 457 Lancaster with jazz records, Brann, daemon, and woman for the last two cataclysmic years.

Was the future visible or invisible?
JOHN R. BOWER

"Arma virumque cano," the first who came, compelled by fate, an exile out of Reading, to Barclay, and the Haverford shore. Help me, O Muse, to recall the reasons why. This question never failed to puzzle Bow. An Economics major, he logically spent most of his time in the biology lab, bleeding rabbits, and when not there could be found behind the counter at the coop ("The usual, Mrs. Andrews?"), in the Leeds lounge ("I'll see that and back you twenty, Dongie!") or in the basement, calmly pressing more weight than the average person can set off the floor ("I'm going to throw fifty feet this year!!") A good student, if and when he felt like it, most of Bow's professors sadly recognized that his academic life, like Macbeth's, had "fall'n into the sear."

JAMES M. BURGIN

Had Jim Burgin been six feet tall, two hundred pounds of sheer muscle, and coordinated, he would have been Haverford's greatest athlete. But since he was not, he energetically directed himself toward gaining a knowledge of sports which rivaled even that once held by the great Turk Pierce. Who else, for example, could ever hope to be able to spell the name of every member of the Swarthmore football team backwards in less than a minute? But equally noteworthy was Jim's knowledge of laughs that could successfully turn anything and everything into a joke. And as a student of WIBG, he was one of the best monotone rock 'n rollers ever to grace a Haverford shower.

All this Haverford easily accepted; but what about his patients?

C. LEWIS COCKE, JR.

Lew — unexcelled (only) rebel physicist on campus — a truly dangerous combination. Fay's right arm and constant advisor ("Don't worry about the data discrepancies, just use larger error boxes.") drowned many a future in physics by his light-hearted and off-handed approach to grading lab reports. Created general impression of being a scholar freshman year and fooled the faculty from then on. Gained renown and inspired local terror by waging intricate electrical warfare with Callan in subterranean Lloyd sophomore year. Assisted lecherous but unsuave roommates junior year by installing seductive "Pillow Talk" apparatus in 61 Lloyd. Retired off campus to nearby penthouse senior year to contemplate bubble chambers.

Take notice! This man threatens your future!
JEFFERY M. COOPER

It was a sunny morning, that Saturday of the Swarthmore weekend. Classes were cancelled, according to custom, and the men of Haverford were all free to plan or do whatever they liked. Two hundred lusty voices were shouting their encouragement on the athletic field where two dozen others were playing their best. Some other men were occupied with their dates for the weekend. Still others were losing their money at poker, or their sanity at bridge. But on the top floor of Leeds, one light was burning; Jeff Cooper's study lamp. A fine tennis player, a consummate trombonist, and a conscientious and efficient student, Jeff managed to accomplish in four short years what would take most men a decade.

JAMES E. DAHLBERG

"Hey, Berg! Wanna flick out? There's a good show on at the Ardmore ... Doris Day in ..."

"Great! I'm hot for a flick tonight. When does it start? ... No, wait a minute; I can't. I'm really swamped tonight. Let's see: That glee club trip shot last weekend, and I'd better get that application for Chicago Med filled out and sent in sometime; I have to figure out who's going to be able to keep dates at faculty homes this weekend and ... Hell, that's tomorrow, isn't it? I gotta get a letter off to Lucy soon, and then I'm going over to the bio lab to set up an experiment. Things wouldn't have been so tight if I hadn't fallen asleep this afternoon. And ... Hey! Did you say Doris ...? Let's see, if I get up tomorrow at 4:30 ..."

ROBERT N. de LUCA

It IS glory — to have been tested, to have had our little quality and cast our little spell ... a second chance — THAT'S the delusion. There never was to be but one. We work in the dark — we do what we can — we give what we have. Our doubt is our passion and our passion is our task. The rest is the madness of art.

— Henry James
FRANS M. De NIE

By completely ignoring the academic aspects of Haverford life, Dong proved conclusively that there is far more to college than studies. Quickly converted to the five-year plan by a consistent failure to go to classes, Dong returned from his sabbatical sojourn with a new outlook — "All my friends do it, so why shouldn't I?"

While hitting the library with amazing infrequency ("Let's go get some laughs off the weanies"), Frans found in the abundant supply of College light bulbs to pilfer both an alternate source of academic brilliance and an outlet for his kleptomaniac tendencies. Through this opportunity, plus a thorough training in poker and prevarication, Haverford contributed substantially to the Dong's background for crime.

WALTER J. DENT

Everyone knew who Walt was, but few saw much of him and fewer still heard him speak. Those who were prey to his whims, however, may have had cause to wonder if his reticence was 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 took people by surprise. Pipe in mouth, Walt frequently reflected 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 his violin. The hesitant approach to music seemed destined to prove crucial in his future financial status — on leaving Haverford, he was not yet sure whether he wanted to starve.

C. OWEN de RIS

*It was better, he thought, to fail in attempting exquisite things than (AND) to succeed in the department of the utterly contemptible.*

— Arthur Machen, *The Hill of Dreams*
WILLIAM H. ERB, JR.

The proper balance did Erb seek
'Twixt cultured mind and rare physique.
A noble PALACE did he rear,
Which BODY CULTURE did revere.
When ceased the tortures to his mighty frame,
Then SCIENCE, REASON, did William claim.
'Twas HISTORY most that Erb did take,
With Wallace T. and Tommy Drake.
Then to the Jockhouse Bill retired,
The Big Boards creaked and pits perspired.
Of MORAL VIRTUE now I sing;
In that department, Erb was king.
In four years 'mongst flesh and sin,
This boy abstained, ne'er taken in.
Thus did Red Man pass the time,
His college years, his youthful prime.

GERALD R. FAULHABER

A battle-scared veteran of Malvern Prep, Jerry was on the threshold of a more refined intellectual life, when in 1958 he suddenly found his college career interrupted by marriage. After a year at the University of Pennsylvania, he decided upon Haverford as his new academic home. Mathematics came as a happy medium to both his scientific and artistic leanings. Fascinated by a wide slice of the musical spectrum — from Bartok to the blues, he set enthusiastically out on the construction of a complete stereo outfit, an indication of his desire to apply his knowledge directly to the problems at the upper boundaries of the scientific and mathematical world.

STEPHEN W. FISHER

Steve's main artistic interests at college were music and painting, but it's easier to consider him a sculptor. Chisel in hand, he was uncertain at first how to deal with the massive boulder called Haverford; it seemed that something useful ought to be made of all that stone, and yet he couldn't help wishing he could make it beautiful instead. So he dabbled at lopping off parts (such as academic abstraction) and highlighting others (conversation, cantatas, and kindly concern), and found as a sophomore that he was immensely enjoying both process and emerging product. At this point, his Haverford was pretty much as he wanted it, and, much to his surprise, it was he himself who had shown signs of becoming "useful."
JONATHAN FLACCUS

... for those who feel deeply and who are conscious of the inextricable tangle of human thought there is only one response to be made — ironic tenderness and silence.

— Lawrence Durrell, Justine

ALBERT W. FOWLER

"Bridge, Bert?" "How about some ping-pong?" "Nope, I feel like working today, and I'm going to do it. Incidentally, did you realize that the Warriors won by two, the Celtics lost by three in triple overtime, and the temperature reached a record low last night?" A man with multitudes of interests, Bert's whereabouts were usually a mystery to his own roommates. He once left for a three day vacation in the infirmary without a word. According to him, however, much of his absence can be explained by library work. Whatever the secret, he did successfully resist the myriad of temptations in Leeds, and he alone escaped from these hallowed halls with morals intact and a history degree in hand.

R. BOOTH FOWLER

"I never said that! Yes, that could be true. The issue is more complex than that. We must act on principle." In such a way Booth could be found discussing politics with other avid followers of his favorite subject. Booth's history at Haverford was partly a search for a quiet place in which to study. He claimed to be committed to scholarly pursuits. He expected to find his goal in Leeds, and did, but only partially. For his basic interest, people, never let him grind too long. Booth was known for his attacks against the "vested interests," rock 'n roll, "the anti-intellectual elements in society," organized religion, and the "forces seeking to destroy our liberties."
JOHN D. FOX

The strong, silent type, John was a student of power: in the political science classroom (theory) and on the football field (application). Once a native of New Orleans, he inherited that city's pace but not its direction. Not famed for his transparency, John's new-found talent in the master-minding of practical jokes came as a horrifying revelation to his victims and brought about renewed speculation about what fiendish faculties might lie behind that imperturbable mien. His position as Business Man-ager of the News into which he was sucked in a weak moment, had to be discounted as providing a clue to his personality — in fact, considering his methods, it was rather incongruous. The human race should welcome this bemused, but not unconcerned observer of its foibles.

