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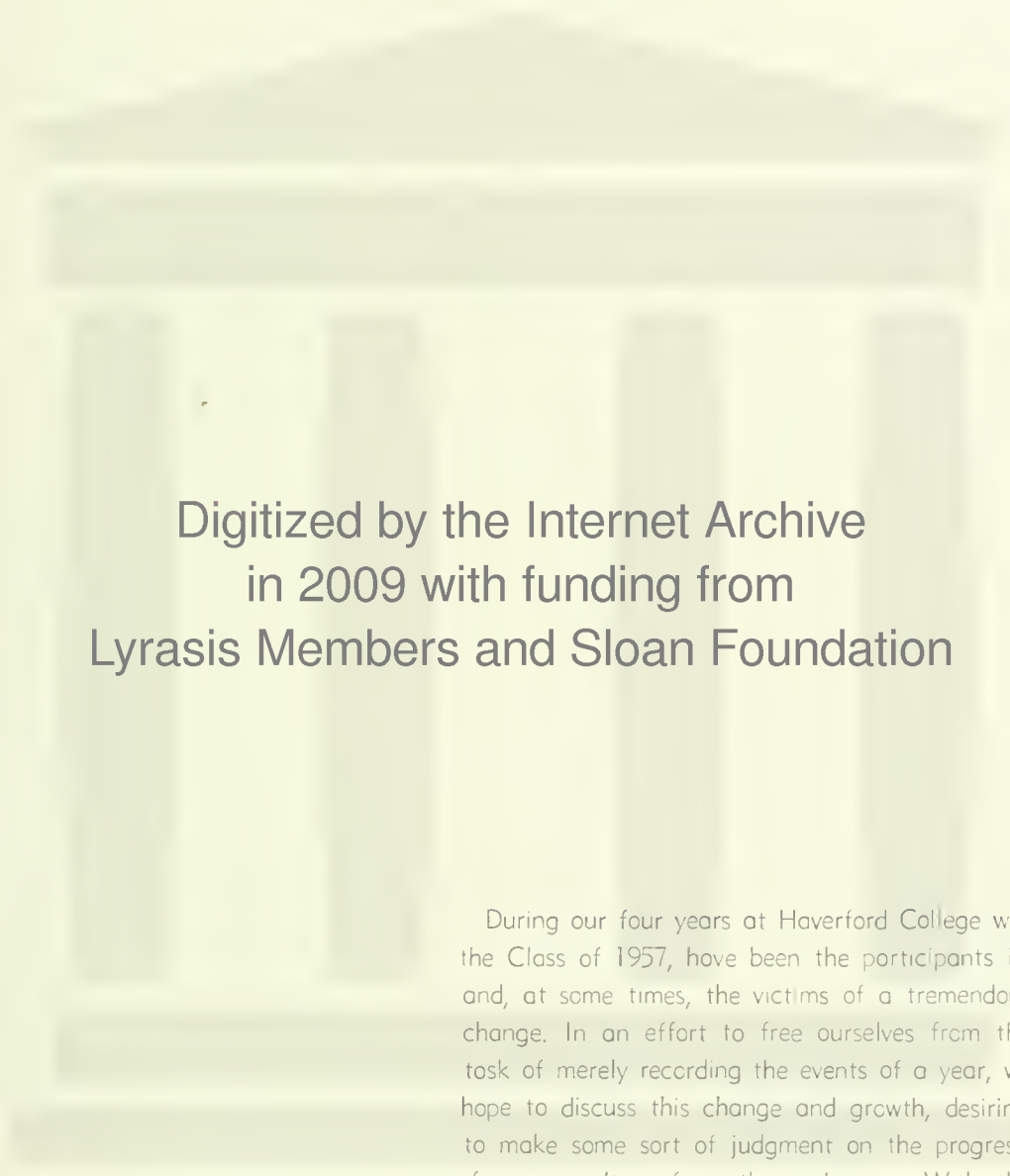
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During our four years at Haverford College we, the Class of 1957, have been the participants in and, at some times, the victims of a tremendous change. In an effort to free ourselves from the task of merely recording the events of a year, we hope to discuss this change and growth, desiring to make some sort of judgment on the progress, if any, resulting from these changes. With the thought that in comedy there is often sadness and longing which flows under the streams of tragedy, we have decided to use as a style of presentat on for our life and feelings the manner of the comic vision.

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THE
1957 RECORD

Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE

Haverford, Pennsylvania

Business Managers
William A. Yost III
John G. Wallace

Editor-in-Chief
Anthony G. Bing



The Record this year is dedicated to Archibald
MacIntosh with the thought that
"Just praise is only a debt."

FRESHMEN

Any beginning invariably suggests to the optimistic a picture which is better than the past, whether it be the arrival of one hundred new faces on campus or the laying of the corner stone of a new hangar. And with the passage of time the illusion is just as invariably destroyed. However, there is an important distinction between the growth and change of animate and inanimate objects—a distinction which is perhaps best seen in the ability of the members of the Freshman Class to develop inwardly and at least to outgrow their greenness.



THE ORIENTATION PROGRAM

Neglected in the past has been a discussion of the orientation program which in a way can shape a boy's whole impression of Haverford. In planning to deal with it more extensively, we asked a Freshman if he would tell the first part of our story. Because of the naive enthusiasm with which he treats the subject, editorial parenthesizing seems mandatory, but it is kept at a minimum so that the reader will never lose sight of the fact that it is a Freshman speaking. Anonymity is by request.

"One week before school opened in the fall, I, with a hundred or so others, became the "best Freshman Class ever." We seemed to be a rather heterogeneous group, ("unique" is the word Haverford uses), but I was comforted by my observation that all the parents seemed to look the same. As Haverford's embrace replaced my mother's, we were whisked away to the nature walk and library

garden, and then to the cramped quarters in which we were to exist. This association of oneself to nature is an important factor at Haverford. It helped me, I know, to remove myself even further from reality.

Association with nature brings out the animal passions, and so we were led to the dining hall, where I sat down to my first meal. Since they told me not to be degrading but mildly humorous, I leave the thoughts of that meal to those who have shared the similar experience.

After the meal we met with the Customs Committee. They told us that we soon would be acquainted with our "big brothers," another innovation in the Customs program, designed to integrate the Freshman just that much faster into the college. My big brother tried to get me drunk the only time he bothered with me.



Customs and Honor

This Customs Committee is a wonderful thing. It changes completely from year to year, yet always with the purpose of breaking down individuality to build uniqueness. I never have understood how this is possible, yet with the assumption of the cap and beanie, with the sacrifice of entity to "community spirit," we are at once together and unique. This has led to a lot of the Haverford student's problems, thinking that he must be unique when in fact he is merely normal. The secondary purpose of this committee is to get rid of Freshman apathy, and if there is none, to build it up in order to destroy it later.

The head of the Customs Committee this past year has been Bill Newmeyer. This was his third year as a member of this organization as well as his third year as a public servant, for Bill succumbed to campus politics and has been very successful, serving three years on the council. His curly hair and eyelashes, coupled with his love for medicine, have somehow contributed to his love of Rhinie culture. For three years he has been the greatest nursemaid to these larva, who begrudgingly but sincerely give him their thanks. Perhaps no one in the Senior Class could give such a good first impression of the school and this is why his leadership has been so successful.

Moving from the sublime to the ridiculous, we come to the Honor System Committee, and its leader, if not exponent, Joel Levin. This committee is the most important one, ideally, to the entering Freshmen, since it introduces them to Haverford's unique system of honor. The cute little fellow at its head, bristling with new and original ideas, has made the Committee and the principle for which it stands much more of a living thing than in the past. Joel is a scientist with a libido. Though his friends have repeatedly told him to be an English major or else stop taking English courses, he has persistently tried to bridge the gap between Art and Physics. This campus Rabelais prefers to do his teaching from the trees. As such, he is symbolic of the whole Haverford process of integration, save that in his efforts he has achieved a certain unity in himself which the college has failed to find for itself.





More Orientation

An integral part of each year's Freshman program is the invasion of Bryn Mawr. Though it has been long thought that mixers were more for the members of the Customs Committee than for the Rhinies, there always seem to be those who have a good time. As is shown in the picture above, it is often only the boys who find the evening enjoyable. For some men it is their last look at Bryn Mawr, much to an equal number of girls' relief. I myself had a fine time until ten o'clock when they let the upperclassmen in. While I was enjoying the Octet, not knowing that I would hear the same pieces every time I went to a dance, my date disappeared. That was fine with me 'cause we went back and threw the Sophomore, who had taken her from me, in the pond, and then had a waterfight. Some fun. I was immersed in "orientation."





The New Freshman Advisor

About the one really good innovation this year in the Freshman program has been the initiation of a Freshman Advisor, Bill Docherty. Too often in the past the Freshmen have been cast out to swim without any lighthouse to direct them from the rocks. Although Bill gives out no brilliant flash of light, his advice and presence are more of a steady beam which is much safer and surer for the storm-tossed sailor. There has been too much babying done at Haverford. Too often a directness of approach has been replaced by a kind of weak sympathy which never satisfies the troubled student. Bill, in his capacity as advisor, has done much to correct this trouble. His treatment of the students as men makes them feel like being men and not habitual resters on an analytical couch. It would seem that if others met with the success of Bill that his college would soon cut down the 30-40% of students who receive some kind of psychological help. We thank a fine man for his contribution to Haverford College.



THE ADMINISTRATION

ARCHIBALD MacINTOSH

Acting President



WILLIAM E. CADBURY, JR.

Dean





ALDO CASSELL
Comptroller



THE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

In four years, as many will testify, the machine age has come and gone and reappeared again, but its character has changed. Despite the shortcomings inherent in any political machine, the heritage of student government we received as freshmen was impressive both in caliber and accomplishment. Since then, however, it seems that the intricate and efficient machinery of intellectual and plebian wheels has been superceded by the slow grinding of mill stones—yielding an admirably stable but uninspired government. If this is an accurate reflection of a change in the character of the student body, then this is the natural result of the democratic process. However, if it is merely a manifestation of a popularized version of democratic apathy then it's unfortunate that the student body isn't realizing the unique self-government potential which exists at Haverford.

The election of Louis Matlack as president of this year's council was practically a "fait accompli"

stemming from a transplanted Westtown popularity. It was no coincidence, however, for Lou was warmly supported by elements of any factions one may claim exist. As leader of the octagonal ring, Lou accomplished an extraordinary feat by maintaining a delicate, yet very sensible balance between Chemistry, athletics, and Stu Cou affairs. The implications of such a balance offer an insight into the major innovations of this council—namely, the laudable attempt to distribute the burden of the president's responsibilities which would make the position more appealing; and the questionable attempt to draw boundaries that define, and that will inevitably limit council jurisdiction.

On the surface, perhaps the outstanding features of this year's council were the home-made investigations of waterfights damaging to the reputation of Barclay walls, the monthly kitchen-cabinet dinners behind door C and a healthy, well-rested president as father of the council.



THE SOCIAL COMMITTEE

Another new committee this year has been the Social Committee under the leadership of Mike Heeg, president of the Senior Class. Like many other committees this was started with much enthusiasm and interest. It was to provide the student who ordinarily would not date much the opportunity to enjoy events which would take place on the campus. It was hoped that the committee could bring in folk singers, lecturers, small bands and so on. Needed for this was money. Unfortunately the college did not seem to sense the crying need for social life on the Haverford campus. What was asked as a five-ten dollar assessment from each student turned out to be a token gift from the college. Still the committee was not disbanded, even though its hands were tied for want of money. This year they have given a couple of dances, as well as planning for many things which never reached fruition. Such is the way at Haverford.



And its Function





THE OCTET

They ambled up to the bandstand and formed a non-geometric semi-circle. "The Haverford Octet." But there were ten—or was it eleven. The crowd quieted imperceptibly during the incantation "one, two, three, four, BO, Doot-doo-doo" The octet was singing and clowning its way through another performance. The same old songs, but Tony Bing did "Faraway" better than usual and really killed the audience. Katowitz lambasted "Rigoletto"; the hall came alive. The whole group was loose, but Zavitz was loosest.

Last year Pete was the head of the Octet, and this year it has been said that he was the member with the foamy head. This combination of nectar and harmony began four years ago when Pete as a nervous Rhinie was thrust into the midst of twelve upperclassmen in the Tower. He managed to survive in this atmosphere of debauchery but appealed to Matlack, Block, and Plass to return him to the moral life. An interesting idea, but unsuccessful: Lou got married, Neil majored in economics, and now even Block can be heard occasionally raising a Budweiser baritone. But the music will soon give way to mathematics and football when Pete starts his teaching career.

Behind the entertaining performances were panicked dress rehearsals, tensions and disagree-

ments, and the attitude that the Octet was a good thing to work on occasionally. The results came from many late hours of rehearsal in Union. The group had a lot of talent, with Donham, Maud and Bing all scraping the rafters with their high notes; Mohr's casual accenting from the other side of the Mason-Dixon; Zavitz, Katowitz, and Taylor helping muddy up the middle parts, but could all be counted on for good performances. Thomas and Mezger kept the group from floating away with a gravel tone that went down to unknown depths. When the group got together well, the results were good.

Harry Thomas ran the group in his senior year, replacing Pete who was taking over Harry's previous job of Glee Club President. Harry spent enough time in the chemistry lab to major and get into med school, but otherwise could be found, usually with his four-year roommate Mike Donham, in the midst of some group project, ranging from brainstorming for Class Night to inventing preposterous schemes for playing May Day, and frequently singing. Otherwise, he spent a year making Council meetings shorter and funnier; he lost round after round at Bryn Mawr; he was proud of occasional bits of scholarship.





Football

The football team had a rather bizarre season, ending with a favorable record of three wins, one loss and three ties. The team's strength lay in its line, though we had a capable backfield whose only fault seemed to be in never calling the right play at the right time. Weakened by injuries, especially that of Larry Griffith, it seemed each week as if Haverford would have trouble fielding a team. With the loss of Griffith, the backfield never functioned very well after mid-season, but the line was always there to take up the slack.

The best game of the year for those few spectators who watched it was the 7-7 tie with Wesleyan University, a game which Haverford might have won had it not been for a dropped pass. Leading this fine team effort was co-captain Joe Torg whose play in this game was the greatest individual achievement all year. This was Joe's fourth year as key to the Haverford line. Though often outweighed, he was never outfought. Certainly the best player on the team, Joe showed at Wesleyan that he was even more alert than the coach. When Haverford was stopped inches short of the goal at the end of a long sustained effort, everyone, including the coach, succumbed to despair. However, it was Joe who noticed that although Haverford had not scored a touchdown, they might have indeed made a first down. Measurements affirmed his thoughts, and Haverford went on to score the tying touchdown.

The other co-captain this year was Skip Block, President of the Varsity Club, and, like Joe, a premed. Unfortunately, an early season injury cut down Skip's playing effectiveness, though as a member of the team he became an inspiration from the bench. As the biggest man on the team he served to frighten opponents who thought that if such a giant were benched, the rest of the team must be terrors. His type of drive and spirit enabled a team which had very little ability other than the ability to be a team, to have a good season, the best in four years at Haverford. One day a man may come who is large enough to fill Skipper's jersey, but there will never be one big enough.





In a school that does not emphasize football to the extent of supporting it through scholarships, the success of the season hinges on the outcome of one game, Swarthmore. This year's contest was played in a rain which even washed out Bouncing Binny's drum and kazoo corps, Haverford's answer to a marching band. The game, as might be expected, was largely a defensive one, with our line showing a definite advantage over theirs. Each team received a number of breaks but could not capitalize on them. The tensest moment came when, late in the game, Swarthmore drove to our one yard line, only to be stopped by a fumble. The picture of the actual fumble can be seen on page fifteen. Though generally outplayed, Swarthmore managed to hold Haverford to a 0-0 tie.

Receiving the trophy as the outstanding player on Haverford's side of the Swarthmore game was Dan Nauman, Senior end. His value to the team can not be over-stated. Though he suffered a concussion in the Wesleyan game, Dan came back to give Haverford a wonderful performance this year. Superb on defense, his timely passes and place kicks often saved the day for Haverford. Since our purpose is to speak of the Seniors on the squad, we have looked at Joe, Skip, and Danny. In a very great way, looking at them is like looking at the team, not only because they held it together, but because the kind of spirit which they showed was typical of the Haverford Football Team of 1957.

JOE
AND
SKIP



Soccer

Soccer at Haverford in 1957 was successful and exciting. Despite the fact that three of the starting eleven were married, the team enjoyed a record of seven wins and three losses, the wins headed by a 3-2 victory over Swarthmore, and the losses being to such eastern powers as Navy, Princeton, and Pennsylvania. The Swarthmore game, the winning goal of which can be seen being scored by Werner Muller on page fifteen, marked the emerging of Haverford as a team, and as a team, for three quarters they were as good as any team in four years. This final victory was the culmination of a long season for Coach Lester who stepped into the big shoes left by Jimmy Mills who went to the Olympics. Lou Matlack made the third team All-America.



As soon as Jimmy Mills left, Clive Corneal stopped running laps. Last spring Clive had been heard to say, "What me get married, me ze Latin Lover? Surely you are kidding, Johnee?" Besides acquiring a wife, Clive had four full years at Haverford cutting classes, sleeping through classes, not being able to find his classes, etc. He found a little time in this strenuous schedule to play a little soccer. Adopting his class cutting techniques, he started cutting corners on his laps. Though demonstrating a rather odd example as captain, in a game he was a good one, and those who witnessed his incredible goal in the Swarthmore game will not soon forget it.

George School fought the Westtown trend on the soccer field in the presence of Dick Forman. Dick played about every position on the line, usually left inside, but all with equal ability. His biggest trouble was combining his interest in soccer with that in birds. As Haverford's most active ornithologist, the crowd felt that Dick during a game might become distracted by the beauty of the day and the glory of the birds which seem to hover round our soccer field, but this distraction never came about. Besides his ornithology, Dick has been active in the Glee Club, but one doesn't hear him singing much on the soccer field, (but then who could hear much over the wails of Versaci?)

Bob Bookhammer added the maturity needed in the line, and also the ability. Though he reputedly started here before Mills was coach, he did not play in any way like an old man. As a matter of fact, he was probably the most valuable lineman on the team. Bob was in his glory at the Swarthmore game. Not only did he play a fine game, but also he was the object of much alumni speculation. One man with three little girls was heard to say, "Is that Bobby Bookhammer? He was a Sophomore when I was a Freshman" The grand daddy of Haverford soccer was one of the sparks on a team of which Haverford could be really proud, and at times amazed.

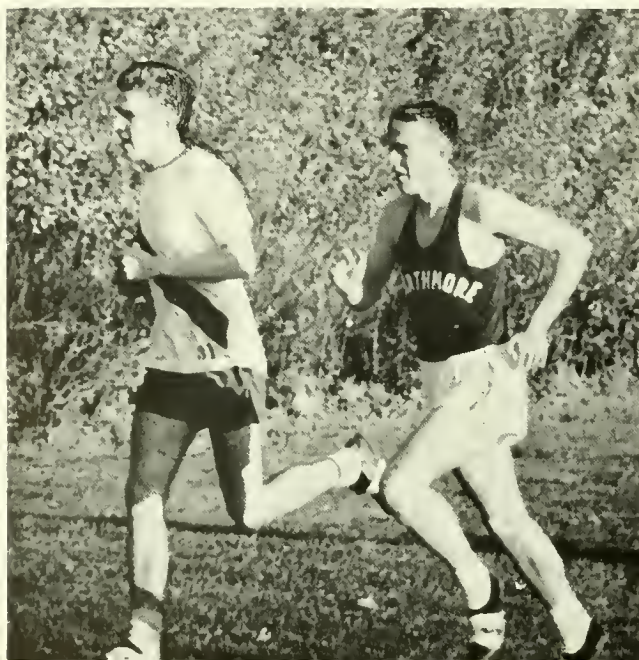




Cross Country

Cross Country is the only college sport which has the unique distinction of having as its playing field, walks around girls dormitories, wooded hills, roads and mountains. Although Haverford's nature walk provides none of the exotic scenery that the team encounters on away trips, it is full of such phenomena as *Kealreuteria paniculta* and the China tree. The harriers seem to take all this distraction in their stride and this year, under the coaching of Pop Haddleton and the leadership of Dave Nowlis, won half of their dual meets, or lost half, depending on whether you are a pessimist or an optimist.

The leading Senior on the team was Don Crane. Just when it looked as if he were to be top harrier, Dave Nowlis took over, so Don has been our second best runner for about four years. This budding biologist was on the nature walk one day when the team ran past. He thought they were on the way to dinner or that the library was closing, so he joined them. Since he finished ahead of everyone else, he was persuaded to join the team, with the promise that he could eat the training meals. Of such stuff are stars born at Haverford College.





SOPHOMORES

After the first period of any growth, there seems to come a let down and slump in which little progress is made. The illusions are destroyed, but replaced by wild complexities, as the new born babe washes off the birth process and becomes aware of life. What was an idea receives the form of a structure, empty, but with some kind of a foundation. Upon this skeleton outward appearance is fashioned, while within, floors are being torn up and rebuilt, endlessly, with no apparent plan or purpose. Will we Sophomores move into our structure while it is still of use to us?





Dining Room and Coop

In a college where uniqueness has bred disunity, there is a need for some impersonal factor to bring the students together. In the Dining Room one sees a very strange Haverford College. The men become very different beings while eating. Leaving books, coats, and all protection without the dining room's confines, they adjust to the mass media for a half-hour, and then each goes his own separate way.

Served food often suited for animals, the student body become animals themselves. In the dining room, "anything goes." Meals are an escape, but unfortunately the visitor to meals cannot realize this. What seems like a group of pigs, throwing their slop around and banging on the tables just to hear the noise and grunt their disapproval bestially, is merely a force of lotus leaves operating, a vague narcotic which makes life seem just that much easier for a little while. The fine thing is that no one is fooled by what goes on while eating. Somehow the student who throws a loaf of bread the whole length of the hall can, upon leaving dinner, grasp the time concept of T. S. Eliot, totally unaware of the wilted rose garden which he left. We should not be proud of how we eat, nor where we eat. We must, though, understand

The Coop is the other important unifying force. The relaxation which is found there is not the same as that in the dining room, but of a more civilized sort. This important meeting ground of student-faculty interaction has been the scene of many serious and insignificant intellectual battles, but it is natural, close, and can be important in the growth of a student who earnestly desires to learn of life.





Scarcely believable are the phenomenally beneficial yet revolutionary changes which have recently taken place in the composition of the faculty within an atmosphere of artificial tensions and heated controversy. The College during this unusually turbulent four-year period suffered from intra-College squabbling, the loss of the guiding genius of Gilbert White, and a funds drive designed to achieve objectives antithetical to those upheld by the teaching staff. The resulting conflict appeared to find a focal point in the matter of the appointment or re-appointment of members of the faculty.

Because of the intimate relationship which existed amongst and between the faculty and students, fostered by the isolated and somewhat self-protective atmosphere of the small and liberal arts college, each individual lost his objectivity when viewing fellow members of the Community, and subjectively judged teachers and colleagues as friends, not professors.

First in this conflict which enrapt the whole college came the faculty, who, by Gilbert White, (as a mark of his "democratness") had been given committee authority to oversee and perfunctorily confirm department appointments. Second came the students, heralded by vociferous English majors (only in the second case prompted by a purgee), who sided with one or the other "camps" within the faculty, and became even more obnoxious than the faculty (which was quite a feat!) out of ignorance of even the basic facts in the case.

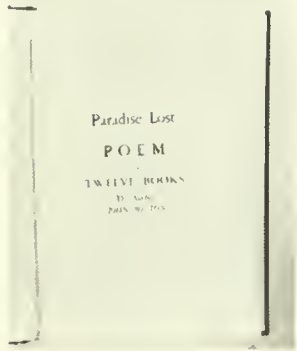
But though each and every one who partook in the "struggle" thought himself extremely vital, the college machinery ground out its predetermined course. Student opinion, when prompted by a "can't-take-it," was categorically disregarded, and proved, much to the naive chagrin of rabble-rousing undergrads, that student opinion wasn't worth the bread it was buttered on when it came to evaluating a member of the faculty. And the faculty committee, placed in its position by Gilbert White to safeguard against such abuses as perpetrated by an aspiring department chairman only proved that its services were instrumental to the system. Indeed, when June, 1956, acting as referee, stepped in to stop the fight, it was found, amidst the blood-shed, that System had won a resounding victory over Emotional Attachment. But only the administration, recognizing that student ignorance of basic facts was in large part responsible for the continuation of the battle, could prevent further bloodshed, by instructing students in the ways of the System and the criteria (no matter how arbitrary) used in evaluating the faculty, something they didn't do!

But although ignorance and emotions had tried to play their integral roles in faculty appointments, the record shows that notable — if not outstanding — progress had been made in garnering an exceptional faculty especially suited to the Haverford system. In the sciences, no less than amazing progress was made: Loewy arrived in a "done" Biology Department; Lemonick into a Physics Department, (given to playing games on the demonstration table), Williams into the Chemistry Department and Heath into the gut-ridden Psychology Department. All assumed department chairmanships, and all did a job which far outshone the work done by their counterparts in the social sciences and humanities. And besides these four bright lights, Haverford's fortunes shone onto a lower level: the natural sciences got Wisner and Sonter, the social sciences, Muller, and the humanities, MacCaffrey.

The losses, when juxtaposed with the gains, found Haverford still well on the winning side.

And what of the future? Each year there was a turn-over of approximately 25 per cent in the faculty, and consequently it was difficult to say from one year to the next where the trouble spots would turn up. But of a few we can now be quite certain: the History Department (which needs at least another MacCaffrey and a half); the Philosophy Department (which needs about two more Bennetts); the English Department (which needs another Quinn and perhaps an Ashmead thrown in); and Economics (which needs help).

The moral of the story is really quite simple: The savior in the past has been what the hope in the future must be: not student participation in selecting and reappointing faculty members; and not a faculty banding together to discharge the outcast and retain the friend. It is the young intellectual, the Allendorfer, the Roche, the Bell, the Muller, or the Heath (not the tried scholar and antiquated lecturer) who, content to come to Haverford for experience, plans (if he fails to place love of Haverford above financial security) to end his days chairmaning a department at some large, well-paying university. What Haverford thus learned from the chaotic experience of these past four years was that it would draw such men to its fold not through petty squabbling and administrative dickering, nor by reform of its component parts, but by preserving — if it couldn't improve upon — the Haverford system per se: its intellectual vitality proportional only to its age of emotional and intellectual maturity and youth in professorial and ideological endowment.



ENGLISH

The darkling sun hangs limply in the torrid, fever-encrusted atmosphere. From the miasmal wastes, heavy with mold, pours a stench of rotting, laden with a fine tang of faintly scented urine. The morass extends both forward and backward through the eons, untouched by any real light. Trees, twisted by cancerous growths of all sizes and types, hang heavy with humid nightblue fruit. Grey-white mist pervades all. The dark is one of gaseous putridity with murky humours lurking around every branch, moss, crawler, bush, or bog.

And then, lightly and quietly, two shadowy figures dance onto the scene, clad scantily but tastefully in the glowing white of Eternal Dawn. These two gnomes, Edgar Rose and Alfred Satterthwaite, carry in their hands brightly glowing, spark-showering fire-brands. No time is wasted. One touches his ember to the eye of the sun, transforming the scene as the Sun begins to fling his flaring beams. The other dances blithely, merrily, touching his spark to the throngs of stars, giving a richer, deeper hue to the once dark bog. The gnomes finally come together to ignite the moon to end their "pas de deux."

This is the signal for the third gnome, Frank Quinn, carrying the Trumpet of Trumpets, to spring on the scene. After skipping lightly over a mouldy root here, a treacherous bog there, he pauses in a pose and poses in a pause, applies the golden trumpet to his lips, and sounds a call of triumph into the newly lighted wilderness.

