



HALCYON

1954





Swarthmore

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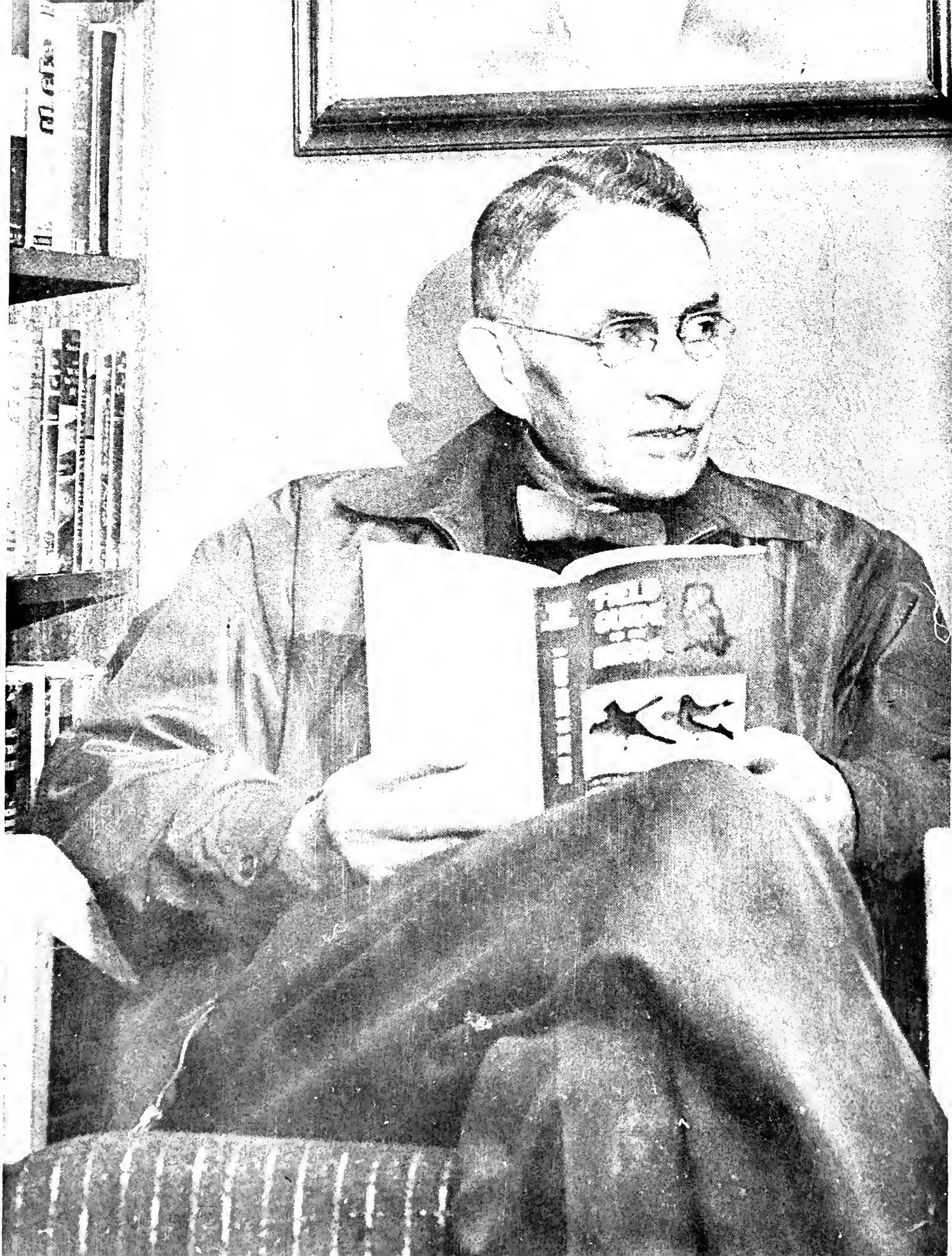
Swarthmore

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DEDICATION

Mr. Hick's trademark was his smile. It signified not cynicism, but recognition. If he viewed the passing scene with a skeptic's eye, he approached it with an optimist's enthusiasm. He was wise enough to respect the opinions of all generations. He continually astonished freshman classes as he punctuated his sagacious perspective with penetrating observations on current and prospective affairs. He learned as he taught; he loved and was loved, for both. He told us when we were freshmen that the greatness of literature must be determined by more than literary considerations; but that whether or not it was literature could only be determined by literary considerations. If Mr. Hicks were a book—and indeed we respected him as he taught us to respect books—he would have triumphed on both counts. His former students and his many friends are testimonies to this fact. He dedicated his life to Swarthmore. Our far less significant dedication is that much more meaningful.



“Good Lord, it’s like I’ve never been away.”

The feeling has always seemed to us as necessary a part of a return to Swarthmore as high heels in Commons, missing trunks, registration lines, program changes, and “What did you do this summer?” We have expressed the sentiment after every vacation, and have always considered it a slur.

Just this year, however, we heard these strange words added to the traditional ones: “It makes me feel wonderful.”

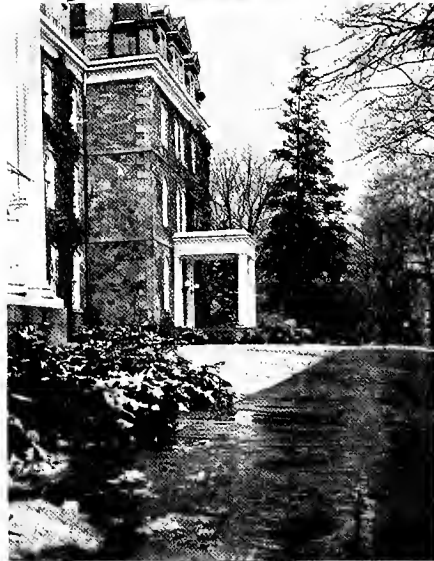
This shocked us. We were forced to admit that we have been disguising a certain amount of affection under our sophisticated slur.

And that although we have complained for three years, about Collection, the dining room, the conduct committee and the work, we have often had excuses for leaving late in the spring and returning early in the fall.

There was good reason for this dishonesty, just as there is a good explanation for our present naked souls. We see this clearly when we remember that the next ticket we buy to the big wide dangerous crowded unfriendly rigid dull conventional authoritarian world will be a one way ticket.

The reason is, of course, that until now we were secure enough to gripe.

We are not yet in the position of which President Smith spoke. We are not yet able to look back



and wonder how four years could have been so consistently happy.

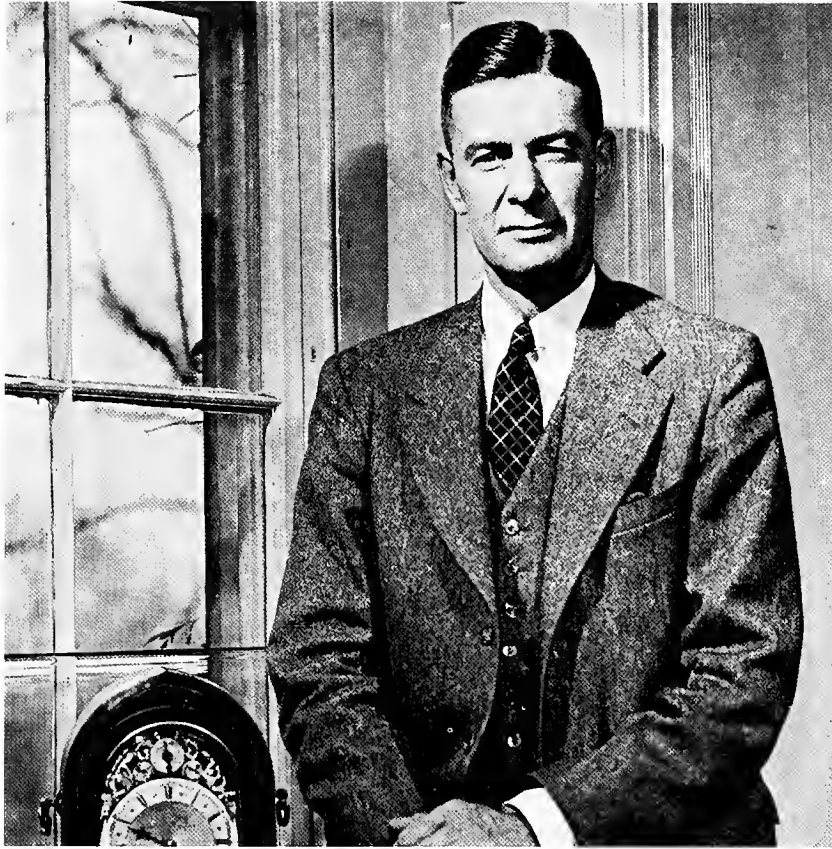
But there have been too many good things in too many of our days here. The next time we say the traditional words, we will have a hard time accompanying them with the traditional smirk.

Now that this has been said, we will do our best to gripe until June. Present enlightenment and honesty notwithstanding, when we returned to Swarthmore in the fall of our junior year, everything that didn't look the same looked worse.

The year moved along, as Swarthmore years have always moved since men and women have been allowed to talk to each other unchaperoned, through lawn, porch, commons, porch, and lawn. When we carried our suitcases back down Magill through the daffodils, Swarthmore looked about the same as it had when we first felt like we had never been away. But some of us knew that although nothing was objectively different, our junior year could best be characterized as a year of change. The contents of our Halcyon are in part devoted to this intangible metamorphosis.

There has even been a small revolution between the covers of the Halcyon. You will notice this as soon as you begin to look for the junior section. We have dispensed with the letter of year-book law in order to come closer to the spirit of Swarthmore life. We believe Swarthmore has an exciting spirit because its activities mirror student interest so well. The present Halcyon staff feels that activities and students are inextricably mixed and should not be separated in our yearbook. Because of this we have shown the picture of each member with one of the several activities in which he has participated.

We hope our 1954 Halcyon is true to the spirit of Swarthmore in general and to that of our junior year in particular.



FAREWELL

John Nason will be missed. His list of accomplishments was as impressive as his physical bearing. Because of Swarthmore's small size we were fortunate in that we knew him as more than a nameplate on an office door. We may forget that he is the man who tripled the alumni fund but we will remember how he managed to combine a dry campus with a dry sense of humor. The fact that he gave direction to the educational program which was born under President Aydelotte's administration will be recalled along with his skill with a softball, an axe and a student council referendum. We will remember the philosopher's clarity which manifested itself in his collection talks and his humility and genuine interest in people which prompted him to spend an occasional hour or so in Commons over a cup of rancid coffee. We were very sorry to see him leave and we envy the Foreign Policy Association their new prexy.

After long and highly secret deliberation, the Board of Managers offered the position as president of Swarthmore College to Courtney Craig Smith, then a member of the department of English Literature at Princeton University. Since Mr. Smith has been here, we have been sometimes delighted and sometimes devastated by his wit; we have been charmed by his allowing us occasionally to devote our Thursday minute of silence to James Thurber or T. S. Eliot; and impressed by an interest in us which seemed to extend well beyond the call of duty, to attendance at seminars and long days spent in discussing political and ethical problems; we feel strong admiration for a well-marked strain of enlightened idealism. Courtney Craig Smith's beliefs about the goals of education and the responsibility of the educated person are couched neither in terms of uncrystallized good will nor of skeptical discouragement. We have strong confidence in his goals for Swarthmore and confidence in the probability of his reaching them.



HAIL



9 TO 5

It is as hard to conceive of a car without wheels as of a college without its administration. And yet there is no group on campus more maligned, resented, or more often complained about. This year Miss Cobbs gained two assistants: Miss Wing and her secretary Mrs. Lingham.

Dean Hunt received his baptism under water at the Freshman Serenade. When the annual fall massacre was postponed, the eager, frustrated Swarthmore male could not wait and stormed Parrish to be greeted there by torrents of aqua pura. Dean Hunt's wet reward for his valiant efforts to end the hostilities resulted in a severe cold which lasted all week.

For the first time since the founding of the College in 1864, girls were allowed to remain out until 1:30 A.M. on Saturdays. Typical comments were, "Twelve-thirty is bad enough with Swarthmore women," and "From Swarthmore men I prefer to escape at 12 o'clock." One member of the Administration was reported to have said, "What can they do by 1:30 that they couldn't have done by 12:30?"

Miss Cobbs delivered an interesting lecture to Pittenger and Palmer women on The Evils of Sneaking In and Out. She emphasized the refusal to return to the Sunday Open House. However, the administration's recognition of the inadequacy of our informal facilities led to the construction of the new yellow Somerville Recreation Room on the site of the Women's swimming pool.

The Men's Executive Committee, the official governing body for the men, feverishly looks over the affairs of the college's male population. Its subsidiary, the Men's Judiciary Committee, arraigned, indicted, prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced the less law-abiding of the gay young blades of Wharton and

Mary Lyons. "Why did you throw the snowball through the window?" "Who put the toilet paper on the pine tree?" "Was it you who poured the concrete in the mail box?" The proctors, headed by Dick Roeder, succeeded somehow in their thankless task of patrolling the beat in the dormitories.

The Women's Student Government feverishly looks after the affairs of the college's female population. The Conduct Committee was replaced by the Women's Judiciary Committee who arraigned, indicted, prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced the less law-abiding of the gay young things. "Two minutes late on Friday night?" "You were seen holding hands in the lunch room" "What, did you wear make-up without permission?" 1952-53 witnessed a record number of campusings.





Administrative Safari



The ILGWU Strikes Again



Left to Right; Back of Head, Saul Sternberg, Sue Bevier and Catalogues

In spite of the blasts leveled at them by irritated students in the form of letters in the Phoenix and discussion in Student Council, Mortar Board, the senior women's honor society, and Book and Key, the senior men's honor society, continued to play their roles as service organizations. They collectively ran the Freshman Orientation week; Mortar Board conducted the annual furniture sale and organized the marriage course. Book and Key sponsored the One-Act Plays and the Jazz Concert.

Sharing space in the Phoenix with the honor societies was that harridan of Swarthmore institutions, weekly Collection. The specially invited audience of student body and faculty was regaled with a varied program. Clair Wilcox post-mortemized the national election and even the Republicans cheered. Ben Shahn gave the final word on the role of the artist today. A dove of peace appeared from nowhere to heckle the good colonel who spoke to us on the purpose of the army installation down the road. And finally we heard Dr. Nason's farewell speech . . . the year, and an age-of-Swarthmore were over.



Probably Wishing He Had a Crossword Puzzle





Miss Cobbs



Mr. Stott



Miss Wing

Mrs. Lingham
Mrs. Keeny
Mrs. Davis
Mrs. Slaugh



Mr. Moore

Mrs. Little
Mrs. Veeder
Mrs. Davisson



Mr. Gresley



Mr. Crotsley



Mr. Shane



Conduct Committee—D. Caggeshall, J. Boetcher, B. Likert, J. Holt, R. Wolfe, B. Sicherman, A. Passoth, G. Tadd



ANN PASSOTH

Montclair, N. J. *International Relations* ability, stability, and fertility dance . . . "when I was a clerk at Gimbel's" . . . constant costume changer . . . I feel so masculine . . . unfathomable gaze . . . expressive toes . . . ever-aspiring basketball player . . . the legume . . . from extroversion to introspection . . . Community Chest . . . Conduct Committee . . . Miss Pathos



"Don't worry, boys. This coupon will surely get us the Dick Tracy secret ring". MEC: V. Navasky, B. Beatty, J. Fine, L. Suter, R. Stewart, J. Levine, J. Strauss, P. Sielman



Spring WSGA — On floor: G. Hunter, I. Okazaki, J. Bushman, D. McCutcheon, C. Thomas. Couch: Left Arm; J. Risk; Left Cushion; M. Gatchell; Center Cushion; Liz Dun; Right Halfback; C. Luhrs; Right Arm; R. Wolfe; Standing; R. Mauer, S. Lepper, J. Kahlenberg, B. Stiefbald, A. Fines and A. Waterson



Fall WSGA—On Floor: L. Dun, A. Smith, E. Meyer, R. Mendoza. Seated: L. Tai, R. Parker, A. Matt, A. Abernathy, J. Gallagher: Standing, leaning or slouching: A. Mangels, J. Price, M. Morey, B. Brown and B. Sicherman.



MJC—Sected: W. Hawkins, D. Lang, V. Navasky. Standing; R. Griest, J. Bennett, R. Stewart



Practors; "Uncle" Van Pelt and "Uncle" Kennedy



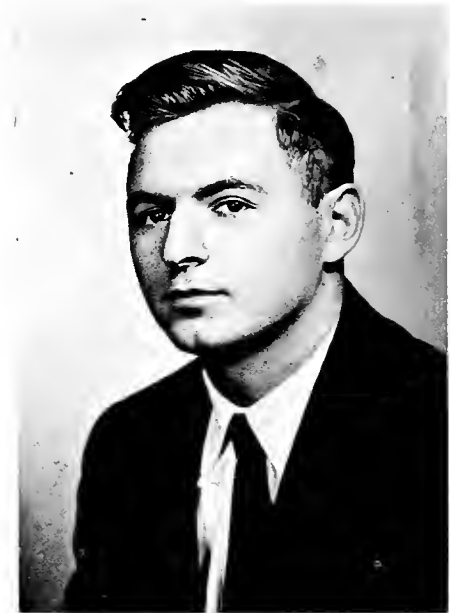
MARCEL KESSEL RICHTER

Leonia, N. J. *Economics Honors* always hungry, often laughing, yet a searcher for the meaning of it all . . . an artist at heart with a feeling for beauty and Winnie the Pooh . . . talented eyebrows . . . quiet understanding with a wicked sense of humor and an appreciation for the ridiculous . . . takes people for what they are and likes them for it . . . ket



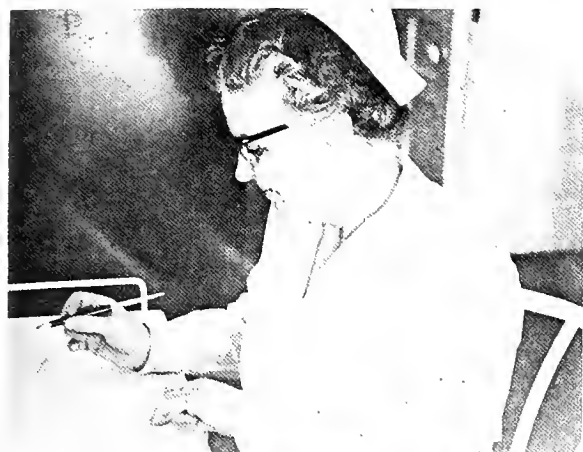
CHRIS KENNEDY

Babylon, N. Y. *Mechanical Engineering* What'd you say this game is called . . . Buckley, let's get some beer . . . I'll admit she's short, but we manage . . . Kenass . . . take ten . . . I'm related to the Worth Steel Company and the Meritt Parkway . . . That's a great car . . . yes I'm an engineer but I did take Greek Lit . . . Ambruster and Roeder are the finest men I've ever met!



VICTOR S. NAVASKY

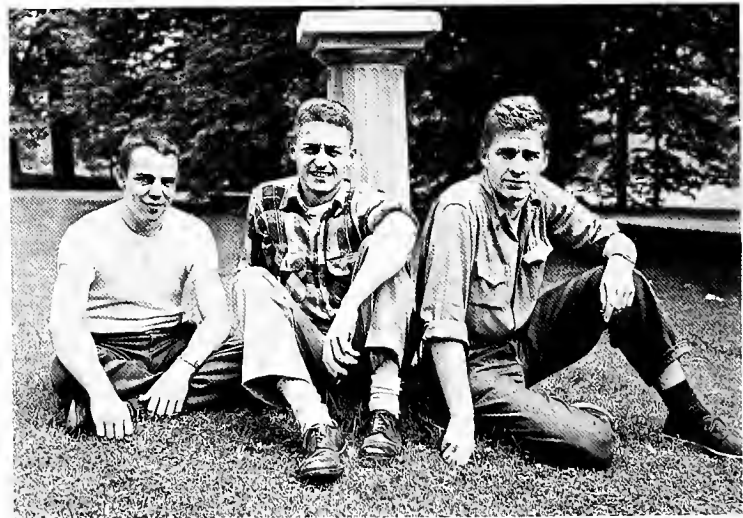
New York City *English Honors* a gesticulating socrates . . . facade of comical circles . . . victorian reign over phoenix led to mec, halcyon, one-act play . . . oblique conversationalist who speaks through teeth . . . brilliant but unself-conscious intellect . . . a raised finger . . . a mumble . . . a shrug . . . sensitivity, idealism, logic in diagrams . . . potentially frustrated journalist . . . Greenwich Village savoir faire . . . a wonderful idea doily . . . discretion is the biggest part of victory, sensationalism is the other . . . vic





Bock Row: J. Svenningsen, D. Morgon, R. Griest. Fourth Row: E. Myers, A. Newell, C. Rettenmyer, S. Mills, D. Sutherland, P. Macy, R. Howell, R. Henderson, D. Spencer. Third Row: P. Kuznets, S. Thompson, W. Pratt, I. Gobel. Second Row: U. Victor, T. Osgood, R. Davidson, A. MocMillon, B. Likert, H. Heorst, N. Gibbons. First Row: D. Strandberg, E. Rotcliffe, N. Williams, J. Hand, E. Dodge, M. Morey, H. Copeland

Class
of
1953



Class Officers, J. Ambruster, E. Commins, J. Worlock



Back Row: D. Brawn, G. Krivobok, A. March. Fourth Row: R. Walkling, M. Frazer, R. Potthoff, B. Suckow, K. Gulick, A. North, K. Peterkin, K. Krohne, P. Hayward, M. Emrich, W. Hanig. Third Row: B. Phillips, T. Goodfriend, C. Martin, J. Staver, E. Price, M. Hintz. First Row: J. McKee, T. Martadirja, M. Eckler, M. Bull, D. Cooperson, C. Johnson



Does your cigarette taste different lately?

Class of 1954 officers



DAVID LANG

Philadelphia, Pa. Zoo Honors Collection highlight . . . denizen of Martin . . . contemplative . . . friend of maharajas and of the people . . . former soccer player and terror on the links . . . battling crusader . . . Shakespeare not to be interpreted psychoanalytically . . . sought by good company seeking more . . . years for far-off Africa . . . drinking companion for Wislocki . . . Doctor Lang . . . Dave



PETER VAN PELT

Butte, Montana Economics Pious Peter, the pristine proctor . . . Louis please! . . . believes in love . . . had a date once . . . prefers jeeps . . . neatness is next to godliness—Carle . . . council truck expert . . . elections are a sure thing . . . reformed easterner with western hospitality . . . ec honors . . . have you ever panned gold? . . . class treasurer . . . social committee treasurer . . . foresees vacations in florida . . . that stabilizing influence . . . make me get to work . . . pete



FRANK OSKI

Philadelphia, Pa. Zoo Honors known from paris to chester as the ox . . . budding hippocrates with muscles . . . would you respect a girl less if . . . evashevski on the gridiron and sieve in the lacrosse nets . . . priceless collection of max shulman first editions . . . sports editor of Finx and Halcyon . . . this fireplug avoids dogs . . . shish-kebob, rijstoffel and hoagies . . . Swarthmore womanhood's one-time favorite sugar daddy



BONNIE BROWN

Washington, D. C. History "Howdy" . . . george schoolite . . . affable . . . good-natured valunteer . . . unruffled appearance even on the basketball court . . . "the profile" . . . permanent curl, poise, and personality . . . "pristine pure" . . . loves "putty tats" . . . high spirits, high humour . . . "Hey creeps!" . . . warm enthusiasm . . . innately nice . . . a bonnie lassie.



Class
of
1955



'55 Class Officers: H. Bode, M. Dukakis, J. Ambruster, D. Gump

Class of '55: Back Row: W. Bruce, D. Fitelson, T. Throop, D. Haskell. Seventh Row: H. Bode, K. Ingebritsen, C. Cooper, T. Simkin, A. Curtis, A. Liveright. Sixth Row: J. Weiner, L. Ross, M. Dukakis, H. Temin, M. Calingoert. Fifth Row: R. Schneier, J. Schiller, M. Jones, L. Suter, R. Abrahams. Fourth Row: R. Fenichel, P. Jones, C. Smith, M. Menaker, S. Goldberg. Third Row: S. Fox, J. Parkes, N. Scott, E. Mallonee, J. Hammitt, R. Harris, V. Perkins, A. Parkes. Second Row: K. Dettmers, R. Parker, A. Norris, C. Buck, D. McCutcheon, S. Rosecrance. First Row: P. Rosenberry, B. Sicherman, G. Todd, A. Price, S. Loewy, I. Okozaki, J. Wubnig.





Back Row: G. Heatan, G. Lamb, D. Gump, R. Decker, G. Rosenblatt, C. Philippides. Seventh Row: G. Smith, J. Levine, S. Caaper, C. Fink, P. Resnick. Sixth Row: S. Kennedy, J. Elliot, R. Hadgsan, D. Snel, R. Shepard, D. Hattis, C. Tarrey, S. Lepper, D. Young, P. Naves. Fifth Row: F. Barakat, S. Rosecrance, R. Bechtel, J. Baetcher, B. Culin, A. Fryer, K. Sasse, B. Webb. Fourth Row: J. Anderson, M. Earkes, E. Meyer, J. Douglas, E. Murphy, J. Ambruster, A. Abernethy. Third Row: S. Smith, R. Mendaza, N. Gaadrich, B. Bamar, S. Schultz, N. Sturtevant, M. Fleming. Second Row: L. Campbell, S. Schneckenberger, J. Dalrymple, M. David, J. Hughlett, K. Slager, W. Liu. First Row: N. Triggs, A. Imlah, J. Bushman, L. Tai, D. Olsen, J. Livant, S. Grimes.



Back Row: H. Short, R. Walloch, R. Levien, P. Ettinger, R. Austin. Sixth Row: J. McNulty, C. Lukas, C. Lehmann-Haupt, A. Ross, B. Mallory. Fifth Row: H. Walker, D. Steinmuller, J. Koplan, M. Spillane, C. Cogswell, C. Levin, C. McMurrie, B. Shallette, R. Burdsall, B. Sorocek, R. Jones, P. Senior, F. VanArsdel, Fourth Row: M. Ashley, S. Perkins, C. Schrader, J. Piper, M. Westover, J. Heimboch, S. Fried, J. Kuhl, S. Guthrie, S. Dailey. Third Row: A. Hall, H. Crawford, J. Rudge, P. Mitchell, F. Myer, H. Holran, E. Poole, V. Hess, B. Smith, D. Christy, E. Long, A. Penn, P. Pearson. Second Row: R. Olmsted, J. Holt, J. Duduit, R. Renfer, A. Roberts, J. Geisman, E. Lanning, O. Pease, D. Dulles. First Row: V. Spohr, M. Paxson, J. Lundquist, S. Gilbert, J. Herskovits, R. D'Amico, P. Coe, S. Lasch, N. Helsenrod.



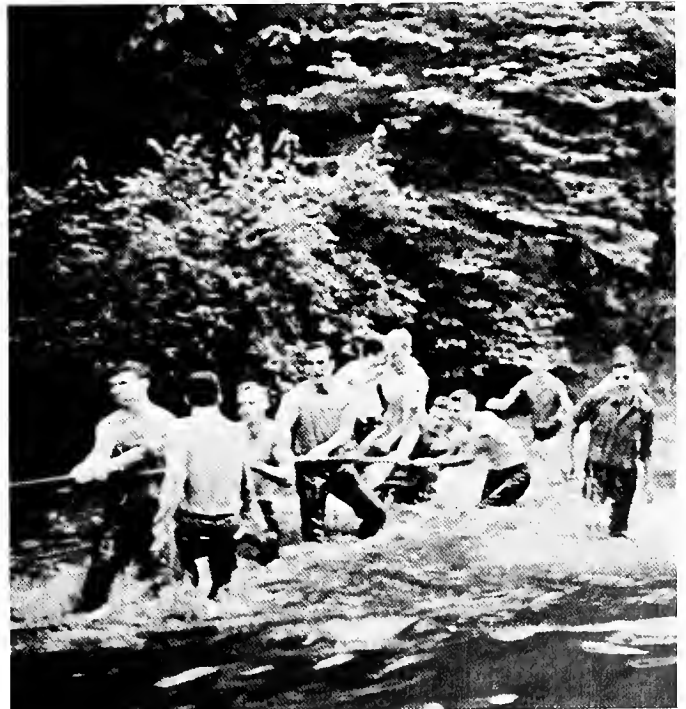
Class of '56—Back Row: T. Fetter, W. Chapman, A. Rake, J. Peatman. Sixth Row: A. Robinson, J. Aweido, R. Tucker, J. Merrill, P. Svirsky. Fifth Row: R. Kresge, J. Seoman, H. Hollowell, I. Roudsep, J. Flores, K. Hayes, C. Luhrs. Fourth Row: E. Apfel, R. French, Z. Lee, J. Forrester, S. Skeer, D. Scott, G. Mann, C. Catlin. Third Row: J. Sufin, M. Jones, C. Shuler, C. Foust, R. Tuley, N. Hickman, G. Vogel, S. Pattullo, D. Northrup. Second Row: A. Pressmon, H. Fitzhugh, N. Swindler, D. Wagner, M. Modarelli, M. Tovell, M. L. Jones, A. MacDougall. First Row: J. Nelson, D. Coggeshall, S. Cosmon, K. DeKiewit, D. Hitchcock, C. Lauer, B. Ache, R. Church.





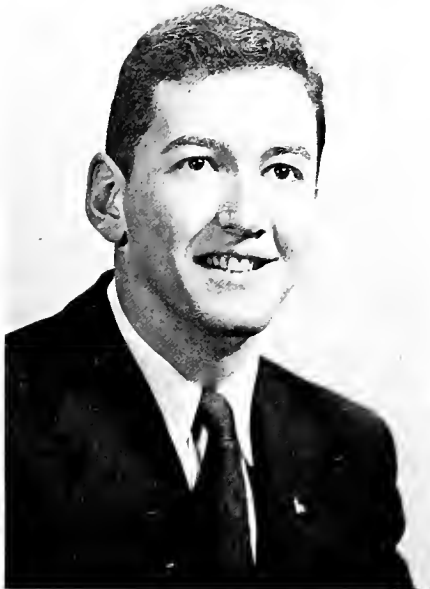
Back Row: G. Popky, R. Ellis, R. Axe, J. Gutzeit, S. Sutton, D. Holland, R. Temple, C. Rondall. Seventh Row: N. Bright, R. Rinzler, C. Bonnier, I. Shils, H. Roeder, A. Ayres, R. Noyes, R. Barr, M. Douty. Sixth Row: W. Cunningham, C. Ash, D. Smith, J. Ottermiller, R. Gonnar, R. Adler, E. Cahn, F. Heath, S. Whitaker, R. Reboussin, G. Neisser, R. Pfaltzgraff. Fifth Row: J. Tyson, R. Potthoff, J. Hickerson, C. Berger, K. Giles, T. Chronister. Fourth Row: J. Murtha, J. Polgar, C. Beaumont, B. Troxell, N. Riccia, B. Stiefbold, D. Morsh, J. Kapp. Third Row: F. Juliard, J. Tai, R. Cooper, L. Pickett, A. Christian, S. Roymond, A. Robinson, M. Gleaton. Second Row: J. Lust, C. Cottan, J. Shimansky, L. Schmir, A. Porker, M. Blou, King, T. Richter. First Row: P. Hawes, R. Christanson, P. Kingsley, P. Dilley, A. Isroel, C. Juliard, M. Hill.

Contributing to Swarthmore's unity . . .
Tug of War on Work Day





Student Council—Back Row: V. Navasky. Second Row: J. Purnell, O. Wright, J. Fine, F. Sieverts, D. Gump. First Row: M. Dukakis, L. Dun, J. Stover, A. Abernathy.



JONATHAN FINE

Chestnut Hill, Mass. *Economics Honors*
 Formal in speech . . . friendly of heart . . .
 goes out of his way for friends . . . com-
 munity service . . . race relations . . .
 Student Council minority? voice (prexy)
 . . . social conscience that sears of close
 range . . . books crowding him out of his
 room . . . cheers . . . Jon

1952-53 was the first school year that Collection was enlivened by the weekly appearance of a student council representative, who purported to describe briefly the progress of student life through the previous week. Under Jay Stover the first semester, and Jon Fine the second, the council performed impressively. The Rutgers fraternity plan was rejected, and the NSA student Bill of Rights approved. Honor societies were a subject of discussion in the council as well as in the press, as were community government, inter-dormitory visitation, and admissions policy. The Council succeeded in stirring up record interest in its committees, with a gigantic application list of 300 eager students.



Elections Committee—On Floor: H. Donow, M. Tovell, C. Beaumont. Seated: R. Parker, A. Reeves, C. Tissat, J. Rowe, A. Fryer, H. Thomas, J. Nugen, R. Shepard. Standing: B. Venrick, R. Freeman.

Council committees ranged in importance all the way from National and International Student Affairs Committee to the committee which guards and runs the Council Mimeograph Machine. The Budget Committee disperses the Green Card Fund in a calm, cool manner to the satisfaction of all. The Student Affairs Committee disposes of difficult problems relating to behavior, discipline, and other administrative functions. The Curriculum Committee issued a long report favoring distinction for course students.

The Community Government Committee worked long and hard on proposals to enable all members of the College Community to take part in its administration, the Elections Committee helped lubricate our Democratic functioning, the Social Committee kept us busy after school and many other Committees, familiar to all of us, combined to keep the college running.



Community Government Committees—Top: On Floor: J. Stover, P. Imbrie, Mr. Lyon. Seated: P. Kontrowitz, J. Purnell, E. Prenowitz. Standing: Mr. Conard, C. Cooper, Mr. Weatherford. Bottom: Front Row: M. Dukakis, L. Dun, J. Polgar, Mr. Walker. Back Row: S. Fox, Mr. Flemister, Mr. Stott, V. Novsky.

Student members of the Student Affairs Committee—Left to Right: P. Berry, L. Dun, L. Steiner, F. Kyle, J. Ambruster, F. Allina.



National and International Affairs Committee—Seated: B. Keating, N. Williams, F. Sieverts, J. Livant, E. Cahn. Standing: R. Mendaza, R. Decker, J. Palgar, A. Holtzman.

Curriculum Committee—Left to Right: S. Mills, M. Gatchell, S. MacGanagle, J. Strauss, C. Kennedy, L. Bunzl, J. Hathcock, M. Cummings.



The Student Council takes care of our domestic affairs. In the fall of our junior year, Swarthmore looked over the wall of its ivory tower and developed a "foreign policy", as well. Reporters threaded their way among the couples on the lawn in front of Parrish and collared dreamy-eyed aesthetes to ask them: "Who do you think will be the next president, sonny?"



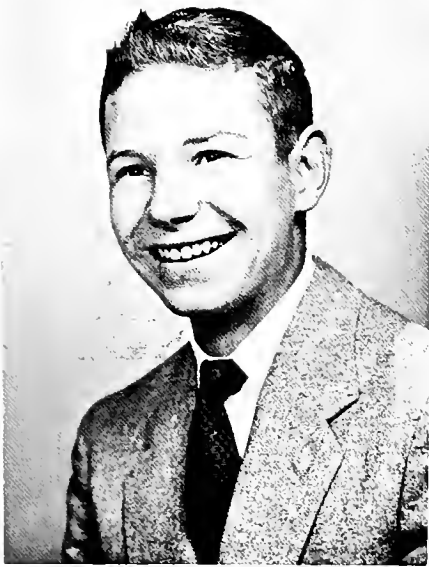
In a straw vote conducted by the Finx a month before the national election the student body streamed from the library and Commons to cast their ballots. Voting was orderly and few unseemly incidents were reported. The results showed that the intellectual barbs of Mr. Stevenson were far more attractive to us than the clods of earthy realism thrown by Mr. Eisenhower.

After the temporary capitulation to Students for Stevenson, students for Democratic Action began its year's activities in late November, by holding an election it couldn't lose. The new officers then mapped out a program for the year centered around furthering the Democratic cause in Delaware County. They mimeographed throwaways for the Democratic Club, rang doorbells, and wrung their hands over the big job yet to be done. Apart from the county activities, SDA sponsored a letter writing campaign for modification of Senate Rule 22, and collected books for the Uganda Farmers Union. Its membership more than doubled.



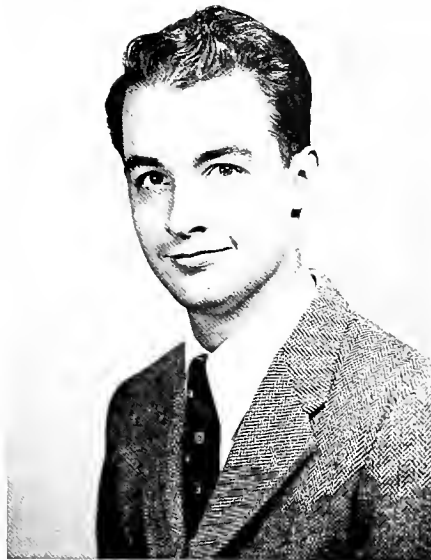
Given impetus by the rampaging Republican elephant of 1952, a small group of intellectual conservatives rallied as Students for Eisenhower. These Young Republicans, as they later called themselves, distributed literature, held discussions of election issues, and, as we all remember, staged a rather impromptu but stimulating invasion of the library on election eve. After election high jinks were over, the club settled down to more sedate activities and a more formal existence—Dirk Snel and Bud Vestermark were elected co-chairmen for 1953.

Young Republicans—On Floor: C. Denslow, S. Guthrie, C. Lauer. Seated: R. Hodgson, J. Simon, D. Snel, C. Ash. Standing: P. Baumgartner, B. Vestermark, R. Shepard.



MILTON C. CUMMINGS, Jr.

Arlington, Va. *Pali Sci Honors* veteran political observer . . . also dabbles in French Club . . . head full of election figures . . . he's got a rich personality . . . state department bound . . . a penchant for excess verbiage . . . but the polysyllables are sententious . . . up at eleven . . . extraordinarily myopic . . . he gauges grass roots sentiment . . . choking laugh and teetering specs . . . music appreciation . . . future man of the people . . . milt . . .



BARRY KEATING

Garden City, L. I. *Psychology* m r s d a . . . finds time to attend one or two classes a week . . . always seen waiting for a train at the railroad station . . . olympic swimmer to be . . . ready chortle . . . democratic party's future leading light . . . assignments for everyone . . . the walking wpa . . . our first prexy . . . but we haven't seen much of him since . . . Barry

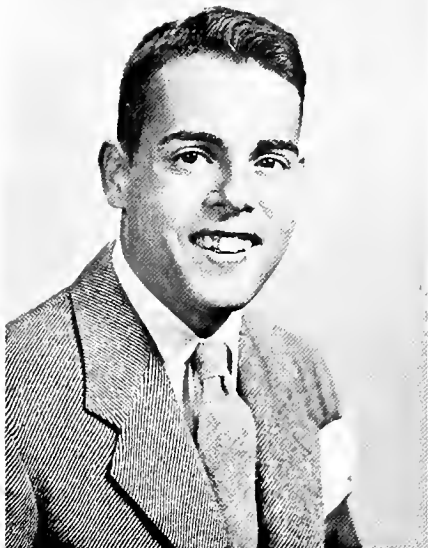


JARED L. DARLINGTON

Woodstown, N. J. *Philosophy Honors* lumpy-jawed rube . . . sca, sda, afsc—and phi delt pool shark . . . I'll pacify the hell out of you . . . frugal habits, simple delights . . . selective realist and psychophysical parallelist . . . musician, composer and bottle smasher . . . sackrat . . . after the junior year clean living begins to tell . . . some sort of Theophrastian character, but we don't know just which . . . jerry or jamhead.



SDA—On Floor: D. Marsh, J. McKee, D. Christy. Seated: J. Darlington, J. Jacobsan, B. Keating, R. Schneier. Standing: P. Last, D. Lewin, R. Abrahams, A. Rumsey, M. Calingaert, F. Sieverts, R. Altman.



