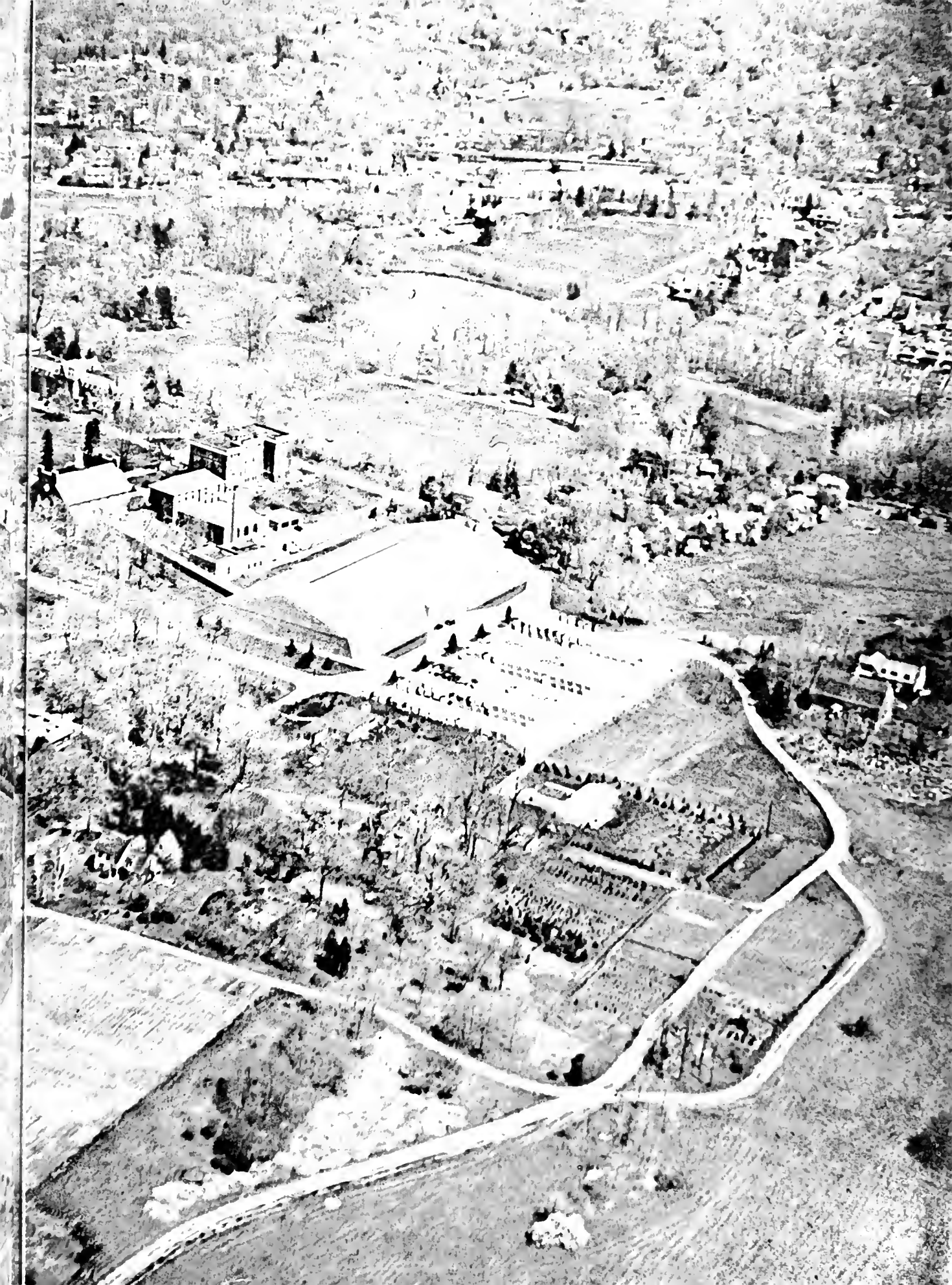


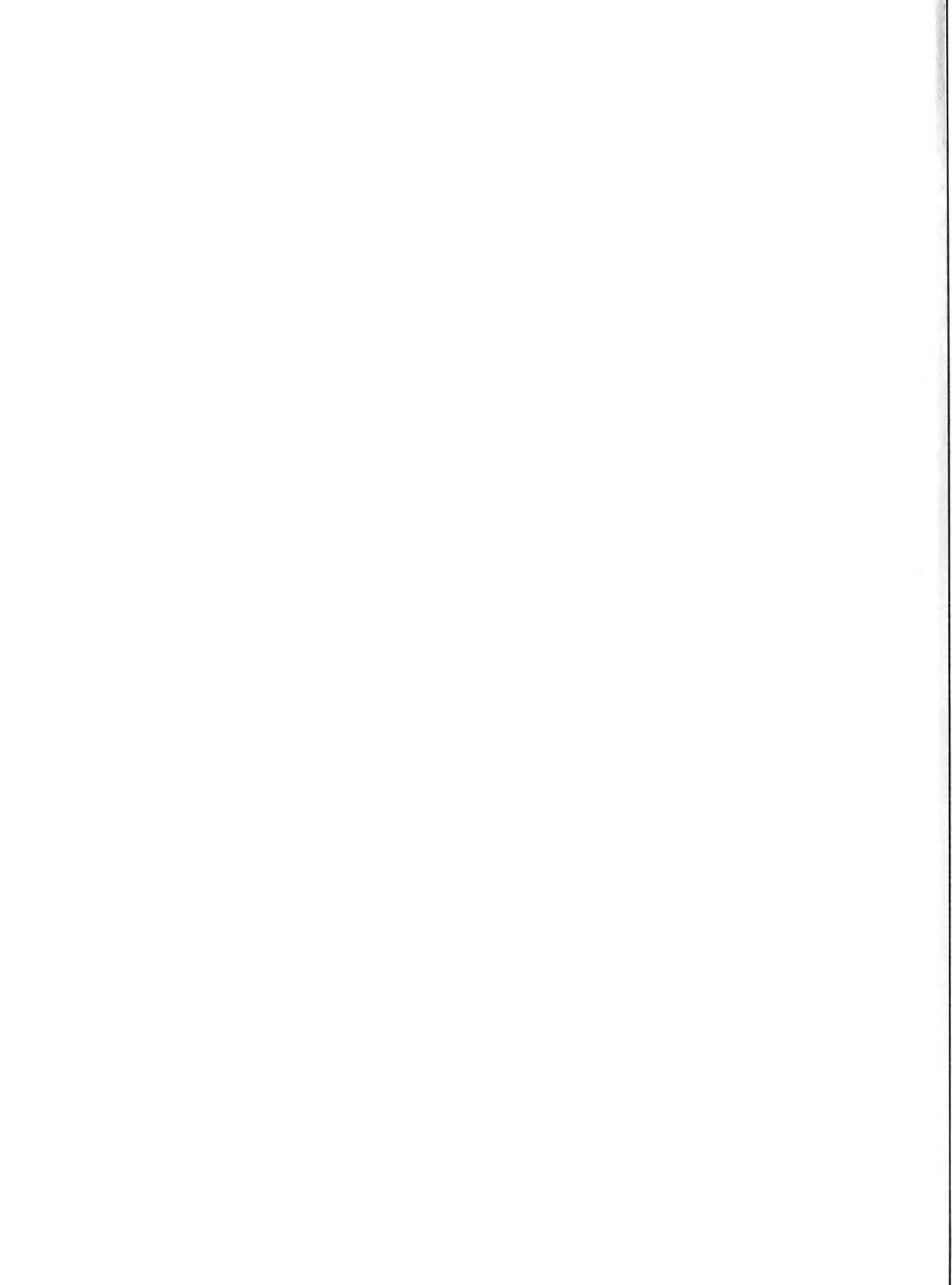


Record

'59







Near a line of elms and maples
Shading downward from the gate,
There's our college home a-resting,
There the ghosts of memory wait. . . .





'59



Record



Published by

THE SENIOR CLASS OF

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

HAVERFORD, PENNSYLVANIA

JOEL R. LOWENTHAL

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FOREWORD

Careful calculations indicate that over five thousand man-hours of work have gone into the '59 *Record*. Whether these hours were spent as efficiently as they might have been the editors seriously doubt. Whether they have produced "the best yearbook ever" we leave to our readers. The editors do hope, though, that out of the many moments of panic, missed deadlines, and "fatal" errors, there has emerged a new type of *Record* arising from a new concept in yearbook production.