Quickly, Gerhard Friedrich pirouettes in. This elf carries a transparent bag bulging with fireflies, and with a sweep of the wrist, he flings open the satchel and, as he spins, tosses myriads of the bugs both heavenward and groundward.

When this is done, the trumpeteer again sends forth a clarion call, and two others appear, slowly, painfully burdened. Max Bluestone lopes on, bearing a monstrous green sack on his right shoulder. Patiently, he swings the bag to the ground, and pours into one of the bogs the contents. A veritable cornucopia of truths flow out: some shining and beautiful, others bent and scraggly, a few quite old and hoary. The first truths sink into the miasmal wastes, disappearing immediately from sight, but the truths are so plentiful that those poured on top gradually stay on the surface to form the beginnings of an island.

Following behind, carrying a load equally as heavy, comes Jack Lester. On his stalwart shoulders lie an infinite number of books. Slowly, he mixes these books in with the truths and the island that is formed begins to take on shape and meaning.

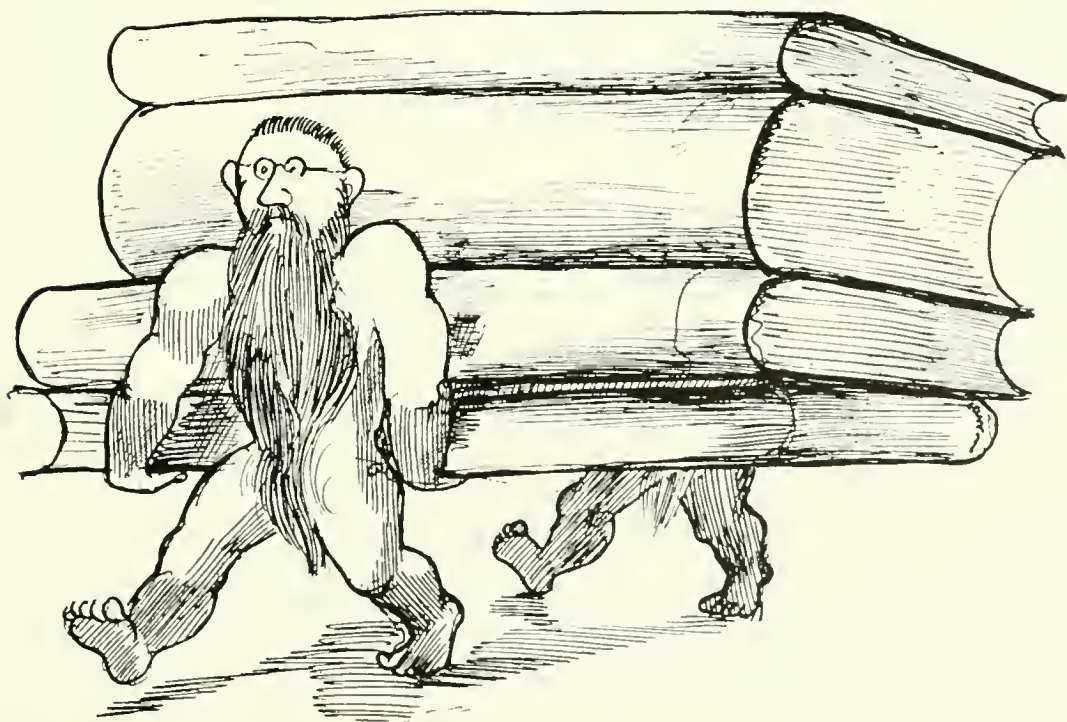
While this creation is being brought to completion, on the outskirts of the group dance two vaporous sprites, John Ashmead and Ken Woodroffe. Although it is almost impossible to see them, their work of removing the noxious vapours stirred up by the island building is considerable.

Finally, the foundation has been laid. The one-time miasma is now ready for its Eternal Use. A final call comes from the trumpet, and the participants retreat behind various bushes and up various trees to watch the blooming that is to follow. Ralph Sargent appears on the island, playing a fife, dancing lithely: now swirling, now curling, smiling between the notes of his inviting song. Behind him comes the horde; a brawling, screaming, tumbling mass of babes: pink-cheeked, sparkle-eyed, dressed in swaddling clothing. Some pause, looking with wonder at the surroundings, picking at every leaf, or sniffing every swamp; others plod on steadily, looking at neither side, their faces dumb. Some wander far from the lead of the merrie fifer; others stick close behind him, even clutching onto him for reassurance. All are fresh, most are young. This is their adventure.

Once they are on the island, with a flourish and final vibrato, the fifer departs stealthily from the troop, joining the other gnomes behind the trees to see what the children will do with their new-found toy.

First to start work and first to finish is Dick Smith. Without even adjusting his swaddling clothing, Dick prys up the truths and books nearest at hand and builds a neat white house with a picket fence and fine white smoke puffing from the chimney. Once through, he ignores the labors of the others and sits in the doorway of his perfectly constructed bungalow with a stack of "The Saturday Evening Posts," checking through the stories for possible material.

Almost as quick is John Wallace, but unlike Dick, John never really gets through with his job of construction. Within minutes he fashions, using many books but few truths, a massive card-filing system, complete with folders, cross-filing, and annual index. Once the major task is complete, the work really begins, because then the faults, the incompleteness, the failings that constantly spring up in the filing system can be reworked and re-fashioned, making subtle changes that may seem inconsequential to the casual observer, but which are of real importance to the system itself.



Feeling that many hands make large the work, Bob Price, Larry Ferguson, and Jim Francis pool their talents into the building of one modest edifice. With a real spirit of criticism, two of them often stand back and watch the efforts of the other. When Bob is working, the structure tends to resemble a lofty white mansion, replete with lofty pillars around the front and sides, complete with a wide cascading lawn of purest green. Larry mumbles dislike for this gaudy display, and with a heavy book destroys all the columns and replaces them with a harder New England front, complete with sprinkled snow on the lawn. Jim vociferously stands back and applauds the efforts of all. The pile of debris resulting from the vacillations of will tends to build up an insurmountable wall of discarded refuse around these three, and presently they are hidden totally from the view of gnomes and cherubs alike.

Striking in contrast is the handiwork of John Schott. Using a minimum of truths, he stands somewhat off from the throng and quickly fashions a sheaf of paper, a typewriter, and a printing press. First, using these new-made tools, he types up long, arduous, finely printed papers. Then he turns to his soulmates and, pulling up his swaddling clothing, begins to read his manuscripts. Many of the cherubs stop their work to listen, smiling and nodding their heads, returning to their work only when John goes back to typing up another sheaf.

Tony Cowen builds an impressive structure that changes consistently as it grows. First it looks like a dusty tome, then a Renoir painting, then a woman lightly clad in a smile, and finally a castle. It is a grand and magnificent panorama, but unfortunately he garnered most of his material from off the island, so mixed with all the books and truths are not a few palm fronds, tree roots, and a wriggling salamander. The building, consequently, is rather unsteady, and no sooner does Tony bolster up one corner than another begins to droop.

Also constructing a fantastic edifice is Tony Bing. In moments, this cherub has built, using all the filmy truths, a spiderweb of beams and crossbeams flung skyward that threaten to obscure or even capture the sun. The work could go faster, but with a sly smile, Tony pauses every now and then to fashion a dart from a gossamer truth and secretly fling it at the protruding parts of any nearby tad.

Bob Leeds has considerable trouble with his work. As soon as he gets some sort of foundation laid, he disappears from the island for a long interval, reappearing each time a little older and a little greyer. Therefore, his building must be whipped off between trips: a Rube Goldberg apparatus that is kept from falling only by a well placed supporting hand here, or arm there.





Tom Helmstadter, with a grunt and a smile, declines the chance to build, but instead collects and eats with relish the inner organs of the firefly sprinkled at random around the island. He shuns the truths lying at his feet, and instead pulls a potato from the swamp and slips it into his pocket. Often, quietly to himself, he says "Mrkgnao."

Tom Joyce, settling on the brightest part of the island, quickly fashions hundreds of smoothly curved female cherubs from his stack of truths, shunning all books. These new additions to the island alternate between mixing him drinks, tweaking his chin, or stroking him affectionately as he goes on to build a swimming pool, three beach cabins, and seven cases of gin. The sounds of merriment from this corner increase steadily as time goes on, and no amount of stares from other parts of the island can serve to quiet the female giggles.

In keeping with this spirit, Lorenzo Milam builds an elaborate still, a rather chesty female torso, and a door with eight locks on it. He settles down quietly to sample the results of the first run-off, but is soon disturbed by John Bernstein who, not too eager to build anything, has thrown together a blunted meat-cleaver. Bound'ng around the island, he uses this to bludgeon sizable hunks off all the various buildings that are beginning to tower around him.

The gnomes of creation, safe in their hiding place, watch the activity. Their faces begin to sag and quiver. This was not the purpose for which the island was laid.

Daringly, pushed to action by this untoward turn of events, the group steps from the bushes. Scooping up stray truths as they move towards the cherubs, they mold them in their hands to new truths, showing what should be done with the fertile resources of the island.

The advance is soon turned into retreat. Darts and bludgeons fly; gnome-heads are struck by tumbling structures; walls and doors block communication; one cherub removes his glasses and lectures on filing-systems; another quickly prints up a paper condemning gnomes; the island becomes forbidden to the original builders.

Incredulous at their own failure, the group mills uncertainly on the outskirts of the island, wondering where to go, what to do. And then, albeit mournfully, the trumpet sounds, the fife is heard, the embers are relit, and the gnomes,

Breathing united force with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes that charm'd
Thir painful steps o're the burnt soyle.



HISTORY

“... Ubi studeo, patria ibi.”¹

One of the best known eras in European history of unknown men is the lower, lower middle ages. Undoubtedly, however, there were many men who deserved immortality. Giovanni Capistrano d’Abruzzi in his recent book on medieval life² between 907-809 has attempted to reconstruct the lives of some of these men. A small fragment from his writings is reproduced below³

‘Not far outside of Paris was a small country estate called Villaris⁴ and in the pages of the estate book we find that there was a man living there called Kenneth Calkins who was known by his friends as Bodo. Actually there is very little that is known about Bodo except that he spoke a south German dialect and lived on the corner of the estate with his faithful wife, Jepie, and three dogs. However, just as we are able to conclude certain facts about the weather during the night when we get up in the morning and find that an icicle has suddenly appeared outside the window, so, too, the historian becomes a detective in attempting to discover the missing links of history. With this in mind, let us try to imagine what a day in the life of Bodo Calkins was like.

On a fine Spring morning toward the beginning of the end of Charles McCaffery’s reign, Bodo gets out of bed. He goes downstairs or upstairs depending upon whether he sleeps on the second floor or in the cellar, winds the kitchen clock and sets the alarm at 9:45 for Jepie and then slips out the front door. It’s still a fine spring morning so he whistles as he and his favorite dog, Widsid (with open i’s), make their way to the manor house. Today is a special day for Bodo, for besides its being his twenty-first birthday and fifth wedding anni-

versory, he is also going to give his semester report to the manor steward, Jean Hecht, on the progress of his investigation on ecclesiastical and temporal relations in Normandy. As he approaches the manor house he sees Hecht pacing back and forth in front of the door—a cigarette holder clinched tightly between his teeth. Three of Bodo’s contemporaries, Erman Iriye, Frambert Nauman and Ragenold Long, are already there trying to keep pace with the steward as they deliver their reports. As Bodo draws nearer, he overhears them talking. The first is discussing the influence of whales on Japanese-American relations; the second is quoting a passage from Augustine, and the third is reading a paper on the political theory of the Missi Dominici. Intermittently, the steward mutters under his breath, “Gemeinschaft.”⁵ Otherwise, he doesn’t seem to be listening

After waiting in vain for an hour for his turn, Bodo Calkins becomes disgusted and decides to seek out the manor lord, Thomasus E. Drake, and complain. However, when he gets to the door of his office, he finds a little note on it saying, “Have gone on a trip to Florida in search of old manuscripts. Will not return until victorious.” Bodo’s eyes shine for this means there will be a celebration that night. He forgets about his report to the steward and hurries home to help Jepie prepare the wines.

‘History is largely made up of Bodos.’

¹ From the Poems and Love Songs of J. P. Abelard.

² “La Vita Nel Mezza Del Cammin.”

³ Ibid, vol IX p 221.

⁴ In the place now occupied by the grounds of Saint Cloud. Ed

⁵ Brachten, f. 401b: ‘secundum quod videri poterit tota die.’



CLASSICS

With the tolling of the bell the three novitiates approached the monastery garden. Dave Belash fidgeted with his collar which was never on correctly, and which was too small for him: It had been brought to his attention that his lack of care in his dress was bringing disgrace to the whole order. At his side walked Al Acton, a recent transfer from some little known minor monastery. Bill Warde, who only recently became a convert to the order, carried a tome of Vergil and a pile of unfinished tracts.

Entering the garden they found Father Howard, surrounded by cricket bats and scripts for faculty Class Night productions. Shoving these aside, he brought out his texts and said they were to read from Vergil for the day. Warde was ecstatic.

When Howard wasn't looking, Belash pulled out of his pocket a dog-eared copy of Catullus' love poems and slipped it into the pages of the "Aeneid." This copy carried with it the fond

memories of his hockey days and room ping-pong while in college. His sighing was immediately noticed by Howard, who, knowing that Belash was once again in his own mystical world, sent him back to his cell where he had to brush his hair fifty times and let the air in and out of his bicycle tires. Alone at last, Dave looked at the plaque which awarded him the Poetry Prize of 1910, lapsing once again into a Ciceronian reflection on his past glories.

This left the two serious students of Latin and Religion, Bill and Al, who diligently were listening to Brother Comfort scan a line. Though both novitiates had decided on the religious life, there were great theological differences between them, Al being more liberal than Bill, who wanted to apply his Latin a little more directly. As the bell which Belash didn't hear tolled, the three left in the garden separated, Bill going to choir practice, Comfort to the Test Match, and Al to the television in his room.

FRENCH



Bundled into an American Express bus, Hoverford's group of French majors decided to make a tour of Paris, hitting all the high spots and arriving back at the doors of American Express in time to pick up their mail. This was a one day stopover for them before they went with Larry Wylie to Provence where they were to find another country village to immortalize.

The first stop was the Louvre, and the first off the bus was Tony Amsterdam. Refusing to wear a tie, he almost lost out on the chance to represent Haverford in this project. With him he carried ten or twelve books and a small portable easel. Quickly separating himself from the rest of the group, Tony began to speak fluent French with some Germans. Rushing past the Mona Lisa and others, he found a painting at which no one else was looking and labelled it great. It was a recent Redon, dug out of a musty garret on the Left Bank where it had been used to patch the ceiling.

Entitled "The Fall," this painting absorbed Tony for the whole day.

As a contrast to the taste of Amsterdam, Linc Paine was entranced by the voluptuous Reubens and Veronese which seemed to engulf him. Quickly making a tour of the Louvre which he had seen many times before, Linc walked out to the bus where he met Larry Wylie who exchanged an off-color joke with him. Linc then went on to examine the Volkswagens parked along the curb. Buying a Trib along with some scenic postcards, he found that Joe Jones had won the Kentucky Derby, and, much to his delight, that Boston was destroying the Social Register. Gladly renouncing his blue blood, he too was clad in Amsterdamian turtleneck sweater and dungarees.

Suddenly the Blue and Yellow Death came grinding to a halt and Mason Barr, grinning from ear to ear, stepped out with Helen on his arm. She had somehow managed to sneak his car over to him under the guise of germ warfare. Anxious to get to a radio to hear his replacement for the week an Leakage, Mason hurried Linc and Larry into the car and drove off, heading in the direction of Les Deux Magots, leaving Amsterdam murmuring happily to himself.



GERMAN

"Fraulein, noch zwei grosse Helle und zwei Dunkle, Bitte!" Shouting this request over the din of the Faschingball Herr Pfund sits down at his table and reaches for another Weisswurst. At the same table sit three other members of the Haverford Verein für die Bewahrung und Verbesserung der deutschen Sprache, John Cary, John Cope and Tod Haberland. Now and then they catch sight of the last member of the group, Erik Mezger, who has succeeded in picking up a "schones Fraulein" and is now on the dance floor trying to do the Charleston to a Bavarian Trink-Lied. Haberland murmurs to an old Bayer sitting next to him, "Ich habe Milwaukee Bier viel lieber," but proceeds nevertheless to order his third Mass of Hockerbrau.

The revel continues as another group of half-naked Studentinnen come into the hall. But the little group of Haverfordians, unperturbed by all the excitement, remains earnestly engaged in a discussion of Rilke. Finishing off his second liter, Pfund orders another and then begins to read a few verses in a rather clouded voice: "Freilich ist es seltsam, die Erde nicht mehr zu bewohnen, kaum erlernte Gebrauche nicht mehr zu uben, Rosen, und andern eigens versprechenden Dingen nicht die Bedeutung menschlicher Zukunft zu geben;

"His listeners are deeply moved and Haberland comments to his friend, "Na Hockerbrau ist gar nicht so schlecht, aber es fehlt das klare blaue Wasser das wir in Milwaukee benutzen." Nevertheless he orders another Mass.

Especially unmoved by the rising spirit of revelry around him is John Cope. He has an intense dislike for teutonic women and is therefore moved only to a feeling of disgust by the rising tide of nudity at the nearby tables. Nevertheless, as a pre-medical student his interest is turned now and again to several of the more unusual anatomical phenomena in his vicinity. Haberland is heard again to mumble something about Milwaukee beer. Then he orders himself another liter of Hackerbrau.

As the evening wears on Pfund becomes somewhat "tired," and John Cary takes over the reading of Rilke: "Einmal jedes, nur einmal. Einmal und nicht mehr. Und wir auch einmal, Nie Wieder." John Cope, his scientist's curiosity stimulated, is now trying to lure a most interesting specimen over to the table. Mezger can be seen in the distance, still dancing, but now on a table. He has somehow lost his Hosentrager, but by now he is little aware of such details. Haberland bubbles to a long unconscious friend, "Ich hatte nicht so viel Bier trinken sollen, wollen, können, ————mogen überhaupt!" slides from the bench and joins Pfund, peacefully asleep under the table.

Weil uns nach die Glaser blinken,
lasst sie nicht vergebens winken,
leert sie, Freunde, schwenkt die Hute
auf der goldnen Freiheit Wohl!
Bruder, lagert euch im Kreise
trinkt nach alter Vater Weise,
leert die Glaser und schwenkt die Hute
auf der goldnen Greihe t Wohl!





PHILOSOPHY

The day, though bright, was not clear. People, having risen early in the morning, came and went in the agora. First to enter was Martin Foss, closely followed by Stan Johnson who carried part of the former's toga, lest it fall in the dirt. Foss began talking of the beauty of the day, looking right into the sun without blinking. Overcome by this mystical experience, Stan too looked into the sun, but tripped over a reality which was lying on the ground, dropping Foss's toga.

While Stan was cleaning the robe of his master, preparing to look heavenward soon again, Frank Parker came in, followed by an enormous group of students, and went to the great well in the agora's center. There he explained Aristotelian logic to his eager disciples. Momentarily he looked over at Foss who once again was looking into the sun, but with a shrug, went on with his discourse. Bill Stine sat

not at his feet, but nearby the great Parker, drawing circles and spacing golden means through them in the dirt. Parker mentioned temperance and Bill's drawing stopped. He wisely nodded his assent to the point of a life of temperance, and returned to his proportions, drawing an order to the means and ends, . . . pondering.

When Parker arrived in his discussion of Aristotle to the point of speaking of the social nature of man, Peter Meloney's attention was drawn from the circles he too was drawing in the dust. Peter had been coming to the agora off and on longer than anyone else. While Parker kept insisting on an intellectual offering to the Universe, Peter was content to offer libations of the choicest wines. Boldly asserting the excellence of English philosophers, he threatened to carry on his learning abroad.

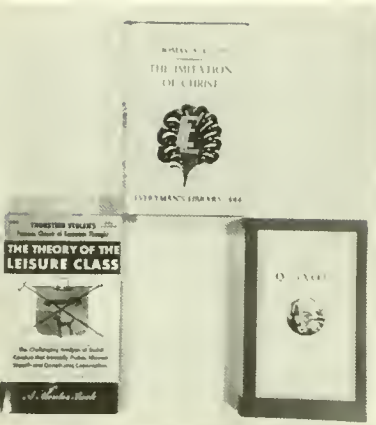
Benson Hart stood apart from the groups of Parker and Foss and observed, stroking his upper lip, critically making notes. He had just returned from the Olympiad. Having now given up these interests in sports, he was yet flushed with the thrill of physical pleasure, and a little loathe to enter completely the world of the mind at the agora. For this reason he watched, letting his attention drift from time to time to the maidens coming to fill their urns at the well, and at the frescoes and friezes, panelled on the buildings. Suddenly his attention was drawn to a solitary figure, clad majestically in a loin cloth, playing a bongo drum. It was Douglas Steere.

Douglas had been an itinerant philosopher making so few trips to the agora that he seemed more of a visitor than an inhabitant. Reaching the center and pushing Parker and his disciples a little to the side, he spread his arms and started to speak. Foss and Johnson turned to listen, but not

the disciples of Parker who urged Frank to continue his lecture at a more remote part of the square, knowing that when the day progressed, they would find themselves in the sun, though the rest were in shadows.

In the middle of Steere's talk a great cry was heard and a bearded figure came running in, followed by several thousands of blackshirts. Denouncing Plato's "Republic" and stating that he suffered no delusions about the intentions of any government, Frank Versaci climbed to the top of the well. Foss, Parker and Steere started for him as he continued to shout hysterically about the wonderful connection which he had found between fascism and pacifism. Meloney laughed, Stine decided he'd go to the library, Hort was puzzled, and Johnson afraid as Versaci went on, thrashing his arms about in the darkening day. At last the three teachers met at the center, and joining together in a single effort, pushed Versaci down the well.





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It would seem to take a rare type of individual who could find a strong connection between Biblical Literature, Russian and Spanish, yet even a more remarkable person who could devote himself so equally to the perfection of all three. Such a person would indeed have earned the right to be called "liberally" educated, and equally "well-rounded". Certainly there is no more "well-rounded" person on campus than Thomas Harvey. The amazing thing is how he manages to find time and ability to spread himself out over such a wide field, to the exclusion, alas, of some of his ever present social responsibilities. Often it has been found that those who concentrate on one subject are those who get the best grades. It is the test of a great scholar that he can do equally well in all fields. The success which Tom has had in those fields outside of his Major, which is Economics, has certainly earned him the right to number himself among those names such as Amsterdam and Abramson, the great scholars on the campus. More than that, Tom has been a great unifying force among the faculty. Senor Asensio, Professor Flight, Miss deGraff and Howard Teaf would never have been aware of their kinship with one another had it not been for Tom. Nor would there have been such a kinship between Messrs. Coselli and Reardon.

Tom's somewhat disarming appearance to those who don't really know him belies his ever searching mind. So absorbed with the search for absolutes and truth, he often forgets to wear socks or even worse, but one can not ask too much of such a scholar.

MUSIC

Early on Tuesday morning, the twenty-third of April, several hundred grumbling students sluffed into Roberts Hall, eager to hear the annual performance of the best composers on the Haverford campus. This year it was no worse than usual, even better, cause it was shorter.

That keen head of the Haverford Music Department, William Reese was, from the balcony, not in sight in the audience, nor was he particularly missed, for he had little to do with the compositions themselves, which could be solely blamed on Dr. Swan, who realistically apologized before each piece was performed, ridiculing each composer in an effort to transfer the guilt from himself. The man with the distinguished beard was by far the most enjoyable thing on the program. Getting up before the audience, he sighed, leaned against the rostrum, nodded to the viola player who was also the union steward of the local, and ran down the stairs, holding his breath and then his ears.

The fine string quartet was half way through the first composition before the audience realized that they were no longer warming up. Most of the interest in this piece was centered around the



second violinist who looked at all times as if she was about to poke out the eye of the first violinist sitting next to her.

The fine musical facilities at Haverford showed through on the next piece in which there was a pedal screech to accompany the piano with singer. Surely this was quite a bold step of originality, especially when the composer cleverly put the pedal squeak in an enharmonic key. This piece added meaning to Dylan Thomas' poem, though the words were not heard by the audience. Later on in the program there was an added treat when a Bryn Mawr child got up and musically recited another poem, this time by the female contemporary of Thomas, who was at the time in residence in Bryn Mawr.

The final piece put a finishing touch to the students' view of the value of a music department for it proved neither classic or romantic, but a rare mixture of sounds, ranging from a tremulous crescendo to a groan of a dying swan.



BOOKS



B O O K S



BOOKS



COLLECTION

The most intriguing aspect of any Tuesday morning Collection program (popularly referred to as third day Meeting because of all the reading accomplished and general disinterest in the speakers) is found in the mezzanine section of the auditorium where one hundred odd seniors play hangman with classmates they normally never talk to and at the same time practice perfected techniques of Collectionmanship (the art of collective facial engrossment and intellectual self-deception) (a much more difficult and precise art than Studentmanship which depends simply upon the skill of the individual). Nevertheless, despite the general atmosphere of concealed ennui generated there is no place any senior (even Peter Maloney) knows of where the most soporific speaker is given such a hearty round of applause and so many shouts of "more!". (Several theories have been advanced that attribute the resounding ovations to special acoustical effects provided for in the will of William Pyle Philips, and the cries of "more" to a sanor phenomenon that arises from the clapping of hands — an effect not unsimilar to the one observed when thee is standing near the green house.)

Fortunately for everyone, however, a farsighted alumnus donated a large face clock that can be

seen by even the most nearsighted speakers which effectively terminates what otherwise could be a perpetual cycle of clapping and "more" and clapping and "more"; and which, at the same time, subtly reminds the speaker that he is talking to a group of empty stomachs.

But perhaps the real high point of any collection program comes about fifteen minutes before anyone enters the auditorium. It's about that time that Ed Stevens can be found, a solitary maestro, calmly trying to unlock the secrets of the organ with the wrong key. Despite his best efforts, when the student body finally arrives they can never master anything more difficult than "Swarthmore Won't Shine Tonight"—it's little wonder that Ed finally decided to give up a brilliant career as a Quaker organist and enter the field of economics and matrimony instead.

For those whose names were accidentally omitted from the Collection attendance charts and consequently most likely denied themselves the advantages of Haverford's sixth course, the most memorable experience of the year was when Frank Quinn threw a pebble into the intellectual sea in front of him. It may have been only a pebble, but it made a sizeable splash — a splash which got too few of us wet.

DEFENSE DEPARTMENT CONTROVERSY

The big tent was enlivened briefly during last February by a new sideshow called "Defense Department Funds". The show proved to be a great popular success, 250 odd members of the great unwashed flocking to its first, and last performance. Its popularity was no doubt due to its comprehensiveness combining the worst features of the revue and the spectacular, it presented an omnibus display of local talent, including a sword swallowing act by faculty scientists, a display of acrobatics by Douglas Steere, a corps of clowns led by Frank Versaci, and it was all topped off by a rousing, old-time religious revival that stopped just short of the second coming.

The show was emceed by Ira Reid, who handled the task with all his customary dialectical skill, occasionally establishing contact with the audience. It began with a dramatic monologue by Louis Green, who outlined the origins of the controversy in minute detail. Ira Reid then asked for all factual questions, explicitly barring "contributions to the discussion" until later, whereupon William Bacon Evans got up to make a contribution to the discussion and left. The students next subjected Louis Green to a barrage of questions — the same questions, on the whole — which he faced manfully until shell shock began to set in. The "divertissement" began in earnest when the floor was thrown open to the great unwashed, whose diverse talents provided the show with its substance.