DAVID RUBINSTEIN

Cleveland Heights, Ohio *History Honors*
 garnet man . . . radical compromiser . . .
 name is spelled with two i's . . . uses sca as
 a front for depredations on the fairer sex
 . . . handy man with a bicycle . . . anglo-
 phile and advocate of party discipline . . .
 as a non-conformist, iconoclast, and chronic
 malcontent, i agree . . . wants adlai badly
 . . . this man is an evaluating creature . . .
 smile for all . . . dave

The Intercollegiate Conference on Government, Swarthmore's only boon-doggling, pork-barreling, down to earth political organization, was in full swing last year. It was a power to be reckoned with and center of bill-passing, officer electing, and lively debate in the mock state legislature. This year Lauren Suter replaced Brice Harris as chairman of the Swarthmore Delegation, and the club functions for the first time between annual all-state meetings. Bi-weekly debates on current subjects occur in the ICG sanctum, and this year it is hoped that the Swarthmore delegation will lead the state in knowledge of all the issues to be presented.

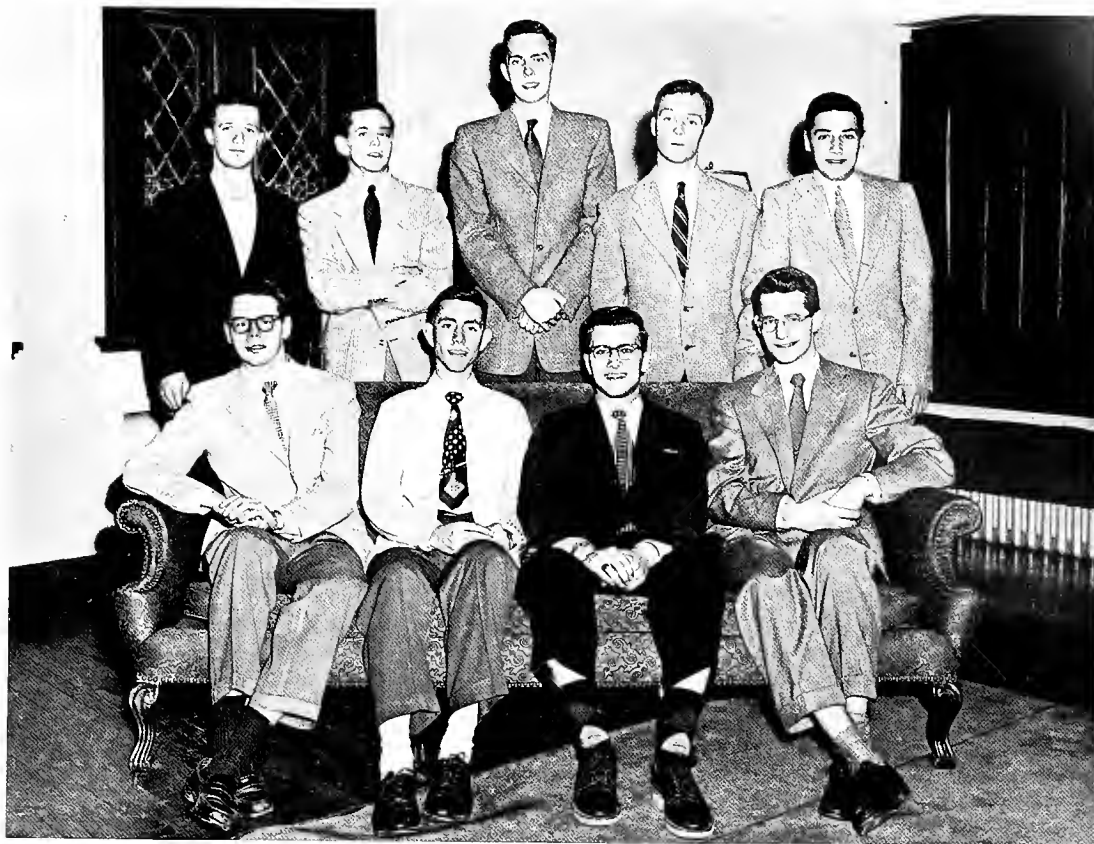
The Debate Club added to the hubbub, arguing the topic of fair employment practices legislation. A novice tournament at Temple opened the season, then debates were held with Ursinus, Hamilton, Drew and others. More important encounters followed, beginning with the annual tournament of the Debating Association of Pennsylvania Colleges at Lehigh in February where the Garnet earned an even record of wins and losses.

More intense was the Annual Cherry-Blossom Tournament at Georgetown University in Washington, D. C. Finally, Swarthmore participated in the Carnegie Tartan Tournament at Pittsburgh, where we won a majority of our debates.

The Race Relations group attacked the problems underlying the FEPC laws in another way. Two aims directed their work. The first was to promote closer feeling between the students and the villagers. They tried to accomplish this through interviews with minis-



Intercollegiate Conference on Government—Left to Right: A. Ross, M. Breen, E. Cahn, L. Suter, J. Rowe, B. Culin, P. Baumgarten, D. Dulles, S. Loewy, A. Parker, A. Fryer, B. Harris, B. Mansan, J. Mills, M. Fleming, P. Last.



Debate Club—Seated: S. Suttan, G. Struble, R. Hadgson, D. Sutherland. Standing: F. Carrady, D. Dulles, B. Vestermark, R. Decker, C. Philippides.

Race Relations Club—Front: R. Mendoza, S. Speier, L. Kaufman, L. Steiner, P. Lenrow. Back: J. Fine, P. Imbrie, G. Hunter, L. Shoyinko.



ters, teachers, and councilmen, and through a meeting with the Swarthmore Inter-Racial Council. The second purpose was to obtain information about discriminatory practices in the stores and to improve the existing situation. George Houser, of CORE, and Wally Nelson, of FOR (Fellowship of Reconciliation) who came down to speak, inspired enthusiasm and gave the club concrete advice about non-violent techniques and principles.

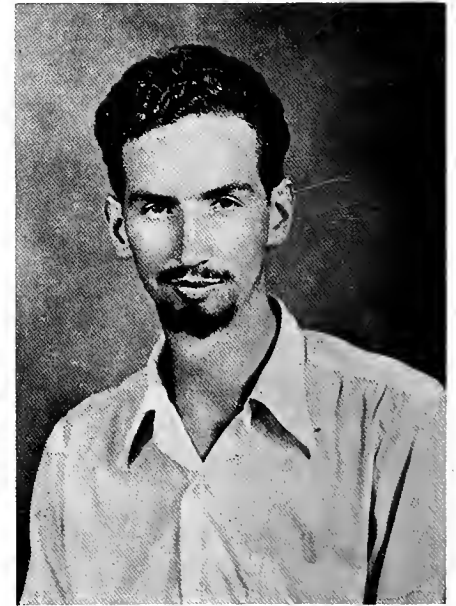
Another club interested in things social is the Committee to Better East-West Relations. It put a fact sheet on Korea in every mail box, recommending that students write Congressmen about current peace proposals, without advocating a specific stand. It maintained a bulletin board of information about world affairs. It also sponsored discussions, such as the panel on minority groups in the USSR. Mr. Bristol of the AFSC spoke on Quaker plans for peace and Mr. Whiteleather from the Philadelphia Bulletin about the Soviet Union. The Club's aim throughout was to make students aware of new factors in East-West relations.



MARJORIE GATCHELL

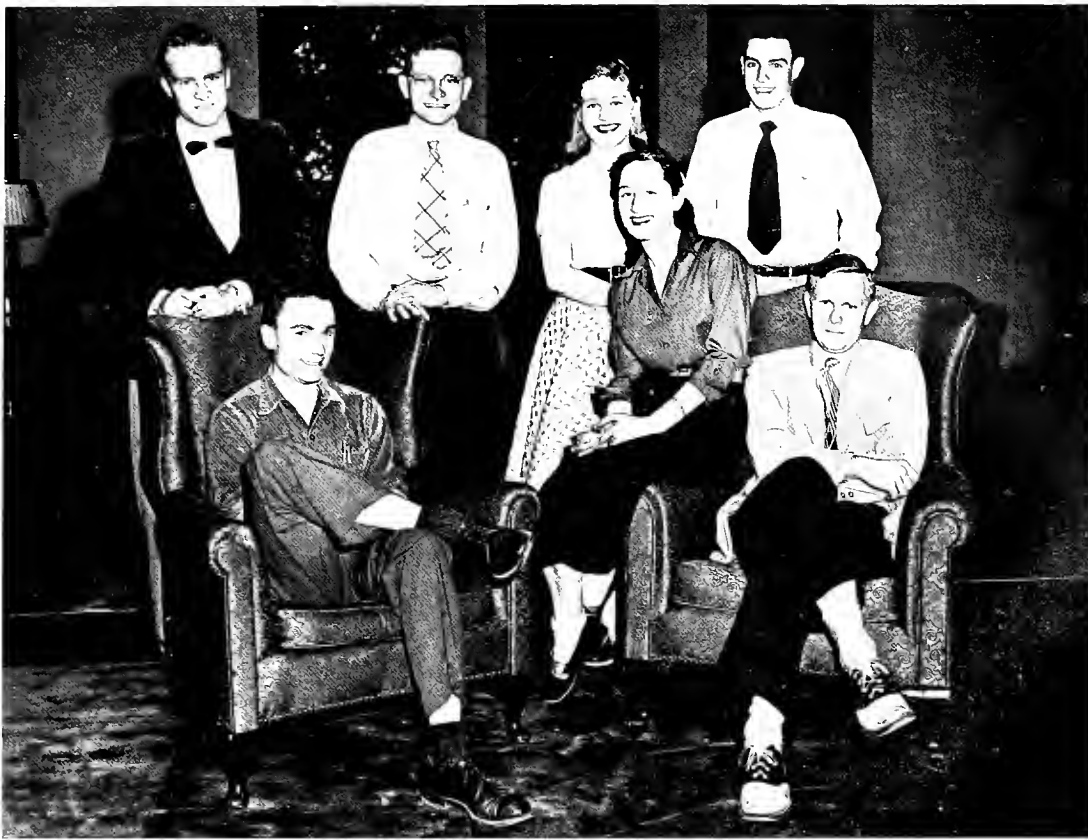
Scarsdale, N. Y. *Economics*
gregarious, with an eagerness to carry the problems of humanity . . . late hours, and half the sugar bowl in every one of innumerable cups of coffee . . . politics! . . . fascinating . . . happiest hours in paris . . . music and art take her into a more wonderful world . . . immediate and intense interest in every new idea and person . . . secretary internationale of irc . . . margie

The International Relations Club, logically enough, discusses issues pertaining to international affairs. First semester Clem Hastie spoke on German unification, Karl Bruner, from the Yugoslav delegation to the UN, spoke of his country, Mr. Adam Watson, from the British Embassy, talked about relations between England and Russia, and Dr. Bode of Penn University addressed us on "Traditional Chinese Society and Chinese Communism." Second semester the club concentrated on one area. . . Africa, and three programs were devoted to African problems. More informal meetings gave spice quite literally in an exotic Oriental supper featuring Indonesian and Japanese food, and an evening of Israeli songs and dances.



SHELDON GRISWOLD WEEKS

Brooklyn, New York *Psychology*
quiet, friendly manner . . . many minor talents . . . residue of '53 . . . inheritor of creeping paralysis . . . found at P.O. and nursery school . . . Edinburgh without brogue . . . bums around the world during vacations . . . workcamps, pacifist action, India and international friendship . . . humanist at core: Gandhi and Karl equal Shel . . . cherrie—bye



East West Club—W. Cunningham, J. Darlington, D. Rubin, N. Triggs, B. Starfield, T. Haltzman, J. Jacobson.



International Relations Club—A. Fines, J. Waaley, S. Rasecrance, S. Fox, T. Suematsu, L. Ross, J. Palgar, M. Gatchell, N. Triggs.

The work of these organizations ties in very closely with the Political Science Department of the college, although this might be hotly denied by certain parties on both sides. At any rate, during the national election in 1952, faculty members and students in the department made no secret of their preference. Afterwards, there was a definite atmosphere of gloom in the smoke filled back rooms of Trotter.

Mr. Ylvisaker became president of the central Delaware County Democratic Club, and was instrumental in gaining the nomination of Mr. Mangone for County Comptroller. For some reason, however, people in this area just never seem to vote Democrat, and Mr. Mangone is relieved to be able to teach without distraction for another year. Mr. Pennock took on the aspect of a shuttle train during the spring, appearing each Monday a little short of breath to greet his seminar, and rushing back to Massachusetts to keep en courant with the Cambridge Situation. Mr. Stedman deliberately pounded his fist upon the table and took off for points further east (France) where he thought to escape the Swarthmore students. Little did he know.



Left: Mr. Pennock

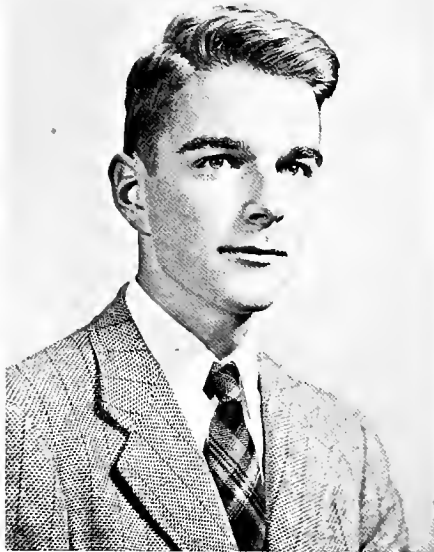


Mr. Ylvisaker



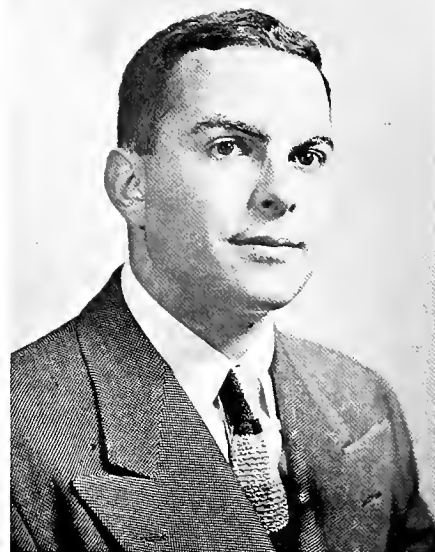
GORDEN SHIGERU TOGASAKI

Tokyo, Japan *Political Science Honors*
 peculiar combination of idealism and realism . . . lives in confusion of oriental and western mixed atmosphere . . . timidity . . . humility . . . despises sophistication . . . subtle sense of humor . . . impossible in learning names, including roommates . . . life is unbearable without music . . . schumann devotee . . . future, international hobo . . . gst



ERNEST THOMAS GREENE

Hanover, N. H. *Political Science Honors International Relations Honors . . . quietly well-informed . . . a 'ladies' man, but doesn't know it . . . has fun with the pun . . . prefers Swarthmore's intelligence to Dartmouth's intemperance . . . Rand McNally's successor . . . classic features with a mind to match . . . silent guy with a violent blush . . . sometime farmer, alltime mountaineer . . . a future international expert . . . tri-lingual . . . basically, doesn't go for perfume . . . Tom*



MICHAEL S. LENROW

Englewood, N. J. *Political Science Sarcastic humor in an offhand manner . . . poli sci administrator par excellence . . . I'll fix it . . . big wheel of truck committee . . . obsession for maps . . . I'm only a week behind . . . available in any emergency . . . shockingly frank . . . but bicycling is hard work . . . flexibly methodical . . . ferocious watchdog over budget committee greenbacks . . . dates are too time-consuming . . . student council meeting regular . . . distinguished and self-contained . . . mike*



Left: Mr. Roche



Mr. Stedman



Messrs. Jacobs and Mangane

The Economics Department shook its head at its turbulent neighbors, and continued on its serene way. Steady secular growth was evidenced in the number of majors, and it is said that in a few years Swarthmore will open an annex for non-economists. A new faculty member, Mrs. Hunter, was added to the ranks last year. Mr. Weatherford initiated Swarthmore study of things exotic with a general course on India and Pakistan. Mr. Pierson worked on the Pierson suggestions for the curriculum and on his new book, of which it is reported by unreliable sources that he allows his students to read only certain reviews. Joe Conard continued just to happen to have with him this morning's figures on all economic subjects and Mrs. C. smilingly revived exhausted seminars with miraculous refreshments. Mr. Wilcox found time for varied activities: he poetically presented a brace of suitcases to the departing Prex, helped choose a new one, and remarked, in an entirely different context: "Reading between the lines, it's not the misspelling, it's the mistakes in logic I object to." The Department was saddened by the loss of Herbert Fraser, who died last year after long service.



Mr. Wilcox



Mr. Conard and Mr. Pierson





Mrs. Hunter

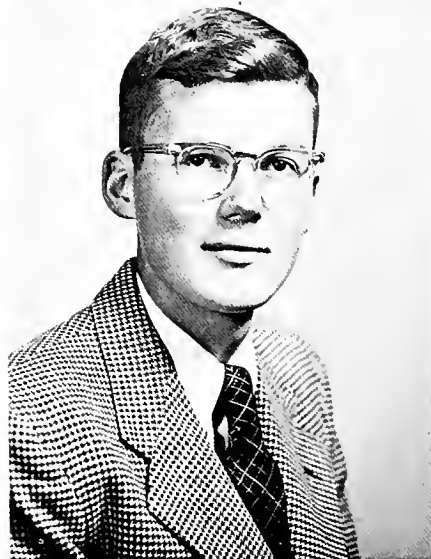


Mr. Weatherford



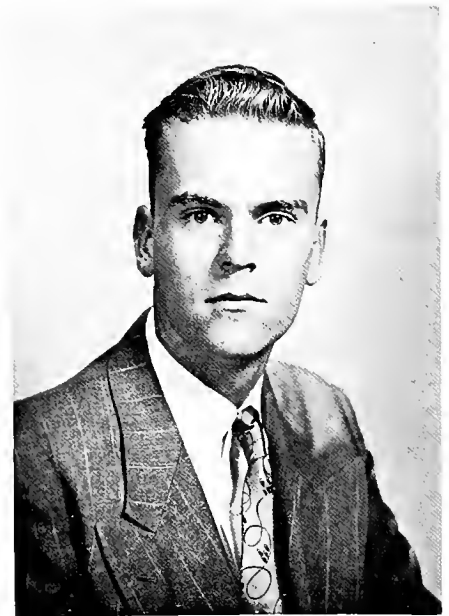
JAMES HEAD

Bronxville, N. Y. *Economics*
 jacket, pipe and car . . . conscientious and
 solicitous . . . opinionated; good for an
 argument . . . those looming papers . . .
 honors is rough . . . moods and problems
 . . . commuted from Jenkintown . . . an
 American in Paris . . . how can I get my
 car legalized? . . . newly fraternalized
 . . . he clowns and he laughs . . . the
 gracious host . . . evenings out with the
 boys . . . cross-country, track when
 possible . . . D.U. . . Debate Club . . .
 plans to name son John . . . Jim



BRUCE SCOTT

West Springs, Ill. *Economics*
 honors for a start . . . ping-pong pro . . .
 touch football entertainer . . . water
 balloons . . . mid westerner . . . bridge in
 commons . . . right quip, wrong moment
 . . . amateur amateur golfer . . . quick
 enthusiasm . . . first jv cat . . . chess with
 Henry . . . water tower artist . . . cute
 smile, dimples . . . hands off . . . lots of
 laughter . . . wsga dates . . . sun in library
 . . . phi psi



LEIGHTON WHITAKER

Norwood, Pa. *Psychology*
 economic in his major and his use of
 words . . . talks as fast as he throws . . .
 never kicks about anything . . . except a
 soccer ball . . . doesn't smoke . . . except
 on the pitcher's mound . . . rarity: a day
 student who studies at night . . . makes
 friends but never tries to influence people
 . . . Leight

Next door the history department contemplated past ages and the origins of things. Miss Albertson, who likes to deal with large numbers, showered her majors with countless job and graduate school opportunities, and simultaneously reigned magically and tactfully over her huge department. With the exception of Miss Albertson, even people familiar with the workings of the department have trouble naming all of its innumerable members at one time. Mr. Cross, a newcomer, has become a Swarthmore institution in record time. . . . Mr. Field almost appeared in class in his patent leather slippers. . . . Mr. Teall is the house expert on Byzantine grain. . . . Mr. Beik was missing from the ranks last year, and we all missed his head by head accounts of the French Revolution. His seminar was taught by Dick Lyman who made professional rounds accompanied by a large wooly dog, known as the Mammoth. . . . Mr. Lafore, satisfied with smaller treasure, found a petit beagle to play with his cat. These latter two attended seminars at will, but took part neither in sampling the famed Lafore cuisine nor, we believe, in the varied, precise, often remarkable discussions.



Miss Albertson



FRANZ ALLINA

Buffalo, N. Y. *English Honors*
Booming hello . . . reads joyce—in literature . . . tangled barbed wire sentences . . . Keenan's musical Allina . . . it's more comfortable this way . . . sporadic conscience . . . two time Bethlehem Stealer . . . sacrifices history honors to an occasional fiddle and a pair of skis . . . Franz



PEGGY RASH BROWN

Louisville, Kentucky *History Honors*
playful cynic with a southern drawl . . . minutiae . . . ralph vs. peter the venerable . . . from the city to the country . . . who was the fifth Appellant . . . the last desk in the periodical room . . . cook book in one hand, *Rotuli Parlimenti* in the other . . . peggy



RALPH BROWN

Boston, Massachusetts *History Honors*
idealist with a puckish smile . . . the WHOLE . . . russia vs. the law (vs. THE GOOD LIFE and the farm) . . . I hate cows . . . reformed blue-jean enthusiast . . . picnic basket with a portable bar . . . haaavaad yaaad becomes hahvahd yahd (boston drowned in bluegrass) . . . it really is fantastic . . . sda, irc, Ralph



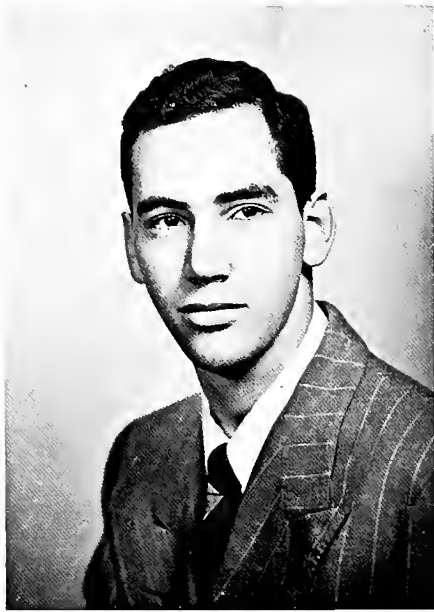
Above: Mr. Lafare

Left: Messrs. Crass, Teall and Lyman



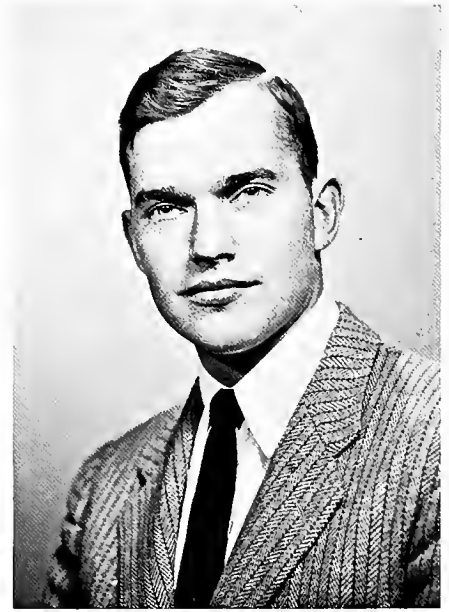
ROSALIND ULUNMA ERONINI

Port-Harcourt, Nigeria *History*
 infectious laugh and cheery singing . . .
 everyone's pol . . . warrior fan and
 basketball whiz . . . how about formation
 swimming . . . sleepy when homework
 calls, but always ready with a helping
 hand . . . warm weather welcomer . . .
 mambo records . . . international relations
 club, chorus, ivcf . . . future teacher back
 home . . . Roz



PHILIP GREEN

New York, N. Y. *History Honors*
 Transfer from Telluride—ask *him* what it
 is . . . I like to think in moral terms . . .
 serious student of time-wasting . . . knows
 all the techniques . . . literary aspirations
 (aiming low) . . . passionate over Fyodor
 D. . . relaxes with science fiction, showing
 catholic taste . . . Californiaphile . . . likes
 to wander through wide-open spaces of
 good old U.S.A. . . . still wears Stevenson
 button . . . vices: rye and ping-pong . . .
 History honors



CLEM HASTIE

Tacoma Park, Md. *History*
 came as a sophomore . . . then a year of
 exchange at Berlin . . . tales of the freie
 Universitot . . . with an interest in interna-
 tional affairs . . . and the brotherhood of
 men . . . lover of the Humanities . . . man
 of action . . . quick-pin specialist . . . with
 wrestler's black-eye . . . ship-of-the-line
 gait . . . in a trench coat . . . topped by
 a Hi there grin . . . Any cleaning tonight?
 . . . Well, now . . . Clem



Left: Mr. Field



BART JONES

Waco, Texas *History Honors*
 Worshipper at the altar of science . . .
 Gaulophile . . . Nasty . . . Palm Gardens
 soap box orator on the ill effects of
 alcohol . . . the hooded scourge of Larry
 Lafore . . . the aider and abettor of J. A.
 in numerous exploits . . . hard-hitting soccer
 lineman . . . known to have slept through
 more classes than he attended . . . plans
 to live on his Texas oil stocks



Right: Mr. Curtin



BOB KERN

Plainfield, N. J. *History Honors*
 nose in the newspaper but watches pass-
 ing scene with interest through "rose-
 colored" glasses . . . mixture of deceptive
 quietude with do-it-tomorrow . . . misses
 full content of first five minutes of every
 seminar . . . defies laws of political
 behavior by remaining coherently con-
 servative in the midst of evangelically
 liberal friends . . . dry cleaning left him
 panting and Wharton pantless . . . history
 honors . . . rapid robert



EDITH LEVY

Philadelphia, Pa. *History*
 head in the clouds . . . feet? . . . insatiable
 auditor . . . only mystics can be happy . . .
 neither here nor there, but everywhere
 . . . I can't even eat bananas anymore . . .
 freudian blush . . . I'm just a variation from
 the norm . . . bubbling stream of conscious-
 ness . . . flirtations with the moon . . . he's
 an anal-oral compulsive . . . insane sanity
 . . . free will and laughter . . . I love people

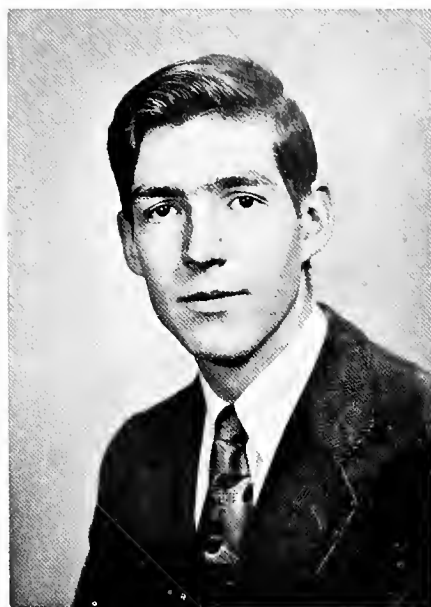


ANNE ELIZABETH WATERSON

Summit, New Jersey *History Honors*
 Excuse me, I've got to get down to the
 libe . . . volumes of illegible notes . . .
 horseback riding, golf—but can't pass
 the swimming test . . . orderly mind but
 messy desk . . . sparkle in her eye . . .
 charming in a quiet way . . . learning
 how to sm:ke but afraid to light matches
 . . . that well-groomed look . . . good
 disposition in spite of red hair.



Above: Mr. Brandt, Mr. and Mrs Beardsley

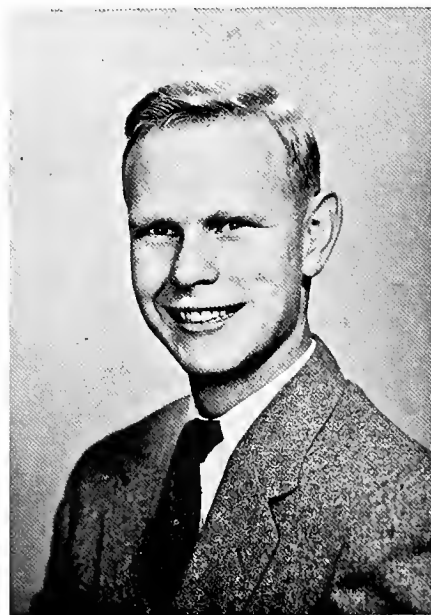


JAMES HATHCOCK, Jr.

Cranbury, N. J. *Philosophy Honors* man without a country . . . quiet extravert skeptical idealist par excellence . . . studies by night—the daylight hurts my eyes . . . need a fourth for a bull session? . . . seminar in crossword puzzles . . . he's not dead, he's asleep . . . continental connoisseur . . . copyright 195..? . . . peg 'o my heart . . . jim



Left: Mrs. Hoover



JOHN JACOBSON

New Platz, N. Y. *Philosophy Honors* The aristotelian semanticist . . . sca's flickering guiding light . . . orgiastic laughter fits . . . a nominal nominalist . . . sarkxy . . . aw hell . . . apple knocker . . . lengthy polysyllable-packed philosophical monologues . . . 11:30 dates . . . he looks pious—but watch out . . . c'est magnifique . . . jake

The Philosophy Department faces the social sciences across the corridor of the second floor of Trotter. Mr. Brandt, the chairman, is on leave this year. His seminars miss his advice on the details of Hopi ethics and his gentle objections to positivism. Mr. Beardsley ("Can we really ask ourselves that question? . . . I was lying in bed today listening to a baseball game, and it was all told in the past tense—a very funny feeling.") has taken over the administration work of the department. Mrs. Beardsley sometimes takes over Mr. Beardsley's classes. Mrs. Hoover, the logician, has a reputation for being simultaneously relaxed, defensive, and aggressive in seminar, a perfect lady in her cloth chair. Once when she went skating with Professor Bohnert he fell through the ice. Mrs. Schnoover pulled him out after making him recant on various doctrines.

The Philosophy Department has trouble knowing to which Division it belongs. Its sister, the Religion Department, has the same difficulty, for, though it is usually thought of as in the Humanities, it is officially also in the Social and Natural Sciences. Mr. Hordern guides it between Scylla and Charybdis with a sure hand, and Swarthmore students keep up the tradition after class, for the Swarthmore extra-curricular religious groups are the most diverse imaginable. There were four such organizations in 1952.

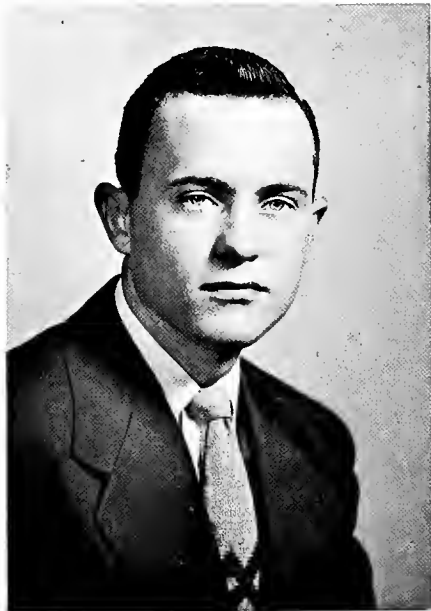
The Swarthmore Christian Fellowship was a very active organization in 1952. Daily devotional meetings were conducted at noon hour in Clothier, and on Sunday evenings a formal group meeting was held. Bible studies were conducted every week, and there were opportunities for evening prayer together. A number of speakers were brought to the campus, most of them from national religious groups and the pulpits of neighboring churches.

The Student Christian Association operated primarily as a group for discussion of moral and current religious questions; speakers were recruited locally, and even President Nason lectured on moral philosophy. A few outside speakers were brought to the campus, many of Quaker persuasion. There are student-led discussions on moral theory, current politics, and modern religion, also two retreats and some work with Chester Fellowship House.

The Jewish study group was still less formal. Observations of Chanukah and the Seder were attended by many not formally of the Group.



Mr. Hordern



WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

Louisville, Ohio *Philosophy*
 Louisville, Ohio . . . Gloria . . . ham dinners
 . . . schlaf-schlaf time . . . Verfuierer . . .
 Goethe . . . a confederate musket! . . .
 Uncle Ben . . . likes to ignore alarm clocks
 . . . an M L man (likes the walk) . . . never
 angry . . . humorous, scholarly . . . a con-
 servative . . . religious man among philoso-
 phers . . . debate . . . S. C. F. . . . boy
 scouts . . . Hobbies: coins, bayonets, hel-
 mets . . . Career: seminary . . . the Chris-
 tian ministry



DOLLY ANNE KISSLING

Jacksonville, Fla. *Political Science*
 banjo eyes . . . ah declaihl . . . desk littered
 up with neat little lists . . . sparkling but
 quiet, serious yet gay . . . I'm so provoked
 . . . where's another crisis? . . . SCFer,
 Social Committee . . . poli sci, cause I'm
 gonna vote . . . where to now? . . . five
 more states and the end of the rainbow
 . . . a dixielander and all that goes with it
 . . . I'm dying to Charleston . . . yellowstone
 savage . . . doll



GEORGE WARING STRUBLE

Annville, Pa. *Mathematics Honors*
 Annville . . . music, especially gershwin
 . . . baseball fan (anybody but the
 Yankees) . . . musicals . . . not movies,
 rather ping-pong . . . math . . . now wait a
 minute . . . above all, integrity and
 honesty . . . even-tempered and good-
 natured . . . sterling (brains too) . . .
 definitely Alpha type—7:00 riser . . .
 career: actuary—mutual benefit life—
 WEALTH . . . hobbies—sleeping in the
 libe, stamp collecting, boy scouts . . . scf
 . . . orchestra



ROBERT CUTLER WALTON

New York City *History Honors*
 Mt. Hermon School . . . classical music
 enthusiast . . . movie addict . . . confirmed
 conservative . . . easy-going and good-
 natured . . . loyal and true . . . a grind
 . . . brainy too . . . hates to get up in the
 morning . . . ML devotee . . . hobbies—
 sleeping, reading relics . . . physical
 exertion is not for him . . . career: Prince-
 ton seminary ministry, time to sleep
 . . . SCF



RUTH WOLFE

Cleveland, Ohio *Fine Arts*
 oh Johnny, oh Johnny . . . on wings of
 song . . . someday I will grind . . . I'd like
 a novel course with no papers . . . ooh-h,
 I was furious . . . becoming domesticated
 . . . an hour behind the rest of the world,
 but always rushing good-intentionedly
 . . . collects everyone's troubles but her
 own . . . undaunted optimism . . . Phi Delt
 pin . . . SCF . . . Gilbert and Sullivan,
 WSGA and Conduct Committee . . .
 foxy . . . Ruthie

SCF—On Floor: C. Denslow, A.
 Fines, B. Bond. Seated: R. Shep-
 ard, N. Gibbons, B. Webb, R.
 Wolfe, S. Schneckenberger, C.
 Brunner, J. Forsythe. Standing:
 F. Breckenbridge, R. Wolkling,
 A. Newell, R. Hodgson, D.
 Sutherland, R. Austin, G. Struble,
 W. Cunningham.





SCA—Seated: C. Beaumont, M. Gleaton, J. Jacobson, V. Spohr. Standing: J. Purnell, J. Kuhl, H. Wolker, J. McKee, J. Dorlington.

Jewish Study Group—Left to Right: J. Lieberman, S. Fried, P. Ettinger, E. Ginsberg, J. Polgore, Osterweil.



Trying desperately to Integrate all the Sciences, the Science Integration Club, under the direction of Lisa Steiner, brought speakers from the social and natural sciences to talk of their specialties in language the amateurs among us could understand. Among the speakers were Hans Speier who spoke on propaganda techniques in wartime, Dr. Schneirla who gave a sparkling lecture on the Parturition of the Cat, Dr. Bok who shared his astronomical knowledge with us, Dr. Lashley who discussed cerebral hemispheres and cortical functions, and Dr. Gamow who lectured on the Creation of the Universe.



LISA STEINER

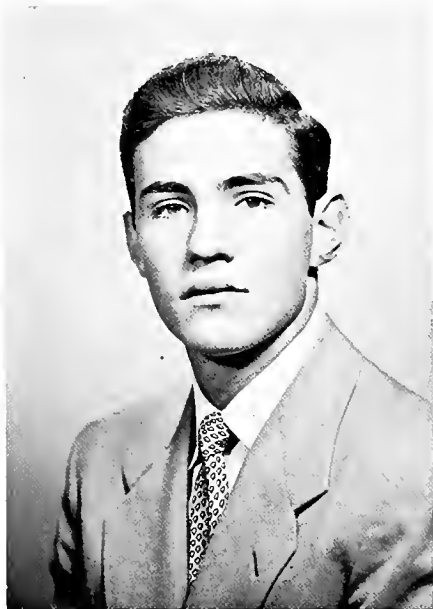
New York City *Math Honors*
 watches sunsets from moth libe . . .
 gravitates to nature . . . science and
 humanity converge . . . accompanies
 violin to philly weekly . . . ambitions to
 infinity . . . feet squarely rooted . . .
 interests multiplying, time held constont
 . . . never say die . . . wouldn't hurt a frog
 . . . dissects texts' logic . . . swallows tall
 tales whole

"Fred M. Kirby built and endowed this laboratory. An enduring tribute to a lasting friendship." After spending a few pleasant minutes on the Martin steps, waiting for the biology major who has remembered his key, one struggles with the heaviest door on campus. Each entrance is a new experience. From day to day the smell is the same, however, —a mixture of formaldehydic horse's heart from last week's biology lab, rats, mink, and coffee—and each time one is freshly overcome.

Inside, a heterogeneous conglomeration of psychology students, memory drums and Henry Gleitman interact with bewildering intensity. Everybody and his sibling are doing experiments on each other and on any weakminded person who happens to be studying in the Martin libe. Every day unsuspecting freshmen are spirited away into mysterious, soundproof rooms, sworn to eternal secrecy and subjected to tachistoscopic terror. We're all waiting for the Judgment Day when the present inhabitants will be tied down and made to endure syllogisms and nonsense syllables flashed in neon lights from behind an episcotister whirling at an infinite speed.

The department welcomed Russ Clark and Arthur Gladstone from Yale. Mr. Crutchfield and Mr. Prentice were at Berkeley, and Dr. Wallach acted as chairman. Mr. Birch, here for the year on a Guggenheim Fellowship, put large collars on laboratory rats. He proved that even rats resembling Elizabethan noblemen may commit infanticide.

Certainly the highlight of the year was the explosion of Henry's refrigerator. It ended up on the steps of Martin with gas fumes permeating the whole area.



DAVID BAGISH

East Orange, N. J. · *Psychology Honors*
 tout le monde est cool, casual, or crazy
 . . . a transfer with snow in his blood from
 Middlebury . . . Psych. is the salvation of
 the world . . . spends time developing
 defensible bias . . . six months, and I
 still haven't seen Wolfgang . . . flicks?
 I'd love to, but it would ruin my non-
 attendance record . . . bagmobile, local
 deathtrap, means bimonthly escape to
 E. O. . . Digs the gone sides, Stravinsky
 is a poor imitation of Kenton . . . thumb
 man in the summer . . . Forster, aah,
 Meredith, ugh . . . quixotical in heart,
 gantian by nature . . . life is a double-
 ribbed lamb chop . . . the bag



SUZANNE BEVIER

New York City · *Psychology Honors*
 continental and cosmopolitan . . . the solu-
 tion to the mind-body problem . . . rocca-
 torso . . . elegance and simplicity . . . rises
 to the crisis . . . practical humanism . . .
 pizza whiz . . . the psych department's
 psyche . . . a perceptual experience

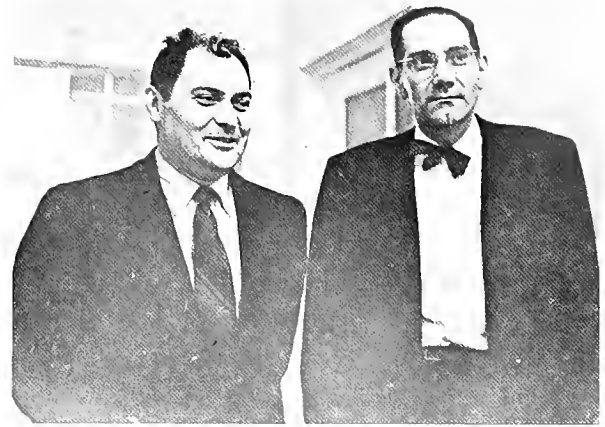


MARGERY BODANSKY

poor man's harpo marx . . . illogical posi-
 tivist . . . spirit ahead and matter behind
 . . . love me, love my rats . . . by night
 an atheist half believes a god . . . her soul
 is a double star . . . it's my russian blood
 . . . little white mother . . .