Haverford annuals are traditionally produced in one-year stands by a resigned, apathetic group of seniors. This year's editors attempted to expand the book into something more than a senior class obligation. The fact that the staff was comprised largely of underclassmen, that the '59 *Record* includes the writing of almost two hundred students, and that even several Faculty members made valuable contributions seem to be favorable signs of a change in the quality and character of the *Record*.

When it came time to pick a theme for the book, we found nothing typically Haverford readily available for exploitation. Bryn Mawr had its "Peanuts" cartoon strips, and we might have used "Pogo," but we preferred, instead, a book based on thorough organization, extensive coverage, and humorous, non-annihilating writing. As for the latter, the editors did not think it necessary to wage a one-sided cold war against the Administration, Faculty, and Business Office. We do not deny that there is room for improvement. But we have tried to make our point mercifully.

Although this page appears at the beginning of the *Record*, it is actually the last bit of copy to go to the printer. And so it is written at a time when the editor would like to thank the staff for their many hours of writing copy, taking pictures, and selling ads; the Students' Council for deeming us worthy of the Edmund Jennings Lee Prize as the "organization which has contributed most toward the furtherance of academic pursuits, extracurricular activities, or college spirit during the year"; and above all, John Coulthurst, business manager *extraordinaire*, who first made the book possible financially and then devoted an infinite amount of time to help the editor finish *his* half of the job. . . .

The last four years have passed quickly, and what once seemed to lie in the distant future is now only part of the fading past. Although many seniors are anxious to "move on" and a few claim immunity to any future sentimental attachment to Haverford, the editors think that some day even the hardest hearts will soften. For this reason, the 1959 *Record*, we hope, will help keep alive in its pages for those who are leaving now, as well as those who must do so in the next few years, some of the unforgettable moments in our undergraduate life at Haverford.

J. R. L.





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ALDO CASELLI

The editors are happy to dedicate the 1959 *Record* to Aldo Caselli, a gentleman whose job is not always a pleasant one, but whose approach to his work is thoughtful, thorough, efficient, and dedicated to the welfare of Haverford College.

The fact that the name Caselli is on every campus tongue and that all paths at Haverford seem to lead to the Comptroller's office in Whitall testifies to the effectiveness of Mr. Caselli's administration. His achievements since his arrival at the College in 1944 have been truly praiseworthy: Haverford's annual financial report has been transformed into perpetual black; extensive renovations and repairs have been made in various campus buildings; and dormitory rooms are now cleaned more frequently than the Friday afternoons of big weekends.

Nor has Mr. Caselli's financial wizardry been his only contribution to Haverford. His broad knowledge of music has been shared with students in his well-attended and well-received course on Italian opera. Mr. Caselli is obviously not a mere ambulatory adding machine: his is a cultured, intelligent, outgoing personality. Such vigor and definition of opinion cannot but engender comment and criticism. Suffice it to say that Mr. Caselli is sensitive to the inevitable current of opinion about him and his dynamic policies.

To Aldo Caselli, who performs an often thankless task capably and devotedly, we respectfully dedicate this *Record*. We commend the man who is rapidly becoming a legend.

IN MEMORIAM



RICHARD M. BERNHEIMER



CHARLES E. MAYER



ALBERT H. WILSON

The Class of 1959 pauses in its *Record* to pay particular tribute to Richard Bernheimer, a man whose name has all but become synonymous with the history of art courses at Haverford. All who knew him miss the familiar sight of his gigantic frame moving across campus towards Hilles with the invariable box of slides under his arm. Richard Bernheimer's jovial face and tremendous optimism never once revealed the many hectic years in his life, which spanned three nations and two continents. As a man and as a scholar he continues to hold our greatest admiration.

Charles Mayer's death last fall abruptly ended thirty-three years of intense activity. Coming to Haverford only two years ago, his enthusiastic and lively lectures kindled strong student interest in his field of neurological determinants of behavior. Behind his firm and persistent devotion to a rigorous positivistic philosophy was a rare sensitivity to the currents of feeling that surrounded him. Possessing a remarkably high sense of duty, he lived with faith and died with a firm hope for the future. Because of an active teaching and research life, Haverford did not know "Charlie" well. Too few of us knew the full measure of his sensitivity and integrity.

Although Albert Wilson had retired in 1939, he remained at Haverford almost until his death. This grand old man of the mathematics department devoted much time to the extensive tutoring of troubled students, and his patience with confused minds was infinite. Quiet and unassuming, he often made anonymous contributions to students in financial difficulty—typical of his devotion to the College for almost half a century. His existence was an expression of his love of people, and the numerous recipients of his kind deeds mourn the loss of this great man.

The College was saddened in March by the death of John Kelly, professor emeritus of German. Because Mr. Kelly was teaching at the time of his death and was so much a part of our academic year, the editors thought it most fitting to include him with the German faculty rather than on this page.

ADMINISTRATION AND FACULTY . .

ROBERTS HALL



Each fall, one hundred twenty-five simple, optimistic youth pass down College Lane into the waiting arms of Haverford's teachers and administrators. About four months short of four years later, approximately one hundred thinking individuals and callous realists emerge. Unlimited energy, a myriad of lectures, and an infinite number of hour exams have been plied by the Faculty to produce the thinking individuals, while the callous realists result from an equal amount of energy, omnipresent charges, and endless cut probation emanating from stolid Roberts Hall. Of course, the educational process is not all one-sided. The Class of '59 hopes that the dedicated efforts of its teaching and administering elders will have been repaid in some degree by the satisfaction of a moral victory.

A small group of astronomy students shares with Louis Green the intellectual advantage offered both teacher and pupil by Haverford's high faculty-student ratio.





HUGH BORTON
President

The College community has had ample opportunity to get better acquainted with Hugh Borton in this, his sophomore year as President. After last year's round of inauguration, congratulation, and initiation, Mr. Borton settled down in his (dry) office in Roberts Hall to sink his teeth into the myriad of tasks and problems which continually beset the modern college executive. How well he succeeded is difficult to pinpoint. His policies were criticized for lack of . . . policy! But as the year wore on, critics were forced to admit that some of their criticism was unfounded; there was even deserved praise for his stand on loyalty oaths for government fellowships.

Having not yet shed all vestiges of his days at Columbia, Mr. Borton also teaches a course in East Asian Studies. Every Wednesday afternoon, he leaves his sanctuary in Roberts to meet the Haverford animal face to face across the seminar table in Chase 1.

Students who take his course find that the austere prexy has a fluent teaching method, a shy wit, and a knack for making the intrigues of the Tokugawa *shoguns* extremely vivid. Pictures of mixed bathing in Japanese watering places add life to the academic mood, and Mr. Borton's deadpan rendition of an inane Chinese play is a high spot of the course. Four Oriental Bryn Mawr girls help create atmosphere and blushing serve as examples for illustrating complex sociological problems. ("All Chinese fathers want boy babies. Now, with all due respect to Miss Yen, I'm sure her father was quite disappointed when she was born . . .")

Thus it gradually becomes apparent, as Hugh Borton finishes his second year at Haverford, that he is not like "Uncle Billy" Comfort or Felix Morley or Gilbert White. He is like Hugh Borton.

"Mac is back!" was the joyful cry, and judging from the ovation he received in Collection, Haverford was awfully glad to see its World-Traveller-Vice-President on campus once again.

Archibald MacIntosh, adorned in all his greying, bow-tied, and unassuming superiority, quickly tempered the joy, however, with a glib "I wish I was back in Europe." For he had fallen victim to the smiling hospitality of the Swiss and the alumni-free atmosphere of Matherhorn's summit. Haverford seemed to have lost its charm for Mac. Wonder why.

Perhaps some of the enthusiasm which greeted him was due to student hope for relief from the "academic pressure" which, according to uncountable polls, is the current thorn in the undergraduate side. But he has kept hands off the "professorial tyrants" and is interviewing hundreds of Einstein-like applicants who *thrive* on "academic pressure."

Mac's "gentle" face has given rise to a myth concerning his "fatherly nature." However, reports from drunkards, "downers," and Dining Room rowdies who have had "chats" with him have shattered this impression. He is calm and easy-going, but he means business.

Mac is familiar, perhaps painfully so, with student farces, foibles, and follies. He has been admissions officer for more than a quarter of a century, has acted as president on three occasions, and is head of the College Entrance Examination Board. He knows *all* the answers.



Director of Admissions Archibald MacIntosh learns that two students from Tibet accept scholarships.

At Haverford no one desires to make the Dean's List, though one might think so from the queue in his waiting room. In the shadow of Mrs. Andrews' benignly indifferent face, they sit against the wall, those hollow men, squinting over white cards, scratching heads, abandoning themselves in 1950 issues of the *New Yorker*, or vainly looking for humor in the *Louisiana Summer School Bulletin*.