After over two hours of sound and fury, a final amen was registered by the reading of the plaque on the Common Room wall (which bears a "mot" of Frederic Sharpless) to the hushed and misty-eyed throng. Then, after hearing Ira Reid sum up the night's gibberish by saying that the problem was "as old as Western civilization", they silently folded their tents and stole away.



A new development in audience participation was pioneered by the producers of the Defense Department show. The illusion was conveyed that the audience functioned both as cast and as play doctor, i.e., that their sputterings would affect the fifth act outcome which was as yet unwritten. This ingenious device not only stirred the participating hordes to euphoric heights but also avoided the necessity of giving away money which, one surmises, might have had to come from the Defense Department.

The after-effects were slight and subsided soon. "The News", printed an editorial which was 80% misunderstanding. And the Board of Managers appointed a committee, as boards of managers tend to do, to study the problem. They have not been heard from since, nor has anyone else.

FIFTH

DAY

MEETING

Haverford's traditional patterns of education have not changed greatly over the years, but within these patterns there has been noticeable change. Quaker Meeting, always a tradition and a requirement at Haverford, has lost much of its meaning for many students. There are relatively few Quakers in the student body, and few students who are content to spend one hour in ethereal contemplation. It is no longer a silent meeting. Perhaps it is characteristic of this troubled age that people have to speak out in Meeting. Professors seem compelled to exorcise a devil at least twice every Meeting. What should be a religious service has been transformed into a symposium on anything from Ubangi cooking practices to the migratory habits of the yellow-bellied sapsucker. The change is regrettable, and measures are being taken to reconcile the various opinions of Fifth Day Meeting at Haverford.

As it is now, Meeting is anticipated by the students with as much relish as is Sunday supper in the Dining Hall. But come Thursday, we see students traversing the footbridge and trodding the path of the ginkoes to the Meeting house, where they enter the hubbub of fellow captives. There is a rush for the obscure back rows and the seats near the back windows are coveted for their high quality of light for reading purposes. During the meeting, reading, sleeping, and speechmaking vie for prominence. Watches are synchronized as a favorite speaker rises. Students divert themselves with "Time" magazine, chemistry notes, daydreams, and sometimes silent thought. The last is a minority triumph over Time, Space and after dinner speeches. The walls and ceiling of the Meeting house are confining and monologues weigh heavily on ascending thoughts. Group worship, if present, is as well hidden as a certain student who slept soundly through Meeting while lying on the floor under one of the benches.

But lest the preceding description should completely slander Meeting in the reader's mind, we must admit that there are achievements in Meeting. A few students through superior concentration have caught glimmerings of the inner light. Several others have succeeded in worldly contemplation. there is perhaps some value in thinking about

one's secular life on earth. Some mysterious element is also present in Meeting, which is unfathomed by present students, but which is clearly manifest to alumni who praise Meeting in the way a voyager safe on dry land would praise the experience of riding out a squall in a leaky sailing ship with a mutinous crew. This paradox of the alumni who come to an appreciation of Meeting after they leave is one argument for the continuation of compulsory Meeting. The uniting function, the gathering of the whole college in one group at one time, is another.

So Meeting will continue. But changes are clearly needed. It has been suggested that the modern student cannot endure to think about himself for one hour. Contemplation of his own character is so depressing that the student seeks escape in reading. It is perhaps more true that it is easier to read a magazine than to think seriously about oneself. However this may be, if Meeting is to be changed, attitudes must be changed. This is the "raison d'être" of Freshman meeting where Meeting is explained and freshmen are exposed to a good meeting with interested upperclassmen and faculty members, i.e. they are painlessly brainwashed so that, at the proper time, they can bring favorable attitudes to Fifth Day Meeting. The Freshman Meeting has been fairly successful this year. Other improvements are being studied by a committee headed by Ralph Sanson. These changes however, will not clear the Meeting sky of the cloud of Compulsion, which has been tolerated in the past and seems necessary for the future of Meeting. Encouraging all the faculty members to come to Meeting has been suggested as well as bringing the lords of Roberts who sit up front in the facing benches in the Meeting house down amongst their peers for a more democratic meeting and a freer exchange of ideas and rebuttals between hesitant students and learned professors. Different arrangements for attendance will provide a smaller and therefore a closer knit, more personal meeting. Beyond these changes, little can be done. Meeting will still be a voyage on a leaky sailing ship in a squall, but it is hoped that the crew will be less mutinous in the future.

THE PHILIPS VISITORS

The Philips Visitors Program is a distinctive and valuable feature of the Haverford experience. Under the competent guidance of Charles Brown, the program was a successful means of providing additional depth to the faculty. For the faculty and few students who are sufficiently trained to benefit from close association with outstanding men in their field, the program offers a rare and often inspiring experience; for the many students who attend the popularized lectures, the Philips Program, along with Collection, has the potential of a sixth course.

While the entire college community may benefit either directly or indirectly from the generous endowment of Mr. Philips, the program has nevertheless come to symbolize the favored role that the natural scientists and their projects enjoy at Haverford. It seems unfortunate that at such a distinguished institution there is not at least a fund 'to provide for the safe and speedy transportation of decadent pianos to the Founders Concert Hall' to restore some sort of liberal arts balance. Among the prominent Philips Visitors this last year have been

GORDON W. ALLPORT, Professor of Psychology, Harvard University.

SOLOMON E. ASCH, Professor of Psychology, Swarthmore College.

MAYNARD BARNES, United States Ambassador to Bulgaria, 1945-1948.

LUCIEN BERNOT, Conseil National de la Recherche Scientifique.

HUGH BORTON, Director, East Asian Institute of Columbia University.

DAVID BUTLER, Dean, Nuffield College, Oxford University.

HENRY STEELE COMMAGER, Professor of History, Columbia University.

PAUL H. DOUGLAS, United States Senator from Illinois.

JOHN T. EDSALL, Professor of Biochemistry, Harvard University.

RALPH O. ERICKSON, Professor of Botany, University of Pennsylvania.

RENE FULOP-MILLER, Professor of Sociology, Hunter College.

ROBERT K. A. GARDINER, Permanent Secretary for the Housing Ministry of Ghana.

ROGER B. HARDY, Professor of Pudendumology, University of Manchester.

ROBERT HARTLEY, Director, International Studies, Brookings Institution.

FOLYKARP KUSCH, Professor of Physics, Columbia University.

MARCEL MAGET, Director, Laboratoire d' Ethnographie Francaise du Musee des Arts et Traditions Populaires.

JULIAN PITT RIVERS, Visiting Professor of Anthropology, University of California.

B. F. SKINNER, Professor of Psychology, Harvard University.

VICTOR R. WEISSKOPF, Professor of Physics, Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

GILBERT F. WHITE, Professor of Geography, University of Chicago.



THE NEWS 'Controversy'

One cannot say of that messianic soul, John Schott, that he makes mountains out of mole hills; he makes mountains out of everything, including mole hills, and, to be sure, not a few mountains as well. He is a born reformer with a propensity for seizing bulls, sacred and otherwise, by the tail, a view of education a little exalted even for Haverford, and an occasional tendency to confuse himself with Jesus Christ.

It is not surprising, then, that John's major impact on the college has been in the role of crusading journalist, rather than in that of able student, which he also fills. After a more than ordinarily undistinguished freshman year, he began to blossom forth as an amalgam of Savonarola and Horace Greeley, and was in his junior year elected Editor-in-Chief of the local edition of the Farmer's Almanac.

John, whose capacity for getting work done was equalled only by his capacity for making more, had first to deal with his Managing Editor, Jonathan Gallant. The latter was an individual relaxed to the point of stupor, although subject to brief, epileptic fits of activity, and one who took **The News** and its crusading editor even less seriously than he took most other college paraphernalia. In no time at all, however, he was merrily joining in the task of turning the college upside down. And by the end of the semester, Schott had him working so hard that even now, while engaging in his favorite sport of vegetation, Gallant will sometimes break into a

cold sweat at the thought of those hectic times.

John Schott would be the first to deny that his **Haverford News** was anything but the best ever put out at Haverford. This it may not have been, but it was, certainly, a newspaper the likes of which the college will probably not see for some time, largely because, at the first hint of another, the alumni will descend shrieking on the campus and burn the Union.

Technically, it was a good job: relatively well written and edited, and excellently laid out. John had visions of a regularly six page **News** (counting, of course, on the assistance of Gerhard Friedrich) and put out several six page issues; there would have been more had not a sit-down strike, fomented by Gallant, dampened the Editor's ardor.

It was the editorials, however, which gave Schott's **News** its distinctive, voice-crying-in-the-wilderness tone, and caused a minor convulsion in that underdeveloped area known as the Alumni Association. The alumni expected of the editorial column only the sedative murmur of platitudes, tempered with an occasional distant hosanna. Instead they got several solemn pronouncements, heavy with the spirit of Gilbert White, on *The Liberal Education* etc., and a series of detailed criticisms of whatever on campus Schott and Gallant thought needed purification in the sacrificial flames of **News** editorial censure.

Palpitation set in when the paper fired on pre-medical students, the Presidential Selection Com-

mittee, the Social Science 11-12 course, and the Departments of English, Chemistry, and Engineering. The alumni's cup of woe overflowed, however, when the decision to build the field house was dubbed "idiotic" and the tabernacle itself was referred to as "monstrous".

For a time, the Alumni Association bore such bolshevisms with the stoic resignation of a stuck pig. At length, it arose in all its majesty and, speaking "ex cathedra", indicated that although, of course, no one wanted to interfere with freedom of the press or anything like that, a withdrawal of alumni financial support was not beyond the realm of possibility.

The News had, at the time of this encounter, the vocal and vigorous support of perhaps as much as 3% of the student body, although this estimate may be too high. A somewhat larger minority (all thought, action, and opinion seem to be the province of minorities on Haverford's adventurous campus) rebuked **The News** for not presenting the views of the typical student, undeterred by the obviousness that the typical student did not, and in all probability could not, edit the newspaper.

A more serious objection was that raised to the paper's brief flirtation with yellow journalism during the Student Council Elections. Crusader Schott shrewdly disassociated himself from his candidate after nominating him. But **The News** write-ups of the candidates' speeches exuded a certain partisanship by employing the subtle device of quoting the stupidest things said, of which there was no lack, by the office-seekers the editors opposed.

Events were taking on the appearance of a grade C movie, and the administration was running its fingers through its rapidly diminishing hair at the thought of convulsing the alumni with more controversial editorials, when Editor Schott discovered that he could not keep the college on the straight and narrow and pass his course work at the same time. He therefore ascended to the celestial heights of "Publisher", an office created for the occasion, and the technical details of putting out the paper were left to Gallant and a rising subordinate, John Adams, into whose nerveless fingers **The News** was soon to fall.

Despite a somewhat beleaguered air, accentuated by a paneless window in its office which had been broken by some more playful critics, **The News** managed to maintain its customary confusion and brought forth four more issues which were notable for their sheer grandeur, sweep, and "table d'hôte". It also scaled new heights of acrimony in the final editorial of the semester. This was a Parthian shot at the Athletics program which, beside exhibiting something less than ecstatic delight with the emphasis given to football and the system of what it called "compulsory recreation", also poked accustomed fun at the colosseum and actually called for a resignation.

The response was immediate. Some of the more frolicsome athletics loyalists, demonstrating that sportsmanship and sense of fair play for which organized athletics are noted, responded by:

- a) threatening to kick the publisher's teeth in, which ones not specified;





b) sending a procession of television repairmen and florists with what were apparently meant to be funeral wreaths to his entry;

c) sending in a false fire alarm in his name

These maneuvers caused vast merriment on campus but, it may be assumed, somewhat less among local television repairmen, florists, and fire departments.

A more scholarly reply came later from an alumnus who had learned to write at some time during his academic career (an accomplishment that had evidently eluded the authors of the above-mentioned pranks). He wrote in to say that, although he couldn't sling de big words like the author of the editorial, he'd sure like to meet him someday on a football field in football uniform. However, he confided that he was "all for learning, knowledge, study, etc" in an aside, and so the cause of education may not yet be lost.

The same issue of the newspaper that bore the editorial also announced Schott's and Gallart's resignations, news which, if it did not precisely result in dancing in the streets, at least caused considerable relief in some quarters and sent a shudder of ennui through the student body as a whole.

In retrospect, the editorial series which stirred up such a tempest in the college teapot was neither entirely wise nor entirely ill considered. A few of its salvos were foolish or unjust. On the other hand, a number of changes similar to ones it suggested have since been carried out by the English and Chemistry Departments, and the Faculty Curriculum Committee.

Shortly after the two Jacobins resigned, The Alumni Association, demonstrating new alertness, began circling **The News** for a landing. And landed. The subsequent "News" was for over a semester unbesmirched by a hint of controversy, except for an occasional absent minded twitch about a dull collection speaker or Mrs. Nugent. Perhaps the students, noticing the difference, will eventually be more receptive to a livelier newspaper. For the alumni, into whose dim ranks the class of '57 is plunging, there is probably no hope.

And so our tale of intrigue, suspense, and dementia in the bazaars of ancient Haverford College totters to its inevitable climax and collapses. The evil doers, abashed but unrepentent, slink off to their graduate schools and \$2,000 fellowships; and the placid virtues of harmony, resignation, and generally keeping the nose clean ooze back into the market place "Sctis superque"

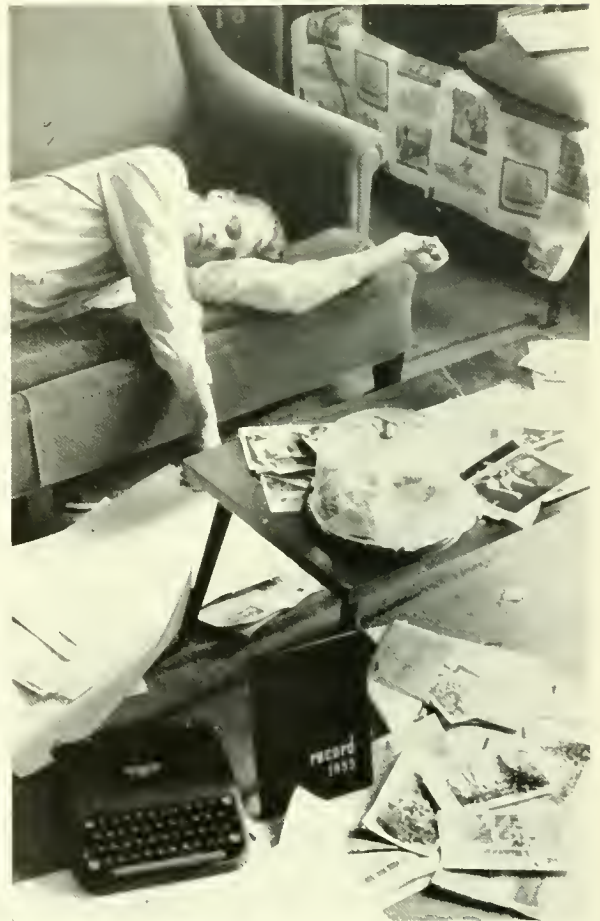


A RECORD

"The Record" is about the only Haverford organization which has to petition for members. Even worse than getting people to join is getting them to work. This year, thinking that he could save himself some work, the editor stated that it was to be a class project. If it was a class project, then there were only three or four in the class.

Caught up in this mess was Bill Yost, the Business Manager who spent most of his first semester wondering what his job on "The Record" was to be. The editor had chosen another manager originally who unfortunately stayed but half the year, leaving every thing except the stationery in an awful mess. When Bill assumed the latter's title, he found that the true mess was glossed over by a veneer of efficiency which was efficient only in creating more work. The guts of the organization were always in a state of upheaval of which the editor was not aware as he went on gaily spending money he didn't have. It was a credit to all that Yost was able to bring out this book.

This year's "Record" is about as strange as the organization behind it, but admittedly different and daring. Bing, Milam, Gallant, and Halstead have all vowed never to return for a class reunion for fear of their lives. It seems hard to believe that anything done or written was in a spirit of fun, but such was the intention. Certainly they had a lot of fun writing it.





As years go, this has been a most meaningful one for WHRC. A rigid schedule of announcing and engineering was established early in the semester and industrious interest has served to make a solid retinue of airshows result from this. The board, under the ortful and sometimes exuberant leadership of Dave Ellis, has met consistently and with purpose. The technical management of Dan Eyster has resulted in a plethora of gadgets and gew-gaws to shock the most placid and experienced engineers. Energy and a quick tongue resulted in a year's contract from Lucky Strike with a United-Press teletype as the reward, as well as new favors from the College Radio Corporation in the form of spots that paid real money. The success of this year is monumental considering the confusion of mental and physical wiring that was

so much a part of the station up to this time. With a rich new collection of records, working capital, and uncanny spirit of staff, WHRC shows some real promise of solidity.

One of the most solid items on the station's log for the past four years has been the smoothly-sliding, richly-honeyed voice of Bill Tyson. Bill claims the voice has almost caused him to lose his honor to unchaste maidens countless times, but his contemporaries claim that he speaks in such silken tones that his dates tend to drift off to sleep. (To end this threat, he took up smoking a smudgy pipe: the women still sleep but he enjoys talking to the pipe.) Bill threatens Spain with a year-long visit next fall; Franco hasn't yet changed his visage, but then again neither has Bill.

GOVERNMENT



The heads and participants of the great campus political organizations joined in a single effort in conjunction with the F.B.I. to find the perpetrators of the Easter Egg caper. Charles Mack and his trusty assistant Bob Hunt were the first on the scene, quickly followed by slinky CIA agents. Hunt had just been promoted for his solving of what was being put down in the annals of the State Department as the "Taddle House Story", a thrilling case in which it was found that the waitress in the Taddle House had been passing on secrets from the helicopter factory to a special agent at Haverford College, the one person who remained uncaptured in the case. Quickly to see the connection between the Taddle House and the Easter Egg, Hunt surmised that the same person was behind each, especially since pink and yellow seemed to be the dominant colors used in the painting of the stones. Whatever the cause, and whoever the persons involved, Mack and Hunt, and the C.I.A. were sure of one thing. In some way the Democrats and Socialists were to blame.

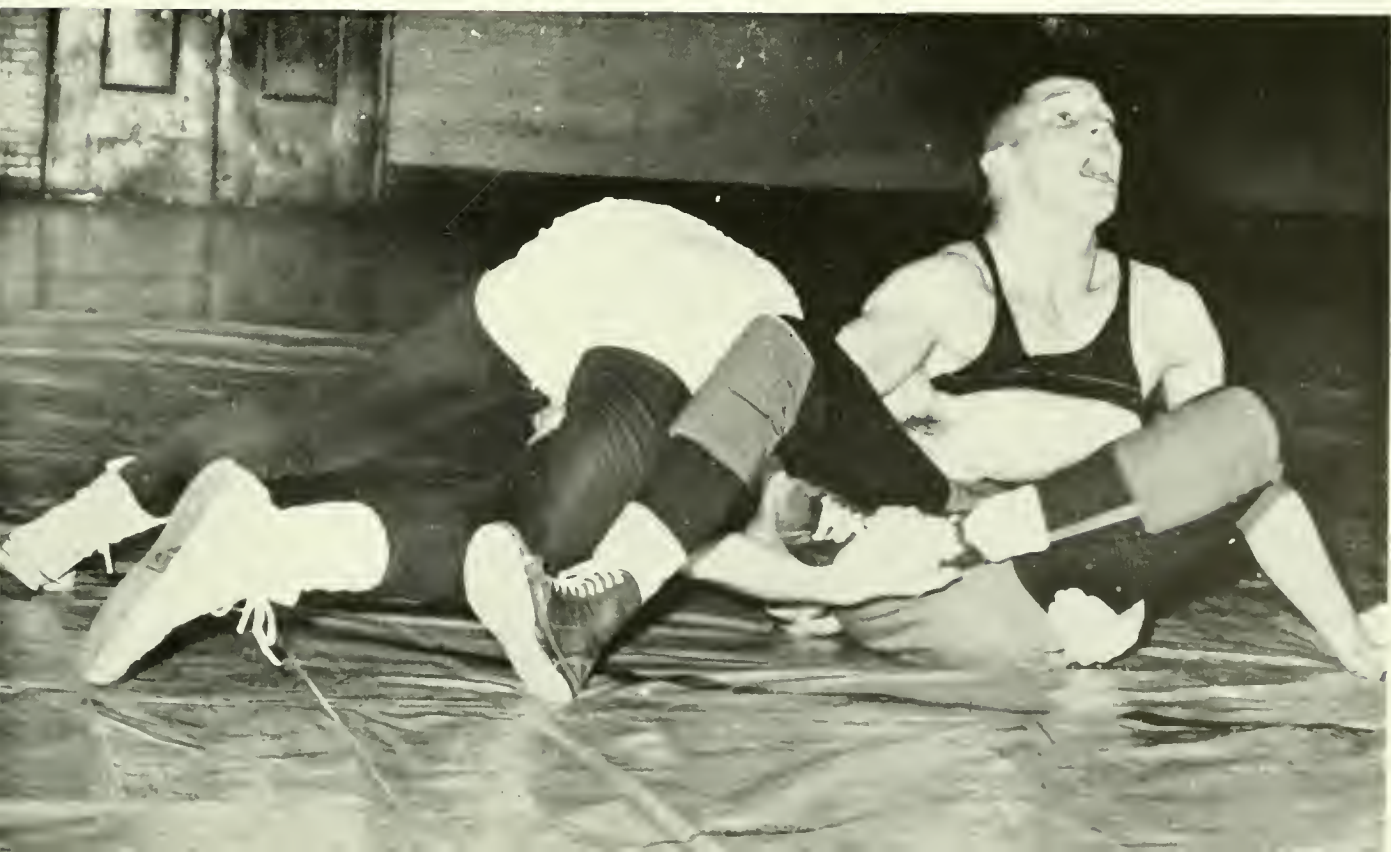
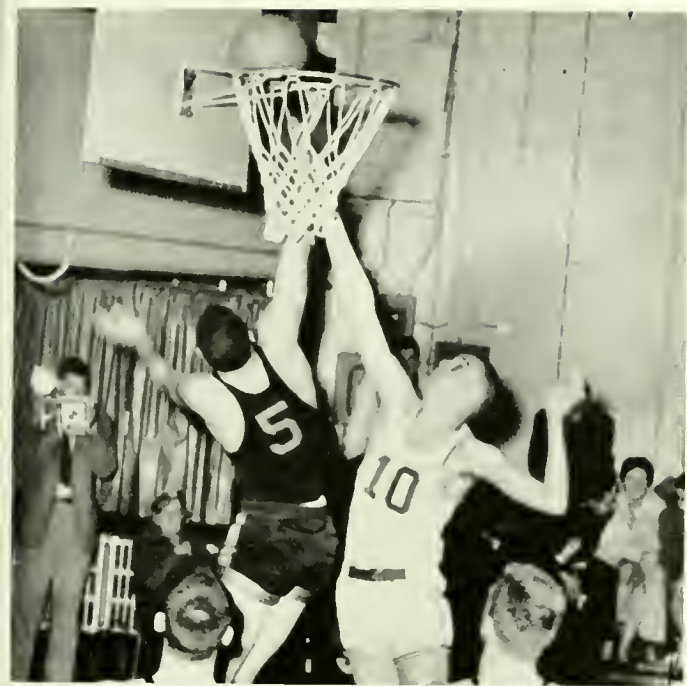
As was typical of their usual perception, Hunt and Mack had hit on the truth. Using the eye of the omniscient author and observer, let us drift back a little way into the past to the night before 'Easter. A light green Volkswagen drove up and

down the road in front of Roberts. Two heads looked warily out of the windows, looking for people. Finally the car came to a stop and two figures slid out. One wore a sign of J. C. Antichrist, and the other a slightly beat up Adlai button which had been his reward from a rather fruitless campaign. The one with the sign jumped up and down and said to the other,

"Let's give these capitalist * * * on Easter they'll never forget."

Humming the Dies Irae he danced around, waving a paint brush, applying only pink paint to the rounded stones which he said looked like —, well knowing him, you know what he said they looked like. The other figure was all for putting S.D.A. on the stones, but the smarter one knew that it would be a way to trace them, and in turn find out about the helicopter factory, for indeed these were the same subversives. Piling the paint back into the Volkswagen they drove off.

Since the mystery remained unsolved, even by secret investigator Hunt, we offer this as our confidential expose of international intrigue on the Haverford scene. Let this be a lesson to all who try to hide behind the protective folds of some organization.





Basketball

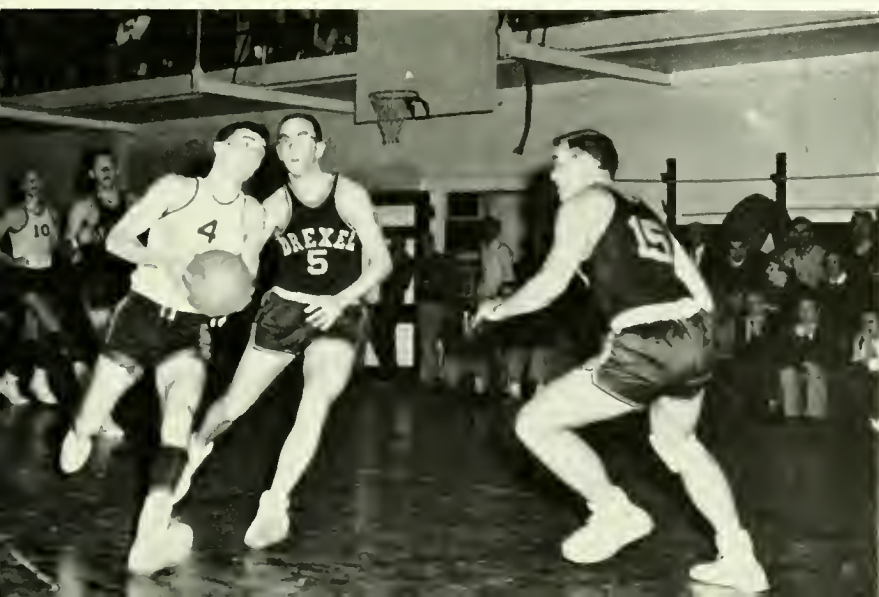


The Basketball Team, in amassing a rather disappointing record of seven wins and nine losses, nonetheless showed some moments of greatness, moments which made the season just that more depressing, for unrealized potential is almost worse than no potential at all, and much more frustrating. It is hard, and sometimes wrong to point out the weaknesses in a team, but with this team, there seemed to be one glaring weakness. At no time did they function well as a team, the reason why perhaps best unknown. Certainly there were enough good players. Leading the team were co-captains Harry Allen and Gene Hudson, the former certainly one of the very best players in the area, and the latter periodically one of the hottest shots. "Periodically" is a key word which more or less describes the team. Every one on the first team was capable of a good performance and often gave just that, but three individual performances on the part of Walton, Hudson and Allen never seemed to be put together. If one of these key men were on, invariably one of the others was not. This of course made the season interesting, but didn't help the overall record any. Rounding out the starting five were Ben Dent and Marty Weigert.

A very good game to watch, as far as the score went, was the first game against Swarthmore, in which Ben Dent scored sixteen points and Larry Forman, an excellent Freshman, handled the boards. Larry too was a hot and cold player, scoring over twenty points at Delaware, and being handcuffed in other games. The loss of Weigert through sickness no doubt hurt the team, and even when Marty returned, he was not as effective as he had been.

Gene played his best game against Drexel, and had he not fouled out at the beginning of the fourth quarter, the team might have pulled one of the area's big upsets of the year. It would not have been much of an upset, though, to those who knew the worth of the team, for it could have beaten any small college team that it lost to, including Drexel. In his best game, Gene scored nineteen points, in addition to keeping Buckley, Drexel's ace, fairly well under control. With his exit from the game, the team lost its confidence and drive, another common failing.

