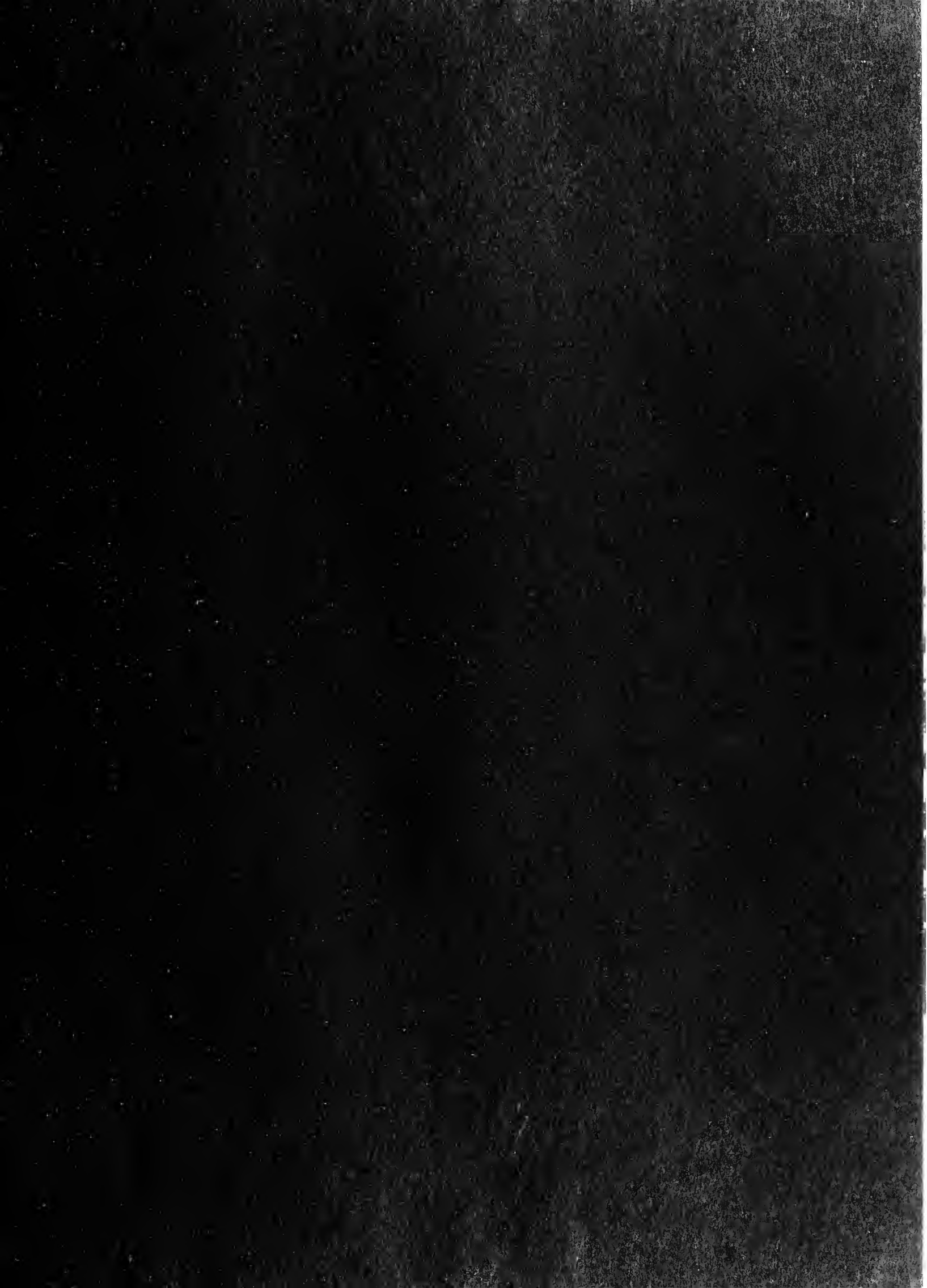


nineteen hundred sixty-eight



**The Halcyon 1968,
Swarthmore College.**

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the halcyon 1968 swarthmore college

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Clair Wilcox has been a member of the Swarthmore faculty since 1927, and for many years the Joseph Wharton Professor of Political Economy and Chairman of the Department of Economics. It would be hard to overstate the importance and pervasiveness of his contribution to the College.

His world, wider than Swarthmore alone, has added to our outreach and scope. He has somehow managed to be scholar, teacher, and shaper of public affairs all at the same time. An advisor to our state and federal governments, to foreign governments, and to international conferences of governments, he sees his handiwork in policies that have helped meet and solve economic problems in our own country and all over the world. He is author of five books, including a definitive and widely used text on *Public Policies Toward Business*, and over a hundred articles. And for many of us at Swarthmore, both in and out of the classroom, his lucid ability to growl out the plain truth in a way that informs and delights is something of an archetype of how communicating communication at its best can be. His wit communicates too, shattering for all of us any temptation to gray overseriousness, and putting life back into proportion.

Swarthmore knows Professor Wilcox, too, for long and significant interest in the studio arts. His insight helped us to see the importance of these activities for campus life, and his generosity provided opportunities that constantly make life at Swarthmore, for students and faculty alike, livelier and richer.

So, however inadequately, one hopes in this and in other ways to say to Clair Wilcox for Swarthmore. "Many thanks, indeed. Swarthmore has grown through your scope, learned through your teaching, and become more human through your humanity."

—Courtney Smith







Some things never change.

Magill Walk will always lead from the railroad tracks to Parrish Hall, you'll always need a key to climb Clothier tower on bright spring days, the Crum will always be beautiful in the winter, more beautiful in the spring and mosquito-infested in September. The food in the dining hall will never really be good enough, Swarthmore students will always play stretch in the spring. The basketball team will always lose.

Some things change. Somerville is gone, and with it Somerville John. In its place, a luxurious student union. There is a new library, two new dorms, and a new admissions office. Ashton House is now a women's dormitory. It's getting harder to tell a jock from a bode.

This was to be the year of Significant Change. In the spring of 1966, President Courtney Smith called for three Commissions to take a long, introspective look at the Swarthmore College community, and the Year of the Commissions was born. A year later they published their findings in *Critique of a College* and the Year of Change was at hand. Student Council expanded the Student Affairs Committee, and the departments elected representatives to meet with the faculty in Danforth Groups to discuss educational policy. Everyone seemed interested.

When we first got here four years ago, they told us about a college that was friendly and hostile, big and small, kind but cruel. They told us that we were among the best. We were called Hoy's Revenge, the New Breed of Hoy's Wonders; wonderful enough to amaze the world with our peculiarities, smart enough to adapt to the work load, and naturally diverse and flexible enough to keep up with the change that was to come.

In four years here, we watched the transition from Crum parties and lodge parties to Social Committee parties in the dining hall and off-campus beer blasts and private parties. We saw the polarization between jock and bode break down until there were no more bodes left. We saw the frats pledge better than fifty percent of the classes that were to come after us. We saw Swarthmore College trying to change its ragged, off-beat veneer and began to wonder what was becoming of those Swedish peasant girls Gunnar Myrdal wrote about.

We watched, during those four years, as Swarthmore battled against the problems that were afflicting other small colleges, and realized that large faculty turnovers were part of the syndrome. But this still couldn't compensate for the loss of some of Swarthmore's oldest and dearest friends: Solomon Asch, Clair Wilcox and Samuel Hynes, and the many other good professors who either retired or resigned.

We watched our own friends and classmates, almost forty percent, leave school for one reason or another. In 1966 we rode out the big social rule controversy only to see it buried again under a different rule, but with the same standards. In 1967 we saw SAC battle for a whole year over the liquor rule controversy, only to have that too unceremoniously buried. We saw the birth of a department of Sociology-Anthropology. And for four years we wondered just how good the Honors Program really was, and if there were any benefits to be gained by staying in Course if one were able to get into Honors.

Finally we saw the Commissions established, and with them the chance for significant change; the chance for Swarthmore students who wanted to write, paint, act or dance to remain at Swarthmore, the chance for the precious elbow-room we needed so desperately during our college education.

Something had to happen at Swarthmore College. During our four years the old era had definitely kicked its last and had died. A small college, more than any other, lives on its traditions: The Hamburg Show, the Folk Festival, Crum Parties, Somerville, Parrish Porch. Each one had been altered and slightly disarranged, some had died altogether.

Whether the Student Life Committee's report will have any bearing on Swarthmore life during the next few years is highly doubtful. The administration assures us that it will continue to issue moral directives, drinking will not be allowed on the campus in the foreseeable future, and there will apparently be a sex rule unpleasing to some.

The college, as President Smith pointed out in his commencement address in 1967, is a corporation, and must be run as such, and Swarthmore students are, by-and-large, willing to let it remain as such. Yet what the Commission on Educational Policy has been able to see is that Swarthmore students need room to move in their education. They need the element of chance—the chance that they might come out of here and not go to grad school, to Law School or Medical School, or the chance to get excited by something that was non-academic.

In four years at Swarthmore, we saw the end of an old-era and hopefully the beginning of another. We were part of neither. Some of us didn't care what became of M. L. 4, what became of Crum parties, or what became of the old Swarthmore songs. Some did, but all of us realized that they were gone. Whatever the traditions that replace them, we won't be here to share them, and for the most part, we were unable to share the old ones.

But, as we said before, some things never change. There is a pervading attitude at Swarthmore that will never change, but perhaps due to the Commissions it will slacken a bit. The campus will always be beautiful, especially in the spring, and perhaps there will soon be time enough to enjoy it. Perhaps in the next few years people will be able to write for the *Phoenix* not because some day they hope to be editor, but because they enjoy doing it. Perhaps people will be able to get interested again, like they were this year.

Swarthmore still has beards and blue jeans, but the people wearing them are a little different. Swarthmore will continue to have an Honors Program, but probably now the people it produces will be a little different. Swarthmore will continue to have its traditions, and they too will be a little different. And probably every spring people will play stretch in front of the library.

Swarthmore, we could have had such a damn good time together.

—Dave Cohen



9



*the world, which "seems
to lie before us . . .*









... like a land of dreams,"







where the grass is always greener,



especially on the outside;







*where the staunch and grey
have gone before us*



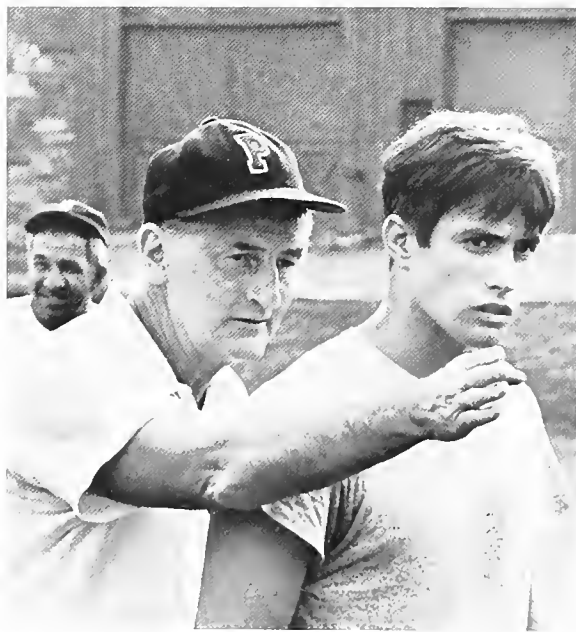


*from the "muttering retreats,"
where they also have sometimes measured
out in coffeespoons*



*what once appeared
"so various . . .*









... so beautiful, so new,"

and even yet, in moments,









and places,

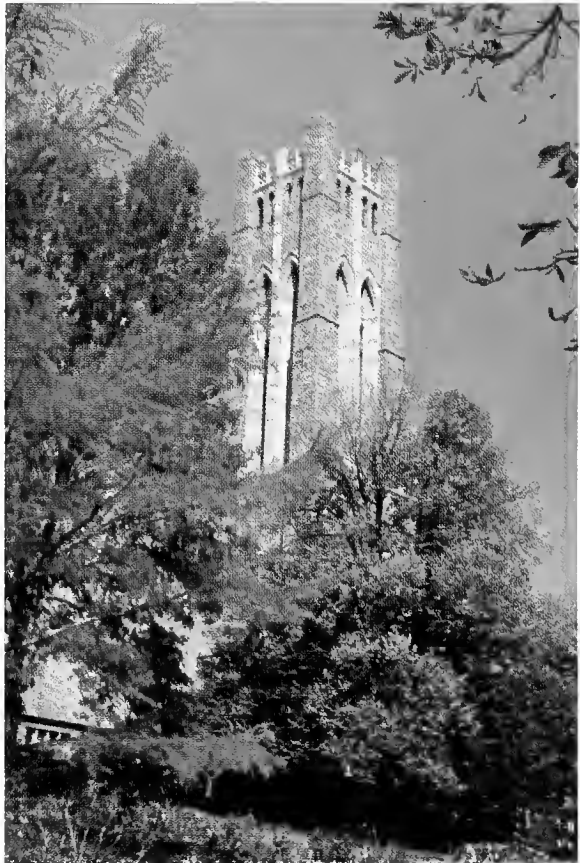


and people,





can still appear so.





Only the women who walked by on their way to Worth or Willets took notice. Only the workman's hammer reverberating in the chill surrounds made comment. But a great institution (at least a venerable one) was dismembered in the fall. Yet, back of every inefficient independent grocer's demise shines a chain store, behind every Edward Fitzgerald fading from view stands a more accurate Robert Graves, beyond the ruins of the stacks rises McCabe. One can hardly complain.

A few students scarcely looked up from their books. The faithful of the astro libe kept on, largely oblivious of the revolution on the far side of Parrish. The denizens of Martin still turned their keys into the door of the bio building at all hours while the devotees of DuPont slinked along the linoleum floor to the hall as always where they might breathe more loudly or smoke or talk. Everyone still knows everyone in Martin or DuPont, but "everyone" is not very many any more. Once it was that a newcomer in Martin encountered a collage of tables submerged by books, plants, food, prints, pottery, sleeping bags, and sleeping scholars. No longer. Once it was that you had to rush to DuPont right after dinner to fight for a carrel. Not any more. Tables are available in Martin and carrels in DuPont go begging as science students steal away to McCabe.

But the transition held its greatest drama for the inhabitants of the old libe. As the lights of day turned down, a golden glow from McCabe attracted an audience of students to this new theater of college life. The stage was magnificent—especially the thick, pliant, rug. We felt like lying down on it and found a corner to do just that. As the year wore on and self-consciousness wore off, we began to feel more actors than audience and didn't even search for a remote niche but flopped down wherever. There was a fleeting, hysterical sense of stage fright of course. "It's not the old libe! I can't open the windows! It's too hot! Too cold! Where are the periodicals? Is there still aspirin behind the desk? What floor am I on?" Then the psychedelic box office went into operation. Pink slips. Blue, black, and green and even the people behind the desk couldn't remember what color was Wednesday. Despite the grandeur of the theater, it retained a personal touch. Why, the actors knew all the ushers by name, especially plump old Elmer Geyer with a smile on his face and a good word or riddle for everyone.

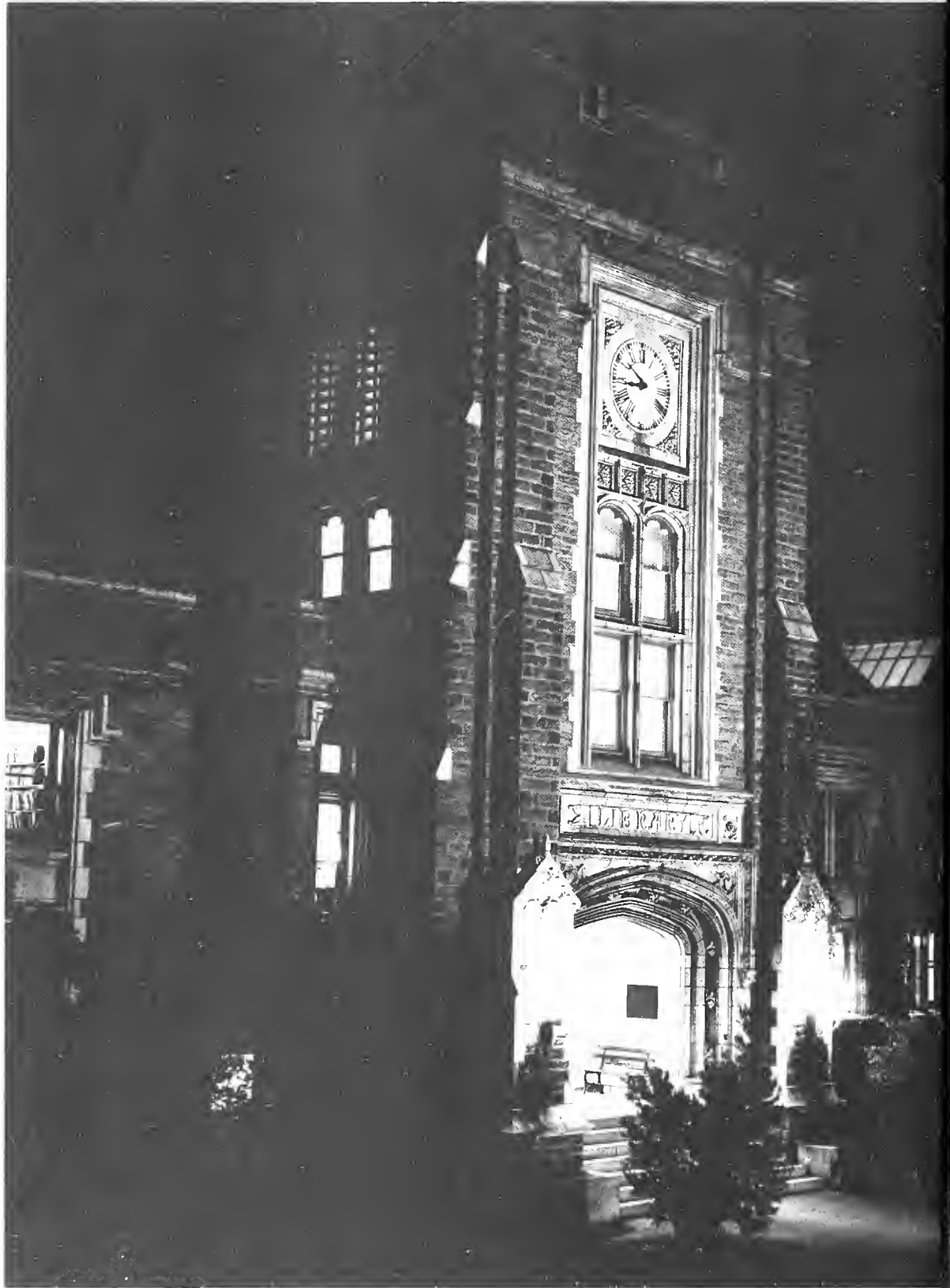
Except for the shortage of steliots (each one an affront to lovers of itiffarg), the absence of social mores most seriously upset normal regularity. In the old libe you could whisper in the stacks or talk loud and long at the circulation desk until you were shushed, but you had to tiptoe in Friends. Where did you tiptoe in McCabe? Where did you talk out loud? In the old libe, a single casual (or casual-appearing) glance over the reference room could tell if she was there or wasn't. Not so in McCabe where people could and did locate carrels where—cribbed, cabined, and confined—they remained until the lights flashed. What do you think this is, a library?

It is important to separate the nostalgia that colors the memory of the old libe from the libe itself (may it rest in peace). It was, after all, impossibly inadequate. Poor heating, lighting designed for moles, crowded, noisy—but . . . perhaps there was some virtue in adversity. Ahem . . . Authoritative studies have shown that McCabe upended the social solidarity of Friends, the smoker, the periodicals room, and the browsing room, depriving each of these subcultures of a geographic center of recruitment. Some of the old smoker citizens occupied the lounge by the current newspapers in McCabe; those who studied in Friends now congregated in the reference room from ten to midnight as before. But they were no longer what we shall call "Friends people." It was every man for himself; the esprit de corps that was Friends was gone. More explicitly, they had become marginal men in an anomic society. Coherent homogeneity had given way to disintegrative atomism.

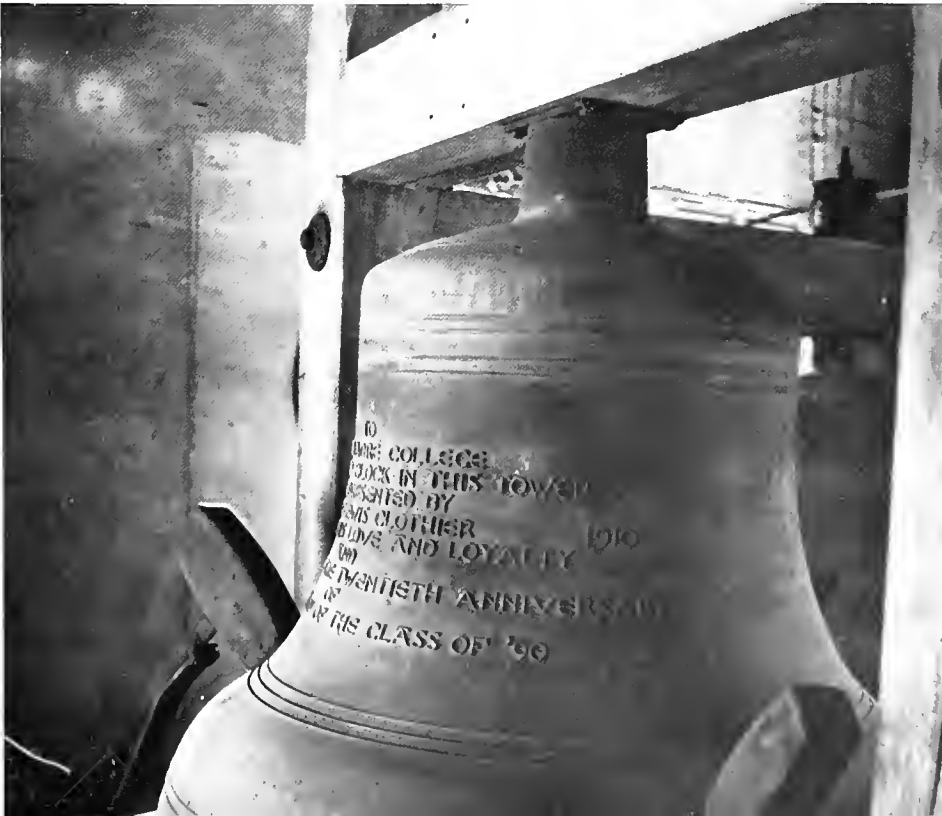
The McCabe Library was officially dedicated in December. For one weekend the mighty fortress had on its Sunday best, bedecked in flowers, adorned with a new tapestry, and rearranged by the removal of the mammoth globe from the second to the third level.

It was a new world. The presence of august and seldom seen personages including scores of alumni made it a different place. But the ceremonies did not catch the essence of the library. That had been better summed up an evening before, just after the globe had been moved. Some carefree sprite then placed a miniature globe in the spot on the main level formerly occupied by the huge model. The foot high globe proudly commanded the many square carpet feet once shadowed by a larger world. We smiled, laughed, and returned to the books.

—Mike Schudson



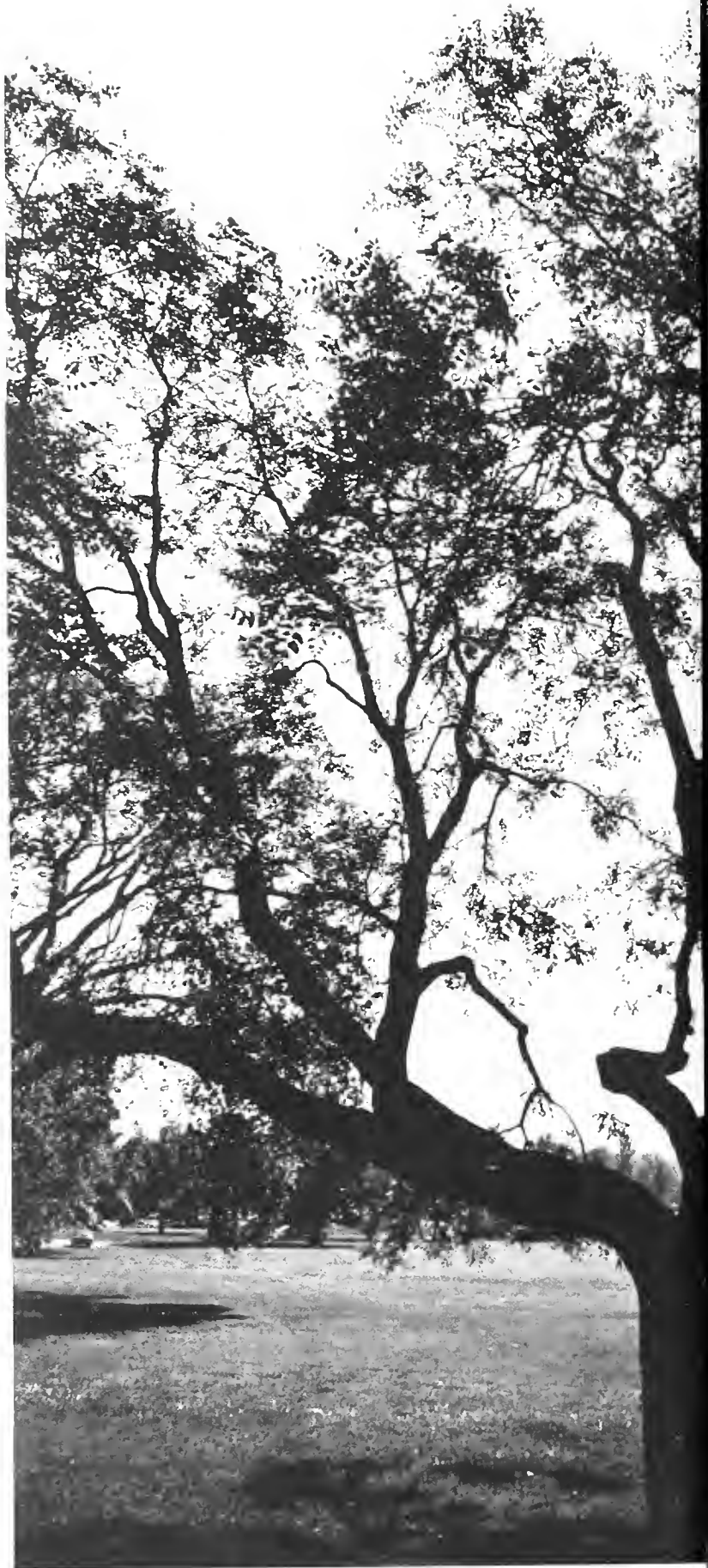
*for whom the bell tolls . . .
reference room, the stacks,
"Friends," friendliness—*



—it tolls for thee.









it's what's outside . . .