"Next!" Knees wobble and the sedentary musical chairs go through another shift as the chosen one walks in on the man in tweed. Is the enigmatic smile simply a reaction to a familiar face, or is its owner thinking about the lumpy fete by Brueghel to the right rear? He greets the student by his first name (always grounds for being wary) and takes the pipe from his mouth.

"Say, we haven't had you over for dinner yet, have we?"

As the senior anticipates his last supper, he tries to remember what was said at the last Meeting, hurriedly rehearses old chem formulae, and cooks up a defense for his transcript. Suddenly he discovers that he is unclear about the Dean's last Collection announcement: Was it Friday classes moved to 10 a.m. on June 2, or ten classes moved to the second Friday in June?

Dean William Cadbury, case history in hand, waits for Mrs. Andrews to announce the next supplicant.





For a man with a basement office, Walter Baker evinces a happy countenance. Facing problems of expansion, this Vice-President in Charge of Development is a vital administration figure.



A practical guide at registration time, a comfort to those who pass as well as those who fail, Edytha Carr, Registrar, readies another transcript, changes another course.



The Blue-Men, decked out in sartorial elegance in tidy uniforms and stylish *chapeaux*, take one of their infrequent work-breaks in front of their plush Founders office.



Proudly positioned in front of a map of Rome, Comptroller Aldo Caselli appears to be pondering either his Verdi course or hidden damages in the Barclay Lounge.

Billy Carter and Tom Cavanaugh chuckle fiendishly as they distribute first semester transcripts. Opening their mail den by 8:30 each morning, these men are vital links in innumerable romantic chains.



Forrest Comfort administers a reading-speed test to the cameraman. In his tiny office in Roberts, Mr. Comfort gives both sage advice and remedial reading lessons to all who ask.





Curly-haired development officer Charles Perry plots the latest results of the Annual Giving campaign against his planned development of a second Barclay Lounge.



Smiling but haggard after the semi-annual onslaught of book-hungry students, Pat Docherty and Jean Vogelsburg survey the ruins. They are searching behind *Catcher in the Rye* for a freshman lost in the fracas.



Alumni secretary Ben Cooper phones the Caribe-Hilton in Havana for a penthouse suite for an Alumni Giving rally. Luckily the trip coincided with the posting of next year's rooming list.



The cleaning ladies, both mother figures and the romantic ideal of the Haverford student, strike a clannish pose and lend an exotic Corsican flavor to staid, old Founders Hall.

Dr. William Lander (rt.), College physician, pauses to discuss psychosomatic aspects of a case of food poisoning with Dr. Peter Bennett, the new campus psychiatrist.



Assistant admissions officer Bill Ambler looks up hopefully at the prospective freshman entering his office. Undoubtedly this applicant thrives on academic pressure.



NATURAL SCIENCES

ASTRONOMY

The long-striding figure pacing the Roberts Hall platform, talking about the International Geophysical Year, and now and then giving his trousers a tug is but one aspect of Louis Green. There is also the well-organized lecturer in beginning astronomy and the scholar who translated Galileo from Latin in front of his "History and Philosophy of Science" class. There is the mathematician *extraordinary* who initiated fugitives from Sharpless into the mystic realms of higher physics. And even the least scientific student will remember Dr. Green's explaining why one can see satellites only at sunrise and sunset.



Louis Green excitedly reports a sighting of the Rocket Society's first manned satellite.

BIOLOGY

Ariel Loewy is the classic example of the absent-minded professor: devotion to biology overrides all other considerations. Despite this singularity (or perhaps because of it), Mr. Loewy's contributions to Haverford are sizeable. He dynamically heads the bio department; he puts content (if not organization) into his lectures; and he conducts research on cell architecture. In his non-academic time he contributes color to the campus scene by spirited races with passing automobiles—on a bicycle!

Melvin Santer, hired as a microbiologist, is actually a biochemist. He is most memorable

as a white-coated figure hurrying through Sharpless from his second floor office to his third floor lab, at the same time explaining to a student some subtlety of the Krebs cycle. In addition to reluctant instruction of pre-meds in biochemistry, Mr. Santer conducts research on his own private strain of *Thiobacilli*.

Irving Finger is well known for the interest he shows in his students, whether senior football-technicians or freshman zoologists. ("At least he shows up at the beginning and end of every lab.") The Biologist of the Youthful Countenance is always consulted on interpretations of data in order to obtain the most pessimistic view. Fleeing the boiling cabbage of his lab, he fills his tiny apartment with the latest stereo and hi-fi.

The "better half" (traditional) of the Green science team is Elizabeth Green. Although direct student contact is limited by her non-teaching position, Mrs. Green's cytology research makes her a valuable member of the department. She has the additional distinction of being good company for post-lab tea.

This year's botany instructor, Maimon Nasatir, journeyed from Penn's asphalt jungle to Haverford's brown tundra on Mondays and Fridays. A typical lecture began, "Today we will cover plant evolution from the algae to the orchid. Fill in the details from your text." A sincere, "sophisticated" biologist, Mr. Nasatir was handicapped by student apathy and lack of time.

Thoughtful biologists Finger, Loewy, Santer, and Green stir the remains of a senior pre-med.



CHEMISTRY

Russell Williams has the ability to make people step lively, whether he is dressed in a flashy flannel shirt and cool khakis, calling a square dance, or in a well-ventilated lab apron and bow tie, calling budding chemists to task. Since arriving from Notre Dame, the friendly bespectacled chemistry head has made extensive changes in the department's curriculum — all intended to bring woe to pre-med students. Besides teaching introductory and physical chemistry courses, Williams divides his time between working on an Atomic Energy Commission research project and controlling little boys who charge down the halls armed with pop-guns.

Three days a week, when the Dean is not in his office putting some unfortunate student on cut probation, he picks his way down to the chem building to conduct a class in physical chemistry. A recognized authority in the field of pre-medical education, William Cadbury is also rated high in his organization of course material. Moreover, he excels in his ability to utilize the weightless-frictionless piston for his own devious purposes.

Robert Walter is one of the most feared men on campus! His students are still trying to determine whether organic chemistry is just plain difficult, whether Mr. Walter is unusually exacting, or whether as a loyal Swarthmore alumnus he practices pre- (and post-) game activities. He is known for his brave attempts

to utilize vacations for skiing trips. However, his addiction to hard work is attested to by his habit of emerging from the building behind the sundial long after the sundial has ceased to function for the day.

Colin MacKay, a versatile, well-liked nuclear chemist, has had the distinction of teaching nearly every non-organic course in the department. Never too busy to offer assistance to a bewildered student, his friendliness and interest are evidenced by the respect his students show him. When asked an interesting off-track question during a lecture, Mr. MacKay usually places his chalk-covered hands on his wrinkled



Thirsty Messrs. Walter, Cadbury, MacKay, and Dunathan watch Russ Williams brew a cup of tea.

Keeping the chem department's glassware spotless, John Elliott is vitally needed in the Dining Room.



brow and, after due consideration, answers, "I don't know"—a reply typical of the frankness of this modest man.

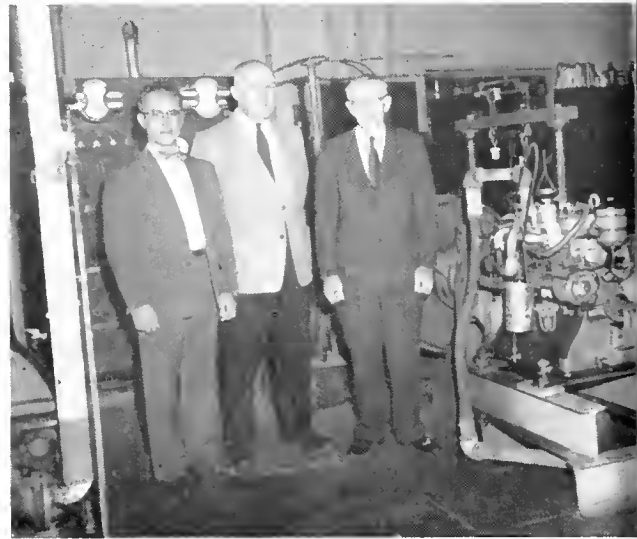
As any organic student will testify, the mild manner of Harmon Dunathan conceals an uncanny ability to give "rough" exams. Some of the senior chem majors have yet to recover from last year's second semester final. Interested in cyclic hydrocarbons, Mr. Dunathan was playing with rings long before hula-hoops came into vogue and is an expert at manipulation of toy models of organic compounds. Borrowing from the domestic traits of his spouse (one of the most attractive of faculty wives), he is skilled at giving kindly advice to frustrated cooks in the organic kitchen.