RICHARD G. FREEDBERG

I never knew the laughter loving novice, dragging but never flagging, somehow managing, while losing the battle of the sciences versus humanities. Unknown to me was the scraped sole that wandered from the lowlands of Manhattan to the Highlands of Scotland. I cannot say what purpose was served by the three travails: the battle of Moribus Galli-cus, the banquet of porridge and auch eye, and updraught. I saw him return; beard and burr had replaced half and half. Unreplaced was the priority of poetry, produced in the coop, the field house, or the black pad. I have seen white whales replace crooked trout. Exodus has pushed out Eliot. Uncertain independence has been lost to matrimony ... Judy.

GEORGE W. FREEMAN

Can you imagine the captain of a military band at Haverford College, a German who couldn't burp his beer, an anti-intellectual history major, a person who'd kill his roommate before a squirrel, or a man of God who condoned the machinations of political parties? George wasn't provincial — only prejudiced. He didn't hold to a narrow view — it extended from Martin Luther all through Germany and over to Pennsylvania (with the Pennsylvania Germans). To find consistency in George, one had to look to his admiration of the practical and workable (though you couldn't let him near your car). The result: a prospective Lutheran minister combining an historical approach with efficiency, sympathy, and a knowledge of how things were and should be.
WILLIAM B. FREILICH

Moving in from nearby Haverford High, "Fritz" brought with him his own personal cheering section and the reputation of a potential All-American. His fans were not disappointed as he tore up both football and baseball fields in gaining two letters in each of his four years. One of the last survivors of the days when Haverford fielded winning teams in both sports, he remained a fighter until the very end, bravely predicting a winning baseball team in 1962 under his captaincy.

A many-sided man, Bill also gained fame in the academics as his successful submission of the same paper on propaganda in every political science course set a new college record. At last word, law school was frantically preparing for the "little round man."

DAVID L. GAETJENS

Strains of Sinatra filtered through the door. Don't go in please — the master was at work, and wished not to be disturbed. You knocked anyway, cautiously.

"What! No date? How's the work going, Dave?"
"Great! I've just won three games in a row."
"How's the Phil paper?"
"I punted on that days ago . . . can't concentrate ... mind keeps wandering. The way I figure it, I won't be able to get anything done until I get her out of my mind, so I might as well . . . ."

A grey and cream '55 Olds convertible roared into action. School . . . studies . . . all left behind in a hazy cloud of unreality.
Destination . . . New York.
Purpose . . . life.

VANCE A. GAGE

Here came V. G. back from another night in the south wing of the library. Despite rumors to the contrary, V. did much more than study. Trips to Philadelphia were essential but were never attempted without book in hand for appearance sake. "I'll be right with you G. B. — I can't find my pencil." Be it a stage show, an Eagles game, or simply a new "flic", V. was on hand. How was the film? "Really Booth, it was one of the finest pictures I've ever seen." Between trips, Record meetings, and study, Vance could be found discussing "Bumbl-ing Bob" Wagner with Booth, telling Harry not to be such a "boozer", enjoying a r'n'r concert with G. B., or running down sports scores and prospects with Bert. Transcending all this, however, it was Anderson forever.
Now because they are commonly subject to such hazards and inconveniences, as dotage, madness, simplicity, etc. IO. VOSCHIUS would have good Schollers... TO HAVE GREATER PRIVILEGES THAN THE REST, THAT ADVENTURE THEMSELVES AND ABBREVIATE THEIR LIVES FOR THE PUBLIKE GOOD. But our Patrons of Learning are so far now adays, from respecting the MUSES, and giving that honor to Scholars, or reward which they deserve, and are allowed by those indulgent privileges of many noble Princes, that after all their pains taken in the UNIVERSITIES... if they chance to wade through them, they shall in the end be rejected, contemned, and which is their greatest misery, driven to their shifts, exposed to want, poverty, and beggery.

— Robert Burton, The Anatomy of Melancholy

RICHARD G. GOULD

Returning to the campus in the fall of '61 after an extended sabbatical, Dick kept alive at Haverford for another year the illustrious name of the house of Gould. Burdened with the responsibilities of married life, he was for those who knew him not the epitome of the adult, mature, domesticated man. But the privileged few who heard his tales of Haverford in “the good old days” recognized just beneath the tame exterior the unextinguished qualities of a true, Hell-raising Joe College. Successfully suppressing these occasional relapses, however, Dick worked purposely and methodically, and presented for the younger generation the perfect picture of the devoted student.

HAROLD S. GRAY

“What! Switching again?” was their cry of despair; Hal’s hopes of Penn Med had turned into air.
A blink of the eye and two more hit the trail:
For Psycho, and Soc, were both far too pale.
And last but least was the steady decline
Of that language chaotic just east of the Rhine.
The Gods of Olympus were quick to respond
As they ruled from their posts beside the duck pond.
A year was decreed and our pilgrim set sail.
Bound to the quad by illegible mail.
Back once again in a far wiser state,
Our wanderer weary again tempted fate.
In search of the truth and th’irregular pearl,
The lad studied art with Bryn Mawr’s best girls.
With future unlimited to the Peace Corps he goes (?),
Hoping some day to wear diplomat’s clothes.
DAVIDSON R. GWATKIN

"Please get me up at 7:00, Somebody!" cried the sign that nightly appeared on the door of 5 Leeds, sometime home of one Davidson Gwatkin. Somehow, though, it never worked, and a dazed Gwatkin daily stumbled into the hall at noon with the mock self-reproach, "But I wanted to get up at seven! And I have so much to do!" Leading what was theoretically the most hectic life of any student on campus because of the News and innumerable commitments, Dave managed to be a master of procrastination. Ignoring the inevitable 50 pages of papers to write and 5000 pages of assignments to read, he calmly spent his time on television and with visiting VIP's, and, with honor galore, graduated wondering what Haverford could offer anyone not interested in outside activities.

Micheal D. Hampden

Do be, O Muse, our referee,
And help us sing of Michael D.
First false RELIGION was his guise,
And Billy Graham did him baptise.
Then evil SCIENCE did him clamp,
Til our boy spied bright PLATO'S LAMP!
His course thus set, he buckled down,
And D. V. Steere he did embrown.
A noble SCOOTER then he bought,
Which made the road with danger fraught.
His scope grew wider, compassed all —
TOBACCO, yea, and ALCOHOL.
Sweet ROMANCE did then Ham escort;
A circlet now his digit sports.
Our tale's now done, and thank you, Muse,
For letting us your verse abuse.

Mark L. Hartman

"He is that which thinks Itself and the thinking is a thinking of thinkings." Seated in a vast, discontinuous metric space contemplating Hamlet — Norio, do you have any soap? Marking out symmetries of the proton in N-space, immersed in a sea of note cards — The English Revolution of 1640. Incognito virtuoso pianist but as Dr. Reese's favorite tympanist reading topology in sixteen measure rests. Awareness unaware — Directed energy and concentration as a senior circling eternally to and from Bryn Mawr.
THEODOR M. HAURI

The pride of the peacock is the glory of God.
The lust of the goat is the bounty of God.
The wrath of the lion is the wisdom of God.
The nakedness of woman is the work of God.
Enough! or too much.
— William Blake, *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell*

HOWARD M. HELSINGER

As Helsinger his maxims drew
From Sargent (and his wily crew),
He straightway left the plains of Math,
To tread the euphuistic path.
The path being long, he made great haste
Through Barclay, Scull, and Founders chaste,
Though pausing — as he passed — to slay
The steely beast that barred his way,
A venture in the epic mode
Which, mournfully, his progress slowed.
Bearded, bepiped, with scotch and lass
And project course, he watched time pass,
'Til Spring comes 'round again from Fall,
And cheers resound from Roberts Hall:
Borton's? a month, and Mac's, let's say
A week, and Cadbury's, a day.

DAVID H. HEMMINGWAY

*Music and an eerie faint carouse*

— Archibald MacLeish, *Chamber of Imagery*
Despite four years in the company of verbose intellectuals, John remained surprisingly uncorrupted. Not that he was free from doubts, despair and temptations: of this he had his share. John lived in the world of common sense and practical jokes. Most knew his directness from intramural soccer confrontations and dining hall insurrections. His domestic coterie remembers his mechanical wizardry as well as his squirrel chasing and shaving cream massacres. Despite a visceral mistrust of intellectual affectation and his constant campaign against the cult of the sensitive and the self-conscious aesthete, Haverford’s Tom Sawyer unwittingly evinced his underlying appreciation of the good, the true and the beautiful.

GARRY L. HOLTZMAN

Holtzmannnn... Reese called while you were at the Customs Committee meeting. There’s an officers’ meeting after glee club.” “But don’t you have Octet during the WHRC board meeting?” “Hurry up Garry!” “What’s wrong with the car now?” “Will you stop that whistling?” “We’ll never get to Luigi’s this way!” “Garry, not mustard in your milk!” “A Heath paper due at 10:00 tomorrow?” “Garry! That was a stop sign!” “Wake up, why don’t you give up and go to bed?” “1812 Overture at 4 A.M.?” “Don’t set the alarm clock for six!” “Oh, don’t worry about it, he won’t care.” “You know, I think you’re right, Garry!”