... that counts

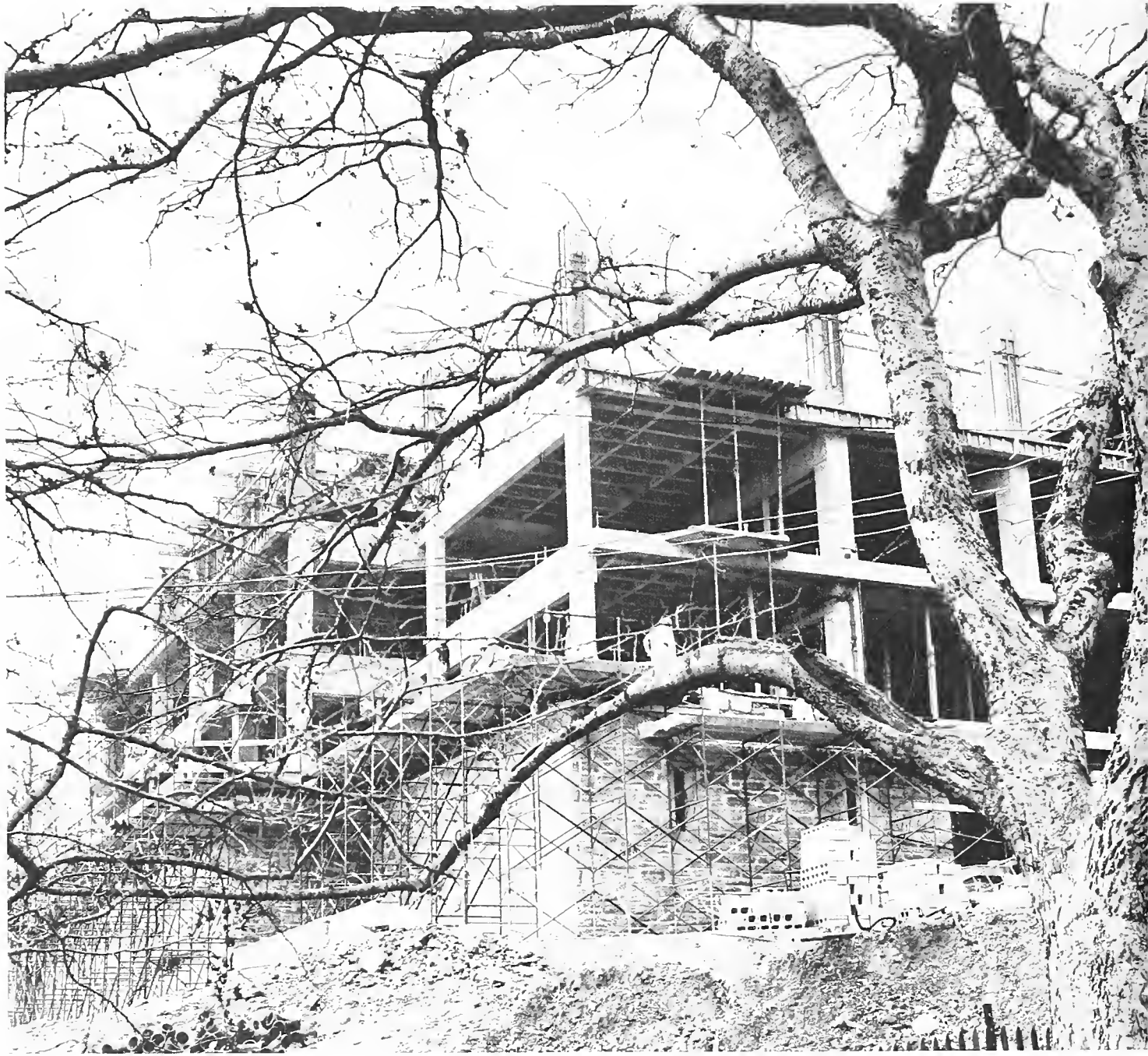




*sic transit
gloria mundi*







stone embracing steel—



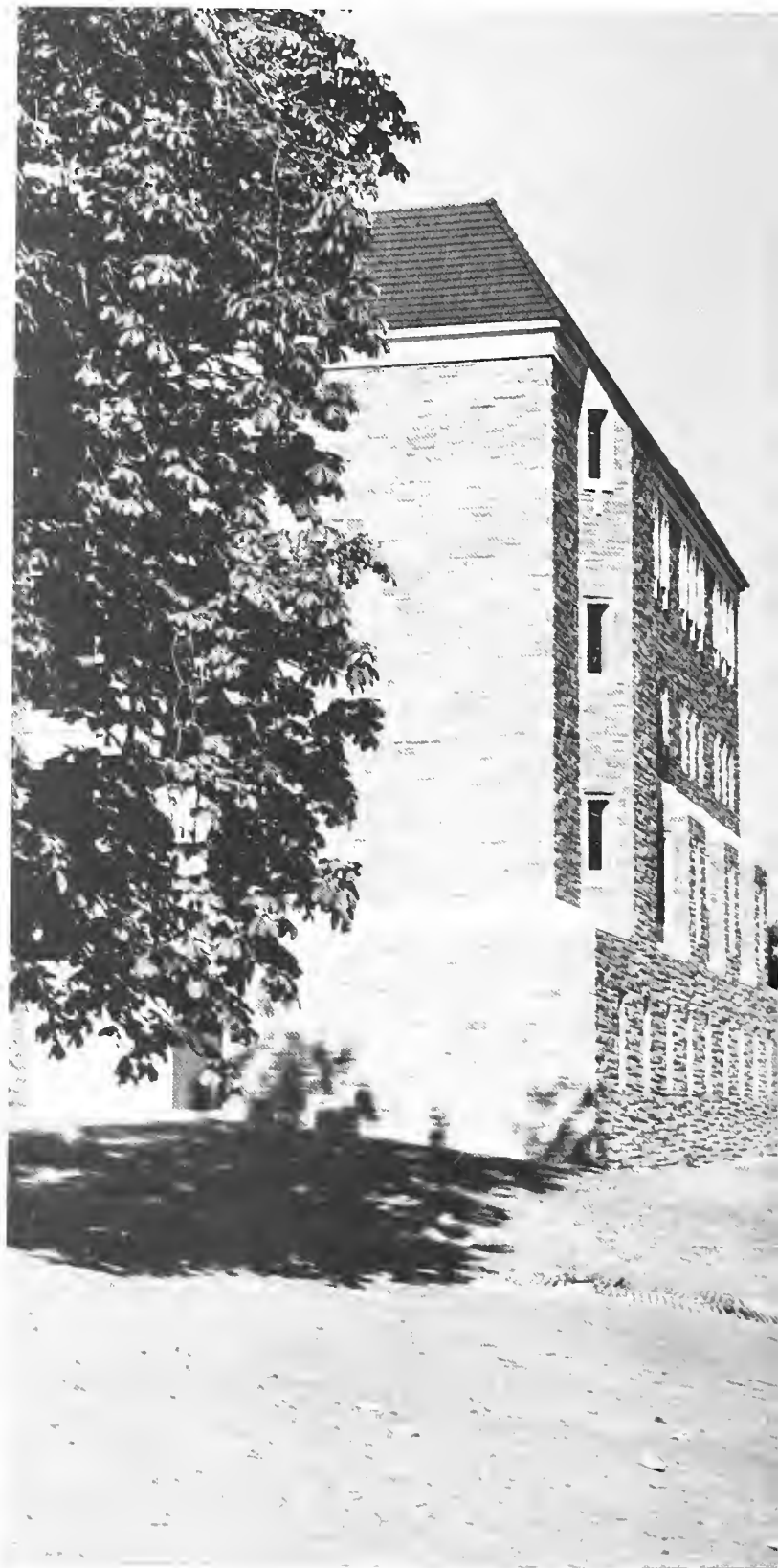




a mighty fortress . . .



is our "teaching" libe.





a bulwark never failing.







*sessions of
sweet silent thought*



The primary student activity at Swarthmore is talking about Swarthmore—about the work, about how impossible it is, about how much of it isn't being done, about the people who aren't doing it. There is, at times, an intensity and monotony that comes with this concentration on the affairs of the College that borders on paranoia. My work, oh the people, oh my work!

After talking about the place, the second biggest activity is trying to forget about it—usually with one other person of the opposite sex with whom one engages in an "intense, multidimensional dialog," i.e., breakfast, lunch, supper, the Friday and Saturday flicks, small parties and large blasts, folk dancing or soccer games.

If one has not succeeded in establishing such an exclusive relationship, there are other ways of spending extracurricular time. For athletes, real or imagined, there is stretch or frisbee or frolf. There are rallies in Wharton and UFO flights over Clothier. For die-hard thespians, there are workshops, one-acts and full-dress productions. For incipient intellectuals there is a range of lectures from "Parimutual Betting and Economic Equilibrium" to "The Place of the Papacy in the Middle Ages," plus assorted concerts, poetry readings and arcane arguments in Parrish parlors.

Less organized releases, but no less effective ones, are such *ad hoc* activities as the McCabe Library Steliot Committee, formed by spontaneous underclassmen for the benefit of their fellowmen. There is the simple circle of bosom buddies who meet every week or so for companionship and poker in ML Breakfast Room. There is a fun-loving crew of frustrated miscreants in the new dorms who find psychic fulfillment in collapsing beds, candy machines and proctors under the guise of "liberation."

There are birthday parties with dorm-baked cakes, and special suppers in the lodges. There are bake sales with wildly-speculating bidders and arm-flailing auctioneers. There are yo-yo practice sessions among the Honors Reserve shelves, and guerilla warfare and gymnastics in the stacks. And every man can be an Atlas and put the brakes on the globe and watch it skid to a stop.

There is picketing and marching and leafletting for all, and a chance for each student to criticize everyone else's attempts at the politics of pluralism. There are also those very private, very special pastimes that make for relaxation—writing seminar papers for the nine o'clock ditto, finishing a physics lab the afternoon before Christmas vacation, or having hysterics.

But then again . . . there's the Crum, and Spring, and the sound of your favorite sixth-grade mouldy oldy on the juke box. And a swing sometimes, when the townies haven't confiscated it or the maintenance men aren't repairing it. And there's the rock behind DuPont for sitting on, and thinking about how much it looks like the place where the bad guys got the last of the Mohicans.

And when things are down at rock-bottom, when it's rained and snowed for forty days straight and your mail box has cob webs and you've cut three collections and you've got a bad exam coming up, chances are there's someone who noticed. Maybe they brought you a bagel from breakfast, or a Marvel comic from the drug store, or maybe they said hello and meant it.

After the cold-sweat mornings of finals, and asking for extensions, maybe after saying good-bye for the first time or forever, after Spring is turning to a quieter green, suddenly it's over. The bags and boxes are packed and you're away, free and clear.

And when you've left the gray walls and the red carpet and the long green slope along McGill, how is it different? The people are still with you; whether you go to Florence or Fairbank or the Fogg Museum, they seem to be there. They said in the Student Life Report that the College is "a potent institution, one with a large impact on students." And you get a feeling after you've been here for a while, that they should have told you something like that on the tour you took through Parrish and the Libes, that day you came for an interview, or that first week here when it was ninety-seven and you were scared blind. They should have told you that this place changes you. Maybe they did.

You've changed, maybe more or less than your roommate, but you aren't the same. Now you eat apricot yogurt and read Tillich and skirmish with *Time* magazine essays. Now you know how to play Lacrosse and pull all-nighters. Now it seems clear that you'll never know all you want to know. When the bags under your eyes have faded, and the raveled skeins of care have been knitted up a little, or at least gotten a dye job, a few years from now, it's only the changes that matter.

The piffle about the Swarthmore mystique will linger a little, like stale cigarette smoke. A lot of the couples will have forgotten each other's last names, or divorced them. The sting will be gone from the "I'm busy's" and the alphabet soup of the *Phoenix* stories won't mean a thing. The Blue Route will be gashing through the Crum.

The only thing left will be the half-remembered smiles and the faint heartaches, the stories told too often and the convictions lived by. Maybe there will be the sense of ignorance that marks the educated man; maybe there will be only sophistry and satisfaction. It would be nice if you could be sure it had all been worth it, the bottom times, the tight times, the long gray times. But maybe it was.

—Nancy Bekavac



*for I was,
as it were,
a child*

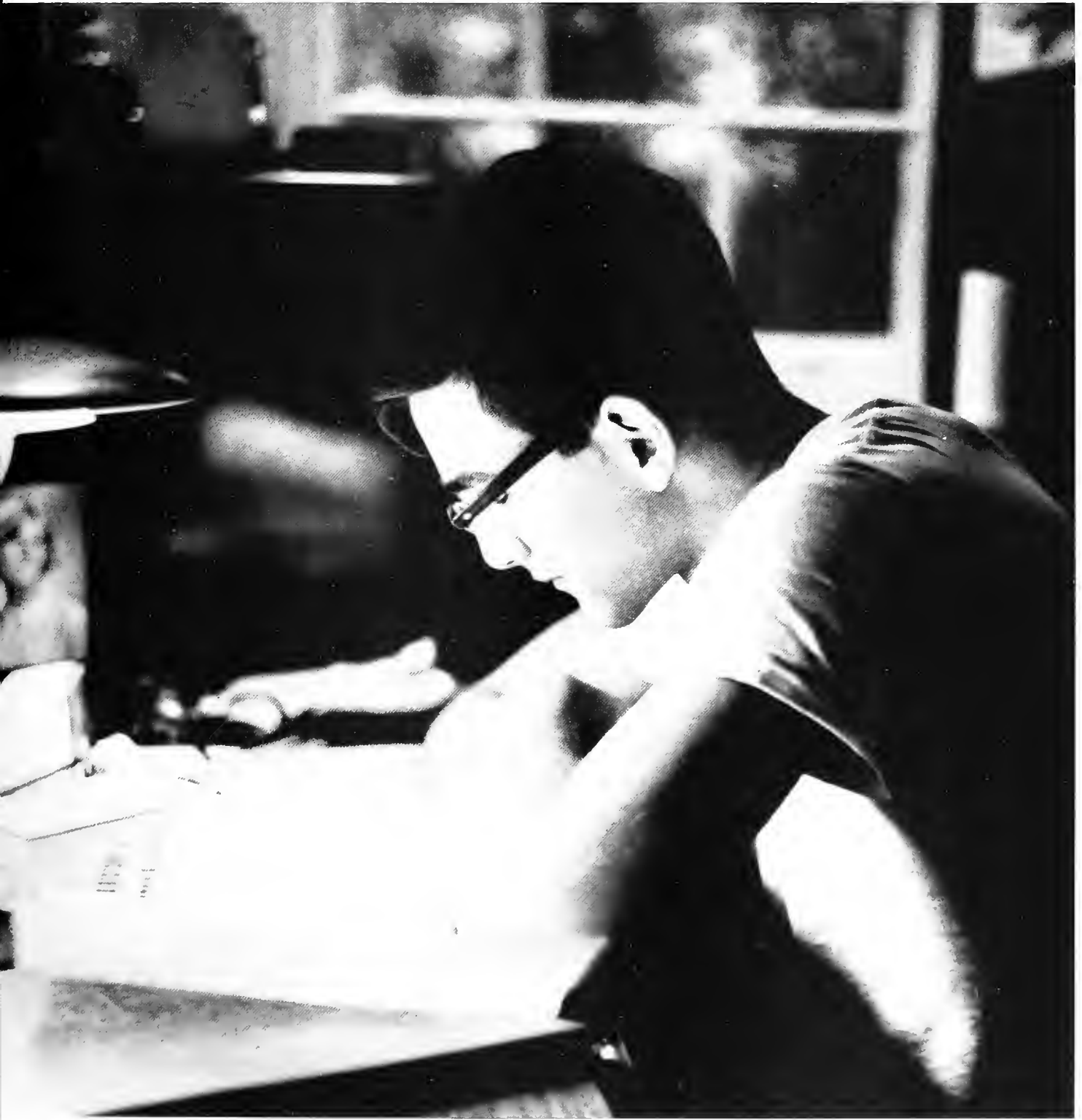






*when so much
is known, much,
for every individual,
must remain
unknowable.*







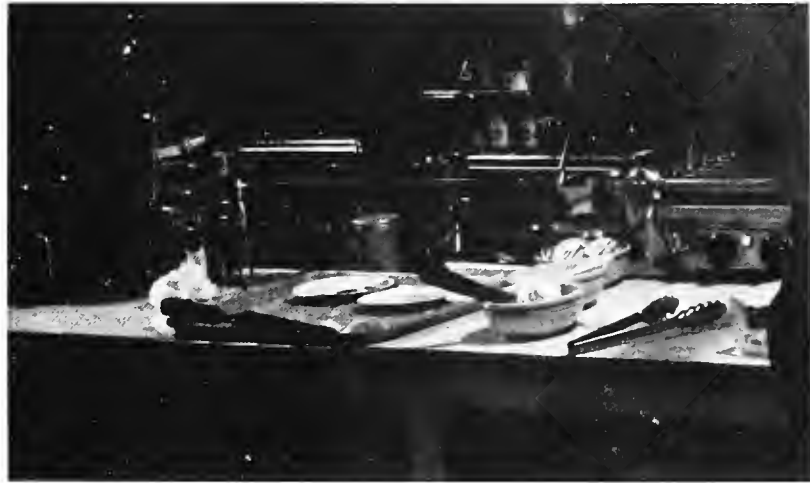
*... diminishing
the sense
of undesirable
uniformity ...*







a leaven to the one-sided virtues of a group of intellectual, cosmopolitan students

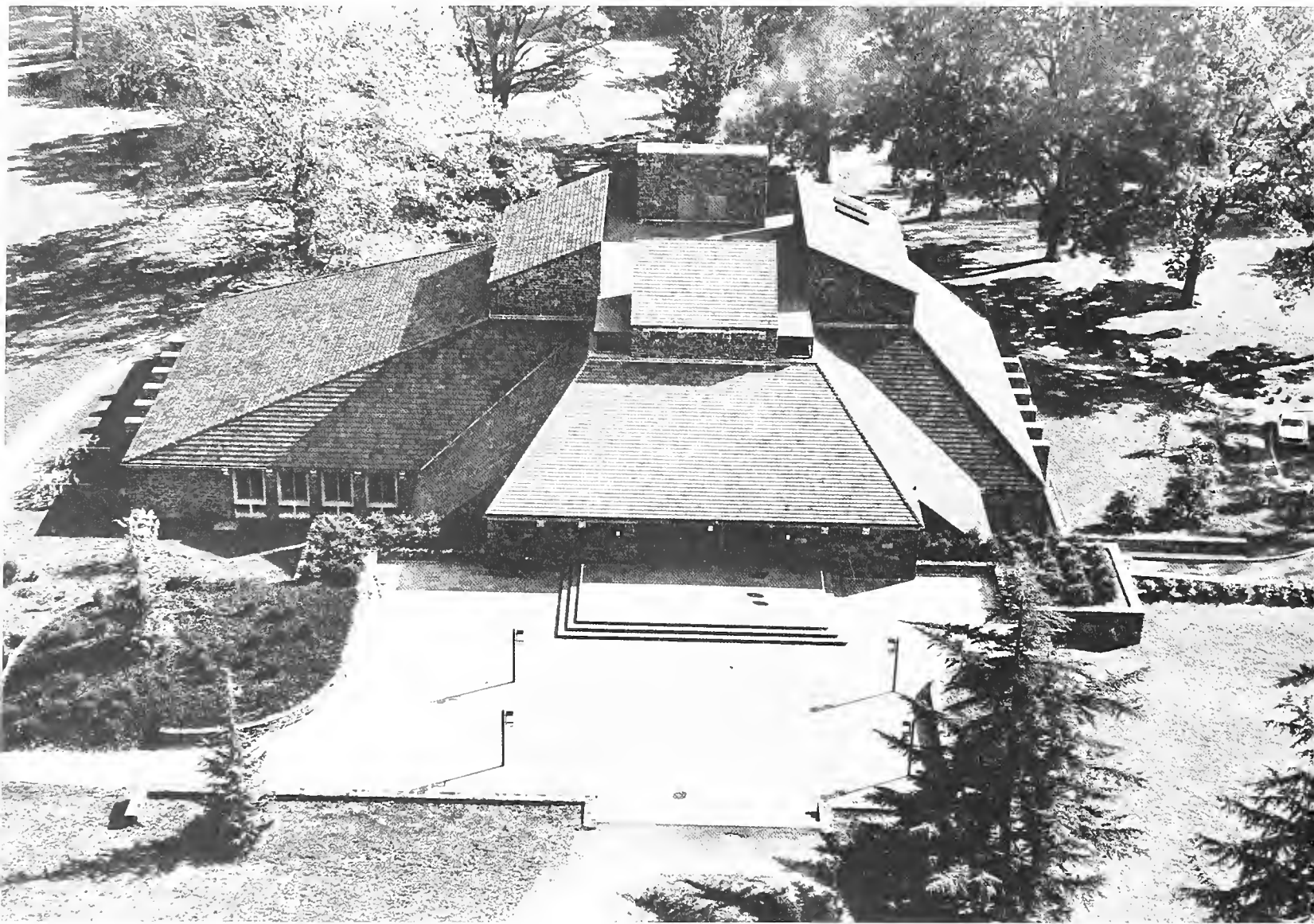






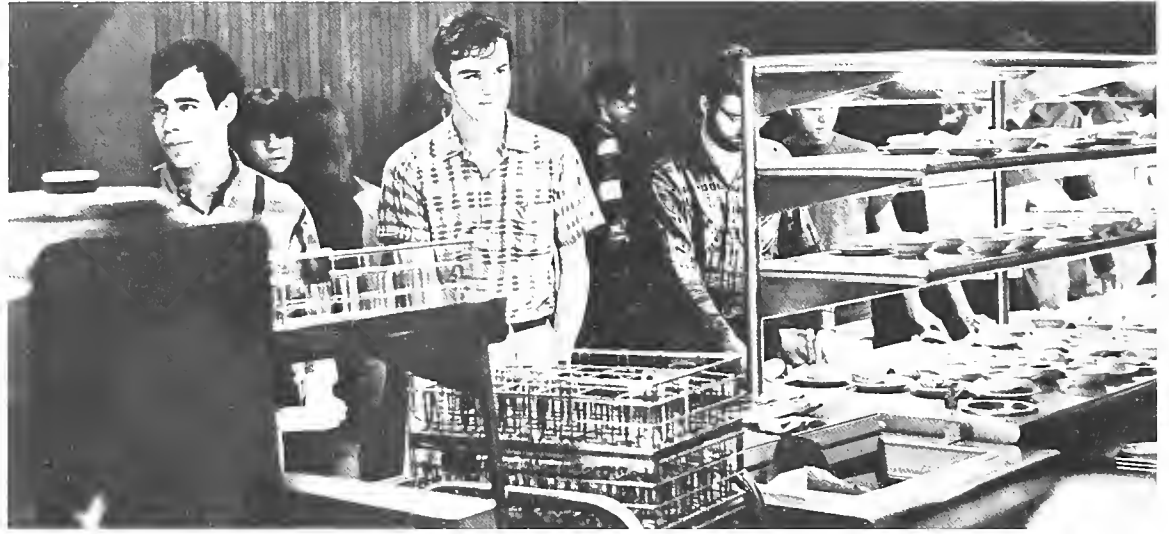
*a more effective release
from the routine of work
or the sense of routine*





*all students, both men and women,
have their meals in the
philip t. sharples dining hall.*







*dangling conversations . . .
pattern of our lives*





the first snow . . .