ENGINEERING

At the bottom of Fort Hilles, situated on the south end of campus, we meet the affable and talented Norman Wilson. While keeping the machine shop equipment from decadence and unworthy hands, "Norm" also maintains a fine sense of humor and well-cared-for Cadillac. His has been a varied life, going from artist to radio operator to machinist to teacher, and lately to College photographer.

At the top of the medieval staircase, the Fort's cold atmosphere is broken by the warm greeting and friendly smile of Theodore Hetzel. Patience and charity characterize the personality of this family man and good Samaritan. Mr. Hetzel can speak with equal authority

Caught unawares by the camera, Messrs. Hetzel, Wilson, and Holmes work informally in the shop.



.....

MATHEMATICS

Cletus Oakley is one of Haverford's most colorful faculty members. When not teaching math, he performs in brush-clearing expeditions on Campus Day or fondly reminisces about the good ol' days in Texas. Mr. Oakley has also been known to give half a lecture in the last five minutes of class and then leave his stunned students through the East Math Room window. His pet project is posting obtuse math problems on the bulletin board (accompanied by promises of huge prizes) to divert diligent students from their regular assignments.

Cluttering up bow-tied Cletus Oakley's office are Bob Wisner, Dave Harrison, and a tea kettle.



Although Robert Wisner's freshman classes have a high mortality rate, upperclassmen seem to build up an amazing immunity to his unique teaching methods: irregular class meetings are a hard and fast rule; ten problems one night and none the next is normal; and proofs flow from his chalk so easily that the student blinks and exclaims, "Why didn't I think of that!" Chances are that if he did, Wisner would find a mistake in it. Although this big wheel on the Academic Standing Committee deplores bonfires, pep rallies, and other collegiate "foolishness," it is rumored that he stole into Philadelphia one night just to hear Tom Lehrer.

David Harrison arrived on campus with his rain-hat full of gamma and lambda functions. Alternately confusing and enlightening his students, he followed sermons on the necessity for rigor with speeches on the merits of intuition. Almost any hour of the day he can be found in his Hilles retreat amid piles of books, proving the nearly unprovable and dreaming up "easy" tests. Yet Mr. Harrison is quite versatile: he can balance an arbitrarily small daughter on one arm and write out an unbounded sequence of proofs with the other. Only one problem remains unsolved: Why is he leaving Haverstraw — the mathematician's paradise?



Ted Hetzel explains to Bill Bingham and an unidentified head: "The construction of the bridge over the river Kwai was very difficult because . . ."

about American Indians and the theory of vacuum systems, as a result of his many summers of social work and winters of professional teaching and practice.

Stashed midway between these opposite areas of Hilles is the office of Clayton Holmes. Hours: 7:00 A.M. to 1:00 P.M. (one hour for water and fuel, please). During the day the battlements resound with students' tortured groans and New England accents. The daily visitors undergo several million cycles of stress annually before reaching their endurance limit. Analysis of the load source indicates a high surface hardness and resistance to external bending, but his inner fibres show general flexibility and malleability under environmental influences. Although highest efficiency is reached in New Hampshire rural areas, there is adaptability to industry and cabinetmaking.

PHYSICS

Whack! A piece of chalk flies across the room, and another physics student is introduced to the mysteries of parabolic motion. The source of the deadly projectile is Aaron Lemonick, ex-Army sergeant turned physicist. This demonstration is part of the daily routine of the department's most lucid, impassioned lecturer. The legibility of Dr. Lemonick's handwriting is inversely proportional to his enthusiasm, as evidenced by the hieroglyphics on the blackboard when Maxwell's equations are discussed. This enthusiasm is quite infectious, and his students have carried away their due share.

In the basement of Sharpless resides T. A. Benham, an electronics expert and frustrated debater. Using a perfectly fiendish Socratic method, he reduces carefully-worked-out problem solutions to a shambles with frightening ease. In the evenings he and Ann conduct a perpetual open house, where the faithful may procrastinate over a cup of tea. Generally the topics range from antisymmetrized Hermitian operators to the relative merits of Shakespeare and Mickey Spillane. It has been a pleasure to know T. A. as both teacher and personality, including his touch of Satan incarnate.

Perhaps the most unforgettable character on the Haverford Campus, Fay Ajzenberg-Selove is a physicist excellent and woman extraordinary. Her classes will remember her



Aaron Lemonick and Fay Selove are skeptical about Tom Benham's newly-invented hair dryer.

enthusiastic lectures with pleasure and her seven-hour labs with horror. The feminine influence on campus was a welcome one indeed — witness the delicious cake she brought to class the day before one Thanksgiving and the succulent ham cooked for a physics department picnic. Also unforgettable is her seeming inability to do arithmetic silently and in any language other than Russian.

HUMANITIES



Dry and subtle humor in the Dead Sea scrolls seems to intrigue scholars John Flight and Bob Horn.

BIB. LIT.

Perched on a high stool behind the lecture desk, John Flight attempts to get his class underway. It is a while before the quiet voice pierces the rumbling of chairs and the crumpling of papers: "Ramey? Ramey? Oh, I thought you sat in the next row." Before the weary eyes of his students and their wearier minds, he lays bare passages of the *Holy Bible*.

Quotation upon quotation lies within easy reach of his memory. "This point can be further illustrated by Genesis 14:2, which you will remember says . . ." But who else does remember so well? Comparative Religion class ends with a note that "modern man may not be so far ahead of the primitive as he sometimes thinks."

After parking his ever-faithful Saab and ascending to the Museum, congenial Robert Horn assumes his position at the head of the seminar table. Pulling his texts from his brief case (a Hebrew *Old Testament*, a Greek *New Testament*, and a German source book), he begins discussion with a question that bewilders the three seniors for the next two hours. He increases their suffering by diagramming their heretical ideas on the board and then introducing new factors that shatter their arguments before their eyes. Yet, as his victims stagger out, they can't help feeling deep admiration for this young scholar and the vibrant insights which he has salvaged from their confusion.

ENGLISH



John Lester is caught with a rye expression as he leads a discussion of Salinger's religious novel.

Head of Haverford's largest department, Ralph Sargent is a recognized scholar in fields ranging from the Elizabethans to James Joyce. With a compelling smile and contagious enthusiasm, he reveals subtleties of off-color material as easily as he offers intellectual justification for symbols and ideas. This cheery scholar, articulate in all subjects from the quality of physics books to interesting sidelights on the maids, infuses the shyest students with literary confidence.

John Ashmead? No, I wouldn't bother him. He's hard to talk to — too many proper names. What's he like? Sort of a large-noodled Malvolio, cross-gartered in cross-references. He psychoanalyzes freshmen in class, strangles people who mark up library tomes, and button-holes J. Lester for more books. Seeing things in patterns, he's divided the English depart-

ment into two groups: Ashmeads and mutton-heads. But after all, he's a *scholar*.

Married in soul to thirty thousand at least, Robert Butman is a lover of the gentler sensual gratifications. He loves to tell people the truth about themselves and is loved in turn by everyone, except those who can't believe that anyone can be so friendly. Bob borrows the wit of great writers, but shows a bit of his own as well: "Out of the mouths of babes," quoth he, "oft comes half-digested Cream of Wheat."

At a large table in Chase sits John Lester, a large and gentle man (Collection orations notwithstanding). As on the soccer field, his energy abounds, while his imagination unravels the mysteries of Dickens' prose. With complicated diagrams, he shows how Wordsworth passed the ball to Keats. But then his thoughts fly to the Library where his justice is inflexible and his swiftness terrifying. He seriously doubts that Percy Bysshe Shelley ever kept a book out overdue.

Here, there, and everywhere appears that bundle of wit and energy, Frank Quinn. For those who catch Mr. Quinn at the corner of Founders before he darts home to Merion for tea, he is the essence of reality and mysticism. The never-to-be-forgotten moments when Quinn takes poetry and makes it simmer with intensity and realism or subtly leads a foundering discussion to the light—these are the cornerstones of his teaching effectiveness.

Any freshman in Mrs. Frank Quinn's English 11-12 section must live by the Boy Scout motto—"Be Prepared." Preparation includes earmuffs to withstand the chilling blasts from gaping classrooms windows, as well as a thorough knowledge of the assigned reading. Mrs. Quinn's English pronunciation makes Shakes-

Human values in the raw; truth and beauty emerge from a Quinn class: "I know it, call on me."