JAMES B. HOOPES

Jim came to Haverford confused and misled,
For visions of medicine danced in his head.
Loewy and Santer, in white coats all clad,
Sufficiently frightened our fair-haired young lad.
To phil and its Forms did he right away turn,
And for Plato and Goodness his soul’s eyes did yearn.
Forms of another sort soon caught his eye;
Not for Plato or Phaedo could Jim pass these by.
From Rock arch to Pembroke so peripatetic,
Our Jimmy chased after the true forms aesthetic.
As logical lodgings the French House did serve,
For one man whom life could never unnerve.
HAROLD D. JENKINS

Only through its rustic, ivy-clad library and "Deacon" Jenkins did Quakerly Haverford gain any contact with the world of Gothic. And as the sweet notes of the recorder periodically issuing from the Deacon's "Belfrey" indicate, this Gothic was of the purest English variety. Further investigation of the Belfry inevitably revealed its cowl-clad occupant tending fish — clearly revealing his mendicant's desire to return to the early church.

All was not prayer, however, for there must be some sin for which to do penance. So while at Haverford, Harold philosophized and drank with the best (and some of the worst). But perhaps this was only in keeping with the medieval merriment.

ROBERT H. JENKS

In sharp contrast to the usual spindly legs, frail bodies, bespeckled, clear features, and cynical, penetrating minds stood the ponderous gams, beaten complexion, and corn-fed friendliness of the athlete. Unburdened by the intellectual wanderings of the average mind (except, of course, around the poker table), Jenks established himself as "one Hell of a nice guy" who "reminisces one" of an emotional stability rarely seen on the Haverford campus. Eminent captain of the now-famed football team, "Hands" Jenks successfully spent his four years wallowing in the fertile field of Sociology perfecting his already commanding knowledge of the small, small group.

FORREST E. KLINGER, JR.

Striving to maintain the equilibrium between activities social and academic, "Chip" finally succeeded in understanding why he chose Haverford as a college during his Sophomore year. Surrounded by a Scull House crew as amorphous as it was amorous, Chip distinguished himself as one of the few non-pre-meds who dared face the lobby of Bryn Mawr Hospital Nursing School in civilian clothing. And if affairs of the heart were his lighter endeavors, then more serious ones must surely have been the hours of "hooping" in the gym or the intramural soccer games. But when removed from both of these playing fields (the athletic and the amatory), Chip evinced a potential for mathematics and economics — the paramount factor in assuring his success.
DONALD D. KNIGHT

Knight woke when no sun shines.
When no class met, the smoke of cigarettes curled from his hand.
For he were but a bastard to the clime
Were he to slack at education.
And yet he'd act, whether he slack or no,
And so he went to Hartford, leaving Scull;
But with the actor's genius to deliver
Sweet, sweet, sweet pleasure for the stage's youth.
Well, whiles he was in Pembroke he would court
And try to write a paper overnight.
But once at Roache's his essay then would be
To prove there was no sin in bibbery.
"Tho deans break pates in this community,
Grain be my drink, for I will purchase thee."

HUGH W. KNOX

Carefully combining the magic ingredients of wine, women, song, and work, Hugh became one of the few in the Class of '62 to achieve good grades and have a little fun at the same time. Not too much fun, of course, for Hugh as everybody else was capable of majestic sweat. The grimy stubble and the dazed, bloodshot look that magically appeared before exams never failed to impress professors and students alike. But between these trials, Knox was to be found wherever things were happening — in front of the poker table in Leeds singles, in his room with a date and a "glass", or in the middle of Pem arch happily filling laundry bags. And who could argue that these are not important in the life of a Haverford man?

GYULA B. KOVACSICS

When young Gyula first arrived at Haverford with an amazing lack of capital and a name that no one could pronounce, his fellow Hungarians were still throwing rocks at tanks in the streets of Budapest. Possessing a deceptive grin that covered up his experiences in communist jails and gave him the appearance of a comic opera hero, he added to the dining room a badly-needed air of European gentility. And for four years of soccer awards, crowned by his membership on the 1960 All-American team, he annually had the sweet agony of hearing Jimmy Mills mispronounce his name.

Tucked away in snug Scull House, the effects of Gyula's petite picaresque remained largely unknown. Good thing, this lack of publicity, for Fame sure as Hell would have gotten his name wrong.
PETER O. LANE

His perfectly balanced 19 ounce Versalog, with all the answers on it, poised in readiness; a last look and then the final killing shot. The 8 ball vanished into the designated pocket and P. O. Lane added another victory to his history of competitive play with much the same skill and spirit as he displayed in soccer and cricket. A confessed believer in the Holmesian philosophy that nothing can be accomplished in less than a 28 hour day, Pete, inhabitant of the "Gear Bo.", kept constantly on the go. His mood, easily checked by song accompanying his banjo, was, unless the weather was warm, always good. Armed with wit, intellect and personality, Pete set out to win friends and influence people in the hotel industry.

LEX K. LARSON

A White convertible rumbled down College Lane — scattering faculty kids, ducks, and College policemen — headed for Ardmore Presbyterian; Lex Larson, who went to church every day of the week except Sunday, was on his way to practice the organ. "Slowly but surely," he complained, "I seem to be turning into a baroque snob." But any sore-eared occupant of second entry Leeds could testify that Lex's musical tastes, including such contemporary composers as Paul Hindemuth, Johnny Richards, and C. Checker, were broad indeed. In addition, Lex was noted for making ice cream, drinking gin and tonics in the middle of the winter, and taking dates to math class. A prospective lawyer, Lex seemed destined to be the prosecutor of countless hi-fi salesmen and electronic organ manufacturers.

TIMOTHY LEWIS

Shortly after 7:00 each morning, the second floor of the Leeds singles shuddered slightly as the rather substantial form of Tim Lewis moved slowly to the washroom. "What's so damned good about it?" or "It is inconceivable that I could feel worse than I do now; I had better mornings when I was drinking," came the inevitable replies to the usual antemeridian greeting. Valiantly rising above these tribulations, however, Tim managed to gather at Haverford a fine background in New Hampshire philosophy (Mr. "Clever Clayt" Holmes), the latest ideas on why starting boxes burn up (Mr. Hetzel), and a thorough understanding of the use and maintenance of water-cooled slide rules. So prepared, he set off for Hopkins and an eventual career in oceanographic science.
ROBERT W. LINVILLE

A man said to the universe:
"Sir, I exist!"
"However," replied the universe,
"The fact has not created in me
A sense of obligation."
— Stephen Crane

STEPHEN J. LIPPARD

Four years ago I rescended the passage to the Castle Keep and began to listen there. But that beautiful dream is past and I must set to work, almost glad that now my work has a direct connection with the Castle Keep, for that wings it. Certainly, as I can see more clearly, I need all my energies for this task, which at first seemed a trifling one. True, I have observed the life down here long and carefully enough, but the world is full of diversity and is never wanting in painful surprises. Truth will bring me either peace or despair, but whether one or the other, it will be beyond doubt or question.
— Kafka, The Burrow

ROBERT W. LYNN

In the beauty of the whole thing, again, I lose myself — by which I mean in the fact that we were all the while partaking, to our most intimate benefit, of an influence of direction and enlargement attended with scarce a single consecrated form and which would have made many of these, had we been exposed to intrusion from them, absurdly irrelevant.
— HENRY JAMES, Notes of a Son and Brother
JAMES R. MAC BRIDE

You shall not dwell in tombs made by the dead for the living.
And though of magnificence and splendor, your house shall not hold your secret nor shelter your longing.

— Kahlil Gibran, 

KENNETH A. MAC LEOD, JR.

To Haverford Ken came, to read, and see, and find.
Then Ken learned that time is always time,
And place is always and only place
And the actual is actual only for one time and place.
So Ken often asked the insidious Grape to put to sleep his wasting fear,
And glutted himself with incense, myrrh, and nard,
With genuflexions, delicacies, and wine.
Until odor of blood when Christ was slain
Made all sophistic polemic vain
And vain all discipline and debauch.
So in pity for man's darkening thought,
Ken roamed The Line and issued thence In Galilean turbulence.
Joy fall to thee, Father Kenneth,
Drawn to the Life that died.

PRESTON K. MEARS, JR.

Few at Haverford succeeded in doing so much at once as Pres Mears. Spending little time in bed for fear either of missing a party or oversleeping the next morning, he studied well (on the whole), and astounded neighbors by having assignments ready on time. But Pres's greater fame lay in his willingness to participate in any undertaking at any time, whether a waterfight, lawn soccer game, bridge or poker hand, or indescribable riot. And on the side, he somehow found time to take part in a few of the more reputable outside activities — glee club, drama club, and dining hall tray dropping. When he finally faced the prospect of a ministerial career, the campus lost one of its most ardent rowdies.
JAMES I. MEYER

Out of the North he came — picture of Anne in one hand, gin glass in the other, and copy of *Life in Mycenae* under arm; thus James assaulted Haverford. He proceeded to fill the atmosphere of the refectory with green missiles — olives; at the same time attempted to pull an 80 with the venerable MacCaff. From his Scull sanctuary he harassed his classmanates with midnight sorties, even succeeding in abducting hairy Woodrow. He created suspense among his classmanates as they waited to see “Barb Fritchie hang it out.” He became proficient in the arts of public sanitation, beer sampling, and pig archibotomy. A rowdy, a student, an artist, and a friend.