after wilcox's collection



*not that the College
aims to turn out
"a product"
of a certain sort . . .*



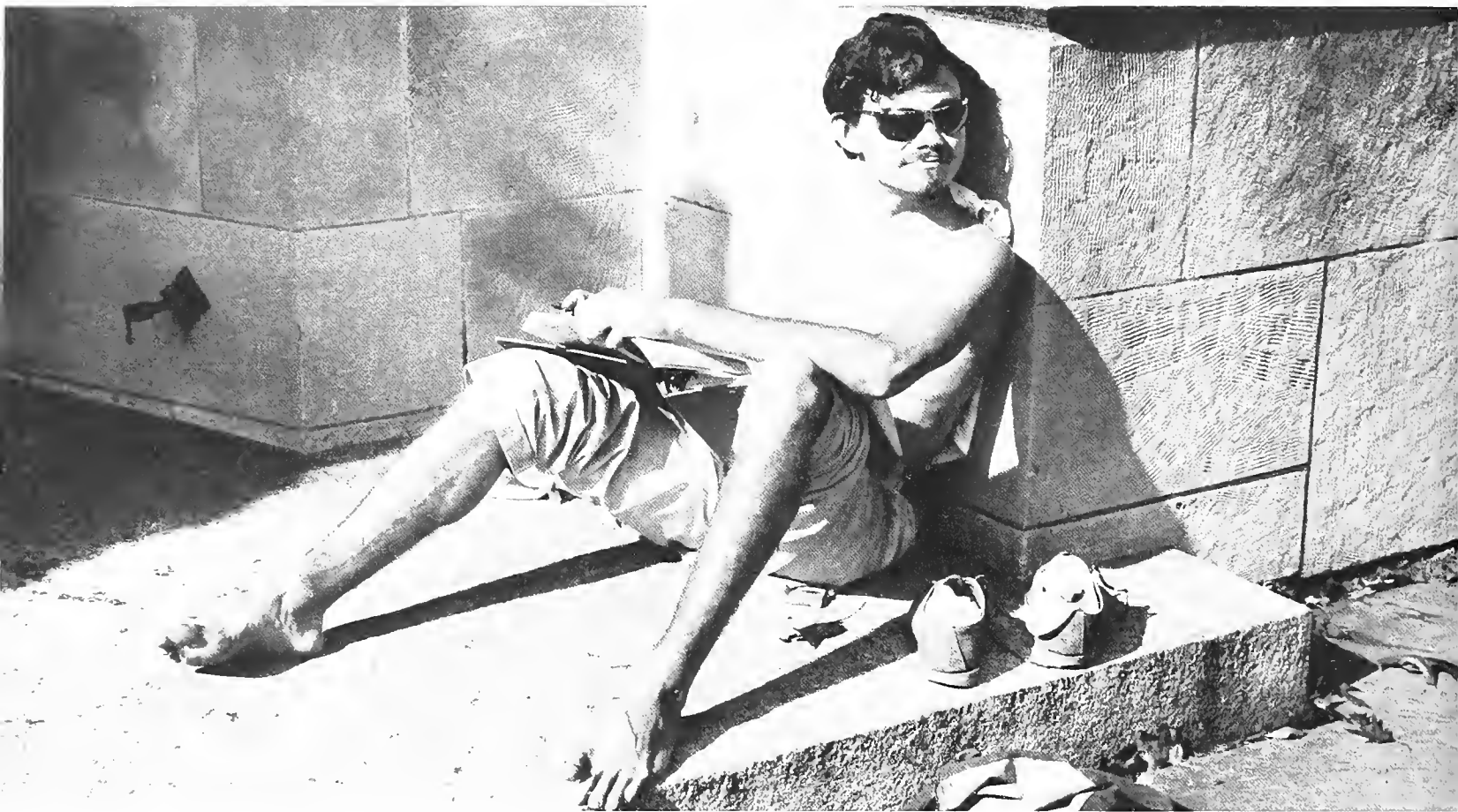




*but that it concentrate
on the process
that goes on
from day to day,
from year to year.*







*a potent institution . . .
one with a large impact
upon students*





A

ction is education. "Learn by doing" is an old bromide, but, strangely enough, a true one; Swarthmore's activists are learning all the time.

Political and social action take many different shapes at Swarthmore. Some projects perform traditional service, like the work with girls at Sleighton Farms. If civil rights has been "your thing" there are straightforward things to do. For the educationally-minded, there is the Chester Tutorial or Upward Bound. On the other hand, those who want to be in on more immediate action can get a taste of community organizing with the Consumer Education Project or the Chester Home Improvement Project.

Others have been concerned about Viet Nam. Variety abounds in action on that issue, too. The Committee of Responsibility has worked on humanitarian projects; SPAC and SDRU have gone all out with political action (demonstrating, distributing anti-draft material at high schools and induction centers, and so forth).

The activist is probably more flexible than the academics at Swats—and at least as valuable. The Commission on Educational Policy was not the first to suggest credit for a semester of social action. A project is an experiment in moving the world so that it conforms a little more with the activist's values and ideals. Those values are pretty fuzzy at times, whether they have come originally from home, from church, from studies, from friends. The idealism is rarely destroyed, even though the experiments in bettering the world are never successful on a grand scale.

Why, if I had a penny for every change in this old world wrought by a doughty Swarthmorean, I'd be pretty poor. But the pennies that do turn up are precious: an encouraging word spoken by a paratrooper to demonstrators shivering through the night of the Pentagon vigil . . . an Upward Bound student on the Honor Roll . . . or, sometimes, just a smile.

The classroom is remote out there on the picket line. "Intellectual capital" never builds up much, to the chagrin of those who think students should be strictly academically inclined. But the emotional capital that is developed under fire may pay greater dividends in the long run—that's where the value of activism lies.

We all have a sort of "educated eye" that transforms the way we see some things; activism turns that eye both in on ourselves and out on the world. On the inside there often turns out to be a discouraging amount of dry rot—hatred for those who cannot understand the new idealism or refuse to understand it, our own abysmal ignorance of the facts of suffering and injustice, centuries-old racial antagonisms that we discover anew within ourselves.

But when those barriers—black/white, radical/conservative, young/old—break down, even a little, something stirs inside. A new potential that you might have talked about but never really knew about is right there for you to feel. And with it comes the strength to go on, some hope for change that will come, has to come.

How do we understand all these things? By the beat of different drums, no doubt. We see our wills beat up against society like sand blowing at the pyramids, polishing the outside, if we're lucky, but never getting way down to the center. One drum beats resignation: study, work, use the system, if only a little. And the other beats rebellion: the system is evil, and it is perpetuated by compromise. Grains of sand, it seems, are best used to wreck the gears.

But always in the minds of both drummers is a hope that their different rhythms will not lead to conflict. The thought of the resigned and the radical sapping each other's energy away into impotence is too much to bear.

—Ray McClain





*summer studies
ups aspirations*





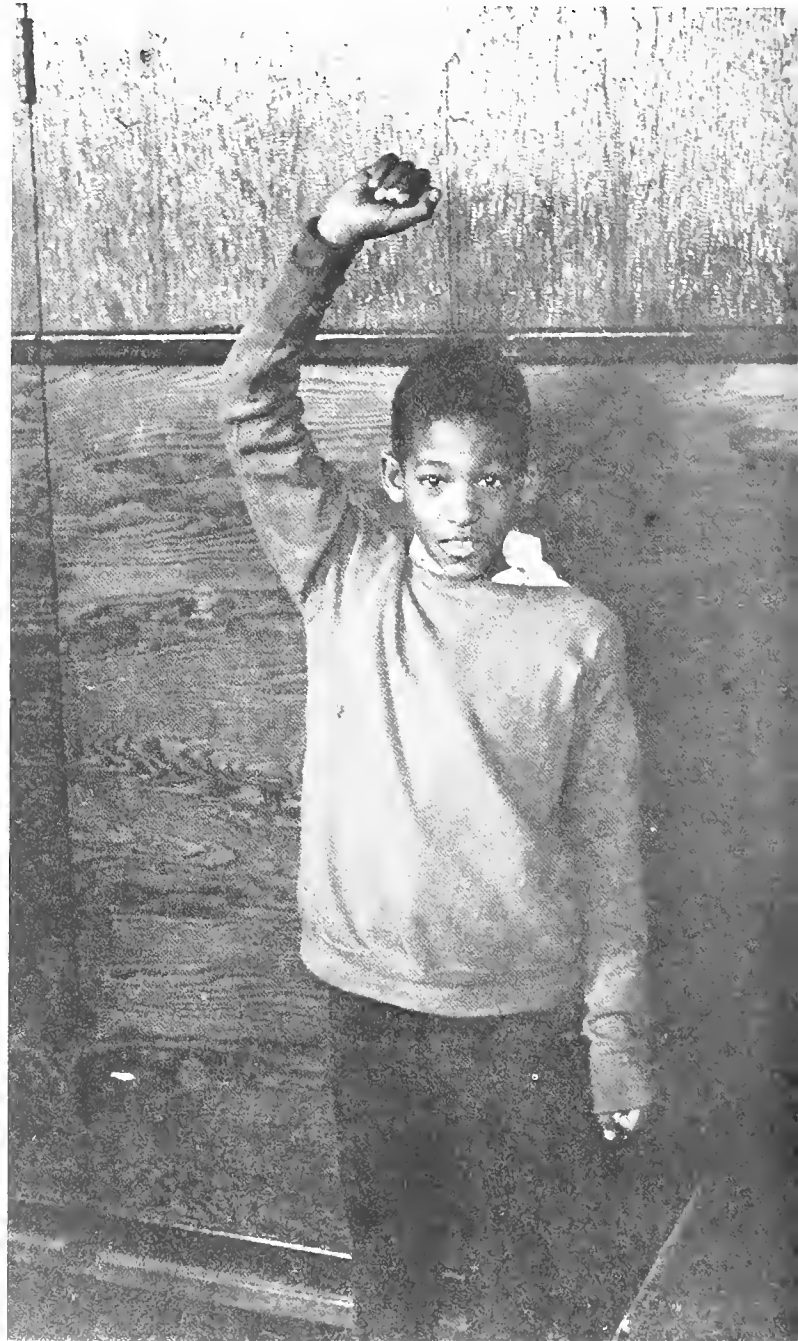
*some straightforward
things to do*

DELINQUENT TAX COLLECTOR

CHESTER SCHOOL District

CHESTER TWP. SCHOOL District

CHESTER HOUSING AUTHORITY
DELINQUENT RENT OFFICE





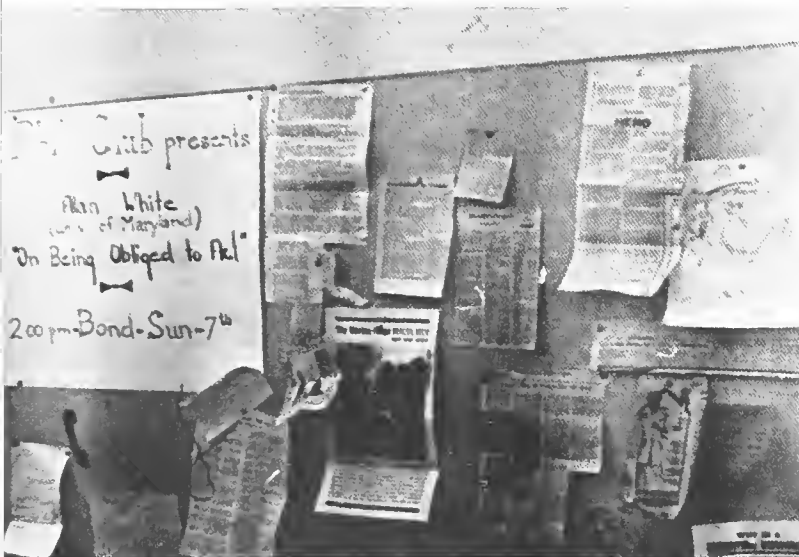


*some follow
a different drumbeat*



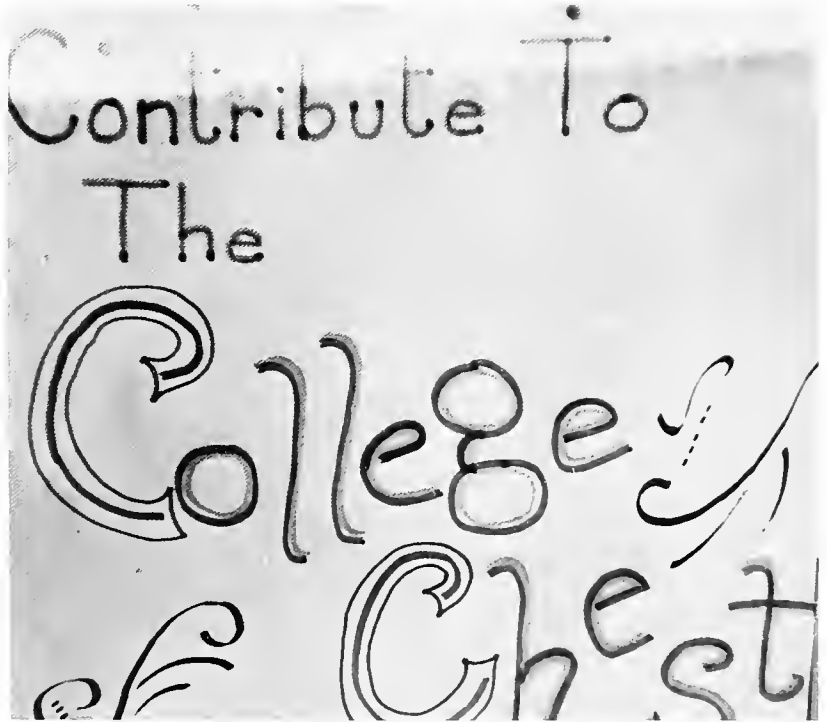
* Do You WANT PEACE in Vietnam?
 * ARE YOU 21?
 * Do You Live in:
 CALIF. (June 4)
 OREGON (May 28)
 WISCONSIN (April 2)
 NEBRASKA (May 14)
 New Hampshire (March 12)
 MASS. (April 30)?

* YOU CAN Support
 EUGENE MCCARTHY
 Register to Vote
 DEMOCRATIC IN
 YOUR state PRIMARY



*the medium is messy,
 but it works*









"council again"



Student participation in sports at Swarthmore runs from the individual who confines his athletic endeavors to opening and closing books to the person for whom sports fills the gap between a Wheaties breakfast and a ten o'clock bed hour. To parallel this spectrum of personal involvement the College offers something for everyone; these somethings can be conveniently divided into four categories based on the degree to which they are endorsed in the catalogue.

55% of the men and 49% of the women

officially indulged in intercollegiate athletics last year. An intercollegiate sport is loosely characterized by (1) a monosexual format, (2) free uniforms and towels for all, (3) a competitive attitude to the extent that the participants care whether they win or lose and realize that their efforts are incriminatingly recorded on data sheets, and (4) regulations discouraging the nurturing of hair except on the chest (this applies primarily to males).

In past years Swarthmore teams have

compiled admirable records, especially in view of the size of the College. This testifies to the intense efforts of the individuals involved, and would seem to place Swarthmore favorably on a plane with other institutions which advocate the Greek mind/body relationship. This is not entirely so.

The status of the Swarthmore athlete

is unique because, unlike the legendary campus hero, he is constantly forced to defend both his particular brand of sport and his way of life. The jock is not the campus anti-hero, but he does generally lack the voguish more-than-slightly-dissipated-look which drives admissions departments to drink. His is therefore not an idyllic life, and while there is no right or wrong to the matter, it is hotly debated all the same.

This of course applies equally to the female athlete for whom organized sports are an opportunity to prove that the woman's place is not in the stove.

The spectator, almost as much as the

athlete, plays a crucial role in the Swarthmore bigtime. The fans as a whole are not a rabid lot—on any given Saturday an overwhelming percentage of the student body seems to have no idea who is playing, where they are playing, or why. Yet, according to the Department of Physical Education by-laws, "Each individual, while benefitting from the physical exercise, also becomes better acquainted with the fundamentals, rules, etc., of the various sports and is better able to enjoy these activities as a spectator." Theoretically, then, the Swarthmore spectator really knows the vernacular and can intelligently yell things like "pass interference," "hands," "kill de ref," and "check the oil." In reality, however, the vast majority is either the pseudo-sophisticated element which scorns cheering as "high school" or the outdoors set which welcomes a chance to loll in the grass. Exhibitionism by either side is taboo, and the Herculean male displaying his wares is greeted with about the same amount of enthusiasm as the cheerleader wearing Purple Passion lipstick. Veteran Swarthmore female: "I wonder how he got into Swarthmore with all those muscles."

A rung lower on the athletic

ladder lies the mandatory Physical Education class. Two years of physical development are felt to be an essential part of the educational experience—after that what the individual does with his body is his own concern.

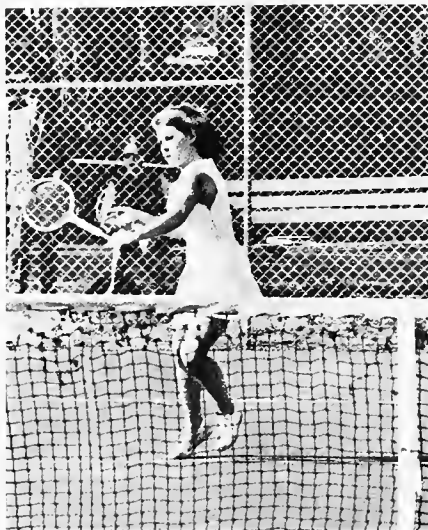


One possible course for the Phys. Ed. graduate is to partake in the student organized group activities. Here the lean and mean enthusiast can nightly indulge in intra-dormitory football or tag-team wrestling while on weekends various football and basketball teams battle to uphold the honor of their respective fraternity, place of residence, or ethnic group.

Finally there is the spontaneous, highly individual breed of sport. Limited only by the season and the extent of his imagination, the aficionado views the whole campus as his playingfield and the whole community as his team. Pool and ping pong always attract the more mundane; the midnight mile the more hardy. Fall and Spring welcome Stretch, ranging from the cozy twosome to the awesome lech variety. Frisbee with its Frolf-like nuances is for some; tree-climbing and cycling is for others. Winter brings traying, coed swimming and an occasionally skatable Crum. A brutal ice hockey game involving nine guys and one girl is interrupted when the sexually opposite one is flattened on the ice. "I'm sorry, are you all right?" mumbles the big bruiser and cries of "Chivalry is not dead!" echo through the trees. Yet the girl must get up by herself.

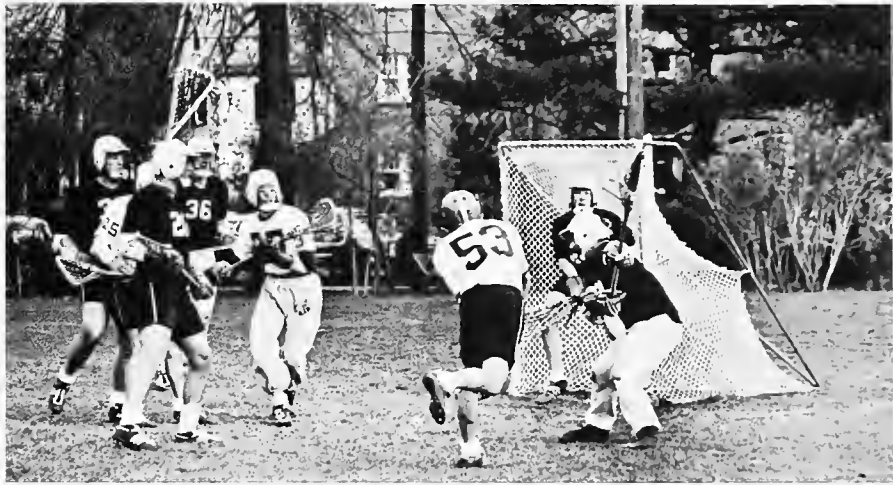
A philosophy of sports at Swarthmore is necessarily a philosophy of the individual. Behind every team effort the goal is the development of the individual in relation to his peers. Sports help you to sleep, to forget papers, exams, and the people you see too much of. Sports offer an opportunity for friendships which would probably not exist otherwise. Finally a sport on any level deals in immediate, palpable realities rather than in academic abstractions.

—Galen Fisher





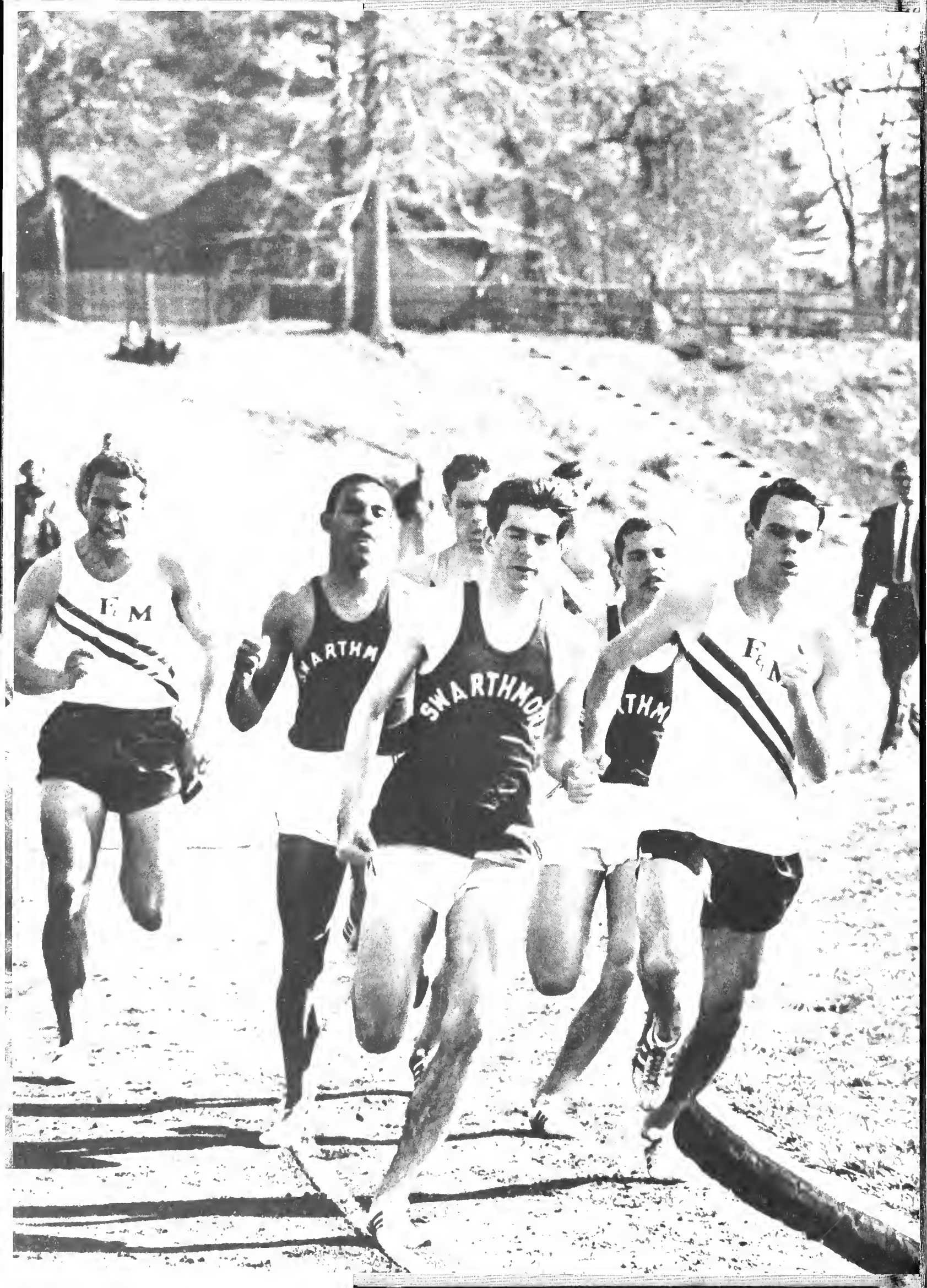
Swarthmore		opponent
17	Franklin & Marshall	4
6	Pennsylvania	12
9	Lafayette	2
10	Delaware	3
3	Washington	10
12	Lehigh	6
11	Stevens	4
6	Drexel	3
11	Dickenson	7
15	English Union Team	17
9	Loyola	12



laxmen take MAC, individual honors

Captain Tom Coffman led the Swarthmore lacrosse team to a 7-4 record in the 1967 season. The squad was impressive in pre-season scrimmages with area club teams, and they went on from there to win the Middle Atlantic Conference (MAC) title and the Moore Division of the USILA. A high point of the season was the game with the English Union lacrosse team, which beat the Garnet 17 to 15. Individual honors for the 1967 season went to Steven Hitchner, '67, All America third team defense and Dexter Farley, '68, honorable mention attack. Bruce Reedy, '68, received the Most Improved Player award.