Messrs. Satterthwaite, Rose, Quinn, Ashmead, Sargent, Lester, Butman, and Mrs. Quinn share with Mrs. Nugent the problem of missing Sheats.

pearean characters come alive; but more astute freshmen have remarked that her readings do little for Jim's speeches in *Huck Finn*.

Ted Rose is often seen striding about the campus wearing an expression both kindly and preoccupied. The image is not misleading: he approaches literature with appreciation as well as genuine and thorough scholarship (so thorough that he sometimes ends his introductory remarks only reluctantly after half an hour of class). Helpfully reading meaning into the most inane comments, Mr. Rose evinces a sincere interest in his students.

Heading a contingent of budding grammarians, Alfred Satterthwaite requires his students to learn spelling and sentence construction as thoroughly as 17th century literature. Picking up stray seniors and hapless freshmen alike, he takes the unfortunate by the ear and tells them that at Harvard one spelling mistake means failure. Satterthwaite's tete-a-tetes with students and perceptive analysis of Spencer both play a role in forming the "molded man."

According to Paul Sheats, one characteristic of a tragic hero is a fall from a high place. It might be said that Sheats himself has undergone such a fall. After a distinguished career at Harvard and Oxford, he now holds the unenviable position of teaching elementary English courses at Haverford. Resigned to his plight, the warm and wide-eyed Mr. Sheats mountain-climbs, folk-sings, and awaits his crack at "more advanced" students.



Bow-tied Larry Wylie regales colleagues Shaw, Smith, and Gutwirth with tales of Parisian night life.

FRENCH

A reviewer spoke of Laurence Wylie's *Village in the Vaucluse* as "sociology without pain" and cited his warm, personal, and relaxed style as one of the most striking assets of this nonetheless serious and thorough study. Like author, like book! His humor and warmth make Mr. Wylie one of the most accessible members of the Faculty, though behind an enjoyably relaxed manner he hides an unexpected wit and rigorous mind. His personality and his recent literary activities have won for him and for Haverford a wide-reaching reputation of superior achievement.

Marcel Gutwirth, a serious, intimidating scholar, ranges from the satanic to the sublime. He does not refuse to mix the social and the intellectual, believing that both realms of activity have implicit rules of conduct which are not mutually exclusive. If Mr. Gutwirth needed but one reason for demanding high-grade performance from his students, it might be that every lecture, every discussion reveals his conscious effort to give of himself, his knowledge, and his insight. With scathing criticism tempered by infectious enthusiasm, Mr. Gutwirth may have opponents, but he has no critics. He is an original thinker with intellectual finesse, and such men are invaluable to Haverford.

If ever there was a theory whereby positive results follow negative presentation, Michael

Shaw has mastered it. A book, a student, or an idea of which he approves is hard to find. Yet, from his flow of "non" and "nein" there emerges a fine, subtle wit and a sharp, critical spirit whose judgments are never unfounded. In class Mr. Shaw wages a personal fight for clear analysis, reading, and expression. Doubling as a Humanities professor, he has no sympathy for those who need philosophical treatises to explain Daisy Miller's innocence.

While Mr. Wylie was abed first semester with infectious hepatitis, the French department enlisted the aid of Mrs. Michael Shaw (wife of the above). Enthusiastically attacking the proverbs of such literary figures as Rousseau and La Rochefoucauld, which abound in French 11, she proved herself an imaginative student and teacher, often digressing into discussions of the subtleties of French philosophy, the superiority of Europeans, and the indolence of Haverford French students.

Another first-semester replacement for Mr. Wylie, René Daudin instructed naive freshmen and experienced sophomores in the intricacies of Parisian night life. Rumored to be a descendant of one of Henry IV's illegitimate sons, he brought warmth, personality, and a vast knowledge of the French people into his teaching. He had only to grin over his lunettes and say, "... a very interesting answer, Monsieur, but it has nothing to do with the question," to make a student feel completely at ease.

French House was founded with the idea of providing students a chance to live comfortably and speak French. They live comfortably.



GERMAN

Offering students a taste of German tradition, as well as a knowledge of German literature, Harry Pfund, '22, makes his courses more than a series of lectures and discussions. As he reads from Lessing or Goethe's plays or the Middle High German of the *Nibelungenlied*, Dr. Pfund effervesces the true spirit of the "old country." Projects with the genial head of the department are consequently noted for German beer and *apfelsaft*.

John Cary, '45, is an uncompromising perfectionist when it comes to precise translations of German passages. Yet he maintains a close



Ignoring the magazine in order to look casual are Messrs. Heydebreck, Kelly, Pfund, and Cary.

GREEK

George Kennedy is new this year, but already shows a youthful facility for an aged language. He is so much at ease before a class that it seems an effort for him to be disturbed by any student slurring classical phrases with a Left-Bank zeal. Every period he is purposeful and indulgent, calling students by their first name, but allowing no lapse in attention. Students studying the printed Greek with its sputtering accents, black iotas, and hearty vowels in their Homer selections long for the swift chalk, articulate pause, and Hellenic peace of their teacher.

personal relationship with his students and is an ever-ready source of assistance to those unfortunate individuals caught up in the complex cobweb of German grammar. His presence is also felt in a number of College activities, whether it be his participation in campus drives or his attendance at Meeting and soccer games.

Professor Emeritus John Kelly came out of retirement last fall to teach a course in elementary German. Precisely at 9:01 each class day, Herr Kelly appeared on Founders porch and commenced his way to the West Math room. "*Kommen Sie nach meinem Hause*," he often requested his students, who could only marvel at the versatility of this humble man, leading them in song around his piano.

Tuesday night! Time for Modern German Literature with Joachim Maass. Black-suited and precise, Mr. Maass would read melodically and imbibe some sort of *Zaubertrank*. "What is beauty?" he would ask. "What is the literary work of art?" Attempting to discover the answers, the class read Mann, Kafka, and Rilke. Each week, out came the attaché case, the book of lecture notes, and the illuminating comments *mit Witz und Anmut vorgetragen*.

Spending only one year at Haverford, Manfred Heydebreck showed enough detachment to smile *at* us and enough humanity to smile *with* us. Besides taking English and teaching German, he endured innumerable dinner-meetings with local service clubs. What such experiences proved, beyond the superb powers of Manfred's digestive system, will never be known within our borders. Tact prevails.

George Kennedy, newly-arrived Classicist, frowns as he translates Class Night into Greek.





An intense James Fowle seems surprised to find manifestations of artistic expression in cold Hilles.

HISTORY OF ART

A newly-arrived emigrant from Harvard, James Fowle has eagerly accepted Haverford's challenge of intimate student-faculty relations and informal discussions. He approaches his subject with infectious enthusiasm, adding youth and vigour to the Faculty, and he instills in his students a heightened perception and appreciation of works of art. Despite his *laissez faire* policy toward correcting papers, Mr. Fowle's genuine interest in the scholastic efforts of his students makes their analyses of whatever Egyptian figure is glowing on the screen seem profound beyond words.

Charles Ludington and Alfred Swan polish their rendition of an ancient Oriental melody — *Chopsticks*.



Howard Comfort displays a curious artifact discovered by him in the dark Sharpless basement.

LATIN

An expert in many fields, Howard Comfort, '24, specializes in Catullus and pottery. He spends his free time writing, coaching cricket (with unbelievable success), and flying about the world to preside at the meetings of learned societies. Assuming as he does that everyone will "have the stuff cold," he seldom checks up on assignments and feels each grammatical massacre as a personal disappointment. No one in Latin 15 will forget his lecture on the Plautine influence in Sgt. Bilko, for such methods are part of his success in making a "dead" language come alive.

MUSIC

Energetically teaching music *a la grande facon*, Alfred Swan is able to elicit creativity from the chaotic turbulence of most musical souls. "A Program of Student Musical Compositions" was actually a highlight of this year's Collection programs, thanks to Mr. Swan's diligent supervision of the compositions and his whimsical, yet penetrating, program comments.

Charles Ludington was Amherst's loss and Haverford's gain. Substituting for Dr. Reese, Mr. Ludington ably taught, directed, or befriended everyone he met. He is most memorable for admonishing the Glee Club's slow singing: although the men loved to linger over each note he conducted, he loved each one so well that he couldn't wait for the next.

PHILOSOPHY

Presiding over the phil department, Douglas Steere defends an essentially non-rational — or should we say supra-rational—position against I.B.M. Parker; he is obviously a man to be reckoned with on intellectual grounds. His true gift, though, is his ability to slip away from the troubles of philosophy to an ephemeral level where contradiction vanishes, where life meets its source, and where “things begin to happen.” There are the cynics who say the new level is underground, in Plato’s cave. There are others who observe the sense of delight obvious in all that he does and suspect that the new level has something to do with Jeremiah’s tree.