J. HOWARD MIDDLETON, JR.

Hoping to achieve a firm foundation for life, he sought a thorough understanding of human knowledge and experience through a well-conceived schedule and daily conversation and discussion. He gave equal precedence to the afternoon nap and the evening bull session; less to the reading, but he bounced through prodigious assignments with good grades, little pain, and almost no notes.

Senior year marked the realization of the finitude of human knowledge and experience. He reduced his experience and retired to Cramer Hill to search for something more to give stability and foundation to his life. With this found, he headed for seminary and on into the world.

STEPHEN H. MILLER

The Millere was a stout carl for the nones.\nFul byg he was of braene and eek of bones.\nSwiche liberale politike from Skattergoode,\nHe was short-shouldered, a thinne knarre, brood.\nTher was no insighte that he dide reed\nWhich war’nt broken at a renyng with his heed.\n“Godhede blesse social obligacioun,” was his erie,\nHis inner lighte was ther for al to see.\nSownynge in moral vertu was his speche;\Nothynge left to lerne, but gladly teche.\nAs figure-bede of Caucus Organicioune\At meetynge reade the New Yorke Tymes edicioun.\And al his lernynge, morals circumscriven,\At Forcigne Service aimes — the parfecte Uglie American!
H. SHENTON MONKEMEYER

Shenton established himself as unique among seniors — one who braved Haverford’s trials and tribulations without becoming completely cynical and sceptical of the outside world and its inhabitants. Retaining an interest in people that allowed, even forced him to drop whatever he was doing in favor of a conversation, he both enlightened and gained enlightenment from the subjects who passed the door of his 303 Barclay abode. To further study in psychology he went, already master of the inner workings of the Haverford man.

K. SCOTT MORGAN

There was a man with a tongue of wood
Who essayed to sing,
And in truth it was lamentable.
But there was one who heard
The clip-clapper of this tongue of wood
And knew what the man
Wished to sing,
And with that the singer was content.

— Stephen Crane,

PHILIP A. MUSGROVE

While showing a great enthusiasm for discussing “homomorphism, automorphisms,” or “Jacobians,” Phil’s activities were by no means limited to the abstract world of modern mathematics, his field of major. As an executive, he busily saw “sleepers” to their proper places for WHRC, and as a playwright, he contributed his talents to the 1960 Class Play (an undertaking which brought little immediate fame). Frequenting the European History section of the library more than Mr. Oakley’s office, his masterpiece became A History of the Jews in Germany. And for the time that remained, there was always the “well-restrained, intellectual” argument with his roommate. Leaving for graduate study in math and physics, Phil promised some day to return — with Philip’s lecture manuscript under arm.
KEN NAKAYAMA

As critic of the established and defender of the unpopular, Ken served Haverford well. Known for his uncanny ability to switch sides in the middle of an argument to stay on the losing side while swinging opponents to his original position, his search for truth led him to such varied sources as I. F. Stone's Weekly, National Review, Manual for C. O.'s, and Time. A student of mankind with seemingly universal interests, his friends and relatives occupied positions pertinent to any conversation ("I have a friend who peddles dope to Albany bank employees"). But underneath, Ken was basically consistent. His psychology major reflected his interest in structure in his studies of man; he succeeded in moderating his intuitive humanism with reason.

ETHAN A. NATELSON

Entering Haverford with a desire for scholarship, "Nate" instead fell victim to the foul habits of those around him. A two-year sojourn in Barclay in the proximity of Ross, Vicki-poo Parado, and the Wensel ruined all of Nate's ambitions. And his decision to room with the Drawstring and the Gaunt was another mistake. Not that the arrangement didn't have its advantages, for the "scruffies" obtained Nate's car, and Nate was able to see clearly how the dregs of society lived. In senior year, Nate nearly escaped from such foul, subhuman influences only to be sucked up in the whirl of the card table. But Nate somehow retained a shred or two of integrity, and with the blessing of Ariel, Irv, and Mel, left for the uncontaminated world of medical school.

RICHARD B. PARKER

Peerless Parker picked a peck of ponderous problems. A born philosopher, untiring in his quest for the new and the real, Dick would warm the heart of Socrates himself — in spite of occasional lapses into slipshod dialectic. When someone or something "spoke to his condition", his adventurous spirit inflated enthusiastically, spraying "relatedness" in all directions. Meanwhile grammarians took cover from a hail of verbal and orthographic atrocities like "Me and Val went to the movies" and "I can't find MUESEM in this dictionary." But philosophy discounted these trivia in favor of such Parkerisms as tolerance, a ready smile and creative approach.
WILLIAM E. PARKER

Down at 103 he was known as “Wasp C.” — a slow Southern tempo, accompanied by petite feet — Best arithmetician in the math department, and the only math major in the chem department . . . “I don’t know!” or “I don’t guess so!” . . . With his high interest in hometown athletics, Parks still found time to flick out . . . tall, dark, and very discriminate in contrast to “beefcake” . . . an ardent rock ’n’ roller, he used WIBG for his Music 13 concepts. He was drafted from fall tennis practice to play soccer. Besides holding the position of tennis captain, Railroad Bill was also Chairman of the Honor System Violations Committee . . . vigilante, pumpkineer, and lover of meese, he headed for graduate school somewhere among those “so fine” Southern belles.

RICHARD D. PENN

Despite Haverford’s tendencies to the contrary, Dick remained an enlightened Epicurean. His continuing appreciation of such diversities as Bach, Saarinen, Whitehead, Leger, physics, and a Barnard girl demonstrated his catholic yet selective taste. A serious major in Philosophy, he found himself equally at home with Irving Finger’s fruit flies and Wallace MacCaffrey’s humor, proving both his interest and ability to move between the “two cultures.” Not wanting his life to remain exclusively theoretical, however, Dick chose the practical career of medicine, hoping either to liberalize the A.M.A. or to formulate a philosophy of cathartics.

ALAN R. PETRASKE

but ALAN, abstracted, his effects upon the hearer may be more philosophically considered as a kind of DISCORDIA CONCORS (SIC): a combination of dissimilar images. The most heterogeneous ideals are yoked by violence together; the ambiguity instructs, and the subtlety surprises; but the reader, though he sometimes admires, is seldom pleased.

Yet great labour, directed by great ambivalence, is never wholly lost. In the mass of materials which ingenious absurdity has thrown together wit and useful knowledge may be sometimes found buried beneath inarticulate expression, and, when inflated to sincerity, may give lustre to works which have greater motivation, and less complacency in matters apparently straight.
CHARLES R. ROBINSON

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
Your Winter-garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has got a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.
— Edward Fitzgerald,
Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam

MICHAEL RODELL

Amidst a tangle of clothes, blankets, Playboys, records, and a few Ec books sat Rodels. Always willing to procrastinate or to try to solve the emotional or physical problems of any good looking young female, Mike occasionally took the situation in hand, and began to study. This studying was usually a process of figuring out how to avoid the anvil duet in the top of Whitall, or how to convince the Senor that he really did aime el espanol. An occasional “I’m going to get nailed!” signified nothing more than the time for a break — coffee, coke, or just in general. Mike loved pictures and cars, music and kids, and sometimes even life; and he looked forward eagerly to the piecee (sic) he most desired — in a Corps, a body, or just in rest.

FREDERICK H. ROEVER

After spending eight years at Haverford School, Fred, the most loyal of Haverfordians, stepped across Railroad Avenue to spend four more years at the College. Deciding that nine months of the year was not enough to spend on the campus, he also devoted his summer vacations to working in the biology lab. Senior year, a lab coat once again replaced his favorite college blazer as he persuaded Dr. Loewy to give him (i.e. to finance for him) two research projects. At the end of this time, Fred moved on to medical school, leaving behind him a dish pan of broken test tubes, a deamplified electric guitar, a pair of used water skis (for the duck pond), and — for Mr. Caselli — an empty wallet.
BENN CHIH-MAO SAH

“A linear transformation \( T \) from a vector space \( V \) to a vector space \( W \) is a mapping of \( V \) into \( W \) such that, for \( \ldots \) etc. As a math major, Benn seemed destined to miss the more rational side of life, until he was linearly transformed, his senior year, to the Leeds singles, and met up with such character builders as Iggy Stanley and the Bow. Having worked hard enough for three years to ensure early acceptance in Medical School, Benn found time during his senior year to take up smoking, drinking (“Say, John, have you got any beers?”), and discussions of the finer things in life with Frans (Don Juan) De-Nie. Ambition: surgeon. Destination: “Medic” Patient.