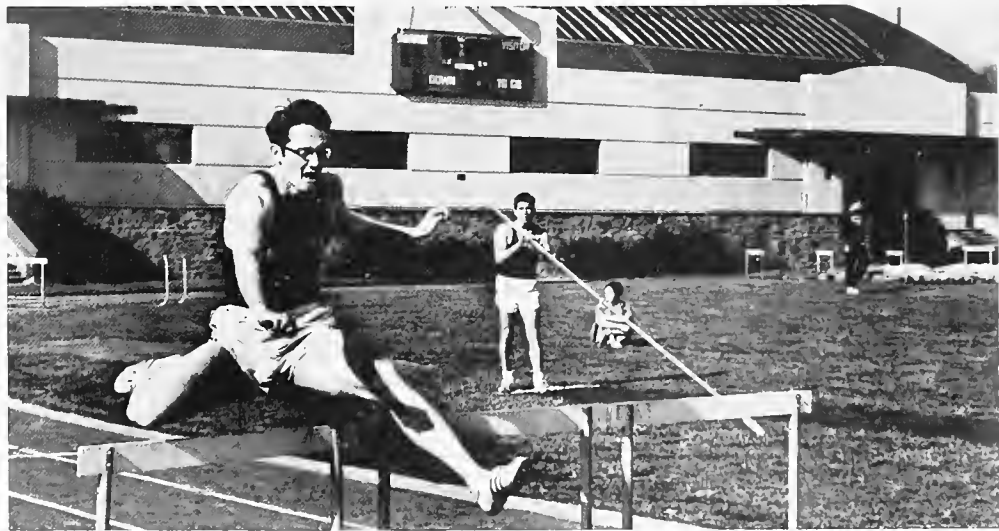
Tri-captains Joseph Hafkenschiel, Bruce Reedy, and Joseph Rosenbaum will head the 1968 squad. There are nine lettermen back for the spring competition, and Coach Brooke Cottman will see to it that they and the rest of the team have that hustle and competitive spirit essential to winning lacrosse.





cindermen set records

Without the pressures of big-time competition, Swarthmore trackmen remain unusually individualistic in their approach to the sport, yet generate considerable team spirit. The running attack in 1967 was led by hurdlers Bill and John Edgar, each the owner of a school record and conference championship in his specialty. In the 880, Fred Montgomery continued his winning ways, speeding to a second in MASCAC. Another school record was added by the mile relay team of Bartkus, Harrison, Montgomery and Bill Edgar in the excellent time of 3:21.8. Field events were equally strong. Dick McCurdy's 194'6" javelin throw earned him a second in MASCAC, as did Craig Schrauf's 140'6" toss in the discus. Fans can look forward to another winning season in '68, as only strong man Wilbur Streams was lost to the outside world.



Swarthmore	opponent	
77	Johns Hopkins	21
	Franklin & Marshall	75
64	P.M.C.	75
68	Ursinus	72
92	Haverford	47
103	Muhlenberg	36
78	Albright	62
	Pop Haddleton Relay	2nd
	M.A.S.C.A.C.	3rd.

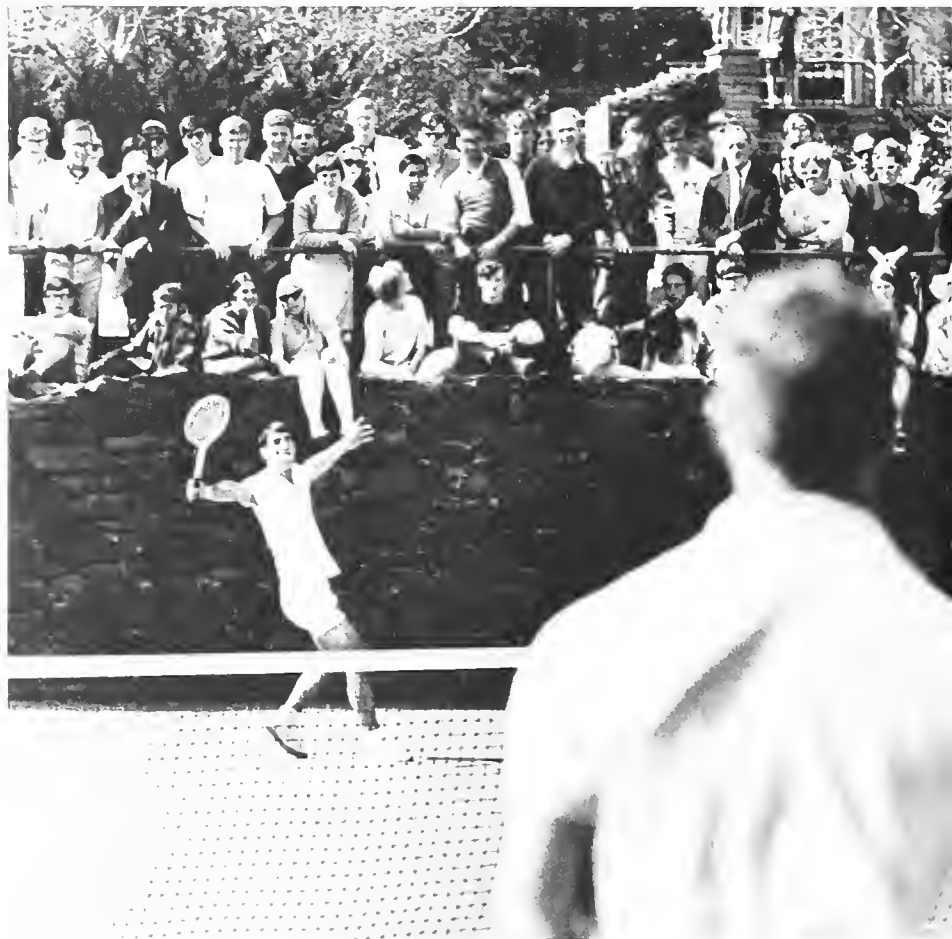


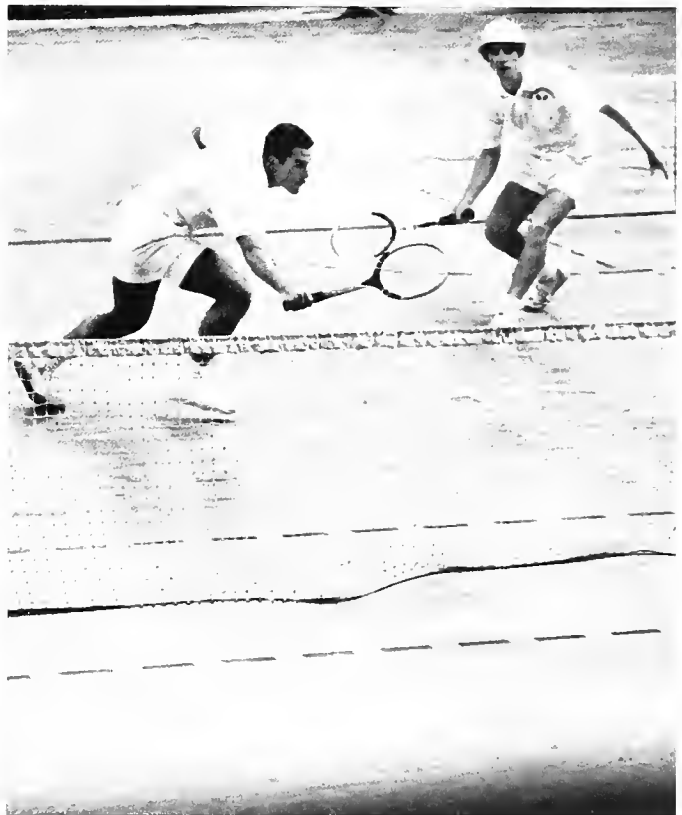
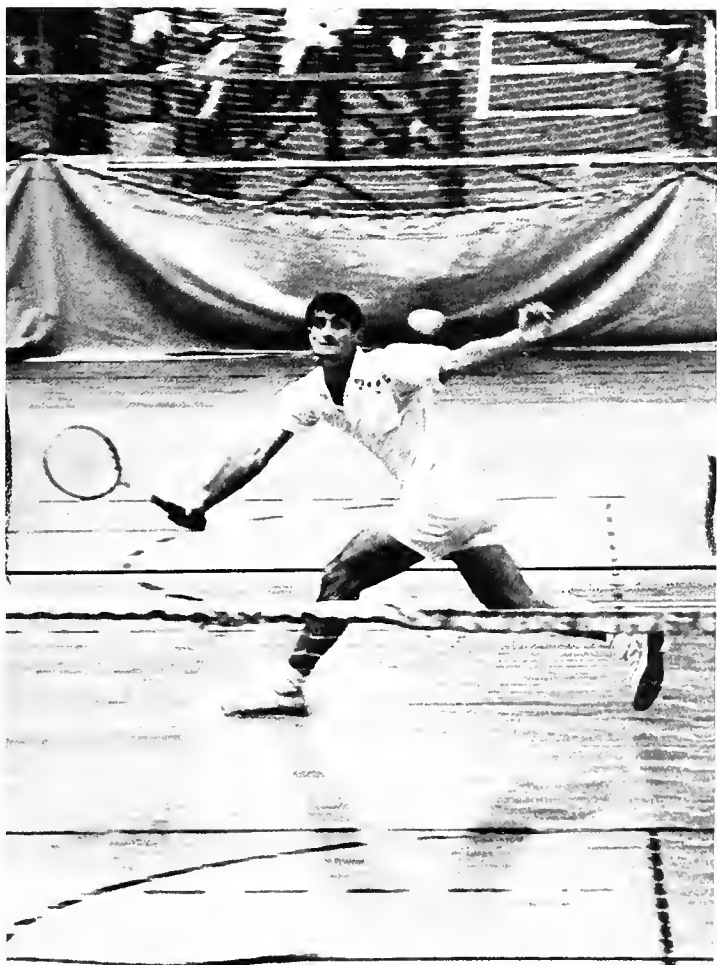
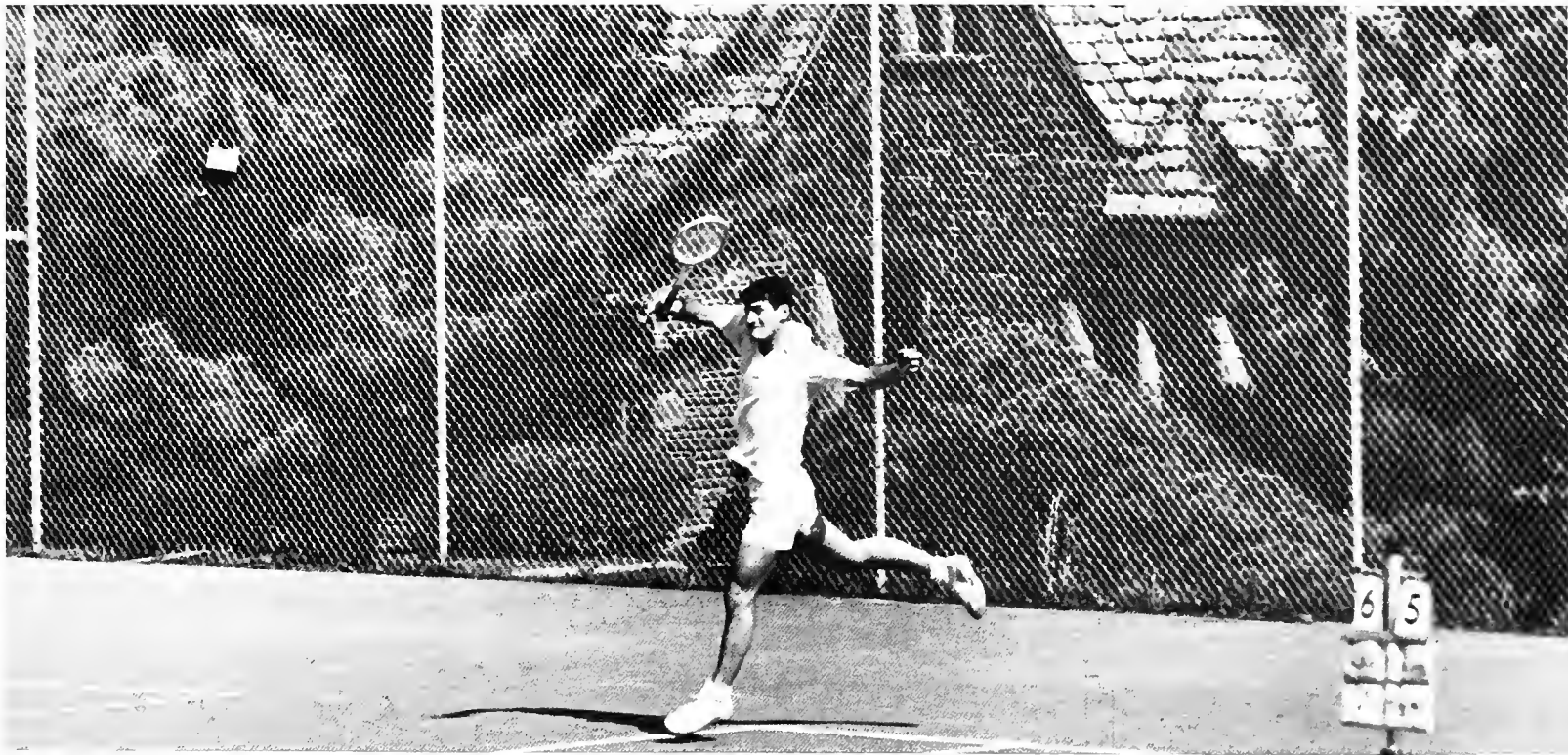
Faulkner's boys take MASCAC

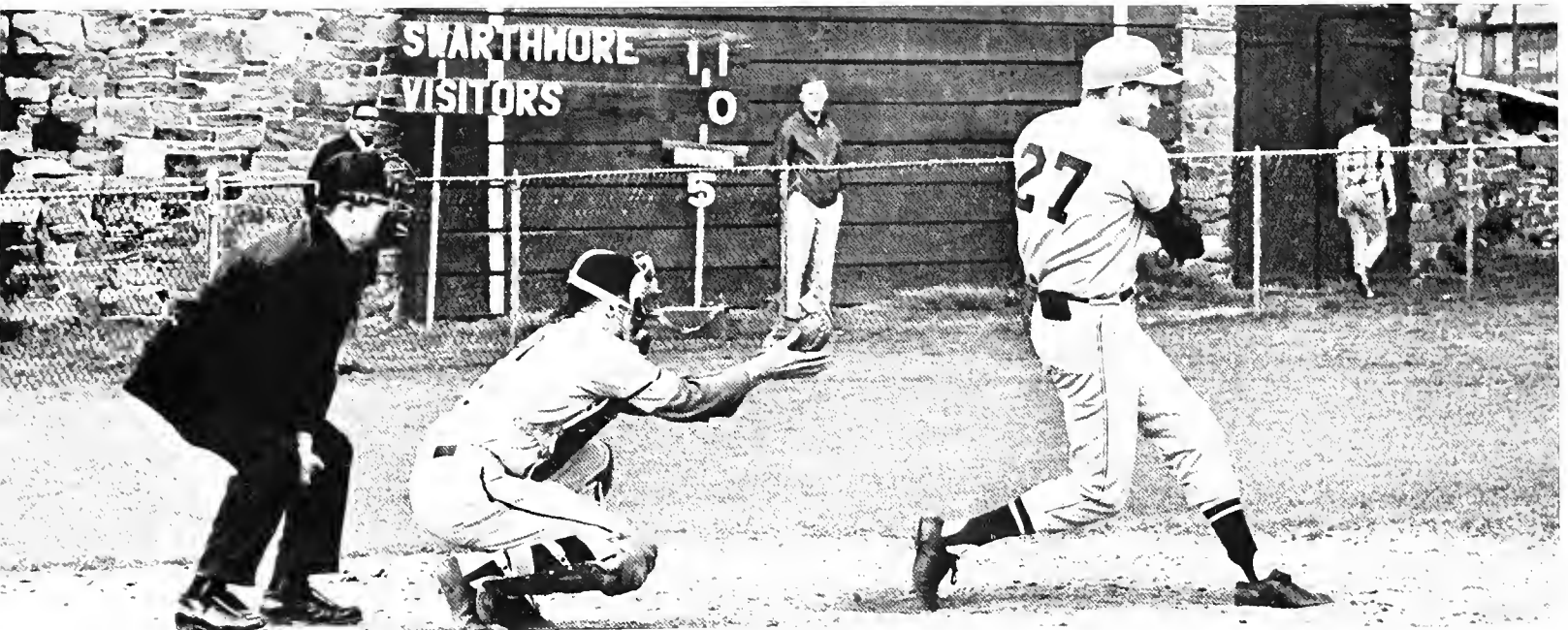
Ed Faulkner's boys had another good year in '67, with a 10-1 record highlighted by a perfect singles season in MASCAC, climaxing a four-year domination of the conference. Jim Predmore won the MASCAC singles championship, and Roose and Weinstein reached the finals in doubles competition.

As in years past, the Garnet fielded a team with depth, with six strong varsity singles men and a large crop of fine JV players. Losses from graduation include Predmore, thriller of crowds, Dave Laitin, indefatigable Brooklyn wonder, and Bob Kneisley, lefty whiz. Nonetheless, hopes ride high for '68 with Captain Kirk Roose leading returning lettermen Frank Burns, Bill Miller, Dean Roemmich and Andy Weinstein.

Swarthmore	opponent	
9	Franklin & Marshall	0
1	Army	8
9	Ursinus	0
8	Johns Hopkins	1
9	LaSalle	0
9	Lehigh	0
	Temple (rain)	
	Navy (rain)	
7	Haverford	2
9	Lafayette	0
9	West Chester	0
8	Delaware	1
9	Dickenson	0
8	Rider (MASCAC playoff)	1







*baseball spirits droop again,
record sags below winning margin*

The '67 baseball season roared in like a lion, with the strongest opening record in several years. Led by co-captains Mickey Herbert and Jon Summerton, the team included outfielders Mike Halpern, Craig Martin and Mike O'Neill, infielders Chip Burton, Abbott Small, and Dick Kamen, and catchers Lew Lutton and Randy Holland. Frosh hurler Martin performed admirably, with help from Bob Hoe, Bruce Draine, and occasionally Abbott Small. After defeating such baseball powers as Delaware, Penn, Washington and Haverford, the team began to succumb to its old nemesis, the lack of any driving spirit. As even the mighty bat of Kamen lost its power, Swarthmore barely lost its first bid in years for a winning season with a 7 and 8 record.

Swarthmore	opponent	
0	Moravian	6
8	Washington	5
4	Delaware	3
7	Johns Hopkins	4
5	Ursinus	9
1		9
3	Drexel	11
11	Pennsylvania	8
2	Franklin & Marshall	7
2	P.M.C.	1
5	St. Joseph's	10
5	Haverford	3
0	Temple	13
2	LaSalle	5
3	Lehigh	5









the mighty soccer beast

The Varsity Soccer Beast (with coach Stetson, trainer Holland, and faculty advisor Thompson riding hard) gained momentum as the leaves turned, to finish strong in defeat versus Navy and strong enough in victory versus Haverford.

Geoff Mwangulu (center forward) and Warren Phinney (right fullback) received Honorable Mention; Geoff and David Kim shared MVP honors, and high scorer Pete Fraser, and other seniors Tony Schnellling and Paul Leavin were equally beautiful in their new uniforms, to finish a 5-5 season.

The JV Pony played inspired ball under new coach Peter Izapedus, and the Third Team Foal, under Englishman Ed Smallridge, made a legend of itself. As yet the mare of this brilliant line wanders unattached along the Crum. First come, first served.



Swarthmore	opponent	
6	alumni	1
0	Princeton	3
1	Muhlenberg	3
4	Johns Hopkins	3
0	Pennsylvania	10
3	Lafayette	2
6	Ursinus	0
2	Franklin & Marshall	0
2	Lehigh	3
0	Navy	3
2	Haverford	0





football's "longest season"

The 1967 Swarthmore football team

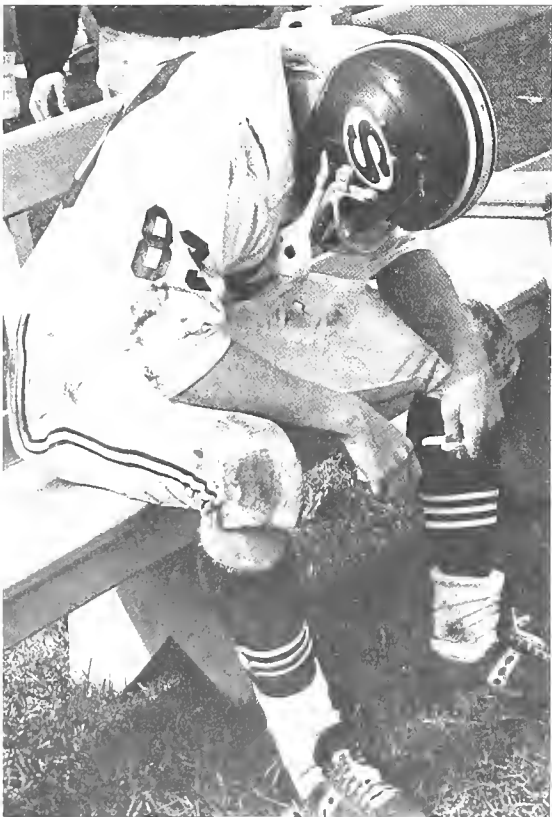
experienced a disappointing three-five season. Starting strong in winning three of their first four games, including a 52-6 trouncing of Dickinson, the Garnet lost the remaining four, ending their monopoly of the MASCAC title they had held for the last two years.

Led by co-captains Summerton and

Montgomery, the injured Quakers limped through their "longest season." Quarterback Summerton's accurate passing was one bright spot as he again led the conference with a 52% pass-completion average. Chip Burton was high scorer for Swarthmore, while captain-elect Taylor Cope paced the receivers.

Swarthmore		opponent
52	Dickinson	6
23	Franklin & Marshall	20
21	Delaware Valley	35
14	Ursinus	9
32	Muhlenberg	43
13	Johns Hopkins	53
13	P.M.C.	42
14	Haverford	28







but they were even better 107

Combining Heath's applied psychology with consistent *team effort*, the 1967 cross-country team strode through the Crum faster than any of its predecessors. Freshman Jim Colvin led the pack, setting two away course records and a new Swarthmore record of 25:26.7 in the process. A dual meet victory over P.M.C. and captain-elect Vin Berg's seventh place finish in M.A.S.C.A.C. brightened a season remembered for its Pemigewassitt cheer and close losses.

Swarthmore		opponent
22	Franklin & Marshall	39
44	Lafayette	19
49	Princeton	15
40	Delaware	15
26	P.M.C.	31
20	Johns Hopkins	39
30	Haverford	25
M.A.S.C.A.C.—fourth place		



*matmen crunch delaware,
pin down eight-one season.*

The 1967-8 season was one of the finest ever for Swarthmore matmen. The season was highlighted by a dramatic 17-13 win over the University of Delaware, the Quaker's first victory over the Blue Hens in five years. Coach Gomer Davies acclaimed it the matmen's "finest hour" in memory.

Steve Shatzkin, with his unbroken string of victories in the 130 lb. class, continued to be synonymous with Swarthmore wrestling prowess. Co-captains Fred Montgomery (167 lb.) and Danny Nussbaum (137 lb.) and returning lettermen John Byers (177 lb.) and Al Robin (123 lb.) provided the hard core of team tenacity, aided by the surprise addition of heavyweight Eric Blumberg.

Four (count 'em) varsity wrestlers broke into the big time—Al Mitchell (145 lb.), Gary Nussbaum (152 lb.), Al Thomas (152 lb.) and Al Douglas (160 lb.). Rumor has it the team was selected partly for "psychological warfare", with four "Al's" to confuse the opposition. The addition of strong frosh talent this year bodes well for the '68-'69 season.