Mr. Asch and Mr. Kohler

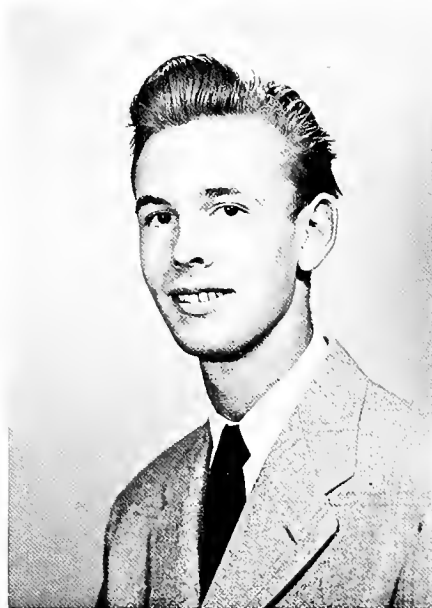


Mr. Birch and Mr. Wallach



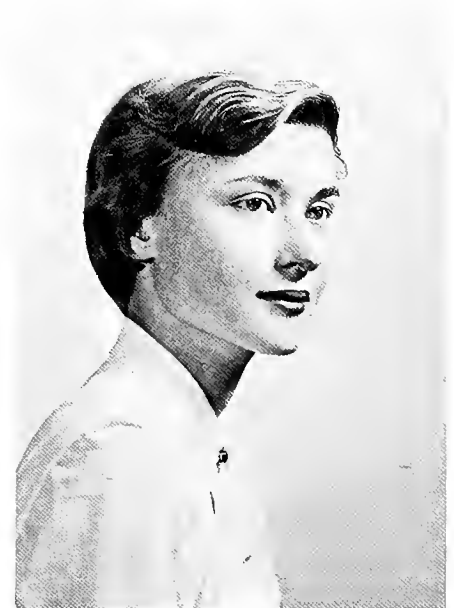
CHRISTA EISENHAUER

Meriden, Conn. *Psychology Honors*
 transfer from wagner college . . . mother
 confessor to woolman freshmen . . . oh, he's
 a beast . . . brahms' requiem . . . those
 reversible figures . . . I s'pose . . . weekends
 on staten island . . . goethe and the oedipus
 complex . . . every girl should be married
 . . . real warmth plus more than a touch of
 whimsey . . . chris



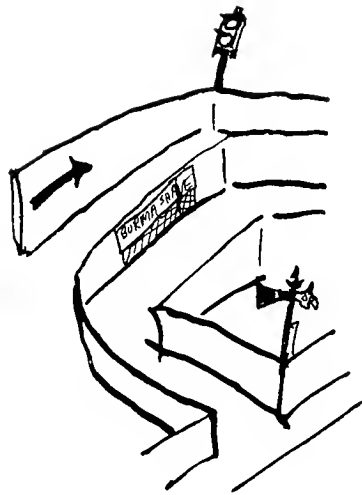
ERIC GILLETTE

Hudson, Ohio *Psychology Honors*
 evenings in cutting . . . booming tennis shots
 . . . as sharp as one of those thin blue
 blades . . . now Morganbesser would
 demolish that crummy argument in seconds
 . . . master of the french tongue . . . chess
 isn't a waste of time; it helps to develop
 the mind . . . Oh, no . . . those Dodo parties
 . . . a few formal debates freshman year
 —many informal ones thereafter . . . the
 mournful guitar



JEAN GOULD

New York, N. Y. *History Honors*
 would-be non-bohemian from greenwich
 village . . . defies classification . . . frames
 her own reference . . . sophisticate in
 tennis shoes . . . in the stage stage . . .
 her mind is a mobile . . . but I don't want
 to look aesthetic . . . natural (?) blond . . .
 it was a nice day so I thought I'd walk . . .
 he must be nice if he likes mozart . . .
 capriccioso



Mr. Gladstone



Mr. Modison



SARA LEE MOLTZ

New York City *Psychology Honors*
 purposeful indecision . . . doesn't appear
 to be what she seems . . . oh god . . .
 seething with editorial comments . . .
 planning is the bane of her persistence . . .
 sparks of brilliance, coals of wrath . . . peri-
 odically re-encharmed . . . pilgrimage to
 equilibrium . . . roots in the present . . .
 clothes to her taste . . . idiosyncratic wit
 . . . yes, but on another level . . . sari



SYBIL SPEIER

Washington, D. C. *Psychology Honors*
 psychologist without method . . . cheese
 but no rats . . . unpretentious independ-
 ence . . . disturbed by alarm clocks . . .
 the eyes laugh first . . . pan-pipes in
 summer, and elves on fourth west . . .
 whimsical scholar . . . faith in humanities,
 belief in science . . . maybe gestalt isn't
 the whole story . . . entranced by exist-
 ence . . . but I had a happy childhood



Mr. Gleitman of the Psychology Department, in one of his lighter moments, of which there were many.



ELLEN UVILLER

New York City *Psychology Honors*
 I want to be a cab driver when I grow up . . . studies people to learn about
 rots . . . poor man's cutting collection
 . . . tender sensibilities . . . man's best
 friend . . . Dr. Kohler likes my belt . . .
 look, I can inhale . . . Mozart . . . the soft
 look . . . knows library inside and out,
 mostly out . . . see the benefits of pro-
 gressive education . . . she has something
 more than something



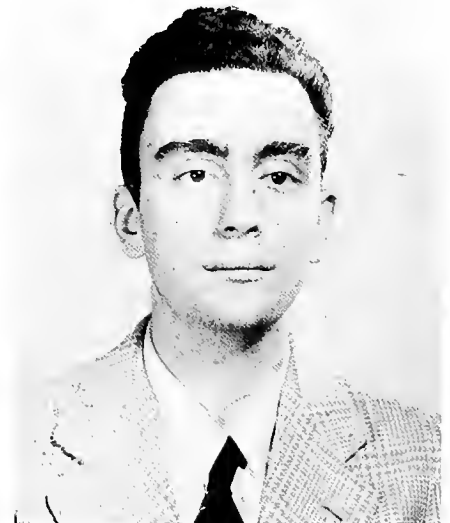
JOHN STRAUSS

Erie, Pa. *Psychology Honors*
 Perennial levis . . . mind, medicine, and
 music . . . indian summer . . . quiet but
 impressive, almost too well-adjusted . . .
 his only vice is no vice . . . a barrel chest
 the better to swim by . . . dumbbells . . . a
 flair for liking and being liked . . . cross
 country, swimming, and wrestling . . . i
 pole vaulted six feet . . . may need a
 shave but never a haircut



CATHERINE TISSOT

Riverside, Conn. *Psychology*
 air of confidence . . . good friend . . .
 works well with people . . . reads to
 blind at overbrook . . . spent her summer
 working with mental defectives . . . may-
 be I'll go to med school? . . . that third
 floor apartment . . . collects odd pets . . .
 turtles, toads . . . member of gwimp . . .
 let's go for a bike ride . . . mischievous
 streak . . . you full? . . . cathie



MICHAEL WALLACH

New York City *Psychology Honors*
 Sometime musician, artist and poet . . .
 teaching career in mind . . . extra curric-
 ularly, can be found in his room any
 night at two . . . writes dualistic philos-
 ophy in meter . . . examples of it to be
 found in Lit, Dodo, and new generations
 . . . rubs some damar varnish into a
 paste board to get the tone of an ink
 drawing as it ought to be . . . Mike

Back inside Martin, Dr. Luzerne Livingston, the lone botanist amid the zoologists, headed the biology department in the absence of Dr. Enders, who spent the year teaching at Lahore, Pakistan.

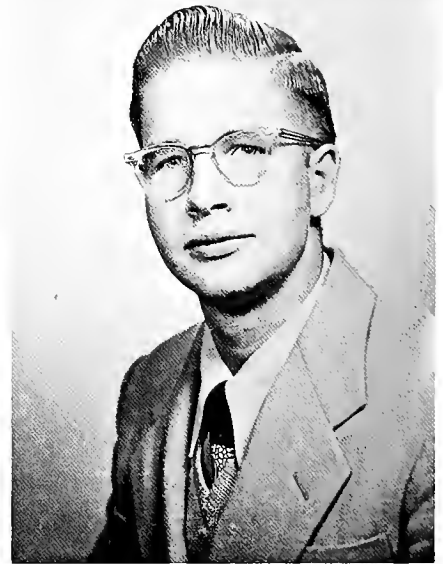
Dr. Weber returned to Swarthmore after a two-year position at the College of Arts and Sciences at Bagdad, Iraq. Other members of the faculty included Dr. Scott and his cigar; the two Flemisters, Launce and Sara, with their dogs; Dr. Meinkoth, who bought a new home; and Kurt Bohnsack, who became the proud father of his second baby girl. Lloyd Merritts and Otto Hebel, without whom neither the Biology nor the Psychology Departments would function, complete the Martin inner group.

One of the main events of the year was a party given by the Biology majors for the faculty and their wives. The freshman laboratory was decorated in true zoological fashion with skeletons around the room and punch served in a bell jar. A throne at one end of the room labelled "THE BOSS" indicated that Enders was not forgotten. The highlight of the party was a lab exam for the faculty—ah, sweet revenge! A turtle race, the presentation of dime store gifts to the faculty, and a songfest with Meinkoth on the harmonica brought the evening to a close.

At the end of the year, the department lost a long-term member with the retirement of Walter J. Scott who had taught at Swarthmore for 26 years.

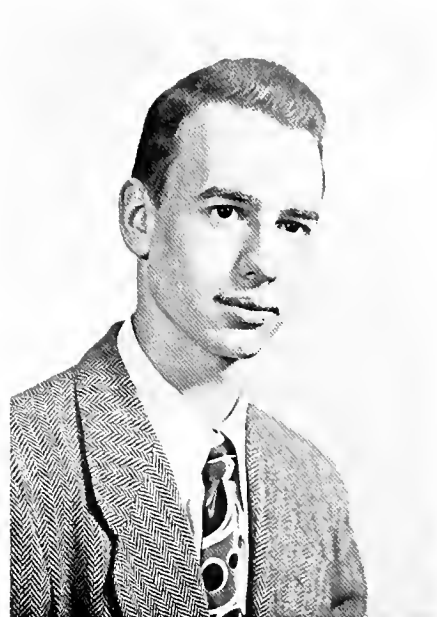


Mr. Meinkoth



EUGENE BENTLEY

Chester, Pa. Zoology veteran . . . just returned from japan . . . now those japanese girls . . . flashy '50 olds hard-top . . . commuter . . . officer in phi delt . . . band . . . let's eat at the nook someday . . . quiet, friendly, and sincere . . . i'm disgusted with women . . . farmer . . . khaki clothes . . . gene, mendel

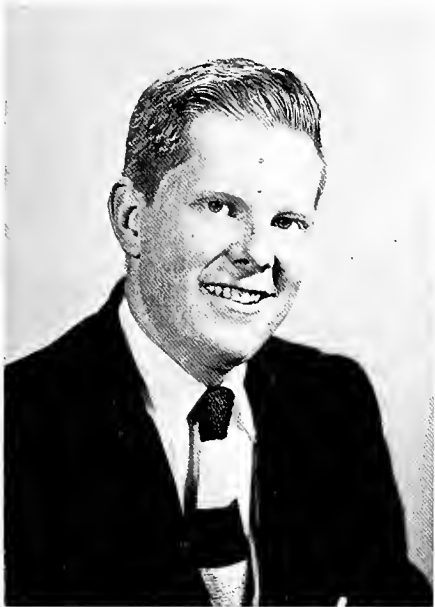


CORNELIA FULLER

Cambridge, Mass. *Biology*
 let's not get overemotional about this now
 . . . stunning color combinations . . . private
 study room in trotter complete with icebox
 . . . dry sense of humor when you least
 expect . . . social committee decorator . . .
 culbertson devotee . . . movies every
 wednesday night . . . dabbles in golf . . .
 weekends in Washington . . . loves coffee
 in her milk . . . keen mind under matter-of-
 fact exterior . . . split major: zoology and
 john . . . corny

ARNOLD HADLEY GESSEL

Philadelphia, Pa. *Zoology*
 Brilliant . . . famiior figure at folk festivals
 . . . she's got pep . . . reformed
 pharmacist from Temple University . . .
 home cooking too good to give up . . .
 has the 5:14 departed? . . . Arnie

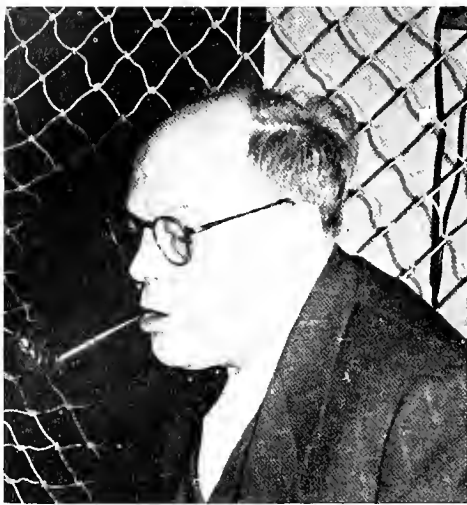


HARRY COWELL

Drexel Hill, Pa. *Zoology*
 "Let's go get a hoagie" . . . just ask him
 about his former roommate . . . a siner . . .
 "Botch" . . . goes out for soccer just for the
 Annapolis trip . . . tries to weigh less than
 his roommate (made it once) . . . conscien-
 tious pre-med . . . "when i was in Mexico"
 . . . "The STOP sign?—it was just lying in
 the street" . . . inflicts wildlife (dead and
 alive, whole and dissected) on his room-
 mate . . . 2 people were killed on this
 corner . . . everybody's friend, trying for
 a capital F . . . Harry



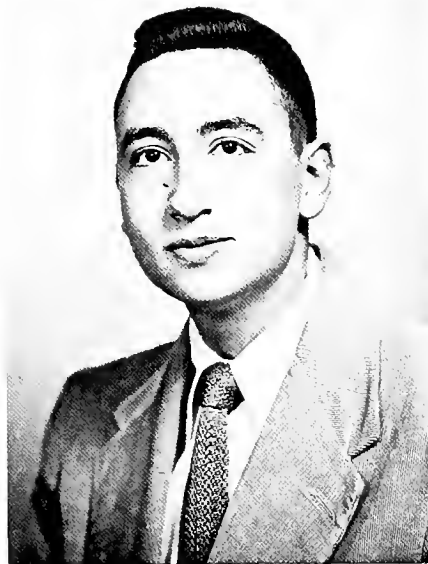
Mr. and Mrs. Flemister



Above: Mr. Scott



Right: Mr. Bohnsack



BRUCE GOULD

Philadelphia, Pa. Zoology Honors
 dr. gould . . . definitely will not be a
 mortician . . . warmly liked . . . rumoured an
 accomplished dancer . . . emphatic per-
 sonality . . . punctuates his viewpoints . . .
 high-octone zest for life . . . to know him
 is to be imitated by him . . . budding
 comedian . . . a serious bent, too . . .
 eugene ormandy's rival . . . already an
 advanced psychologist . . . the oil million-
 aire . . . wait till i ride those broncos . . .
 destined for great success . . . can't miss

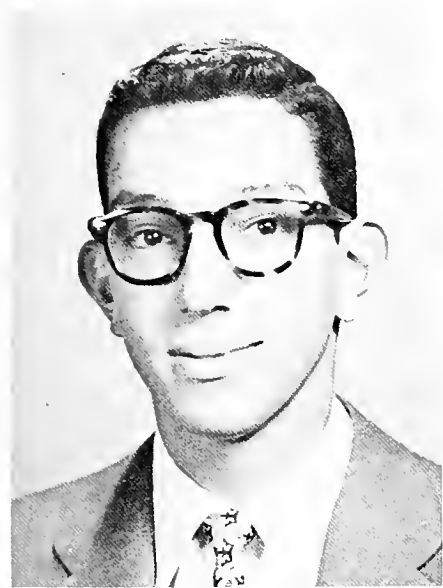


PAUL ALAN KANTROWITZ

Brooklyn, N. Y. Zoo Honors
 yutch . . . a great mind grows in Brooklyn
 . . . gentle and appreciative sense of
 humor, mostly intellectual . . . medicine the
 ideal goal for ideals' sake . . . o what a
 bedside manner . . . hoot mon . . . intense
 interest in world, politics, et al . . . always
 a clear head and good advice . . . yo . . .
 a gentleman and a scholar . . . great
 things in the future . . . small Paul



Mr. Livingston



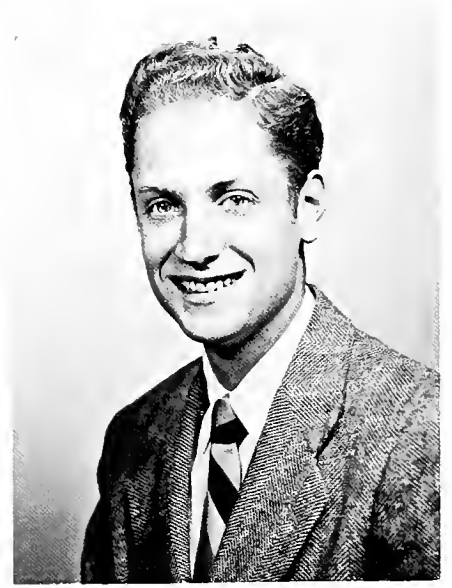
JOEL SHAPIRO

Philadelphia
 Little Joel . . . Switched from a Rubenstein career to one of Arrowsmith . . . Soyars, Smith and Shapiro, the "Flick Kings" . . . A quick mind and a quick smile . . . Never balked before Daddy Cox . . . Majoring in zoology, minoring in hearts, bridge and crossword puzzles . . . Frustrated lover . . . Just missed another moon, oh well, put it an the card boys . . . You're golden . . . Slept through lunch again . . . Honors . . . aardvarks and no enemies . . . Central High.



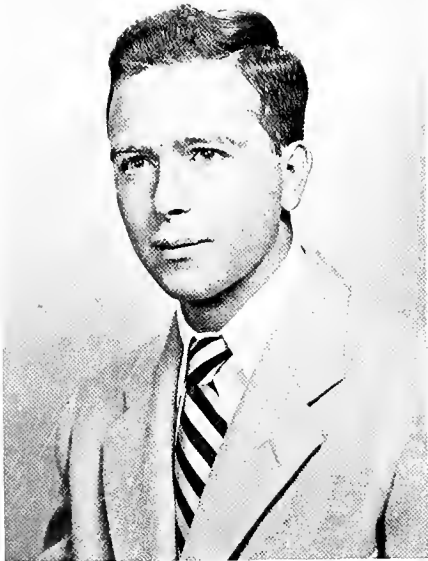
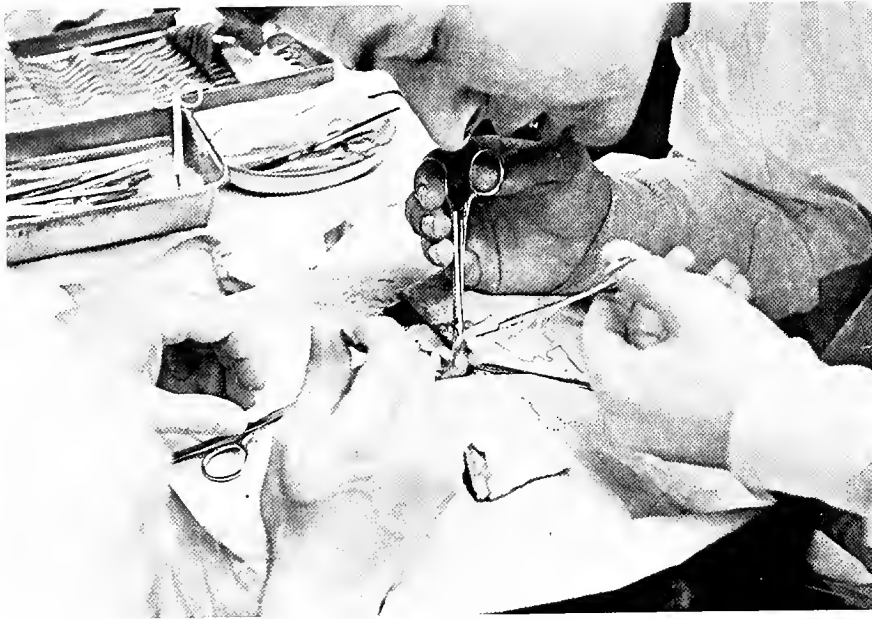
ARNOLD M. LUDWIG

Philadelphia, Pa. Zoology
 martin dwelling pre-med . . . will spend future repairing bodies he has broken on the gridiron in the past . . . varsity football . . . varsity and J.V. baseball . . . hometown editor of news bureau . . . sports writer for publicity department . . . phoenix staff writer . . . du



RONALD FREDERICK RIEDER

New York City Zoology Honors
 transferred from high school in middle of freshman year . . . aspiring young medic . . . frequent visitor to martin libe and labs . . . europe in the summer of '52 on a bicycle and a loaf of bread . . . well, the continental outlook . . . authority on various great works he hasn't read . . . exponent of N. Y. town . . . Ron



CARL SILVER

Far Rockaway, N. Y. *Zoology*
ping pong player . . . always dangerous
in the clutch . . . creep . . . rebounds for jv
basketball . . . ship builder . . . likes private
martin tables . . . white bucks . . . friendly
smile—shy . . . wish I'd gone to F & M . . .
jv tennis enthusiast . . . lumps . . . girls—at a
distance . . . Far Rock . . . study, study
study . . . safari bird . . . N. Y. Post . . .
mumbles



BARBARA STARFIELD

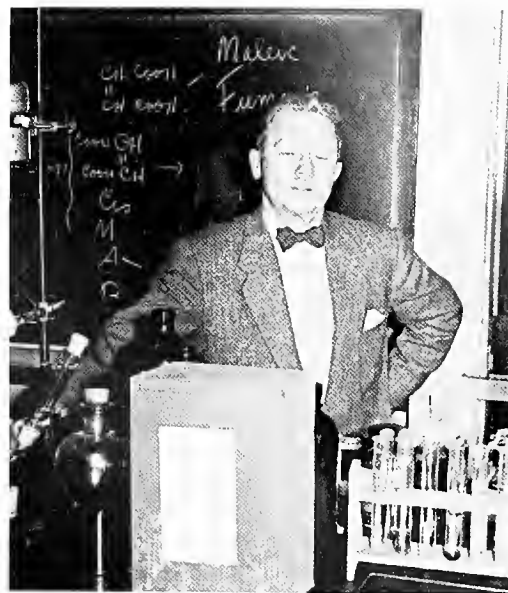
Brooklyn, N. Y. *Biology Honors*
minerva makes merry in martin . . .
bonded to chemistry, biology . . . per-
fectionist . . . music and social literature
. . . do you know that Shakespeare was
against male chauvinism? . . . passionate
idealist . . . willing to fight . . . but more
likely to charm . . . twilight walks in crum
woods . . . glides rather than walks . . .
polymnia in parrish . . . spanish rhythms
on her guitar . . . her smile imparts her
gaiety . . . barb



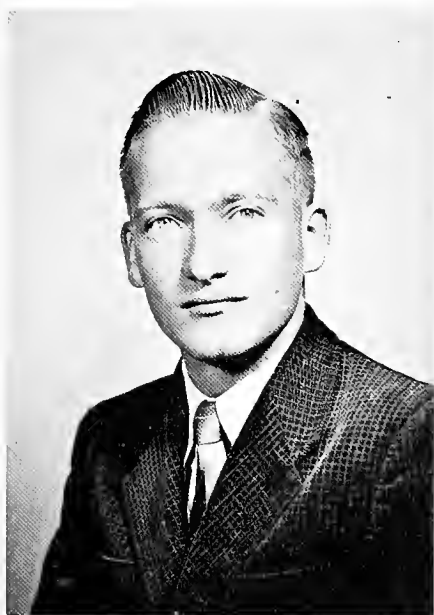
BARABRA RUTH YOST

Johnstown, Pa. *Zoology*
impish ways conceal serious intent . . .
Johnstown tribune . . . spirited shortstop
. . . practical joker . . . proud owner of
the brightest red curtains on campus . . .
what are those psych people doing in
Martin? . . . rides typewriter tables . . .
don't answer it, it's the Phoenix . . .
originator of unofficial fire drills . . . zoo
major headed for journalism . . . barb,
barbie

Typical of the Swarthmore blended architecture is the beautiful and functional chemistry building which stands between Trotter and the Meeting House. Its capacious lecture rooms are familiar to many of us, especially the freshman one where it takes a week to walk from the door to the altar. Another attraction of the building is the leaky ceiling through which an advanced class sends all sorts of delightfully odorous formulae seeping through to the freshman lab. The building's inhabitants include Mr. Fehnel, promoter of National Sulphur Week; Mr. Cox, surrounded at all times by his vaporous dreams of a new science building; Mr. Foster, who gave a class entitled L and M this year (Leland and Mangels); Mr. Ticknor, who is always awaited by his friendly dog Senator Wigglesworth, and Mr. Keighton, friend of freshmen and all others in distress.

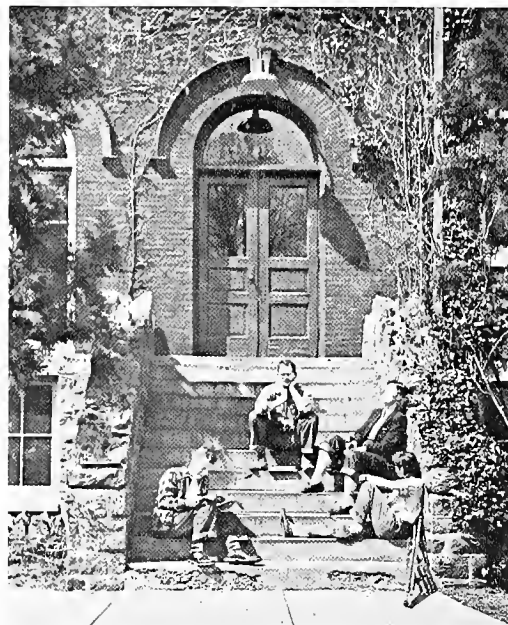


Mr. Cox



KENNETH CONROW

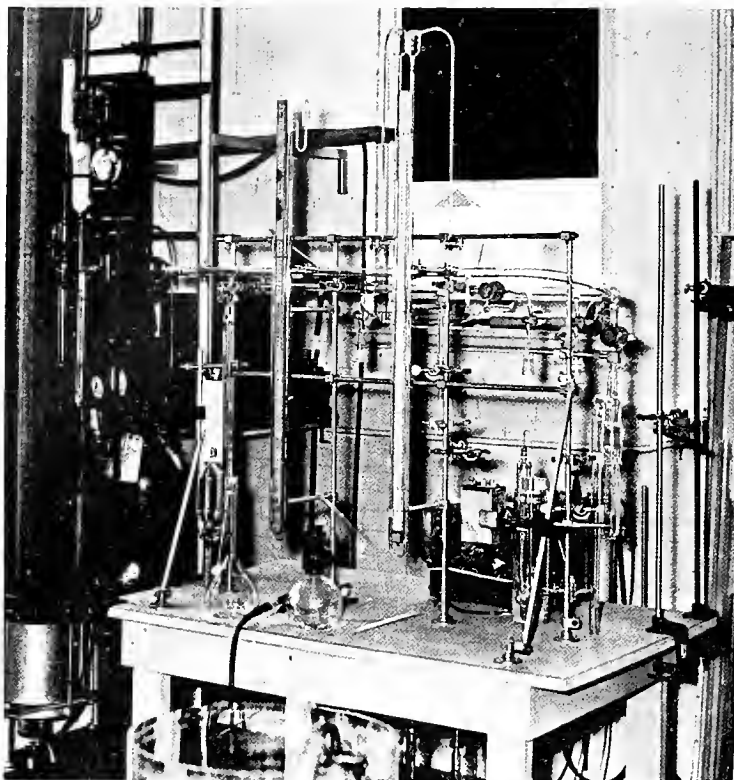
Riverton, N. J. *Chemistry Honors*
 Ken . . . heart of gold . . . peace with the world . . . friends in every corner of it . . . but beware that innocent look . . . he's unpredictable, in thought, word, and deed . . . how many barnyard sounds can you make? . . . moves so surely one is apt to think him quiet . . . time in his life for soccer, wrestling, SN, picket fences, and quantities of girls . . . Whitey



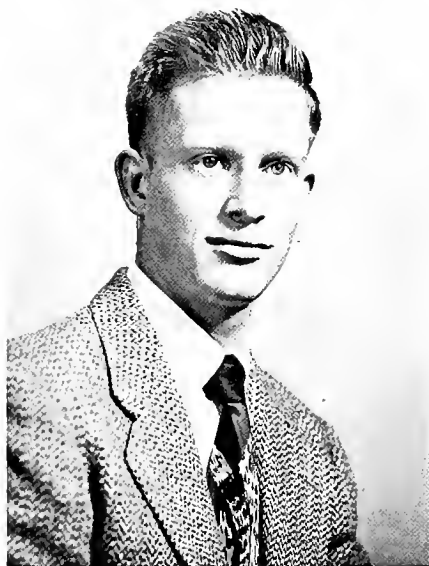
Better living through Chemistry



Mr. Keighton



Mr. Fehnel



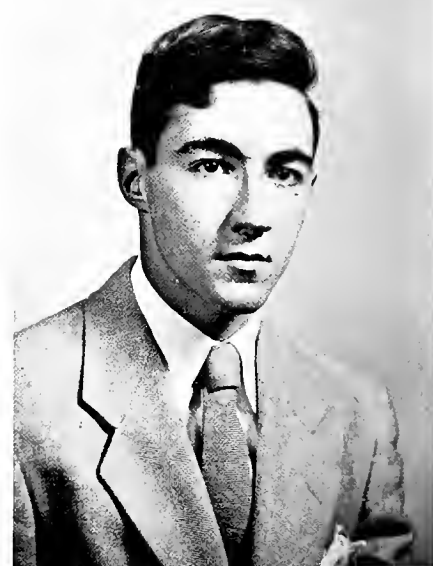
WILLIAM H. JONES, Jr.

Morton, Pa. *Chemistry Honors*
 Swears off smoking once a week . . . day student . . . has a car legally . . . C'mon, I'll run you over in the Jeep . . . has more kids than some of his professors . . . still has a sharp eye in spite of being married . . . Chem honors . . . supplies labs with materials from places of summer employment . . . Let's go down to seminar early and get a good seat . . . Can you make any sense out of *Widder!*



ANITA MANGELS

Sao Paulo, Brazil *Chemistry*
 brazilian bio-chemist with an ever-ready smile . . . queen of clothier light bridge . . . number 62 . . . only wears two watches when the going is rough . . . oh, baby! . . . owner of well-trained cigarette lighter . . . how do you make methyl ethyl phenal acetate?



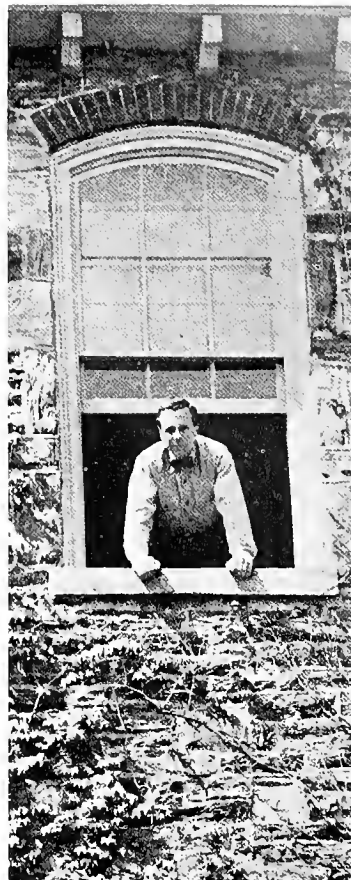
PHILIP D. ROSS

Ramsey, New Jersey *Chemistry*
 a test tube wielder from Washington Square . . . essentially a fugitive from the arts . . . waiting patiently for the social revolution . . . verbally, spends alternate weekends in New York to see his mother . . . you wanna hitch in this week . . . hitch hike tours most anywhere . . . occasionally seen with haircut and non-blue shirt . . . phil

One of the smaller domains of the college consists of the Physics Department, whose little world is large enough to occupy five rooms and some offices in Trotter, conceal four good professors behind stacks of apparatus, and all but engulf the unwary engineer. Not that the subject is difficult, but rather that physics here is not a subject to be mastered, a collection of facts to memorize, but a method of attacking a problem. Those who do not recognize this fact never quite understand either the subject or the reason it is studied; those who do often become physics majors.

Picked by such a diffuse criterion, the physics majors have little in common other than having been exposed to the same set of class and laboratory experiences. In the classroom, the outstanding one of these is certainly Dr. Bancroft's "short course in Thermo-dynamics". At the time, eight weeks of mystery, but to be recognized as a work of art both for its form and for the problems solved. In the laboratory, Dr. Garrett's measurement of e, m , or Elmore's of e are probably the best remembered, for regardless of whether or not one wishes to make a vocation of precise measurement, there is something very satisfying about first experience of precise measurement of physical constants.

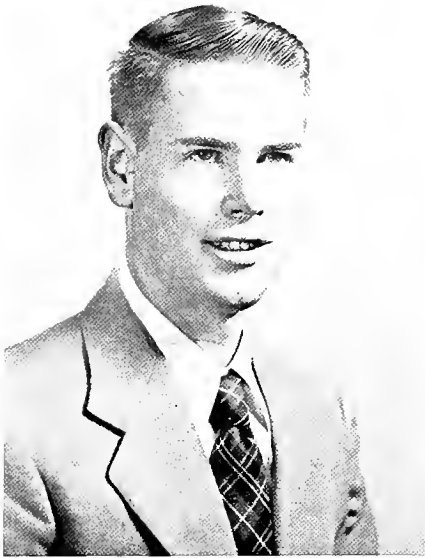
There is no point in naming this year's physics majors; their names are under their pictures, which you probably won't recognize anyway, unless you too have invaded Trotter in the evening and investigated the target shooting in the basement, the goings on in the labs, or those buried in the disorderly pile of books known as the Physics Library.



Above: Mr. Bancroft

Below: Mr. Elmore



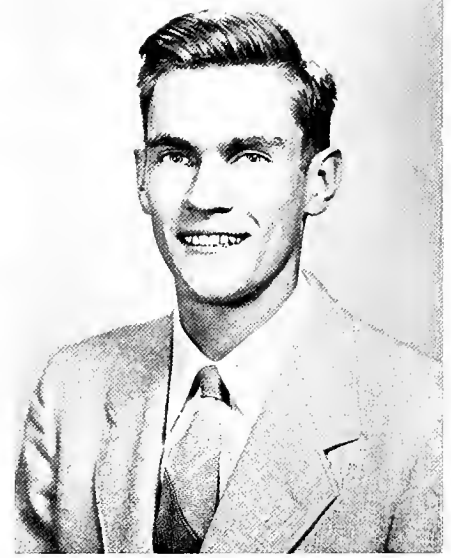


FRANKLIN BRECKENRIDGE

Washington, D. C. *Mathematics Honors*
 marvelous devices of mechanical precision . . . a baby van di graaf chained up in his room . . . squeaky voice behind you . . . beware of the bandersnatch . . . deviltry of midnight . . . who stole the doorknob . . . hates cookbook formulas . . . reluctant to become famous . . . his only vice is in his shop . . . thinks out his problems quietly . . . SCF



Mr. Garrett

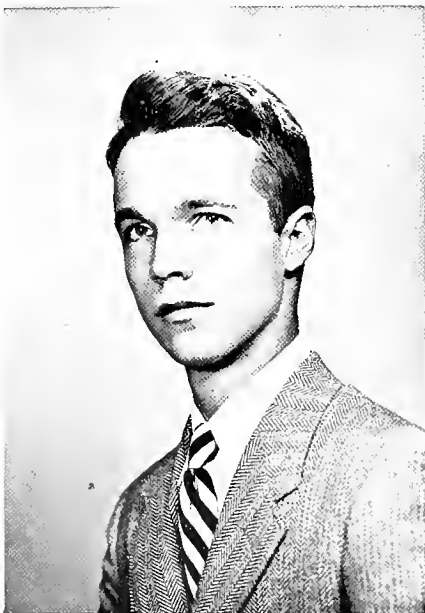


DAVID S. DENNISON

Ann Arbor, Michigan *Physics Honors*
 penscope astronomer . . . chronometer fiend . . . gadgets . . . all weather is interesting . . . enquiring mind . . . works in spasms . . . sense of delicacy . . . fascinated by the unknown . . . summers are for loafing . . . evenings in front of worth . . . likes to be left to himself . . . decisions, decisions, decisions . . . non-partisan . . . dave

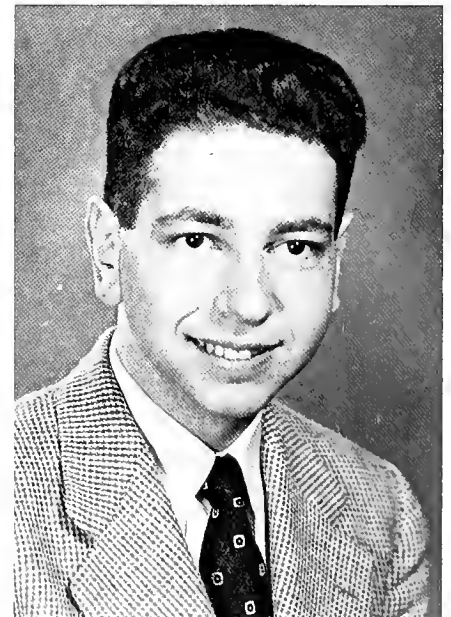


Mrs. Hoover



JOHN HOPFIELD

Bethesda, Md. *Physics Honors*
 John and corny . . . take a point in space . . . but I like Leroy Anderson . . . Our Father, who art in Parrish . . . lives in Trotter . . . track stalwart, social committee



SAUL STERNBURG

New York, N. Y. *Mathematics Honors*
 Boyaboy . . . unquenchable enthusiasm . . . always ready for an argument . . . great ability in math and physics, yet determined to study social science . . . completely helpless without his fountain pen . . . versatile with piano, viola, guitar, and tonsils

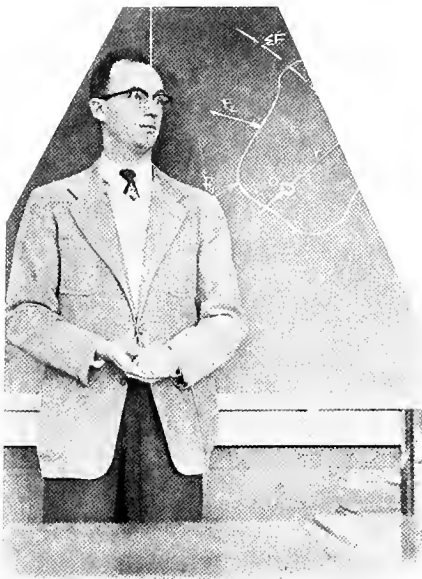
The unwary engineer referred to above is more wary on his home ground, back of Trotter. He occupies a unique place in Swarthmore, alternately maligned, ignored, and pointed to with pride by the rest of the campus, he is usually unperturbed. He is known to the rest of us by the stray remarks which sometimes penetrate from the dim world inside: Forty Junior Thermo students with five jobs to do. . . who was Thomas Hardy. . . Profs spend two hours working and six in coffee room . . . If we break some of this machinery we can't write a lab report on it . . . Professors with their pet machines whose only function is to make noise. . . The class average was 41, make it a C. . . That's the wrong answer, try squaring it. . . Can I rent your homework for an hour. . . There's no room for that new machine . . . Fluids lab is the only time we wash . . . After four years of learning how to solve problems, we now learn industry uses charts. . . we run heat balance test on coffee pot. . . come back during Christmas Vacation to work on your Surveying Map. . . Transits trained on Parrish. . . Wow . . . Can't wait til spring when we survey that road in Crum Meadow . . . just started for the tenth time on this ink drawing. . . Carefulness and Diligence, that's our motto.