Harry was the team's leading scorer, though his best game was one in which he did not score so many points. Whenever Harry would appear in a tight situation, murmurs would circulate around the gym about his coolness under fire, for Harry was the one player who could keep his head and hold the team together. At Ursinus he demonstrated this fantastic coolness, and thanks largely to him, the team came from way behind to win by a comfortable margin.





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JUNIORS



Distinctive of the intermediate stage of development is the oftentimes disillusioning and yet miraculous phenomenon of metamorphosis. Disillusioning as is any dream that fades when touched by reality; miraculous that from a hodge podge of scattered materials and architectural nightmares the first signs of a disciplined, maturing, functional structure are at last slowly emerging





The most typically Haverford of all Haverford institutions is the Class Night Show, the most anticipated and over-emphasized two hours of dubious entertainment that exist. For each half hour show, there are usually about one or two people who give up two weeks of school completely, and several more who think they have. Class competition is fierce and "wholesome", and the final decision, made by obviously corrupt judges, always wrong, except to the winning class. The wrong show is invariably picked and this year proved no exception to the rule. Some said the general caliber of Class Night shows was improved, but rather it seemed to this writer that they were consistent and all about even, with no great shows as in the past, but with the blessing of exhibiting no flops like the Sophomore Show of the Class of 1958. Certainly the only show which approached the great efforts of the Class of 1957 over the past few years was this same class's show, and in this article, we hope to show why.

The Freshman show had some very fine moments in it, enough for them to deserve the appellation usually accorded most Freshman Shows as "bring the best Freshman Show ever". Some thought that this show was also better than the winning production, but that in itself was no feat, for all of the other shows seemed to surpass the judges' choice. The Freshman were handicapped by a lack of good music and by a slow pace which often killed off some really fine statements about the Freshman orientation program. Particularly memorable was the scene with the Customs Committee in which the limits of the Honor System were delineated. Led by Werner Muller who made the sweetest girl imaginable, the Freshman Class showed more than any other Freshman Class in four years an awareness of the college and at times quite amazing perception, perception.

The Sophomore Show was the winning choice and proved, as in the past, the judges' love for a simple allegory which was clear even to the Social Sciences. The setting for this show was of all places in a monastery, making their performance for those who had seen the same show two years before and heard the same jokes a little bit tiresome. Psychologically it was very exciting for who would suspect that out of all the many subjects, that two classes would hit on such a subtle conveyance for their allegory? That certainly would be an interesting thing to follow up. Though using jokes which had for the aged Seniors and faculty about the same freshness as Bryn Mawr, and though it was written in rather sloppy blank verse which had as its sole virtue the fact that it sounded better the first time you heard it than the second, the skit produced

careful continuity, rounding off well in a final chorus of waving burlap and dry sack, a climactic failing in all the other shows. Not wishing to say anything bad about such a superlative production, let us add that the voice of Jim Katowitz, leading the chorus through a wine-impassioned rendering of the "Dies Irae", was magnificent.

The Junior Show had Ken Geist, but he was not quite strong enough to carry the rest with him. An excellent actor, he truly deserved the best actor award from the judges. Perhaps a weakness as far as the ideal of Class Night shows is concerned is that Geist's show was not a class effort, but rather the concerted and sincere effort of one person. Ken wrote it, directed it, and starred in it. We can not help but feel that it was somehow fitting that he should receive the award and not the class. The show itself was not original and could be seen, with slight variations, in many theaters in New York. It was pretty well written, but did not exhibit much of a sense of the theater, at least that part of the theater which holds the audience's attention.

It is always hard for a Senior Class to drum up enthusiasm for a show. The Class of 1957 had won twice in a row, a new record at Haverford, and much enthusiasm, especially on the part of those responsible for past successes, was dead. Halstead and Bing didn't care if they ever saw another script or lyric, Moss certainly didn't want to direct and was planning to leave that weekend, Hoover was writing a string quartet, and Haviland, recovering from the plague, decided he'd study for comps. Weeks rolled by with little or no activity except for a skit about Gilbert and Sullivan in Penn Fruit. With about three weeks to go, someone, in the person of Mike Heeg, became panicky, for nothing had been done. Halstead and Bing waited in glee till they had, they thought, the class over a barrel. Then they offered their services in return for some class effort on the **Record**, a bargain which they alone adhered to. The combination which had written the three previous shows started to work again, this time though, with a singular lack of inspiration. Halstead had to keep prodding Bing who was not interested in the least until he had written himself the lead. Whipping off a two page script made from the remnants of a discarded idea of the year before, they leaned back, success on their faces, and waited to see what Hoover could do with the music. What Harry did was truly astounding, surpassing even his music of the past years as far as variety and excellence. This time there was no denying that the music was the whole show, though the cast felt a little handicapped because Bing had neglected to write any lyrics until the day before



the performance. Bill Moss, in his perennial role of director and dancer, suffered the same mental anguish of unwanted responsibility as in the past, but this year could laugh at the ridiculous situation.

Ideally the Senior Show approached very nearly the epitome of what a show should be. It planned to take something contemporary with Haverford, and not leaving it in the mire of exclusive student appeal, was going to give it general significance. This seems to be the framework under which a good show should be written. Probably the biggest contributing factor why this impression was not sustained through the whole audience was the lack of preparation and rehearsing which the Senior Class afforded to a really fine idea. Giving the pressing argument of the Defense Contracts a new twist, they brought new poignancy to the problem the whole college was facing, as well as subtly giving a point of view. Dumping the controversy in a cesspool of allegory, they came up with the "Martial Plan", which as is known concerned the invasion of Martians from the Donhamites to the Haverford campus in an effort to steal the bell, symbol of the intangible spirit which Haverford was unwilling to give to any government, Martian or not. Their attempt was to weave this into an artistic pattern which might disarm, but never mislead the audience. The audience seemed to get the message, while the judges did not. Within this enactment of the controversy in pantomime, ballet and songs, was a rather clever impersonation of William Baken Evans, done by Tony Bing. Though he, too, was intended as a symbol, his symbolic meaning seemed to be swallowed up in Bing's desire to be a ham. Bill and Binny danced very well, and for Binny there was seen the change from sheet stealer to Persian drunk to saintly Quaker, a progression not untypical of his four years at Haverford. In an effort to make some kind of tribute to the fine job Binny did as cheerleader and kazoo organizer, Bing and Halstead wrote in a little part for the kazoos at the end. All in all it was a very pleasant performance for all concerned, and it was with a little regret that Binny, Bill, Laura, Harry and Tony walked away from Roberts without any prize for the show which probably was as good as any they ever produced. Their disappointment was tempered by a growing realization of four years that what is to be obtained from Class Night can not ever be engraved on the outside of any cup.



Slowly I pushed the door open. I had opened this door many times before, but this time I had a reason; I wanted to go in. Self-consciously I stepped inside and cleared my throat. On the edge of a low red corduroy covered bed sat a thin figure, his chin sunk deep into his chest, his hands hanging to the floor between his knees. Through the smoke of a cigarette smouldering in the ash tray I saw the figure of a girl in the dimly lit corner. She was sitting so that I could see her knees. I admired her knees for a moment and then spoke:

"Frank," I said, "the 'Revue' is getting more like the 'Saturday Evening Post' every year; popular romance, trite sweet-talk about the beautiful world, happy endings, and a gay picture on the cover. What kind of a college magazine is that? Just what, I ask, is your conception of good literature?" The figure that had been listening attentively, slowly swung around and stretched himself out on the bed. Contemplating the ceiling, he began speaking in a well modulated voice,

"Shut the door." The girl coughed. On the wall I saw a sign which read, "The 'Revue' is one of the three best college magazines in the country. Signed, Frank Conroy, editor." He continued, "Who are you trying to impress? What's wrong with the 'Saturday Evening Post'?" The girl, paying close attention, broke in,

"I don't believe you've closed the door." I was shaken by the reply; I tried once more,

"You know as well as I do, if a magazine sells, there's something wrong with it." Frank looked at me, groping for the cigarette still smoldering in the ash tray,

"So what, no one reads it, it's just good to have, like six volumes of Winston Churchill." I couldn't argue with that, it "was" good to have. I liked to press my hands against the smooth covers and run my fingers over the supple pages, but then I snapped back to reality,

"But you don't understand," I struggled for words, "I . . . 'I' read it, but it just doesn't portray life the way it is; the world is difficult and tired and sad; life is a struggle against ignorance, against stupidity, against . . .," the words got tangled in my throat, I gagged

"Don't make me laugh," the girl said coldly. She laughed.

"But what about the editorial board," I gasped, "E. B. White III, Mather Feick, Dan Parker and Peter Hunt. This isn't their conception of literature, is it?" Frank, finally finding his cigarette, took a deep puff, and letting the smoke slowly filter through his sensitive nostrils, answered,

"We print what we get, if that isn't life, so much the worse for life." He stuck his little finger in his ear, slowly twisting it he continued, "a helluva lot of people read the 'Saturday Evening Post,' I don't have to tell you that." The girl coughed and scratched her right knee with her left hand; I hadn't noticed what thin fingers she had. I turned to leave; Frank called after me, "Shut the door on your way out." I slowly closed the door behind me. Suddenly I didn't care; my soul burst its bonds and I felt, for the first time, free. I knew I would, I must, write; I would shatter those college-boy illusions. I spat on the floor and pushed on into the cool night; that darkness which envelops all ugliness and sham in a friendly anonymity.

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The Drama Club's season had a decidedly light-hearted tone, three comedies, albeit of a serious nature, and a fourth of unserious intent. These ambitious undertakings included two plays by modern verse dramatists, Fry's "Phoenix Too Frequent", and Eliot's "The Cocktail Party", balanced by the infrequently performed "Measure for Measure" and the too frequently performed "She Stoops to Conquer"

In its second year under Director Bob Butman, and the new Drama Club president, E. B. White, the season was completed successfully, that is, all the plays were produced on the scheduled weekends.

Though handling material somewhat beyond the ken of the Haverford thesbian corps, the plays

abounded in fine settings, new faces, and intellectually gratified, if aesthetically wounded audiences.

The season's opener, "Phoenix", Fry's metaphysical poem to the joys of the flesh and spirit, featured freshman Dave Morgan as the virile, infatuated officer, Jinty Myles, well-known purveyor of ingenue wives carried over from the previous season, as the affectedly grief-stricken widow, and Barbara Taze, as a multi-lingual slapstick servant.

Though the verse rhythms, and humor of the re-incarnated Bard showed through the somewhat indefinite characterizations, the aura of believability, sometimes associated with acting, was hidden behind the "sunflowers", or whatever those horticultural specimens are that Mr. Fry plants as images.

"Measure for Measure", the full scale mobilization for Bryn Mawr's undergrad weekend, was an effort as virtuous as the play's central themes of morality and justice, practiced variously by the denizens of mythical Vienna.

Bill Tyson's Duke was distinguished by an expressive baritone range that failed to give the impression that he knew what he was talking about. In all fairness, this part is a very difficult one to put across or for the actor himself to understand. Isabella, as played by Pat Moran, had fine poetic moments, though her passionate convictions became at times a trifle sharp-edged, and a little out of character. Ken Geist, as Angelo, displayed a theatrically effective, or affected, sense for the traditional proscenium-enclosed soliloquies, and evidenced strong facial suffering for the benefit of the closest orchestra spectators. He did, however, seem the sole person to feel the meaning of the character he was representing.

Eric Kaskoff americanized and sentimentalized Claudio without much improvement, Andy Miller offered a highly entertaining, though narrow, interpretation of Lucio, and Roger Hardy emerged amusingly as Pompey, though the ability of his mind did not seem to come through in his body.



High spots included the ingenious revolving sets of Peter Rockwell and Bill Bertolet, the charming duet of Ellie Childs and Tony Bing, and Mr. Geist's anxious, studied passes at Miss Moran in the tense seduction scene, as well as on stage.

Though the characterizations were individual, their delineations proved rather divisive in the overall effect, but in spite of the disjointed quality of the production, the prevailing tenor of sordid vice and virtue triumphed over the broken rhythm of this intriguing "problem" comedy.

The March presentation, "The Cocktail Party" unexpectedly proved to be the finest group effort of the season.

Eliot's now famous comedy, a continuing source of puzzlement for critic and viewer, with references to metaphysical sanatoriums and ant-hill crucifixions, provided a thoughtful and theatrically exciting evening for the year's largest audience in Goodhart.

The Haverford contingent, headed by Charlie Knight as the omniscient psychiatrist, solemnly intoning the verse through a ponderous set of whiskers, and Jon Korper as the amusingly be-

devil'd husband, both made outstanding contributions in establishing the key prototypes of Eliot's contemporary allegory. For Charlie it was a long jump from the role of the Provost in "Measure for Measure".

Andy Miller's keen sense of timing and comic inventiveness showed to advantage in his subdued characterization of the culinary "guardian", and Eric Schoonover, making a step from the hooded hangman, invested the somewhat bland role of the aesthetic wanderer with a sincerity one sensed rather than experienced.

The now perennial Miss Myles played the saintly Celia with uncommon restraint, for her, as well as with compassion, and Kathy Kolhas, when not burdened with some rather broad gestures, brought the required humor to the scatter-brained Julia, totally lacking in the affected Lavinia of Cynthia Holley.

Since it is always a little risky writing a review about a play which has not as yet been performed, "She Stoops to Conquer" will have to be in the form of a sneak preview. Heading the list of males is



Eric Koskoff, renowned ham, whose face appears in this play in all but three scenes. Playing opposite him is Pam Wylie who looks more like a Williams' Laura than a buxom eighteenth century heroine. E. B. is back for another round at the histrionic wheel as are most of the old standbys. The scheduled play for which "She Stoops" is a replacement was to be the "Beggars Opera", but the ever temperamental Dr. Reese withdrew his orchestra support at the last moment, desiring to wait till he had a better orchestra, yet knowing that it will not exactly be forthcoming. The production might have flopped, but that has never stood in the way of the intrepid director and his faithful few.

As was evidenced in "The Cocktail Party", Director Butman's ability was at its best in molding an outstanding cohesive group effort. His aim of presenting only the most thoughtful and significant drama, regardless of production and acting deficiencies, condemned as foolhardy by many, can be more or less vindicated by the productions of this year, particularly "The Cocktail Party". It has been far more entertaining watching a good play put on just so-so, than watching, as in the past, a bad play getting a good performance. The Drama year for the audience and actors of 1957 has been most challenging.





GLEE CLUB AND ORCHESTRA



The most populous of the campus activities, outside of the Students' Association, in which membership is similarly enforced, is the Glee Club. Fortunately there is such a love of singing on the Haverford campus that not even the taking of an oath upon entrance to the club takes away the enthusiasm. Once again, as in the dining room, meeting, and other organizations, there is exemplified in the Glee Club the tremendous urge to belong to something and to have an organization in which the individual can fit without having to do anything for himself. Without wishing to psychologically explain anything, it seems that these joining drives may be the result of the overstress of enforced individualism.

The rehearsals for the Glee Club and orchestra as well are run by a hyper-sensitive drill sergeant who tolerates nothing, nothing, absolutely nothing. In him Haverford has one of the finest musical directors in the country. Bill Reese consistently turns out a fine singing group which must not only be regarded as a tribute to his own conducting genius, but also to the ability and desire for those he trains who feel that they are making a sort of harmony, even though aware of an underlying dissidence.

Following a long line of basses, Erik Mezger became co-president this year. As a leading second bass in both the Glee Club and Octet, and as a person with vast organizational powers and interests, he was the natural choice for the position. During his office the Club had a relatively good year, with the institution of a Freshman Club being one of its finer achievements. If devotion to the organization is any criterion for excellence, it must be stated that Erik did an admirable job.

Belonging both to the Glee Club and the Orchestra was just one side of Marc Abramson's many interests. When not studying, he could be often seen fiddling around with women as he did with his cello, though often not with the same degree of success. The times in which he really didn't like to employ his musical talents were those in which he was required to sing "Happy Birthday," either to himself or others. Everything went best for Marc when he was calling the tune, and although the tune was often a solo, the solo was one of extreme intelligence, never slurred, often repeated, and precise in its clarity.





INTERNATIONAL CLUB

Several years ago the Student's Council awarded the International Club the distinguished but obscure Edmund Jennings Lee prize which is given to that organization which demonstrates the best character and all around ability, or something. It was well deserved for the new club had stimulated a good deal of interest in international affairs, even though they were largely gastronomical and social in nature. As would be expected, the novelty of Danish pastries and Dutch chocolates served by native connoisseurs wore off. Last year when the dwindling club membership elected Akira Iriye as president, they little suspected that despite his reverence for the past, there would result an overthrow of the status quo with the establishment of a new *modus vivendi*. However, during the year there was a conscious attempt by Akira and his carefully selected staff of advisors to plan programs that revolved around controversial international events—thus hopefully providing an added interest in and awareness of current problems in other countries that would extend beyond the Sunday Times review of the news. As a result, there were fewer refreshments, but more refreshing meetings. The most interesting program revolv-

ing around the Middle East crises and involving a panel discussion among several students imported from Bryn Mawr and Swarthmore. Throughout the year to effect any sort of international flavor to the meetings, it was always necessary to carry out such an immigration program—reflecting an unfortunate limitation within the Haverford student body, but which after all could possibly be interpreted as an intentional policy to promote closer relations between the scholastic trinity.

It was no coincidence that the organizational hierarchy of the club this year resembled the structure of feudal society. However, instead of bonding the Bodo internationalists to the organization by offering enticing fiefs and benefices in return for service, Akira simply handed out impressive titles with every job. It proved to be an effective method even though it meant he had two vice-presidents in charge of transportation, four vice-chairmen in charge of drafting and making announcements and seven presidents *pro tempore* in charge of attending meetings. Despite an otherwise retentive memory, Akira apparently forgot that it was always the same two people who received the commissions.

COMMITTEES

TAKEN

EN MASSE

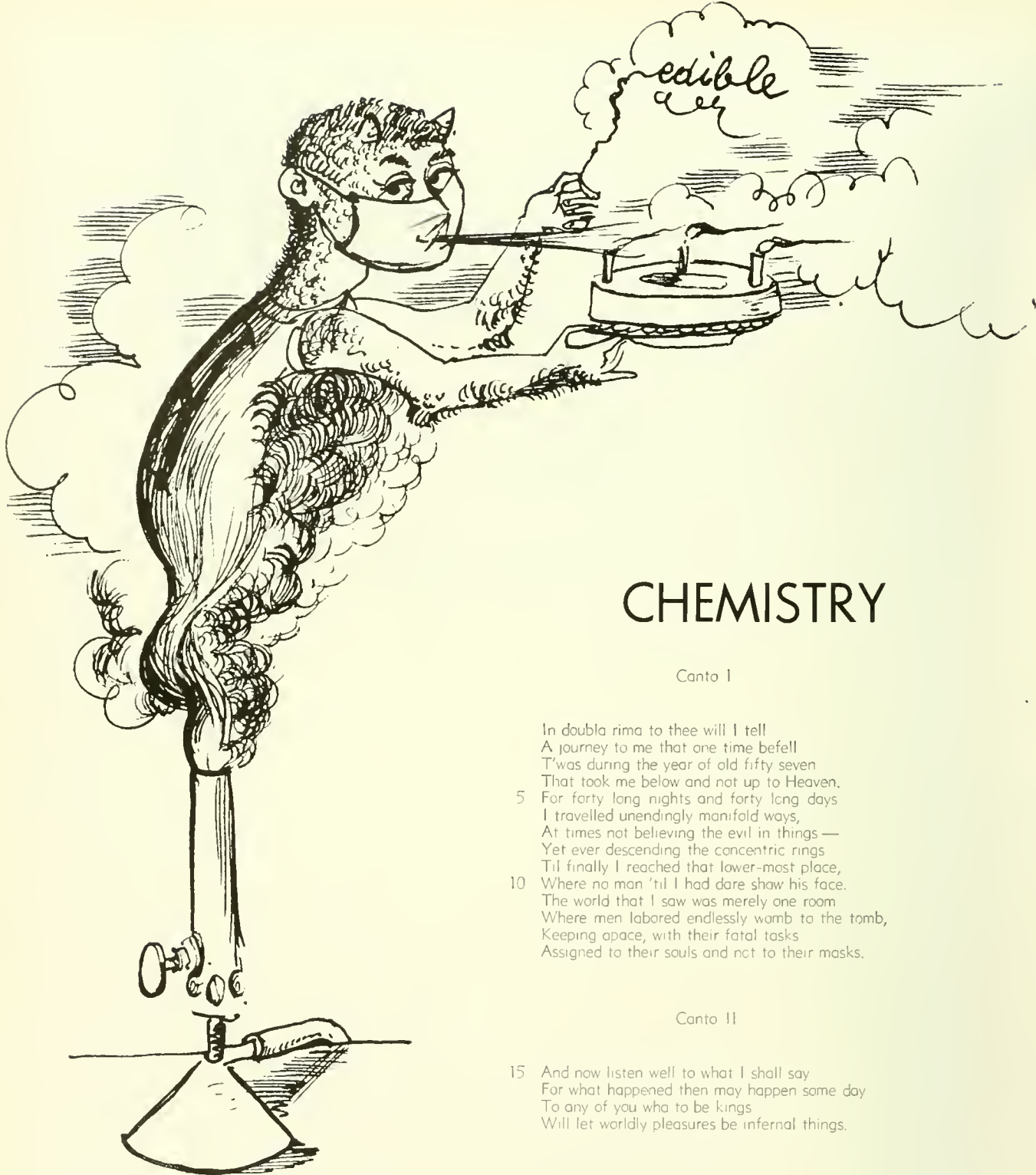
I've been a student at Haverford College for nearly four years and yet it wasn't until just the other night at one of the Curriculum Committee meetings that I heard a very interesting discussion all about what makes Haverford what it is. I didn't follow everything that was being said but I thought a discuss on like that was pretty worthwhile. But there was one guy there who kept saying that although the Curriculum Committee was one of the few committees appointed by the Student's Council whose ulterior purpose could lead to something other than a rehabilitation clinic for mal-adjusted students, that there still should be some limitations imposed upon the committee so they don't undertake every problem which is brought to the attention of the college at large. I didn't think that was very valid because we have done a lot of good things this year like an investigation into one and a half hour classes and into the advisor program and the language departments and an investigation which I thought was especially good into the need for a psychiatrist on campus. Once someone suggested that we investigate the nurse because he felt that she was discouraging students from getting sick. But I'm glad we didn't take that up because I don't think we have any business going into personalities.

Anyway, I was going to tell you about the meeting the other night. The fellow next to me started it all when he said he didn't think there was anything either unique or distinctive about Haverford, unless you were a student there and then it tended to become the center of the universe. I knew just what he meant. But he didn't stop talking there. Instead he went on to say how he thought that Haverford had a very fragmented student body and that we don't have any of the typical unifying institutions such as frats and eating clubs. He said he thought everyone roomed pretty much where they wanted and with whom they wanted regardless of class, and that real unity was most strongly felt on an individual level within the numerous nuclei of Hi-Fi and drama and bridge enthusiasts. I think that's probably pretty true. But then some one cut in without even putting up his hand and said he felt something like class unity was largely a myth, with the possible exception of Class Night week and Alumni reunions, perpetrated on the freshman class by the Customs Committee to justify their existence. I didn't think that was very fair, but I felt better when he finished up by saying that the dearth of class consciousness was really a fortunate thing for it allowed a mobility and exchange among the classes which is an integral part of the informal Haverford education. Then the chairman of the committee made a very good point. He said that this had its unfortunate effects, too, for it means a lot of students fall between the cracks and never find themselves. As an example, he pointed out that most dating was done on an individual level so it made it hard for the inhibited student. And most students don't like stags cutting in on them at dances. It seems to me to be a real problem.

I don't know how it happened but then we were suddenly talking about fraternities on campus. I hadn't even known there were any, until this one fellow who seemed to be doing a lot of talking said that the reason why students joined them was because there wasn't sufficient prestige and recognition of their talent involved in being simply a member of several extra-curricular activities and so they found it necessary to join underground mutual admiration societies. He said he didn't think that either their existence or purpose were compatible with the ideals of the college. But then someone pointed out that even the vice-president was a member. Another club which is sort of like a fraternity also got raked over the coals. Founders Club. I heard someone say that the club had no function other than trying superficially to create student leaders on a campus where no one really cared much about hero worshipping. I always thought Founders Club was a pretty good star to hitch my wagon to. The only thing is I don't approve of having to apply for membership. It would make it more like a big fraternity if they tapped you on the shoulder.

God only knows how we got to talking about the other things we did, but somewhere in the middle of the discussion someone brought up a very interesting point that I had never thought about before. They said that despite the fragmentation on the individual level there were several elements which contributed to a feeling of unity in the student body. He said the dining hall was an obvious example where everyone shared a common experience, and that Collection and Meeting were two other examples of experiences students shared together as a group, even though it was by a coercion. The chairman got another word in edgewise when he pointed out that Student Government, including the Curriculum Committee gave a large number of students an opportunity to work for the community on a voluntary, although at times self seeking, basis. And finally this guy across the table who was doing so much talking said he felt that in many ways the most influential element which contributes to a community feeling at Haverford is the Honor System. Actually what he said made a lot of sense. He said that for the majority of the students it provides a normal and healthy social atmosphere and that it had eliminated the need for less efficient means of regulating student conduct imposed by the administration which had resulted in a minimum of friction between the student body and the administration, and at the same time, he said he felt that it had relieved the faculty of the difficult responsibility of assuming a dual role as proctor and teacher — thus providing opportunity for closer faculty-student relations. And finally he said he thought the Honor System contributed in some part to the integrity and mutual confidence in academic work which prevails at Haverford.

I was pretty sure the discussion could have gone on all night but just then the chairman said that we would have to break it off because he had to finish up his project paper.



CHEMISTRY

Canto I

In doubla rima to thee will I tell
A journey to me that one time befell
T'was during the year of old fifty seven
That took me below and not up to Heaven.
5 For forty long nights and forty long days
I travelled unendingly manifold ways,
At times not believing the evil in things —
Yet ever descending the concentric rings
Til finally I reached that lower-most place,
10 Where no man 'til I had dare show his face.
The world that I saw was merely one room
Where men labored endlessly wamb to the tomb,
Keeping opace, with their fatal tasks
Assigned to their souls and not to their masks.

Canto II

15 And now listen well to what I shall say
For what happened then may happen some day
To any of you wha to be kings
Will let worldly pleasures be infernal things.