Swarthmore		opponent	
22	Albright		8
30	Muhlenberg		5
36	P.M.C.		2
17	Delaware		13
19	Lafayette		13
12	Drexel		15
24	Johns Hopkins		11
29	Ursinus		6
22	Haverford		8

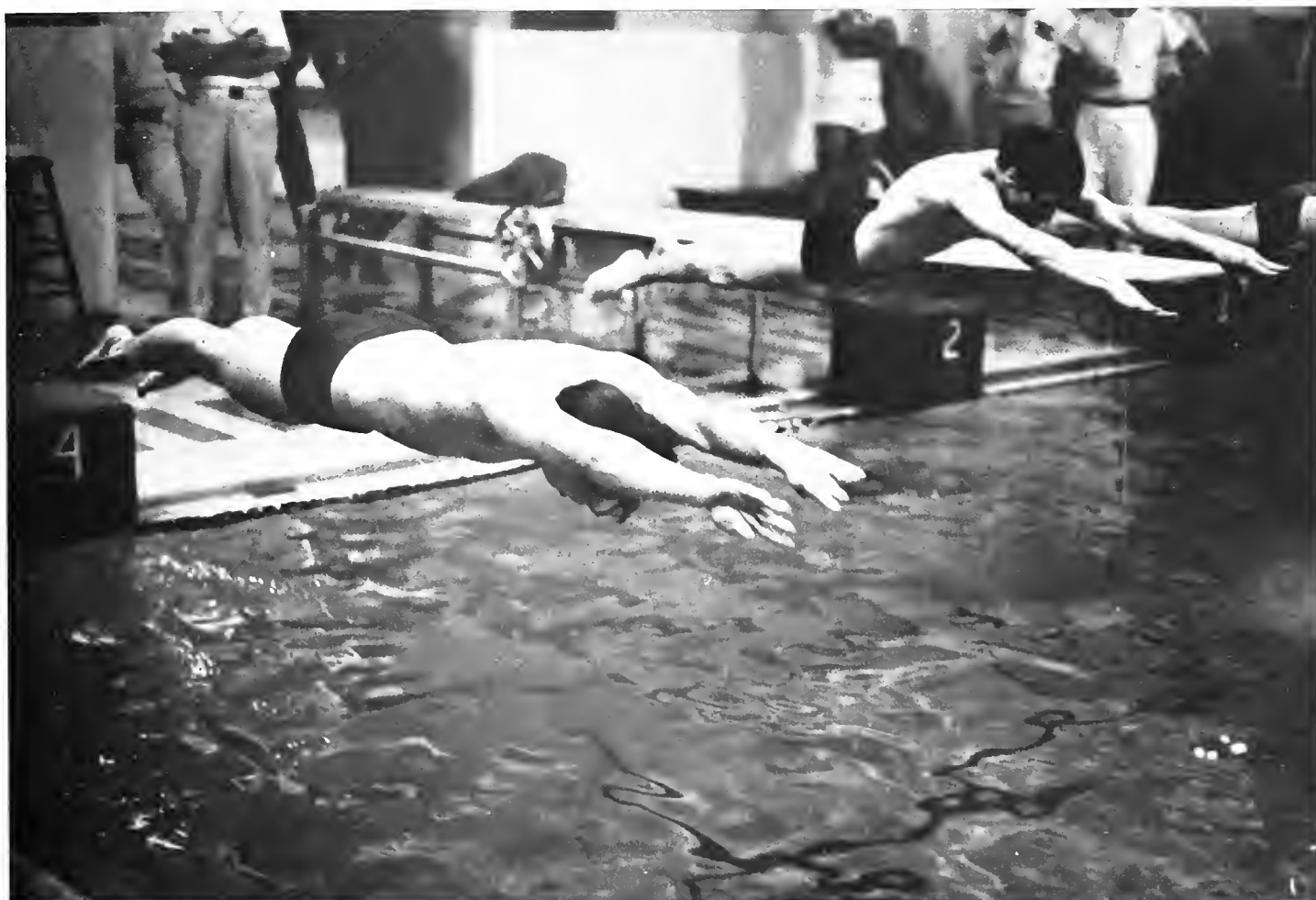




modest record yet good season for swimmers

With a modest 1-9 record, it's hard to explain why McAdoo's mermen had such a good season. In all the meets, even the ritual debacle with Delaware, the team had a wonderful spirit. The great Haverford and Gettysburg meets both were lost in the last relay. The main problem was deciding who should donate the money needed for the new pool, but there should be at least twenty years to make that decision.

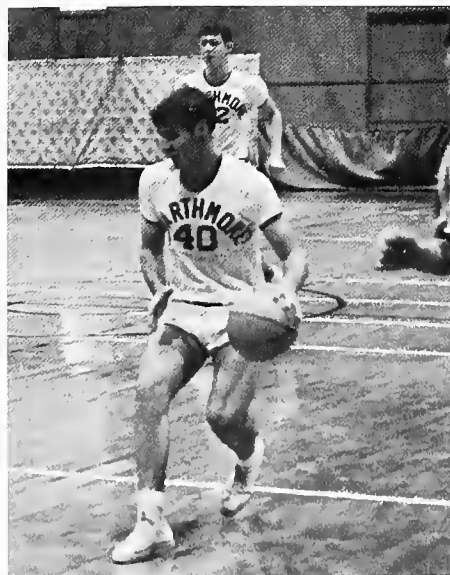
Swarthmore		opponent
43	Johns Hopkins	52
35	Drexel	60
60	P.M.C.	35
31	Lafayette	65
28	Franklin & Marshall	67
41	Gettysburg	54
28	Dickinson	65
20	Delaware	74
28	Temple	66
42	Haverford	53



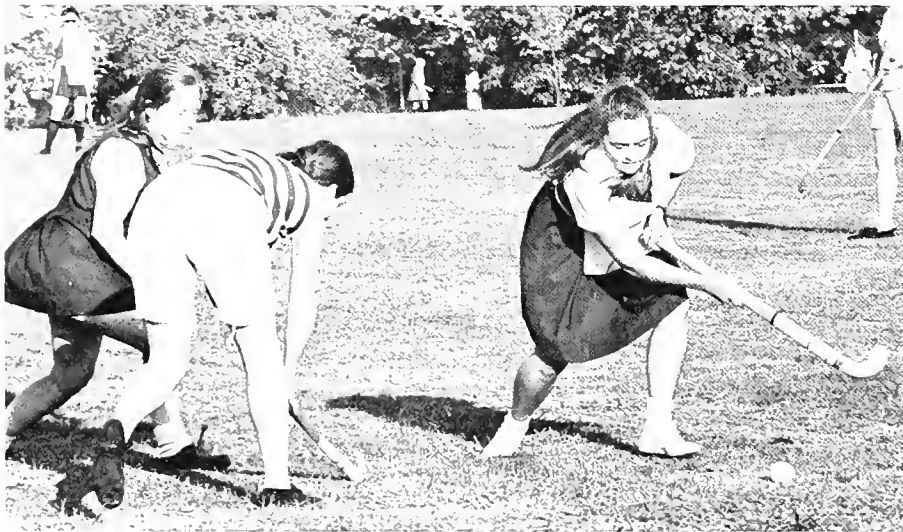




The 1967-68 season was supposed to be the year of change for Swarthmore basketball. There was an impressive new coach, and Dean Hargadon found several talented freshmen to fill the ranks. After a long season, however, the record stood at 3-15—lack of unity, consistency, leadership, and experience had dashed pre-season optimism. **An understandable morale problem was surprisingly well hidden by the team as they showed up game after game to battle within a few points of victory.** Both Ursinus games, for example, were lost in overtime. Not just a few impressive moments were provided by Jewell's rebounding and Beppler's and Mizell's shooting. Captain-elect Bill Miller's leadership should make 1968-69 the big season.



Swarthmore	opponent	opponent
66	Franklin & Marshall	72
49	Dickinson	67
58	Muhlenberg	63
58	Johns Hopkins	67
65	Stevens	47
60	Drexel	76
65	Wheaton	76
79 (ot)	Ursinus	80
56	P.M.C.	57
58	Pharmacy	75
48	Drexel	53
71	Washington	82
58 (ot)	Ursinus	62
66	P.M.C.	71
66	Haverford	59
56	Moravian	67
80	Eastern Baptist	69
53	Haverford	68



It is said that West Chester has 90 women phys-ed majors in this year's freshmen class. What can you do? But then, we're not so bad off, either—with only two seniors and one junior starting varsity hockey, Pete can relax a little, for a couple of years anyway.

We learned a lot this year, aside from how to give the crowds an exciting 1-0 game. Things like how to suspend the classroom's critical, analytical attitude and to work together. But mostly, we had fun.

*but mostly,
we had fun*







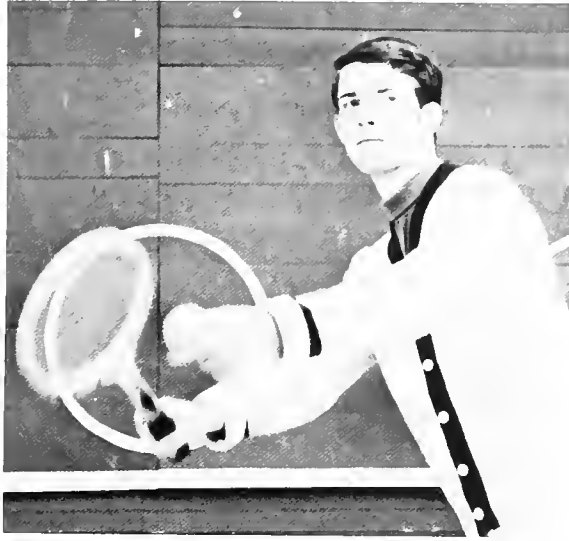
*an opportunity to prove
that a woman's place
is not in the stove*





*"giants" of the
whirlpool*







*on a plane with other
institutions which advocate
the Greek mind/body relationship*





I was a subject that always hovered on the verge of becoming a major issue in the *Phoenix*: the student who wrote the letter to the editors was concerned about the position of the Arts at Swarthmore. The college should, he said, offer creative art courses for credit. He felt that the meager, haphazard little drawing classes scheduled at otherwise useless hours of the night failed to provide a genuinely stimulating atmosphere.

Freshman year, I think, someone said that someone else was taking a creative writing class, for credit, at a respectable time of day. There actually existed a course in music composition. And of course, we all knew that Design in Drawing and Painting was really, for certain people, a cover organization, a front for their secret activities. They were studying balanced color intensities, but not just to enhance their appreciation of Vermeer.

But before we consider them, we should think about that other class of artists, the ones who allowed themselves to be, not really stifled, but at least rechanneled. They ended doodling in their notebooks, writing birthday odes in the manner of Milton, and occasionally humming themselves to sleep at night. They had learned that you can't beat Vermeer, and so they studied, appreciated, and left serious creation to the presumptuous. Meanwhile the presumptuous kept trying.

Organized artists were the best equipped to survive, and certainly one of the strongest, most resolute organizations was LTC. Haggard actors and directors and crews turned up recklessly unprepared for their early-morning hour exams, to face the real teachers of legitimate subjects. There were students who didn't join LTC because they thought you had to know the people, and there were students who did join because they thought the parties sounded like fun; still, a core group of workers sustained and strengthened itself. That was the way the organization functioned. Each year, a fresh *Roc* struggled out into the world, along with one or two valiant little anti-*Rocs*, sponsored by varying groups. Committees of poets, story-writers, and dramatists left yellow reservation cards on the Lodge doors. Modern Dance Club and Water Ballet presented yearly concerts. The folk dancers found as much performance time as they could: remember how they looked the first spring weekend last year, when they danced to a portable record player on Sharples patio, and from Parrish you could see the pattern of color and movement at the farthest edge of a lawn spotted with people and frisbees and white slatted chairs. Chorus rehearsed. The orchestra wavered, dissolved, regrouped itself. The combined studio art classes set out formal engraved notices to announce the exhibitions of their work. Twice, at least, students actually made their own movies, improvising equipment, techniques, and, for the most part, budget.

Members of the groups could encourage each other, anxiously discuss the progress of the creation, huddle together just before the performance or the judging, share indignation at the reviews in the *Phoenix*, and finally, after perhaps a brief relapse into individual student life, come together again to start something new. But there were isolated artists, too. There was that girl who insisted on practicing the violin in her room, with people trying to study next door, for God's sake. There was the painter whose entire dormitory section smelled like turpentine.

You may have gone up to Pearson some time, attracted by all the lights. You thought you might try reading in the Hunt Room, but one of those people who spend all their time looking for a free piano had gotten there first. You looked into the studio on your way past, and a slimy-fingered potter glared back at you grimly. Downstairs, the actors intoned their final lines and crashed dead onto the stage, over and over again. Further downstairs, the set crew banged cheerfully away at pieces of reclaimed plywood. You gave up, went over to Trotter C-17, and studied for the Fine Arts exam tomorrow morning.

In spite of several things, and letters to the *Phoenix* notwithstanding, there was art at Swarthmore.

—Terry Healy







musical mystery tour



*no better antidote
to academic fustiness
exists . . .*

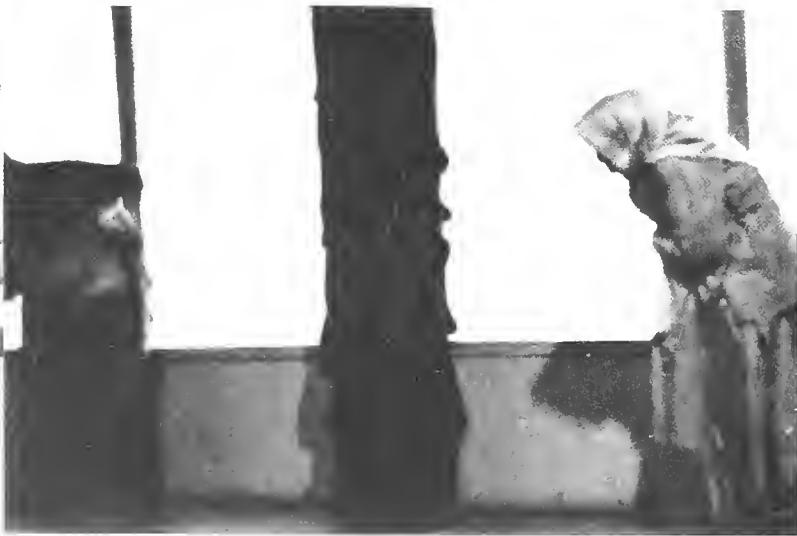








*confusion, contradiction, cohen, council—
the hamburg show*





*their hour
upon the stage*

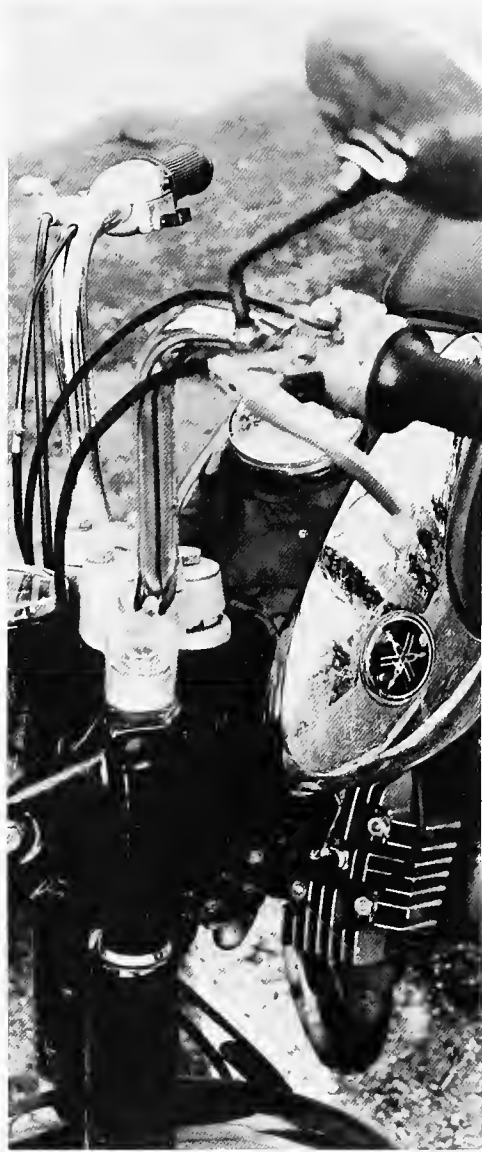


*the power and
the glory*









*ride a tin horse
to Rittenhouse Square . . .*

The authority of image and legend suggests that all Swarthmore students are cast from the same superhuman mold; they are fabled to be uniformly bright, eager, industrious, motivated, disciplined scholars who learn joyfully during their four years at Arcadia on the Crum. And the casual observer might, in a brief visit here, be taken in by appearances of pastoral bliss, and leave to write articles either praising the place or damning it for being outside the mainstream of college life. However, as any student knows after a few months here, this description would have missed discovering underlying Truths about the nature and types of student academicians at Swarthmore.

The most fundamental distinction among students at Swarthmore is the hour at which they rise to begin their daily swim in Heraclitus' river. A first group—cheery, eager, self-disciplined—may be spotted each morning at an unreasonable hour hurrying toward Sharples to begin the day with orange juice and wholesome SAGA oatmeal. Invariably these are course students with an appetite for knowledge, eager to drink deep and early at the Pyrrhean springs.

These students are joined in classes by a second genre of Swarthmore turkey who has skipped breakfast and slept later. This group, probably a majority of the college, prefers to begin their day with tidbits of knowledge and other such food for the mind before an encounter with SAGA. This group comes in two sub-species: the hedonists and the realists. The hedonists simply prefer to stay warm and cozy in bed until the last possible moment before they plunge into the day's work; the realists (read upperclassmen) just see little reason to spend more enthusiasm than absolutely necessary in their classes. The members of these two groups may be found in the middle and back of classes, slowly awakening as the morning progresses and occasionally venturing a question or comment.

By the time Sharples begins to serve lunch, the third category of students, the fabled Honors variety, finally arise and once again begin to walk the earth. This bird is probably the most distinctive in the entire Swarthmore menagerie. Much of the time, however, he stays well hidden in dormitory room, library, or small seminar room; or he may cameflouge himself as a typical type Swarthmorean.

For five days a week the Honors student, along with other Swarthmoreans, carefully cultivates the appearance of informality: semi-combed hair (always long), an old shirt (since Vietnam army green is giving way to flannel), and jeans (white, blue, or black variety will do) properly ragged and aged. On the two days on which he has seminars, however, the Honors student abandons this calculated unpretentiousness for an afternoon in that peculiar costume of the American middle class that is otherwise seen so seldom at Swarthmore—the coat and tie. On such days he may also be identified at nine o'clock in the morning by his harried and sleepless look as he rushes a five page synthesis of eternal verities to the student ditto office.

In the afternoons the fledgling intellectuals head off to various spots to study. Engineers may be found with stacks of IBM cards in Hicks library; physicists, mathematicians, and chemists inhabit the Dupont Library. The campus biologists and psychologists study in Martin to be near their beloved rats, and still other students hide themselves in the carrels of McCabe Libe.

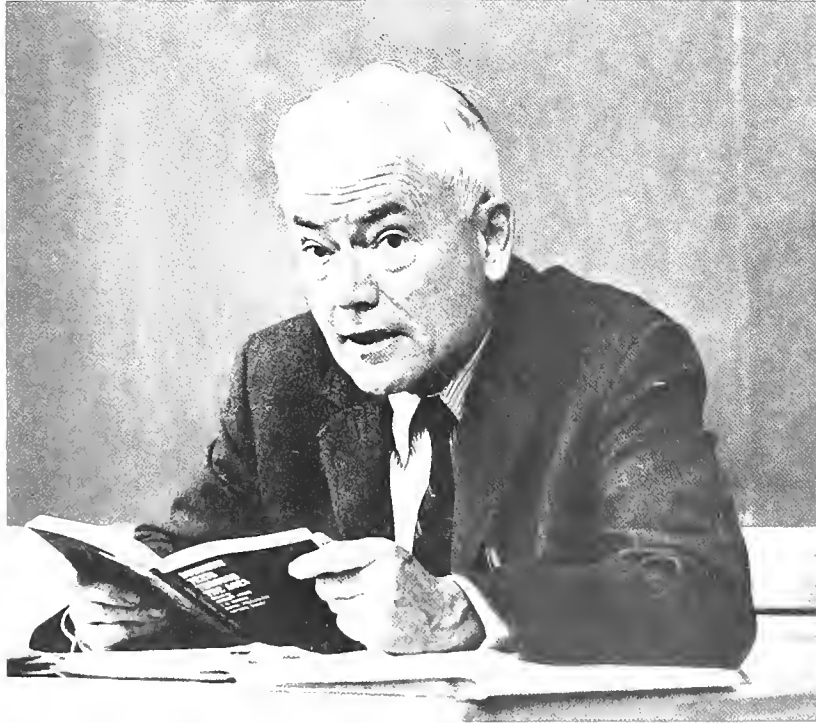
Thus pass the days for four years at Swarthmore—a routine of classes, studying, papers, exams, and SAGA food. Yet this is but the skeleton of academics at Swarthmore; it tells nothing of what is most important about academics—the spirit of inquiry that animates the campus life. That spirit has been particularly evident this last year, most powerfully during the week off from classes in December for discussions of the report of the Commission on Educational Policy.

Superweek showed the spirit and style of education at Swarthmore at its best. The atmosphere was intense and serious—yet lively. The small red Bibles were everywhere as people tried to decide what education at Swarthmore should be. People became aware of the concern for intellectual matters that is the common bond of students, faculty, and administration.

The air of serious atmosphere and discussion was one of Swarthmore's attributes that became apparent to all during Superweek. Another was the quality of students and faculty, their mutual respect and shared concerns that were realized in the meetings throughout the week. Students came to realize and value the size that makes such discussions possible and the strong tradition of close and informal relations among faculty and students.

Superweek was, like most events at Swarthmore, celebrated by many words. Its importance, however, lay not in the fact that it was significantly different from Swarthmore the rest of the year, but simply that its characteristics were much the same ones that make the academic process at Swarthmore something exceptional. Superweek highlighted for the campus community those attributes that animate education here and assure its quality: the excellence of the faculty, administration, and students; informal and small group contacts among students and faculty; and an atmosphere of serious, intense, and lively discussion of intellectual questions.

—Lynn Etheredge



professorial postures







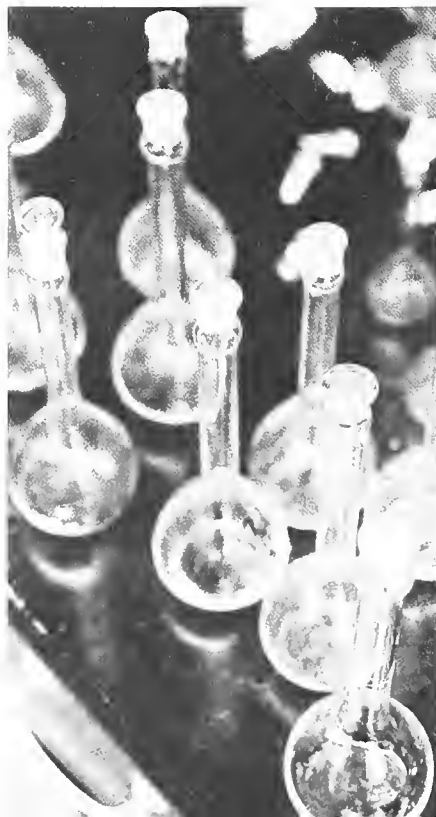
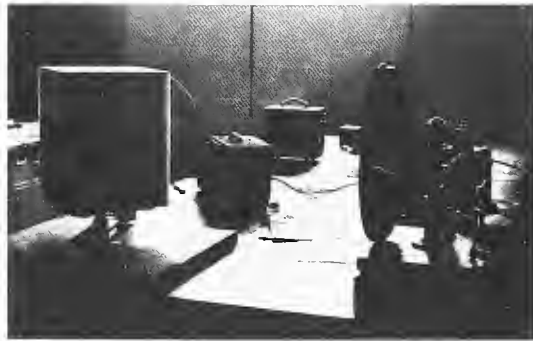