Mr. McCrumm



Engineers Club—Seated: L. Franck, C. Heisterkamp, R. Laux. Standing: J. Martindale, T. Prestan, R. Griest, T. Beatsan.



Mr. Newlin



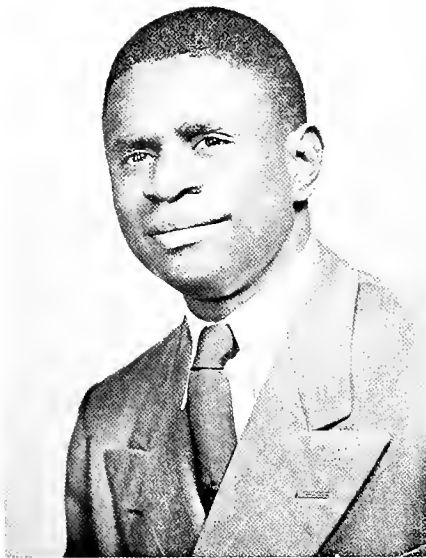
Mr. Carpenter



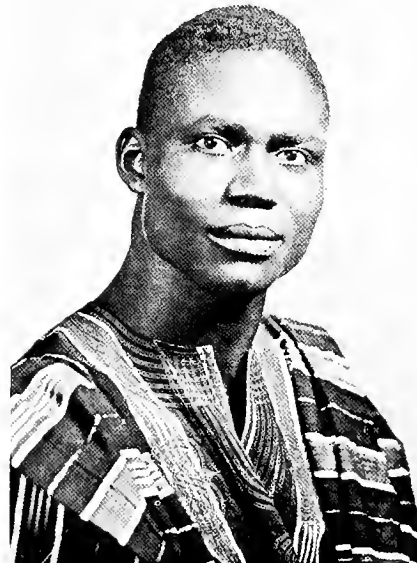
Mr. Linsenmeyer



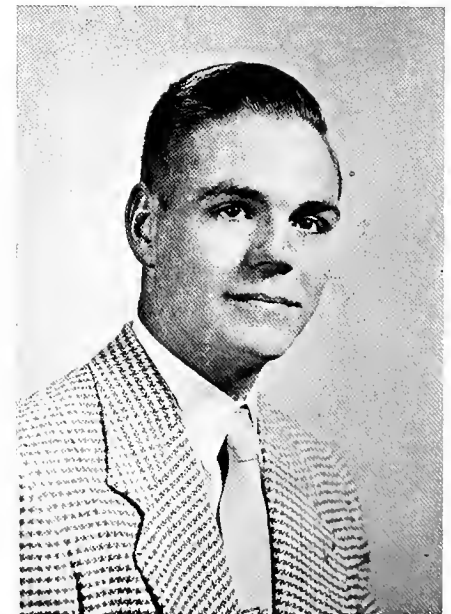
Mr. Willis



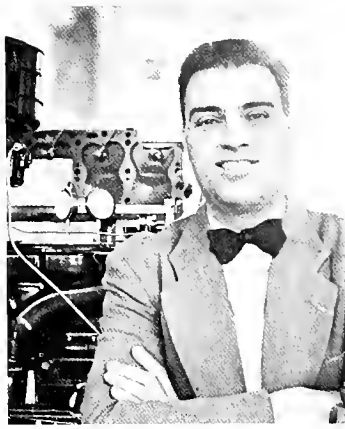
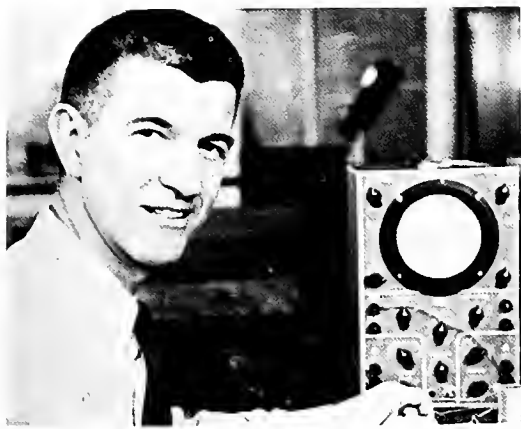
NKATA KALU ABBA
 Okagwe-Ohafia, Bende, Nigeria
Civil Engineering
 Takes Civil Engineering seriously . . . a hard worker with an ebullient good humor . . . had a try at cross country . . . knows all about New Hampshire roads . . . a pious and a religious man . . . occasional trips to Philadelphia . . . Abba



UDEMEZUE OBIDIGWE ATUANYA
 Umuosodi Ogidi, Nigeria *Civil Engineer*
 always a ready smile and a friendly handshake . . . combination titan and Samson on the wrestling squad . . . forceful soccer player . . . conscientious worker . . . helping hand . . . quiet interest in everything . . . well-controlled powerhouse . . . tough but oh so gentle . . . and kind-hearted . . . it's all right . . . Obi



CLARENCE CHRISTIAN FRANCK, Jr.
 Swarthmore, Pa. *Mechanical Engineering*
 always busy and always fun . . . man with a horn . . . and a band . . . engineer's club prexy . . . plans du social functions and marching formations equally well . . . sense of humor plus . . . wow, another hand-painted tie . . . native swarthmorean . . . big hearted . . . known to date but a bachelor by choice . . . no ration on smiles . . . friendly, cheerful, sincere . . . Larry



Mr. Barus and Mr. Prager



Above: Mr. Cope

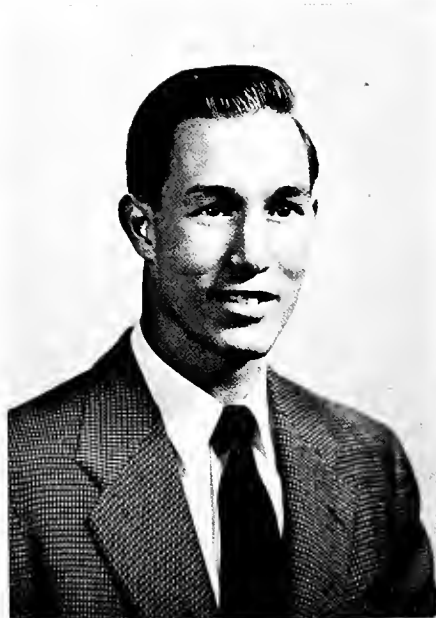


Left: Mr. Jenkins



BOB HOWERTON

Charlotte, N. C. *Electrical Engineering*
 Bob... blond... blue eyes... bridge...
 borrowed cigarettes... bicycle rides...
 broke... intelligently lazy... leisurely
 breakfasts at 7:55 before 8:00 class...
 oh, that simple problem, I put my room-
 mate to work on it... a music lover...
 lab reports... the complete story on the
 girls... the engineer with the mind of a
 math major and the spirit of a playboy
 ... or vice-versa



RICHMOND J. LAUX

Grosse Pointe, Michigan *E.E. Honors*
 Phi Delt wheel... always ready to pitch
 in... 100 yard dasher... good in the
 water, too... Culver and that military
 background... Engineer par excellence
 ... cultivated swagger... gray and
 cream chevy his pride and joy... oops,
 put my foot in my mouth again... but
 smooth with the women... a heart of gold
 and a smile to match... Rich



Mr. Burrell

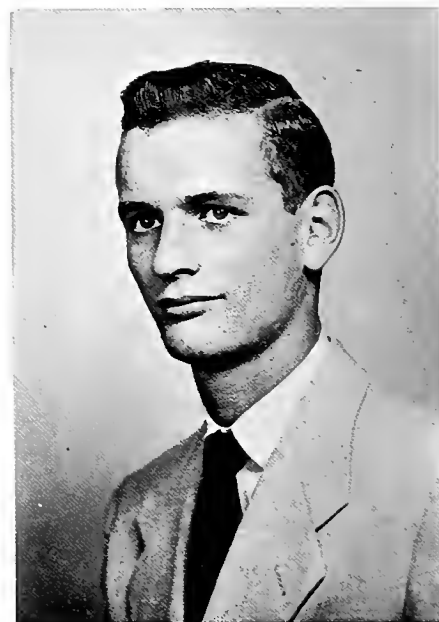
The Engineers sometimes venture furtively from their halls of applied science, to the sanctum of purest science, a mile or two straight up from the dining room. Some find to their surprise that even this magic land is inhabited by human beings. These people, mathematicians all, live in the top-most crannies of Parrish, for their lofty position symbolizes the ivory tower of abstract theory.

The majors themselves are a heterogeneous bunch; the whole spectrum from lacrosse-playing Philistine to cerebrating semi-genius is represented. They gather officially every two weeks at meetings of the Math Club to hear the scholarly discussions of guest lecturers and sometimes even to listen to fellow students explain abstruse phenomena.

The whole department missed the stimulating presence of Dr. Dresden, who retired last year, but his place as department chairman was ably filled by Dr. Brinkmann. In addition, the department acquired two new young instructors, eager sports enthusiast Edgar "Moon" Mullins, and cheerful bass fiddler David Rosen. Also continuing as a stalwart Swarthmore math professor was Phil Carruth, the quietest man and the best tennis-player in the department. Later, the mathematical population here added one more member in the person of Carl Rosen, an event which left half the department green from smoking too many cigars.



Mr. Brinkmann



PETER FREDERICK SIELMAN

Riverdale, N. Y. *Mathematics Honors*
 strong, silent, and sexy . . . settlement camp
 . . . my little kids . . . five hours sleep is
 enough for anybody . . . pigeon-toed
 soccer star . . . emotion is for the birds . . .
 efficiency . . . good german beer . . .
 milk spoils my system . . . good morning
 . . . out foul jelly where is thy luster now?
 . . . Bartok, Brahms, and bridge . . . the
 bavarian boron . . . peter the great
 frederick the great sielman . . . gentleman
 engineer . . . fool!! . . . Pete



Messrs. Carruth, Rosen and Mullins.



The astronomers have a life all their own, although the registrar combines astronomy and mathematics. Dr. Van de Kamp and his cohorts inhabit the observatory and not the top of Parrish, though, and besides, who ever heard of the Parrish dome opening and swiveling about on Tuesday nights? Blessed with God's own textbook, the freshman astronomy course remains one of the favorites, and one of the longest remembered of the introductory courses.

Many students know Dr. Van de Kamp more as a musician than as an astronomer. No one will forget his musical introduction to gentle Wilbur de Paris, the bandleader who caused so much excitement among the jazz fans last year. Dr. Van de Kamp also leads the Swarthmore College Orchestra, which gave two concerts last year. Local talent performed a great deal and at very high standards: the chorus under the direction of Mr. Sorber gave the *Messiah* and Brahms's *Requiem*; the Bond Sunday afternoon concerts gave an opportunity for chamber music artists to perform; the Madrigal Chorus under Bob Adler gave a fine concert; Chris Cornaro showed us how Beethoven was meant to be played, and Dr. Swann's students' compositions (Montgomery was in his atonal period) were played in Collection.



Mr. Swan



Mr. Van De Kamp



Mr. Wyler

The Art Department, like the Music Department, amuses itself with things aesthetic. Equipped with the latest in the fields of visual aids (slides for the introductory classes, slides for the advanced classes, trips to Washington and New York for those seminars with a Wanderlust) Mr. Walker and Mr. Rhys manage to be eight places at once, as befits the staff of a two-man department, particularly Commons. Art students are found in the library reading heavy, heavy books in the Periodical Room at all conceivable hours.



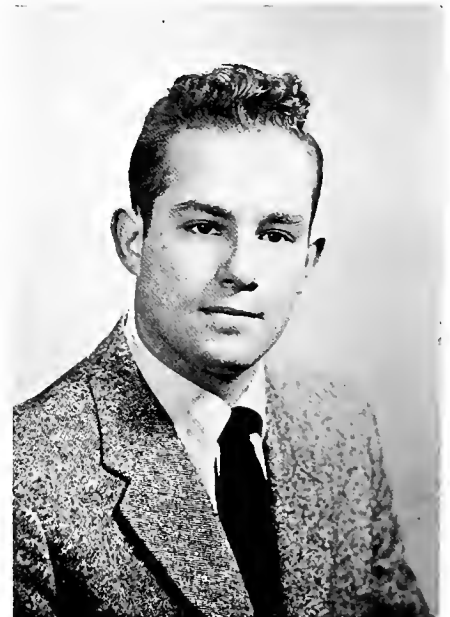
MELISSA ELLIS HOWELL

Chicago, Ill. *Fine Arts Honors*
 psychaesthetic theory of civilization . . .
 oy gavalte . . . one-time conservative . . .
 realist and romantic, vagabond and
 victorian . . . girl-slob with impeccable
 taste . . . first year in commons, second
 year in crum, third year in chicago . . . her
 soul is a paintbox, her mind a steel trap
 . . . sexy bass . . . lovable . . . incorrigible



Above: Mr. Walker

Left: Mr. Rhys



ERWIN EPHRON

New York, N. Y. *Fine Arts Honors*
 Petronius in plaid . . . weak will, incred-
 ible intellect . . . virtue is merely a lack of
 opportunity . . . fine arts and phi sig for
 variety . . . knows everything, tells more
 . . . panther agile, panther virile . . . ort





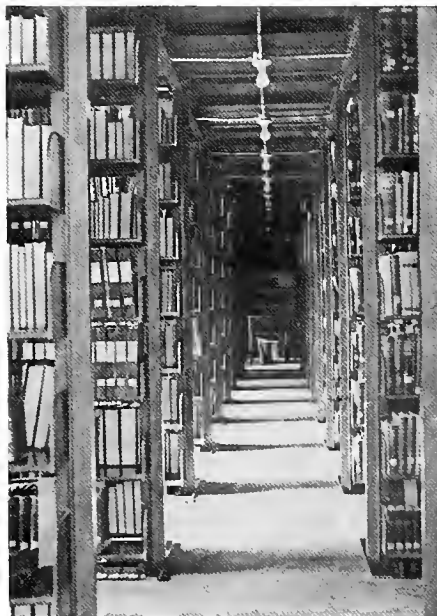
If the periodical room is unknown to anyone, this state of things should be remedied. Just as everyone should feel the floating on a cloud sensation of a puff on a marijuana cigarette at least once before he passes on, so should every Swarthmore student try to subject himself to the unique enchantment of the Library at least once before severing the umbilical cord and going out into the outside world of crass banalities.

During our junior year several new trends were noticed at the Library. First of all, more people seemed to be there than ever before. This might have been because the mounted spectre of Uncle Sam seemed to be riding, Paul Revere-like over the campus shouting, "The Russians are coming!" and more directly implying the recruitment of those males who failed to attain a certain specified academic status. Whatever the cause, there were quite a few Standing Room Only nights. Enthusiasm for the intellectual gospel reached such a fever pitch that Dave Peele and his underlings were obliged to crack down on those of us who liked some of the books so much that we took them out permanently without going through all that rubbish regarding cards, call slips and the like.



Another change, though more subtle, was nevertheless very significant and holds tremendous implications for the future. In a corner of the basement frequented by exactly 450 members of the Swarthmore student body the groundwork was being laid for what may turn out to be the greatest literary renaissance in Swarthmore history. Emulating pre-historic man raconteurs covered the walls of the aforementioned corner with portrayals of animal life and inscriptions embodying some rather crude comments about various issues of the day, and more often, of the moment. Each artist strove to develop his peculiar style, and literary jockeying for position was the order of the day. All of us, or rather 450 of us, looked forward to hearing the voice of Swarthmore expatriates from their Paris marked "Men" in the basement of the library next year.

A dog named George reacted to these scandalous doings by hiding his head in shame in the drain pipes in front of the library. Actually, George was evidently under the delusion that there was a rabbit, cat, or other distant relative in the pipes. The poor animal was obviously suffering from acute paranoid delusions and hallucinations, and those of us who derived amusement from his sorry plight were afterwards struck by pangs of conscience.





Mrs. Wright



Mr. Becker



Mr. Whicher



BARBARA BAUER

Chagrin Falls, Ohio *English Literature*
wilfully western, but eastern emigree . . .
member of the midnight watch . . . lists
"to do" but never does . . . I'm abso-
lutely livid . . . provided home for hume
. . . enthusiastic about education . . . the
mother type . . . but you've never seen
the middle west . . . sophisticated domes-
ticity . . . the time has come for action . . .
intermittent organization . . . penchant for
strange cats . . . calm, complacent, and
compulsive . . . barby



Mr. Dearing

Coming back inside the library from an afternoon of torturing George, one finds the undergraduate department of English Literature squawking their peculiar jargon, roosted comfortably on distended shelves of the card catalogues. No other place to go, they talk in synonyms about things of the spirit; they lament the homelessness of the intellectual, the Ishmaelism of the humanist.

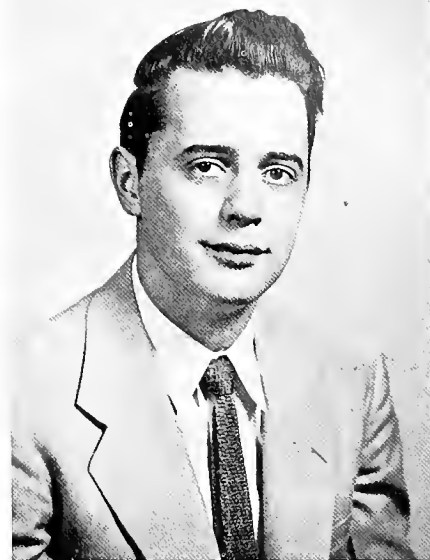
How to get rid of them? Enforcing library silence would be vociferously attacked as a violation of free speech; simple eviction would incur indictments of anti-academic-freedomism. The best policy was that of infiltration, eavesdropping, eventually getting something on them, disposing of them on legal or moral grounds. A full page of tape-recorded minutes was filed by David Peele, who is in charge of such things, as follows:

Oh, my God, Gil Scott wants me to write advertising for Curtis Publication (deviationism) . . . I feel depraved; let's get tight and pretend we believe in poetry (agnosticism) . . . to quote Mr. P. M. Hicks: "To the text, men!" (fundamentalism or incitement to riot) . . . Did some barbarian mention Somerset Maugham? (libel) . . . I don't remember what it's about: I read it for structure (blindness) . . . Would it be all right with Mr. Beardsley if I said this symphony was comic? (insubordination) . . . She may be stupid, but that's only on the first level (double-entendre) . . . I can't quite get the structuring of the latest

Rosemary Clooney disc (indecent exposure) . . . I am so happy; Mrs. Wright said my paper was "interesting" (euphemism) . . . When I say it's great, I don't mean it makes me *feel* great, I mean it's perfectly proportioned, like a five-and-one martini, which always makes me *feel* awful (poor taste) . . . Lock up your daughters: Roger's on another D. H. Lawrence binge (morals) . . . Or worse, Fitts on a Farrell orgy (disorderly conduct) . . . I wonder what Mr. Cowden's serving this afternoon. I wish the Administration would subsidize Faculty seminar refreshments (socialism).



Mr. Cowden



PAUL METZGER

Newark, N. J. *Philosophy*
 Low-brow aesthete . . . more-more . . . pragmatic abstractionist . . . "Now this here dualist says" . . . infectious wheezes when he laughs . . . manages to look melancholy even when deliriously happy . . . shaves only under duress . . . Paul



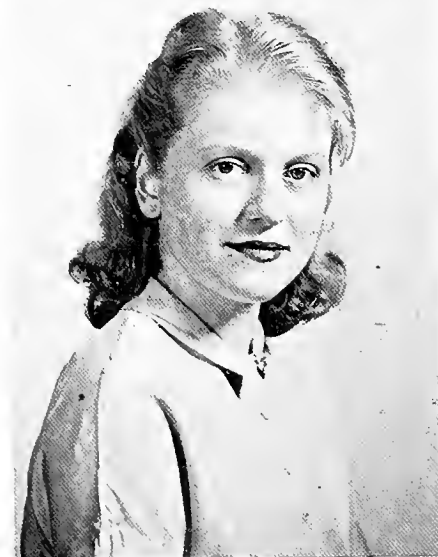
CAROL LIPPIT

Brooklyn, N. Y. *English Honors*
 poetry incarnate . . . its lyric verse form . . . in modern meter . . . new yorker sophisticate . . . mam'selle . . . in swarthmore gaiety . . . the libe till ten . . . but after? . . . always the dodo . . . for writing's sake . . . perhaps a dancing leotard expressing the segovian on a classical guitar . . . or a folk tune now and then . . . that is . . . after the crossword puzzle . . . the unusual in rhythm . . . chorm in rhyme . . . we'll be seeing you . . . soon



ROBERT MARIS

Lansdowne, Pa. *English Literature*
 am I alone and unobserved? I am . . . then let me own: next to, of course, God, America I love you . . . when the cities lie at the monsters' feet there are left the mountains . . . O perverse sex, where none is true but she



MARY ANN MILLER

New York City *English Honors*
 Miss Mudd, the strangest thing happened to me . . . distraction . . . it's my sweater . . . the difference between poetry and drama . . . I'm going to stay in here just five minutes . . . still water breeds deeply for Mary . . . no, seriously . . . have you no humility . . . you know . . . positivistic, linguistic, semanticistic, idealistic, anarchistic . . . hoards . . . Blondie to dose who know her



Mr. Klees



Mr. Wasserstrom



RUTH SHIMONY

Memphis, Tennessee *English Honors*
 distraction . . . it's my belt and my sweater
 . . . president madam . . . the broadening
 forces and the destructive influences . . .
 God's little monad . . . is metaphysics
 possible as a science? . . . I will be very
 brief . . . to those who know her



MARY VAN TASSEL

New York City *Fine Arts Honors*
 incurable new yorker . . . barefoot in
 spring, in her element . . . highly emo-
 tional, deceptively ingenuous . . . frantic
 last-minute papers . . . fashes of inspira-
 tion, and I can't possibly write a first
 paragraph . . . "this is what I'm trying
 to say" . . . life a continual crisis . . .
 alternate chaos and organization . . .
 double-jointed enthusiasm . . . crossword
 puzzle at nine am . . . no life without love
 . . . tassel



NANCY JANE WELLER

Short Hills, N. J. *English*
 unpredictable . . . fulfills her responsi-
 bilities and expects the same of you
 . . . talented actress, avid pedagogue,
 and uncompromising formalist . . . seri-
 ousness broken by a piquant wrinkled
 nose laugh . . . it's fate . . . this is inter-
 esting; what is it? . . . lots of surprises
 under that poised exterior . . . embassies,
 sporty clothes and Abraham Lincoln . . .
 Nan



ELIZABETH BROWN WOOD

Hopkinsville, Ky. *English*
 transfer from William and Mary—the
 land of white bucks and gin . . . seeking
 intellectual stimulation . . . unpigeonhole-
 able . . . LIT, formation swimming, back-
 stage crew . . . but I can do it tomorrow
 . . . deceptively pleasant dimples to
 cover sarcastic quips . . . Eliot, Freud, and
 William Steig . . . from the unsociable to
 the gregarious in one minute laugh . . .
 Beth

It's bad enough when Swarthmoreans talk in their own language, but when they talk foreign languages, they really become incomprehensible. The foreign language groups meet in extra-curricular fashion quite often; the French and Spanish Clubs come together in the dining room and chatter to each other about the butter and the coffee; the German Club meets for sings and discussions from time to time. All three groups make irregular field trips, sometimes to neighboring colleges to see plays given by the local language clubs, sometimes only as far as the Crum for a picnic. The Classics Club has more discussion than action, but influenced the Social Committee to give the 1953 Christmas Formal asna Roman banquet. The culmination of foreign language talent is seen in the plays which they present with all the trimmings in Clothier. Sets, costumes, direction and diction (especially diction) are all of the highest calibre.



Mr. March



Above: Miss Phillips



SHIRLEY MCGONAGLE

Denver, Col. *Latin shades! . . . would be happiest if colorado were right next door . . . that western lope in levi's . . . third east's supply of atomic energy . . . why take an English course? . . . sympathetic optimist . . . it's not a laugh, it's a whinny . . . keep out, I'm fierce when I study . . . oh, ye gods, what did I do with my glasses? . . . McGoo*



SARA WALKER

freshman year at Oberlin . . . always smiling, always time to listen to your problems . . . knits socks for you-know-who . . . going home this weekend . . . let's have some crackers and cheese . . . mica mica parva stella and also Greek . . . studious . . . teaches Sunday School in spare time . . . Sara



Below: Mr. Shero



Miss Cahn



Miss Theiss



ANN CECILIA REEVES

Summit, New Jersey *Fine Arts*
 A comely blonde... quiet with wit behind
 it . . . tempting target for teasing and
 tickling . . . understanding . . . Roberts
 French Hall soph year; Isn't anybody going
 up to breakfast? . . . three roommates
 desert to Worth or marriage . . . a wel-
 come respite . . . dabster in oils . . .
 Rossini's Stabat Mater . . . le cercle
 francaise . . . swings a wicked golf club
 . . . Panlet to some



German Club—On Floor: J. Hicks, L. Ore, J. Kuda. Seated: D. Williams, M. Loomis, A. Halland, Miss Cohn, M. Klemperer. Standing: W. Hanig, D. Marsh, C. Lehmann-Haupt, A. Reeves, W. Clark.



VERNA JEAN CARR

Reading, Pa. *Psychology*
 once a spanish major, then history, now
 psych . . . what else? . . . at home with
 books . . . good dodger fan: can't dive,
 but miss robin hood . . . loyal friend of
 freshmen, understanding and helpful . . .
 cheerful and lively, but even more so
 when Bill is around . . . subtle humor . . .
 bill will hear of this . . . chorus, ivcf, social
 committee, varsity archery . . . verna



Left: Miss Lamkert

Below: Mr. Sarber and Mrs. Asensio.

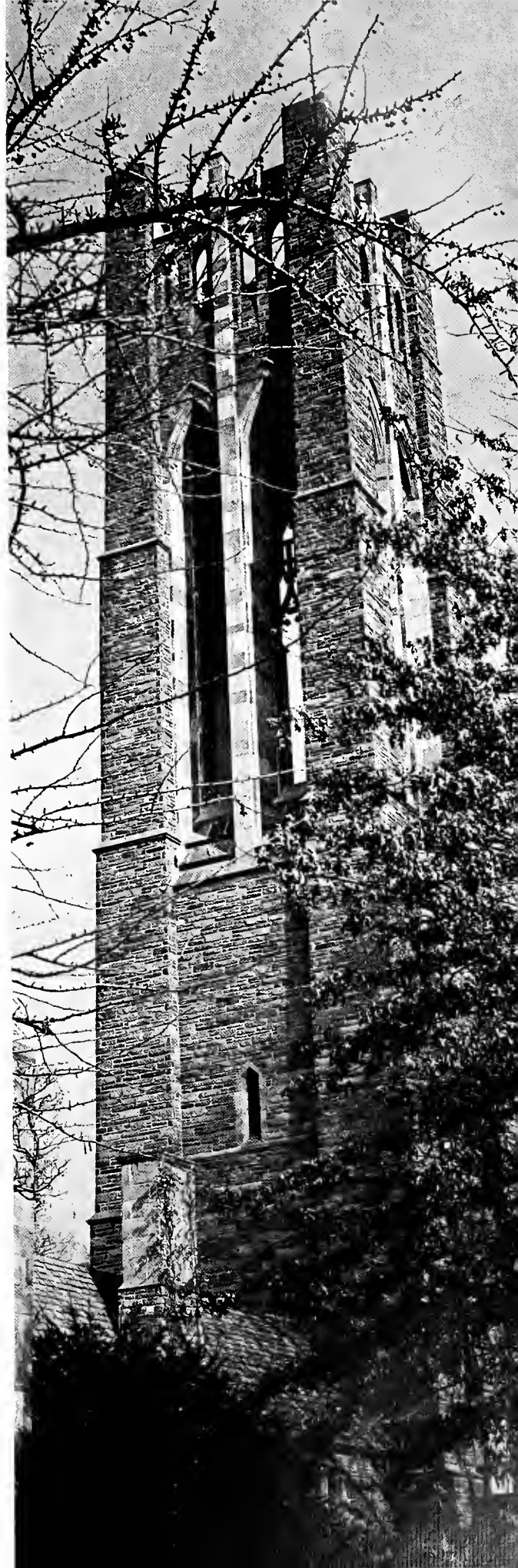


Spanish Club—On Floor: P. Hayward, B. Keay, J. Deviedt, F. Farrell. Seated: F. Carrady, P. Schastey, L. Salas, V. Pons. Standing: J. Flores, S. Yarbrough, J. Root, J. Albrecht, G. Krivobak, J. Kudo, M. Emrich, J. Gutt.

AFTER HOURS



We at Swarthmore come into contact with some lively as well as liberal arts. In fact, self-expression, in all its multitudinous forms, seems to run rampant on the campus. It thrives in the west end of Trotter, in the Parrish basement, in Clothier, in Crum Meadow, in any place where two Swarthmoreans meet. No one can say which of the extra-curricular activities is the most valuable or the most creative. They all contribute their own unique qualities to the life of Swarthmore.





Top: Torrey having nothing to do with Underworlders Ephron and Fitts in the highly successful Homburg Show.
 Middle: Somebody getting the accusing fingers in *The Dog*.
 Bottom: A tense moment in a One-Act.

The Little Theater Club, directed by Barbara Lange, had a busy year. Clothier was constantly crowded with rehearsals, costume making, set building. The Hamburg Show, written by Merson and Hughlett opened the butterflies and bows season. With the aid of Torrey and Cooper, the underworld, complete with booze, bookies, and bums invaded Commons. Hattie Donow and Mary Severson played the young and innocent girl friends who lead the members of the unified sorority, while Russ Ferrell did the honors as college prexy.

The next fall venture was *A Child's Play*, an original whose author came to Swarthmore during the last week to put in the final touches herself. Life in Salem seemed pretty grim for a while, but Andrews, Torrey, Noyes and Bode managed to make everything come out all right. The winter one-acts were as different from one another as possible. Mary White's trial of a union man, *Criminal Conspiracy*; Merson's *Now Multiply by Zero*, the story of a man who never wanted what he got; Hughlett's *Blasphemy* on college stereotypes; and Werner Honig's *Walk the Circle*, an allegory about freedom, wine, and devils, made up the list. Under Tayer's direction, the allegory walked away with all the prizes with Sheila Mills and Paul Noyes winning acclamation for the best acting.

The final show rounding out the busy LTC year was by far the most ambitious ever attempted here. For three nights *The Dog Beneath the Skin* played to full houses. With a cast of thousands and a huge technical crew, the result was a pleasing cross-section of student-faculty skill. Cooper and Nissenson were the wandering reporters, Gleitman was mis-mis-misunderstood, Chris Lehmann-Haupt was dog's best friend, Russ Ferrell was dog, Dennison Bancroft was the unforgettable man in the red bath towel.

Euterpe also reigned in Clothier. The choral group under the direction of James

Sorber put on two performances this year. The first was the traditional Christmas singing of the *Messiah* with a group of over 125 voices. Ruth Wolfe and Deloris Williams were the soprano soloists, Ann Israel the alto, and Lou Dabney the baritone. In the spring we heard Brahms' *Requiem*, with eighty voices and Peggy Noel handling the soprano, George Papanek the tenor, and Stan Sutton the baritone solos.

The school orchestra, under the able baton of Peter Van de Kamp, gave two concerts during the year. The January concert offered an organ solo by Jerry Moore, and Mike Wallach soloing in *Rhapsodie in Blue* by Gershwin. Also heard were works by Handel, Haydn, and Rossini. The May concert featured soloists Jerry Goodman and Mike Calingaert. Works by Mozart, Saint-Saens, Telemann and Beethoven were heard.

Over in the Hall gym the modern dance group pirouetted bare-foot twice a week. In the fall an open house was held which tested the ingenuity of its members, as the audience brought their favorite records and the club improvised on them. In the spring the club was seen in a performance at Collection. Among the dancers were Carol Lippit, Kimi Lyman, Sally Andrews, Ann Buenger, Margy Bodansky, and Sheila Mills. The Steig cartoon impressions by Rostow and Bodansky were among the highlights.

From the top floor of Trotter the voice of "Genial" Dave Peele went out over the air waves to wake up us and SN. We heard Dulles viewing the news, Mary White's playhouse, interviews of campus personalities and a long stretch of music, mostly uninterrupted and conducive to study.

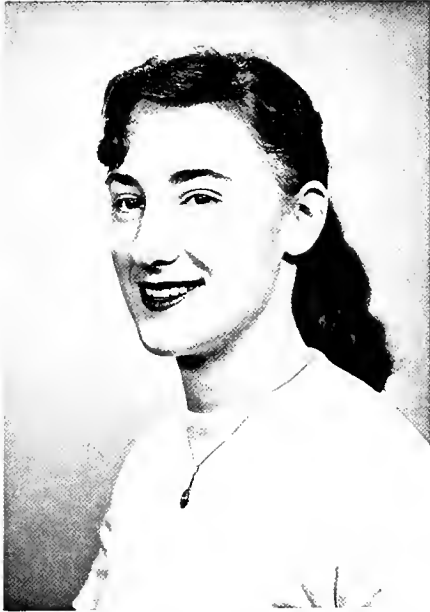
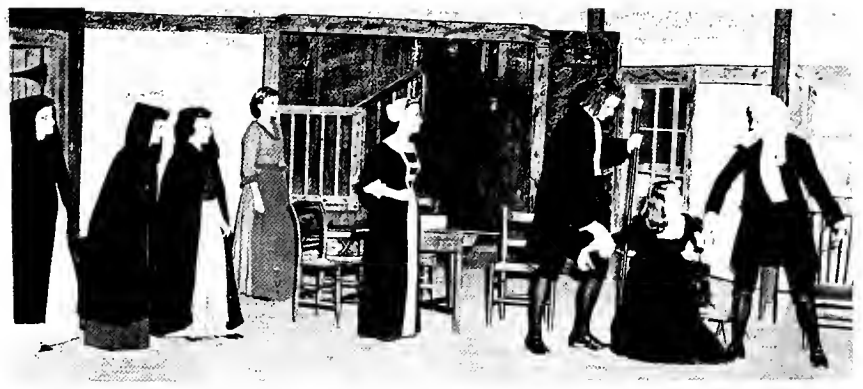
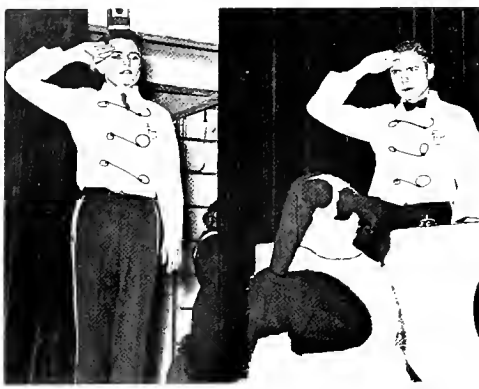
And in the depths of the same building met the sculpture group. A sculptress from the Wallingford Art Center was present to aid the aspiring Michelangelos.



Mrs. Lange



Hands Off!



SARA ANDREWS

Canastota, N. Y. *English Honors*
 Theatre . . . tense typing in the wee
 hours . . . dame hannah . . . hamburg
 show . . . ltc's unwed mother and woman
 of low repute . . . bulging bookcases . . .
 intense . . . talks with her hands . . . it's
 near Syracuse . . . collects things . . . sally

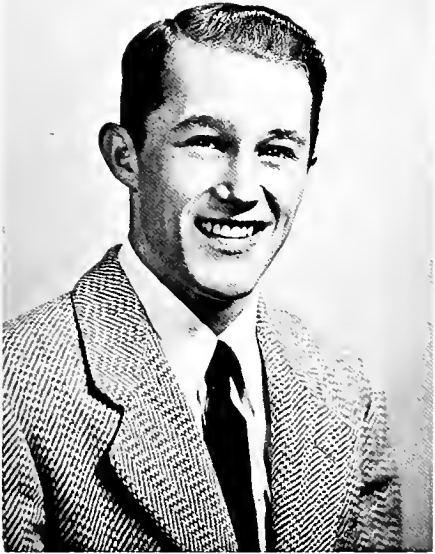
ANNE E. BUENGER

Cincinnati, Ohio *English Honors*
 wielder of the costume room key . . . good
 listener perforce: nothing to say but
 "Where can I find three claks?" . . . un-
 educated dilettante . . . "Won't people
 ever know me for anything but knees and
 Sultan?" . . . anti-snob . . . snob . . . clath,
 pins, suffering actor, 40 minutes, and lol
 a costume . . . Swarthmore's mystic on the
 quiet . . . saves string . . . "Cliff, dear Cliff,
 please, I need . . . ?"—Bingo

RICHARD FRANK CARLE

Hinsdale, Illinois *Economic Honors*
 Sloppy housekeeper, but a disorderly
 mind . . . Trans-continental lover . . .
 Boulder, Pasadena, Cleveland, Detroit,
 Baton Rouge, . . . I need a shave . . .
 Margie, Mills and Milhaud . . . letters . . .
 favors Chicago Bears and Cubs . . . Old
 Guard classical reactionary . . . haircut(?)
 . . . confident confidante of the lovelorn
 . . . manners and morals . . . self-styled
 naval hero of the war of 1812 . . . Elrac





WILLIAM R. FERRELL

Los Angeles, Calif. *English Honors*
 displaced renaissance man . . . likes projects . . . ardent diabolist, foretelling impending doom with a wicked pack of tarot cards . . . man of action . . . serene sense of satanic sinfulness . . . cultivates the exotic in the unusual garden of his mind . . . has seen many goodly states, wants to sail to western islands . . . all he asks is a tall schooner . . . russ



MARCIA ANNE LOOMIS

Mirmingham, Mich. *History*
 perennial pantry with a "place crumb here" . . . mobiles and modern art . . . a, b, c, d, e . . . photography field . . . ingenious . . . whimsical . . . g and s from sacks to skirts . . . gwimp, ltc costumes . . . good listener . . . no, not busy, I lost the list . . . patterns and patience . . . knows everybody . . . talented eyebrows



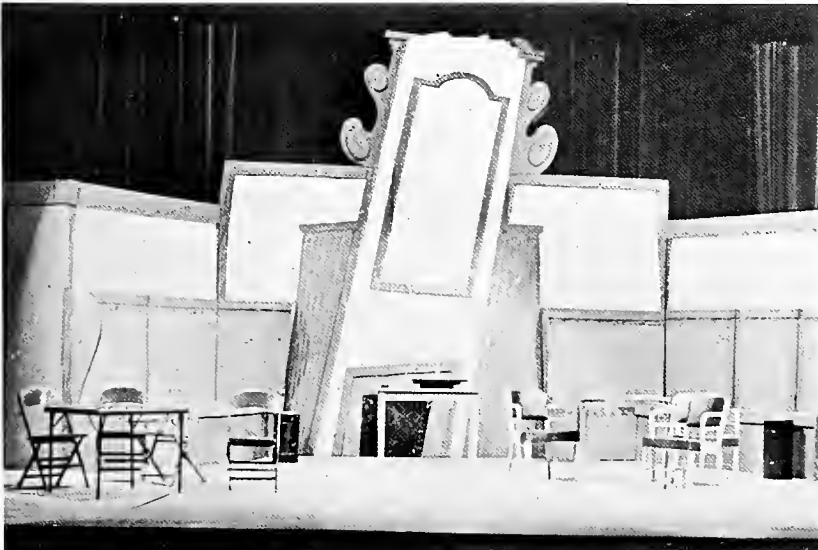
SHEILA MILLS

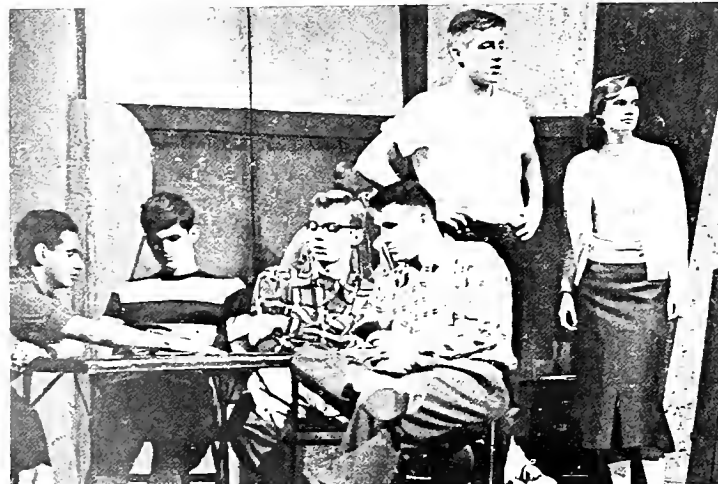
Montclair, N. J. *History Honor*
 at the other end of a smile is a love for discussion—and a penchant for laughing at her own jokes . . . a sympathetic mind looks after her friends, and concerns itself with the progress of the human race . . . and two brown eyes pretend she's quiet . . . sheila



MARY STOKES WHITE

St. Leonard, Md. *Economics*
 "Really?" with upraised eyebrows . . . strictly union made . . . has distinguished career of theatrical try-outs . . . pink taffy? . . . claims her relatives are normal . . . sensuous Quaker . . . beautiful smile hides internal combustion . . . paints, sings, sails, writes, and attempts to save the world with varying degrees of eptitude . . . specializes in bootlegging and conspiracy, with study on the side.