ROGER E. SALISBURY

“You,” he said, gazing earnestly into her deep blue eyes, “are just the one to help me over my inferiority complex.” And another Bryn Mawr freshman fell for the famous Salisbury line. Shuttling regularly between neighboring girls’ schools, Big Rog worked off the average of five pounds a year. After labs, he was always to be found matching “Tarzan” Bower grunt for grunt lifting weights or demonstrating to some unwary classmate the latest of judo throws (“Aw, come on, it'll only take a minute and it won’t hurt a bit”). Fit in mind, body, and line, Roger set out well prepared to show the medics the ultimate in the bedside manner.

FREDERIC G. SANFORD

Judging from grades, the fump had Chem reduced to one word: substitute! Friday night quiz sessions . . . there were many disciples. Should I be a country Doctor? No, don’t have the bedside charm. Great fund raiser: ordered from Luigi’s every night. Richard Armour and American Ballads interspersed with Geissman. Now where did I put those glasses? Tinkertoy Set . . . his pipe; Cutty Sark; golf . . . Suave with his roommates’ dates: Awk! Awk! Awk! Undying devotion to the Music Library and the Silver Fox . . . “Merry Christmas, Willie!” The scientific mind fell into open-mouthed slumber to WIBG.
W. DAVID SEDWICK

A crunch of bodies, the slap of a referee's hand, and Seddy had pinned his man again. With a spoken word of concern to the ref., a sheepish grin, "... that fellow was a fish," he alighted. The "Smorg" also sang, — glee club, octet, tenor, soprano, ad nauseum, ad infinitum, etc. In addition he appeared in Sharpless, "Yes, I really like Bio"; on the dance floor, "In Warren we..."; at tenth, "My I.D., but Bill..."; in the Bryn Mawr College Library, "Hello my name is..." Happy, lovable, unperturbed... despite catastrophes... "Sedgewick" remained. His forte, Pembroke; his ambition, medicine; his field, astronautics (moon shots); his future, up.

T. K. SHARPLESS, JR.

Penrod was doing something very unusual and rare, something almost never accomplished except by colored people or by a boy in school on a spring day: he was doing really nothing at all. He was merely in a state of being.

— Booth Tarkington, Penrod

J. CHRISTOPHER SHILLOCK, III

A Groton caught a classroom view
Of an obliviously meditative Alpaca
From Balboa
And said, "I'll pursue't, its essays besmear with blood
At a truly classical Golgotha.
But the Alpaca ensued, and the hunter it threw-up, over a dismal German stew
To the tune of the Argentine Zamba,
Where jug-invested Spaniards slew
With junky strokes and mirthful Hoo
That unfortunate fat hunter from St. James Zoo.
DONALD L. SNIDER

How does an American boy who was veneered in an English public school lose his naivete but not his innocent aspects? He trains his blond hair to flop back in the continental manner, buys white bucks to replace brown loafers and with his scarf as an ascot prances off to B.M.C.

As a freshman Don clenched the Chemistry Department with his right hand and a B. M. C. lovely with his left. He planted one foot on a soccer ball and his other in a cricket wicket. Although his feet remained firmly planted his hands roamed. One hand transcended science for religion. The other found many different hands to hold. Snider remained tritely editorializing, reeking of hot stuff, speaking with a "phony" English accent, practicing camp prayers to impress his dates, phoning Rhoades at 3:00 A.M., and theologizing.

CRAIG F. STAFFORD

A master with the gilded shovel, "page-a-minute" Stafford could at the end of his Haverford career convincingly maintain that he had never spent more than five hours on any of his innumerable historical masterpieces. And as for classwork — never to be matched was his feat of convincing his adviser, Wallace MacCaffrey, to let him through the History Department without a single MacCaffrey course, two Drake projects, and beginning Spanish in the senior year.

Thus relieved of the pressure of work, Craig found time to gain an education — through outside study (mostly at tenth, Luigi's, Bryn Mawr, or Vassar), or through summers of romance in Germany, France, and South America. Nobody's fool, he.

MATTHEW W. STANLEY, JR.

Matt's career at Haverford began rather inconspicuously. But with the help of the Psychology Department, the careful nurturing of a sponge-like ego, and the adoption of a sense of humor ("don't forget that half inch"), he quickly made up for lost time. Eliciting the mother instinct with uncanny ability, he soon became the idol of Bryn Mawr, and through his other talents assumed the position of a soccer stalwart and the spiritual leader of the golfers. Although somewhat frustrated by the competition of the campus giants (intellectual and otherwise), there can be no doubt that Matt, affectionately known as "Iggy," made his mark at Haverford.
WILLIAM F. STEIGMAN

Although most of Bill's activities took place outside of Haverford's domain, his on-campus maneuvers were more than sufficient to earn him a place among the "day students who made good." After three full years of blind groping, he finally saw the murky light of law and abandoned his dentistry plans. For law, as Bill sagely noted, presents the straightest road to politics; and in politics, "Steigs" was in his element. As a frank lover of "the art," he seemed fated to join the ranks of the master politicians and statesmen. Looking back on his career as efficient Rules Committee despot and as legalistic class secretary, few would question his chances of success.

KARL W. STEVENSON

Karl emerged from the obscurity of the Southwest to enter the equally obscure world of Haverford. Resisting all temptation from the Mandelians and Johnsonians of third-floor south Barclay, he managed to study effectively and to take his proper place among the respected Heathians of the Psychology Department. For two years in Lloyd (where he finally succumbed to talk and chicanery), his vehemently and sincerely expounded political, sociological, and economic beliefs became a familiar sound. Finally deciding that he could most effectively aid his fellow man through medicine, Karl retired to Scull House and chemistry in preparation for the greater things to come.

MATTHEW M. STRICKLER

"Holy cats, it's ten o'clock already; got to hit the sack!" Thus began the day of Matthew Strickler. 10:30 PM, a hot debate began in the living room, but Matthew didn't budge. 11:00 PM, an intra-hall water fight reached its peak, still Matthew slept on. 12:00 midnight, his roommate put a cookie behind his ear and let a dog into the room; Matthew turned over and stubbornly slept on. A terror at the bridge table ("Why didn't you bid six no-trump?"), and the slowest track star in Haverford's history (twice captain). Matt left behind his phenomenal sleeping records with a lower limit of eight hours a day and an upper limit unbounded.
GEORGE M. TAI

Listen, oh patients, and you shall hear
The tale of George, your doctor dear:
For a dozen years native Honp Kong was spurned
While the fires of learning within him burned.
George School and Haverford eight years did claim
Before that medical school of fame;
But of the twelve he'll best recall
Those spent with “the Mother of us all!”
Strong soccer foot and cricket bat
Each put a feather in his hat;
To the Varsity Club’s helm he was called
While Reese again this tenor appalled.
Reactions bubbling ‘mid crucibles’ glow
His skill in lab. sufficed to show.
Haverford’s pre-meds sometimes falter,
But George survived Loewy, Finger and Walter.

DAVID N. TALBOT

In pursuit of the intellectual female — to perfect
into clay — David has no more than five minutes
to disprove the existence of God, nor two hours to
dispose of Descartes — “What’s wrong with geese?”
— host of the black-sling chair proffering ritual
wine-glasses beneath Modigliani’s red-haired god-
dess — the guitar — there’s nothing that Benedic-
tine won’t cure — Artistic license a catalyst for
medical research — the magic mountains — of Ver-
mont — of Grimm and Kafka — Germanic geniality
— from the realm of doubt, by Vespa —

ROBERT S. TANNENBAUM

Giant-sized Bob Tannenbaum possessed an enor-
rous smile, a very small girl friend, and an
enormous sweater which the girl friend had knit.
Despite a painfully repetitive humor and a propen-
sity to cut theoretical physical chemistry — three
times in a row after insisting for an hour that
pressure was the extensive parameter not of volume
but of ideal gas — this irrepressible lad gained the
affection of his classmates through an exhuberent
expression of good will.
Planning to do graduate work in “pure edu-
cation,” Bob will be remembered by the grateful
pre-meds who heard Dr. Walter’s reaction to his
aspirations: “Egad! That’s worse than medical
school!”
Once upon a hallway caucus, while I shouted loud and raucous,
While I babbled, child of beauty, suddenly I felt a duty,
As of something strongly beating, beating at my cranial door.
"'tis some trifle there," I muttered, beating at my conscience' door —
Only this and nothing more.
Then I felt my spirit quicken, for a guest had come in person:
An Argentinian Zamba eyed me from the floor —
Naturally I broke my rhythm,
But the Zamba merely stood there, talking half-beat, simple language,
Talking in an easy timbre, in a voice both firm and clear,
Quoth the Zamba: *Drink Roach Beer*

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**LUCIAN A. WADDELL, JR.**

*Tiger, tiger, burning bright*
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry

— William Blake, *The Tiger*

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**STEPHEN V. F. WAITE**

"But really classics and mathematics makes a logical combined major. After all, classics is the queen of the humanities, and mathematics is the queen of the sciences. And the social sciences? Oh pooh." Thus spake the bearded sage, idly doodly parabolas and hyperbolas on the white tablecloth with his fork.
ROBERT B. WARFIELD, JR.