*the excitement and
the necessary vagueness
of discovering the unknown*





*we have a lot
in common*



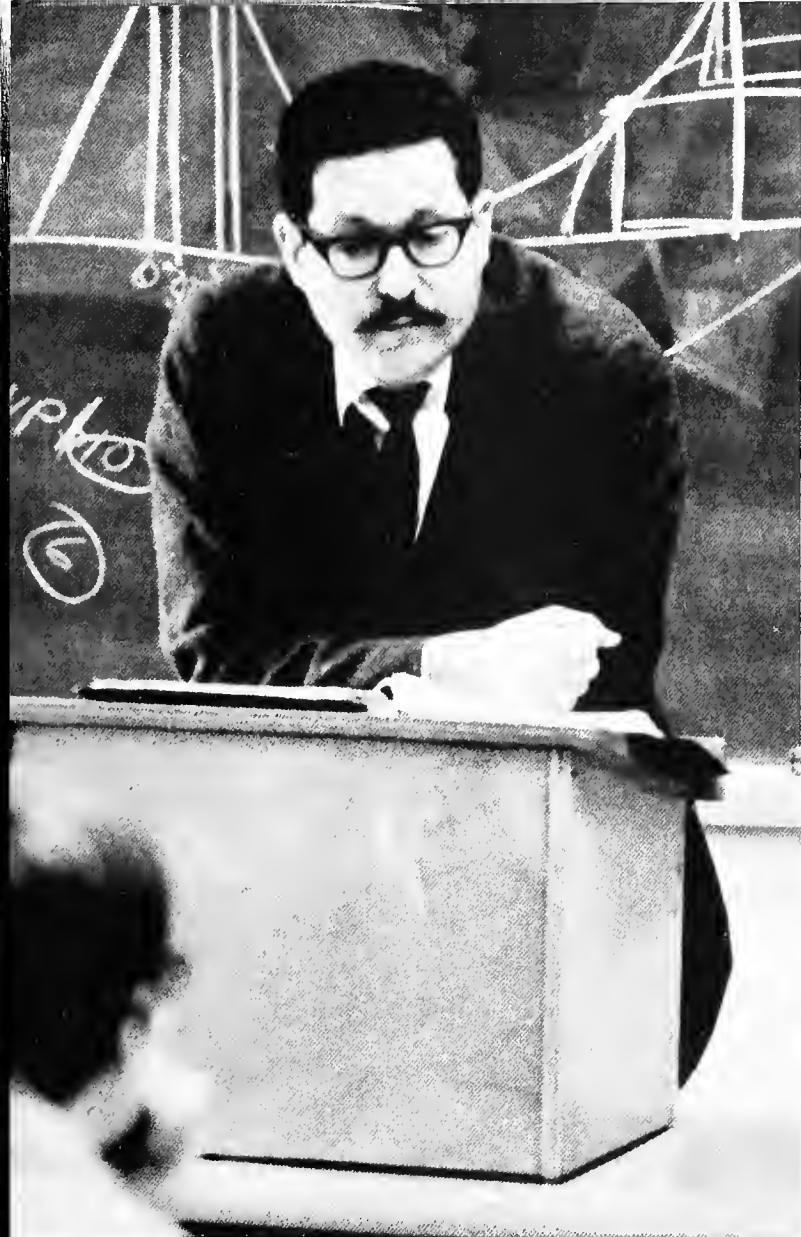






*culinary
institute of
america*





*how to succeed
in business*



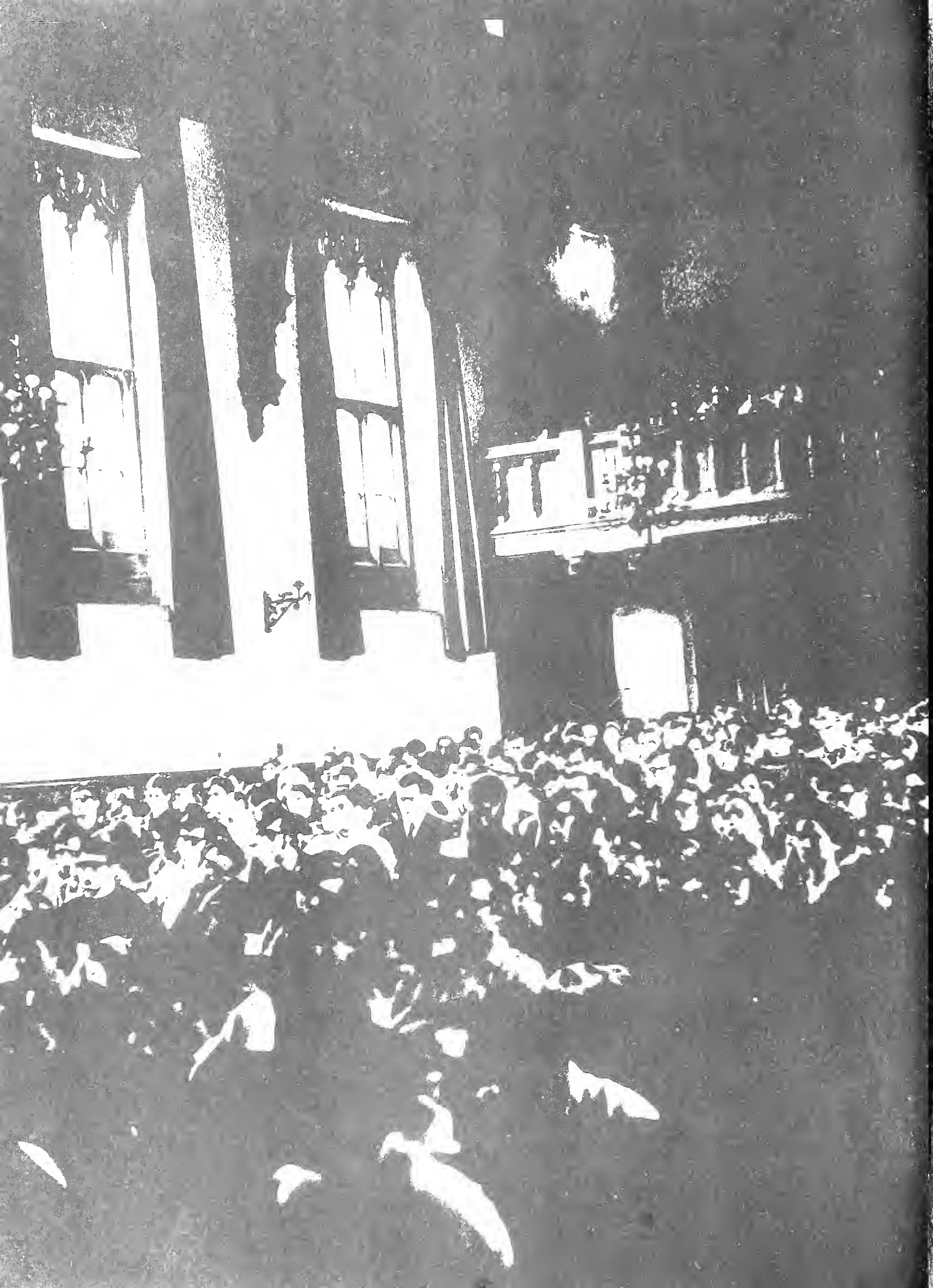
*good day
sunshine*





the "potent culture"







*an assembly of
the college,
called collection,
is held at 10:00 a.m.
on alternate thursdays
in clothier memorial
—college bulletin*

A large, stylized, textured letter 'W' in a dark grey color, positioned at the start of the first column of text.

We have heard much of late about the generation gap. If that concept were really unsettling to me, I would have to find another line of work, since college communities illuminate generational differences with remarkable clarity and persistence. Take the invitation received from the editor of *THE HALCYON*, for instance. He wanted a thousand words or so on the differences between the contemporary Swarthmore student and the undergraduate of "your time". Well, my time as a student here was barely more than a decade ago, surely far too short a period to breed a generation gap. But no, the editor knows, and so do I, that student generations pass seven times more quickly than their adult counterparts.

I speak, therefore, out of the rich and unsettling experience of watching your generations fly by while my own trudges ahead, or even slips back a bit.

Years ago, in the 1956 *HALCYON*, someone said, "Swarthmore is so many things: a place, a number of people, a period in our lives, a way of life, a state of mind, and perhaps most basically (*sic*) a process." That ancient author is right; the College is all of those things to most of us at one time or another. Time dims and distorts the memory. Still, I will try my hand at some comparisons.

A PLACE. It is still a place, both College and village. The former has changed physically more than the latter. The old Swarthmore had Somerville, men's athletic fields where duPont has since been built, Book and Key, a dining room in Parrish, a red brick chemistry building, two swimming pools, a greener front campus and a library which had been outgrown thirty years earlier. Since my graduation we have acquired duPont, Robinson and Ashton Houses, Willets, Dana and Hallowell, Clothier Fields, an animal house, the Service Building, Sharples, Worth Health Center, an Admissions office haunted by memories of the graceless dining of the 'fifties, a disguised red brick Arts Center, McCabe Library, Tarble and a second tunnel. The landmarks remain, but much has changed—and for the better.

PEOPLE. Many of us think of Swarthmore primarily as people. Individuals come and go, but people remain the distinctive element of this College. I think the faculty is stronger now. Certainly it is larger and competent to teach a greater variety of courses. The Admissions Office tells us annually that the student body is stronger too. Certainly it has grown. There are differences in the two student bodies which you have heard me attribute before to changes in influences and pressures in society, rather than to a new admissions policy. The Committee on Student Life commented on many of these changes. Some of the adjectives used in their report and elsewhere to describe your generation would have been less descriptive of mine: individualistic, permissive, restless, idealistic, concerned.

Other words, some of them used in President Smith's annual report for 1955-56, would apply in some measure to students of both periods: vital, puckish, resourceful, serious, talented, scholarly. You are more concerned with the ways of the world than we were. You are more interested in the creative arts, in social action, in shaping your own development than we were. Even so, similarities are more apparent to me than differences, due in large part to the fact that all of us were attracted to the College and shaped by common traditions, institutional programs, professional scholars and teachers and an intense academic experience.

A PERIOD IN OUR LIVES AND A WAY OF LIFE. This, too, we have in common. I will avoid, to your relief, a discussion of the place of adolescence in the maturing process. It may have occurred to you that I now view that period of life somewhat differently than I did fifteen years ago. Then I liked it, now I deal with it. The college years are a difficult period for most people. The people and the place, the way of life, sustained many of us and scuttled a few members of both generations. The way of life is, and was, so often defined by intensity of experience, a peculiar kind of semi-public existence, physical and mental challenges that sometimes threatened to become unmanageable, a routine, a periodic desire to escape.

For me, that way of life was usually marked by endless bridge games in Commons, penny pitching in front of Parrish instead of stretch, lines before meals that stretched half the length of Parrish, the indecent longing for the coming of spring, more joy and less self-consciousness, but that may be an illusion that time has created. We were in and of Swarthmore more than you are. You are glad of that change.

A STATE OF MIND. This is probably the most personal of the conceptions of Swarthmore. It may have little relevance for you. In fact, the demands for relevance in the educational experience that we hear around us may lead to a blurring of the distinctiveness of the college experience. It seemed to us as undergraduates, and surely to some of you, that the College was constructively insulated from many of the pressures and demands of society. There was room to try on roles, to experiment, reflect, to substitute honesty for game-playing in human relationships. There was a special sense of freedom limited by shared values and a concern for the institution. You will boil me in the same pot as George Kennan for saying so, but I think we all can profit from the insulation of the ivory tower for a time. "Alma Mater" was not an epithet in the 'fifties. It is interesting to speculate about the recent changes in the concept of motherhood that led a local magazine to publish an article about "Mother Swarthmore" with the assurance that the connotations for us would be over-protection and suffocation.

The real problem, for you and for past graduates, is not that Swarthmore, as a state of mind, is too far removed or irrelevant, but that the attitudes and habits and tools we learned here may be applied too narrowly to make much of a difference to society. You have more control over the application of your education than your college does.

A PROCESS. This is when contrasts end. In the basic sense life at Swarthmore was and is an experience in liberal education. There are a good many sturdy, one-sentence definitions of a liberal education. Whitehead thought of it as a process of converting "the knowledge of a boy into the power of a man." At any rate, it is certainly a process. You were disappointed or angry, disillusioned or despairing when that process seemed slow, tangential or without purpose. So were we. It is inevitable that the cumulative effect of life here will be more satisfying to some than to others. But the process is crucial and the goals are constant and understandable. Mark Van Doren summarizes it for me.

"The main thing is that there are powers within the person which liberal education can free for us. They are powers over nothing and nobody but himself. The primary objects of desire are changes in one's self. The aim of liberal education makes the person competent; not merely to know or do, but also, and indeed chiefly to be."

One of the rewards of being on my side of the generation gap is that it is easier to see the differences that Swarthmore, as a process, makes in its students.

—Robert A. Barr, Jr.

Edward K. Cratsley
vice-president



Joseph P. Shane
vice-president



Courtney Craig Smith
president

Susan P. Cobbs
dean



Barbara P. Lange
dean of women

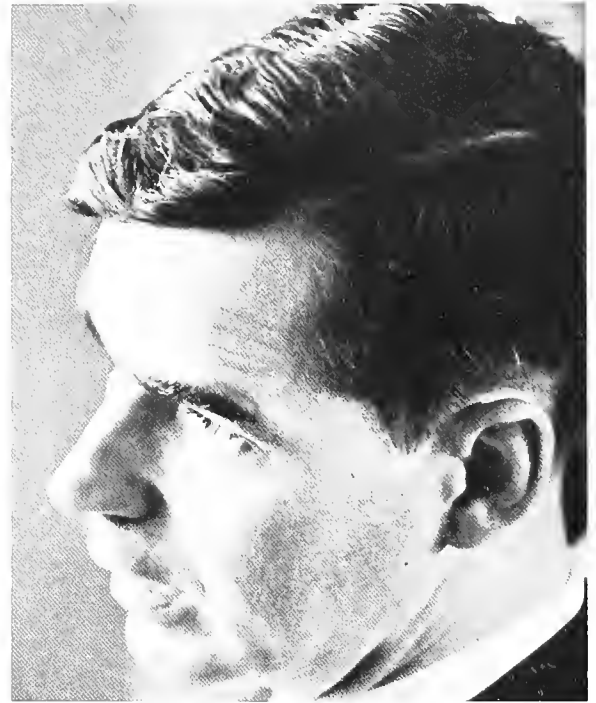


Gilmore Stott
assistant to the president

Robert A. Barr, Jr.
dean of men

admissions

Fredrick A Hargadon, **dean**
Margaret McLaren
Douglas Thompson



astronomy

Peter van de Kamp, **chairman**
Sarah Lee Lippincott



biology

- Norman A. Meinkoth, **chairman**
- Robert K. Enders
- Launce J. Flemister
- Luzerne G. Livingston
- Neal A. Weber
- Kenneth S. Rawson
- Robert E. Savage
- Edith Twombly
- Eileen S. Gersh
- George T. Rudkin



Jennifer Haines
honors

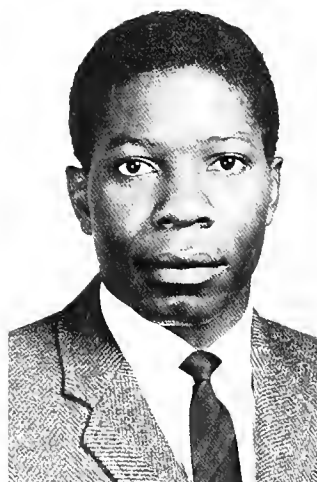
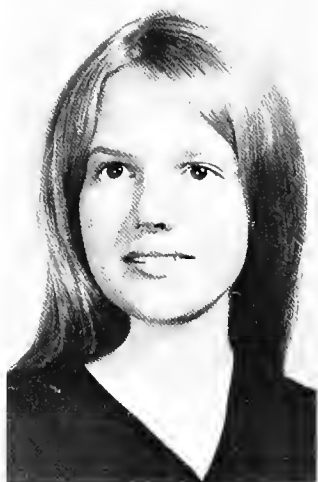
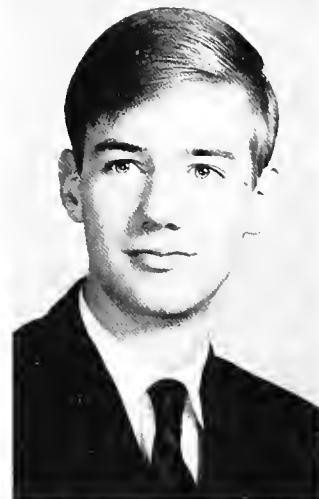
David Hastings
course

David S. Kim
course

Mary Lee Bannister
course

Agnes Brezak
course





Leo M. Leva
honors

Jean McLaughlin
course

John Melbourne
course

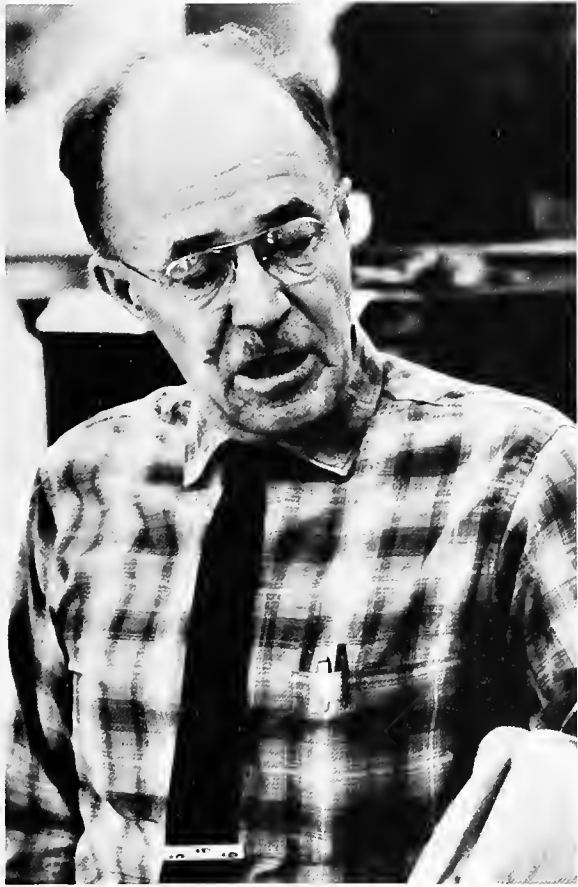
Robert B. Suter
course

Patricia Tolins
course

Chitra Yang
course

Geoffrey Mwaungulu
course

Robert H. Pollack
course





Alma Domjan
honors



Lee Sanders
course

Jorge Sarmiento
course

Kenneth Shell
course



chemistry

- Walter B. Keighton, Jr., **chairman**
- Edward A. Fehnel
- Peter T. Thompson
- James H. Hammons
- Robert E. Leyon
- Ronald A. Mitchell
- James R. Hutchison



Richard Wasser
course

Joyce Whalen
course



classics

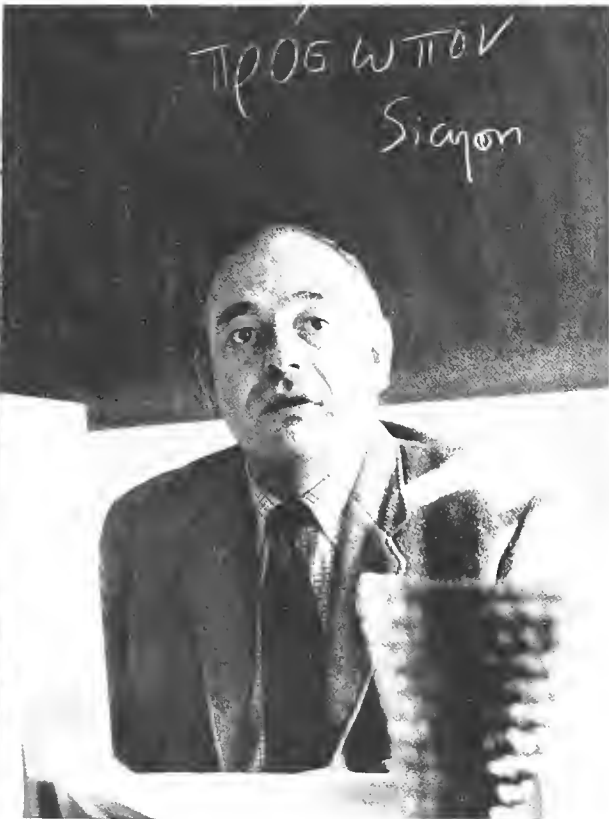
- Helen F. North, **chairman**
- Martin Ostwald, **acting chairman**
- Susan P. Cobbs
- Matthew W. Dickie
- Gilbert P. Rose
- Gabriele S. Hoenigswald



Carolyn Jones
Greek—honors

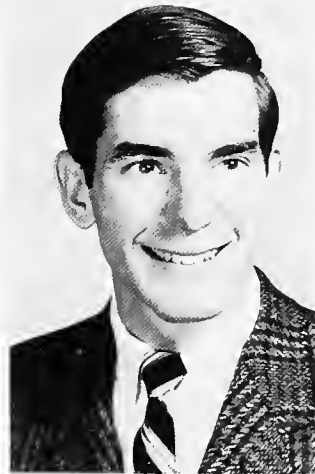
Lise Luborsky
Latin—course

Martha Oliphant
Latin—course



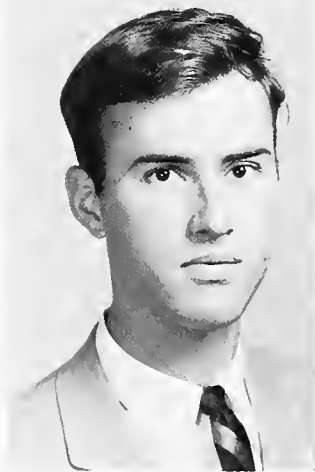
economics

Frank C. Pierson, **chairman**
Edward K. Cratsley
Clair Wilcox
Frederic L. Pryor
Bernard Saffran
Lewis R. Gaty, II
John D. Patrick
Helen M. Hunter
Anita Summers



Lynn Etheredge
honors

Daniel Eubank
honors



Robert E. Bartkus
honors

Albert Davis
honors



Joseph Hafkenschiel
course

Robert Holum
course

Joan B. Ingram
course





Meredith Jones
course



William Peterson
course



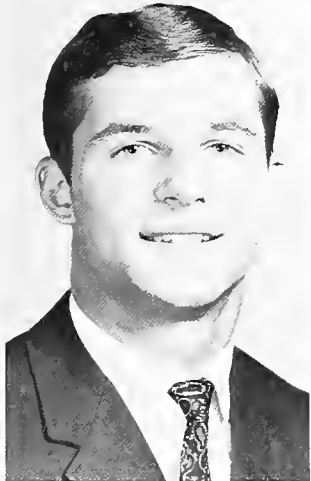
Jonathan E. Summerton
course



Marc Sonnenfeld
honors



Joseph D. C. Wilson III
course



Fred H. Montgomery
course



Richard Gregor
mechanical

Roger Hillson
electrical



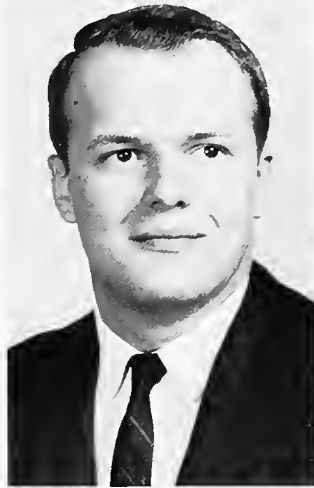
Carlos Chucuyan
mechanical

Bruce Connor
civil

engineering



Samuel T. Carpenter, chairman
John D. McCrum
Bernard Morrill
Carl Barus
David L. Bowler
Raymond Doby
Clark P. Mangelsdorf
M. Joseph Willis
C. Stuart Patterson, Jr.
Victor K. Schutz



John Oldenburg
honors

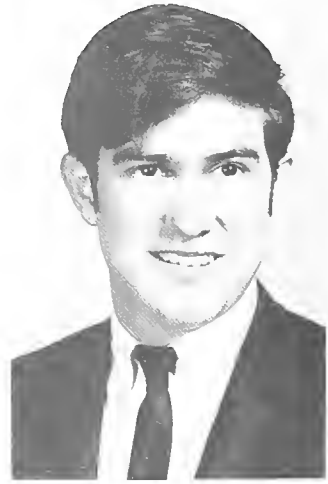
Wilbur G. Streams
mechanical



Robert Hoe IV
mechanical

V. James Miller
mechanical





John Vanneste Talmage
mechanical

John W. Weisel
electrical



Gary Yablick
honors

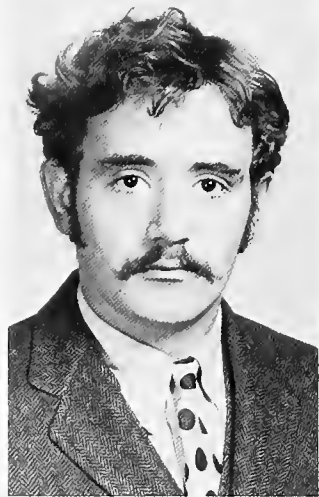
William E. Zimmer
mechanical



english literature

George J. Becker, **chairman**
Samuel Hynes
David Cowden
Harold Pagliaro
Thomas H. Blackburn
John J. McLaughlin
Susan B. Snyder
Emily M. Wallace
Thomas Artin
John S. Shackford





Melissa Cannon
honors

Jeff Carter
honors

David Cohen
course

Norma Elias
course

Richard Figiel
course

Donna Fischer
course

Adrienne Asch
course

Linda Creasey
course

Edwin Battle
course

Nancy Eichhorn
honors



Susan Gibson
honors

Kathleen Hall
course

Teresa Healy
course

Julian Lopez-Morillas
course

Kathy Jean MacLeod
course

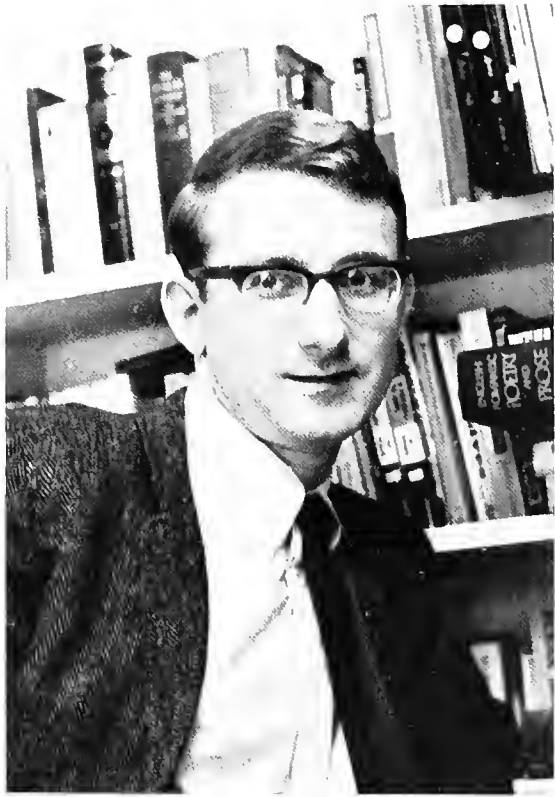
Eleanor L. Morse
course



Paul Horsting
course

Patricia Layne
course







Seymour Moscovitz
course

Nancy Pepper
honors

James M. Perry
course

Diana Royce
honors

Susan Russell
honors

Lucy Schneider
honors

Carol Shloss
course

Paul Thim
course

Joseph Thornton
course



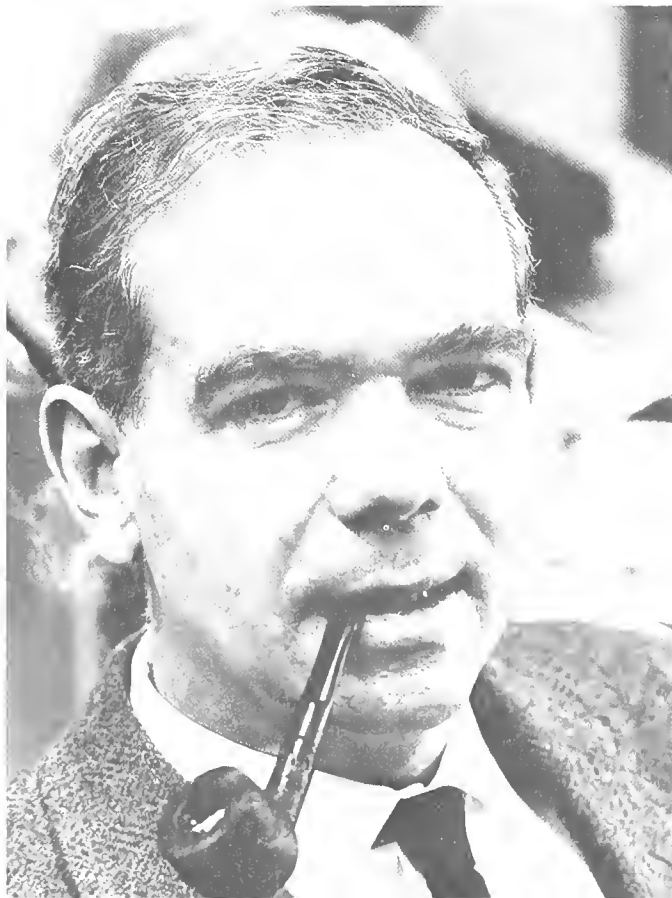
fine arts

- Robert M. Walker, chairman
- Hedley H. Rhys
- John W. Williams
- Timothy K. Kitao
- David Sylvester