Canto III

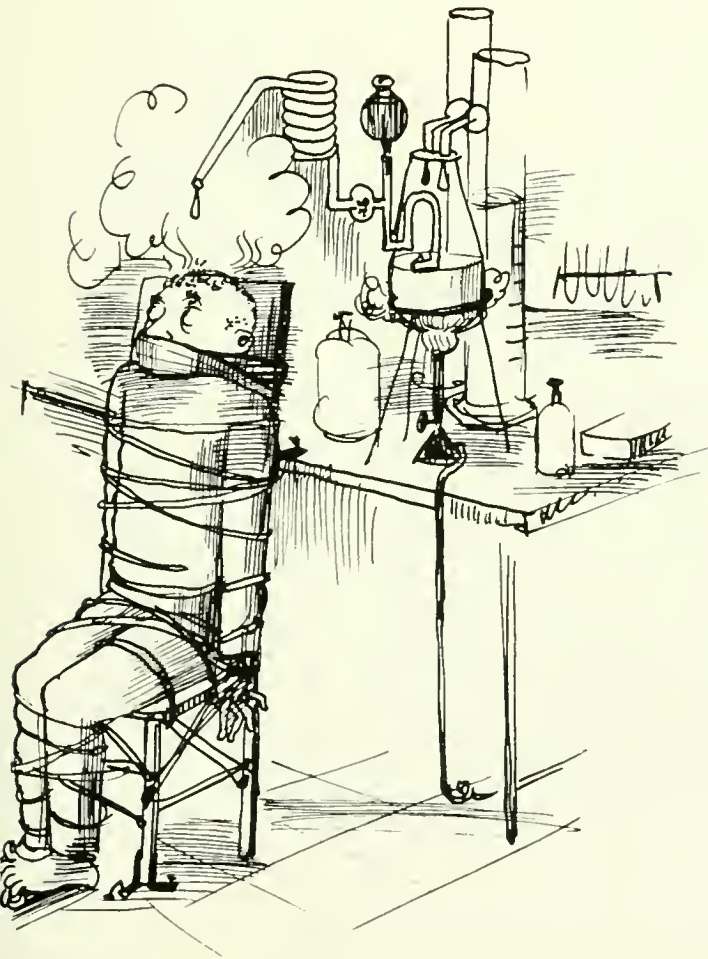
The room that I saw contained in its spaces
20 Ten and s x men with agonized faces,
Passing their days imprisoned by Time
In fiery hot walls of limestone and brime.

Canto IV

Poor Dutch Homester was the first whom I saw
Compelled to his fate by Gay Lussac's Law
25 To bubble and boil, to freeze, stain and bake
A di-benzene ring for an edible cake —
Repeating each night like a nugentish cook
Ninety-eight poisons from his Meldrum and Guck
And then through the fire, the smoke and the gray
30 Came the chemical fireman, Colin McCay,
To extinguish the fire and then to remoke
A bench for O'd Dutch, a l night it would take
The fires which erupted would oft get so hot
That Sisyphus Lachman grew cold on the spot —
35 Lachman who daily was ordered to bring
Ten years of ice from a fast frozen spring
Which ere he reached home, wouldn't you know,
Melted and changed into old H₂O

Canto V

And off to one corner away from the flame
40 Sat John Gray (né Goren) at one of his games,
And opposite John fast chained to a chair
Was William P. Doherty, who gave not a care,
If ace followed king or club followed spade —
Hence, John never wan nor a Master was made
45 And mocking at them, spotlessly groomed
Were Murray and Jay eternally doomed
To help one another mix chemicals gay
Which splashed on their clothes and dissolved them away
And concealing chagrin Murray then would explain
50 Just who was Godot and everything german
But Jay never listened, for already he knew,
And would rather watch Groff as he made something new
From rubidium, rhodium, neon and zinc
Mixing them all in his private lab sink
55 Equipped with oldest test tube and beaker
Half used by him and half by Doug Meoker
Who bragged more than once that by crossing the Styx,
He last freed himself, from his friends' politics —
But just as poor Diller would get something done
60 Along came Sir Culbert to break up his fun
And remind him and Doug that lab has been meant
For projects of Walters and not to invent





Canto VI

And speaking of projects, don't let me forget
Tantolus Walters the governments pet
65 Who stretched out his hand in vain to catch hold
Of a contract with Wilson, bringing him gold,
But just as he reached, it never would fail,
The contract like magic would turn into hail.
And lost in a blaze of lugubrious toil
70 Were Gruber and Cadbury eternally loyal
To determine m.p.'s of crystals unknown
Which sublimed with the heat and to Heaven were blown,
And then from a flask of neo-prene rubber
Plain John took a draught and became super-Gruber

Canto VII

75 Just now I have thought of a tale that I heard
Of two other men and a wonderful bird
That carried their souls from the depths of damnation
Into Tenth Heaven and ethereal salvation —
Sir Williams and Winans are those I speak of,
80 The bird a trimethylene lauryl dove

Canto VIII

At last I was forced by the heat and the smell
To leave those poor devils and their chemical Hell,
One word of advice that I've brought back to men
Each would choose English to major again.

THE PRAISE OF FOLLY

By DESIDERIUS ERASMUS



PHYSICS

The "Friendly Missiles Foundation" has just endowed Haverford with a fund for the "advancement of elaborate senior physics projects" with a stipend of \$71,000 per student per year. The majors are excitedly conferring with the members of the department on possible non-military applications of the grants. Tom Benham is tape-recording the scene for an article in his magazine. Suddenly, in a burst of classical linguistics, Richard Cohen shouts, "Eureka!" No bathtub being around to complete the scene, Richard settles down and begins to describe his plan for a bridge-playing machine that never gets tired, even without sleep. As the idea crystallizes in his mind he instinctively starts to fill out requisition slips in triplicate. Dan Swift, immediately becoming highly excited with the merit of such a project, says, "Hmm, ye-es, that's not a bad idea," and mumbling to himself he shortly disappears from sight buried in a rapidly rising mountain of incomprehensible theoretical calculations.

Bill Murray, meditatively contemplating a triode plugged into his navel, seizes upon the possibility of a hi-fi radio telescope with which he might pick up the music of the spheres, hoping ultimately to enlighten Oxford's philosophy department with his discovery. Ted Hurlmann, watching the proceedings with disbelief, says quietly, "Well, one can certainly say it's, it's, —well, it's different." At this point Bob Noyes, with an "Ach, ya!", rigorously outlines his plan for an x-ray attachment for his violin that will allow him to play the world's most penetrating music. In the meantime Joel Levin has been sitting in a corner giggling to himself and blowing bubbles. Seeing his proteges thus meaningfully occupied, Aaron Lemonick, his white beard and toga streaming behind him, lumbers upstairs to clean his office.





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Dressed in long, flowing lab coats and Merlin hats, Ariel Loewy, Melvin Santer, and Iftikhar Bhati stand around a huge vat filled with primeval ooze. Loewy, genuflecting before a giant slime mold in the shape of George Wald, stirs the thick organic soup with a solid gold, teflon-coated ladle which doubles as ultra-centrifuge and cost the National Science Foundation half its annual budget. Bhati consults a cobwebby tome at his elbow and mutters Pakistanian wisdom to himself. Santer, not to be outdone, scampers frantically around the vat searching for the exhaust valve, stopping only occasionally to grind up spores, herbs, and Murray Charlson to replenish the thickly bubbling brew. The lights dim and the flame under the kettle flickers; the ooze begins to glow with a yellow-green light that casts eerie shadows onto the faces of the sinister trio gathered around the pot.

At length, a peculiar figure rises out of the mass. It is Bob Densford. Smiling, he peers at his surroundings, whips out a deck of cards, and begins to deal. "Just enough time for a quick rubber of bridge," he chortles, palming nothing below kings. Bhati recoils. "This you call evolution," says Loewy, absentmindedly shoving Densford back below the surface. "It must have been contaminated," Santer replies. "I told you we should have observed pure culture technique."

The ooze bubbles some more. The trio bends closer. A lonely figure rears up and wipes his eyes. It is Tom Unger. "That you, Jack?" he says, peering at his audience. "You're not Jack," he moans, looking at each in turn. Foiling, he quickly melts back into the pot.

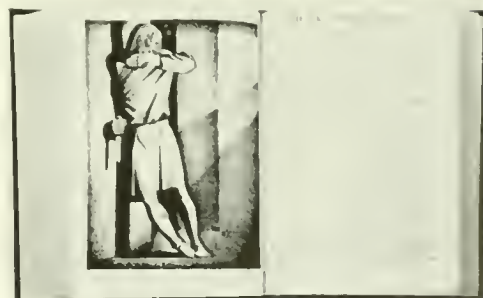
More waiting, during which time Bhatti grows and shaves off three mustaches. Then Bob Linde-

man pops above the murky surface of the ooze. Busily, noticing no one, he hums to himself as he bustles over the liquid, adjusting a glob here, a drop there, until everything is in order. Then he perches on the side of the kettle and begins to pick his toenails. Loewy quickly bonks Bob on the head with a dogfish, and the brew boils again.

After another moment, the pot begins to heave and shake as the bulk of Ed Pine appears, displacing vast quantities of liquid over the top. "Sewage bocteria," shouts Santer, his eyes rolling wildly. "Quick, isolate it." He rushes off to the nearest cesspool to get some sludge for culturing purposes. Meanwhile Ed has pulled a guitar from his shirt and sitting on the edge of the kettle, he renders "Annie Laurie" and "John Henry" in a tremulous voice. He is soon returned to the pot.

Another long period of simmering. The fire dies to practically nothing. The brew begins to glow wildly. A whiff of putridity springs forth. Fighting off nousea, the group leans ever closer. A final burst of light within the pot, and the triumph of creation springs forth: John Gollant. The surroundings are terrified: should they kill it or worship it. They fall back. John wipes his eyes and leaps from the kettle, full-blown. This is too much for Santer and Bhatti. They run screaming from the room. Loewy, taking his horror in hand, rips a fire hatchet from the wall and tries to bludgeon John. Too late: the skin has already become leathery and thick. Abandoning all hope, Loewy leaps from the nearest window.

Left alone, John smiles crookedly, rubbing his hands. He hums a dissonant Bach fugue to himself, and begins to lope down the aisle of the biology lab, peering everywhere, searching endlessly for a crumb of bread, a pat of butter, or perhaps a half-eaten culture.



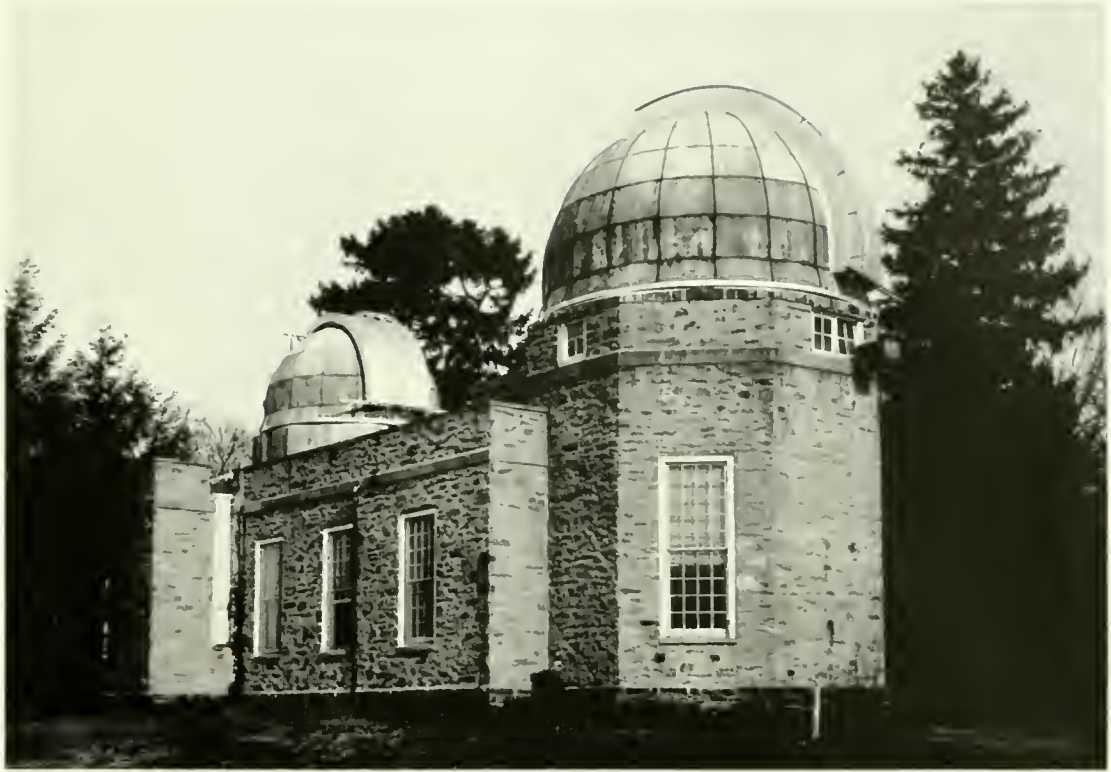
MATHEMATICS



The room was hot and smoky. Flickering candles threw hazy shadows on the close walls, crowded shadows, and murmuring, murmuring as Bob Wisner quickly figured out the probability of anymore people getting seats. Turning to Bob James at his side he said:

"If there are one hundred and twenty people here and there are only ninety-three seats, what are our chances of getting a seat, assuming that fifty are taken?"

To this query James allowed as how their chances were pretty good, since they were already seated. They turned for approbation to Cletus Oakley who didn't hear them, because he was discovering a new mathematical puzzle which could be made by folding a napkin thirty times. Hastily the waiter pointed out that Mr. Oakley was using the table cloth of his own table and that of the one next to him to prove his point. Apologizing quickly, he dropped part of his sandwich under the table to his dog. Suddenly everyone became silent and the lights dimmed, imperceptibly, for there were no lights, and Gary Kravis and Ben Dent came onto the little stage. Gary quickly went to the piano and beat out a few numbers, his men circulating through the audience, picking pockets and leaving cards of "Rhythm Inc." At the end of his performance, Oakley took out his grade book and hastily jotted down something, while Kravis sang an original composition called "I love you like my slide rule," which pleased the three at the table. Dent then came into the spotlight. Clad in a Mexican vest with a Service Committee button holding up his pants, he lifted one leg onto the seat of a chair and began to strum his guitar, much to the consternation of the person sitting in the chair. With a deep, sensuous, and kingcolish voice he asked the audience for requests. From the back of the room Linc Poine stood up and asked for a piece which he had often heard Segovia play. A look of delight and rapture passed over Ben's face as he moved into the contrapuntal magnificence of Segovia. Wisner was trying to follow him on his slide rule. With the completion of the piece Ben asked again for requests and again Linc asked for a piece by Segovia, and the same one was played. With its completion he again asked for requests and ignored all of them, listening for the voice of Linc who was effectively gagged by James and Oakley. Putting down his guitar, Ben casually asked if anyone were interested in a game of bridge.



A S T R O N O M Y
 O X Y D O L
 M Y

It has often been said that there was the complete range from the sublime to the ridiculous at Haverford College. Those who have made these statements have not been seemingly aware of the profound connection, though, between the polar extremes. Who, for instance would have considered the everyday application of Astronomy? This is the great lesson of Haverford, learning abstract facts and then direct, immediate application in practical use. Somehow the sudsing power of a purging universe of ever spinning orbs and Oxydalic shapes can be captured by a perceptive Dick Smith in the revolution of a Bendix. Life goes around in circles in this universe, but someone always has to be around to map up the overflow.



THE
ANSWER
 PHILIP WYLIE

THE
 ANSWER

THE
 ANSWER



PSYCHOLOGY



George Coelho is sitting alone in the Psychology Department laboratory reading from a stack of books and taking voluminous notes in a pad at his side. Doug Heath appears, dressed to look extremely Jung, leading a group of blank-faced youths. They stop in front of a man-sized cage, waiting breathlessly for Dr. Heath to speak. He adjusts a complex and does so:

"Today, you'll have a chance to see how the senior department majors learn the inside workings of the mind of the rat. After each experiment, Dr. Coelho will explain their behavior to you."

They turn to look at the lonely figure in the corner, now cataloguing the notes he has just taken from the books. Then they turn again to Dr. Heath who pushes a button on the front of the cage. Don Stover and Roger Foster, huddled together, dressed in white furry loin-cloths, are revealed by a sliding panel. They sniff the air, twitch, and remain fearfully motionless. Another button is pushed and Roger is dumped into a giant maze. He blinks a moment, sniffs the walls around him, and after a pause, whips out a pickaxe and rope. Using these, he scoles the wall in seconds and scuttles to the goal, a scant foot away, which contains a fifth of Old Granddad. Cuddling this in his arms, he goes to sleep.

The group turns to Dr. Coelho for an explanation, but he is busy writing his notes in the margins of the books, and says only "Obsessive compulsive" and continues to work. Dr. Heath pushes another button, and Don is shoved into a Skinner Box. Attached to the metal push-bar is a mechanism that will drop a can of Schlitz each time he hits it. Ignoring this, Don whips out a hatchet, reduces all nearby wood to kindling, and builds a campfire in no time. Settling himself in front of this, he rocks back and forth, humming to himself (off-key) snatches of "I'm Well Aware of Delaware."

The group turns again to Dr. Coelho, but he is busy compiling his marginal notes, and mutters only "Compulsive obsessive." Expectantly, they look to Dr. Heath, but at that moment the telephone gives forth with a long ring, and in perfect conditioned reflex, he dashes from the room yelling "That's the gimmick, that's the gimmick!"





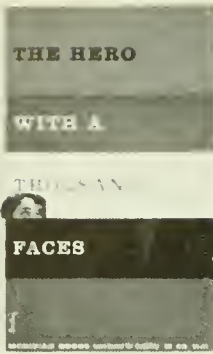
SOCIOLOGY

Far into the jungle went the little party, deeper ever deeper. Darker and darker became the night till only the whites of their eyes shown out beneath the jungle moon. Ralph Sanson suddenly spotted a light burning in the distance and pointed it out to Tom Cooper and Howie Wolf. Stealthily they approached the clearing where they witnessed a strange sight, not strange to them however, for this is what they had come ten thousand miles to capture, the glory of an African puberty rite. Pulling out their cross-cultural notebooks, they began feverishly to take notes.

In the center of the ring was a little witch doctor, mumbling his words and repeating the last, the last. He, through the interpreter's explanation, was explaining the responsibilities of adulthood and the need for a definite ethnic group which could withstand the hybridizing influence of nearby tribes. He continued to talk long after the young boys had stopped listening, finally directing his thoughts heavenward in an effort to be understood, understood. The three watched him with amazement and smiled knowingly at one another. Tom made a note on native dress and letting his Methodist instincts get the better of him, put down after his description, "awfully naked." Howie looked on while the boys played lawn tennis, using as racquets gourds strung with sloth gut.

Suddenly, just as the fires seem to be dying down, the great chief steps forth from his hut and strides manfully to the center of the clearing, waits until his presence has fully captivated his audience, and then pours forth a grandiose speech which was too difficult for the interpreter to translate, even though he was of the same tribe. When at the end of his speech, after the young boys who had now passed through the rite were mesmerized to silence, the great chief brought out a cigarette holder and began to giggle, slyly folding his arms, a great cry was heard from the edge of the jungle, and three figures were seen, all heading in opposite directions, disappearing into the night.





ECONOMICS

Labor Economics was on another all-important field trip. Leading the group was Howard Teaf who once again was telling the owner how to run his business. This trip was to the International Widget Corporation, typical of the fascinating examples of business and labor around which the course was built. While the man was telling the students how management treated labor at their plant, Dr. Teaf made things consistently more understandable by interpreting in forms of graphs which only a "little" calculus could solve.

About the only one interested in this theorizing was Bab Kilpatrick who only wanted to teach Economics, not use it. He didn't care at all whether a widget came with two screws or one, but was very interested in how it had a direct influence on parity. Consequently he copied very diligently the graphs of Teaf while the others went on to watch widgets.

Dick Rehemyer was not interested in widgets either. Around every curve in the factory he hoped

to run into a diploma which would cinch his acceptance to medical school. When the man said that he hoped he was giving the class a "comprehensive" picture of how things were run, Dick shuddered.

Close by Dick and wearing a tie that remarkably resembled his was Neal Plass, eagerly taking down the net proceeds which annually befell this business. From the small scale monopoly of a newspaper concession, Neal was about ready to move into the big time. No more messing with peanuts. It was widgets or nothing, Evily he grinned and began to erase imaginary competitors.

Very bored with the whole proceedings was Sanford Moses who recognized widgets as merely the opiate of a troublesome middle class. He himself was very nicely set up in a New England office, among those at last who were his equals.

Looking back over his fine group of majors, Howard Teaf shook his head in disbelief. Widgets to widgets and worst to worst.

POLITICAL

A bleak prison. In the basement, a long line of pest infested cells extend into the gloom. A rat scurries along the floor. Water drips somewhere. The heavy smell of refuse and humons hangs on the thick atmosphere. In each cell a solitary prisoner stands or sits silently, condemned.

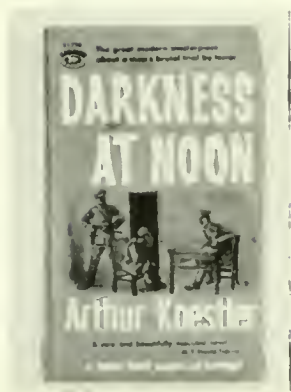
Steps are heard. The prisoners sit up. The heavy rust-encrusted door at the end of the corridor groans as it opens slowly to admit three men, dressed in black gowns of justice: William Reitzel, the lawyer; Steve Muller, the judge-advocate; and Andy Scott, handyman.

The trio moves majestically to the first cell, treading lightly on the bloated rat bodies. Paul Nickel stands in the far corner of his filthy cell. He caresses his chains lovingly, smiling quietly to himself. Every now and then, he puts his arms in the martyrs position, tilts his head to the side, and closes his eyes as benediction to the world. In spite of the gloomy prison, Paul stands in a welter of radiant light. The three observers weep softly to themselves and pass on.

SCIENCE

Hank Farrell stands near the front of his cubicle, wearing his chains smartly, holding a Martini in his right hand. He smirks at his observers "Don't you gentlemen think I'm one of the most distinguished social scientists to appear since the advent of the Phillips Fund? I was given a four year term." The group stands around, uncomfortably silent. The atmosphere is torrid "Argo," mumbles Hank. "Huh?" says Andy, leaning nervously forward "Argo." "Argo what?" "Argotohell," says Hank and goes off in gales of laughter. As he does so, Reitzel snitches his Martini.

Jim Whitney stands beady-eyed in the next cell, gesticulating, speaking to himself "I came here naively concerned about mankind," he shouts, "and become a Political Science major hoping that someday I could make this a better world." He nods abruptly. "I stayed in Washington a semester and was shaken by street-cars, submerged by printed words, and sickened by greasy sandwiches." He pauses, shakes his forefinger at the surrounders. "Government consists of dissipation . . ." As he continues, Muller makes a sour face. The others nod, and they pass on.



Herb Long lies on the filthy cot in his cell. As the group approaches, he starts, begins to get up, and gets hopelessly entangled in his chains. He starts to speak, anyway "I think that the country . . . (damn chains) . . . I don't want to go out on a limb, but . . . (ow!) . . . I think we can see this problem as . . . (blackstabbering rattlers!) . . . as almost a complete . . . (o 'damn') . . ." As he gets more and more twisted, the observers smile and go on.

Steve Fairfield paces back and forth, back and forth. Coming close to the door, he pauses, nods sagely, and says "I travel in the middle of the road on all controversial issues" Having produced this, not changing his expression, he begins pacing the enclosure again, unhampered by the lack of space.

Paul Allen lies asleep in his cell. Muller steps up and rattles the cell door "Yahoo" screams Paul, flinging himself out of the cot. He leaps twice in air. "Wahoo," he yells. He catapults himself towards his midget-sized barred window. "It's a beautiful day," he shouts. The trio watching this display shrink back in horror. Fortunately, before Paul can quite make it to the window to greet the morning completely, he gets tangled up in his chains and strangles himself.

In the last cell, Peter Panken stands nervously, awaiting his justice. He eyes the approaching group, and starts to speak long before they have arrived before his cubicle.

"This death bit," he says, "is a serious problem, of course, and as I see it, as is the case in New York, which although they don't solve everything perfectly, although they do, down in our ward as I remember last election year, or was it the year before . . ." A fly drones in the corner of his cell. The ghastly trio begin to sag and slouch. One of them stifles a yawn. The prison seems hot and stuffy. Eyes begin to droop. Peter leans back on the cot behind him ". . . and yet, I remember that my great grand-uncle, who once said that the entire problem was one of lack of organization, and of course, in that way he was echoing the opinion of Hamilton, who, though he . . ."



ENGINEERING

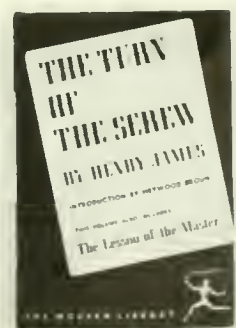
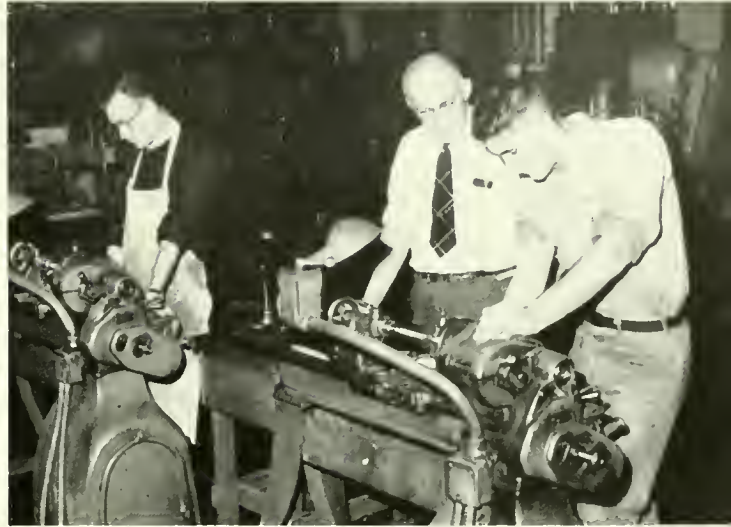
Contrary to the predictions of pessimists, the Engineering Department emerged this year from the protective nemesis of Gilbert White to new heights of fecundity. Clayton Holmes, product of New England and Westinghouse, seems to have almost mellowed at the prospect of graduating the nephew of the future president of the College from his department. Ted Hetzel, his academic associate, has even spared some of his traditional interest in extracurricular Friends Service Committee and Social and Technical Assistance Program work to revel over the nourishment of his newly-acquired son-in-law in the esoterics of electronics and electrical engineering.

Norm Wilson, still procurator of lathes and drill presses in Hilles basement, has been too absorbed in mourning the disintegration of his gun collection and the cracked left window in his Cadillac to appreciate fully the lifting of sanctions above him. However, he is being rallied by the improved quality of material in the Freshman shop class and the new view on the green house.

But let it not be thought that the unique status of this year's engineering seniors places them on a stone foundation. Cries of "You can still flunk this course, you know" continue to reverberate through Hilles. To make the matter absolutely clear, it should be stated that Rol Henderson was far from the academic shoals when he decided to marry into the department. In fact, Rallie stands at the head of his class in Haverford's electrical engineering department. The fact that he also stands at its foot is inconsequential.

As the annual slide rule carrying member of the baseball team, Rol has had adequate opportunity to work off the frustrations imposed by Strength of Materials and Analytic Mechanics. Although a Democrat because "someone gave him the button," his training in the department has been well combined with a confident, "knows where he's going" attitude.

In Reed Wilbur, stern, silent type, whose greatest claim to intellectual astuteness is his analysis of Clayton Holmes' character (an aversion to brown-nosing) lies the key to the new life in the department. The nephew of the new president, he is being considered for the post-graduate assignment of getting a better deal for his department as a sort of auxiliary project course. A glutton for punishment, Reed has established some sort of record in overcoming two project courses and four required courses from Clayton Holmes. He expects to join hands with his fiance Althea and the U.S. Navy in holy matrimony. Unfortunately, the farmer has no connection with the department directly.





DR. HUGH BORTON

The purpose of the past is to learn; the purpose of the future to use and to teach.