Above: Top: Swarthmore Philharmonic. Bottom: Six characters in search of dramatic immortality . . . or something.

Left: Tarrey tells about one that got away

King Kape, shows the way

Who tripped me?

Philharmonic again



Above: The Madrigal Chorus.

On Floor: G. MacMahon, E. Long, H. Holron, L. Robertson, P. Knoll, C. Lukas.
 Seated: J. Rudge, A. Israel, D. Kimmel, G. Neisser. Standing: R. Adler, M. Duty.

Below: Mr. Sorber conducting the chorus.



JULIA TURNER

Williamsport, Pa. English with a languid air . . . hard to believe she plays forward on basketball team . . . clear soprano in shower or choir . . . listens to music, tries to write it . . . wealth of miscellaneous facts . . . knows where she's going . . . quiet but firm . . . subtle sense of humor . . . philology expert . . . julie



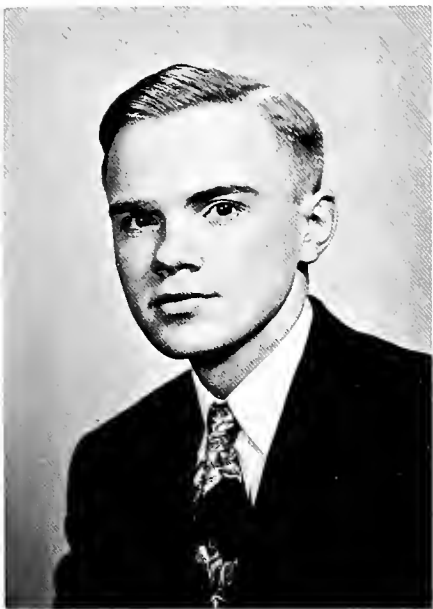
SN'ers: J. Weiner, T. Richter, G. Kahn, R. Axe, P. Carter, J. Root, A. Ross, C. Ash.



More SN'ers: I. Raudsep, P. Baumgartner, D. Peele, J. Shimansky, C. Smith.

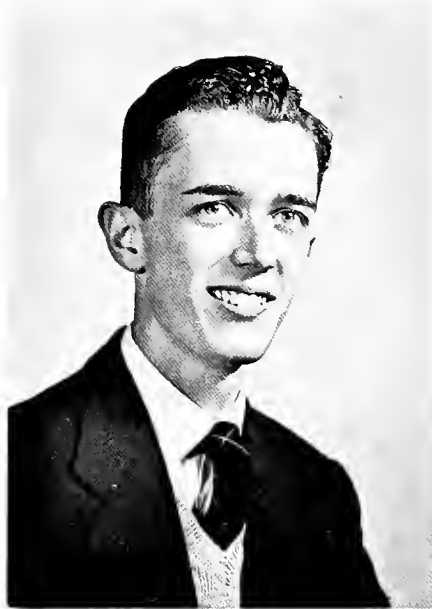


Still more SN'ers: D. Ross, A. Ayres, J. Rothschild, W. Newitt, S. Mills, J. Hicks.



THOMAS J. BEATSON, JR.

New Rochelle, N. Y. *E.E Honors*
 Quiet as the day is long, awfully noisy
 on short days . . . "She's not my type" . . .
 Fast man with the slipstick . . . Engineer
 . . . Big wheel at SN . . . SN manual . . .
 Basketball manager . . . quiet but like-
 able . . . Not that lab again . . . perfec-
 tionist . . . Westchester local . . . Not play-
 ing bridge . . . Tom



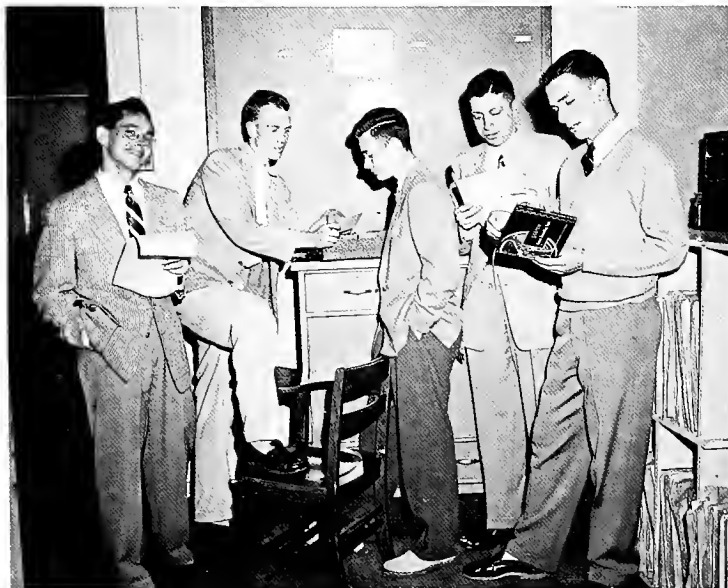
PAGE CARTER

Lynbrook, N. Y. *Electrical Engineering*
 impish grin . . . "who set off that smoke
 bomb?" . . . perennial prankster . . . a
 "cave man" from way back . . . newborn
 mover . . . velvet voiced SN disc jockey . . .
 retired Chief Engineer . . . long sufferer of
 "how's the weather up there?" . . . loyal
 G & S fan . . . down to the steam tunnels
 . . . "I've got too much work to do" . . .
 believes in a high degree of mechaniza-
 tion of dorm life . . . Page



GLORIA CHOMIAK

Alberta, Canada *International Relations*
 girl of the golden north . . . likes people,
 trees and music in that order . . . human
 relationships major . . . gandhi . . . english
 on the side . . . personality theory at
 2 a.m. . . I, mother, have spoken . . .
 tearful birthdays . . . if it were not for
 posterity . . . millions of I'm sorries . . .
 Ukrainian newspaper . . . favorite means
 of transportation—dog sled . . . I'm not
 little glo . . .

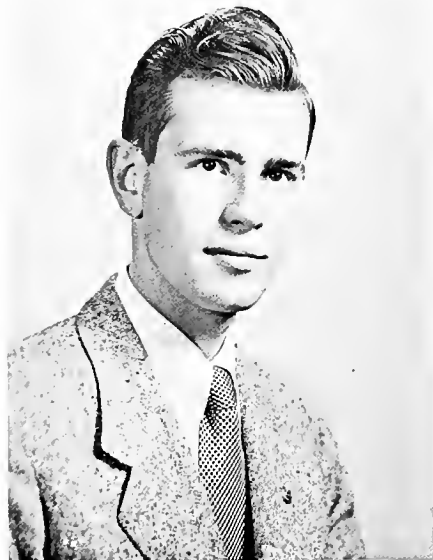


SN again: D. Dulles, R. Schreier, J.
 Lamant, B. Sarachek, R. Levien.



ROGER FREEMAN

New York, N. Y. *German*
 only pre-med german major . . . sn studio
 manager . . . that's the greatest . . . outing
 club veep and map-making mountaineer
 . . . system for everything . . . remote control
 radio-phonograph . . . but its got to work!
 . . . once turned off own alarm clock . . .
 great chef . . . claims he never snores
 . . . rog



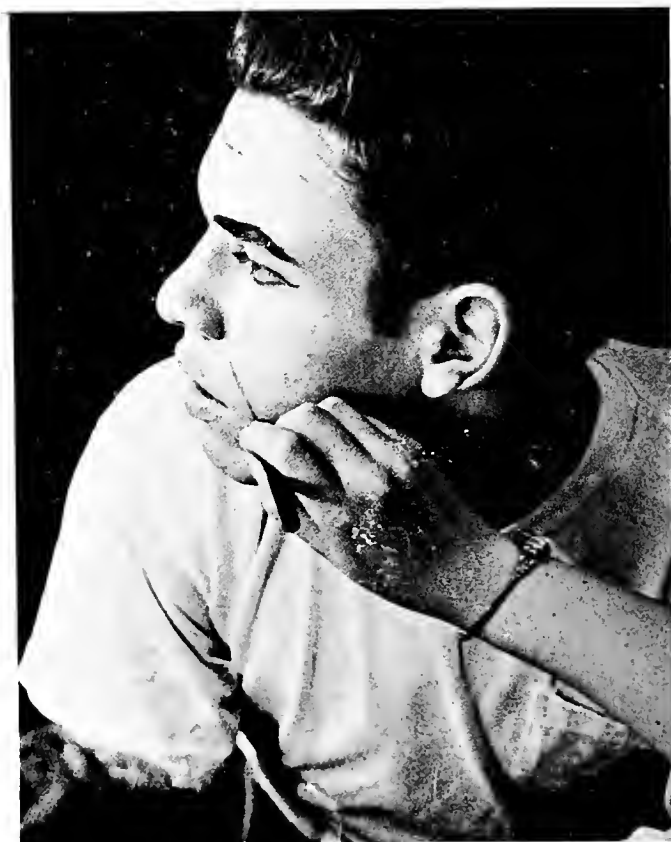
CHARLES ALEXANDER HEISTERKAMP
 Wynnewood, Pa. *Mechanical Engineering*
 calm, casual, competent . . . those SN
 engineers . . . mechanical engineering a
 good preparation for surgery . . . brain,
 that is . . . that's logic I suppose . . . what's
 life if you can't help your friends . . . Phi
 Sig liberal . . . girl on every hall and two
 on weekends . . . Chuck



H. JAMES CORNELIUS
 Chester, Pa. *Electrical Engineering*
 Paperclips, rubber bands, and smoke . . .
 diabolical leer . . . You can't trust a woman
 . . . Whimsical Wizard of Chicanery . . .
 frequent habitant of the Swarthmore
 underground . . . star patron of the post
 office . . . one of the SN "Gods" . . . black
 and chartreuse shirts . . . the Master Hand
 . . . inseparable partner of vacuum tubes,
 resistors, condensers, et al. . . Hi-fi? . . . a
 diplomat with the triple luck . . . Jim



GEOFFREY WATTS
 Upper Darby, Pa. *Physics Honors*
 sn crazy . . . those screams in parrish
 east at night . . . norristown summer unit
 . . . you're regressing . . . music hath
 charms . . . tech director for sn, main-
 tenance for cutting . . . that's cheating
 unfairly . . . slide rule and guitar . . .
 back to bartol . . . the squashed lunch
 . . . block that motorcycle! . . . geoff







Mere pen and ink were the tools of other prolific activities. Oldest of campus publications, the *Dodo* produced two issues of prose and poetry. Under the editorship of Sara Lee Moltz in the winter and Carol Lippit in the spring, stories by Phil Green, and John Ridland, an essay by Mary Ann Miller, and poems by Ridland, Walt Clark, Bill Livant, Nina Felber, Phil Allen, Carl Johnson, Barbara Steifbold, Elizabeth Ann Smith, Joan Wooley, and Jane Boetcher appeared. No less than three of the poems won prizes: Clark's "The Oldest Carp in the Moat" took the Morrell Poetry Prize; Ridland's "Sons of Cain" placed first in *Poetry Awards'* national contest, with another poem of Clark's, "In Time Past", placing fifth in the same contest. Responsible for the actual materialization of the magazine were, on the editorial staff, Moltz, Lippit and Marge Bodansky, on the financial side, Rhea Mendoza and Liz Kaufman; and, acting in the triple capacity of publicity agent, cover illustrator, and typographical adviser, Mort Miller.

The rival purveyor of literary art on the campus, the *Lit*, proved equally active, with issues appearing in November and February.

Mike Wallach, Bud Vestermark, Charles Sullivan and the mysterious M. Cheevy, among others, provided diversity in poetry and prose for the first issue. The February issue had an international flavor, with interviews from Paris and a letter from Hank Myers in Berlin, plus, of course, Wislocki's moralizing, or demoralizing, south sea idyll, *Diversion*. In both issues Val Worth's poetry appeared, up to par, or par excellence, every time. Behind the bylines haggling with printers, cutting and pasting, egging on the staff, were Krivobok, March, Marx and Worth, editors. They almost swung a May issue but succumbed to exams and spring fever instead.

Serving an important purpose silently, the College News Bureau clipped clippings, provided home town newspapers with news of student accomplishments and otherwise gave credit where it was due.

This year's Halcyon was too hot a potato for its intended editors. As the publication staggered from crisis to Chaos, editors left in droves—some graduated, some transferred,

some just quit. Meanwhile, the Halcyon threatened to pass into Nirvana—eleven months late and still nothing done.

The Iron Men and Wimmen who rescued Halcyon from the abyss were Wilma Seldin, Commander-in-Chief; Frank Irish, Master of the lay-out; Lucy Bunzl, protectress of the poor and general motive force; Saul Levin (the Human Dynamo) who ground out miles of deathless prose; and Mike Swift, Frequenter of the Dark Room. As is the custom, several nameless gnomes contributed mountains of work to their superiors.

This is their accomplishment, the product of two years' talk and two weeks' work. Fevered minds and hands have bent to the task—some of them bent to the breaking point. Here then is your Halycon, the product of a myriad broken minds and hands.

The thunder of typewriters and the eerie hum of address-o-graphs signified that the Phoenix was on the way. John Purnell, alias Father John, alias Max, alias Big John sat behind the semi-circular desk during the fall semester, Jay Levine kept students'

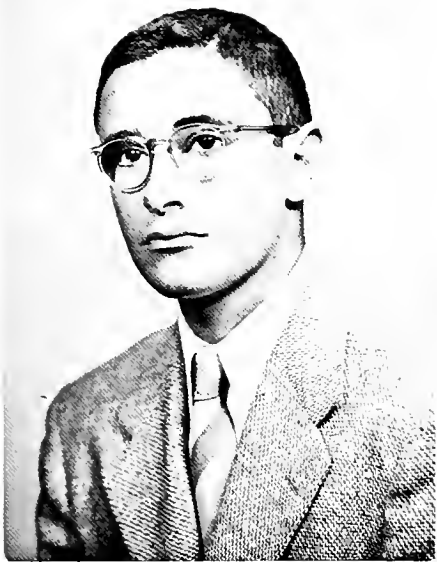


minds off a losing football season with his straight factual and objective scorecards. While Levin was psychoanalyzing a dog Bart covered the presidential straw poll with his customary impartiality while inwardly, and at times outwardly, hoping for a Democratic victory. The school obliged him by following the Donkey to break a long-standing tradition, but nationally those unobliging Republicans crossed him up.

The spring semester got off to a rousing start for the Phoenix when a mysterious black sedan with Illinois license plates delivered a last minute front page "extra" to the printers unbeknownst to the staff. "Adlai Prexy!!!" in six-inch letters amazed the students, the Phoenix, the administration and Mr. Stevenson himself, who was calmly absorbing sunshine on a beach chair in the Tropics when he heard the news. But Bart, the new editor, survived this traumatic experience with little or no ill effect and, with his capable staff, managed to make the rest of the year far from what might have been pure anti-climax. Dirk Snel, "L'enfant terrible" of the Phoenix, created weird-looking people with incongruously clever ideas about campus and national issues. Curriculum changes and fraternity reports were described in ten and sometimes twelve page issues. And with the announcement that Smith was to be the actual successor to Nason the Phoenix gave the proverbial full and complete coverage.



Phoenix Big Wheels: F. Sieverts, J. Levine, R. Mendoza, J. Purnell, P. Bart, S. Moltz.



PETER B. BART

New York City *Pol Sci Honors*
 midnight oil journalist . . . they're taxing
 away the middle class . . . literati in
 politician's clothing . . . living argument
 against the twenty hour day . . . emerg-
 ing liberal . . . boss man of SN and the
 Phoenix . . . also labors for the Garnet
 Letter . . . you pseudos . . . Pete



Middle Wheels: J. Seoman, G. Monn, R. Morrow, S. Levin, J. Kopp, C. Philippides, C. Cotton, S. Kennedy, J. McKee, D. Snel, J. Boetcher.



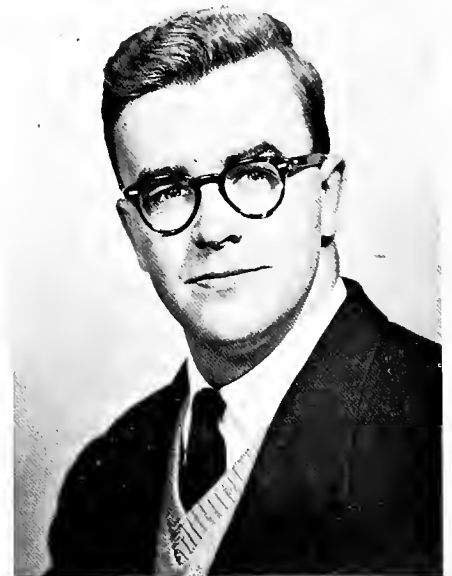
SAUL LEVIN

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Psychology*
 Little man . . . Champion pseudo-athlete of
 the Third Floor A.C. . . . Finxster, Kwinkster
 . . . An exception to the general hypothesis
 about Psych majors . . . One year it's
 Sisler, the next it's Thompson . . . doesn't
 recover from the Dodgers' October dives
 until Christmastime, already . . . Held
 practically every position that the Phoenix
 can invent



RUTH MAURER

Rockville Centre, N. Y. *English*
 third east forever! . . . fantastic last
 minute papers . . . oh, how did I get myself
 into this? . . . crossword puzzle fan . . .
 sparkling eyes and engaging smile . . .
 only 800 more pages and I'll be caught up
 . . . eternal procrastinator . . . always has
 the right thing to say . . . forever turning
 over a new leaf . . . compulsive punner
 . . . did I say that? . . . genuine understand-
 ing and sincere kindness . . . ruthie

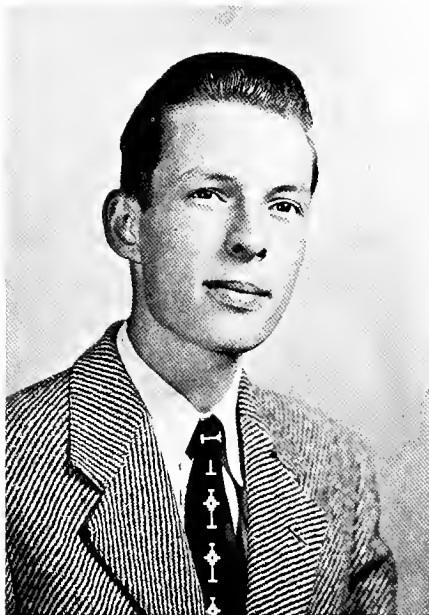


JOHN PURNELL

Lynchburg, Va. *Philosophy Honors*
 finx editor with social concerns . . . un-
 ostentatious individualist . . . trying to live
 down his proximity to col. mccormick . . .
 marxian socialist . . . philosophy by
 intuition and europe by bike . . . let's
 examine the ethical implications of that
 . . . staunch supporter of student meeting
 . . . seriousness and intellectualism can't
 overshadow sense of humor . . . protracted
 arguments . . . yes I know, but . . . max



Flunkies: On Floor: L. Rostow, F. King, D. Christy. Seated: M. Douty, J. Wooley, S. McGonagle. Standing: R. Levien, R. Axe, S. Guthrie, W. Hawkins, O. Pease, P. Kantrowitz.



FRANK S. IRISH

Wellesley, Mass. *Math Honors*
weekend golfer . . . precision bridge . . .
math honors . . . breakfast? what's that
. . . on his way to carruption . . . cross
country . . . track . . . charter member of
E-section third floor psuedo-athletic club
perennial phoenix makeup editor . . .
math mad . . . affable to the $(n + 1)$ th
degree



LEONARD RORER, Jr.

Dixon, Ill. *Economics*
long lanky lover . . . is everybody happy?
. . . typewriter tyro . . . erratic subpar
golfer . . . it's those girl caddies that get
me confused . . . fastidious taste . . .
plague of the phoenix censors . . . un-
fortunate affinity far extra curriculans . . .
Illinoisy-one . . . peace on earth and good
tall women . . . that's a very good
question . . . Liz . . . let there be lights . . .
knows lots of songs, no melodies . . . Doc



ELIZABETH O. SOYARS

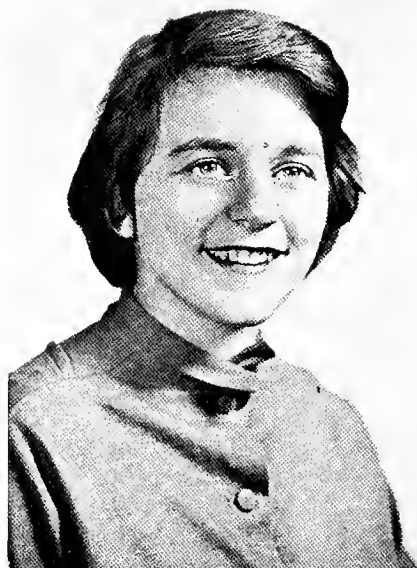
Hopkinsville, Ky. *English Honors*
brilliant mind hidden under southern ac-
cent . . . phoenix sparker—late trips to the
printer's . . . phi delt sister in more than
one way . . . piano player par excellence
. . . dear diary . . . kentucky—beautiful
horses and fast women . . . tonight I'm
going to bed early . . . perpetual letter-
writer . . . I haven't done any work for a
week . . . loves a good laugh . . . twelve
o'clock commons . . . daughter of the
confederacy . . . libba



The Dodo—On Floor: R. Mendoza, H. Holran, R. Christianson, L. Rostow. Seated: J. Root, J. Wooley, J. Strauss, S. Moltz, S. Speier, S. Pattullo, L. Koufman, K. Juliord. Standing: C. Lippit, M. Bodansky.



The Lit—On Floor: E. Wood, V. Worth, M. Ravage, A. March, S. Marx. Seated: H. Nissenson, D. Snel, C. Sullivan, P. Gottlieb, C. Krivibok.



WILMA SELDIN

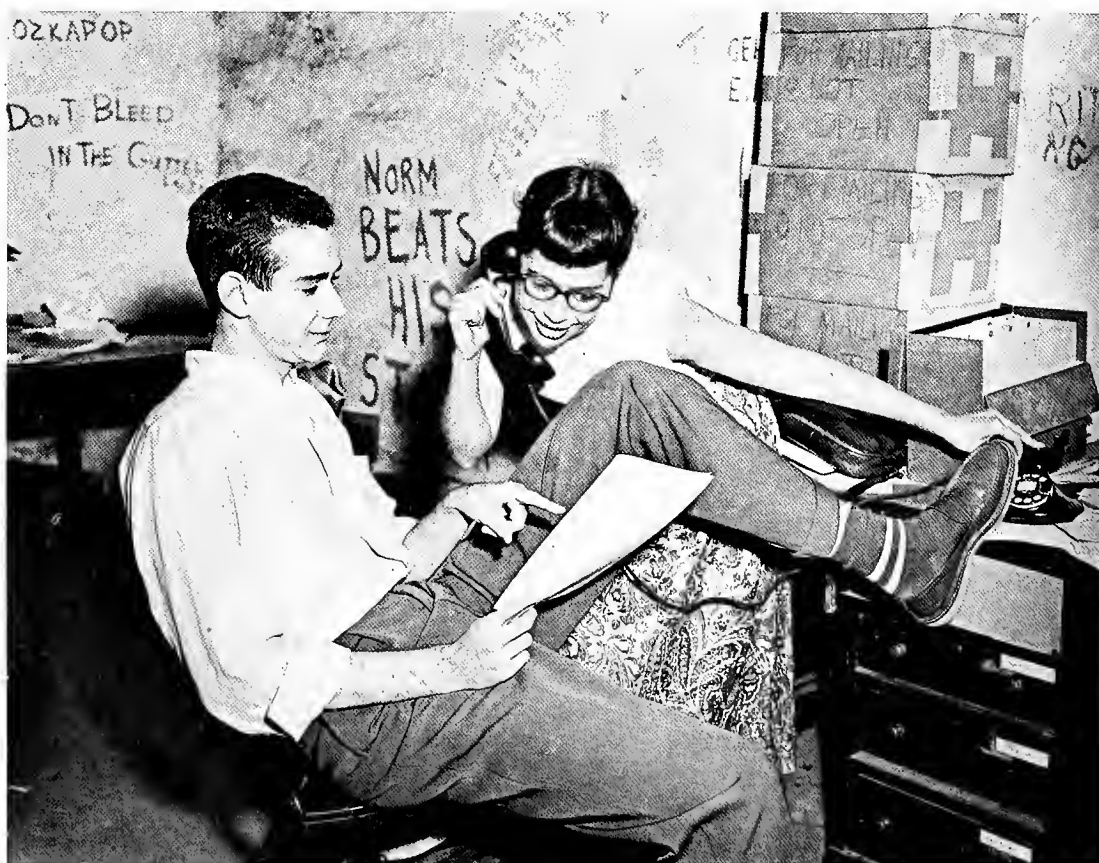
New York City *Psychology Honors*
 transfer from high school . . . frustrated
 night club temptress . . . frustrated psy-
 choanalyst . . . that's all . . . responsible
 for this whole ugly mess . . . psych woman
 . . . where is Barry John Klippstein's write-
 up . . . what is a T-formation . . . see you
 later, sweet potato . . . Wil

LUCY BUNZL

New York City, N. Y. *Ec Honors*
 practical theorist . . . talks with her hands,
 among other things . . . ebunzidate, Lucy
 . . . don't do as I do, do as I say . . . but
 Augie, three dimensions? . . . moral turpen-
 tine . . . quiet evenings at home . . . I'm so
 rational . . . can't sit still . . . what I hate
 about you psychologists is . . . keen and
 capable . . . bundle of intensity . . . Lucy

NANCY ALISON BRIGHAM

Louisville, Ky. *English Honors*
 one big concatenation after another . . .
 step back, world, you're pinching my toes
 . . . she's tall and militant with floring
 nostrils . . . play that Beethoven thing I
 wrote . . . he's o good kid and I don't
 want his name smeared . . . see you later,
 alligator . . . Billy Holiday to those who
 know her . . . distraction . . . Brig



At home with Uncle Rog and Aunt Wil.



SPORTS



On the following pages are pictures of people with pseudo-ferocious looks on their faces, brandishing baseball bats, lacrosse sticks and their own bodies in a menacing manner. Last year they gave their all for Old Swarthmore by trying to out-Frank Merriwell each other on the field of combat. The Oskis, Millmans and Wrights demonstrated without a doubt that it's not necessary to give athletic scholarships and treat every football game as if it were some kind of a Roman Bacchanal in order to have a rewarding sports set-up. Liberty to go to the library on Saturday afternoons in the fall is the Swarthmorean's fifth freedom and it is what has made us what we are today—a diversified, if a bit pallid group of non-muscular misfits. The "Play and Watch for Fun Theory of Sports" is simple enough but in this age of fanaticism when all collegiate athletics rank with cigarette peddling as a cut-throat business, most institutions of higher learning just don't do things this way. We do and everybody seems to have a pretty good time doing it.

Later on we'll see that the uniformed Spartans herein depicted are not necessarily Swarthmore's true sportsmen. After an examination of the events that made the newspapers we shall proceed to a description of what athletic endeavor at Swarthmore is really like.

The football team came as close to having a winning season as it could have without actually having one. In the first year that we were here the team won one game, the second it won two and last year it came up with three victories. The Unclouded Crystal Ball dictates a prediction of a 4-3 record in 1953 and indeed by the time this Halcyon comes out we might well be in the midst of our first undefeated season in quite a while.

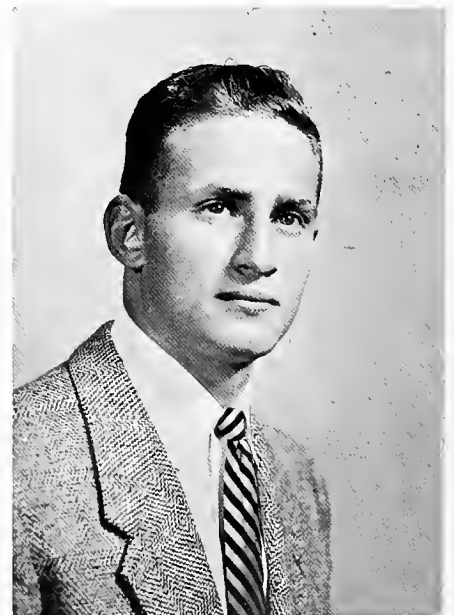
The Board of Directors, consisting of Elverson, Stoffko and Blake had the team ready and waiting for Susquehanna. The game ended with the athletes of Amos Alonzo Stagg ahead by a score of 24-20. According to the individual who wrote up the game for the Phoenix, Mr. Stagg's team was "highly touted." Since the "touts" had not been doing much "touting" for us the outcome was not as bad it might have been. Cooper, Oski and the rest did their best but a 5' 6" All-American named Rich Young completed 10 out of 16 passes and stole the show.

On the following Saturday at Hamilton the team encountered four obstacles. They were, and again we are forced to rely on the vivid description of a Phoenix reporter, cold weather, a billy goat, fraternity house party weekend, and the Hamilton football team. Cooper scored two touchdowns and James, Jones and Simkin scored one each as the



WILLIAM D. JONES

Swarthmore, Pa. *Economics*
 Wonderful Willie . . . triple-threat on the gridiron, claims he's no threat with the women . . . ginger ale, please . . . javelin record . . . curly hair and ready smile . . . strictly from left field . . . mid-morning naps . . . freshman girls' big brother . . . damn Dettmers . . . football co-captain . . . clove life savers . . . phi psi . . . never cut out your buddy . . . with a heart as big as his . . . Jonesy



JAY OCHROCH

Philadelphia, Pa. *Economics*
 football letterman . . . frequent trips to Philly . . . philosophical bent . . . often seen in undershirt . . . going into honors . . . lacrosse team . . . creep on a schedule . . . the sack by ten . . . phi psi . . . eager blocker against haverford, especially on the four yard line . . . hot rocks . . . let's face it, that guy is nowhere . . . central high boy

team won 33-26. The billy goat's part in all this was never made clear. When you come to think of it a fifth obstacle which the team faced at Hamilton and which it faces everywhere, for that matter, would seem to be the Phoenix.

Ursinus was tougher. The Bears were sparked by John Conti, Paul Neborak and Bob Swett, the many-sported mastodon whose 6' 8" image will undoubtedly be painfully extricated from the neurotic symptoms of ex-Swarthmore athletes by psychiatrists 20 years from now. The game was a scoreless tie until late in the fourth period when somebody named Malliken plunged over from the one yard line. For days after the game the Monday morning quarterbacks talked long and hard over what might have been, since, on the second play of the game, Bill Jones stepped in a gopher hole, injured his knee, and was out for most of the season.

In a game which turned out to be something of a throw-back to freshman days the team lost to Wesleyan 34-0. The Cardinals seemingly used seven blocks of granite for a line and the irresistible forces Cooper, Bode, Spitzer et. al. came out a poor second to the immovable objects, Physics or no Physics.

The team scored against Hopkins on the following Saturday. However, if Hopkins had scored as many points in the second half of the game as they did in the first half the final score would have been 66-something very minute. We amassed two points in the first half. However, the second half was a different story. Led by the brilliant running of Paul James and Tom Simkin the Garnet scored early in the third period and eventually rolled up over 250 yards and ten first downs. The final score was 33-9.

The Garnet warmed up for the Haverford game by beating Drexel 27-6 at home. Bernie Marshall slithered over the muddy goal line twice while James and Cooper scored a touchdown each, thereby rolling up the biggest winning margin compiled by a Swarthmore team since 1948.

Even though the gridders lost more games than they won the season was a winning one since we beat Haverford. The public-spirited generosity of General Motors made it possible for WPTZ-TV to allow thousands of barflies to see two teams who were most decidedly not Pennsylvania, Princeton or Cornell play each other. Paul James' running and passing and the all-around excellence of Chuck Cooper's play were instrumental in bringing about a 14-2 Swarthmore triumph. Cooper won the Maxwell Award, given to the best player in the Philadelphia area on that particular Saturday, for his efforts.



WALLACE LEONARD DETTMERS

Chicago, Ill.

Economics metamorphosis from high school purity to college vice . . . funniest when he tries to be serious . . . it's strictly platonic . . . blindness not due to overstudying . . . three roommates but one wardrobe . . . tengo que ir all the spanish he knows or needs . . . trip to Virginia freshman year . . . just easing into it . . . football . . . pole vaulter . . . ec major via engineering . . . a trusting friend . . . phi psi . . . Len



Football Team—Back Row: P. Stoffko, W. Bruce, F. Oski, B. Marshall, W. Jones, R. Burtis, D. Swan, C. Cooper, A. Ludwig, R. Merin, R. Kohls, T. Simkin, J. Finkelstein, H. Bode, S. Spitzer, P. James, J. Davis, A. Blake, L. Elverson. Front Row: W. Bosbyshell, T. Riley, T. Soyars, T. Jones, N. Cusano, A. Blake, D. Harvey, P. Macy, J. Ochroch, C. Fristrom.



The subject of this paragraph is the only athletic or social endeavor in which the Swarthmore male is not allowed to use his hands. Soccer originated in the early part of the 19th century when English bon vivants got tired of kicking the lower classes around and started to devote their attention to a ball instead. In the classless Swarthmore society soccer has always been our forte. Last year Coach Bob Dunn pulled strings, moved pawns and generally celebrated his way to an undefeated season as far as league competition was concerned. Actually, the goal-scoring, passing and goal-preventing was done by Dave Wilkison, Jim White, Obi Atuanya, Joe Carroll, Orville Wright and Pete Sielman. Their efforts resulted in 7-0 victories over Muhlenberg and Ursinus and equally convincing triumphs over Lafayette and Lehigh. Dunn's charges took the Nose-in-the-Air boys from Old Nassau down a peg in a 2-1 win but they lost to F & M in a play-off game after league competition had ended in a tie.



Soccer Team—Back row: Coach Dun, Ass't Coach Barr, L. Witaker, R. Wallach, J. Tyson, L. Hanley, M. Douty, D. Hattis, C. Lucas, H. Short; Middle row: G. Stainton, G. DeWees, K. Conrow, D. Price, F. Carrady, T. Throop, M. Laws, W. Dominick, R. Kipp, F. Barakat; Front row: H. Frost, P. Sielman, L. Hallberg, W. Sloan, W. Nelson, J. Carroll, P. Swayne, C. Inglesis, G. Henderson, D. Wilkinson, L. Shane.

Another fall sport which attracts an adherent or two is cross country, which is certainly not much of a spectator sport. As a matter of fact the only people who watch the meets are those who happen to be looking out of the window when the runners pass by. Laymen commonly believe that any fool can run and that it does not take much skill or anything at all besides two legs and a right index finger lacking any trace of nicotine stain to be a good cross country runner. All this is one big myth. Actually it takes quite a bit of ability and stamina to run correctly. Swarthmore harriers Chuck Loucks, Frank Irish, Captain George Hastings and Mike Dukakis, who runs as if he were being chased by a Republican, helped to compile a creditable 4-3 record during the 1952 season. However, Coach Miller's rabbits lost the big one to Haverford. Next year things might be a bit rough, what with Hastings graduating, but the Unclouded Crystal Ball exhibits the name "Power" as belonging to a freshman who will undoubtedly help.

Cross-Country Team—Back row: Coach Miller, G. Rosenblatt, J. Rowe, L. Hand, D. Brown, J. Seaman, R. Patthoff, N. Bright, D. Holland, B. Randall, A. Rake, M. David, C. Phillipedes; Front row: D. Young, J. Strauss, M. Dukakis, R. Noyes, G. Hastings, C. Sullivan, C. Loucks, F. Irish, R. Snyder.





During our four years at school basketball and Joe Carroll were synonymous. Joe, who graduated last June, scored a total of 1258 points while he was at Swarthmore and, in his last game, which saw the Garnet beat Haverford 85-66 and tie the Hood Cup race, he tallied 35 times. During his last year Carroll broke the thirty mark eight times and averaged 27.1 points per game. However, the team as a whole didn't do very well, winning five out of 16. The five victories came in the last seven games that were played so that the "Two Season Theory" might be applicable here. Outstanding players, aside from the fabulous Mr. Carroll, were Babe Hallberg, Chuck Cooper, Dana Swan, Tom Jones and Dick Millman. Hallberg averaged almost ten points per game and Battling Chuck played every game as if he had memorized the stamina-fight-hustle instructions on the back of the Wheaties box. All in all the season turned out much better than was expected. With another basket here and there our league record could have been 8-2 and this performance would have won the title. Next year freshmen Larry Shane and Try Wieland will have more experience. Also, Parker Hall will be available.



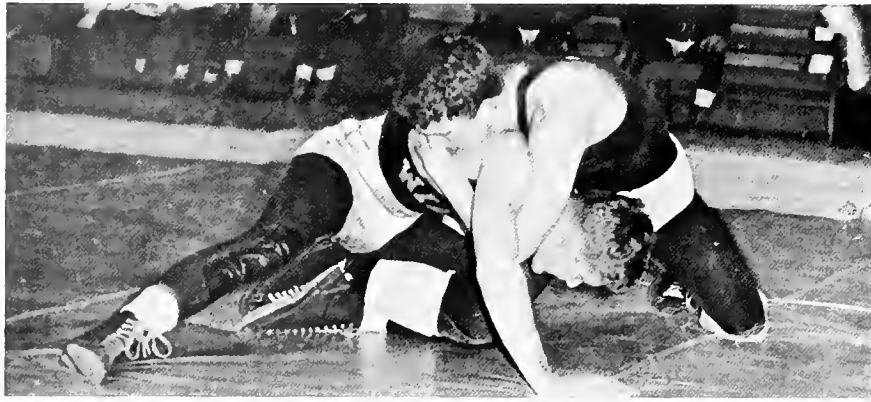


RICHARD MILLMAN

Crum Lynne, Pa. *History*
 chester hood makes good in ivory tower
 . . . hooks them up for life in his spare
 time . . . impertinent questions on any
 subject . . . equally adept at ping pong,
 pool, and training table . . . I disagree
 . . . grey corduroy jacket and shirt tails
 hanging out . . . phi psi every third
 Monday night . . . the girl next door is a
 corny stripper . . . fogbound philosopher
 . . . Dick



Basketball Team—Back Row: L. Owens, H. Sipler, D. Wilkison, T. Janes, T. Wieland, L. Shane, P. James, R. Herndon. Frant Row: W. Bruce, L. Hallberg, R. Millman, J. Carrall, C. Caaper, D. Swan.