Frances Batzer
course

Nancy Bennett
honors



Emily Florence Brower
course

Robin Darr
course



Karen Davis
course

Elaine Newcomb
course

Barbara Rickards
course



Sarah Steever
honors



George Xydis
course





history

- James A. Field, Jr., chairman
- Paul H. Beik
- Laurence D. Lafore
- Frederick B. Tolles
- Harrison M. Wright
- Robert C. Bannister
- George E. McCully
- Bernard S. Smith
- John G. Williamson
- Peggy K. Korn
- Tsing Yuan



Delmer Ren Brown
course

Paul Courant
honors

Michael Alexander
honors

Stannard Baker
course

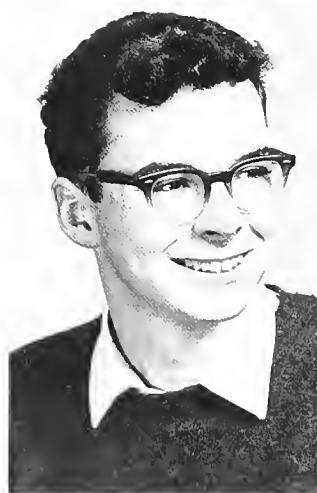


Jonathan S. Dewald
honors

William Edgar
honors

Peter Fraser
course

Carl Goodwin
course



Peter Gutterman
course

Dorine Keith
course

Katherine Larner
course

Nanine Meiklejohn
course

Peter Meyer
honors

Lawrence Parrish
course

Ray P. McClain
honors

John McDiarmid
honors





Tony Roberti
course

Bruce Rockwood
honors

Wayne Patterson
course

J. David Reed
course



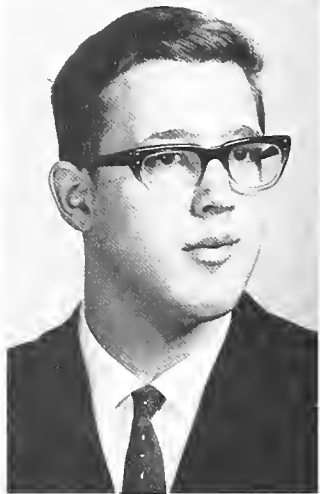
Susan Smith
honors

Mary Solberg
course



Robert C. Roper
honors

William Rubinstein
honors



Marsha M. Bera
course

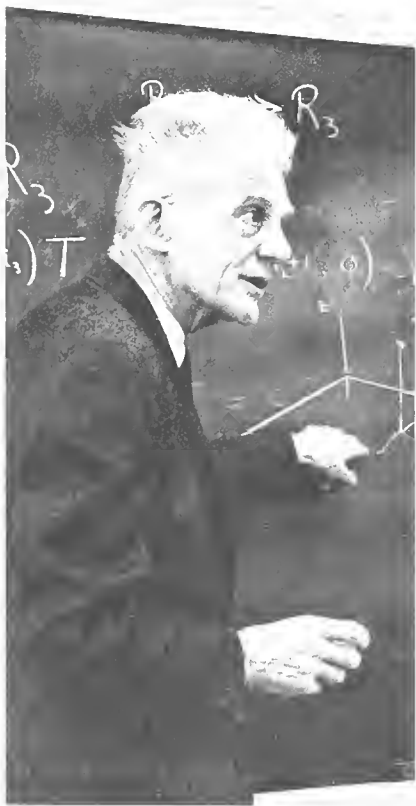
Diane Brett
course

Ellis Feinstein
honors



mathematics

- Heinrich Brinkmann, **chairman**
- David Rosen
- Stevens Heckscher
- Roland B. di Franco
- Eugene A. Klotz
- J. Edward Skeath
- Thomas W. Hawkins
- James T. Wood





Joseph G. Rosenbaum
course

Mark S. Smith
honors

Faris Worthington
course



Joyce Y. Frisby
course

Richard R. McCurdy
course

modern languages

- Francis P. Tafoya, **chairman**
- Hilde D. Cohn
- Franz H. Mautner
- George C. Avery
- Olga Lang
- Jean Ashmead Perkins
- Elisa Asensio
- Thompson Bradley
- Robert Roza
- Olga Fernandez Conner
- Simone Voisin Smith
- Marie Jose Southworth
- Richard Terdiman
- Robert P. Newton
- Helen P. Shatagin



Glenna Giveans
Spanish—course

Emily Klenin
Russian—honors

Lucy Leu
French—course



Jean C. Marraniss
Russian—honors

Sandra Elizabeth Miller
French—course

Philip Robertson
French—honors



music

- Peter Graham Swing, **chairman**
- Claudio Spies
- James D. Freedman
- Gilbert Kalish
- Paul Zukofsky



Emily Albrink
philosophy—course

Alfred Brauch
philosophy—course

Charles Floto
philosophy—course





philosophy and religion

- Monroe C. Beardsley
- John M. Moore
- P. Linwood Urban, **acting chairman**
- Patrick Henry, III
- Hans Oberdiek
- Charles Raff
- Edward Becker
- Richard Schuldenfrei
- Gilmore Stott
- Uwe Henke
- John J. Fisher
- D. Paul Snyder



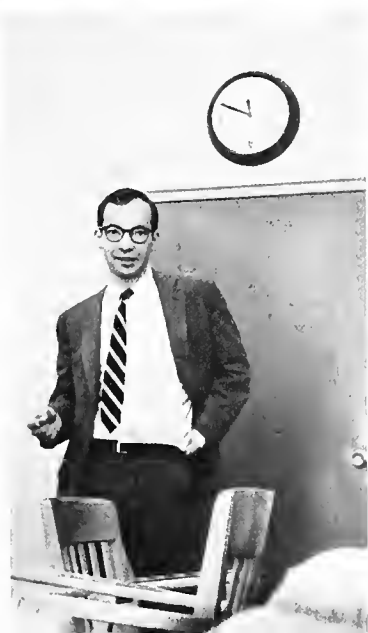
Barbara Nevling
religion—honors

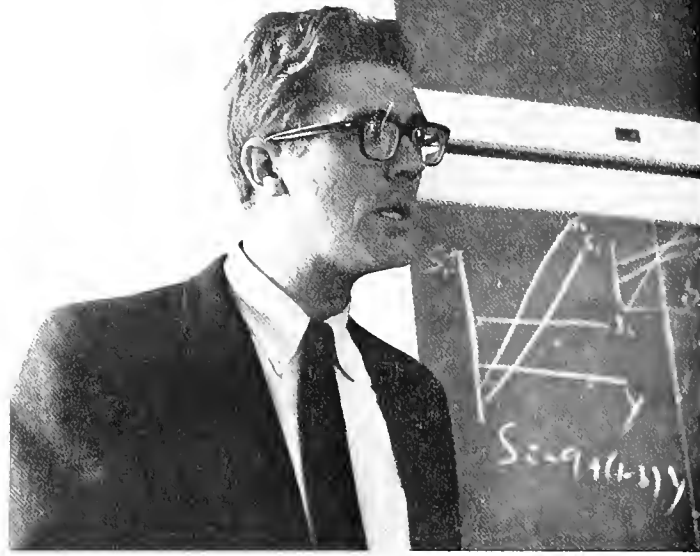
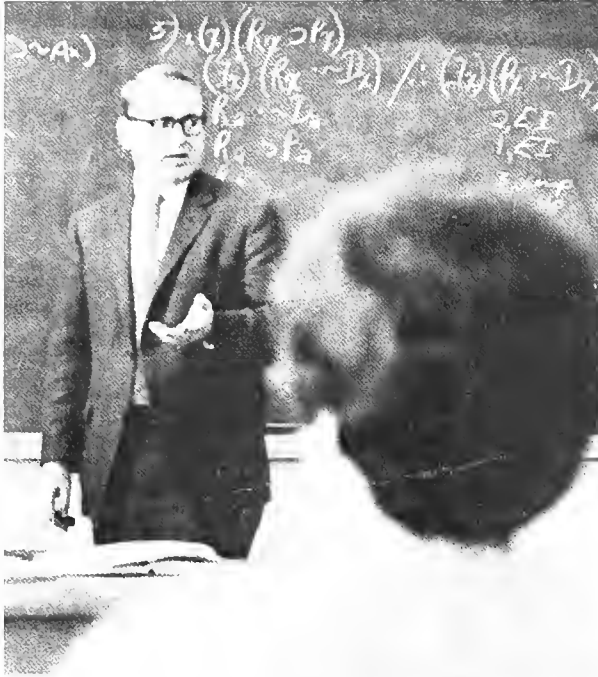
Leonard Orr
philosophy—honors



Barbara S. Gard
philosophy—course

Lorraine Lidoff
religion—course





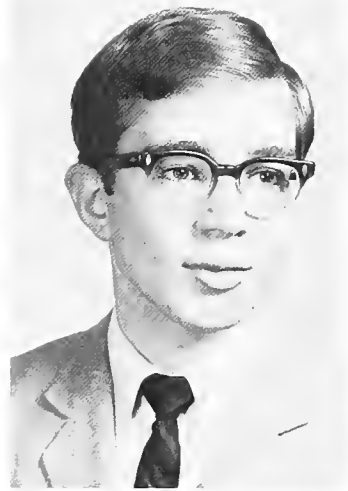
Paul Prinzhorn
philosophy—course

Kirk Roose
philosophy—course

Barbara Theim
philosophy—course

Edith Young
religion—course

- William C. Elmore, **chairman**
- Hans H. Staub
- Olexa-Myron Bilaniuk
- Mark A. Heald
- Paul C. Mangelsdorf, Jr.
- Alburt M. Rosenberg
- John R. Boccio
- Cyrus D. Cantrell
- Clair W. Nielson



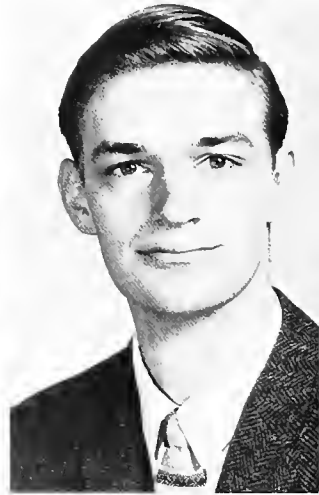
Robert Cadmus
course

Arthur Fink
honors

William Finzer
honors

Richard Kast
course





John O. Schairer
honors

Lawrence J. Smith
course



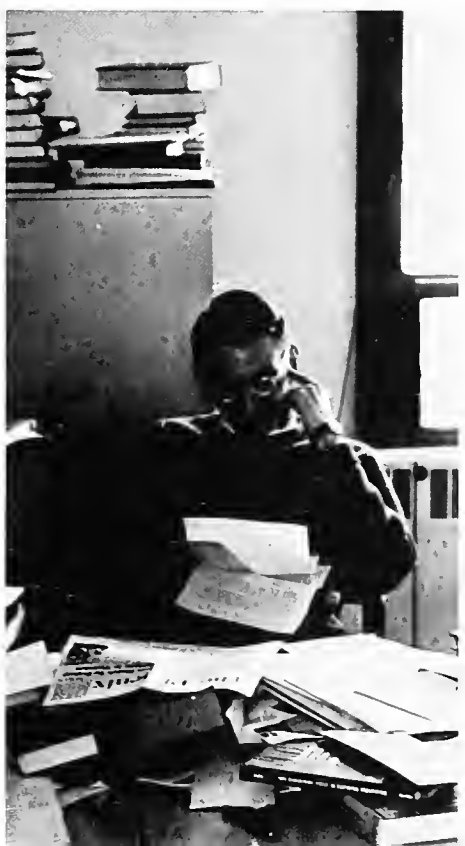
John Mather
honors

Christopher Miller
course



David Swanson
course

Jean Warren
course



political science

- J. Roland Pennock, **chairman**
- Charles E. Gilbert
- David G. Smith
- Robert O. Keohane
- Raymond F. Hopkins
- Richard W. Mansbach
- Frederick A. Hargadon
- Nannerl O. Henry



Daniel Botsford, Jr.
honors

Frank Brown
honors

Michael Halpern
honors

Walter L. Adamson
honors

Richard T. Andrews
course





Jane Jewell
course

Harold Kwalwasser
honors





Robert F. Nagel
honors

Bruce Reedy
course

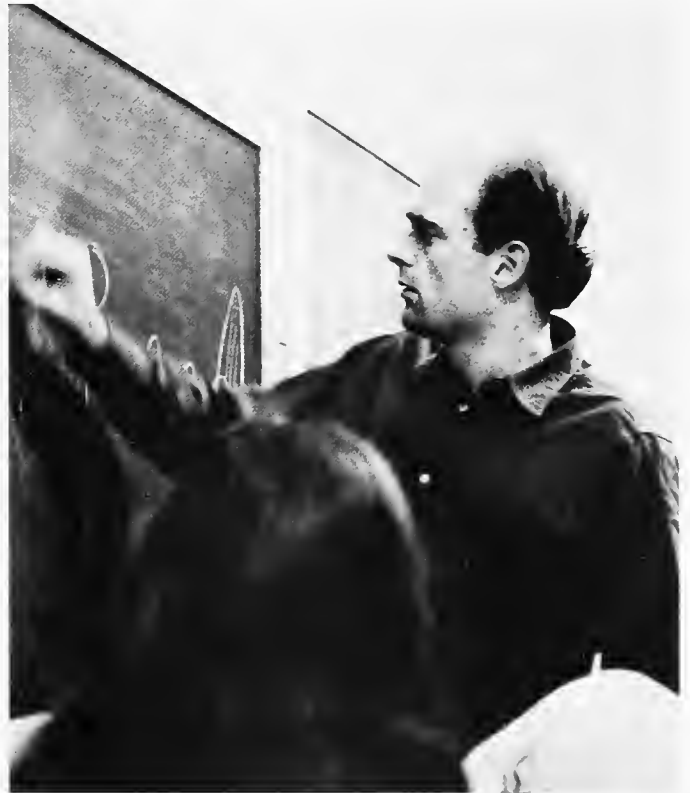
Neal Sherman
honors

Joya K. Tanaka
course



psychology and education 197

- Kenneth J. Gergen, **chairman**
- Joseph B. Shane
- Hans Wallach
- Dean Peabody
- Gerald R. Levin
- John Anthony Nevin
- Nicholas S. Thompson
- Alice K. Brodhead



Julie Biddle
course

Mary Bowers
course

William Combi
course

Ronald J. Diamond
honors



Timothy Keith-Lucas
course

Kermil Larsen
course

Rona Lieberman
honors



James H. Waters
honors

Corinne Webster
course

Roberta Welte
course

Carol Jean Talmage
course

Margaret Updike
honors

sociology—anthropology

Leon Bramson, chairman
Steven Piker
Victor Novick
Jon Van Til
Asmarom Legesse
Olga Linares de Sapir



Katherine Conner
honors

William Dorsey
course

Maureen Durham
course

Susan Almy
honors

Eric S. Blumberg
course



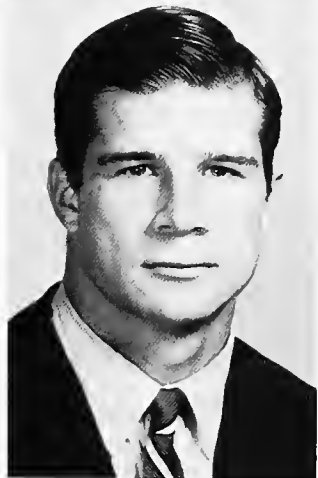
Sarah E. Hall
course



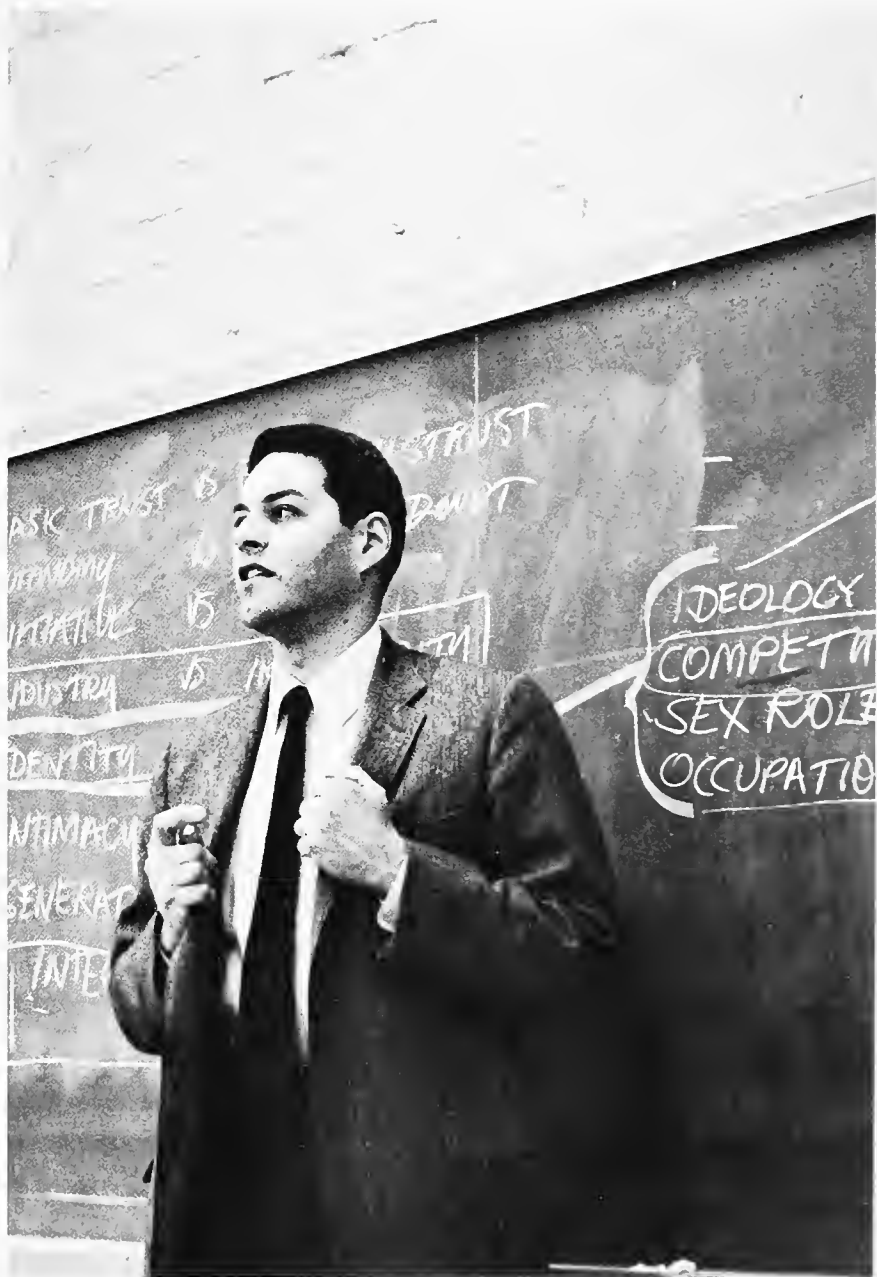
Wendy Hyatt
course

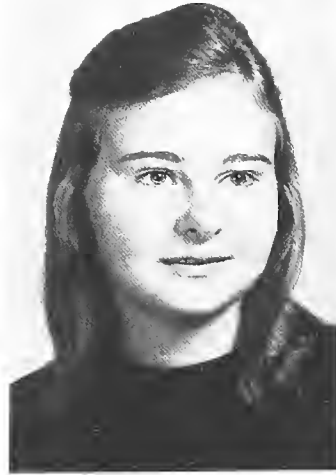


Harriet Heisler
course



Christopher L. King
course





Lenore Miller
honors

Jane Prichard
honors

Samuel Shepherd, Jr.
honors

Daphne McDonnell
honors

Sandra McLanahan
honors

David Singleton
course

Bruce Tift
honors



seniors not photographed

203

Andrea Allen—biology
Stephen Alloy—history
Vytenis Babrauskas—physics
Craig Benham—physics
Samuel Brackeen—civil engineering
David Chadwick—psychology
Dexter Farley, Jr.—mechanical engineering
Barry Feldman—fine arts
George Gill—history
Kenneth Guilmartin—english
Bronwyn Hurd—classics
Jay Kaplan—economics
Paul Leavin—political science
Susan Dworkin Levering—sociology-anthropology
Lewis Lutton—biology honors
Robert MacLeod—economics
Robert Morgan, Jr.—english
Robert Pollock—music
Francis Racine—classics honors
Anthony Schnelling—history
Craig Schrauf—chemistry honors
John Seidenfeld—chemistry
William Stanton—psychology
Susan Gelletly Steinbrook—music honors
Maria Szilagyi—fine arts
Ralph Teutsch—mathematics
Thomas Wolf—history



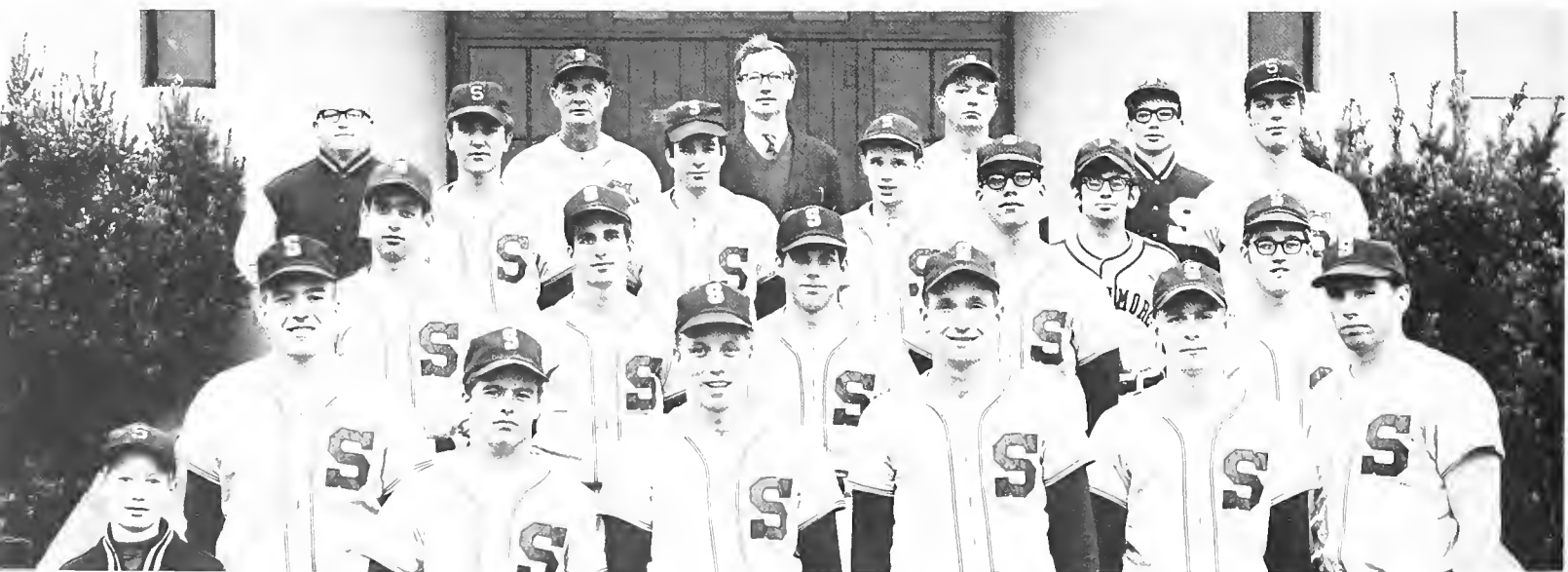
1967 track



1967 TRACK—**first row:** Wilbur Streams, Robert Murray (captain). **second row:** Robert Bartkus, Fred Montgomery, Peter Fraser, William Edgar. **third row:** Donald Stokes, George Harrison, Paul Peelle, Lance Leithauser, David Wright. **fourth row:** Roy Wilber,

fifth row: Stephen Arbuthnot, Roy Shanker, Mark Daniel, Louis Miller, Jacob Graves, John Udovich (assistant coach), Lew Elverson (head coach).