A latter-day Socrates, Frank Parker believes that the unexamined life is not worth living. Also, the unexamined thought is not worth giving in his classes. Master of the gentle but deadly riposte, he is lucidity personified; one can almost hear the mental wheels turning whenever he lectures. Nor do the wheels grind slowly, though they grind exceedingly fine. Said an honors graduate from Sharpless: “Mr. Parker was at my oral. He asked if the psychologist made value judgments. I said no . . . and found out in five minutes that the answer was yes.” Thus does wisdom begin.

Paul Desjardins has come this year to be the *maitre d’hotel* at French House and the new life-blood of the philosophy department. Often seen striding across campus, he seems lost

The search for truth continues on into the autumn afternoon coffee-break.



Larry Maud relates Zen Buddhism to the statements of (seated) Engelhardt, Smith, Zapf, Bennett; (standing) Green, Putnam, Newcomb, Tobias.

somewhere in the circle of Plato’s World-Soul. In class his enthusiasm often blurs the issue at hand, and discussion sometimes becomes a good game of Blind Man’s Bluff. But the Socratic method is a welcome innovation in the department, and as he settles down to Haverford life, we know that lines of meaningful communication will open. After all, *il faut cultiver notre Desjardins*.

Henry Joel Cadbury brings to his course on the history and philosophy of Quakerism a famed scholarship in Friends’ history and a wide reputation for his charitable activities as a Director of the A.F.S.C. Students signing up for Phil 24 in hopes of a snap course are somewhat disillusioned, but this pain is more than alleviated by their pleasantly gained knowledge of the idiosyncrasies of great Quaker figures.

Jovial professors Parker, Desjardins, and Steere take a break from their metaphysical labors.





Social intercourse seems to be at a minimum as Miss de Graaff leads a Russian discussion.

RUSSIAN

Frances de Graaff is the human dynamo who generates knowledge of the one Slavic language offered in these parts. Teaching phrases for all occasions, she presents her subject with both dispatch and care, and makes a point of introducing her students to the lighter sides of the language as well as the more serious. Multilingual Miss de Graaff is the owner of a polylingual dog named Tony. This intelligent beast listens to her elementary and secondary classes with the bored yawn of an old pro.

Ruth Pearce arrived on the scene last September to help the beleaguered Miss de Graaff cope with the quadrupled enrollment in Elementary Russian. She brings to the subject a high regard for accuracy and a fanatical determination to have everyone speak with an impeccable Moscow accent. Although she admonishes those stumbling on vowel mutations, conjugations, aspects, and declensions to "memorize like parrots," an *ochen khorosho* greets the performance of the knowledgeable.

A smiling Ruth Pearce and a dubious Frances de Graaff prepare a class for their budding diplomats.



SPANISH

There are many clues to the personality of Señor Manuel Jose Asensio: his physiology (short, stocky, dynamic); his philosophy (confident optimism coupled with sympathetic understanding); and, most significantly, the personal devotion he inspires in all who come to know him. The atmosphere of la Casa (prosaically, Williams House) is a case in point — only *el Señor* (and *la Señora*) could make that cold grey Quaker pile of stone reflect the rich warmth of a Spanish atmosphere. No one who has studied literature *with* him can forget the depth of his insights or the sound scholarship that documents them. On sabbatical leave for the past semester, he will return next fall, ready to give several more courses than he's paid to teach.

When Señor Asensio's second-semester replacement failed to arrive, a frantic plea to E.M.C. produced Señor Joaquin Gonzalez-Muela, a pleasant, easy-going scholar in modern Spanish poetry. His wide teaching experience adds color to his courses, and class discussions range from College problems to the Cuban Revolution.

Joining the Haverford faculty in February, Señor Casiano Fernandez (another Asensio substitute) announced, "We do not learn things *about* the language. We learn the language *itself*." A strong believer in the conversational method of teaching, he furnishes delightful digressions into all aspects of Spanish and Latin American culture.



Manuel Asensio, benevolent despot of Spanish house, radiates a regal warmth throughout his tiny realm.



Will Lyons resorts to a quality control chart to hold attention on a late Friday afternoon.

ECONOMICS

The Executive in the ec department is chairman Howard Teaf, who "guides" his future Adam Smiths with an iron hand. When the finger points at you, watch out! You had better be exactly right, if you want to be heard. A stickler for precision, Mr. Teaf has been known to spend an entire class period looking for a single word — and we sometimes suspect that he has it hidden in his long sleeves near the floor. His weekly disappearances are accounted for by his varied off-campus activities as a C.P.A., labor arbitrator, and advisor to the state insurance program. And his vigorous taxation of dormant intellectual resources has had multiplier effects on student development.

Mild-mannered, even-tempered Ho Hunter, '43, demonstrates his marginal propensity for statistics in his latest book, *Soviet Transportation Policy*. (Approximately one-third of the book is charts and graphs.) Students knew well his love for figures even before the book was published. His favorite diversion while traveling between Woodside Cottage and Whitall, third floor, is attempting to break his own speed record in climbing and descending stairs. Once in class, Ho sits with hands folded and feet extended, ever ready to give an animated demonstration of some obscure point, such as the indifference curve applied to sticky buns and orlon shirts. He is pleased when consulted about



Messrs. Hunter, Lyons, and Teaf sit engrossed in thought concerning Haverford's academic recession.

papers and anyone bringing him a rough draft is "almost sure to get a 90."

Will Lyons came to Haverford in the fall of '57, having sacrificed a lucrative Wall Street career to join the ranks of long-suffering college professors. Further armed with a hard-earned M.I.T. education and experience on the War Production Board, he seems to us novices in the world of practical affairs to be the possessor of an unlimited number of acquaintances and hot tips on the market. This background enables Will to conduct lively classes, liberally spiced with original, thought-provoking concepts — all without notes. A sympathetic listener to every student's problems, he makes a fine "coffee companion." With these virtues and a love for stocks ending in "O-I-D," Will lends a bit of color to the ec department.

The Ec Club celebrates a rise in Polaroid stock: (seated) Lyons, Roberts, McLeod, Hobaugh, Kaufman; (standing) Davis, Fox, West, Speakman, Long, Krone, Hurford, Shelton, Blanchard, Silverblatt, Kain.



HISTORY

Thomas Drake, together with Wallace MacCaffrey, gives the history department one of the most effective one-two punches in the College. If either of these remarkable men were to leave, the number of history majors would be alarmingly reduced. With a peculiar obsession for books, historians, and details, Dr. Drake covers in his American history classes anything from a discussion of steamboat navigation on the Arkansas River to research on the first name of the editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1901. His rationale for this procedure is his belief that a college course in American history should be "advanced," although certain neophyte historians have accused him of neglecting the basic issues.

To his students, Mr. MacCaffrey appears as both Clio and Nemesis incarnate. His class procedure follows three steps: (1) Having forgotten a pencil, he borrows a student's to take the roll. (2) He asks innocuously, "Well, what did you read for today?" (3) The fur (of the students) flies. Skillfully battering and parrying his class with probing questions, Mr. MacCaffrey blithely piles on interminable, voluminous lists of "suggested reading." Although students may dread his insatiable expectations, they will remember him as a teacher who encouraged thinking as much as knowing.

John Coddington's pocket watch, head full of anecdotes, affirmative tone, and well-chosen vocabulary demand one's attention. Mr. Coddington has something valuable to say on any subject and is never too busy to converse with a student. With precise diction and mellifluous tone, he invariably asks visitors, "Why don't you sit down? . . . you look so temporary."

Dusty "original source material" is perused by historians MacCaffrey, Drake, and Coddington.



"Red" Somers points out to Gerald Freund and Arnold Rogow that Einstein was a *political* scientist.

POLITICAL SCIENCE

Herman Somers skillfully applies his childhood dramatic training in clarifying the various political problems raised in class. His caustic and concise thrusts at the political Leviathan sometimes jolt idealistic freshmen, but in reality conceal a warm and friendly personality. Head of the poli sci department, Somers is also master of Scull House (once a fearsome position). But since the "Great Reform of '58," his sole problems are maintaining the excellence of his department and keeping up with the social security laws, not to mention the current political ferment.

Gerald Freund brings to the poli sci department a solid background encompassing the entire political spectrum: principles learned from Red Somers, empirical knowledge acquired as president of the Students' Association, and experience gained assisting George F. Kennan. Freund's approach attests to a shrewdly analytical mind, which is quick to see fallacies bandied about by political amateurs as well as professionals who should know better. His presentation takes on undertones of ecstasy when he brings forth the Golden Key in all political triumphs: "Power, gentlemen!"