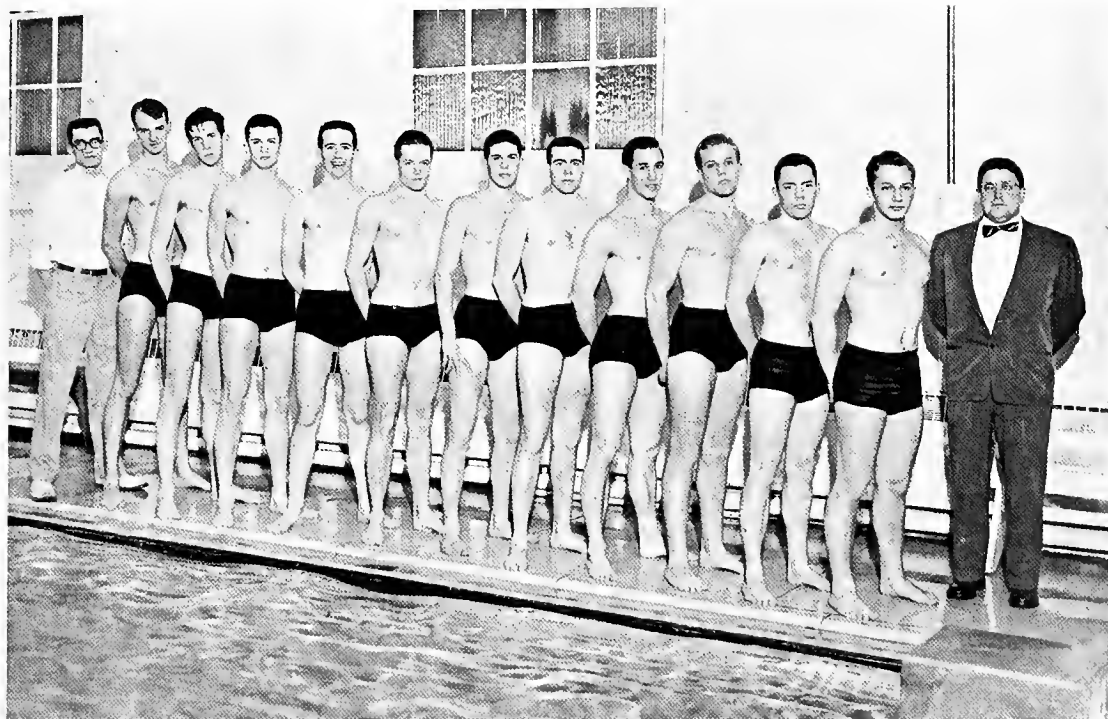


In recent years two decidedly different kinds of wrestling have developed. The first kind involves deceptively flabby-looking, dissipated males grimacing into your living room from behind a pane of glass. Collegiate wrestling, the second kind, has had to work itself free from the curse of televised professional wrestling. This has been so even though the intellectualized grapplers are worlds removed in nearly every respect from Gorgeous George and his rowdy compatriots. It is difficult to imagine an artist like Captain Clem Hastie, the Matisse of the Mat, trying to fend off the uncouth advances of the Goliath-ish caveman. Clem won seven out of eight matches last season. However, despite his efforts the team won only three out of eight. Jerry Lenthall ran Clem a close second for individual honors, winning five and losing only one.

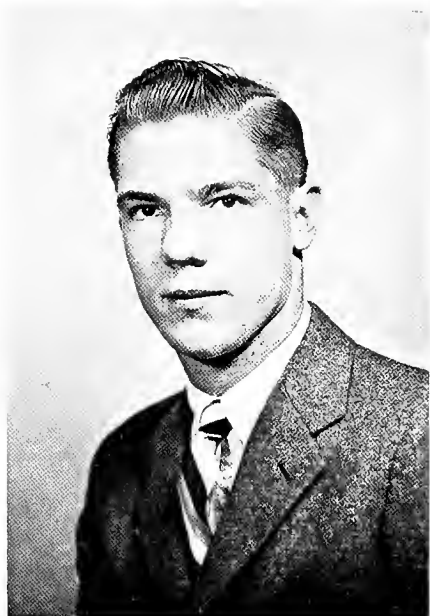


Wrestling Team—Back Row: H. Strachan, K. Canraw, R. Beatty, R. Durdsall, D. McKinley, H. Bade, J. Tysan, A. Robinson, R. Stewart, G. Davies. Coach, Secand Row: J. Strauss, D. Ray, A. Curtis, F. Sieverts, R. Shepard. Front Row: M. Laws, P. Hawes, C. Hastie, C. Phillippides, J. Lenthall.

The swimming team led by John Ridland and Rich Laux compiled a 5-4 record and placed fifth in the Middle Atlantics. Ridland accounted for 103 points and lost the individual medley race in only one meet. Laux scored 85 points and was extremely dependable in the sprints, losing only three times in both the fifty and one hundred. Other able performers were Chris McMurtrie, Scott Cooper, Dick Gammon, Linc Potter and Martie Cornell. According to the Phoenix, prospects for the '53-'54 season are pretty good because Lehigh is withdrawing from the league.



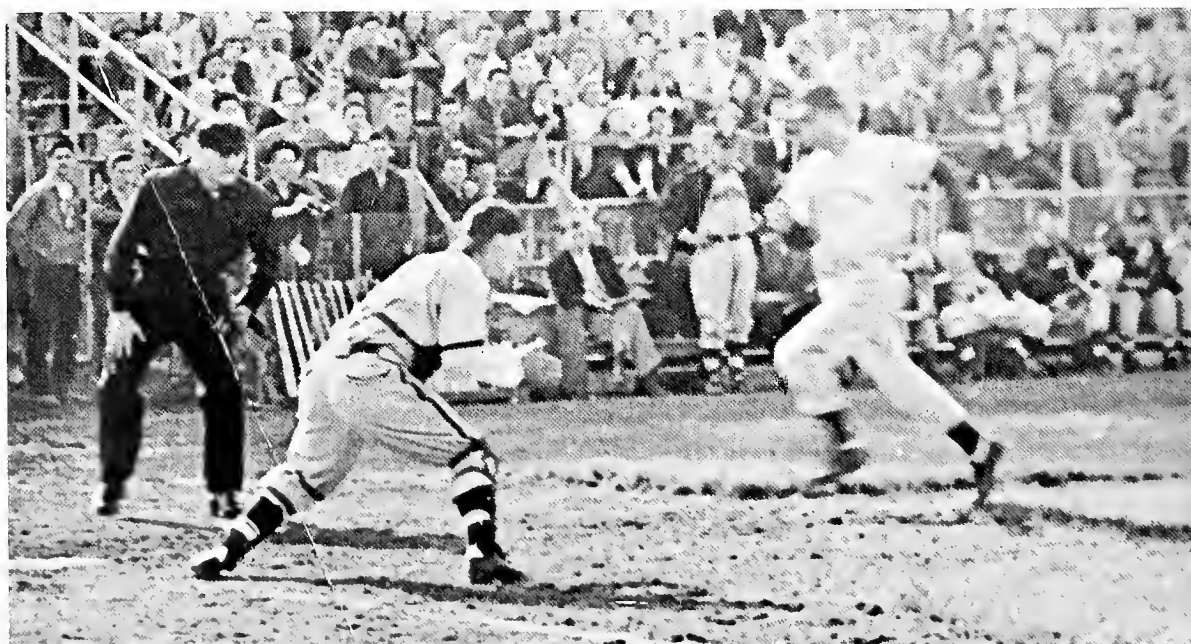
Swimming Team—G. Smith, J. Ridland, M. Douty, L. Potter, S. Cooper, T. Phelps, J. Schiller, R. Gammon, R. Laux, C. McMurtrie, M. Cornell, F. Fiengold, Coach McAdoo.

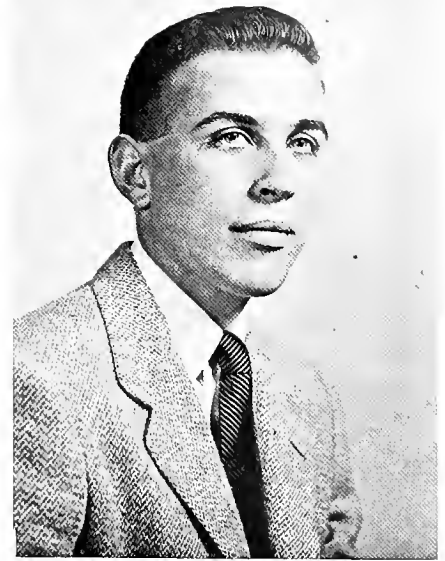


DANA SWAN

Swarthmore, Pa. *English*
local thug . . . if you think I'm good, you
ought to see my brother . . . plays soli-
taire with parking tickets . . . silver
tongued orator . . . sugar daddy . . .
non-practicing english major . . . drug-
store cowboy . . . squeaky knee brace
. . . women are no damn good . . . 60
minute man . . . infrequent visitor to
classes . . . big heart . . . worries, believe
it or not . . . high school all-star . . .
carrying on in college . . . phi psi . . .
naturally

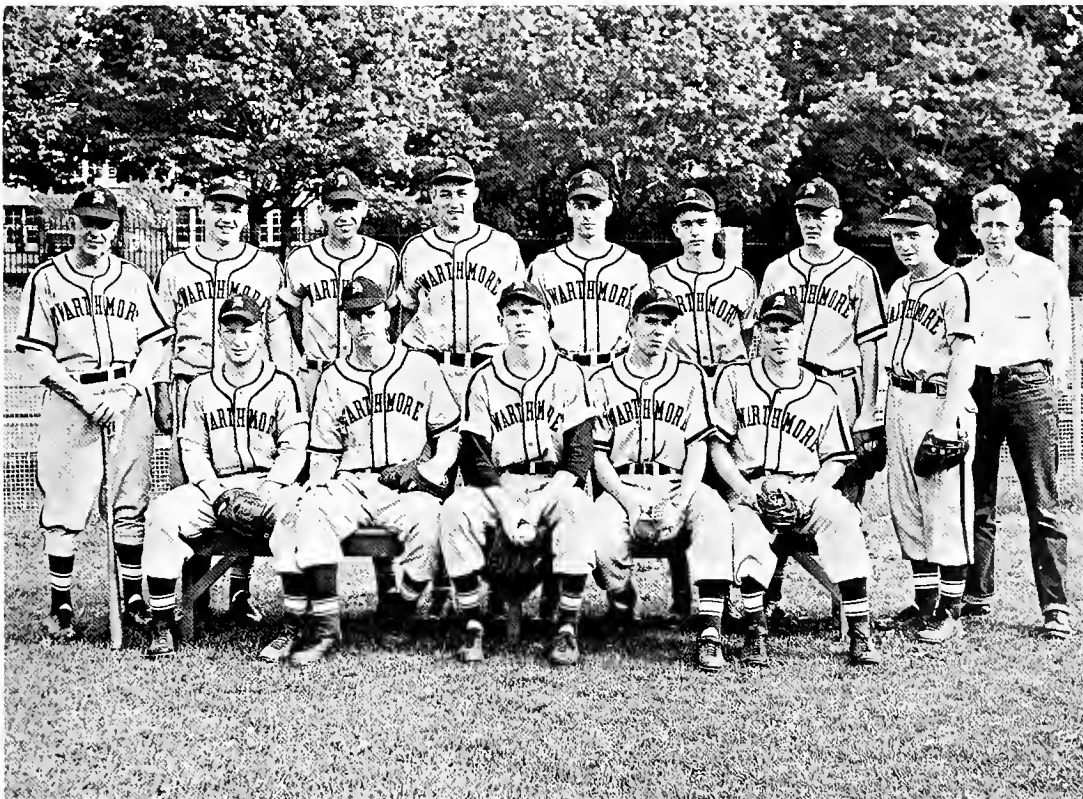
Modern artists and college baseball players are alike in that almost nobody seems to appreciate either group. In the spring the fancy of Swarthmore's young men and young women lightly turns to thoughts of each other and definitely not to baseball. The none-too-spacious Alumni Field coliseum is seldom more than half filled but, according to our original theory, this is as it should be since it merely indicates that comparatively few people get any fun out of watching baseball. Those that aren't interested certainly should not feel obliged to watch just because a Swarthmore team happens to be playing. In 1953 Swarthmore's team happened to be playing in a rather mediocre fashion, if one is to judge from its 4-10 record. The season got off to an inauspicious start when Drexel won 10-0. Then the lightning struck. Dunn's Doubleday Decendants journeyed up the Hudson and demonstrated the advantage of civilian academic freedom over military authoritarianism. Paul James pitched a four-hitter and collected three hits himself as the team bested the West Pointers. The other three victories were over Dickinson, Haverford, and the Lakehurst Naval Training Station. James also pitched and won the Haverford encounter. John Bennett's brilliant defensive work and the hitting of Swan, Roeder and Cooper were a few of the outstanding seasonal performances.





JOHN BENNETT

Chatham, N. J. Economics
 greatest pair . . . big social splash at
 lewis farm . . . "nice guys don't win pen-
 nants" . . . 6:15 club . . . one of the 39
 . . . baseball . . . basketball his real love;
 big six against delaware frosh . . . phidelt
 . . . ifc, mjc . . . old mill fiasco . . . used
 to go to chester; now lives in a . . . dodg-
 ers, dixieland, and doris day . . . hands
 . . . economics

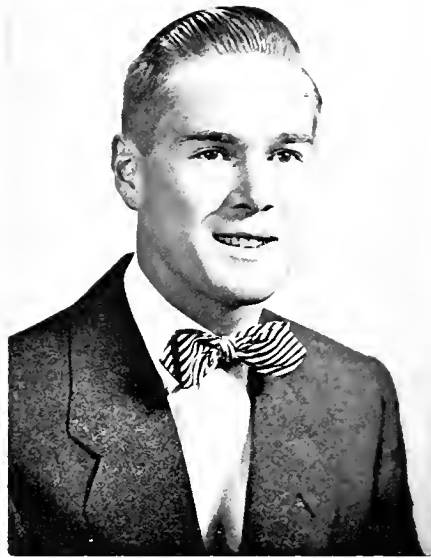


Baseball Team—Back Row: Coach Dunn, A. Ludwig, J. Bennett, C. Cooper, W. Dominick, R. Snyder,
 W. Sloan, K. Giles, Mgr. R. Tauber. Front Row: P. James, L. Whitaker, T. Jones, W. Chapman, C.
 Fristrom.



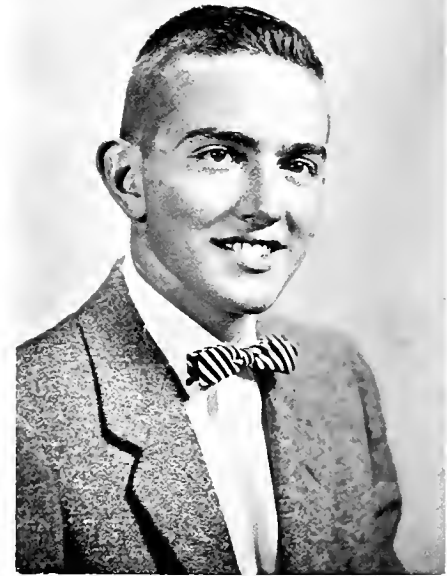
ORVILLE WRIGHT

Baltimore, Md. *Economics*
 cvule . . . big man with a big stick . . .
 kappa sig . . . three A's and two B's next
 semester . . . no relation to wilbur . . .
 anybody going to green's . . . goalie for
 dungy . . . thrice all state in lacrosse . . .
 baltimore . . . milk and butter thief . . .
 Oh bull . . . ec major . . . McDonogh . . .
 frustrated lover . . . orv



HALSEY ROGERS FROST

Bellerose, L. I., New York *Economics*
 friendly frost . . . prime example of a
 good guy . . . d.u. by blood . . . white
 bucks . . . a bow tie but no voice . . . friday
 night at babe's . . . your right . . . matter of
 fact . . . a little man with a big stick . . .
 thrice all-state lacrosse . . . college-made
 soccer stalwart . . . favorite fourth
 sewanhaka . . . seems to work harder
 than he does . . . frost iv.



WILLIAM W. HOLLOWAY, Jr.

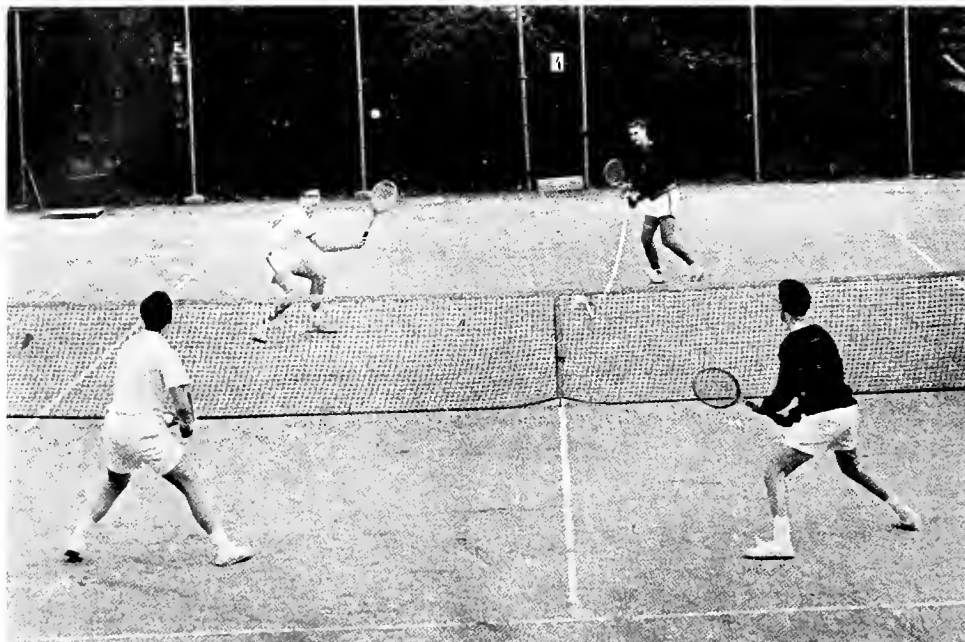
Catonsville, Md. *Math Honors*
 insincere pessimist . . . unconscious modesty
 . . . fast man with a lacrosse stick, but slow
 afoot . . . erstwhile swimmer . . . she won't
 speak to me . . . mathematics major but
 frustrated psychiatrist and Shakespearean
 actor . . . thought for today—ten o'clock,
 sacktime . . . what a laugh . . . first D.U.
 treasurer to realize a deficit . . . answers
 to Ace, Bill, Willie, Will . . . but never
 Billy

Contrary to popular opinion Columbus did not observe savages engaging in nascent stickball on the West Indian Beach. Instead the aborigines were mauling each other with sticks named after the French missionary Jean Lacrosse who had gotten there first. Swarthmore's latter day Indians mauled nine opposing teams and the Clothier field reservation was frequently the scene of some bloody massacres. The season's only loss came at the hands of Johns Hopkins. Orville Wright, Bunky Blake, Bill Holloway, Halsey Frost and Fred Kyle come to mind as the stickmen who were particularly adept. Blake was first string All-American. Orville was second string and Holloway got honorable mention.





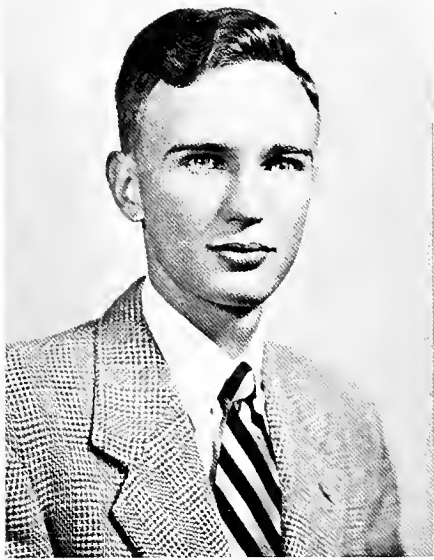
Lacrosse Team—Back Row: J V Coach P. Bennedetti, C. McMurtrie, W. Bragden, G. Heatan, L. Franck, H. Hallowell, C. Cagswell, R. Nayes, T. Simkins, S. Spitzer, T. Maher. Second Row: Mgr. C. Phillippides, M. Janes, E. Wallach, G. Henderson, F. Oski, A. Blake, J. Davis, R. Decker, R. Merin, D. Young, P. Resnick, Mgr. First Row: Coach Blake, Mgr., J. Ochroch, D. Harvey, W. Fitts, H. Frast, L. Handley, F. Kyle, O. Wright, R. Griest, W. Hallaway, G. Rosenblatt.



The already potent tennis team was strengthened by the addition of Jay Hickerson. Middle Atlantic Champion Tim Coss beat everybody in sight and his efforts were ably supplemented by Bob Wentworth, Joe Levine, and freshmen Carl Berger and Larry Shane. The high point of the season was the 6-3 victory over Haverford, which evened the Hood Trophy competition. The only loss of the season came at the hands of Navy.



Tennis Team—Back Row: Mr. Conard, T. Coss, R. Wentworth, J. Hickerson Mgr., T. Riley, E. Faulkner, coach. Front Row: L. Shane, J. Levine, D. Hoskell, C. Berger.



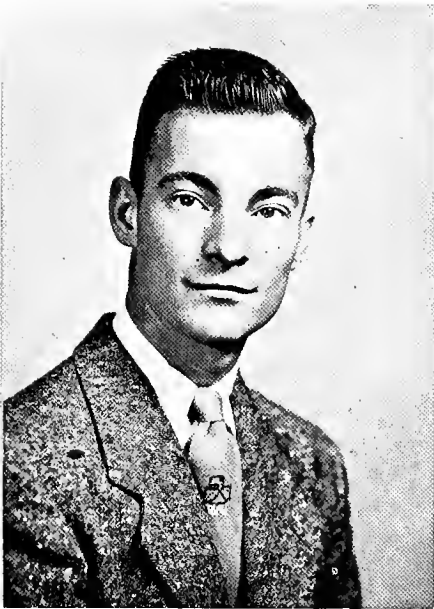
KENNETH DURBAN ROBERTS

Bethesda, Maryland *Economic Honors*
 commodore . . . fast mover—on the cinders
 he's got the longest stride you ever saw
 . . . likes to do things . . . great times in
 the great state of Maine . . . sensitive to
 others' feelings . . . sleeps through some of
 his studies, but gets there . . . sells
 popcorn, corsages, beer mugs . . . phi
 delt, track team, social committee . . . ken

The Track team also won two meets but lost quite a few more. The team was sparked by the performances of two new members. Harry Roeder, an able freshman dash man, and Bernie Marshall, a large shot-putter, gave promise of developing into the nucleus of top-notch aggregation. Chuck Cooper provided one of the more memorable moments in Swarthmore's athletic heritage by participating in the Haverford meet after playing in a baseball game.

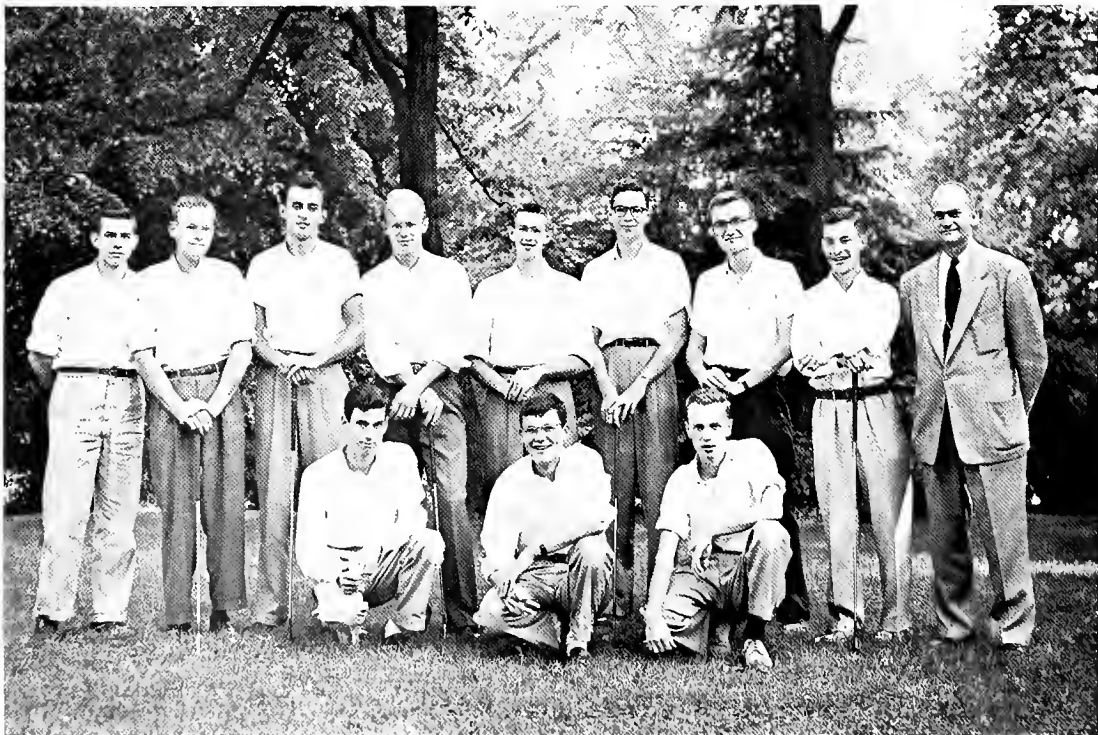


Track Team—Back Row: Mr. Drum, J. Lamant, W. Robinson, D. Dulles, A. Rake, D. Holland, J. Gutzeit, R. Burdsoll, T. Fetter, A. Robinson, C. Bonnier, W. Cunningham, B. Beatty, R. Temple, L. Elverson, Coach. Middle Row: H. Roeder, B. Marshall, J. Becker, T. Prestan, A. Mason, W. Bruce, J. Finkelstein. Front Row: C. Thom, R. Laux, K. Roberts, R. Hawell, W. Jones, C. Loucks.



RICHARD H. MORROW, Jr.
 Arlington Heights, Ill. Economics Honors pre-med who talked his way into the ec department . . . a mid-westerer sweeping the country . . . entrepreneur par excellence . . . I'll never get all *this* done . . . shoots almost as good a golf game as he talks . . . hallway athlete . . . social committee, golf team, phoenix . . . dick

The Garnet mashie and niblick contingent had a 2-7 slate. Morrow and Rorer will probably never forget the St. Joe match. The contest was run off amid a shower of $\frac{3}{4}$ " hailstones and these made it a bit difficult to find the very essential golf balls. The St. Josephs were apparently used to looking for camouflaged golf balls, since they won the match handily. The victories were over Drexel and F & M.



Golf Team—Back Row: R. Gammon, W. Walker, C. Baker, W. Pratt, N. Meyer, L. Rorer, W. Hicks, R. Morrow, W. Stetson, Coach. Front Row: Mgrs. P. Osborne, B. Scott, R. Schreier.

The Grand Old Organization was dying and it was President Owen's job to apply the respiration. Reilly took the public service aspect of Kwink's functions a bit too seriously and ended up by incurring considerable financial embarrassment in the matter of the football programs. Luckily the Hamburg Show evened matters a bit but the dark clouds gathered again as the Student Council stepped in and threatened to investigate. Academic freedom was at stake. Larry gasped and for awhile it looked as if the flashy straw hats would have to be pawned. The ping-pong tourney took the pressure off and the semester ended on a happy note when visionary plans for a Kwink-Gwimp formal were nipped in the bud.

In the second semester popcorn and frankfurters were sold like hot hoagies at the basketball games and the coffers started to jingle. Next year the organization intends to buy a Cadillac with which to haul the candy bars out to the gridiron. And the Student Council had the nerve to say that Kwink was making unfair profits!



Kwink—Back Row: S. Levin, T. Beatsan, M. Swift, W. Bosbyshell. Seated: R. Stewart, R. Snyder, C. Frisram, G. Lamb.



MARY JANE VERREI

Philadelphia, Pa. *English Lit.*
 cheery "elo" . . . four feet nine inches of
 fun . . . I'm tired of looking up . . . ir-
 replaceable left wing . . . favors Scotties
 . . . diamond weekly draws her from
 Swarthmore . . . happy giggle . . . sleep's
 a naughty word . . . sympathetic listener
 . . . lively lady . . . determined cheer-
 leader . . . gullible . . . excitable . . .
 unforgettable

Ever since a grease-covered swimmer splashed across the English Channel and added an Ederle craze to the other somewhat fatuous fads of the 1920's people have become less and less nose-in-the-airish about female athletes. After all, if you play something for fun, why shouldn't the girls have some fun as well as the boys. Since Swarthmore is the very citadel of play-for-funism our sports-women have maltreated shuttlecocks and formation swum with unexcelled avidity. The hockey, lacrosse, badminton and swimming teams were undefeated. The highly successful lacrosstics were sparked by five girls who had never before indulged in the old Indian game; Liz Dun, Gabby Shuler, Jane Woodbridge, Ann Pressman, and Jess Heinbach from whom we shall hear quite a bit more later on. The Chadwicks won the intercollegiate swimming title for the sixth straight year. In the intercollegiates Sally Richards showed the best breast-stroke of all those present. The basketball team featured the presence of three freshmen. Jess Heinbach, Ann Pressman and Edna Apfel dribbled their way to stardom as the team had a 4-4 season.

The formation swimming team gave Peter Illyitch Tschakowsky a thorough dousing as they undulated under the direction of Sue Marx and Phyllis Raymond to the strains of the Nutcracker Suite.



ELIZABETH MANSON

Brooklyn, N. Y. *Psychology and Education*
 wanna hear somethin' hysterical? . . . talks
 politics, too . . . ah, those expanding
 horizons and broadening experiences . . .
 tomorrow we diet . . . slugger on the
 diamond . . . that wicked curve . . . no
 kidding, nobody told me! . . . bubbles
 without froth . . . amidst faux pas, a
 cheerful sincerity with such good intentions
 . . . that smile . . . tried to indoctrinate her
 brownies with Dodger spirit . . . they called
 me Bim . . . Betty



Coaches I. Moll

D. Rath

M. Parry



DOLORES WEBSTER

Newtown Square, Pa. *English Major*
 phys. ed. major . . . hustling halfback
 . . . Marine lover . . . Kappa Sig. sweet-
 heart . . . drum majorette . . . dynamo
 plus . . . a balanced gal . . . the soccer
 team will never be the same . . . last
 minute bustle . . . do or die attitude . . .
 romantic temperament . . . live while
 you're young . . . don't look for her in the
 stacks . . . Dee



NAOMI LICHTMAN

New York, N. Y. *Mathematics*
 born in the city but loves the great out-
 doors . . . fieldston forever . . . lives life to
 the fullest . . . fantastic stories . . . can talk
 about anything to anyone . . . star goalie
 . . . basketball and softball . . . I was
 married in second grade . . . studying (?)
 in the third floor smoker . . . mother con-
 fessor . . . I'm going to get up at seven
 tomorrow . . . dynamic personality . . .
 needs a personal lost-and-found depart-
 ment . . . fish



FRANCIS LELAND

Evanston, Ill. *Chemistry*
 but I've got lab this afternoon . . . outdoors
 girl . . . plus hockey . . . contented handy-
 woman and putterer . . . music . . . suitable
 sarcasm for most occasions . . . "take it
 easy" . . . frankie



Girl's Hockey Team—Back row: B. Bopp, J. Heimbach, E. Apfel, J. Lange, D. Webster, F. Fogg,
 Coach May Perry; Front row: M. Verrei, F. Leland, A. McMillan, P. Waford, E. Dun, N. Lichtman.



Basketball Team—Back Row: L. Dun, J. Halt, J. Heimbach, A. Pressman, B. Troxell, E. Mallanee, J. Turner, A. Bradley. Front Row: A. Abernathy, E. Apfel, D. Webster, D. Brack, A. Penn, F. Fagg.



DOLORES RUTH BROCK

Staten Island, N. Y.

Psychology
breezy exterior . . . black-rimmed specs for the intellectual look . . . soulful brown eyes . . . well, Freud says . . . purposeful stride . . . too many worlds, not enough time . . . versatile lady athlete . . . cosmopolitan air since European escapade . . . still looking for hidden talents . . . come for almost anything . . . dolo



ELIZABETH DUN

Summit, N. J.

Economics
cheery hi for everyone . . . never-ending sweaters . . . ambitious athlete? . . . keeper of the keys . . . infectious giggle . . . I'm not going to eat this meal . . . lady-like sneeze! . . . I'm there five minutes ago . . . secret desire to wear red . . . phenomenal memory for names . . . liz



ALICE SMITH

Decatur, Alabama

Fine Arts
Moicy dearie . . . the Dean of Admission's Secret Weapon . . . warm and friendly . . . living at the Moth Libe . . . four years in the North and she can almost roll her R's . . . Queen of the basketball forwards . . . it's not solely innocence of soul . . . everybody knows her, everybody likes her . . . would you like to go on a lion hunt? . . . horse



Badminton Team—Back Row: J. Hammitt, M. Buckley, M. Marey, R. Cooper, E. Meyer. Front Row: J. Bushman, I. MacDonald, F. Bensen, D. McCutcheon, P. Rosenberry.



Volleyball Team—Back Row: S. Patullo, J. Lundquist, M. Paxson, R. Olmsted, F. Farrell. Front Row: J. Ambruster, K. Henderson, G. Hunter, E. Murphy, L. Campbell.



PHYLLIS HALL RAYMOND

Philadelphia, Pa. *Poli Sci*
 Proud wearer of Ensign bars . . . tall,
 blue-eyed blond . . . always a smile . . .
 from Pitt to Mary Lyons in one big leap
 . . . C'mon, will ya? . . . in between baking
 bread, coaches Formation Swimming . . .
 That's all right! . . . Poli Sci major: already
 has a degree in human relations . . .
 summers on the beach, knitting for Richie
 . . . energetic and effervescent . . . a friend
 to all . . . Thus



ELISABET ORE

Hamden, Conn. *Zoology*
 the laughing norsk . . . often tries to get
 cultured but usually ends up quoting
 figures . . . I'll never be a bird watcher—
 but collects skulls . . . Bach and jazz . . .
 listen, lyn . . . I'm tired of fixations . . . the
 best people are characters . . . impulsive,
 but means well . . . having a hard time
 trying to decide which side of the ocean
 she will endow with her talents . . .
 swimming butterfly . . . eeyore



Swimming Team—Back Row: R. Renfer, C. Luhrs, V. Perkins, A. Hall, K. Hayes, M. Fleming. Middle Row: D. Scott, B. Culin, L. Ore, B. Keay, S. Richardsan, J. Elliott, J. Woodbridge. Front Row: J. Risk, R. Christians, M. MacCallum.



SUSAN KAY MARX

New Orleans, La. *Political Science Honors* new orleansian who tries to hide new england protestant morality . . . I'm not a woman's woman . . . the lit, water ballet, ltc makeup . . . and those parties in the amphitheatre . . . strives for neuroticism, achieves only stability . . . managed to maneuver about paris with the strangest accent this side of the vieux carre . . . unfailing good taste in all things . . . and never unhappy far lang . . . sue



SALLY RICHARDS

Bala Cynwyd, Pa. *Fine Arts* bubbling brunette from the main line . . . the spirit of kappa sigma . . . lots of vim, vigor and gab . . . effervescent energy for cheerleading, hockey and swimming . . . splashed her way to an intercollegiate first . . . gracious living under the eaves . . . that bonwit look . . . nick's pin by november of her freshman year . . . oh, sugar . . . sally





MARY ELIZABETH EVANS

Erie, Pa. *English Literature*
now in Erie we really give parties . . . don't blink those big brown eyes at me, baby . . . if only French hadn't been at eight o'clock . . . tennis is my racket . . . roberts rembrant . . . keeps michael's in business . . . there I was in my sawed off jeans . . . the rosebud choir . . . Pennsylvania politics . . . let's do something cr-a-a-z-e-e . . . mimi



BARBARA HILL

Newton Highlands, Mass. *Political Science*
keen but quiet . . . when in doubt, cut . . . hopeful math teacher with no math . . . band, gwimp, square dance demonstration set . . . Harvard summer school . . . if he just knew how to waltz . . . cracker collector . . . advocate of afternoon naps . . . but what if this room is wired . . . people, sports, and homework in that order . . . barbie



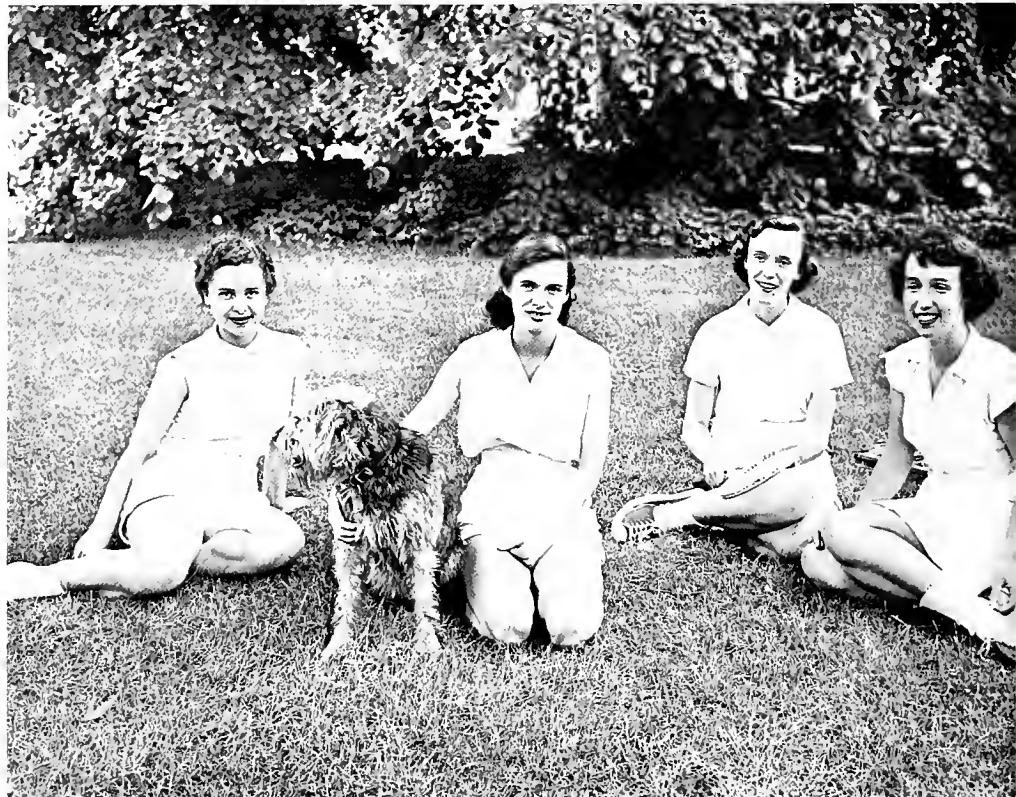
PHYLLIS VOYSEY

Long Island, New York *French*
graceful poise . . . infectious laugh . . . provocative blue eyes . . . easily teased . . . always busy with something . . . confirmed idealist . . . Paris-bound via New York . . . the flying lacrosse stick . . . tennis enthusiast . . . perpetual tan . . . had a beer once . . . graduate of L.I.R.R. . . . Oh, no! . . . Phyl



BETTY ANN NICHOL

Collingswood, N. J. *English*
little nichol . . . sunny hair and smile . . . "next year I'm going to grind" . . . tennis in spring . . . basketball manager . . . perfect listener . . . quite a conversationalist . . . preps advocate . . . not exactly a cliffdweller . . . 'y'know, I could go for him' . . . unnecessary but unending diets and exercise . . . learned to finesse in her sophomore year, now always a willing fourth . . . just one hand; I'll read this later . . . Betty Ann



Tennis Team—Left to Right: J. Bushman, M. Seversan, C. Luhrs, E. Meyer.



Lacrosse Team—Back Row: N. Vodner-Chance, A. Abernothy, A. Pressman, C. Shuler, A. Pascu, E. Mallonee, A. Brodley. Middle Row: J. Woodbridge, J. Holt, L. Dun, D. Webster, J. Heimboch. Front Row: G. Vogel, P. Voysey, M. Morey, M. Paxson, B. Sichermon.



Softball Team—Back Row: A. Chose, E. Apfel, B. Troxell, J. Kohlenberg, N. Scott, J. Turner, A. Hall. Front Row: P. Rosenberry, K. Dettmers, B. Monson, D. McCutcheon, A. Penn.



Archery—Back Row: N. Hickmon, C. Barrerro, S. Fried, S. Grimes. Front Row: R. Keyes, C. Denslow, R. Parker.

Girls who were full of the old get-up-and-go spirit, vim and vigor, or whatever you call it became managers of the various teams and the unsung heroes behind the successes of the teams. The frequent appearance of eager faces smiling out from beneath rabbit ears or reindeer horns attested to the success of GWIMP.



JUDY KAHLENBERG

Two Rivers, Wis. *International Relations* rollicking laugh, subtle humor . . . traumatic experiences . . . not convinced of her own ability . . . riotous european summer . . . who wants to borrow my Bavarian lederhosen? . . . send him a friendly postcard . . . for corn's sake, ladies . . . the bent twig . . . GWIMP'S prexy . . . perennial third-easter . . . the special delivery letter that rocked the campus . . . Judy



Golf Team—Left to Right: J. Deviedt, S. Richardsan, G. Mann, S. Hall, A. Reeves.