DR. WILLIAM B. MELDRUM

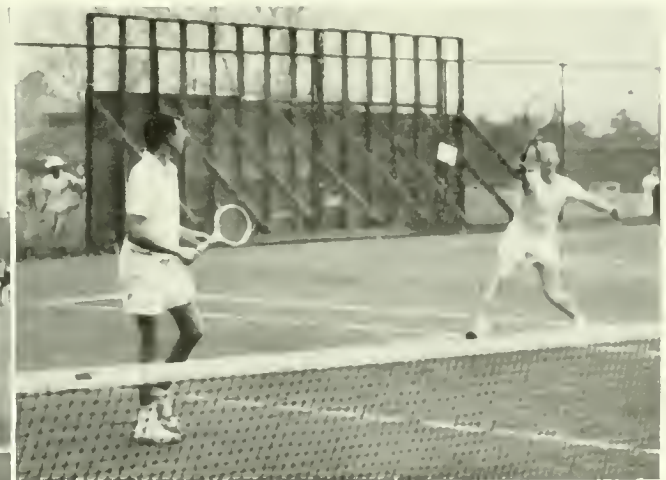
A good man out of the good treasure
of the heart brings forth good things.



DR. WILLIAM E. LUNT

The good life is one inspired by
love and guided by knowledge.







TENNIS AND GOLF

Tennis and Golf are year in and year out among the best sports, recordwise, at Haverford. At this time, half way through the season, each is enjoying success, particularly the tennis team which is undefeated and is at the present carrying a string of fifteen consecutive victories. It is a very strong and young team, with old John Cope the only Senior on the squad. Bob Pratt has performed amazingly at first singles, though Tom Harvey, (page 36), still insists that he could give him a fight. The rest of the team is made up of Cape, Fullard, Getty, Englehardt, and Calthurst. Missing this year is Michel Heeg, a standby on the past teams whose injuries finally caught up with him.

Missing likewise from the Golf Team is that illustrious performer, Jack Wilentz. Jack was the one person on the team who seemed to play because he liked the game, and with that view, played only when he wanted to. A beautiful and relaxed swing accompanied his disposition, a disposition which never took defeat seriously enough to suit other members on the team. Jack is missed this year not so much for his score, but for the fresh approach he brought the game of golf at Haverford. Carrying on are Team, Smith, Shultz, and a host of others, all pretty fair golfers, fair enough to produce another fine record.





BASEBALL AND TRACK

Howie Walton and Hoppy Hopkins lead the Baseball and Track teams into their seasons with the high hopes of bettering the performances of last year. With the baseball team, improvement was not a hard task, for there is no where to go but up after losing all the games. After losing four in a row at the beginning of the season, the team finally beat Drexel, 5-3, ending the long drought. At this printing the season is not complete by any means, and there is in evidence a trend upward, lead by Walton, Harris David, a Freshman, Dave Shivers, also a Freshman, and Al Concours and Pete Clavel. This is Pete's fourth year on the varsity, and for this unconscious locking center fielder

with uncanny anticipatory reflexes, it is going to be the best. Howie, the team's most consistent hitter was moved to the outfield from third and played there quite competently.

The addition of the new field house did not seem to have much influence on the track team. As usual they didn't get in shape fast enough and came up with pulled muscles. Captain Hopkins, after losing his first race, quickly sustained a leg injury which kept him out for quite a while. This was a bad break for Hoppy who was on his way to smashing all kinds of records two years before. Stars on the team were Katowitz, MacGoggin, Van Arkle, and Chet Berlin.





SAILING

Sailing began at Haverford as a vaguely defined club and has become a racing team, primarily through the careful manipulation of Ralph Sanson and Mike Donham. This team was good. They beat almost everyone, but usually someone else came in first, someone they had beaten before and would beat again. They made friendships and earned respect for the College at schools where Haverford was otherwise unknown: schools such as George Washington, Coast Guard, Ohio State, Kings Point, M.I.T., and Brown. With Ralph and Mike were the other fanatics: Hill, Mezger, Schramm, Stein, Tobias, Tyson and Wing. They managed to get to the Pine Trophy on a week's notice from Litchfield, contribute to the end of Navy's plywood Tempests with their bent masts, and ignore McCracken completely. Every week end, spring and fall, they were wet, cold, sunburned, dateless and out of it. Mostly they swore at each other.

The loudest swearer was Mike Donham. A Chem major and part-time president of the "you do good work in Chem 63 lab," he also sang in the Glee Club, Octet, Class Night Shows (etc.) and ran

the Junior Prom. One of the original Yarnall House Freshmen, he was usually tagging after Thomas (T. O. Jones once asked if they were brothers. Ha!), looking for a Bridge game, going to B.M.C., joyriding in his convertible or looking for another Quinn course. He's proud of the fact that he's taken more English courses than Chem. In the "Wunderkindergarten" he was always out-argued and usually out-played by Noyes and Thomas—except that they never touched his Republicanism.

The most apologetic swearer and probably the only Sociology major in the history of the College to pass Clayton's Analytic Mechanics, Ralph Sanson endeared himself to the Class of 1960 by introducing them to the raptures of Fifth Day. One of the last survivors of the original Scull House clan, Ralph eventually landed in eighth entry where he spent two years watching Gallagher read mail and planning repairs on the Model A. In the middle of the senior year he surprised himself and the Sociology Department by announcing that he intended to play airplane pilot for the Navy. As a flyer, he may be able to get around enough to answer the perennial question, "Where's Ira?"

CRICKET

For the first time in many years, the Haverford cricket team will be composed entirely of home-grown "Americans." Gone are the days when several imported cricketers could be seen luxuriously lounging on the pavilion steps, commenting to novices that the key to Cope Field fours and sixes is the growth of a beard and belly approximating the proportions attained by W. G. Grace. Now cricket blazers can be worn only after running the gamut of bruised palms, infinite bowling averages, and embarrassing ducks.

Under the watchful eye of Howard Comfort's able coaching replacement (respectfully referred to as "A Brain") resplendent uniforms (T-shirt and khakis), "Monday-after" caucuses, and reverent humility became the order of 1956. The team responded to Arthur Brain's stern "English public-school" tutelage, and emerged undefeated, winning three matches and drawing four.

The 1957 "American" assault on the cricket pitch, the windows of College Circle homes, and mid-match tea will be captained by Dick Wagner.

After having endured three years of COMFORT-able batting aggressiveness, MALANian shack psychology, and BRAINwashed humility, Dick will lead the team through the usual schedule of graduate school and club teams.

Besides this, he sang in Uncle Willy's Glee Club for four years and presided the Psychology Club through an eminent array of speakers senior year. Dick's biggest disappointment — his attempt to train psych lab rats (including "Harriet") to play cricket was thwarted at the last minute when Doug Heath decided to let members of Psych 34 perform brain surgery on them.

With five letter winners — John Harkins, Binny Haviland, Lou Matlack, Harry Thomas, and Wagner — returning and the improvement shown by Bill Moss, Charlie Knight, Eric Schoonover, Don Scarborough, and Hank Dane, the team should have a very enjoyable and relatively successful season.

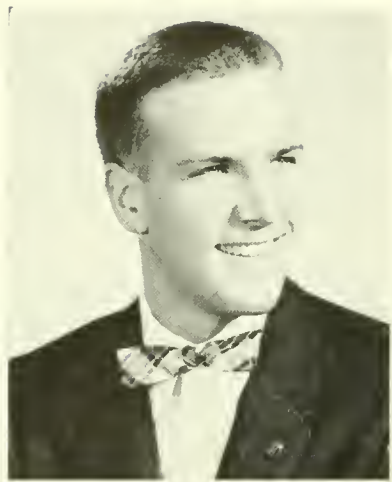


THE SENIOR



CLASS OF 1957





Donald A. Crane

"Charles ('Chuck') Brown, African transfer student, has simultaneously delighted and tormented the Economics Department by majoring in Political Science. In addition to an unerring ability to spot the weakness in any professor's argument, Chuck's capabilities extend to critical interpretations of the Saturday Evening Post, frantic room cleaning before 7:30 breakfast, prolonged bickering with the Bell Office over the latest phone bills, evaluation of Columbia's latest recording of Tchaikovsky, and the groan from the couch during 'sack time.' Varied capabilities plus his quiet and occasionally explosive personality point up Chuck's impact."

(Editor's note: Among his many capabilities seems to be lacking any writing ability.)

"Roger Foster could often be seen in the Black Bomb, loaded to the gills, tromping off to B.M.C.,

Mt. Washington, or sundry ski trips. During his stay he has left his mark as a connoisseur of the Vittle House, an accomplished skier, an expert on female reactions to his bear rug, a master of hutmen's stories, and the only person whose hi-fi sounded worse than the Glee Club. Amongst his notable academic achievements: frequent panic sessions, acceptance at Western Reserve, and a complete Heath course in one week. A mountaineer at heart, he could find the right peg every time."

(Editor's note: Rog is pretty important all right.)

"Dick Farman was a seasonal performer while at Haverford. Fall found him holding down the left inside position on the soccer field; Winter found him pounding out the papers he had neglected to turn in during soccer season, now overdue at Swarthmore where he took most of his courses; Spring mornings found him bird-walking with Mrs. Mac or sleepily shambling in his wooden shoes to his position at the kitchen toast machine; and the Spring of his Junior year found Dick awake."

(Editor's note: What does Summer find Dick doing?)

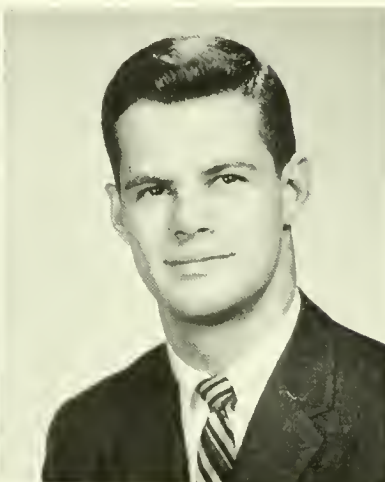
"Don Crane is likewise a mountaineer of some repute, so much so locally that he has often been asked to guide a boy scout troop along the perilous ridges of route 23. When not hiking or running on the nature walk, he is most likely to be seen in the Library, running a race with time to see who gets to June 7 the quickest. If there is anything in the way of a prank pulled on campus, Don is either in on it or knows about it, a phenomenon stemming from his Freshman year when he kidnapped the Sophomore Class President."

(Editor's note: What ever happened to that president anyway?)

Richard T. Farman

Roger Foster, Jr.

Charles V. Brown





Thomas H. Helmstadter



Neil W. Plass



Peter K. Zavitz

Despite the fog of erudition which characteristically pervades the night over Lloyd lawn one might, if he searched, find Plass, Zavitz, Clavel, and Helmstadter in the sometimes studiously still, sometimes boisterously noisy confines of Fourth Entry.

The most likely and consistent event of the day for these four occurs when Zavitz and his date come into the dorm at 10 in the evening as they have every night since the beginning of school in the fall. Almost as likely as this, is that Clavel will meet them going by in the hall, and interrupt his fierce concentration on the latest book which has been foisted upon his still virgin mind. At this point he begins to curse the fact that he is again without a date, yelling for solace to Helmstadter, who puts him off with a noncommittal grunt from his back-study. Helmstadter is mumbling incoherently, translating Chaucer, or grinding out his latest thesis on the significance of the gnomic clue in Joyce's "Dubliners." This scholar, whose nature directs him toward erudition until midnight, when his conscience directs him to the local brewery which has been the repository of all woes, presents an interesting contrast to Clavel, whose conscience directs him to the pursuit of a cottage cheese erudition, but whose nature inevitably brings him to the same degenerate end

Meanwhile Plass, the economics major with poetic ability and a world-beating imagination, has been indulging the latter talents to some success in his secluded cloister, away from the temporal banality of fourth entry. By the time the evening is late he has transformed platonic splendor into poetic vision, and has Clavel and Helmstadter, who have long since given up all but the most marginal of pursuits, enthralled as they lounge on the steps in the Hall. Zavitz has finished his date, and strained the resources of tenth quaffing at double the rate of the others with his characteristic peaceful, Quaker equanimity, evoking the quiet awe in which he has been always held by his contemporaries.

Pierre Clavel





Marc Abramson



Philip M. Forman



Jay S. Goodman

Having been placed in one group for some totally inexplicable reason, the four of us, Marc, Jay, Phil, and Buddy, sat down to discuss what we had in common and could say about our collective selves.

Each one of us was pre-med, and had at one time or another lived with at least one of the other three. A superficial examination of the fact might imply, to someone uninitiated in the ways of Haverford, that we know one another. But such was not really the case.

Sometime in the middle of the first semester of our senior year, the four of us tried to arrange a time when we could meet and discuss the content of the critical account of dynamic human inter-relationships. Nothing happened for 6 months. By the day before the Record Book was to go to press, the situation had grown desperate.

Fortunately enough, the day before the deadline

the four of us met at Merion Hall at Bryn Mawr. A faint glow of recognition lit our respective (but not respectable) faces. "Don't I know these guys from somewhere," we all thought. Then it struck us, three of us were room-mates. We had all gone to Merion to pick up dates, or so we thought. Ah, the sweet innocence of youth! Our dates were not there, with the exception of one old reliable for Jay. The three dateless wonders were absolutely enraged. Phil, in an absolute frenzy, fell instantaneously asleep. Buddy suitably incensed, threatened to pierce every darn girl in the dorm, with his sabre, of course. Marc, tearing the few remaining hairs from his pate, started a stream of polysyllabic invective, suitably interspersed with four letter words, which lasted no less than 4 hours, 37 minutes, and 21 seconds.

Back in the room, we decided to write our little opus. Marc, having no date, had vigorously started to play his alto. Phil had fallen asleep again, but the shower of rosin and flying horsehair irritated his hay fever. He sneezed violently, and just at that instant, the A string of the cello broke with a resounding whack. Jay, who had surreptitiously retired to his room, emerged covered with lip stick, to find out what the racket was. Buddy, still brandishing his sabre, nearly stabbed Jay. Jay, shrieking with fright, irrevocably disturbed Phil's sleep, at least for 15 minutes or so. The four of us, staring at each other, remembered the deadline. We put our heads together: the crash was awful.

The first one of us to regain consciousness made a wise decision. He took a blank piece of paper, went down to Bing's room, gently removed Bing's thumb from his mouth, replaced it with a fountain pen, and crept away hoping for the best.

Warren B. Hecht



Dave Belash, also known, for some reason, as "Flash," exemplifies the kind of crusty Yankee individualism that thinks nothing of going to a movie in central Philadelphia by bicycle in the dead of winter. A classics major who plans an eventual career in medicine, Dave rounds out his eclectic talents with a self-taught knowledge of auto mechanics and a profound ignorance of classics or medicine. He spends his spare time playing piano, ping pong, or practical jokes, in the reverse order of frequency.

Sceptical iconoclast John Gallant lopes about campus in a crouched posture brought on partially by hobit and partially by continually stumbling over obstacles such as chairs, rugs, or Dave Belash. The crouch conceals an intellectual variant of saturation bombing. At the flick of a generality he springs, hands gesticulating, loosing a fearsome barrage of "mere facts" collected from the "Statistical Abstracts," "The New York Times," the government pamphlet section, and whole cloth, which combine to destroy such offenders as Jesus Christ, Karl Marx, History, Schweitzer, and the Quakers. Soon there will be nothing left but John.

Paul Nickel's main claim to distinction is that he personally consumes 60% of the beer and 70% of the books (he eats them) used on campus. This industrious, if not precisely sober, approach to education is attributable to the fact that he has worked his way through college, in the great American tradition, rolling drunks and scabbing in auto factories during the summer. When not spewing seventy-page papers he hitch-hikes to the Uni-



Jonathan A. Gallant

versity of Michigan far revels there and, on returning, lapses into the Midwestern twang ("the nations of Western Yerp") and histrionics ("Gentlemen, they have fired on Fort Mudge!") as well as cut probation.

Although the most immediately striking thing about Bob Challener is his size, he actually wouldn't hurt a fly, at least not a big fly. His only fault, outside of a tendency to lapse into common sense, is a slightly exaggerated inferiority complex about his Midwestern background (a moderate one, of course, is mandatory in sensible Midwesterners). His size has a mental analogue in that valuable trait which, in the very few who possess it, is the main justification for colleges: a capacity for growth.

Robert C. Challener

David C. Belash

Paul E. Nickel



The lights are turned down very low, but since it's the middle of the afternoon it doesn't make too much difference. This is the scene of the First Annual Oh Hell Tournament which is being sponsored by the local League of Women Oh Hellers to determine who can play the longest without sleeping or eating. It's been two weeks since the tournament began and out of literally thousands only four are left—each one of whom is playing for the glory of the Scarlet and Black and Gold. None of them show signs of fatigue. It's been rumored in certain quarters that they have learned the secret of the pigeons. However, Jack Wilentz weakens occasionally and takes a nibble from one of Bob Densford's cigarette butts during a particularly tense moment. But as Jack says, "It's

it's . . . just to take the edge . . . off my can make . . . make it down to H . . . H and H and H . . . and H and HandHandhand . . . oh hell

"Playing opposite to the person playing next to this bundle of energy is Al Lachman who when you count Tom Unger makes the fourth. It's evident from the fact that Al is playing in his underwear that these haven't been his two weeks. A quick glance around the table reveals who's wearing the pants in this game. Bob also has two pair of glasses—one with scotch and the other with gin. Tom has lost everything but his pride and would gladly forgo that but his banker roommate insists that ever since Eve the bottom fell out of the pride market.

Suddenly there is a loud chorus of 'Oh Hells' from everyone but Jack who reaches out his arm with the grace of a short putt and sweeps all the chips into his lap. This is the end of the line for Tom. But still not anxious to admit defeat he mumbles something about fixing anyone of them up with a girl in Boston for a few chips. They politely



Robert W. Densford

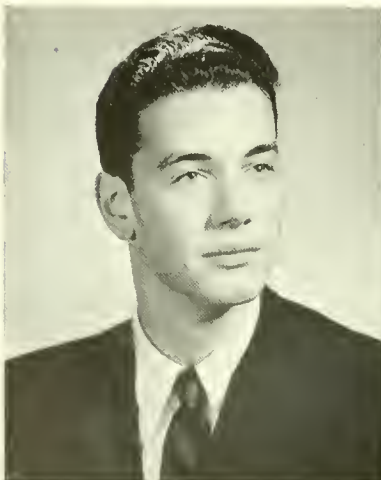
decline and then catching sight of the time on his pawned watch Tom exclaims coherently, "Oh, Hell it's after four. I've got to get to the Biol. lab. Look, stick around. I'll be right back." He races out of the room on his hands and knees falls asleep outside the door. This is all it takes. Lachman jumps up shouting in a voice inaudible on the other side of the room, "To Hell with with you guys. I'm through. I'm through, I tell you. I'm through. I left some free radicles boiling and by now they've probably escaped. But I'll catch them. Out of my way

"The chair doesn't get out of his way so he trips and falls into a snoring heap. Tom and Bob smile at each other through the miles of fog. They shut their eyes to concentrate on forcing the same thought through their respective swollen, aching vacuums, "Don't give up now . . . Just relax . . ."

Alan B. Lachman

Thomas Unger

Jack N. Wilentz

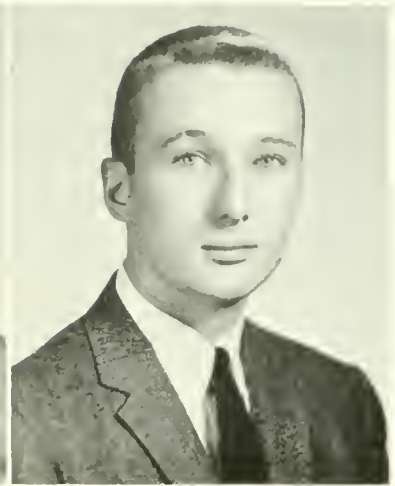




Stanley B. Johnson



Henry B. Hoover, Jr.



Edward J. Stevens

Obviously, a person like Harry Hoover who can mourn the day Wishmeyer left and still draw inspiration from Foss, be a senior in Barclay and yet like it, be the only member of his hall with a room without a Hi-Fi in every corner, try to work on a string quartet for Swan at the Union piano, find three notes within the center octave of the keyboard unresponsive to the touch, and still find good cause to give up the rather distinctive life of the English major and the run-on sentence for the nebulous one of music one for whom death shall have no dominion because he's too stubborn, must certainly have found enough at Haverford to write a chequered summary, let alone live it
(Ed. note. Obviously)

Stan Johnson came to Haverford with the neat, scrubbed look of a budding, proper Bostonian, and the apologetic, friendly approach of an eager cocker-spaniel, innocent of the distinction between 'goodies' and 'badies'. But Haverford changed all that. After a whirl with German, he decided to major in philosophy. Thus he encountered Martin Foss, whose classes became Stan's spiritual home, and whose wit and wisdom was a guide for the remainder of Stan's college career. Having been slowly corrupted by the best of Haverford Quakerism, Stan plans to teach anywhere but Boston and with an improper knowledge of great ideas but a love for people.

Over a tired Pousse Cafe, Sandy will try to explain that what Dun-and-Bradstreet has been lacking since the fall of the gold standard is a better prophet. After a dozen or so Martini's, this commandment giver overrides the eloquence quota, but fortunately the world's financial stability is assured by a Pembroke curve which is used in regulating Sandy's marginal propensity to consume.

Over a tired hot chocolate, Ed will try to explain what organ music has been lacking since the fall of the harpsicord. After a dozen or so chocolate bars, this Virgil Fox of the Tuesday morning Collection service begins to droop over the key board, assuring his fancee that his ability to play was inversely proportional to his marginal propensity to consume. Economically, he returns from the world of music to Moses' gold standard.

Sanford H. Moses, Jr.





Hans Hamester



Gary I. Kravis



Alfred Acton II

Gary Kravis has well earned the reputation of being the fastest talker on campus. At all times it appears as if he is about to choke on the great gulps of air he takes in in an effort to nourish his vocal chords. Talking on for four years, he has successfully talked his way into a diploma, a passing Math grade, several free cups of coffee in the Coop, once one of Hamester's sandwiches, and on three occasions, an engagement to play at the Haverford dances. The men in the Musician's Union call him "Scabby" Kravis, for Gary, with his countless musical slaves under the name of Rhythm Inc., have been underselling the union for years. It is always remarkable to attend a dance at which he is playing. The music is marked by a definite beat, so definite in fact that often the milk machine starts dripping from sympathetic vibration. Gary is planning to use his Math major to help him count all the money he will make, that is if no one talks him out of it, and this seems unlikely.

Though one of Gary's good friend's Dutch Hamester has never been seen at a Haverford dance. There is some speculation that this is why he is Gary's good friend, speculation which has never been confirmed by either party. As quiet as Gary is noisy, Dutch always had a willing smile for anyone, even his Chemistry professors, though the

smile at times looked as if it might be tinctured with a little nitric acid. One of the few brave ones to major in straight Chemistry, Dutch has seen more of Haverford from the inside of the laboratory than on the outside. Highly metaphysical, he has rationalized himself to such a state that he believes that he can see the secret of Haverford and the Universe, somewhat synonymous terms, in the bottom of a test tube, or better yet, in the sound from Kravis' throat.

Al Acton has not been at Haverford very long, but looks as if he'll be here longer than anyone in the class, for he is not being graduated till next January. Living alone in Founders, he was in danger of not being discovered until the middle of his Senior year, for he came in as a transfer student from Bryn Athan. Majoring in Latin and with a profound love of knowledge he could usually be seen sitting in front of the television set in Union, any time from eight to two, every night. He proved his worth to the class in the intramural softball league, batting among the leaders in the league, and adding a steady hand behind the plate, though he was at times relieved by Flash Pine. After he gets out of college he is going into the ministry, in order to be able to take little boys to baseball games.

A while back, when "Confidential" turned down one of his best stories, Dick decided that his spelling was at fault, so he returned to Haverford after hating the army for two years. This year, when "Confidential" turned down one of his best stories, Dick decided that all editors were lonely bigots, so he got engaged. After mailing his latest story, Dick ventured the opinion that if graduation and marriage didn't change his luck, he might go back to hating the army.

With a rewarding smile and a political scientist's all-encumbering wave of the hand, Hank explains why he reads the Social Register. "The names alone are a story, but add the addresses and you have a melodrama." Gasping to recover from this, the idle on-looker might be tempted to question Hank's future. He will be told that both the Foreign Service and the Navy are vying for his attention, with "their" addresses bordering on the melodramatic.

Bob Bookhammer, like Dick Smith, belongs to the memories of a bygone age at Haverford. Dick, Howie, Bob Leeds, and he could get together and discuss faculty changes with the background of many years and hardships. It has been often thought that they were alumni spies among the student body, a belief particularly held by Gallant and Schott. Anyway, Bookhammer returned to Haverford after some few years in the army, playing inside on the soccer team brilliantly, but keeping himself out of the picture pretty much as far as other activities were concerned, except for an occasional hiss at a Collection speaker



Henry M. Farrell

Howard Wolf has returned from the army to Haverford as a letterman, serviceman, Sociologist, and husband. It certainly shows what a few years difference can make in a man. Spearheading Ira Reid's Virgin Island trip, Howie for the whole year was looking forward to his stay on the beach where he might be able to play a little beach tennis with the natives, those friendly ones, of course. Since he, like Dick and Bob are expatriates from the Class of 1954 or so, they felt a little strange about being in this yearbook, but then everyone likes to see a picture of himself in a book that he can show the kids when they are old enough to want to know

Richard B. Smith

Howard L. Wolf

Robert S. Bookhammer





Thomas B. Harvey

St. Patrick's Day

6:30 a.m. Somewhere out of the grey, murky dawn comes a long jubilant cry as William Doherty leaps out of bed and rushes out onto the lawn past Tom Harvey who is curled up on the living room floor with Keynes watching the all-night show. Bill falls to his knees on the green lawn and bows three times in the direction of the field house, cursing under his breath in the name of several obscure saints the bright red doors. He falls asleep on the lawn.

3:30 p.m. Ten people are already assembled in the room for the party that night. Nine of them aren't Tom Harvey, nor are even particularly sorry about it. And yet, in a certain, undefinable, nebulous, even mysterious way all their lives are inter-locked and inter-woven with the life of Tom Harvey. They are all standing in front of the television set and Tom is yelling at them (in a pleasant loudly-pitched voice) to step

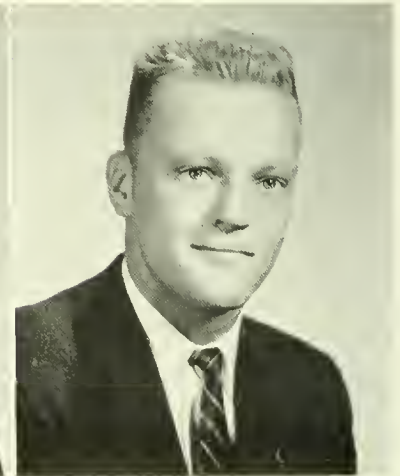
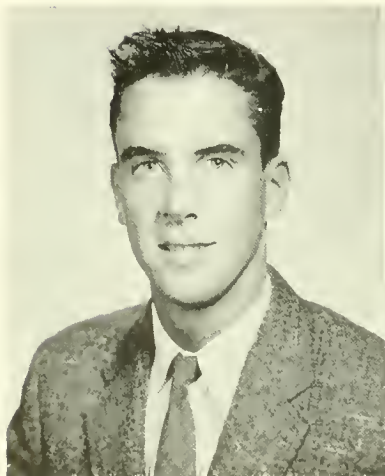
aside. All but two of them, Gene Hudson and John Gray, step out of Tom's field of vision. They are fairly certain Tom doesn't really want to watch the movie version of "Romeo and Juliet". In despair, Tom pulls the last tucked-in corners of his shirt out into the breeze and begins to scratch. It looks like it might be a full day of scratching so John offers to play a couple of hands of bridge with him to get his mind off temporal matters. However, it soon becomes evident that Tom has mastered one of the most difficult of arts, simultaneous scratching and bridge. Just then there is a loud noise in the entry way as though an Irishman were trying to carry two kegs of beers through a swinging door by himself. Everyone but Tom and John who don't hear anything rush to help. The first to reach the door and spilling beer and cursing Irishman is Gene, whose combined basketball and Tenth Entry reflexes give him a distinct advantage over the others. But as Tom pointed out later, there wasn't any need to get excited as long as the beer flowed into the room and not out. 11:59 p.m. Nine-tenths of the college has claimed entry into the room by virtue of ancestral linkage to Thomas Parnell. Playing the role of a catalytic host, Gene circulates freely among his guests, encouraging more singing and less drinking, trying to make the number of heads correspond to the number of greenbacks he's collecting for Bill. Ever hopeful that people will heed his plea and allow him to watch even a commercial, Tom is still stretched out on the couch furiously scratching with one hand and passing to John with the other. Off in a corner, Bill is talking in hushed tones to a special guest about post-graduate work that might keep Bill near his sacred green temple. Everything is a success.