Arnold Rogow, mighty monotone of the department, is reputed to have the great ambition to apply the game theory of political science to gunning creatures of the wild. Excluded from the latter category, his students are the target only of his marks. Although his delivery arouses few to ecstasy, Mr. Rogow possesses an excellent command of analytical tools for dissecting any issue at hand. So long as his chain of cigarettes lasts, the Rogue is nonpareil.

PSYCHOLOGY

Gifted with a perceptive mind that neatly gleans the obscure from the intellectually precise, Douglas Heath demands from each student this same quality of rigorous thinking. "Doug," as he prefers to be called by psychology majors, applies his extensive knowledge in presenting basic materials in a stimulating and creative manner. To him, psychology is more than a mere academic discipline. It is a personal force which determines his teaching technique, as well as his relationships with his students. Consequently, Mr. Heath understands the Haverford man better than the latter understands himself. The youthful-look-



Doug Heath, Al Pepitone, and Jerry Wodinsky get together to discuss the rising price of white rats.

ing dynamo with the piercing eyes and boyish grin elicits deservedly from his students, "brilliant but a nice guy."

Jerry Wodinsky is the newest addition to Haverford's ever-expanding psychology department. As he peers out at the College scene through his dark-rimmed glasses, he is involved in the learning process that he himself teaches. Presenting his students with intelligent lectures, he relates numerous anecdotes about the myriad of experiments he has performed. Sensitive freshmen are shocked and dismayed by his accounts of pigeons exhausted by prolonged pecking and desperate rats struggling to master moist mazes. But his well-presented dissertations on the values of psychology restore their faith in him and the subject he teaches.



Ira Reid holds a behind-drawn-shades pot-latch in his office with John Smith and Edward Harper.

SOCIOLOGY

Ira Reid, the tall social theorist who heads the sociology department, sidles into seminar meetings with an armful of books and a pile of "S" or "U" papers. As he eloquently moderates immoderate discussions, disdainful sneers frequent his countenance, interspersed with an occasional smile and "I'm so sorry, but . . ." Listening to his excellent Collection introduction of friend Ralph Bunche, students discovered why Ira Reid ranks high among Haverford's favorite professors and how he could make even Soc. Sci. 11-12 seem interesting.

Teaching Haverfordians both French and sociology, John Smith prefers the latter "discipline." When he does teach French, he makes it French *a la* Wylie, or, "patterns of culture" in the Vaucluse. A master at employing conjunctions to further his thought processes in lectures, Mr. Smith nonetheless conveys to his students the methods of sociological inquiry. Nearly as tall as his boss, Smith is easily recognizable as he strides in Gulliver fashion about the campus: tweed suit, mustache, brief case, and pipe.

Edward Harper is the backbone of the Bryn Mawr-Haverford anthropology department. He imparts knowledge to his students in a quiet and unassuming manner, reaching the heights of his teaching prowess in informal seminars. Students usually find a shoeless Harper squatting cross-legged on the floor of his home, with a cup of coffee in one hand and a rare first edition from his extensive library in the other. One explanation of Harper's passion for floor-sitting might be his interest in village life in northern India.



Getting together to plan the theft of the Hood Trophy are (seated) Norm Bramall, Jimmy Mills, Roy Randall, (standing) Bill Breuninger, Ernie Prudente, Bill Docherty, Dick Morsch, Jack Lester, and Doc Harter.

Tireless and friendly Dick Morsch pauses during a hectic spring afternoon to cure the ills of a nonchalant freshman lefthander.



PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Roy Randall, Director of Athletics, always seems to have a few well-chosen words at his command (whether the occasion be a half-time pep-talk during a crucial football game or the introduction of a long-winded speaker at the fall sports banquet). Haverford football fortunes have soared under Roy's tutelage, and recent records of the baseball team have also been noteworthy.

Bill Docherty, the other half of Haverford's third two-professor department, personally bridges the gap between physical education and the humanities in his capacity as father-counselor to the freshmen. In addition, he is chief mentor of the golf team, line coach of the football team, and the most feared referee in the Intramural Basketball League.

Easy-going Ernie Prudente never seems to be fazed by the unpredictability of his temperamental cagers or the bizarre weight-lifting techniques of his "body-building" class. As end coach on the football team, Ernie is a proponent of the "show 'em in the flesh" school; and his enthusiasm makes even the "Surplus"

team in the Softball League feel professional.

Richard Morsch, H. E. (Healer Extraordinary), is Haverford's answer to the ravages of athletic battles. Using ultra-sound machines and good old adhesive tape, Dick labors incessantly to keep the fencing team loose and the football team tight. Reputed to have a phenomenal memory for lock combinations, Dick probably remembers everything that was ever put into the bottomless "lucky bag."

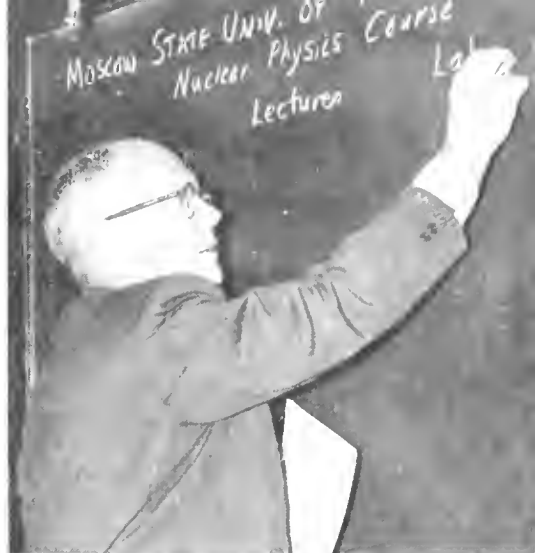
Other members of the athletic staff had varying degrees of success during the year. While coach Jimmy Mills led the varsity soccer team to a good season, Jack Lester's J. V. booters and Doc Harter's junior gridders found the going rough. Under the guidance of new coach Bill Breuninger, both the cross country and track teams had successful records. Similarly Henri Gordon's fencers and Harter's wrestlers achieved success in Middle Atlantic league competition. In the spring, Norm Bramall began his "umpteenth" year as tennis coach, and Howard Comfort came out of retirement to rejuvenate the cricketers.



AHMED S. BOKHARI



RICHARD P. FEYNMAN



ALBERT W. TUCKER

PHILIPS VISITORS

As a result of a generous bequest from the late William Pyle Philips, the College community is invaded annually by a host of "distinguished scientists and statesmen" whose visits "may last anywhere from a few hours to a full academic year." Potential visitors are nominated by the Faculty and screened by a committee headed by Professor Russell Williams.

Visiting statesmen this year were United Nations Undersecretary for Public Information Ahmed Bokhari and United States Senator Joseph Clark. Sociologists heard Julian Pitt-Rivers speak about his major field—the gypsies—and Hadley Cantril, Dorwin Cartwright, and Theodore Newcomb expounded on the realm of psychology.

An unusual and interesting series entitled "The Physical Universe" featured William Fowler, Richard Feynman, Martin Schwarzschild, and Harold Urey. As part of a program on "Advances in Cell Structure and Function," Ariel Loewy played host to a vast number of biologists including Alan Hodge, George Palade, Keith Porter, and Sanford Palay. Princeton's mathematician Albert Tucker lectured weekly on game theory; astronomy enthusiasts listened starry-eyed to Dirk Brouwer and Russian astronomer Alla Masevitch; and Henry Taube led a group of eager chem majors in some spirited discussions on complex ions.