Best known as the player of the big double bass, Bob alternated between Bartok and Bourbak (not to mention Strauss and Gauss). Coming to Haverford as a physics major, he abandoned the sciences in favor of the humanities after a two-year struggle by dropping physics for mathematics—the art which he defined as the acquisition of definite knowledge about figments of the imagination. It may not light cities but it doesn't blow them up, either. In addition, Bob found himself interested in astronomy, philosophy, history—and anything else he could get his hands on. But mathematics won out, and off to graduate school he went for further work in the "first humanity."

CHARLES B. WATKINS

"I mean, Give me a break !!!!

JAMES G. M. WEYAND, JR.

Jim—
I can't figure out how to do yours. Like how can I build one theme around all your interests? What's your being the unofficial '62 barber have to do with your prowess in swimming and Tenth? How does your nickname "The Hermit of Sharpless" relate to your distillation of home-brew to the music of Bolero? And what about your being a graduate of Western Reserve Academy but rooming with a U.S. grad? 'Course I've got to mention Lynn, too . . .

Then there are the ubiquitous, overworked eulogies about your being a hard worker, popular, etc., etc. You're hopeless. I'm punting.

Sorry, Berg
JOHN G. WILLIAMS

To captain a clippership and sail away from it all—especially those stimulating, vigorous chemistry 13 classes of Cadbury—and that record average of 110 two years running. The has-been “diver” and flame of Baldwin School, Jack spent his first two years at Haverford playing hockey for Villanova. The life of the “Flash” was one big role, to be played accordingly: prep, outdoorsman, Big Brother of Pem. East, nice guy, etc. A graduate of Chicago, Harvard, AND Haverford, he becomes the colleges’ first “Navel” architect.

What was there down at Lenape Inn that was “fine as wine?” Jack will be remembered for his “friendly wave” and cheerful “hello”—as he passed through the Haverford campus on his way to Bryn Mawr.

JOHN S. WILLIAMS, JR.

“Without a song, the road would never end . . .” The Leeds singles rocked with loud cries of “Gimme a break,” as Johnny began singing his way through another day. He supported loudly, if not always accurately the glee club, and on occasion would follow up rehearsals with a solo at Tenth. An economics major (“Say, Bow, what’s all this GNP jazz?”) who wished he were a beatnik, he read poetry to anyone who happened to walk into the room, and drove many a young lady to drink in this way. When not suddenly taking off for Baltimore with Gaetjens (“We can study for the ec. test on the way”), he could usually be found in bed.

Let us therefore mention the fact,
For it seems to us worthy of record. (E.P.)

LEE H. YEARLEY

Remembering the Offense, but hoping that through scienclium (what's what) can mute uns nought, ‘a thought, abought the Great Sommboddy within the Omniboss, perhaps an artsaccord (hoot's hoot) might sing ums tumtin abutt the Little Newbuddies that ring his panch” so that One could see that Things taken together are whole and not whole, something which is being brought together and brought apart, which is in tune and out of tune; out of all things there comes a unity and out of a unity all things.
EDWARD J. ZOBIAN

It was a confusing day in 1958 when 120 Freshmen of the Class of 1962 staggered onto the Haverford campus. Amidst the crowd and drowned out by queries of “where’s my room?”, “where are the tennis courts?”, and “where are the dames?”, walked cool, determined Ed Zobian who asked a stunned customs man, “where is the chem building?”. Always knowing what he wanted to accomplish, and always accomplishing what he wanted, Ed was a consistent (you never saw him without his lunchbag among his books), hard-working (used to get up at six for organic), student who left Haverford with a full liberal arts education. According to last reports from medical school, he had a nurse cornered in a debate on the relative merits of chemistry as a true science compared to biology.

ADDENDA

John C. Bertolet
Curtis G. Callan, Jr.
Douglas H. Doherty
John D. Eshleman
Christopher L. Fuges
Jonathan C. George
Paul C. Gleason
Alexander L. Gucker, Jr.
Robert M. Haymond
Edward S. Hollander
Allan D. Johnson
Peter A. Kellman
David L. Klein
H. Richard Kramer
Philip S. Krone
Barry M. L’Etoile
Robert L. Long

Peter A. Lundt
J. Steven Maurer
David W. Mitchell
F. Raymond Noel-Paton
Timothy A. Packard
David W. Pilbrow
Victor Pinedo, Jr.,
Allen C. Rogerson
Kenneth M. Rower
John H. Schutz
D. Dexter Sternbergh
R. Clark Sullivan
John C. Towle
Richard M. VanCleave
Ross VanDenbergh
Henry J. Vaux, Jr.
Andrew T. Walling
CREATIVITY

There exists a tension on this campus which is not that between cliques, classes or any other form of status. It is a tension of spirit, brought about by a dichotomy between the analytic and the creative powers of the mind. It is not necessarily detrimental, as long as there exists an awareness of this intellectual state.

This tension is found in the humanities field, that is, any course dealing with works of art. These departments are almost wholly oriented toward an analytical and critical approach to the literature and art with which it deals (I except the Department of Music). This approach rarely amounts to anything more than cold, intellectual pedantry. Rarely is an attempt made by a faculty member or a student to capture the essential and highly elusive quality which is the basis for a work of art. Books are seen from a historical perspective, a critical perspective, in short, any point of view which allows complete and clear intellectual objectivity, with as little involvement in the work itself as is possible.

SubJECTED to this approach, the student rapidly finds his own creative inspiration threatened. One hardly ever sees a student or professor working himself up over a work of art, abandoning his rational objectivity for a more subjective and appreciative involvement. Instead we are faced with seminars which are most certainly death to any artistic aspects the work may have. I find it hard to believe that any professor can teach his subject without being personally involved with it. But works of art are either coldly dissected without the awareness of any spiritual merit, or else this awareness is repressed in the classroom for the sake of rational progression toward rational understanding. At Haverford the latter is primarily true. The inspiration, the emotional and subjective involvement is repressed by both the faculty and the student for the sake of rational communication, which is, more often than not, no communication at all. Anything mystical is denied, and on this mystical quality art ultimately rests its value. And without this quality no work of art can be created.

The student who is aware of this trend and who is artistically inclined, finds himself developing a type of schizophrenia, one which enables him to satisfy the requirements of intellectual pedantry, while in his private life giving reign to the inspirational and creative side of his personality. The intensity of the Haverford approach makes this state of mind practically unattainable. Many are unaware of the darkness into which they are being led. One or two professors recognize this schism, and have warned their students of the danger of a one-sided approach. All should see it and point it out to their students. Both approaches must exist, for both have bearing on the other. But every student here should be encouraged to devote his time equally to each approach.
We undertake an examination of the Haverford studentry.

The sections which follow this essay will deal with Haverford Folk as they go about their Activities. Their most characteristic behavior, the one all-encompassing activity on the Haverford campus is not, however, listed officially in the Founders Club eschatology. Is not the Haverford animal distinguished chiefly by virtue of the fact that he is not enthusiastically committed to the plethora of extracurricular clubs and committees, and doesn't mind saying so at some length? We celebrate this fact.

The spectator sport has more ardent practitioners, who spend more time and more energy, attracting more attention and producing more joy than any other brand. We celebrate the Commentators, the Interrogators, the quiescent Watcher and the eloquent Solipsist. We catalogue their sporadic risings. We marvel at their periodicity. We advance token gestures toward the area of their sociological significance.

How is it that the obstrusity of the dining hall announcements, the ritual identities of the bulletin boards, the aphorisms of innumerable library carrels, and the graf-fite blotches perpetrated upon the walls of otherwise unmentionable dormitory johns—how is it that these various excellencies have not as yet been belabored into exegesis? How is it that the one reliable index to the Haverford Character, the spoken and written, *Word*, has not been incorporated into a legitimate and authorized pastime? Where is the Vice-President of this hidden Society? Who writes the Club constitution?

We celebrate the occult. We celebrate the formulators of the Haverford diction, the artists of the bulletin board, the scholastics who originally understood the philosophy of the Spoonbang. We call them the Underground Association. We make remarks to the effect that herein is the particular *virtu* and the general excellence of the Haverford student, and retreat to the bulletin board in hopes that someone has obfuscates the more enduring prolixities.
Initiation for the prospective members of the Underground Association begins in the Early Autumn. The initiation ritual takes place at some point before the emergence of the integrated Freshman. His particular jargon disappears. His academic diction evaporates into the rarefied atmosphere of the Ephemeral and English 12. His everyday speech is condensed into driblets of rhetorical expostulation and terse epithet. The Freshman learns the ritual club invocation (hum. you) and soon (gimmeabreak) the plasticity of his liturgical chant (unbelievable) extends itself to both the unification and the dissociation of sensibility (the foodeats). These are the mots justes, the very transcendence of critical appraisal. The dominant tone of the Word is that of stylized protest. The significance is problematic. The mysterious password (howbadisthat?) holds the complexities of the syntax in abeyance, while the speaker takes in a whole gestalt with a single sense perception.