KAY EAGLE KYLE

Chevy Chase, Md. *Fine Arts*
 respectable blonde . . . idealistic, optimistic, artistic . . . limitless appreciation . . . vaudevillian versatility . . . insatiable curiosity . . . peerless mimic . . . ego-builder . . . Blodgett's beloved . . . diverted intellect . . . emotes in the triple to no avail . . . destined for dumpiness . . . advocates the pursuit of happiness for the majority . . . Sooky.



BEVERLY ANNE BOPP

Terre Haute, Ind. *French*
 so many maods in such a small package . . . life is simpler in Indiana . . . sneaks into training meals as hockey manager . . . ballet and badminton . . . one-man woman . . . roommate, I found another cat . . . individualist to the nth . . . I'm only six weeks behind in history . . . flair for the fashionable . . . I'm playing bridge again which I can't . . . but that's beside the point . . . bebop



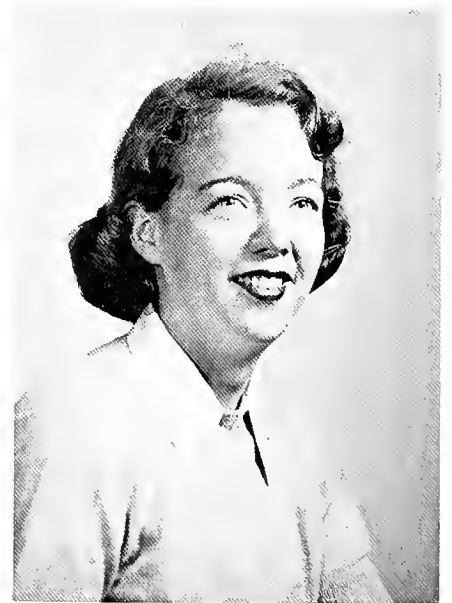
HANNAH THOMAS

Madison, Wis. *English*
 svelte little girl with the big wisconsin twang . . . sparkling dark brown eyes . . . shaking laughter . . . commons bridge club . . . colorful sweaters . . . cute, turned-up nose . . . "I think I'll get more work done in parrish" . . . but the first sun tan of spring . . . great girl at a party . . . gwimp's first modern dance manager . . . but what do I do? . . . gloves

Right: Fall WAA
 E. Meyer, D. Strandberg, A. Bradley, A. Abernathy, L. Dun.



Below: Spring WAA
 S. Grimes, B. Sicherman, D. Webster, A. Smith, H. Crawford, E. Apfel.



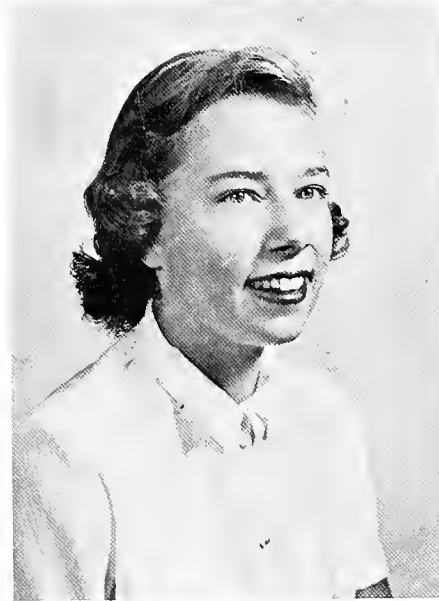
MARY WREN

Medford, Mass. *Latin*
 ready smile . . . modified Boston accent
 . . . I like Latin because . . . glock and
 oboe . . . trashy love stories in the bath
 tub . . . those blue eyes . . . sailing and
 painting . . . hole-in-one every time! . . .
 Maine-iac . . . MEETINGS! . . . gusty
 guffaws . . . Dinner at 5:30 sharp! . . .
 sly sense of humor.



HARRIET DONOW

Woodmere, N. Y. *International Relations* "beautiful, but dumb" . . . full of spirit when the spirit moves her . . . I'd lock John Locke in the John . . . conscientious, but not objectionable . . . toujours la date . . . good for what ails you . . . make mine Manhattans . . . "chased" cheerleader . . . freshman counselor par excellence . . . approaches mirrors sideways . . . bedroom eyes . . . c'est la guerre . . . Hattie.



ALICE PEATMAN

Larchmont, N. Y. *English* peat . . . never studied till she came to college . . . "I don't know what they're talking about in this book" . . . progressive rooming arrangements from double to triple to quad . . . modern dance in private . . . pretty faces . . . vim, vigor and vitality . . . "we're just buddies" . . . zoom! get the wrist action . . . corrupter of youth . . . formation manager . . . cheer-leader . . . let me have a drag . . . hey, ugly . . . alice



Checkmate!!!



When considering the exploits of Swarthmore's woman athletes one is led into an examination of the only general area of athletic endeavor which admits of competition between male and female. These sporting affairs are where an individual whom we shall refer to as the True Sportsman excels. He embarks upon walks in Crum, ping pong games and croquet matches with a feverish joie de vivrish approach born of intellectual exhaustion. These activities are the essence of sports at Swarthmore and will be considered one by one.



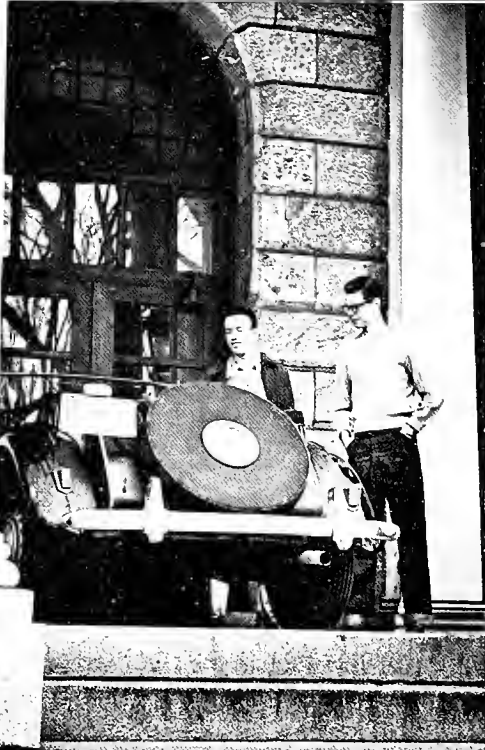
Walking is certainly a sport and walking in Crum with a member of the opposite sex is surely one of the highest forms of athletic endeavor. Here there are no distracting crowds and no pedantic coaches to be contended with, and here the True Sportsman is in his element.





Shifting from Crum to the lawn in front of Parrish we come upon more True Sportsmen enjoying a hearty game of croquet or penny pitching. The latter is actually a form of gambling but the stakes are small and surely no Quaker in his right mind could possibly object to the bartering away of a few coppers in the interest of good clean fun. During the day pseudo-athletes tapped the wooden croquet balls around in a delicate devil-may-care manner. From time to time the not-too-delicate among them over-tapped. On these occasions, sportsmanlike couples lounging on the grass were forced to dodge the on-coming missiles but all this was done without a trace of the evil play—to-win spirit. However, at night the anti-pseudo-athletes sometimes made the campus reverberate with the crack of wooden balls after the manner of Washington Irving's beloved little men of the Catskills. In the morning the balls were sometimes found near the railroad tracks.





Commons was the scene of quite a bit of pseudo-athleticism and of just about everything else that we hold next to our hearts for that matter. Ping pong players ran around the table in the middle of the room as if they were track stars and the celluloid spheres were all over the place much to the annoyance of those who were in the midst of an exciting rubber of bridge. The ping pong tournament was won by Bruce Scott although Larry Schilling pulled an unprecedented series of upsets which stunned the entire ping-pong world, particularly Saul Levin. Add to this a pall of cigarette smoke and the babble of idle chit-chat and you have a pretty good idea of the relaxing pandemonium that is Commons. Chess games, which took on the appearance of cases of sanity amid the desert of madness attracted many True Sportsmen. Contestants, oblivious to the din, made their carefully thought out blunders after long intervals of cerebration to the accompaniment of enthusiastic grunts from the on-lookers.





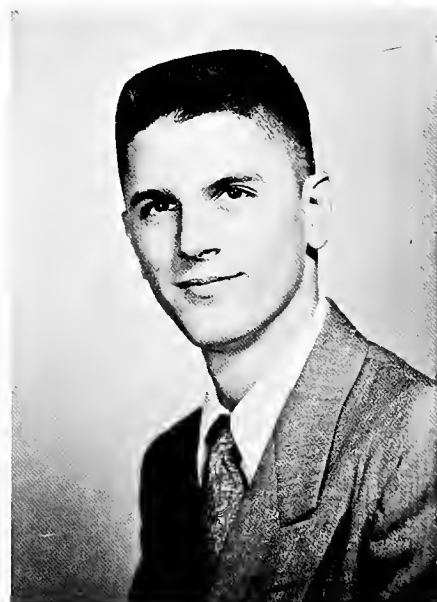
EDITH HAY

Swarthmore, Pa. *History Honors*
 lovely brown eyes and a warm smile . . .
 puckish humor, paradoxical expressions
 a mystic realist . . . active, enthusiastic,
 sensitive . . . gaiety tinged with melancholy
 . . . she has at heart a certain dawn . . .
 lacrosse, social committee, poli sci, thomas
 mann . . . variety . . . amazing sense of
 balance . . . it was lots of fun . . . edie



ANN BRADLEY

Hastings-On-Hudson, N. Y. *Psychology*
 fitting ornament for our ivory tower,
 when she isn't lost in the dust from old
 tomes . . . "Everybody calls me Bonnie!"
 . . . fits of neatness . . . "It's 11 o'clock,
 time for a little something" . . . modern
 dancing and basketball . . . "The Little
 White Duck" . . . silence becomes her . . .
 excitability with Quaker restraint . . . ann



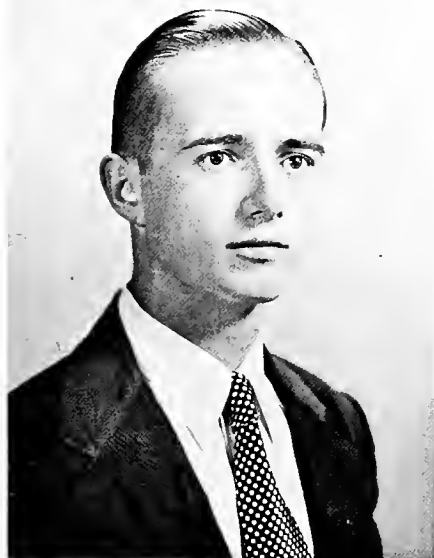
GEORGE LOWEN

New York, N. Y. *Zoology*
 almost suave continental and pre-med . . .
 catalyst of close acquaintances . . . com-
 parative anatomy corrupt . . . how come
 my cat ain't got no flexor digitorum
 langus? . . . energetic . . . occasionally
 miss-directed (she's cute too) . . . non
 illegitimi carbarundum . . . how's that? . . .
 K-sig . . . George



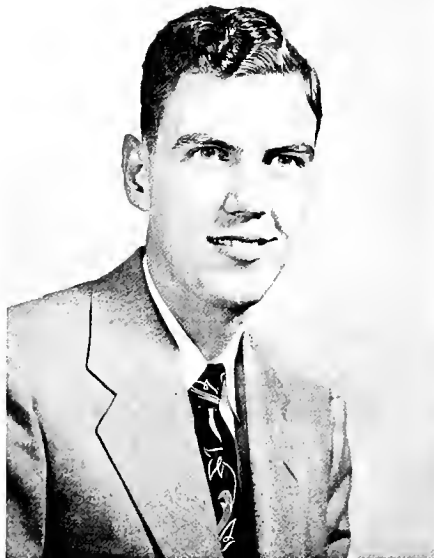


The true sportsmen reached their peak when they turned the innocent Commons game of contract bridge into a bloody inter-collegiate sport. Most of the blood drawn was Haverford's, as the bidmen ran through four straight matches against the 'Fords without a single loss (although there was an implausible 160 to 160 tie recorded somewhere in the series). Chief pseudo-athletes around the card table were: Tauber and Wentworth, Throop and Sielman, Swift and Hall, and Walker and Irish.



JOHN B. FORSYTHE

Washington, D. C. *Psychology Honors* unconvincing psych major . . . convinced ping-pong minor . . . can't trust a woman . . . music with Brahms first . . . connoisseur of the cinema . . . basketball fan . . . just-for-the-sake-of-argument theorizer . . . don't misunderstand, now, daggone it . . . friendly and talkative . . . high spirited . . . there are three things I want to take from Swarthmore . . . hi . . . SCF and studies in religion . . . Jahn



J. WILLIAM NEWITT

Narristawn, Pa. *Electrical Engineering* ex-conservative, ex-debater, ex-frat man and several other ex's herein nameless . . . been joining air force for years, may get there yet . . . this may or may not be true . . . addicted to commons, victors', bridge and other vices . . . used to go to bed early, now works at SN . . . admits his lack of character . . . the oldest living inhabitant . . . bill



LARRY SCHILLING

Bronx, N. Y. *Psychology* renegade psych major . . . torn between sharkskin and flannel . . . open-minded to the point of inconclusiveness . . . willing to discuss, but not to argue . . . inconsistently serious . . . articulate, but generally silent . . . makes a bit of noise now and then . . . iv basketball . . . phoney at track and wrestling . . . mover . . . phi psi . . . auxiliary policeman . . . haagie

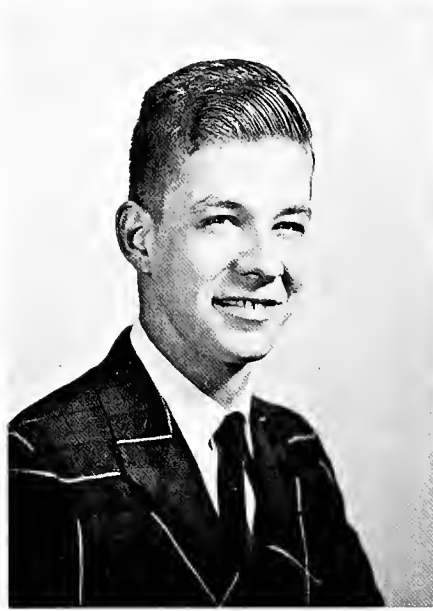


Swarthmore's winningest team—the Chess Team—has lost only one match in two years. In 1953, with a team of Bruch, Newell, Stockhold, Augustine and Throop, they drew and won with Haverford, while losing to Penn. In 1954 they crushed Penn, Temple, Drexel and Haverford in high style. These excellent results were largely due to the return of Hank Myers from Berlin, and the arrival of Paul Monsky, New York chess expert, in the freshman class. With the defeat of arch-rival Penn, Swarthmore for the first time becomes eligible to compete for the state collegiate chess championship. The departure of two seniors will weaken next year's team—Henry Stockhold, and Bob Augustine, team captain.



W. ROBERT AUGUSTINE

Plymouth, Mich. *Economics Honors* sees the sun only on groundhog day . . . chess dynamo . . . erstwhile defensive guard . . . likes bull, jam sessions . . . "I've been pledged by a fraternity, but I don't remember which one" . . . bewails prohibition . . . would like to rum-run . . . one Luce woman is better than none at all . . . "you can move sideways, backwards, or forward, so long as you don't stagnate" . . . "horrors! a cannibabble" . . . ec major, but non-economic man . . . walks in solitaire . . . Augie



HERBERT BRUCH

New York City *Mathematics Honors* applied math in medicine? . . . chess and karoso teams . . . strong interest in classical music . . . "why didn't you wake me up for lunch, you dog? . . . unassuming nature . . . distrust of absolutes . . . chain smoking tendencies . . . "where did the time go?" . . . everchanging moods . . . laughing hard, he cries . . . herb



HENRY STOCKHOLD

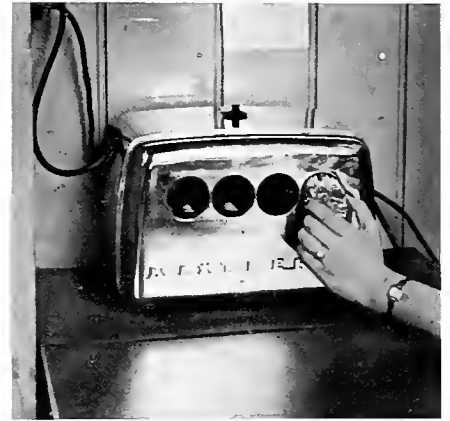
Lakewood, N. J. *History* true polish patriot . . . vive marshal pilsudski! . . . hot clarinetist of the lavabo trio . . . assayed football, but prefers (and excels in) ping-pang . . . a master at the chessboard . . . consistently low sack average . . . the evil genius of com-mans . . . plans to teach at beirut . . . that continental air . . . henri

Aside from the afore-mentioned almost - athletic pursuits the after dinner bon vivant could cancerize his lungs with cigarette smoke, torture his ears and his sense of reason with television commercials, or cup his hands near the floor in the hope of catching the conversational gems cast with reckless abandonment by theorizers attempting to explain everything from the universe to the fluctuating state of the ice cream token. Then there is the crowd that waits hawklike for the late seminar papers to appear in the big box in the corner. Every so often a harried upperclassman runs in carrying a load of tissue paper under his arm, eyes the waiting mob sheepishly, dashes to the ancient file, drops his paper, and slinks off. The institution of the seminar paper box is hallowed and sacred. Let no one deny the breathless prose there disseminated amid the clouds of smoke. The between meals bon-vivant could spoil his appetite by patronizing the Commons store, which featured a hyper-modernized spit presumptuously referred to as a Radar Machine. This cyclotronish-looking thing, besides providing electrocuted sandwiches, was rumored to be capable of spotting enemy planes within a thirty mile radius. The interesting shape of these delicacies caused considerable comment among those sophisticated in the intricacies of literary symbolism, Freudians, and neo-Freudians, and the just plain dirty minded. Proprietors Frank Oski and Fred Kyle started out the year by announcing that they would serve breakfast in bed on Sunday mornings. This scheme folded up for a number of reasons.



DENA DANNENBERG

Germantown, Pa. *Fine Arts Honor*
 psych seminar books and a toothbrush
 from Fort Meade to honors meetings . . .
 visits to Jean, cookies in hand . . . loves
 dance, fine arts, and Jim... "he's so sweet!"
 . . . warmth and infectious humor . . . life
 is a system, so nice to organize . . . house-
 keeping fun . . . with Jim



FREDERICK WALTER KYLE

Manhasset, New York *Economics*
 amiable but firm . . . a du that's different
 commons store's better half . . . elena's
 better half . . . distinctive walk . . . ice
 cream . . . don't panic . . . perennial
 student council candidate . . . loafers and
 sweat socks . . . lacrosse . . . conscientious
 equanimity . . . listen, up in Manhasset—
 . . . unique sense of humor . . . fred



ELENA FRANCES SOGAN

Manhasset, New York *Fine Arts*
 from childhood crush to du sweetheart . . .
 he's a good boy . . . at her best at three
 in the morning . . . I was so embarrassed
 . . . kleenex . . . the lacrosse team bench
 warmer . . . personality kid . . . great
 talker . . . never works, but always up to
 date . . . dresses with that fashion-plate
 finish . . . elena

For a while after ten o'clock Commons is quiet enough to think in, and then, slowly, the night-life begins . . . the side of Commons that the men never see. Girls in their pajamas feverishly pounding out overdue papers on the typewriter, exchanging a word with Mr. Gresley now and then, form a striking contrast to the sporty daytime tone. Then, around three, calm returns until morning and the after-breakfast crowd starts the cycle again.

All in all, the Commons atmosphere of intellectual, anti-intellectual, pseudo-intellectual and unintellectual pandemonium which we took for granted but which is somehow distinctive beyond words is a small part of that almost intangible but all too unique something that we call the Swarthmore way of life. The frequenters of this vestigial relic of the Jazz age cavorted on into the night, ignoring the handwriting on the wall which warned of the crash to come. Like Dr. Eckerburger's ghostly spectacles, the slogan "as the world enlarges, human contacts decrease" was an omen of things to come. And sure enough 1929 was in the making only a few hundred feet away in the girls' gym building, of all places. Next year the ping pong table, a juke box and TV set would be gone to Somerville and Commons would be deserted. (A brief explanation of the preceding passage, including literary references, can be had on consultation with a certified member of the Halycon staff.)



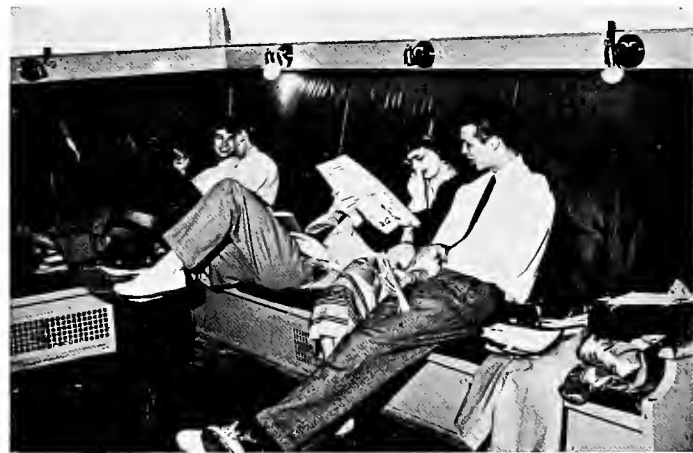
CORINNE LYMAN

Alamosa, Col. *English Literature*
I'm from Alamosa and it's not near Denver . . . cokes and potato chips six times a day . . . looks good in red . . . uninhibited among close friends . . . crazy about music with jump . . . sympathetic dispenser of common-sense advice . . . smokes embassies just to be different . . . succinct but illegible notes . . . inspires confidence . . . kimi



JANE AUCH

master wit . . . advocates a "flapping mind" . . . talents and aptitudes to burn . . . hunting for her ecological niche . . . amateur psychologist with professional accuracy . . . arm-chair lover . . . potential competitor as author of "the great american novel" . . . enaj



The social life of the year tended to center about two organizations; the Social Committee and the Fraternities. The former got the year rolling with the usual mixers while the latter started off with the usual mixing. The social season as manipulated by the social committee was highlighted by, or degenerated into swimming parties, corn roasts and the dependable Bond Open Houses. The Christmas Formal and the spring formal were both rather enjoyable if you like formals and most people at Swarthmore don't. Since most of the people who don't like formals are males the WSGA formal turned out to be the semi-annual male—torturing spectacle it always is.



The fraternities evoke varied emotions from intense hatred through indifference to staunch support. Upperclassmen, whether fraternity men or non-fraternity men, tend to be indifferent, all of which points to the well-known fact that it is usually a matter of years before one discovers the truth about anything but the simplest of questions. Maybe the whole trouble is that when frat men think of non-frat men they invariably conjure up tennis shoes and Greenwich Village, and when non-frat men think of frat men they picture beer mugs, raccoon coats and the country club. It takes a while to realize that things are not as well-correlated as they seem.

So far we have more or less stumbled upon two showcases of the Swarthmore way of life. Yet it is still rather difficult to say what's inside the showcase. A third focal point is Clothier. Every Thursday morning Collection featured two minutes of silence, completely surrounded by organ music, coughing, and the rattling of newspapers.



On one occasion during the spring semester, Clothier's neo-Gothic ramparts reverberated to the noises, called jazz, produced by one Wilbur de Paris and his colleagues. Before the noises, or rather the music, started we were lectured by a scholarly young gentleman from Brooklyn, which may be a redundancy in itself. From this savant we learned that just as there is a Chicago school of Psychoanalysis there is also a Chicago school of Jazz. After a few remarks about the libretto from the maestro himself the thing started. While the lunatic fringe screamed "Go, Wilbur, Go!!!" the true aficionados found themselves transported into a state of sheer ecstasy. The cries of the Philistines disturbed them not. One Stanley Mills was responsible for persuading the Cooper foundation to sponsor the contest. Mr. Mills is now in the Army and when last heard from Mr. de Paris was still entertaining Philistines and aficionados alike from coast to coast with his streamlined African jungle rhythms. The scholarly young gentleman from Brooklyn is nowhere to be found.

On a certain Saturday night in the spring the Commons radar machine picked up an interesting disturbance in the close vicinity. The radio waves had discovered Dave Peele, Jack Hughlett, and various other "Show people" emulating a night club revue. Roccatorso featured a chorus line which performed the Can Can. Those who could tear themselves away from the Chester carnival, which featured the same type of thing on a different epistemological level were rewarded with a rousing Offenbachish Orgy which would have made Mr. Lautrec sit up and take notice.

Many Swarthmoreans pride themselves on having heard of T.L. before "Moulin Rouge" was shown at the College Theatre, where many members of the class of '54 have delighted the townspeople with their pungent wit. Although some Swarthmoreans did not see "Moulin Rouge" everyone saw "The Quiet Man," which became a College Theatre tradition.



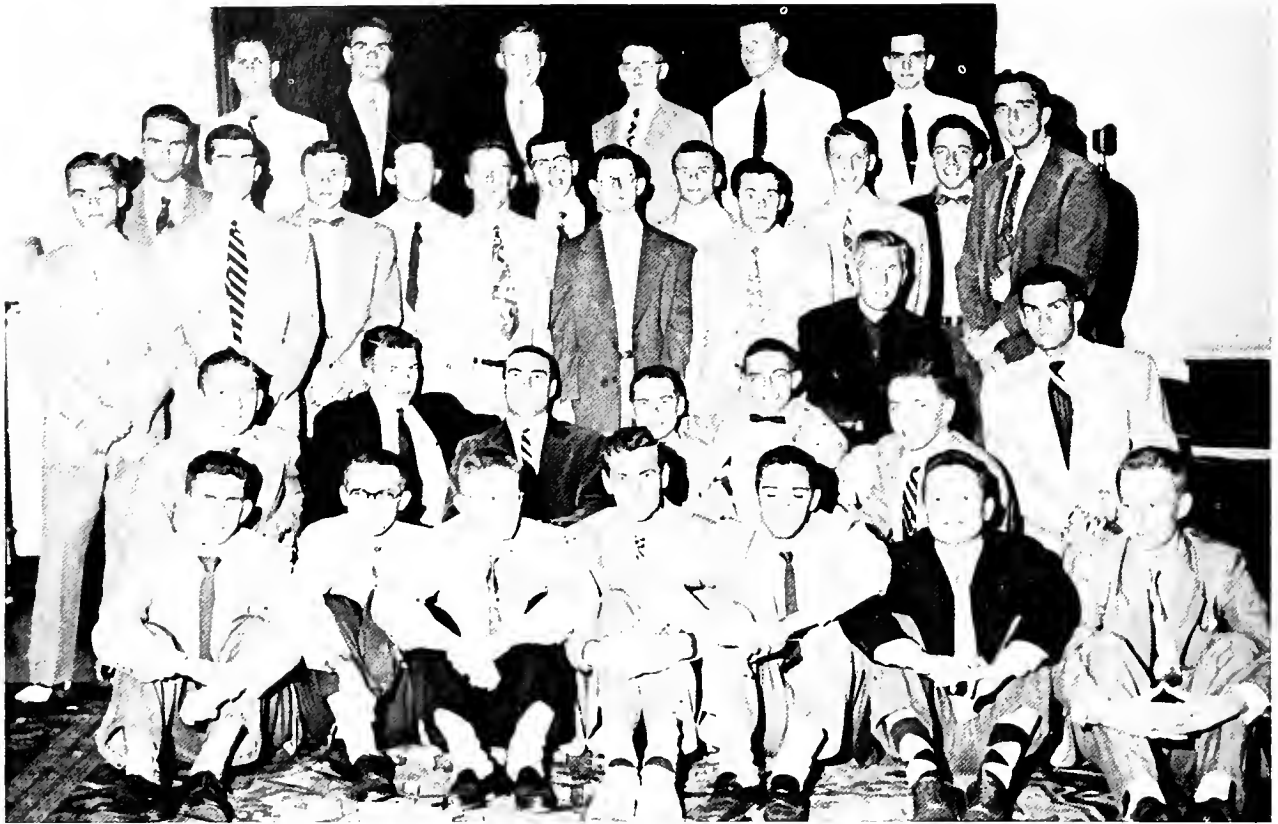
The Terrible Toulouse would exhibit more interest than the Quiet Man in another essential phase of our way of life—Plushie's. Most of Swarthmore's greats and near-greats have traversed the path from Martin through the woods to Frank's cafe near the mill. When the weather became warm and throats became parched the winter trickle became a steady stream. The beer flowed like water and some of the more ardent among us began to expound theories in such an enthusiastic manner that Frank, the jovial Maitre D' bought himself a Halcyon, of all things and decided to find out whether or not his suspicion that people under twenty-one expounded theories quite a bit more enthusiastically than people over twenty-one was true. Pretty soon twenty-one year old draft cards were as rare as Engineers taking Psych courses; the romance of being incognito and inebriated at the same time was no longer possible. The inquisition forced the wine-tasters into a new bistro. One didn't have to expose oneself to the rigors of nature to get to Green's in Morton. A wisely chosen seat in the back of the Wa Wa local resulted in a pleasant evening of debaucherie-transportation, courtesy of the Pennsylvania Railroad. Green's had the double virtue of a more diversified clientele plus a shuffleboard for the sports devotee. However, there will always be a soft spot in the heart of every Swarthmore student for Plushies. When the minions of McCarthy finally engineer their coup d'etat at Swarthmore, it is inevitable that the plot will be hatched over a flagon at Plushies; and Frank will just as inevitably warn us ahead of time and save the day.

For obvious reasons the walk back from Plushie's always proves to be considerable more scenic than the walk going. Last year, we saw that for one reason or another, many of the revelers returning from Plushie's felt like balloons. Some of them figuratively and literally took to the air and embroidered some literary gems on the water tower. "You'll lose, Ursinus" and "Welcome, Smitty" were two examples. The latter, it is assumed, was the product of a sober endeavor.

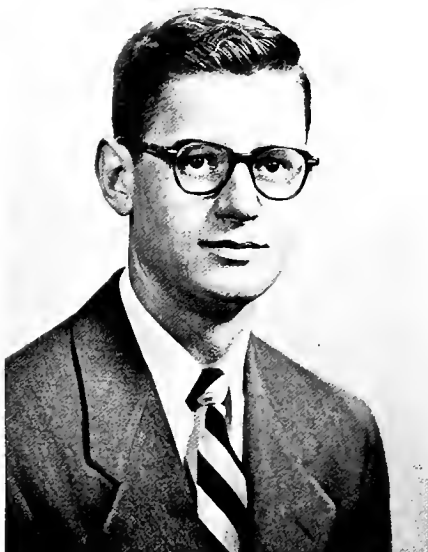




Gastronomically speaking we can't help feeling that either something was missing or whatever there was was sadly lacking. According to Freud we forget what we want to forget so undoubtedly the mechanism of repression will set in soon after graduation and it will take a near swami of a Psychoanalyst to dredge up memories of American Chop Suey (just like mother used to throw out) and that good to the last dreg Scrapple. The Friday night Scylla and Charybdis choice created many a neurotic withdrawal reaction and there will undoubtedly be many '54s with dining room phobias. One can hardly avoid comparing Miss Carr to the manager of the St. Louis Browns—they both are probably very talented but they have such awful material to work with.

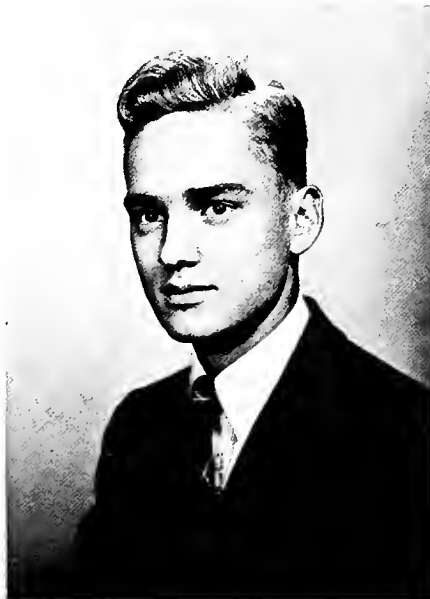


Delta Upsilon—Back Row: M. Janes, L. Franck, T. Phillips, G. Lamb, K. Ingebritsen, H. Reeves. Third Row: R. Snyder, L. Whitaker, F. Kyle, T. Preston, R. Burtis, R. Griest, T. Simkin, C. Thom, T. Preston, J. Head, R. Noyes, G. Hortezzl, W. Lucht. Second Row: C. Cogswell, L. Hallberg, E. Wallach, H. Frost, W. Holloway, J. Svernigsen, R. Levien, H. Bode. Front Row: J. Merrill, T. Chronister, D. Kimmel, P. Hall, T. Wieland, H. Hollowell, R. Potthoff.



CLARENCE H. THOM

Denver, Colorado *Economics*
 long way from home, lost in economics
 . . . loafers and that haircut . . . quiet
 sometimes . . . profound ideas on how to
 improve the national economy . . . big
 date sat nite . . . misses skiing on rockies'
 slopes . . . thousand fingers thom at the
 piano . . . watch me charleston . . . ice
 cool bridge player . . . du musician . . .
 take it easy



RUSSELL SNYDER

Philadelphia, Pa. *Zoology*
 shock of blond hair . . . spontaneous
 laughter . . . potential doctor . . . authority
 on the ills of womanhood . . . wears a
 baseball uniform in the spring . . . mis-
 guides the harriers during cross-country
 . . . anybody going to church? . . . contact
 man for exciting blind dates . . . I wonder
 how my bacteria are today . . . perfect
 attendance at D.U. meetings . . . rusty



EDWARD ELIOT WALLACH

Brooklyn, N. Y. *English Honors*
 Bearcot, Lacrosse, and DU . . . honors
 with 8 o'clocks . . . the brooklyn bruiser
 who nearly became a roman . . . ask
 Ed, he'll translate it . . . time for another
 haircut . . . get hep with poly prep . . .
 dauntless pre-med . . . gum chewing
 techniques that drive roommates and
 friends to despair . . . an honors student
 in a princeton uniform . . . big ed



Kappa Sigma — Standing: K. Braderick, C. Nicolai, G. Swope, G. Lawen, D. Yaung, A. Ordoabadi. Seated: C. Baker, J. White, O. Wrighi, G. Rasenblatt.



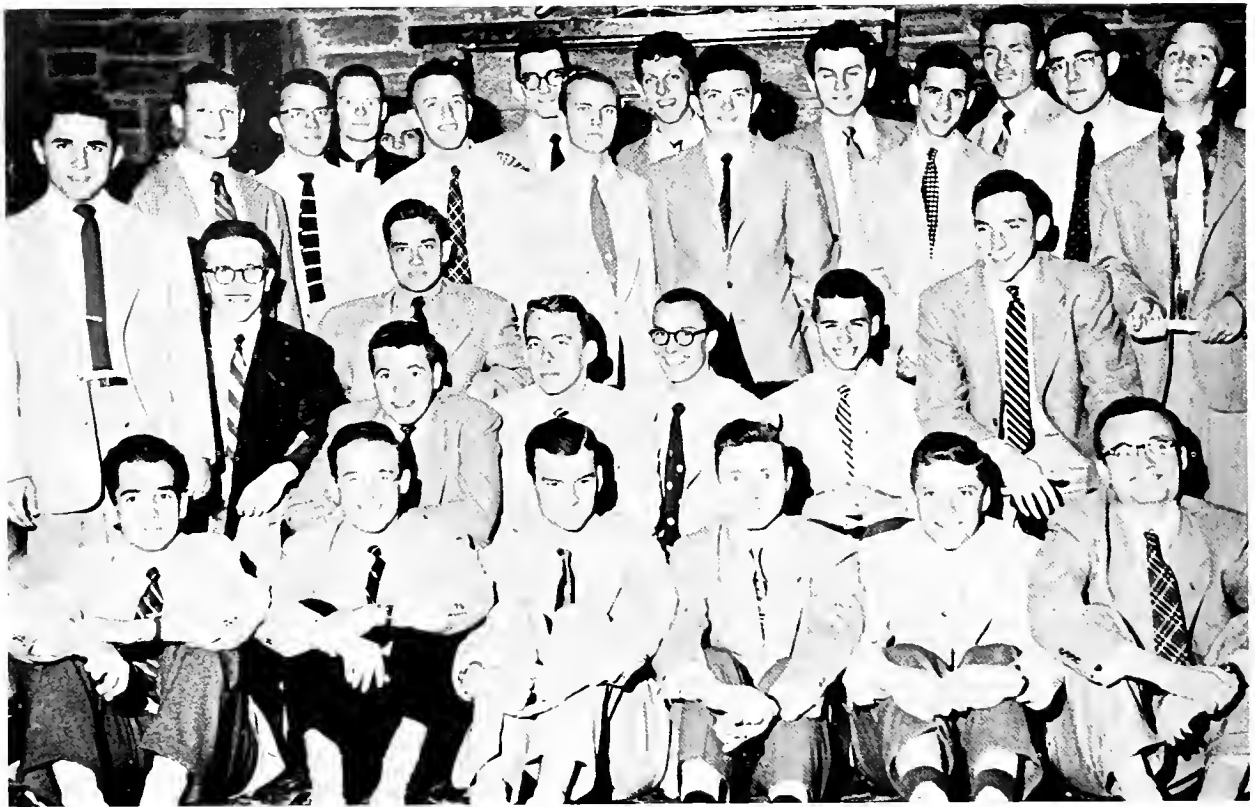
KIRBY BRODERICK

Chatham, N. J. Economics came to Swarthmore; couldn't take Yale . . . student extraordinaire . . . has brains, hates to admit it . . . "Oh Babe!" . . . temperance personified . . . "Is this course supposed to be easy?" . . . big jump from "Dead-End Kids" to Swarthmore Society . . . big guy for the Bearcats . . . one season outfielder . . . "tough but oh so gentle" . . . finally found a major . . . ec . . . loyal Kappa Sig . . . shy guy with sense of humor . . . The Ripper.



CHARLES A. BAKER

Lyons, N. Y. Economics kappa sig officer and stalwart . . . golf team . . . long, lean, and level-headed . . . takes his economics seriously and his room-mate with a grain of salt . . . conservative in politics but liberal in dress . . . lucky in love and cards . . . Lyons is not a whistle-stop . . . bound for law school and sure to succeed . . . spends his time writing skits and looking for someone to make the run . . . a great sense of humor and a valuable friend . . . chuck



Phi Delta Theta—Back Row: B. Webb, G. Heaton, J. McNulty, A. Roke, M. Laws, P. Morcus, G. Smith, L. Hand, L. Suter, M. Moyer, W. Bragden, R. Shepard, B. Beatty, D. Gump, R. Decker. Middle Row: R. Fetter, J. Clark, W. Rabinson, J. Hutton, H. Strachan, L. Handley, J. Hormel. Front Row: C. Lukos, T. Baker, D. McKinley, J. Rothschild, W. Hicks.



BRUCE SPRAGG

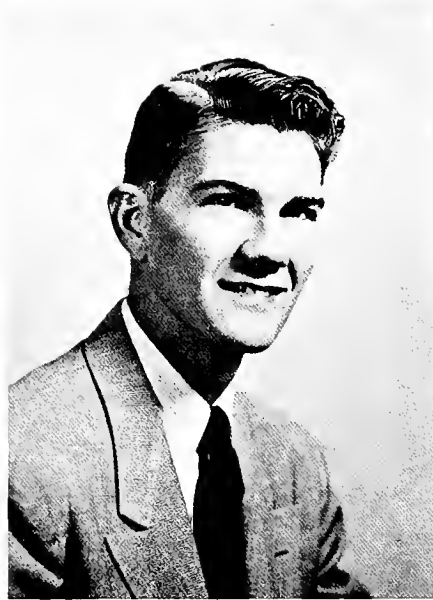
Havertown, Pa. *English Literature*
 quiet but friendly . . . kwink . . . soccer
 manager . . . phi delt athletic spark and
 stable influence . . . why don'chu guys
 support th' team . . . fjc . . . girard college
 grad . . . commuter . . . the old gray(?)
 pontiac convert . . . truck com . . . I'd like
 to point your car . . . i'm broke . . . let's
 go double this sat . . . we should raid
 haverford . . . summer executive

Opposite page, Phi Kappa Psi—Back Row: J. Martindale, J. Carroll, B. Jones, W. Janes, C. Fristram, R. Horris, W. Riley, D. Wilkisan, N. Meyer, B. Scott, R. Merin, L. Schilling, J. Ochroch, R. Morrow. Middle Row: J. Levine, M. Cornell, W. Dominick, D. Swan, L. Dettmers, P. Swayne, T. Fetter. Front Row: L. Shane, G. Stainton, B. Marshall, R. Barr, R. Gibson, K. Giles, C. McMurtrie, W. Chapmon, R. Burdsall.