1967 baseball



1967 BASEBALL—**first row:** Peter Swing, Robert Hoe, Craig Martin, Michael Herbert (co-captain), Jon Summerton (co-captain), Michael O'Neal, Richard Kamen. **second row:** Michael Halpern, Randy Holland, David Crockett, Darwin Stapleton, Robert Lykens

third row: Jon Worden, Mark Goldman, Raymond Kelly, Joseph Horowitz, William Barton. **fourth row:** James Perry (manager), Frank Wright (assistant coach), P. G. Swing (faculty representative), Gomer Davies (head coach), Frank Brown (manager).

1967 lacrosse

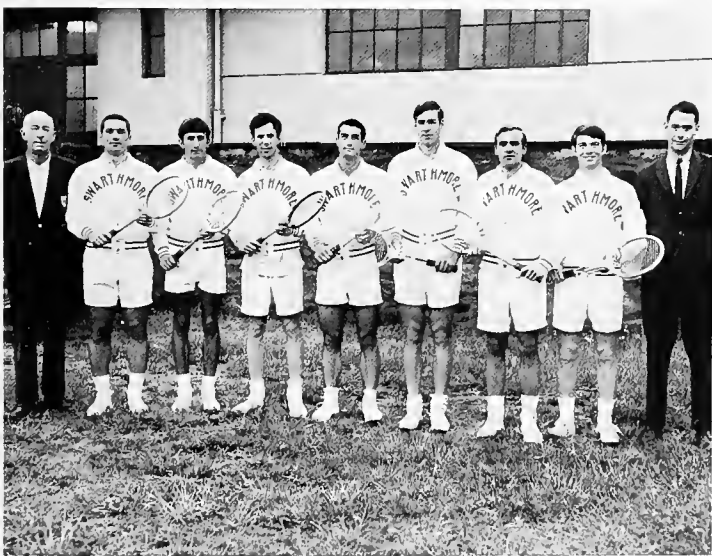


1967 LACROSSE—**first row:** E. Wayne Frazer, Frank Briggs. **second row:** David Rosenbaum, Richard Yeager, John Stewart, Thomas Coffman (captain), Howard Layton, Stephen Hitchner, Dexter Farley, Boyd Slomoff. **third row:** Brooks Cottman (head coach), Charles Stone, James Waters, Fritz Golden, James Foltz, Daniel Eubank, Joseph Hafkenschiel, George Blankenship, Bruce

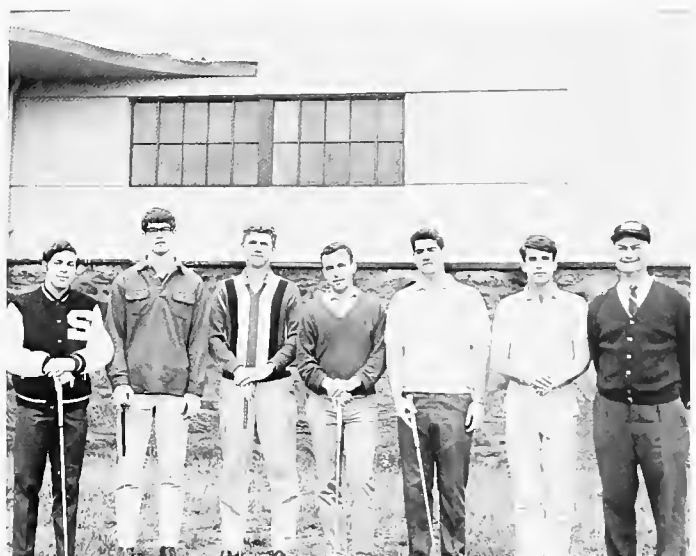
Reedy, Christopher Taylor, James Noyes (assistant coach). **fourth row:** Fred Hargedon (faculty representative), Raymond Bub, Lawrence Smith, William Ladd, William Peterson, Philips Watson, Michael Lee, Faris Worthington, Joseph Rosenbaum, James Buchanan.

1967 tennis

1967 golf

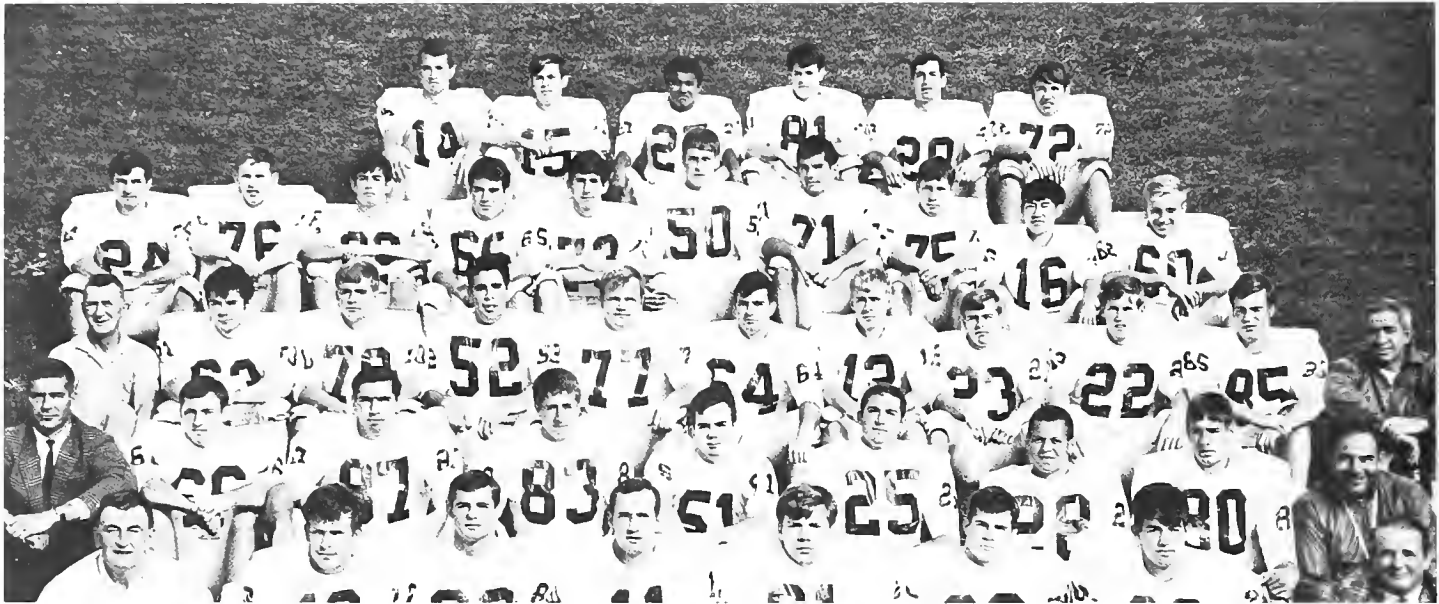


1967 TENNIS—Ed Faulkner, (coach), Andrew Weinstein, Dean Roemmich, David Layton, James Predmore (captain), Frank Burns, Robert Kneisley, Kirk Roose, Lewis Gaty (faculty representative).



1967 GOLF—Robert Maxym, Stephen Daugert, Jan Van der Sande (co-captain), Jon Fleischaker (co-captain), Paul Prusiner, William Livingston, Willis Stetson (coach).

1967 football



1967 FOOTBALL—**first row:** Lew Elverson (head coach), Richard McCurdy, Fred Montgomery (co-captain), Jon Summerton (co-captain), Eric Blumberg, Chris King, Dexter Farley, Thomas Blackburn (faculty representative). **second row:** James Lukens (assistant coach), Kevin Northrup, Richard Kamen, Taylor Cope, James Buchanan, Andrew Weinstein, Michael Graves, Frank Burns, Charles Assiff (assistant coach). **third row:** Richard Jester (equipment), Joe Kelly, John Gorlich, Roy Shanker, John Loven,

George Blankenship, Robert O'Neal, Craig Martin, Theodore Burton, William Barton, Robert McCoach (assistant coach). **fourth row:** Allan Thomas, Charles Williams, Allen Douglas, Kenneth Miller, James Holland, John Burton, Alex Cilentio, Ray Beck, Nathan Wei, Bryer Butler. **fifth row:** Jerry Whitson, Henry Okarma, Pat Connell, Richard Beatty, Robert Clark, Richard Borgmann. **missing:** John Busillo, Thomas McLaughlin.

1967 soccer



1967 SOCCER—**first row:** Roger Wood, Peter Fraser, David Kim, Geoffrey Mwaungulu (co-captain), Paul Levin (co-captain), Anthony Schnelling, Warren Phinney, Fred Feinstein, John McDowell. **second row:** Willis Stetson (head coach), Garth McDonald (manager), James Ribe (manager), Robert Lohr, Ronald Martinez,

David Rosenbaum, Lew Miller, André Pool, Kenneth Roberts, Peter Izapete (assistant coach), Douglas Thompson (faculty representative). **third row:** Donald Stokes, Howard Vickery, Charles Price, Manuel Casanova.



1967 CROSS-COUNTRY—first row: Paul Peelle, Robert Bartkus (co-captain), Peter Rush, Marvin Berg. second row: John Edgar, John Yinger, Roy Wilber, Robert McKay. third row: John Mayberry, John Briggs, Ed Bassett, James Colvin, Steven Gordon.

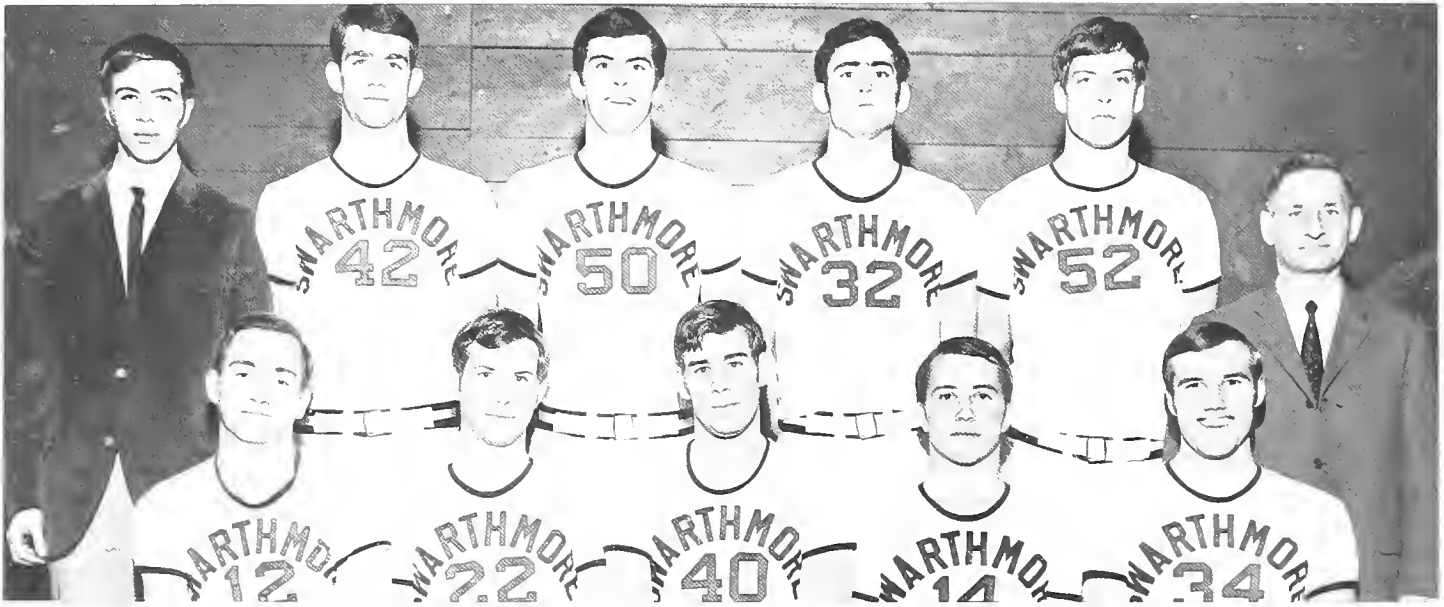
fourth row: Sandy Heath (coach), John Field, Gilmore Stott (faculty representative). missing: William Edgar (co-captain), David Hastings, Peter Meyer (manager).

1968 swimming



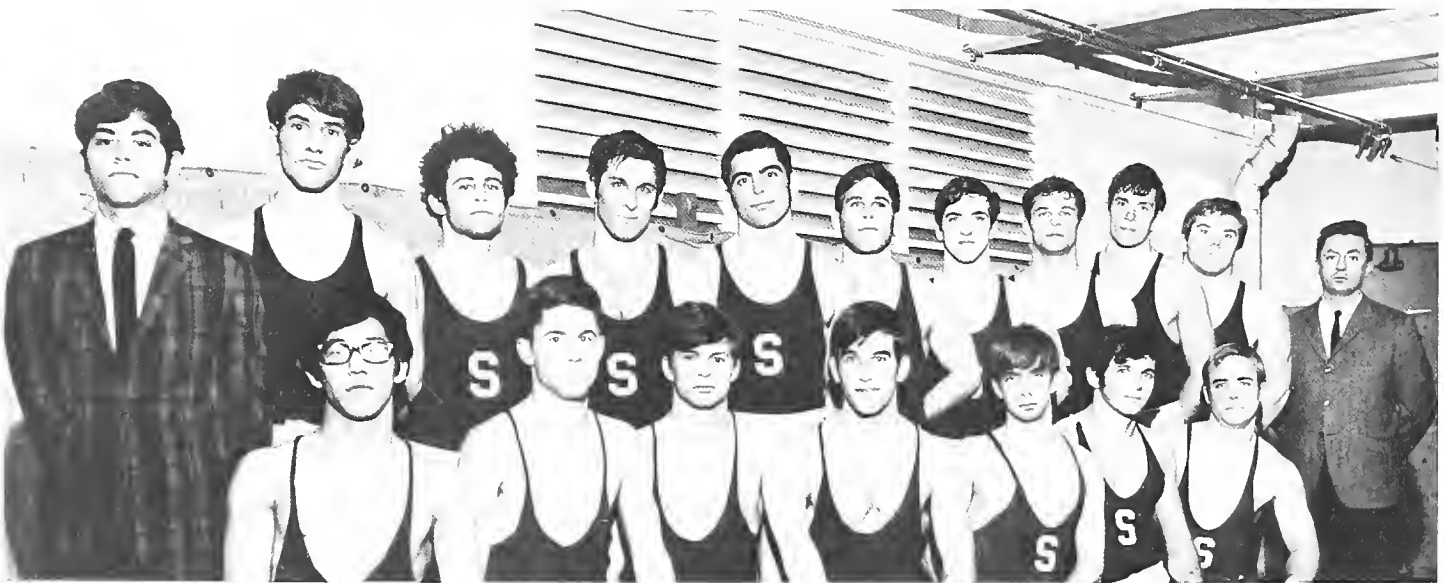
1968 SWIMMING—left to right: William Hurdle (manager), Dan Eubank (captain), Beryll Sley, Craig Maynard, Bradley Lemke, Steven Zimmerman, Ken Meiklejohn, Robert Briggs, Duncan Hol-

lomon, John Goldman, Bentley Jenkins, Greg Englund, Al Boni, David Kerr, James McAdoo (coach). missing: John Rolle.



1968 BASKETBALL—**first row:** William Miller, Richard Beppler, John Burton, J D Hoffstein (coach). **missing:** Don Mizell, Paul Shechtman.
second row: Michael Sullivan (manager), Craig DeSha, James Clymer, Kenneth Jewell.

1968 wrestling



1968 WRESTLING—**first row:** Leonard Nakamura, Robert McKay, Nussbaum, Allan Thomas, Fred Montgomery (co-captain), John Roger Wood, William Greiner, Bruce Campbell, Robert Scheiber, Byers, Eric Blumberg, Gomer Davies (coach). **missing:** Jeff Mark Proctor **second row:** Ron Krall (manager), Alan Robin, Steven Shatzkin, Dan Nussbaum (co-captain), Alan Mitchell, Gary Carter, Hank Levy, Mark Smith.



1967 HOCKEY—**kneeling:** Sarah Gregory (manager), Debby Frazer (co-captain), Barbara Rickards (co-captain), Eleanor Hess (coach). **standing:** Barbara Gibson, Frances Batzer, Sandy McLanahan, Arlene Zarembka, Sandra Burnstein, Ann

Smith, Lucinda Lewis, Connie Cole, Connie Fleming, Trudy Pomerantz, Barbara Briggs, Carol Prixton, Lissa Schairer, Debby Kirk, Pat O'Regan, Chris Doty, Barbara Hunter, Jean Murdock.

1967 lacrosse

1967 tennis



1967 LACROSSE—**kneeling:** Kathleen Swift, Paula Lawrence (co-captain), Betty Bixler (co-captain), Sarah Gregory, Debby Frazer, Barbara Rickards. **standing:** Eleanor Hess, Judy Bartella, Luisa Beck, Barbara Skavinsky, Pat O'Regan, Kathy MacLeod, Barbara Briggs, Barbara Bell, Emily Albrink, Edna Ilyin, Julia Wenner, Laura Enion, Barbara Merrill, Helen Lom, Linda Turner (manager).



1967 TENNIS—**foreground:** Chris Grant. **sitting:** Judy Graybeal (captain), Marianne Mithun, Dorothy Duncan. **standing:** Lissa Schairer, Mary Good, Peggy Sears, Belle Vreeland, Arlene Zarembka, Claudia Chanlett, Spencer Ford, Lucha Hill, Ailyn Terada (coach).



1967 WATER BALLET—**first row:** Jan Allison, Merry Hunt, Eileen Farrell, Jean Warren, Debbie Zubow. **second row:** Bob Diprete, Julie Biddle, Lyn Peery, Lucha Hill. **third row:** Sandy Zimmerman, Mary Ann Simmons, Beth Jones, Bentley Jenkins, Al Boni. **fourth row:** Diana Pennell (co-captain), Debbie Seeley (co-captain), Wendy Hyatt, Ailyn Terada (coach). **fifth row:** Tim

Keith-Lucas, Joyce Whalen, Pete Dikeman, Brad Lemke **missing:** Emily Albrink, Margy Allen, Jan Archer, Barb Atkin, Deborah Bond, Teru Morton, Al Prager, Susan Scott, Jan Scriver, Kathy Sharp, Avery Taylor, Tina Tolins, Mary VonDorster, Lyn West.

1968 badminton



1968 BADMINTON—**first row:** Chris Grant, Cindy Lewis **second row:** Maggie Reece, Mary Lou Bannister, Joanne Luoto, Kathy Setlow, Arlene Zarembka **third row:** Leda Johnson, Chitra Yang, Barbara Briggs, Pat O'Regan, Margaret Browning, Eleanor Hess (coach) **missing:** Kris Anderson, Chris Doty, Barbara Hunter, Ann Judd, Patti O'Brien, Trudy Pomerantz, Ed Faulkner (coach).

1968 swimming



1968 SWIMMING—**first row:** Barbara Gerner, Mary Good, Edie Garrison, Bambi Jones, Wendy Dixon **second row:** Terri McCurdy, Beth Jones, Lucha Hill, Mary Ann Simmons, Laura Enion. **missing:** PheePhee Brown, Sally Haines, Cynthia Bertrand, Teru Morton, Anne Newman, Lindsay Richards, Sue Schug, Debbie Seeley, Meredith Shedd, Paula Spilner, Mary VonDorster, Julia Wenner.

1968 basketball



1968 BASKETBALL—**first row:** Avery Taylor, Fran Hostettler, Sarah Gregory, Linda Frommer, Margaret Kohn, Sandy Reynolds. **second row:** Lynn West (manager), Lisa Schairer, Betty Bird, Joanna Booser, Cheryl Thompson, Judy Cutwright, Ann

Judd (manager). **third row:** Joyce Frisby, Barbara Gard, Sue Vivell, Maizie Hough, Mary Stott, Irene Moll (coach), Emily Albrink. **missing:** Margore Capron.

1968 volleyball

1968 modern dance



1968 VOLLEYBALL—**first row:** Marsha Bera, Caroline Robinson, Kate Hodgkin. **second row:** Edna Ilyin, Jeanne Harrison, Irene Moll (coach). **missing:** Harriet Butts, Mary Cornish, Jessica Gross, Ava Harris, Alexandra Polyzopoulos, Sheryl Sebastian, Sue Vivell (captain), Susan Werth, Jenna Will.



1968 MODERN DANCE—**first row:** Ann Kanter, Lyn Peery, Sheela Fertig, Freda Shen, Barbara Boardman, Susan Scott. **second row:** Martha Oliphant, Karen Rosin, Terry Kennedy, Merry Hunt, Debbie Roberts, Shelly Fisher, Lynn Edlin, Connie Fleming. **third row:** Bruce Bush, Margaret Jann, Martha Hollinger, Frank Weideman, Sarah Moore, Ailyn Terada (coach), John Fahnestock, Susan Bonthron, Susan Foster, Monica Carsky, Martha Leary (co-chairman), Mike Greenwald.



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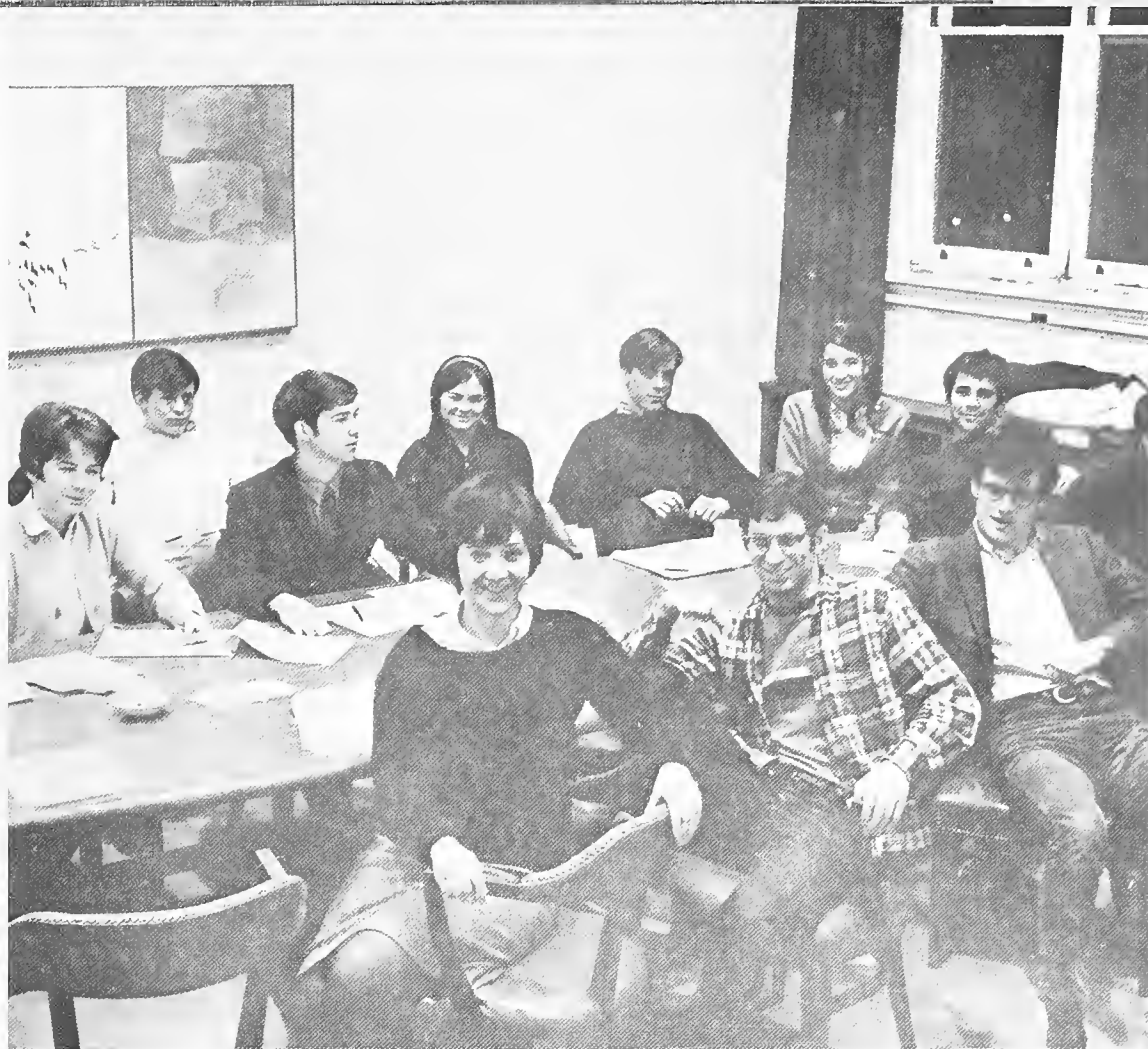
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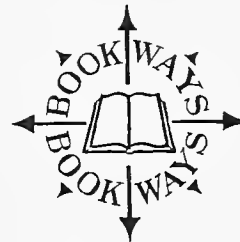
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