The full scale activities of the Association generally get underway by Pale December. The Un-groaned becomes the Undersigned. The Association members begin to write clearly. Their formal criticism, previously vented on Bryn Mawr picturebooks and other academic eroticism appear, as if by magic, on the Founder Bulletin Board. Here there are insights into practically everything. Withered comestibles and crudely printed anathemas testify to the human condition. Here, the affirmation of a nether world of quasi-allegorical prototypes, Jarvis Pugh gives birth to Peter Porkis in defiance of every known biological law. The Student Peace Union is periodically fractured to produce the Fiery Insurgents For Irrational Anarchy (1958) and the S. N. E. (1962). This area of Underground activity is becoming more and more a part of the college community. The most recent project, the Public Address Commentary at meal times, typifies the Undergrowned outlook. Even the Spooniang and the other religious protests organic to the dining hall have never done this much. The Commentators work at a great distance. They assume ritual identities, but they work diligently with gusto by reflex action out of all proportion . . .
The function of the Underground Association becomes apparent by *Cheerful Springtime*. Public demonstrations of the organizations activities have always been less successful than the semi-private assaults on the collective sensibility. The regularly scheduled events of the Association on Tuesday and Thursday have been somewhat disheartening. Occasionally a club member has been able to assemble bombast which is moderately relevant to the Collection speaker's address before the assembly is dismissed. Unfortunately, the adept fails to express himself so that he is understood by his antagonist and appreciated by his peers. Most of the large-scale projects have been limited to commentary in the form of ambiguous titters and interrogation on the form of eloquent grunts.

The Association has been most successful with the individual projects. Some of the highlights chosen from a survey of (actual) library carrels and dormitory bathrooms include the following:

*Life is a bowl. It's full of cherry pits.*
*Life is the razor blade one slides down.*
*Life is beating around the bush until it burns.*
*Life is evil spelt the other way around.*

The similarities in terms of the structural arrangements and patterns of shape and significance is no doubt indicative of a fundamental orientation toward the essential discrepancy reflecting upon . . . the symbolism is . . . we note in addition that . . .

The Association has been further hindered because of the fact that except for a few members who cheerfully sacrifice their personality and sense of well-being to provide immediate spectacle, there is no continuing impetus to the organization's activities. It is important to realize that were it not for the benign conspiracy of the Faculty and Administration who contrive to make themselves suitably deficient, there would be no formal structure to the Association whatsoever.

We submit, in conclusion—
A sweeping statement, but few at Haverford would disagree with Shakespeare's opinion. However strong was the Quaker stand here against music as recently as forty years ago, there is little doubt today that the typical Haverfordian does not indeed have "music in himself." The founding of the Music Department in 1926 and the increasing interest in the subject since then are historical matters which need not concern us. More basic is the general question of what it is that makes music to so many of us not just a luxurious spice of life, but a necessary part of life itself.

An answer to that question necessarily involves some account of those who make that music, as well as an attempt to capture the essence of their respective sounds. So many of these people have gone unrecognized in the past that it seemed just to point them out once and for all. So we begin with the anonymous whistlers, pickers and strummers, the shower singers, the endless players of countless records and recorders, the innumerable drum and sax maniacs and soloists wherever they are, for it is they who first struck the valuable spark of spontaneity. Theirs were the impromptu outpourings which came at all hours, not just between 6:45 and 8 p.m. every Thursday. If even such brief recognition as this should somehow kill that spontaneity through self-consciousness, it would be a pity. For from the piano of a Hemingway, the cello of Flanders, the sax of a Sinclair, as well as from the instruments of the anonymous, came sounds which could not be circumscribed with words. They set a pitch and defined a rhythm with a vitality which few could equal.
But of course music is not all soloists and unorganized spontaneity, and it is precisely here that any super-romantic interpretation of the subject begins to break down. Music is ideally a form of heightened communication between people, using a universal language. It is inevitable that musicians create organized groups of some kind to facilitate this end. But it is important to realize the different manifestations such groups may take.

One might take two of the most informal gatherings on campus—the Marching Band and Auxiliary Fife and Drum Society, so-called, and the folksing—as illustrations of one ramification of musical expression. Unimportant as these organizations are from a purely aesthetic or statistical point of view, they are invaluable as parodies of more formal (and perhaps too formal) groups of the same nature. Conceived mainly in humor, the Band (a true symPHONY in the Dodger tradition) undercut the orchestra. Born out of the desire to let off steam more than anything else, the rough style of the folksing served as a spoof on the genteel arrangements of the Glee Club.
On a more sophisticated level, the little-publicized madrigal and chamber music groups also contributed lasting music experiences to those of the Haverford community with whom it came into contact. Still informally organized, these collections of players and singers managed to maintain an atmosphere in their performance which was intimate without being exclusive. The key to this unique situation was in the character of the music itself. The madrigal group, for example, concentrated on a delightful genre which by sixteenth century standards was overwhelmingly "popular," and yet which under twentieth century values has none of the cheapness associated with that term. The result was a sound which was neither grandiose nor commonplace, but refreshingly direct and lively—an excellent ideal for Haverford music in general.
If the most formal of the musical organizations at Haverford—the Orchestra and the Glee Club—were unable to duplicate, by the very nature of their size, the individualistic and relaxed atmosphere of the smaller ensembles, the discipline and spirit they brought to their concerts made these performances worth participating in for other reasons. Working in these larger groups necessarily involved a submission of one’s own individualism to the commanding and demanding personality of the conductor, Dr. William Reese. Complete submission may have been "impossible," but for a smoothly functioning Club or Orchestra it was "imperative." Despite the occasional aura of autocracy, however, the rewards of working in either group were often great. Few who took part in the performances of the Bach Mass with the Philadelphia Orchestra under the direction of Eugene Ormandy will forget the experience in which hours of rehearsal culminated. Orchestra members will fondly remember their two main concerts during the year, highlighted by works of Schubert, Mozart, Paisiello, Vaughan-Williams and Copland.

In all these forms of musical expression, the performers shared one thing in common when they were at their best: a love of the act of singing or playing which carried them out of themselves and into the music itself, thereby enhancing both their own lives and the lives of their listeners.
DRAMA
Because the theatre is to so great an extent a living art, and because so co-ordinated an effort is required to bring drama to life, it is somewhat remarkable that drama survives at all on the Haverford campus. Survive it does, however, suckled on the fertile imagination of Bob Butman, and weaned on the monomania of a few boisterous extroverts, and with the Drama Club’s receipt last spring of the Edmund J. Lee Memorial Award as the “most outstanding extracurricular organization.” Survival no longer seems to be the issue.

The Club is the principal organ of drama on campus; never noted for its formal coherence, it operates in clandestine ways, calling to greatness reticent students who are usually too flattered to comprehend the scope of their commitment. Part of the Club’s commitment to the production of a play involves the transubstantiation of the stage; this is the work of the stage hand, whose pride precludes any admission of the significance of the actor. In the service of his convictions, he spends afternoons and weekends with his cohorts building, wiring, painting, washing, and sweeping, nobly bearing the ingratitude of the world. He is omnicompetent and omnipresent, forever overtired and overworked; but the louder and more fervent his oath to leave it for good, the more certain his return to the dark crowded excitement backstage.
What causes the stagehand untold misery is the realization that his labor is for the glory of the actor, and will at best be seen only as an enhancement of a spectacular performance. Faced with a stagehand who insists that the psychological effect of sets, lights, costumes, and make-up is wholly responsible for the quality of an actor's performance, the actor will insist that he could have done as well in a Siberian railroad station, and that in fact, he would prefer the infinite modality of the unencumbered Elizabethan stage to the distraction and annoyance of a representational set—an assertion which he would not care to substantiate.

If the motivation of the stage hand seems confused, that of the actor is chaotic. He is called upon to assert an alien personality in a necessarily narcissistic act; he must be willing to make a fool of himself in order to glorify himself. A moderately demanding role will absorb the prime time of his academic or social evenings six nights a week; for most students, the initial decision to surrender is the hardest; once an actor becomes involved in the uniquely social act of performance, once he has heard the echo of his own voice in a silenced auditorium, once he has seen the audience dimly beyond the footlights, and conquered them, he is hooked, and while he may insist on being entreated to try-outs, he cannot stay away.
Actor and stagehand are united by the temporary uneasy peace benevolently imposed by the director, Robert H. Butman, whose duties as mediator are augmented by those of milliner, musician, teamster and aesthetician. His talents this fall were devoted to Christopher Fry’s Venus Observed, a play in which the ageing Duke of Altair (Andy Lehner) discovers that neither the loves of his youth (the Misses Westbrook, Sutherland, Gula) nor his love of youth (Rob Colby) is sufficient to enliven his loneliness. Although he is cheated by his major-domo (Ted Hauri) and superceded by his son (Peter Moskowitz), the play ends with rivalry and dishonesty resolved by the Duke’s realization that age offers a perspective of the magnificent beauty of life.