ROBERT GILLESPIE MERIN

New York City, New York *English*
 Would rather be at lake george . . . a
 lodging for a night in commons . . . 6:15
 club . . . one of the 39 . . . bearcat who
 slipped to varsity . . . with Blake in the
 spring, too . . . favorite pledge target . . .
 pre-med taking the easy way . . . only
 phi psi with a bookbag . . . kept the
 phoenix solvent . . . females of '56—yes,
 yes . . . all this place needs is more
 athletes, reactionaries and parties . . .
 omar of tent fame . . . ox always has a
 new one . . . almost the death of F.
 Kirby . . . bob



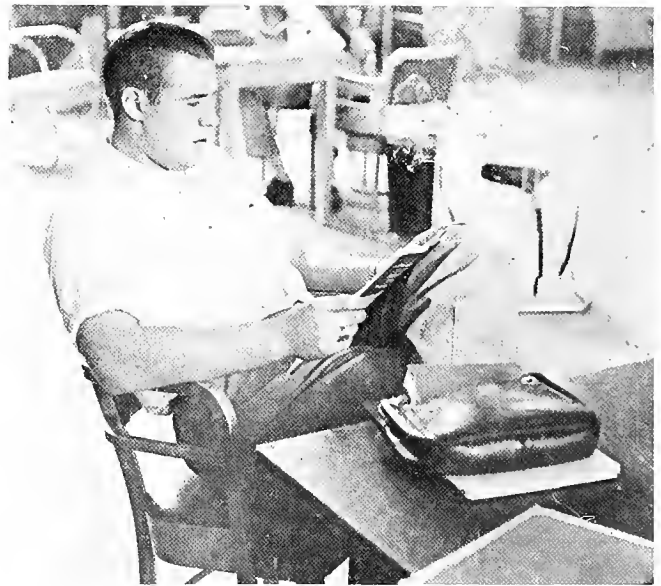
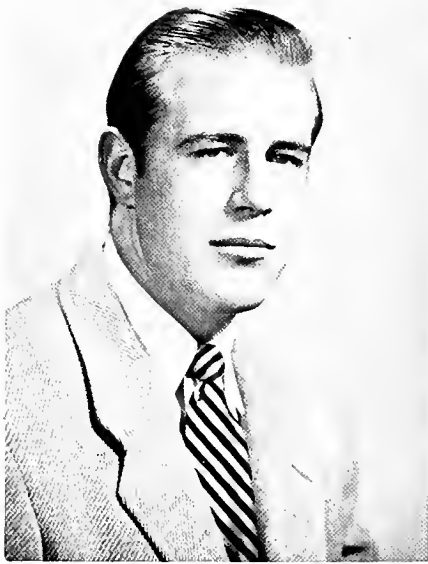
H. CLARK DEAN

Glencoe, Illinois *Civil Engineering*
 Mike's other half . . . bridge is a waste of
 time but I've got the cards . . . Rita
 Hayworth sends me . . . C. E. Triumvirate
 . . . always singing or whistling . . . soccer
 manager, emeritus . . . Charlie Jeanne's
 got nothing on me . . . comes and goes by
 way of Worth . . . big noise from
 winnetka . . . big smile . . . tyrolean hat
 . . . phi psi . . . answers to herb . . . CD



WINSTON RILEY, III

Chevy Chase, Maryland *Mathematics*
 that's him, over there, on a blue put-put
 . . . phi psi . . . can be found most anytime
 at meetings of all descriptions . . . a joiner
 —a trait left over from high school . . .
 oozih rumbuns . . . in sports, an interest
 greater than athletic agility: from popcorn
 to football programs . . . in courses, an
 enthusiasm greater than journalistic flu-
 ency: from spanish literature to differ-
 ential equations . . . toby



LOUIS WISLOCKI

Milton, Mass. *Zoology*
 Rum, romonism, rebellion . . . big man on
 campus . . . gruff but gentle . . . profanity
 is the first step to immorality . . . zoologist
 by instinct . . . sailor among sailors . . .
 dedicated to happiness and health for
 all but happiness foremost . . . worshipper
 of bacchus . . . a good mon to hove on
 your side . . . with it all, a scholar with a
 penchant for the literary . . . jv football
 . . . phi sig . . . guts . . . looie

Phi Sigma Kappa—Back Row: J. Gutzeit, J. Hughlett, R. Christionson, D. Becker, T. Throop, R. Kresge, S. Sutton, J. Gut, J. Root. Front Row: J. Goodman, J. Becker, W. Gallagher, C. Heisterkamp.





Social Committee—Seated: C. Fristrom, I. Okozaki, D. Kimmel, J. Hopfield, S. Patullo. Standing: C. Thom, D. Wilkison, P. Gottlieb, H. Cowell, R. Marrow.



HELEN PATRICIA BRYSON

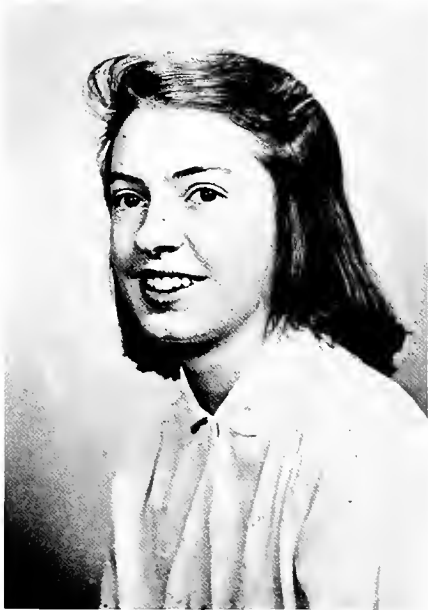
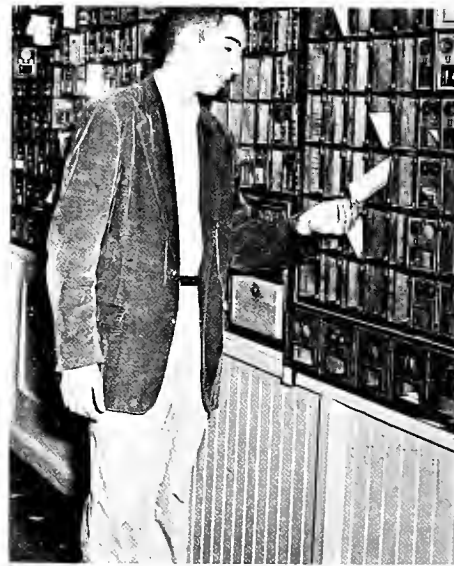
London, England *Fine Arts*
 miss ironsides academy for young ladies
 . . . champagne, caviar and ovaltine . . .
 husbands are fun . . . trans-atlantic flights
 . . . social committee . . . cliff . . . fine and
 still finer arts . . . touring the continent . . .
 cheeseburgers with onions, sticky buns and
 dusty sundaes . . . george the skunk . . .
 bubbling long-stemmed beauty . . . hello
 peoples . . . pat



ANN FINES

Bainbridge, Md. *English Literature*
 how was class, Ann? . . . marvelous, finished
 two squares and six rows . . . this college
 is too small . . . major is huMANities . . .
 life's little problems . . . deliberate at
 bridge . . . I'm so confused . . . study
 schedule: a little time left over from tennis,
 gab, meeting, gab, tennis . . . something's
 GOT to be done . . . the world needs
 renovating . . . social committee . . .
 canterbury cl . . . navy junior . . . you all

At 8:33 A.M. the mailboxes become the focal point of the college. Between 8 o'clocks and 9 o'clocks, between breakfast and the library, the front hall is crowded with people receiving everything from the New York Times to news of a new cousin in San Francisco. Moving is difficult, hurrying impossible, but we all seem to like it, for we are all there the next morning.



ANNE ELIZABETH CHANDLER

Littleton, Colorado *Psychology*
 sunshiny smiles and beautiful eyes . . .
 plenty of sleep . . . mildred's mainstay
 . . . her little green bag . . . loves to hear
 people's problems, though she forgets to
 apply her psych . . . after fifteen frustrated
 years in the Bronx, she's proud to be a
 rootin' taotin' westerner from Colorado
 . . . cowboy boots and all



FRANCES LEMKE FITTS

Bill, bridge, Bowman & Bach . . . turned
 up collar, shuffling gait . . . twins run in
 the family . . . still taking gym—but I
 like golf . . . Hi, Sis! . . . the minx with the
 Hillman . . . everybody's friend . . .
 "That's the way it is in Shaw Business."
 . . . Fran



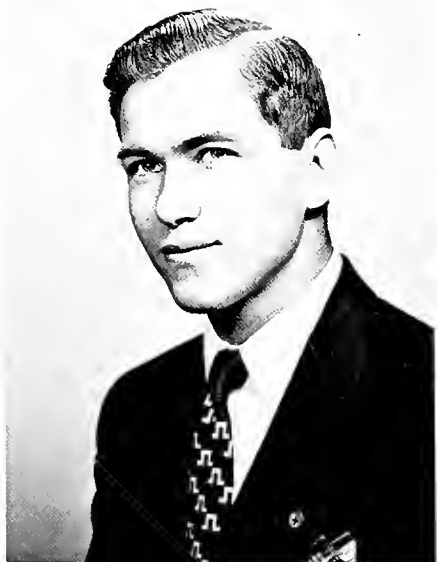
DOROTHY YOUNG

Manhasset, N. Y. *English*
 long island provincial with that all-
 american look . . . brash, blunt and beau-
 tiful . . . onetime sweetness, sometime
 light . . . ivory towered idealism . . .
 radical romanticism . . . life cluttered
 with winnie the pooh and the wizard of
 oz . . . passionate desire to remain a
 child . . . bridge and men take up all
 the spare time . . . think, Dolly . . . what's
 your opinion? . . . leave her to heaven





Outing Club—Back row: A. Newell, L. Ross, J. Rowe, A. Bodin, A. Stockton, K. Conrow, R. Freeman, H. Fanning, J. Parkes, J. Ramseter, D. Brown, V. Perkins, C. Lauer, P. Hayward, Mr. Bancroft; First row: N. Triggs, D. Day S. Grimes, S. Risecrance, A. Reeves.



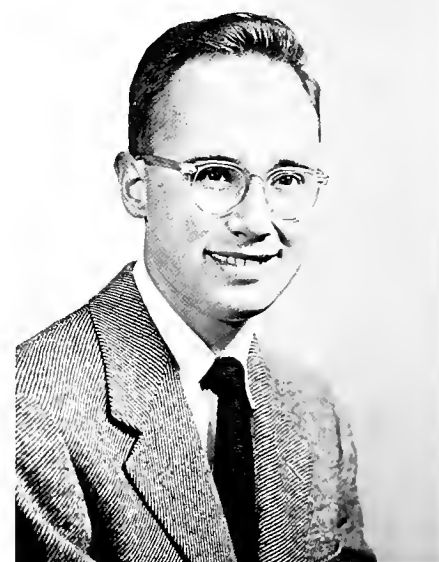
ARTHUR BODIN

New York City Zoology
pre-med with interest in psychology . . .
last seen headed towards libe with brief-
case . . . outing club prexy and canoeing
enthusiast . . . "who was that girl i took
out last week?" . . . active in red cross
work . . . amateur composer . . . photog-
raphy, poetry, one-arm push-ups . . .
colossal sneeze . . . voracious appetite
. . . living proof of man's simian origin
. . . art



GRACE L. BUNKER

Plainfield, New Jersey *Psychology Honors*
efficiency skin-deep . . . attentive but not
convinced . . . lover of caves and canoe
trips . . . devilish impulses . . . loses three
pens a semester . . . can't start work until
the quarter hour . . . norristown hangover
. . . six psychology books to get through
tonight . . . lit, sda, soc . . . I gained a pound
. . . silent damn . . . aesthetic admirer of
drift wood and stones . . . grace



HERBERT FANNING

Cliffside Park, N. J. Chemistry
infectious smile . . . outing club, camping,
canoeing . . . hey, knock it off in the hall!
. . . those labs . . . wish i had time to eat
today . . . you guys getting up at 7 with
me? . . . keeps well-stocked pantry for
roommates . . . sure i like her, but work
comes first . . . five o'clock shadow by
noon . . . herb



FREDERICKA JANE NOLDE

Philadelphia, Pa. *English*
charleston expert of flappers! . . . flot . . .
operates on a three-day week . . . ecstatic
moments . . . even walking to breakfast is
exciting . . . shared her treasured Manto-
loking . . . takes pleasure in people . . .
missionary to SCA . . . volleyball and
tennis . . . tact to a t . . . how can one live
without music . . . idealist in action . . .
freddie



MARGARET MECKES

Marlboro, N. Y. *English Honors*
lazy honors student . . . but I've reformed
again . . . painless papers . . . jeans and
oakwood sweat shirt . . . succinct chuckle
. . . hacks around with hair . . . "I like the
way that's said" . . . the last time I saw
england . . . hilarious monologues . . .
logical mind with a romantic heart . . .
Marka



JOYCE NUGEN

Auburn, Ind. *Zoology*
little girl with the big hoosier heart . . .
thrives on an active life . . . set all-time
record with the chem final . . . things are
either good or bad . . . that's what's wrong
with this place . . . zoo major with a
passion for muscles . . . determination and
conviction . . . banshee glee . . . optimistic
corn-fed philosophy . . . jerce



**BE IT
EVER
SO
HUMBLE**



MARGARET BUCKLEY

Cobleskill, N. Y. *Psychology*
serious beneath the little girl outlook . . . saves the n.y. times, some day I'll read them . . . when peg wiggles her finger . . . badminton for relaxation . . . paper? yours or jim's . . . asks everyone's opinion then does what she wants . . . firm but gentle . . . relativist in philosophy, absolutist in deed . . . very illogical but took phil and over-compensates . . . peg



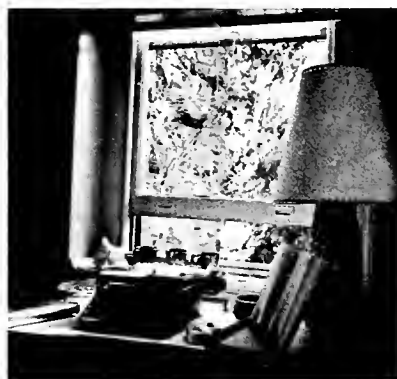
CAROLINE M. BARRERA

New York City *Psychology*
I'm taller than Napoleon . . . now Freud would say . . . non-directive counseling . . . Dr. Barrera . . . is he dynamic? . . . a rich, full day in which to excel . . . my sailor hat with the brim down means work! . . . used to be a grind . . . there goes a ford . . . french horn enthusiast . . . poetry and classical music . . . lynn



BARBARA SMALLEY

Wayne, Pa. *Economics*
pert brunette with that knowing look . . . profound sense of the irrelevant . . . humor should be quiet . . . returned to Swarthmore from big, wide world . . . eight ec courses in one year . . . but I like ec . . . prefers homecooked meals . . . pessimism in all things scholastic . . . chris has a lot of personality . . . anchovies and pickles at midnight . . . flying is fun, but sailing beats all . . . minors in bridge





PENELOPE RHOADS

Sewickley, Pa. *English Literature*
so glad, so very glad to be here . . .
beautiful wardrobe, rarely in her closet
. . . provides sunshine for all . . . scatter-
brain . . . broke loose from boarding
school . . . Pitt wit, three years straight
. . . summers on the beach enjoying
seabreezes . . . a Penny for your thoughts
. . . unconventional study habits . . . Oh,
heavens! . . . just muddling through . . .
all Rhoads lead to Smoky City . . . This
paper was due last semester . . . Penny



ELIZABETH SCOTT VAN ARSDEL

Boonton, N. J. *English*
sehr sympatique . . . colby, smith, swarth-
more: the road to progressive educa-
tion . . . history, poli sci, english or how
to confuse the issue . . . it's as useless as
. . . ltc—heard but not seen . . . leave
those windows open . . . la boheme in
the shower . . . beer and nocturnal book
binges . . . succumbed to commons . . .
anybody want to wait tobles at break-
fast . . . gold and ripe pimento . . . betty

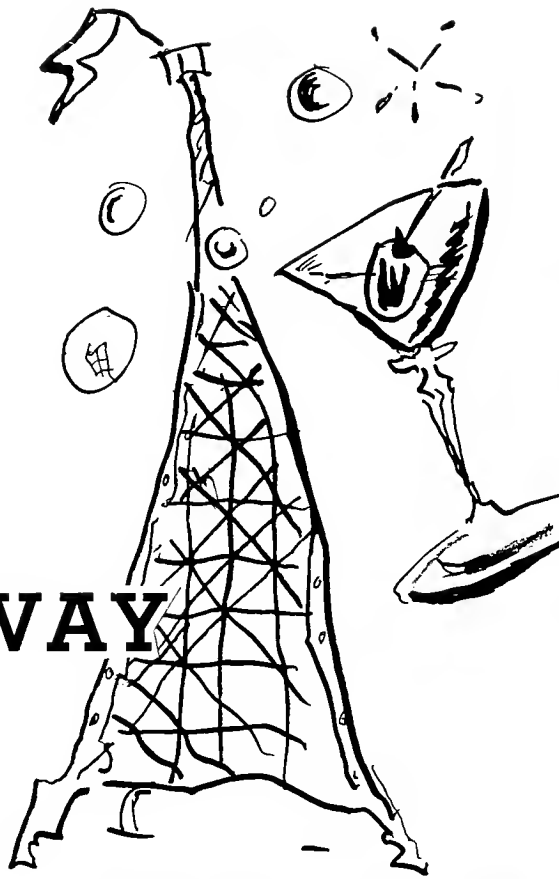


JOANNE DeWITT

Rochester N. Y. *Economics*
from Rochester, where the lilacs bloom
. . . mischievous twinkle in her brown eyes
. . . original sense of humor pops out at
unexpected times . . . beautiful hands . . .
I heard from my little brother . . . preps
was too far ta walk . . . loves peanut
brittle . . . sn, ltc, and one-acts . . . dreams
of a quick trip to Europe after graduation
. . . I am pleezed . . . jo



JUNIOR YEAR AWAY



MARY CHANDLEE TURNER

Rustic philosopher . . . drawn to the West . . . ingenious poker shark with a flair for modern dance . . . extra curricular devotee . . . more time scheduling than working, as exams approach . . . secret of Ike's success . . . famous siren laugh and "that's wonderful" makes friends feel soooooo funny . . . soft spot for children . . . people too . . . Marlee!



JOHN BARRY LANE

Mount Pleasant, Penno. *French Literature* french lit by way of switzerland . . . what do you mean, I need a hoircut . . . moin support of orchestra . . . cymbals and triangle . . . artist's model for pin money . . . room always filled with hangers-on: What do you think this is, a bus station? . . . imagine-toi



SUSAN JOY WEIL

New York City *French Lit* Piquant with a champagne personality flavored by a year in france . . . talented actress: refuae parts in LTC productions brought comment: "Why, Suzi, you speak English so well" . . . flair for modern dance . . . petite package of energy and enthusiasm . . . that ltalian haircut . . . and ooh la la those eyes . . . Suzi



MARTHA PETER WELCH

Princeton, N. J. *French* An LTC faithful . . . spent profitable year at Sorbonne collecting folk songs . . . precioso profile . . . sophisticated ingenue . . . takes life with a grain of salt . . . quick wit with touch of the mystic . . . ah, sweet mystery of . . . Patty

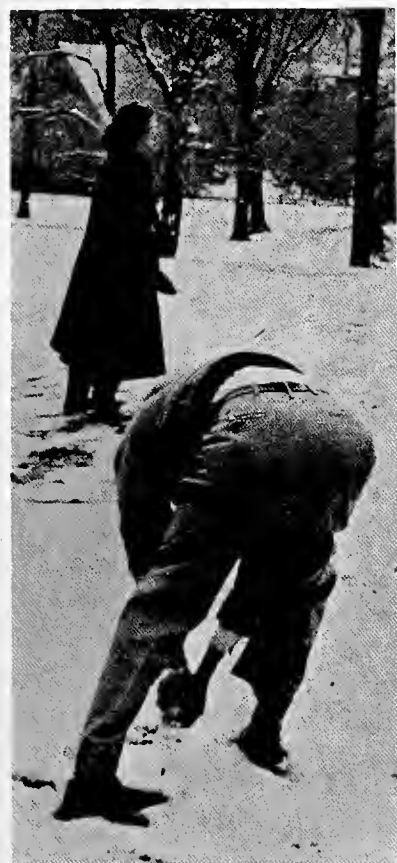
We have seen the impressive sight of our names on the bulletin board in a list entitled *candidates for degree*. The standard question asked us now is not *what are you doing this summer* but *what will you do next year*. We are beginning to suspect that we are headed for that sickly sounding state in which even memories of all-night paper writings, boring collections, and agonizing hours in the dining room are covered over by a warm and distinctly nostalgic glow.





Index

Abba, Nkata Kalu	66	Brock, Dolores Ruth.....	120
Allina, Franz.....	44	Broderick, Kirby Lee.....	147
Andrews, Sara Elizabeth.....	84	Brown, Bonnie.....	24
Armstrong, William Howard, Jr.....	48	Brown, Elizabeth Rash.....	44
Atuanya, Udemezue Obidigwe.....	66	Brown, Ralph, Jr.....	44
Auch, Jane.....	141	Bruch, Herbert.....	138
Augustine, Robert.....	138	Bryson, Helen Patricia.....	151
Bagish, David.....	52	Buckley, Margaret Jane.....	156
Baker, Charles Arthur.....	147	Buenger, Anne Elizabeth.....	84
Barrera, Caroline Margaret.....	156	Bunker, Grace.....	154
Bart, Peter Benton.....	94	Bunzl, Lucy Margaret.....	98
Bauer, Barbara Jeanne.....	74	Carle, Richard Frank.....	84
Beatson, Thomas Jefferson.....	89	Carter, Robert Page.....	89
Bennett, John Howard.....	111	Carr, Verna Slinghoff.....	79
Bentley, Eugene Allan, Jr.....	56	Chandler, Ann Elizabeth.....	152
Bevier, Suzanne.....	52	Chomiak, Gloria.....	89
Bodansky, Margery	52	Conrow, Kenneth.....	61
Bodin, Arthur Michael.....	154	Cornelius, H. James.....	90
Bopp, Beverly Anne.....	127	Cowell, Henry Richard.....	57
Bradley, Ann A.....	135	Cummings, Milton Curtis, Jr.....	35
Breckenridge, Franklin Rice.....	64	Dannenberg, Dena Jacobson.....	140
Brigham, Nancy Alison.....	98	Darlington, Jared Lloyd.....	35



Dean, H. Clark.....	149
Dennison, David Severin.....	64
Dettmers, Wallace Leonard.....	102
De Witt, Joanne A.....	157
Donow, Harriet Sheila.....	129
Dun, Elizabeth Ann.....	120
Eisenhauer, Christa C.....	53
Ephron, Erwin Harris.....	70
Eranini, Rosalind Ulunma.....	45
Evans, Mary Elisabeth.....	124
Fanning, Herbert Henry.....	154
Ferrell, William Russell.....	85
Fine, Jonathan E.....	30
Fines, Anne.....	151
Fitts, Frances Lemke.....	152
Forsythe, John Barclay.....	138
Franck, Clarence Christian, Jr.....	66
Freeman, Roger Dante.....	89
Frost, Halsey Rogers.....	112
Fuller, Cornelia.....	57
Gatchel, Marjorie	38
Gessel, Arnold H.....	57
Gillette, Eric.....	53
Gould, Bruce Jay.....	58
Gould, Jean.....	53
Green, Philip.....	45
Greene, Ernest Thomas.....	41
Hastie, Clement A.....	45
Hathcock, James Shoffner, Jr.....	47
Hay, Edith.....	135
Head, James Lincoln.....	43
Heisterkamp, Charles Alexander, III.....	90
Hill, Barbara D.....	124
Holloway, William Weller, Jr.....	112
Hopfield, John Joseph.....	64
Howell, Melissa Ellis.....	70
Hawerton, Robert Dunn.....	67
Irish, Frank Sylvester.....	96
Jacobson, John Howard, Jr.....	47
Jones, Bartlett Campbell.....	46
Jones, William Donald, Jr.....	101
Jones, William Henry, Jr.....	62
Kahlenberg, Judith Ann.....	126
Kantrowitz, Paul Alan.....	58
Keating, Barry J.....	35

Kennedy, Christopher M.....	20
Kern, Robert Marshall.....	46
Kissling, Dolly Anne.....	48
Kyle, Frederick Walter.....	140
Kyle, Kay Eagle.....	127
Lang, David J.....	24
Laux, Richmond J.....	67
Leland, Frances Elbridge.....	119
Lenrow, Michael Sidney.....	41
Levin, Saul Michael.....	95



Levy, Edith	46
Lichtman, Naomi Joan.....	119
Lippit, Carol Miriam.....	75
Loomis, Marcia Anne.....	85
Lowen, George.....	135
Ludwig, Arnold M.....	59
Lyman, Corinne.....	140
Mangels, Anita.....	62
Manson, Elizabeth.....	118
Maris, Robert Wood.....	75
Marx, Susan.....	123
Maurer, Ruth.....	95
McGonagle, Shirley Ann.....	77
Meckes, Margaret Evelyn.....	155
Merin, Robert G.....	149
Metzger, Leonard Paul.....	75
Millman, Richard.....	107
Mills, Sheila.....	85
Moltz, Sara Lee.....	54
Morrow, Richard Harold.....	116
Navasky, Victor.....	20

Newitt, J. William.....	138
Nichal, Elizabeth Ann.....	124
Nalde, Fredericka	155
Nugen, Joyce.....	155
Ochrach, Jay G.....	101
Ore, Elisabet.....	122
Oski, Frank Aram.....	24
Passoth, Ann.....	18
Peatman, Alice B.....	129
Purnell, Jahn R., Jr.....	95
Raymond, Phyllis Hall.....	122
Reeves, Ann Cecelia.....	78
Rhoades, Penelope.....	157
Richards, Sara Jane.....	123
Richter, Marcel K.....	20
Rieder, Ronald F.....	59
Riley, Winston Ill.....	149
Roberts Kenneth D.....	115
Rose, Philip David.....	62
Rubinstein, Beryl David.....	36
Schilling, Lawrence William.....	138
Scott, Bruce R.....	43
Shapira, Joel H.....	59
Shimany, Rebecca Ruth.....	76
Sielman, Peter Frederick.....	68
Silver, Carl.....	60
Smalley, Barbara.....	156
Smith, Alice Rutledge.....	120
Snyder, Russell Dewey, Jr.....	146
Sogan, Elena Frances.....	140
Soyars, Elizabeth O.....	96
Speier, Sybil Darothy.....	54
Spragg, Bruce C.....	148
Starfield, Barbara Helen.....	60
Steiner, Lisa A.....	51
Sternberg, Saul Herbert.....	64
Stockhold, Henry Frederick.....	138
Strauss, Jahn S.....	55
Struble, Gearge Waring.....	48
Swan, Dana.....	110
Thom, Clarence Halden.....	146
Thomas, Hannah Bartlett.....	127
Tissat, Catherine Louise.....	55
Tagasaki, Gardan S.....	40
Turner, Julia Elizabeth.....	87
Turner, Mary Chandler.....	156
Uviller, Ellen Tilda.....	55
Van Arsdel, Elizabeth Scott.....	157



Van Pelt, Peter.....	24
Van Tassel, Mary.....	76
Verrei, Mary Jane D'Emilia.....	118
Vaysey, Phyllis Jean.....	124
Walker, Sara.....	77
Wallach, Edward Eliot.....	147
Wallach, Michael.....	55
Walton, Robert	49
Watersan, Anne Elizabeth.....	46
Watts, Geaffrey P.....	91
Webster, Dalores, Adair.....	119
Weeks, Sheldon Griswald.....	38
Weil, Susan Jay.....	157
Welch, Martha Peter.....	157
Weller, Nancy Jane.....	76

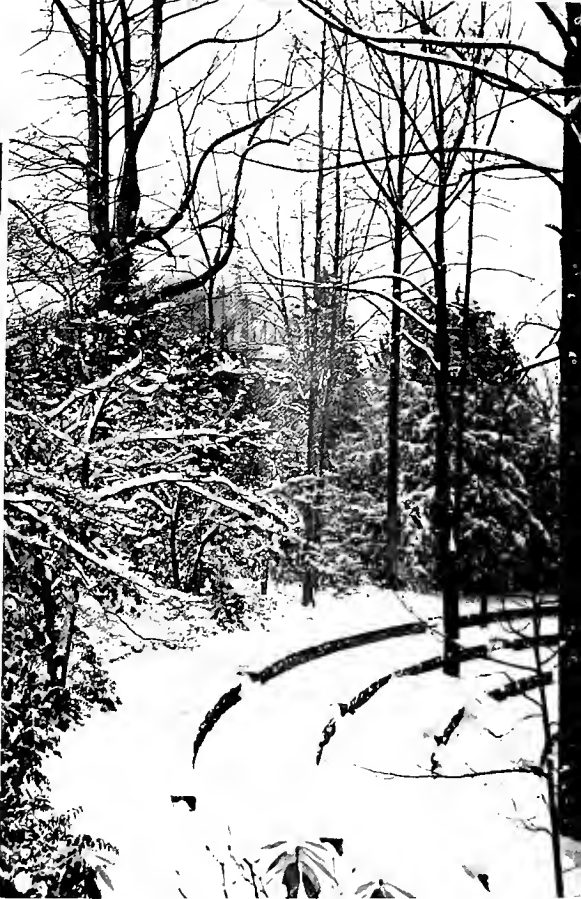
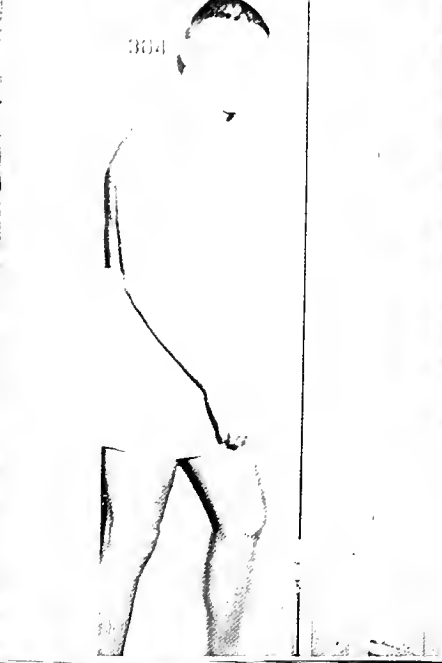
Whitaker, Leighton C.....	43
White, Mary Stokes.....	85
Wislocki, Louis C.....	150
Wolfe, Ruth Carolyn.....	49
Wood, Elizabeth Brown.....	76
Wren, Mary Evans.....	128
Wright, Orville Reisler.....	112
Yost, Barbara Ruth.....	60

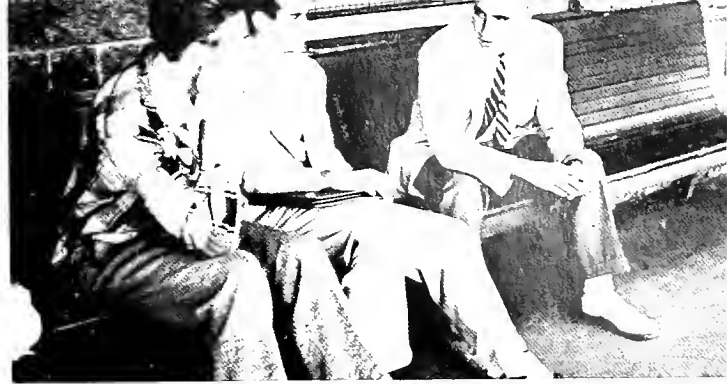


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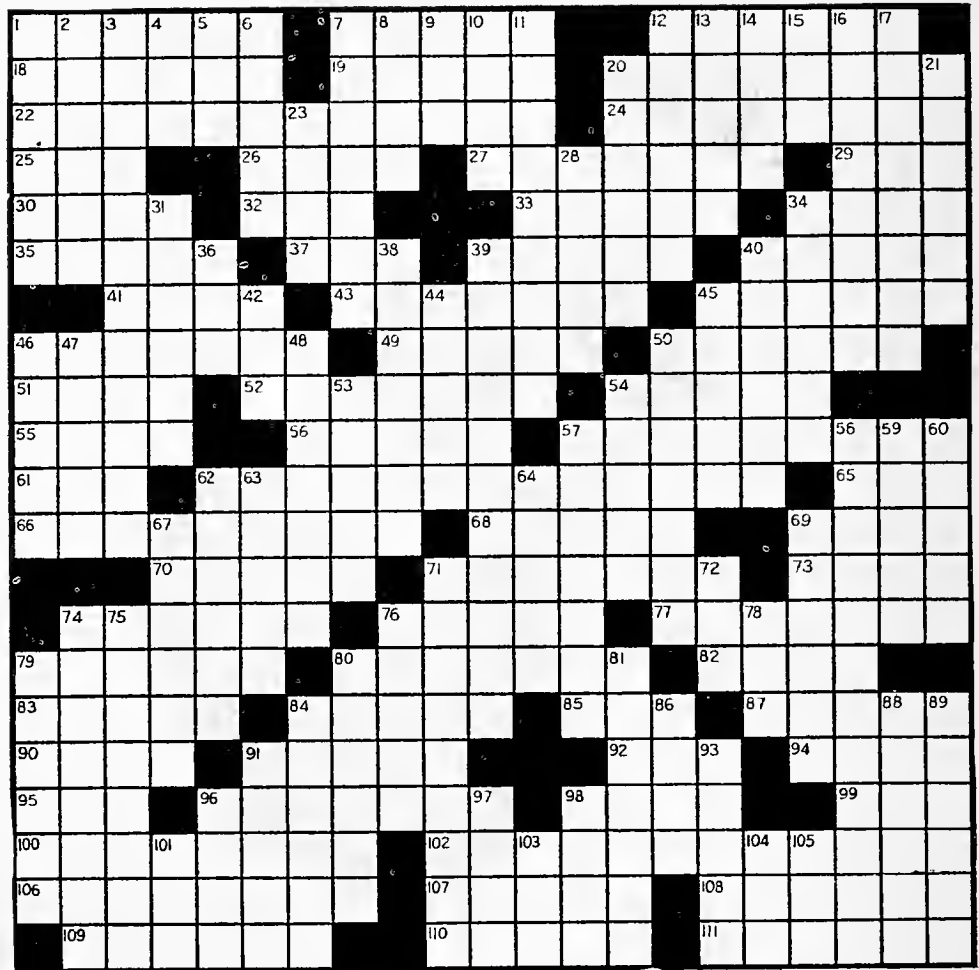
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| <p>1 Closely tangled.</p> <p>7 Steel: Fr.</p> <p>12 Fishing implements.</p> <p>18 Chemical ester.</p> <p>19 Prickly pear, mescal, etc.</p> <p>20 Unite metals.</p> <p>22 Extremely trying.</p> <p>24 Higher-priced.</p> <p>25 Benson's department: Abbr.</p> <p>26 Slush.</p> <p>27 Channel off Sandy Hook.</p> <p>29 Born: Fr.</p> <p>30 Coral reefs.</p> <p>32 Islands near New Guinea.</p> <p>33 Actress MacMahon.</p> <p>34 Cookbook abbreviation</p> | <p>35 Regular circuit.</p> <p>37 "----, My Darling Daughter."</p> <p>39 People of Sanaa.</p> <p>40 Deodars.</p> <p>41 Control.</p> <p>43 Conjecture.</p> <p>45 Governor in Little Rock.</p> <p>46 Glorifies.</p> <p>49 Bird's-eye and curly ----.</p> <p>50 Hard pieces of quartz.</p> <p>51 Lease.</p> <p>52 Ant.</p> <p>54 Ambush.</p> <p>55 Indian coin.</p> <p>56 Historic battleship.</p> <p>57 Small boy's weapon.</p> <p>61 "Give ---- try."</p> <p>62 Risk every-</p> | <p>thing: Slang phrase.</p> <p>65 City of Peru, in the Andes.</p> <p>66 Dimes or dollars.</p> <p>68 British "mosquito."</p> <p>69 N.C.O.'s.</p> <p>70 East.</p> <p>71 High-hatted.</p> <p>73 Conjunction.</p> <p>74 Fine-grained rocks.</p> <p>76 Boy who got girl.</p> <p>77 Unlike.</p> <p>79 Platforms.</p> <p>80 Stilton, Gouda, etc.</p> <p>82 Terrible.</p> <p>83 Game fish.</p> <p>84 Von Stroheim film.</p> <p>85 U. N. name.</p> <p>87 Pass a bill.</p> <p>90 Mountains in Germany.</p> <p>91 Caprice.</p> <p>92 Peters, Tucker, etc.</p> <p>94 Principle of sonar.</p> <p>95 Man's name</p> <p>96 Prepared, as chops, for cooking.</p> <p>98 Brisk.</p> <p>99 Luck: Arch.</p> <p>100 Bing Crosby song.</p> <p>102 Its motto: "Live free or die."</p> <p>106 Send forth rays.</p> <p>107 Conceal goods, in law: Var.</p> <p>108 Tangelo's relative.</p> <p>109 Evinces scorn.</p> <p>110 Composer Taylor.</p> <p>111 Scorches</p> |
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| <p>1 European principality.</p> <p>2 Malt vinegar.</p> <p>3 New coach of Notre Dame.</p> <p>4 Hebrew letter.</p> <p>5 Season in Paris.</p> <p>6 Skin layer.</p> <p>7 Grows.</p> <p>8 Angel food.</p> <p>9 Here: Fr.</p> <p>10 Potential danger in Sicily.</p> | <p>11 Nonsense.</p> <p>12 Golf clubs.</p> <p>13 Riders on the range.</p> <p>14 Diminutive suffix.</p> <p>15 Pointed tool.</p> <p>16 Put in again.</p> <p>17 Garments for toddlers.</p> <p>20 Author.</p> <p>21 Stylish.</p> <p>23 Sprightly.</p> <p>28 Tired of everything.</p> | <p>31 Sleepy time down South.</p> <p>34 Inclinations.</p> <p>36 Poetic contraction.</p> <p>38 Tops.</p> <p>39 Understood.</p> <p>40 "All the ---- You Are."</p> <p>42 Cotton knot.</p> <p>44 Beautify.</p> <p>45 Slight, sharp sound.</p> <p>46 Navy insignia.</p> <p>47 Slow: Mus.</p> | <p>48 Hot winds of Asia.</p> <p>50 Coquetted.</p> <p>53 Tributary of the Rhone.</p> <p>54 Grow turgid.</p> <p>57 Languished, à la bobby-soxers.</p> <p>58 Ambitious.</p> <p>59 Prefixes meaning eight.</p> <p>60 Critical judgment or appreciation.</p> |
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| <p>62 Couturier's forte.</p> <p>63 Noted basso.</p> <p>64 Tropical trees.</p> <p>67 High volcano in Armenia.</p> <p>69 18th century novelist.</p> <p>71 Smoothed.</p> | <p>72 Solved.</p> <p>74 Pilferers.</p> <p>75 Prominent Democrat.</p> <p>76 In advance.</p> <p>78 Compete.</p> <p>79 Intrigue.</p> <p>80 Wrinkle.</p> <p>81 Chinese boats.</p> | <p>84 Hails.</p> <p>86 Rudimentary beginning.</p> <p>88 Command.</p> <p>89 Pith helmets.</p> <p>91 Dominican or Franciscan.</p> <p>93 Printing errors: Colloq.</p> | <p>96 See 80 Across.</p> <p>97 Take out.</p> <p>98 Piece of metal between joints</p> <p>101 Poem.</p> <p>103 Sorrow.</p> <p>104 Hindu title.</p> <p>105 River in China.</p> |
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(Courtesy of the New York Times, May 9, 1954)

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