12:01 a.m. All but one person has drained through the doors—the beer mysteriously ran out at 12:00 o'clock. Outside where the grey night is closing in Bill is putting the field house to bed for another year. Inside, John is putting Gene to bed. At last, Tom has the TV to himself. Exhausted with nine hours of continuous bridge he crawls over to the set only to find that with nine hours of scratching his arms have become so spastic he can't raise them to turn on the all-night show.

John H. Gray

William P. Doherty

Floyd E. Hudson





Robert W. Kilpatrick



John B. Gruber



Robert W. Hunt

St. Patrick's Day, Barclay

Hidden by the grey, murky dawn, Bob Kilpatrick leaps out of bed and rushes to the window yelling, "Yahoo, yahoo what a beautiful day." Beating on his chest he pulls up the shade to inspect the clouds in the sky. To John Gruber studying "Feiser and Feiser" in the next room this daily devotional penetrates the Trappist silence like a tribal war drum. However, it is short lived for Bob is soon racing out of the room at top speed on his way to breakfast. Somehow, though, in the darkness he strays from the path and trips over Bill Doherty who is still on his knees. A fight is imminent, but at the last minute Bill recognizes his advisory and shrinks back, sinking respectfully to his knees. Anyway, Bob is up on his feet running for the path and the dining hall before you can name your favorite Irish cream ale. Remembering the day when he tried to sneak into the breakfast at 7:10 posing as a waiter, Bob conscientiously stands outside the door reading Keynes. At 7:30 he makes a break for the first chair at the first table which he has painstakingly worn over four years to fit him exactly.

With a precision which is second only to the rising of the sun, John breezes into the dining hall at eight minutes of eight, eats breakfast or whatever else they happened to be serving this morning, and exits for the library at 7:59:30.

3:30 p.m. Inside the Chemistry Lab, John is combining a latent interest in politics and his project course with his investigations into the nature of free radicals. He adjusts the side arm of a fractional distillation tube and drops a few pieces of anti-bump into a thick porridge before lighting the flame. Then he scribbles into his notebook, "Maybe

the government can use these radicals after all, if I can only get them to take the loyalty oath."

Meanwhile, in another part of town, Bob is just getting out of an Economics seminar and as he heads for the library he passes Doherty again who is carrying two large kegs balanced under his arms. When Bill is a few paces away he suddenly turns around and calls, "Hey Bob, why not come down to Leeds tonight with some of the boys. You can get in free." Giving no indication that he has even let the invitation pass through the cerebellum for a hasty appraisal, Bob quickly replies with dignified elegance, "Thank you, Bill, but I don't think I can come. I have a lot of work to catch up on." Bob hurries on to the library to make up for the time he has lost.

12:00 p.m. Behind locked doors, unknown to each other and the world at large, John and Bob secretly, in their respective dens, pay silent tribute to the passing of the green as they slowly sip Irish ale from painted milk bottles.

The drama club lost a promising prospect when Bob Hunt, who skyrocketed to dramatic prominence when he put so much expression into his one line, "Hail Caesar!" in the Freshman Class Night Show that the class was almost disqualified, decided to abandon what could otherwise have been a magnificent career on the stage in favor of political science. One of the few majors in the department to whom the word proletariat has any personal significance, Bob proved that his first love was still acting and that political science was only a facade, for as soon as school was out each year Bob would head for the Great Lakes where he would join a stock company and spend the summer playing a leading role as a disillusioned upperclass school boy, who had turned proletariat to work on the coal barges.

These three may be seen almost any evening converging on the dining hall from Leeds and Sharpless, arguing vociferously over as little as possible. They carefully seat themselves so as to control distribution of the ersatz food, and fall to ("Snorkers! Good oh!" chortles the ever present ghost of Johnathan Bennett). After the repast, they return to Leeds, where the usual state is a kind of half-dozing euphoria accompanied by elevated dialogue vaguely reminiscent of "Marty," with corresponding results—individual work or reading, card playing (bridge or hearts), phoning Bryn Mawr, or a collective gripe session on the rigors of being a senior physics major, all of this generally leading to work in the mid-evening. Later, the well-entrenched custom is either to go out and get something to eat, or to walk down to the ever-welcoming Benham residence.

In the morning, Dan will awaken sometime between 7 and 9:30 (depending on the occurrence of an 8:30 course at Penn two days a week), Richard sometime between 7:30 and 11 (depending on previous bedtime and willpower), and Bill . . . "Well, if you fellows would come in and shut my window and turn my radio on low at about 11, I'd greatly appreciate it." After a quiet morning, consisting of trips to the coop and mailboxes, visits to Sharpless and an occasional class, there is gen-

erally a regrouping for a noon assault on the dining room, after which the afternoon is generally spent in Leeds or Sharpless (generally known as "Shapeless" to its intimates).

Week ends are generally spent dating, flicking, working, or doing nothing in particular, either individually or together. Sunday night, however, invariably finds our happy trio at a nearby restaurant—gourmets for an evening, not drowning, but burying, their sorrows. At the end of the meal they raise their water glasses in the Senior Toast: "I just can't wait to get out of this damn place!"

Richard L. Cohen

William M. Murray

Daniel W. Swift





James P. Moody, Jr.



Tony G. Amsterdam

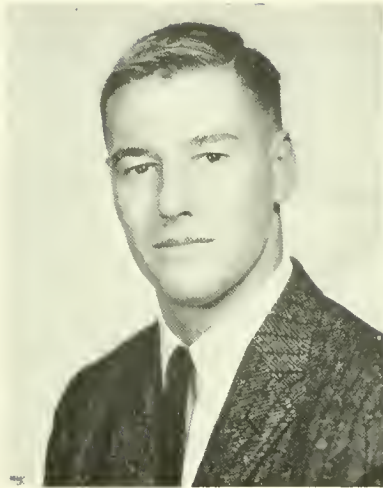


Frank Versaci, Jr.

Embodying the best of Nietzsche, Wagner, Presley, and Carrie Nation, the crusading Frank and the recoiling Haverford have become as much a part of each other as ham-and-eggs. Frank has been heard to declaim, humbly displaying his plunger-technique of knife and fork, that black shirtism is a function of keeping certain garments out of the wash for months. One commentator mentioned to him that he had understood that Frank cast sunken jaundiced eyes on certain racial and ethnic groups. "No!" he screamed gently, "I said I was anti-semantic; you know, I hate words: you'll never catch me using them more than necessary." To boost up sagging British morale, he has offered Oxford his services for the next year. Oxford is overwhelmed, to say the least.

With the exit of Paul Hodge from the Haverford scene, Jim Moody disappeared from the Senior Class, finding solace in the second floor art colony in Barclay, headed by various Junior aesthetes. Jim liked Paul so much that he offered to write him up for the yearbook, a noble gesture which the editor would like to have followed up, only he didn't have a picture of Paul. In his Lenten repentance till the coming of Paul, Jim burdened himself in sackcloth and sideburns, singing plaintive Flamenco dirges, writing forgotten sonnets on the bathroom walls, and giving his best efforts to unite the artsy-craftsy set of Bryn Mawr and Haverford. Wrapped up and included in his way of life, were, of course, innumerable performances in Drama Club productions and smoky little folk singing festivals.

There is not much to say about Tony Amsterdam that hasn't been said already, except to say that whatever one might have heard was probably true. There is no doubt concerning Tony's status as being far and above the best student in the class, but saying this is a little limiting. Recounting his activities would be impressive but perhaps not meaningful to many people. He has just as much work outside of Haverford as in it, serving as a museum curator, artist, writer, and agent, concurrent with a list of six project courses. He seems at this time to be the one Senior in the class who can make an important contribution to the world, for contributions can not be made by those planning them but by those who live according to the high principles they have set for themselves. Saying that a man lives his life in appreciation of the Beautiful is bound to get some snickers, but they can be discounted by those who know Tony and appreciate his sincerity and ability. A person never stands alone who stands with Beauty.



Joseph S. Torg



Daniel W. Nauman



P. Donald Hopkins

The All-American boy smell drifted up from the locker room in which Dan Nouman, Joe Torg, Don Hopkins, and Jim Francis had come after just finishing an especially grueling practice. The coach had said "all right boys, you can catch up on your studies later, but once the Swarthmore game is over, there can be no catching up. This week I don't want anything but football." The team had bowed reverently, but some, like Dan, were caught sneaking over to the library. Torg and Hopkins, the patriorchs of ninth entry, took the coach at his word. No one knew what Jim did, because he went home every night. Leaving the football field that day, all four knew that they were on their own now, subjects of Haverford's program of de-emphasized sports.

Hoppy was to be in bed by 9:30 every night. Actually no change for him, for he had tried the same thing for four years. An ardent Math major with a speed with figures mathematical, matched only by his speed on the track, the Pitman flash took a speedy shower, sprinted across campus to his room, quickly opened all the windows to let out the cigarette smoke, and fell to sleep.

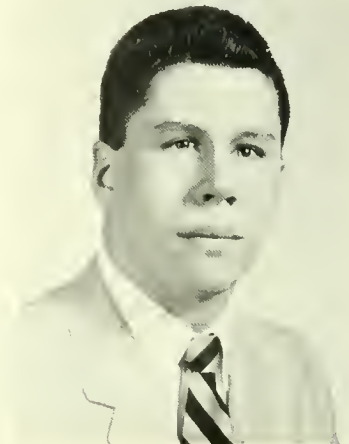
Bevo Francis pulled off his football shoes and sat on the bench, mumbling esoteric Latin and English verse, cleaning his glasses, and murmuring something concerning his status on the football team. A strong supporter for the role of Junior Varsity athletics, Jim spearheaded their attacks on both the basketball floor and on the football fie'd.

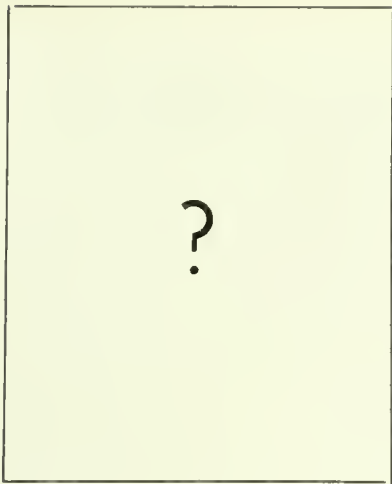
After Danny Nauman, another day student, finished dressing, he ran over to the Coop to heckle

Dan, the vaudeville man. Meeting the rest of the coop-group, he talked over the latest things in the world of sports, Biblical Literature, and the string of girls he had from Haverford High who thought him their idol. The acknowledged captain of the Coop, Don, after several hours, broke up the team and went home.

The scourge of the gridiron, Captain Joe was the last to take his shower and leave the gym. Extremely conscientious, Joe went immediately over to the Chemistry building to check on an experiment. Finding only a hole in the ground instead of a building, he concluded that something must have happened which would have caused the building to be no longer there. Half way across the campus, he met Brother Neil, gave him the sign, then the handclasp, and finally the word, moving on towards his room.

James B. Francis, Jr.





Harry R. Allen

Seemingly etched permanently into the Haverford landscape, Bob claims that the only reason the administration keeps inviting him back is because they think he works here. The administration, on the other hand, claims that the only reason they work is because Bob keeps coming back. The faculty seems bored by the whole process and, although he is laboring valiantly, it seems possible that Bob will graduate this Spring.

Tom may look as if he would bonk any faculty member reluctant to pass him, but in reality, he has no use for Black Jacks. Torn between women clawing at his feet and a mug of beer in his hand, he decided to major in English, causing all sorts of worry in the department as to whether he would graduate or not. A penetrating paper on the Gothic novel convinced them, and we can look forward to seeing Tom back at Haverford for years to come.

Harry Allen, like Tom and Bob, was a day student, a member for the Coop clique, and a most hearty critic of just about anything on campus. He came from the same school as the Boneser, but took up the road of sports, while Tom and Bob sported away their lives playing cards on the Dawn

Patrol. Harry excelled in Basketball and was fine in Baseball as well, but stopped playing after his Sophomore year. The true mystery man of the yearbook, Harry was the one person who failed to have his picture taken, which is a shame, because he really wasn't that bad looking. Corrupted by Bridge and Howard Teaf, Harry faces the future with one surety, that he will graduate from Haverford College.

Howie Walton, also an area boy, but living on campus, was, like Harry, pretty much of a good athlete, and this year captained the Baseball Team as well as playing spasmodically brilliant basketball. He, like Harry, mojured in Economics, and like Harry, didn't like Howard Teaf. Unlike Harry, Howie had a television set in his room, an attraction for many strange people from all over the campus. Known to be one who had a bit of a temper, Howie managed to keep it fairly well under control, especially when around the others in this illustrious group. This is one of the few Senior groupings which was known to get along pretty well and have the same things pretty much in common, a rare thing for Haverford.

Thomas J. Joyce, Jr.

Robert W. Leeds, Jr.

Howard L. Walton





Arthur Cowen III



Benjamin A. Dent



Lincoln D. Paine

Four figures are seated on the floor about a low table in the back room of a maison de jore. There is hardly any light but it is evident that all four faces are concentrating deeply on a rectangular board on the table. In the dark it is just possible to see the alphabet and "yes" and "no" spelled out in luminous letters on the board, which casts an eerie light on the faces. As one moves closer the sound of low voices becomes audible — as one moves further away the sound of low voices becomes indistinct—. We'll take the case of a moving body with directional vector "V". Fortunately, they have just been rehearsing up to this point so we haven't missed anything essential — at a nod from the staff one of the figures begins to speak. Let's listen.

"While I was digging lotrines in Mexico last summer I uncovered this magical board. The natives called it "ouija" or talking board. The natives really got excited about the discovery but wouldn't touch it. They said there was a legend that this board could foretell the future so accurately that men feared to use it because their futures became inevitable. They wanted me to burn it but I decided to keep it just for fun. The person asking the question holds this stick in his left hand,

then he may ask any question pertaining to the future. It must not be mercenary, however, for the board will stop answering. Choose the question carefully and make sure you really want to know the answer. Who will be first?

There are three quick grunts. The leader decides to hand the stick to the figure to his right and says, "Remember, choose carefully OK, everyone, concentrate".

Holding the stick like a stethoscope, the first interrogator says, "Parlez-vous francais?" The board gives a jump and the disk slides over to "yes" "Puis-je demander le question en francais?" Slowly, but unmistakably the board spells out "bien sur." "Ou arrive-je au fin de ma vie" As though cogitating the disk remains motionless for a moment and then heads for the "F". After another hesitation it starts towards the "R". Just then the figure lets go of the stick and shouts "Aiese, I'd rather not know — take it away!" He hands it to the person next to him who says, "I thought it looked pretty harmless. It was only spelling out France or Friends or misspelling Africa. Here, I'm not afraid. I'll try it." He thinks momentarily and then, picking up the stick like a paint brush, says, "What I want to know is, well . . . what is life all about? I mean just what is it that makes people act the way they do? Take a guy like Shakespeare for example. What made him so great? Or even take a guy like Van Gogh . . . I mean I want to be able to feel life and know and experience things the way he did. I love people and life, but I mean I just want to know what you think?" Confused by the battery of questions the board spells out, "you've got me."

Tears of laughter roll into the glass of Schmitz the next figure is drinking. Carefully setting the glass aside for a minute he says, "Here, let me have it. I'll bet I can get it to tell me something . . . Will I be able to pass my German camps without studying?" The board thinks this through and then responds, "30-70" "See, I told you. Now let's try something a little more controversial. Will I have to get married?" Another thoughtful pause and then the board slowly spells out, "It is possible" Delighted with his success and forgetting the leader's warning the Fourth figure says, "Now just one more. Where will Milwaukee end up this year?" The board gives a low groan and jumps so violently that it knocks over the glass of Schmitz.

The magic spell is broken and the four figures are engulfed by the present.

Paul M. Haberland





John R. Schott

Four dark-robed figures are huddled about a small table in the back of an even smaller Parisian cafe. They are seated in such a fashion that they could easily represent the four principal numbers about the face of a clock. However, this is not meant to be taken as an allegory on time. A candle is on the center of the table and four pairs of eyes are fixed intensely on the flame as though it were the Alpha and Omega about to go out.

Suddenly Twelve O'clock takes a silver spoon he's been sucking on out of his mouth and holds it over the flame. It quickly becomes blackened with carbon and he withdraws the spoon to inspect the miracle his imagination and the candle have wrought. He rubs the blackness onto his finger and holds it (his finger) up to the flame—smiling, with a grin that tries very hard to include both ears. He tears briefly at his hair and then throws his hands wildly into the air exclaiming, "My God, I've got it! From whiteness comes black! That explains everything, even your damn foolishness about Christianity!" He looks across the table at Six O'clock who is obviously skeptical, but who conceals his reaction for the proper time by reaching under the table for a silver

trifle pot he always keeps handy and pours himself two fingers of Scotch into a coffee cup. Aware that he is about to speak, the others respectfully refrain from heavy breathing, watching his face for an outward reflection of his inner spirit. Conscious that he has momentarily repelled the candle to the center of attention, Six o'clock takes off his spectacles to clean them so he can see more clearly through the dark glass. Thus primed, he finally begins, "My gosh, it's not all that simple my boy. I mean there's a lot of things you've got to think about before you make up your mind. You might have to spend six or seven years thinking it over. Don't be hasty, my boy." He quickly reaches under the table for the coffee pot again and this time pours out three fingers. Meanwhile, Three O'clock has been sucking on his finger and now brings it dangerously near to the hot flame. With a quick motion, he passes his finger through the flame several times and then without flinching he daringly holds his finger steadily in the center of the white light. It apparently doesn't hurt for he smiles at his baffled companions who try to pull his hand away. He tries to calm them by eagerly and lucidly explaining the phenomenon, "It's really very simple, I don't see why you're all so surprised. The amazing thing is if heat is radiated by the inverse square law how could the coolest part of the flame be at the center . . . My God, look at these whites . . . that's really something." Nine O'clock rubs his cigarette into an ashtray and blows some smoke across the table at the candle. The flame wavers dangerously near to extinction and the other three simultaneously yell at him to be careful. He reaches out his hand as though to grab a bunch of grapes. "Yea, look, you guys, what . . . what . . ." He struggles inwardly over alternative words. The struggle is reflected in his face in a moderate friendly grimace) what difference does it really make if the flame goes out. It's just any old light and I can arrange to have it relighted. I mean, for Christ's sake, it's just sitting there in the middle of the table. But there are three things I'd like to ask about its nature: a) if you're going to say . . ." but here Nine O'clock is suddenly seized with a fit of coughing as though choking on something. In the midst of the coughing he blows the candle out and the four are engulfed by the darkness.

Joel M. Levin

Murray T. Charlson

James Peter Moloney

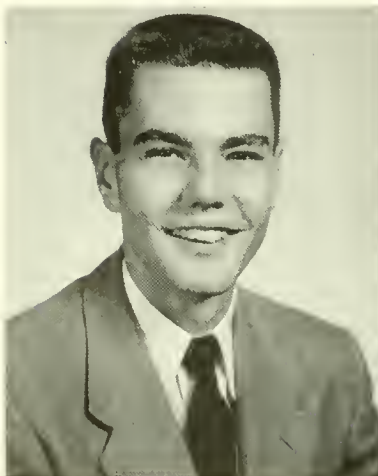




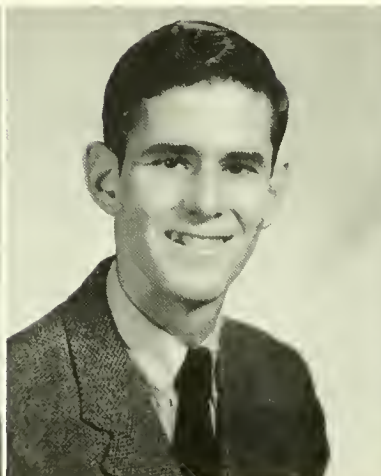
Clive Coroneos

Well anyway honey,, we finally got to this party, and there were four guys sitting around so we just plumped down as pretty as you please. They didn't pay much attention to us so we just listened to them talk. One of them was named Don, or Smokey, I never could tell which, and he looked as if he were real mad at something and frowning all the time but I found out that he wasn't really angry. He just looked that way. And sometimes he talked real loud but when I went over to sit near him he started talking about Suzy, so I looked around to see what I could see. Another one they called Clive, or sometimes a word I didn't understand too well, and he talked with the nicest accent and I really liked him a lot. He had such curly hair. And when I looked at him not obvious, but you know, he began to smile at me and his voice got husky and I said to myself "This is going to be a good party," but then someone asked him about his wife. I didn't get mad or anything, but I sure was disappointed. The one who was giving the party was named Lorenzo. I had to laugh at that, and I told him that it reminded me of Lorenzo Jones on the radio, and everytime the party was quiet I asked him where his wife Bell was but he didn't get it or something. He had the cutest southern accent but he talked about parties and "booze" an awful lot, so I didn't think he was so nice after a while. The most interesting one there was named John Bernstein. At first I was shocked because he didn't even try to clean up his lanugage and he talked in such an awful way about religion and war and the president, and I could hardly believe that he could talk like he did without something happening to him. But after awhile, I began to realize that he was just a kid at heart, because no one really listened to him and I don't think he did either, because when he was saying some really awful things about the country, he got up and put his left foot in his left hand (while he was standing there, mind you) and started hopping all around the room just like a little boy. I said to myself while I sat there watching him do it that people saying and doing things like that should make us all think.

Donald O. Stover



John Bernstein



Lorenzo W. Milom





Charles S. Mack

Douglas W. Meeker

David L. Wilcox

Dave Willcox and Charlie Mack are, for a change, arguing politics. Doug Meeker is mediating.

Mack: No, Willcox, I can never buy that view of the Republicans. For one thing, they practically ruined our chances of having a good president with their 22nd Amendment, their party machine in such places as Philadelphia, Trenton, and St. Paul is corrupt and weak, and their Eisenhower is a patient, slow, and moronic stupe. As I was telling Cadbury as I went in to talk about my average . . .

Meeker: How. You should have seen . . .

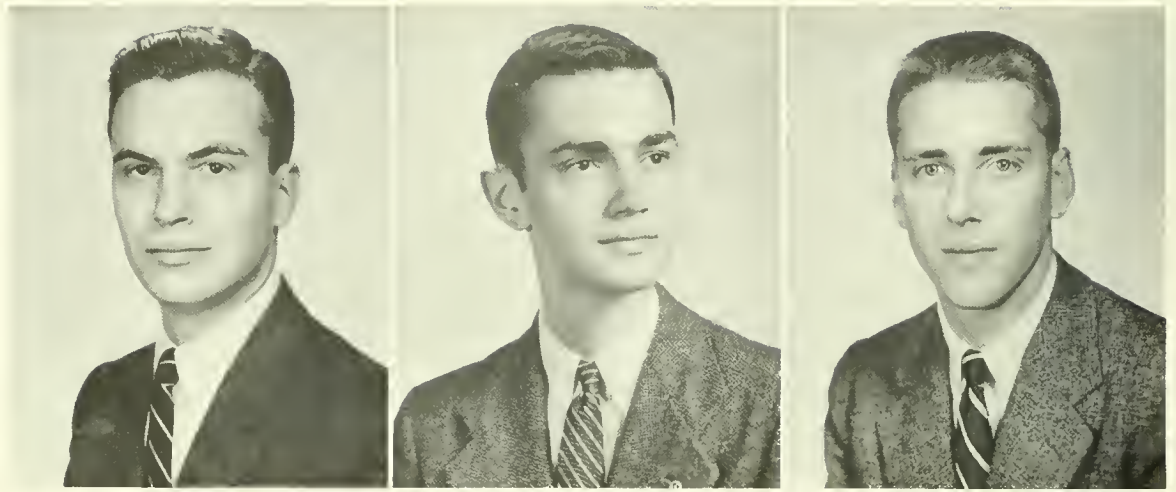
Willcox: How can you be so stupid, Mack. The Republicans have given this country its best prosperity in twenty-five years. If your dictator-minded Roosevelt hadn't bungled the war-time economy, all the investors should have made a neat little lump of financial gain, but instead, by bogging us down in lend-lease, I think that he and his stooge Truman carried us almost to the brink of depression. I know Eisenhower "can" and "will" . . .

Meeker: Yuh. Y'know, I had a feeling . . . Mack. My aching back, Willcox. The entire Truman administration was concerned with balancing the war-time spending and as efficiently as possible getting us into a post-war peace-time economy. The only inefficiency came through the idiotic Republican congress that killed all his good bills. As for Eisenhower's ridiculous . . .

Meeker: Ha-ha. Yeah. I think, for myself . . .

Willcox: I think your fool democrats will try to get us in war as soon as the economy begins to flop a bit. Let's go eat.

Mack: As I was telling Cadbury when I went to show him my averages for his last marking session . . . (They depart, leaving Meeker smiling, gesticulating wildly to himself.)



E. Reed Wilbur

Erik B. Mezger

Paul R. Haviland, Jr.

The three gentlemen in this group room together in 203 Leeds for reasons unknown to each other or to the room priority system. The room itself was decorated in one burst of activity at the beginning of the fall with early American drinking apparatus, assorted basketry, and various curios of travel, track, and past glories (soldiers, dead and model). The room patriarch, Reed Wilbur, a steady-going engineering major with a "Rosie" future, had an ever increasing practice as psychiatrist to his roommates' woes as a result of sallies to Bryn Mawr and other regions of the outside world. The comic relief from staid cares was Binny, with his routines and expressions of delight or dismay in a manner completely original to anything—including this world. The efficiency front, whose office the room became, was Mezger, who took himself so seriously that he accomplished very little, but saw and talked with a sufficient number of people to make life worthwhile. Each contributed to and detracted from the progress through the senior year as an individual; Reed as a studied cynic and provider of the Red Plague; Binny as college cheerleader (unmatchable), director of a much publicized Kazoo Corps and friend to the Rhinies; Mezger as chief legman for events musical, social, dealer with the comptroller, and representative for South German particularism

Week ends were the time for the greatest "togetherness" (in a social sense, not a psychological one). Study date Friday nights, Saturday afternoon games, followed by impromptu gatherings around tall glasses and soccer team 'ice; supper for Reed at Railroad Avenue, for Binny and Erik at Founders; the dance or the flicks, after which would be "the party." Parties varied from a little beer from Tenth, through a Haviland-led sour hour, to an affair at Mezger's. Dates came from points north (Holyoke) or west (BMC) with amazing regularity. Nobody got up for Sunday breakfasts.

For each there was a cause—misguided or guided with some effort. Reed had marriage, business, and the enlightenment of unfortunates, Binny had the good life, the Inner Light, and his health, and Erik had the perfect woman, the perfect machine, and the existence through the double standard. Reed concentrated on his engineering problems and non-supporting problems with one other interest, Binny upon his sports, his status, and the compromising of Quakerism and liberty, along with many other interests, and Erik upon anything which struck his fancy, general information and one interest plus other interests. The future is fortunately unpredictable.