The Drama Club’s winter production was Love’s Labor’s Lost, a play that glitters with Shakespeare’s verbal genius. Containing many elements further developed in later plays, Love’s Labor’s Lost nonetheless has a moral of its own—that glibness and false little worlds have a place, but they cannot deny or solve the serious processes of life. The witty and earnest ones (Messrs. Lary, Hauri, MacBride, Sonnenborn, Lehner) learn from the witty and understanding ones (the Misses Westbrook, Robbins, Ranard, Fleming) that love is more than courtship and death more than a word. Don Knight’s return to the stage as Don Armado, the fantastical Spaniard, was magnificently professional, and Ted Hauri was a lithe and eloquent Berowne. Jane Rose, whose autumnal set for Venus was vividly exciting, planted shrubbery about the Goodhart stage for the vernal comedy.
Drama is not the exclusive property of the Drama Club: in February, Arts Council arranged a reading of Milton's *Paradise Lost,* cut down to size by Prof. Frank Quinn. David Hemmingway composed special music for the occasion, the Drama Club supplied the cast and the director.

Class Night, traditional outlet for dramatic creativity, revealed many too-familiar themes: the sophomores revived the shade of Sen. McCarthy to beat it like the proverbial dead horse; the juniors framed some unaccountably tedious musings about Haverford underground with the prize-winning dialogue of Nolte and Riggan; and the seniors, in a burst of vaudeville, ridiculed compulsory meeting. Hauri's script involved excellent parodies of conspicuous faculty with Don Knight's gentle hoofing; and when Douglas Steere (Dick Freedberg) communed with the *deus ex machina,* divine will joined with the anti-Meeting forces to deliver what should have been a decisive blow for fifth-day freedom. At least, they won the prize.
Beyond those sports which rely on purely individual skills are those—football, soccer, basketball, cricket and baseball—which involve a certain amount of cooperation among players. For the purpose of classification the Record has decided to divide local sports on this basis. Such a division into team and individual sports is not imaginary, however, but conceptual.
Tying together diverse individual players, seniors through freshmen, skilled athletes and letter-seeking diehards, is a spirit which alone yields the essence of the team. This spirit, hidden but real in its intensity, unites the whole. Beginning with the mutual enthusiasm for a particular sport, there follows the knowledge of another's skills in relation to one's own, recognition of the limitations of human capabilities, and the common appreciation of a cooperative intercollegiate effort. In the face of stiff competition, eight o'clock classes, examinations, other extracurricular activities including loyalties to Bryn Mawr, and bad food, stands the team: a group unity as much present off as on the playing field.

Local experts argue that the Haverford athlete, plagued by these pressures and demands, hardly has time for training and rest. Consequently he is generally in poorer athletic shape than his opponents. This lack of individual conditioning must often account for losses in the individual sports. In team sports, however, where logically these infirmities might be expected to compound themselves numerically, the experts fail to take notice. Where the emphasis is upon cooperation and functional unity it is suggested that such individual conditioning, or lack of it, might not be as instrumental in ensuring victories.
Such an argument, however, is erroneous both in regard to the supposed lack of conditioning for team sports and in its implication that team sports, or perhaps any sport, should be judged by a criterion of victory. If the success of local team sports were thus measured the results would be far from pleasing. Midway through its season, the basketball team had surpassed the total number of wins accounted for by the rest of Haverford's teams up to that time. By the end of the season the basketball squad's total of nine victories set a goal which not even the addition of spring wins was likely to match. If team sports do have an essence therefore, we submit (hopefully) that the criterion of analysis must lie elsewhere.
Here we have a group of from 5 to 11 individuals; their substitutes; a coach, perhaps his assistants; a captain, manager, and trainer; three months of practices, drills and scrimmages on a field or a court; occasional "skill talks", and a pre-game, so-called training meal of roast beef, potato, toast and tea. Although it is composed of individuals, characterized by their personal idiosyncracies and determined by their particular skills, the character of the team is such that it encompasses all these qualities—and more. Team captains Jenks, Snider, Erb and Freilich represent their squads, but the unity of the team partakes of all its members.

Thus the team does not develop into an "in group" which odiously dominates campus life. The individuals concerned participate separately in their own areas of the campus community, but they are augmented by their tacit understanding of their common relation to those immediately as well as remotely involved. Knowledge, confidence, and self assurance which hopefully leads to self-awareness characterize each member of a particular squad. One's success, whether in his studies, his activities, or on the field, strengthens the team's security; his failure passes beyond himself to the group. The actions of each one reflect the whole. And the whole team, sharing an identity with the college community, thus goes beyond itself to the point where even attendance may be included as a criterion for appreciating the essence of team sports.
As the Haverford athlete is often physically outclassed, his supposedly superior mind tries to outsmart his opponent. In hoping to fool the enemy, however, the Mainliners are prone to underestimate their opposition and outsmart themselves. (Yet confidence remains.) Plays, originally conceived by the coaches and thoroughly practiced by the players yield the initial security, but once formulated, the confidence remains. With this initial impetus towards self-assurance, the best of the teams improvise their own plays as the game situations demand them. Perhaps the ability for improvisation of plays would be the best criterion for judging team sports. Only the continual anticipation of a teammate's moves can result in the final unity and essence of teamwork.

Neither photographs of squads nor summarizing articles on each team can capture this essence. Despite the representative individuals, team unity lies essentially within itself and defies analysis. One can only vaguely apprehend this by pointing to a team's organization or perhaps enumerating its achievements.
If Haverford's athletic program exists merely to keep the body fit so that the mind can function most efficiently and to provide a diversion from academic pressure, then the suggestion made last year by senior Ted Hauri that a chopping block would serve these purposes just as efficiently as a full-blown athletics program is probably a valid one. But many in the college community have long held that such a program is integrally involved in the development and education of the student. Yet others criticize this argument as being a stock answer which has no validity if pushed to any further specification. Wherein lies this educational value?

At Haverford, the primary emphasis seemingly must be upon the individual separated from any group context as he pursues his academic career in the highly competitive framework requisite of any school of high scholastic standing. Yet also requisite to a complete education in the present era is the ability to know one's place within a larger framework, and it seems unlikely that the Haverford student would find this training in the academic sphere. Recognizing this, Dr. Courtney Smith in an address to his Swarthmore Alumni in 1960 noted that, "In a college that values individualism, and seeks out individualists, and encourages them in so many significant ways, I think we tend to forget that teamwork can be a virtue, too." Dr. Smith was here defending the value of athletics at Swarthmore.

Athletics in general would seem to fulfill many of the requirements of an activity which would demand of individual abilities in order to foster the smooth working of the whole: i.e., the dominant Platonic notion of each man fulfilling his function in order to fulfill himself and in order that the State may fulfill itself. More specifically, however, it appears that this educational end may better be
achieved in the "individual" sport, which includes the cross country, track, wrestling, tennis, golf, and swimming teams, than in the "team" sport because optimally the team members in a team sport become so interdependent that the self in its relation to the larger whole is lost in the emphasis on group identification. It is in the "individual" sport that the athlete can best see and know himself within the whole. This is so because it is in the "individual" sport that the carefully delineated individual responsibilities most evidently effect the group success. An athlete who, for example competes in track events, knows pretty clearly how much his success or failure in those two events will effect the success or failure of his team. Within the context of his own event he is truly alone, and there is probably no greater feeling of one's total reliance on himself than at the starting line of a track event. In these individual events each athlete has exactly the same forces with which to contend, and because of this the transferring or projecting of the reason for defeat into other people or into other causes becomes nearly impossible. This is surely much truer of the individual sport than of the team sport where interdependence is so great that rationalization can be so convincing. And this is an important educational aspect since as long as one transfers his comparative success or failure unto others, he does not know his own capabilities, does not know himself.
When the event is over, the results of the individual effort become a part of the larger context, the team score. Now the athlete can clearly see how his own efforts affect the success of that team of which he is in direct relation. There are those who believe that the "individual" sport teams are an aggregate of persons of different abilities who compete for themselves and feel no real loyalty of relation to the team. Undoubtedly this can often be the case. But more often, the fact that every one knows what his responsibilities are allows the "team feeling" to jell without the underlying jealousies and animosities which frequently lie beneath the surface of team sports. When this is the case, the "individual" sport can be the medium for the optimal group-individual relation.
The fact that the individual and his own special abilities and traits are really brought to fruition in the "individual" sport can best be shown by the way in which different personality characteristics stand out as individual athletes prepare for and compete in their events. Those who are the most sure of themselves in their event often are the ones who achieve best, and this becomes a growing assurance as success breeds greater self-confidence. Mike Spring and Norm Pearlstine, this year's best wrestlers with 4-2-1 records are exemplary of that. Dave Leonard's calm, Quaker self-assurance is evidenced in his approach to swimming competition. There are those for whom success comes only as the result of persistent and determined practice. Frank Pollard's growing ability on the cinders and Ed Hartman's hard and heavy work-outs demonstrate something innate in their personality make-up.

Above and beyond the philosophizing, Haverford sports are a part of the college scene because people want them there. The community as a whole likes athletics and instinctively sees their value to the student body's physical fitness and education but more to the spirit and morale of the college.
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