Liberte, egalitie, fraternite - the revolutionaries of yesterday, the conservatives of today. These four were born too late to be revolutionaries and are perhaps as typical of Haverford men as are to be found. Clean cut, active socially, active extra-curricularly, active (but not too active) academically.

In a sense they used Haverford as Haverford has no right to be used — as a means and not as an end in itself. Mike, Bill, Skip and Dick — each came to get a med school acceptance via the liberal arts route and each succeeded in that goal.

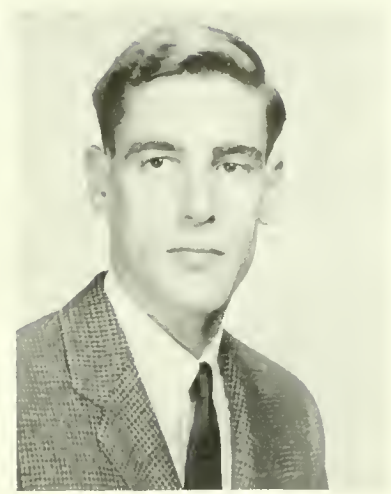
That they should be grouped together is something of an anomaly, for with one exception the four were never roommates. Early in their college careers, however, they established a sort of fraternal rapport that lasted even through Bills' migration to Leeds in his senior year.

Skipper and Dick managed to merge, in their senior year, two lives of a sort of studied cultivated leisure (TV set, of course).

Mike, despite a sort of foggy aura that surrounded him, managed to head the class of '57 in his junior and senior years and greet each morning with his own effervescent rendition of Jamaica Farewell: I left a little girl in Tarrytown. Between bouts with a bad arm he also displayed beautiful coordination on tennis court and basketball floor.

Although the four were not inclined to be brilliant students their academic interests were diversified. Mike and Bill chose the chemistry route, but the gentlemen of leisure went the distance via bib lit (Skip) and economics (Dick).

Dick pursued (subtly, of course) several young lovelies as an undergraduate while Skip let the



Richard C. Rehmeier

femmes pursue him. Skipper also managed to get uninjured often enough to play some fine football for Haverford, and he at one time was considering dividing his time between playing for the Packers and delivering babies for Reserve (Reserve won in the end).

Bill struggled for three years to find a mature phrase for "be a daddy to the Rhinies" and instituted in his senior year a bureaucratic big brother system with an infallible checking mechanism that backfired.

Summing up: They gave to Haverford, but could have given more for what they got. They will, however, be among the staunchest of alumni supporters much to the chagrin of liberal faculty members, vintage 1985.

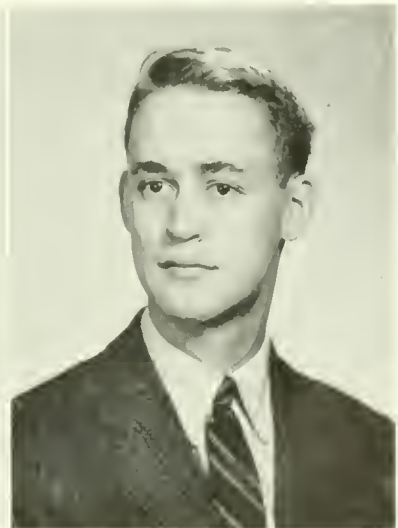
Michael M. Heeg



Blaine L. Block



William L. Newmeyer



The bull-session was a finely developed art in 202 Leeds. It usually centered around a teapot in Bill Yost's room.

It was for tea that Dick Graff would desert his well-ordered existence to be unconstructively sociable. He brought with him an encyclopedic knowledge of chemistry, Freudian psychology and sports; his harp and salty tongue could be confused only by pressing him about the contents of his latest letter to Duke. It was suspected that not all of these epistles went to the Dean of the Medical School.

Hunter, rosy and alert after his third shower of the day, would begin relating "Doodles Weaver" stories and other hilarious episodes from his life on the West Coast. For "night-Al" this late evening break was only morning coffee since he lived on what might be described as Japanese standard time. He was often absent for long telephone calls to Washington, D. C.

Herb wouldn't stop planning his trip to Europe; he would just seek advice from Yost and Groff, who always informed him that he couldn't possibly make it on ninety-eight cents a day. It was then that Herb would consider taking on five coaching jobs instead of his usual three. Al, however, would advise him to take advantage of a Leeds suite and use it to get in over at Bryn Mawr. He did both.

"Selyn" Yost presided over the teapot. As a good host he would clear the problems of the moment from his floor, his bed and his dresser and dump them on one of his desks. Depending on the time of the year these problems could have been the Suez crisis, his project paper, or "The Record"—



Allen A. Hunter, Jr.

perhaps even choosing a tie for the next morning. Whatever the situation, it was cataclysmic.

It was at one of these sessions that the infamous plot to deck the Library with a "Beat Haverford" sign was dared into existence, just before Swarthmore Weekend. After a harrowing midnight climb on the library roof, the sign was torn down by a conscientious sophomore before it saw the light of day.

It was here that the election was predicted, the phone bills argued out, the college Administration's policies reviewed, and the latest issue of "Ployboy" reviewed.

As a money-saving device, our get-togethers constituted the proverbial rat hole; as a pick-me-up, the tea device was a total failure; but as a catalyst for a yearbook write-up, it's a lulu, isn't it?

William A. Yost III

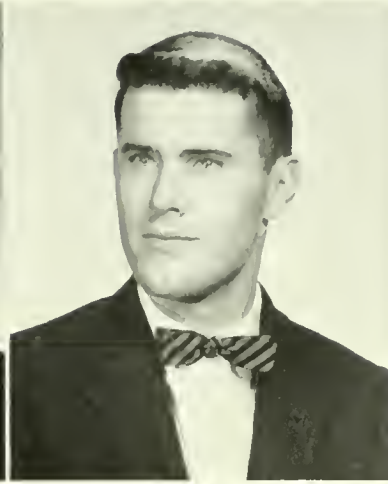
Herbert H. Long III

Diller B. Groff





James N. Whitney



Michael B. Donham



Robert W. Noyes

Dear Mr. MacIntosh.

My boy wants to go to Haverford, but through four seniors who are my only contact with the college, I have heard some shocking things about the education up there. If what they say is true, my boy is going somewhere else.

In the first place, these so-called students, Mike Donham, Bob Noyes, Harry Thomas, and Jim Whitney, haven't learned any real facts: they claim that instead they've been taught to think at college. Mr. MacIntosh, you and I both realize that one can trust only facts and that original thought is a dangerous influence which has no place in our society.

In the second place, what kind of a life have they been leading? They've lived together for three years in a Lloyd suite they call "Wunderkinder-garten," in which they have such luxuries as a piano, a cuckoo clock, an e.b., and even the original Jarvis Pugh trophy, to say nothing of heathen decorations on the walls. And do you know what they do? They say, and I do hope they're joking, that they divide their time evenly between extra-curricular activities and loafing (though they call it "social life"). College ought to be spartan and drudgy; they've been using their imagination: blockhead, johnsquash, 243, and above all, bridge. Only Harry and Bob were infected originally, but now they've all got it; it's really disastrous, for they don't even have to go out of the room for a fourth (or a fifth, for that matter).

And what about their activities? Why, they are allowed to overrun the various musical organizations, they are "briefs," for they have won the minor letters in such dangerous sports as cricket and sailing, and they are on soccer and volleyball intramural teams. This is no way to learn a trade!

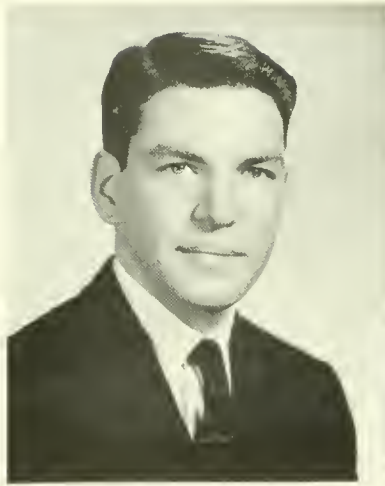
I would like some clarification or denial, Mr. MacIntosh, for it seems to me that Haverford may be subverting our youth!

Sincerely,

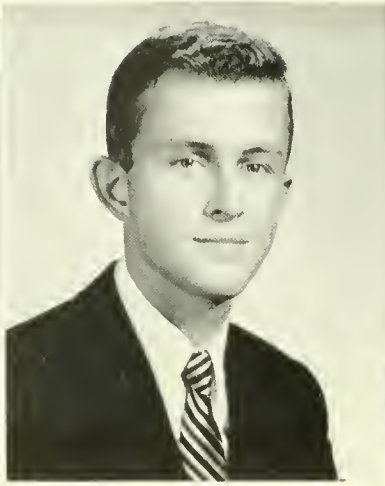
Disgusted

Henry M. Thomas





Gail E. Chandler



Robert B. Price, Jr.



Paul R. Allen, Jr.

The peculiar blend of Yankee energy, Southern hospitality and cosmopolite respectability that adorns this page brings together three persons as dissimilar in temper as they are similar in their taste for the better things in life.

Paul's Puritan heritage and security in his chosen beliefs and dedication to the business world are balanced by his occasional trips to Boston, Cleveland, Washington, Poughkeepsie, or anywhere, just to get away for awhile, and by his frequent desire to 'let loose'. Paul renounced the grosser elements of Haverford by the beginning of his Sophomore year and has been living in sober hermitage ever since but at times astounding his neighbors with the 'dolls' that he suddenly turns up escorting on occasional week ends

Bill in his time has played many parts. Of Southern origin and an English veneer and with a superficial knowledge of New York, his interests are varied. As a matter of fact, you are never sure what he will do next, but whatever it is he carries it off with aplomb. At the end of his Sophomore year he forsook English and Bryn Mawr and embraced philosophy and Madeleine. A year later he forsook the former and became engaged to the latter. He finished up by exploring Political Science, hoping that his varied career would give him a well-rounded education, and hoping that a well-rounded education was a good thing. Bill is an enigma. He was also elected to the Founders Club.

Bob brought to Haverford a devotion to Southern tradition and gracious living, and a knack of remaining himself throughout his college career. He remained immune to the proselytizing metaphysicians and humanitarians, preferring his own deep rooted security in the traditions of family and friends down home. Although he is occasionally teased by his neighbors as being 'Little Bobby Price, up from West Virginia,' he is universally respected. Amidst the amorphous meanderings of humanitarian Haverford Bob is an enigma. He also keeps the cleanest car on campus.

William W. Moss III





William D. Warde

Four years have witnessed, amid changing perspectives, an unending battle between Protestantism, Anglo-Catholicism and liberal and conservative politics. How such an unlikely combination ever managed to enclose itself between the same four walls no one will ever know.

It is practically impossible to pass through the entrance to first entry Lloyd without becoming aware of Bill's presence. He sings Kyries and Gregorian chants from the moment he steps out of bed in the morning until he puts away the last Latin book at night. A good many visitors have stumbled out of the room looking for all the world as if they were suffering from alcoholitis, when in reality their affliction was more akin to an ecclesiastical version of shell shock.

Steve is sort of the mediating influence between the Catholic and Protestant factions since he generally travels the middle of the road on all controversial issues. Nevertheless, he has dropped his political reserve on several occasions to venture the opinion that, "all 'sky pilots' are hypocrites." After four years of arguing the moral versus the expedient in governmental policies, he certainly is entitled to his opinion.

Tom is the Protestant par excellence. He came to the campus a fundamentalist Presbyterian and leaves it as a liberal Methodist with sociological leanings. His four years at Haverford have consisted of constant offensive and defensive maneuvers against a certain faction in the sociology department, anxious waits for "fan mail" from home, and regular week end trips to the source of his lighter (?) reading material.

After a futile battle with chemistry ("I took the course twice because the smells fascinated me") Larry wandered into the psychology department to get rid of his science requirements. After three years of psychology, during which the science requirement was more than fulfilled, he is still puzzled over the differential motivational effects of the Inner Light and the Freudian libido. Yes, seminary should be interesting.

Edward S. Fairfield

Thomas A. Cooper

Lawrence C. Ferguson





John G. Cope

Anyone trying to make sense out of the crew in 204 Leeds was immediately confronted with the problem of the One and the Many. Akira, when not relaxing to the strains of the tubercular cough of La Boheme, was usually busy drumming up trade for the International Club or else on his way over to a Bryn Mawr class. His embarrassment at having so much free time in the absence of MacCaffrey courses caused him no end of anguish. Ben gave up kayaking and track early in his career for the equally strenuous disciplines of Plotinus, Quant lab, Italian art, three study dates a week, and the ideal of eight hours' sleep a night. John managed to survive the Great Salt Lake Woman Crisis and was able to turn his thoughts to other

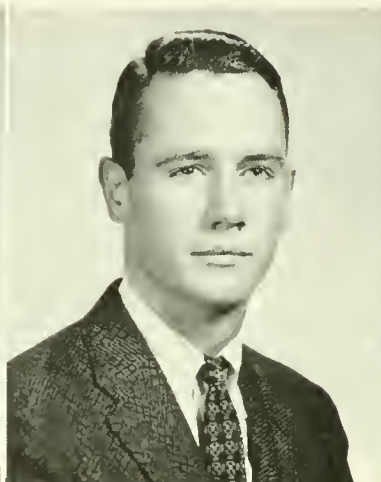
things, such as Goethe's "Faust" and the remote possibility of making the tennis team at long last. His noisy attempts at learning to play his steel-band drum (carted all the way up from Trinidad) were rarely appreciated by the other three. Bill accomplished the superhuman task of arising every morning at 7:00 o'clock in order to open the library. Vacillating between dejection and elation in his opinion as to the efficacy of philosophy in explaining life's mysteries, he found a strange, pseudo-masochistic delight in transcending to the realm of the Diesel. These were the aspects of the "Many."

Contributing to the all-unifying "One" Bryn Mawr College provided both academic and other stimuli, and Ben's grey '53 Ford could be seen shuttling back and forth between the two institutions every day. The frequent Hart-built fires in the 204 fireplace served to melt the prevailing particularism of the suite, as did ping-pong, the suite's favorite means of sublimating cultural instinct. It was through these activities that the four sought to solve the perennial question: the One — one "what?"; the Many — many "what?"

William D. Stine



Benson H. Hart



Akira Iriye





John G. Wallace



Louis R. Matlack



Rollard R. Henderson

The first time I saw John he was hurrying busily across campus with a number of manila folders under his arm. He had a way of swinging his free hand and nodding his head at everyone he passed that gave one the impression he was carrying a folder marked, "Top Secret. Rush Delivery." It sort of reminded me of a trick I used in prep school to avoid being prepped by the upperclassmen. For three days I shuttled back and forth between the administration buildings and my dormitory carrying an important looking bundle of carefully wrapped scrap paper and with "urgent" stenciled across my brow. I was never stopped and I never did any work.

The first time I met John was over a very fine martini in his room. I was quite impressed for he hardly knew me. But he was always like that — very generous with his father's money. As I got to know him better, I found he was also very generous with his time — especially if it gave him reason to procrastinate an over-due paper.

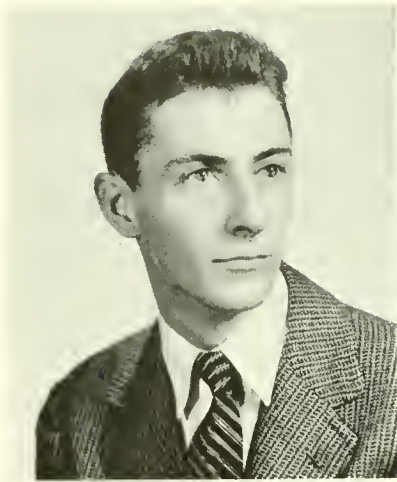
Despite the speculations and forebodings to the contrary, John triumphantly weathered the lonely mid-winter comprehensives and announced he had decided to cut the umbilical chord in favor of a career in banking.

It was our first year when we were all freshmen and I remember Rollard Henderson was living on 3rd floor south in Barclay. We never saw too much of Rol that year for he was always giving Akira a little help with the English words that he couldn't find in the dictionary. Or else he was brewing up a pot of Japanese tea and seaweed. No one suspected that cultivating a taste for seaweed would ever pay off to an Iowa farm boy, but after an unsuccessful dip into campus politics his sophomore year, Rol decided to take refuge in Japan for the

summer with the Friends Service Committee. It seemed that one thing lead to another, for it was on a week end work camp with the Friends that Rol first caught sight of Janet Hetzel, waving a paint brush. He offered her a ride home and she said, "Come on my house, I want you to meet my daddy." There were all sorts of scandalous accusations when Rol announced his engagement and major on the same day — as a result Rol and Janet have made plans to skip the country for a few years with the AFSC once again until things cool down a bit.

It's a difficult position to be an elected leader of a freshman class. Understandably, there is seldom a sound criterion for voting when a week-old class is trying to organize itself against the sophomores. And yet one member of the class is inevitably placed in the limelight. More often than not, his public life is ephemeral. However, Lou never lost the favor of either his class or the student body in four years of singularly non political activities in student government. And as consistent with his council activities was his success in soccer, cricket and chemistry.

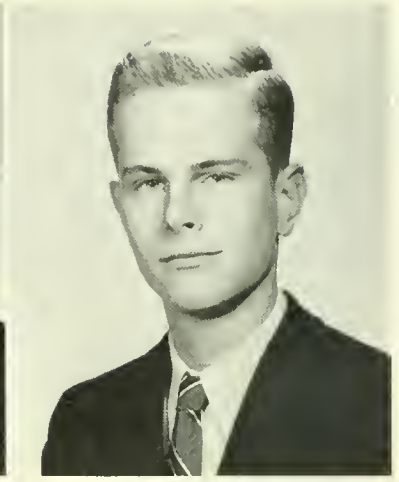
Perhaps the one success which came unsuspectingly for those who were unfamiliar with the nature of Lou's prolonged week end absences was his fourth year marriage to Alice. However, for her own part, Alice was as consistently absent from Goucher. In fact, she became so familiar a sight in the dining room that some wondered whether anything had substantially changed when she finally abandoned commuting to take up residence with Lou. Anyway, there are other things to wonder about, now that an addition is arriving. For instance, how is a graduate chemist going to support three hungry mouths?



William B. Tyson



Richard V. Wagner



Ralph C. Sanson, Jr.

Once again spring is near at hand, and once again four total strangers have been called upon to write about the good times they have had together at Haverford, for The Record.

There are long silences, and brief attempts at initiating conversation, thus: Sanson: "Well . . ." All: "Yeah? . . ." Barr: "That is . . ." Tyson: "Well, why not?" All: Humm!?!"

In the desperate attempt to discover a common meeting ground the following facts come out: All smoke, but four different brands.¹ All have majors, but in four different fields.² All come from the U.S., but from four different states.³ All have thought about sex within the past week.⁴ All take

off their shoes before going to bed.⁵ All have dated from Bryn Mawr,⁶ but with a different number of girls.⁷ All get mail.⁸ All swear occasionally.⁹ All satisfy oral needs.¹⁰ All drive cars.¹¹ All have favorite singers.¹² All have favorite books.¹³ All own toothbrushes.¹⁴ All think Bing should be disposed of.¹⁵

¹ Camels, Pall Mails, Luckies, TysonMs.

² French; Psych, Spanish, Sac

³ Maryland, New Hampshire, Ohio, the Virgin Islands

⁴ 6 days ago, 3 days ago, yesterday and five minutes ago

⁵ Left first, right first, both together; all three at once.

⁶ Wyndham, Rhoads; Rock and Merion.

⁷ 1, 15, 39½, 269

⁸ From Mother, pen-pal, mistress; Aldo.

⁹ Darn, Goshgally, Hicksite!, "\$@\$@% !!!!"

¹⁰ Smoking and beer; talking and tea; thumb and milk; gum and Sal Hepatica

¹¹ Black '31 Ford, two-tone '51 Anglia, yellow '53 Chevy; green '47 Plymouth

¹² Renata Tebaldi; Eddy Arnold; Elvis Presley; Katowitz

¹³ Don Quixote, Kitty Foyle, Playboy; The Power of Positive Thinking

¹⁴ Pepsodent, Squibb, Dr. West's, Sherwin-Williams.

¹⁵ By arsenic, by Dispose-all, by Ninth entry, by locking him in a closet to scare the moths

Mason Barr, Jr.



A drudge in the Biology department once claimed that an entire culture of "Aero bacter aerogenes" gave up the ghost when Ed Pine looked at them through a microscope. Not to be outwitted, Ed has posed a threat to all biologists by planning to make it his life's work. Besides bacillo, Ed tends to find people every now-and-then, but has handily worked out a solution to this human problem. If the source of irritation is a friend, he sits on them: this serves as a cathartic to the offender. If the source of trouble is a woman, Ed plays the guitar: this serves as a cathartic to his roommates. If the source of trouble is a cathartic, Ed plays.

Bob Lindeman was once a member of the Lonely 211 Club, but due to administration apathy and a duodenal ulcer, he became a premed student. He found that "Treponema pallidum" is more enjoyable than any bottle, and to clinch this decision, he applied to Temple Medical school. The AMA was galvanized to action. Telegrams were sent. Meetings were held. But no action could avail: Bob was determined to be a doctor. In desperation, the administration was asked to dispense with his graduation, but at last report they had replied that they have enough troubles of their own, thank you.

Early in his college career, Peter Panken told the political science department that he would be theirs. Immediately, to every lip arose, among other things, the question of who would be more profoundly changed by this union. Could New York politics be solved in the department framework? Would Tammany and Aristotle be compatible? Could Platonic Truth come to the Fifth Ward? The answer to these questions was not long in forthcoming.

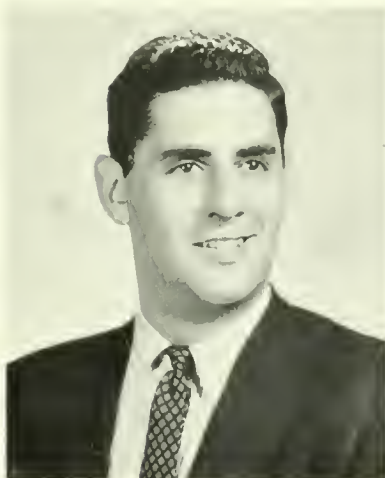
Peter spent half of his junior year in Washington. The president and congress protested mildly, but neither seems to have been affected permanently by this novel state of affairs. Peter, on the other hand, claims to have been kicked out of some of the plushiest offices in the capitol.

As for the future, both Washington and New York have expressed an interest in seeing Peter get a scholarship to Indonesia. Indonesia continues to muddle along, as usual.

Edward H. Pine

Robert J. Lindeman

Peter M. Panken



Overwhelmed with the prospect of having a yearbook of their very own, several seniors dragged in a creaky band-wagon to put Tony in as editor. Smiling a "Cherubino" smile, girding his withering typewriter, Tony dropped the opinion that this would be the last time that Haverford would elect "him" to be their yearbook chief. Time will probably prove this well taken.

Another pen-head well taken is Lauro. He is so taken with the school that he plans another year here, and even more if he plays his majors right. He claims his permanent tenure is the result of his thoughtful family keeping him cut of White Plains so he won't scare the neighbors. His shaken neighbors confirm this.

Ken has no neighbors. Ken builds tents in his Leeds living-room. Ken's roommates get dangled in the cords and flaps and hate Ken and his damn Daniel Boone Complex. Ken makes amends by running up 800 toll units a month in calls to Swarthmore Bell Telephone, in a recent manager's meeting, has suggested that Ken postpone his wedding for five or six years to assure their solvency.

Chuck takes showers. Whenever Chuck's roommates see him fully clothed, they ask each other who in hell "that" guy is. Sometimes Chuck doesn't take showers. At those times, he rests to prepare for the next one. Once Tony asked Chuck what he would do if he were caught on the Sahara for a month. Chuck looked at Tony for a long minute and then told him that yearbook editors seem to tend towards fatness.

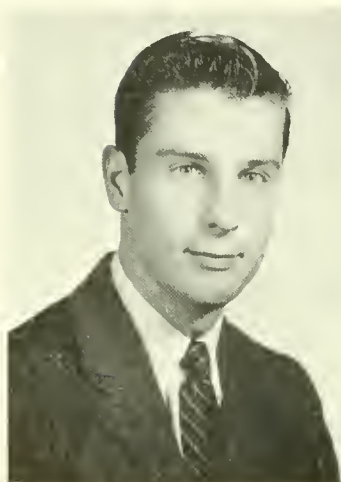


Anthony G. Bing

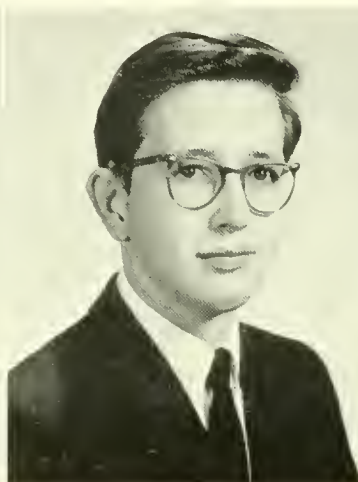
The thing which brought these four really together was the one car which the room shared, and the search for the keys which Tony was always losing. Fortunately many times the problem of who was to drive was solved by having the car repaired, incapacitating all. They played a little game all year to see who could leave the least amount of gas in the car for the next driver, a race usually won by Bing, whose victim was always Ken. Ken would always get about half way to Swarthmore, wishing at all times for a jeep rather than the old Ford.

The last great uniting factor was their living room, the ark of the covenant for the sacred yearbook, Charlie's beer bottles, Lauro's rejections from publishers, Ken's books, and Tony's clothes. It was cleaned fourteen times in 1957.

Charles S. Winans



Kenneth R. Calkins



Lauro DeB. Halstead



SENIOR

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Var Der Hohe, Germany
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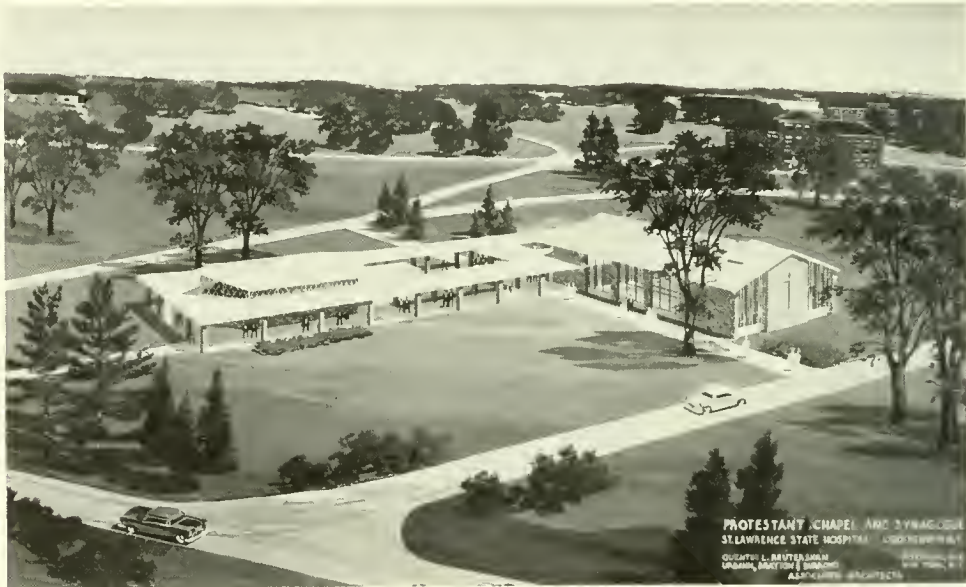
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