SANFORD L. PALAY
GEORGE S. PALADE

KEITH R. PORTER



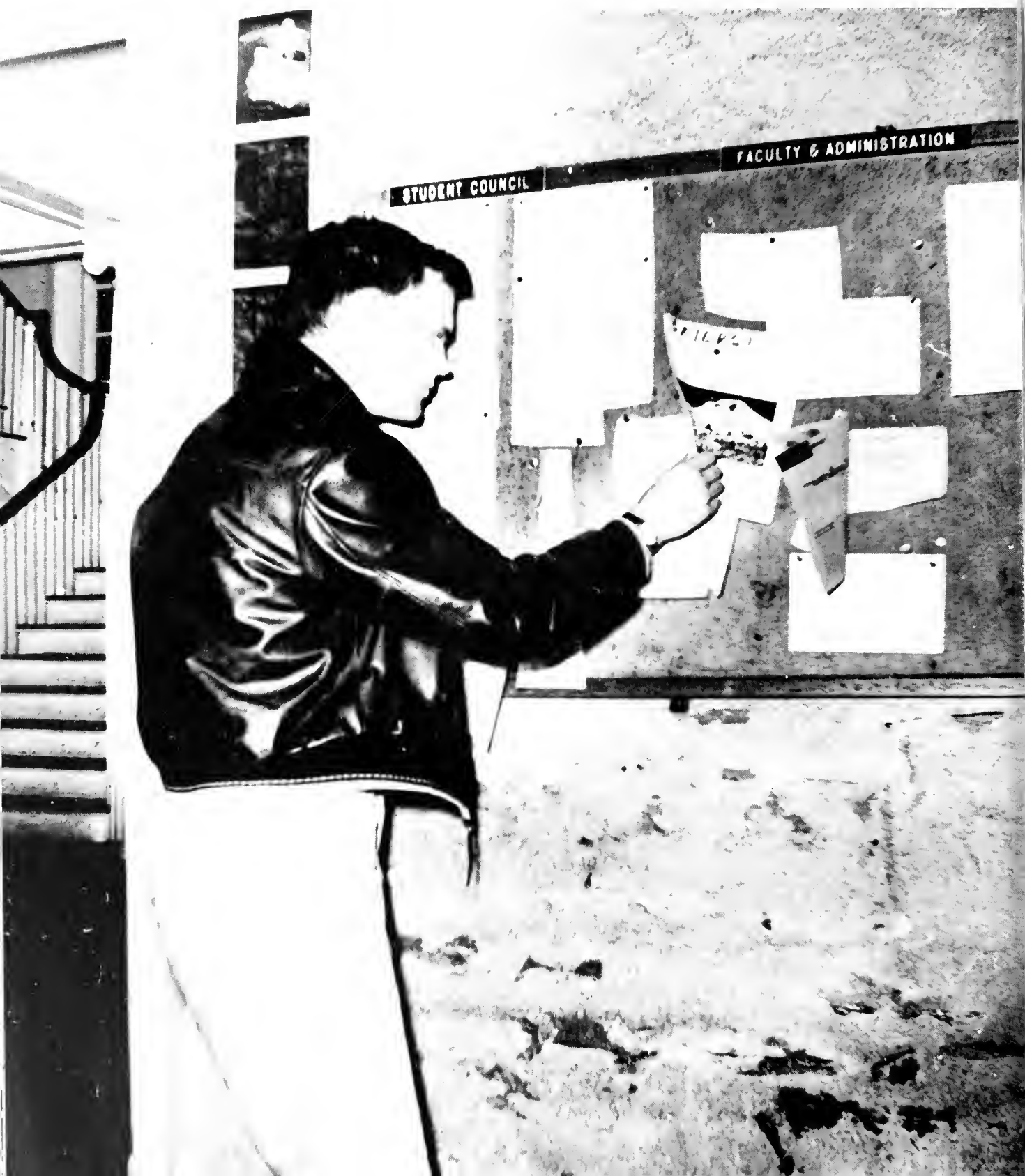
MARTIN SCHWARZSCHILD



WILLIAM A. FOWLER



ACTIVITIES.



“Activities”—bane of the Academic Standing Committee, pride of the Founders Club, refuge of the restless student mind, and a catchall term encompassing everything from the pious Student Christian Movement to that band of swashbuckling individuals calling themselves the Mountaineers. Between these extremes one can find such varied groups as the now defunct Rocket Society, the Drama Club, and two (count 'em, two) Glee Clubs. But activities are of greater significance than mere outlets for excess energy. They furnish a chance for artistic expression and the opportunity to test in real situations the seemingly vague ideas found in books. Who could question the value of a Bach *Magnificat* spiritedly performed or even a student yearbook sincerely, if somewhat awkwardly, composed?

“Join the Glee Club and see the world through foggy bus windows.”





Students' Council members seem extremely confused by the intricacies of the preferential voting system.

STUDENTS' COUNCIL

This year's Students' Council, under the dynamic leadership of Jim Katowitz, successfully tackled a number of problems traditionally handed down by past regimes. Having barely made its way through a maze of twisted organ pipes and tire tracks, the Council was forced to recognize that relations with Whitall had sunk to a new low.

Undaunted, the Council quickly negotiated for a summit conference. After months of diplomatic maneuvering and intrigue, a balance of power was struck in the form of a new *Student Affairs Charter*. The primary purpose for this change was the clarification of relation-

ships among Administration, Students' Council, and Faculty. Its success was soon established by the initiation of a new system of handling the Council's finances.

Another major achievement of this year's Council was the adoption of a new *Students' Association Constitution*. The groundwork for this document was laid by a special committee, ably headed by Bob Miller. The revision was undertaken to remedy the weaknesses in the former constitution and to enact certain new legislation for the improvement of student government at Haverford. In this regard, provision was made for a closer relationship between the Council and the student body by means of periodic dormitory sessions to discuss important issues and tap student opinion.

In the allocation of funds this year, the Council was faced with a very unusual problem — no money! After a quick takedown, heavy-weight Katowitz found President Borton quite anxious to grant the Council an additional thousand dollars to supplement its income from the unit fee. Furthermore, to make possible such activities as a "trip to the Rockies" for the redoubtable Mountaineers, the Council devised new schemes for depleting the Capital Expenditures Fund.

All was not merry, however, as the Council suffered much criticism for its policy (?) on the Library problem. But coming at election time as it did, it provided many platform planks for a dozen political aspirants.

A good year? A bad year? Who knows? It was *not* an average year.

The Council meets to adopt an administration proposal for a summit conference at Tenth: (seated) Secretary Collett, President Katowitz, Hobaugh, White, David; (standing) Book, Henderson, Barlow, Treasurer Wright.





Twenty-five per cent of twenty-five per cent of the Varsity Club: (first row) Miller, McLeod, Engelhardt, Smith, Johnson, Fauntleroy, Del Bello, Ilurford; (second row) Coulthurst, Lowenthal, Curtis, Pelouze, Goggin, Maud, David.

MEN OF MERIT

Haverford's select group of athletes, the Varsity Club, was headed this year by the Unholy Alliance of Joe Mamana, Don Scarborough, and Mae Goggin. The club's main project was sponsoring the Swarthmore Dance, which (much to the surprise of the Alliance) left the organization solvent. Constitutional difficulties last spring did not prevent a successful on-campus picnic; the hope is that there will be a repeat performance this year.

Scholarship and participation in extracurricular activities are the keynotes of the Founders Club. Under the leadership of undergraduate secretary Jim Moyes, the club hosted the freshmen at a reception introducing them to college extracurricular organizations during Orientation Week. The club also sponsors campus visitors. This year's annual dinner guest was Sigmund Spaeth, '05.

The Haverford Chapter of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, Zeta of Pennsylvania, established in 1898, includes a present living membership of 570 alumni. Elections by the Chapter from the junior and senior classes are held every year a few days before Commencement. A noteworthy distinction is the award of membership fifteen years after graduation to an alumnus, not already elected, who is felt to have attained the greatest distinction in the fields of science, literature, or the arts.



Founders Clubbers recorded in relative relaxation: (seated) Engelhardt, Moyes; (standing) Peck, Griffith.

Phi Betes engrossed in esoteric effluvium: (sitting) Comfort, Kaegi, Pfund, Horwitz, Hunter; (standing) Lowenthal, Dietrich.





Warming up with Ludington: (first row) Scarborough, Maud, Fenander, Kelly, Ramey, Macort, Griffith, Stevenson, Peck, Paskow, Alexander, Albright; (second row) Carpenter, Kimmich, Behling, Emlen, Smillie, Bullard, Quinter, Craig, Clark, Wenzel, Grambs, Souders, Bonner, Walker; (third row) Brewster, Katowitz, McLean, Conn, Dahlberg, Rosenbaum, Holsoe, Stokes, Kriel, Rice, Pendleton, Dohan, Briod, Shepherd; (fourth row) Petrus, Baker, Bradley, Gray, Brown, Harvey, Thorne, Young, Emery, MacBride, Rhoads, Wolfinger, Hoffman, Newcomb, Downs.

GLEE CLUB

This year's Glee Club will most remember and be remembered for Charles Ludington. Rapidly becoming one of the most popular and well-known faculty members on campus, Mr. Ludington comprised the brains and beat behind Haverford music. Twice a week and then some, he bludgeoned the heavy and seemingly immovable minds and voices of some one

Pillows and a guitar—the luggage of the Glee Club is mute testimony that it is ready for anything.



hundred twenty-five men into an amazing amalgum of harmony and diction. Starting with next to nothing, the bewildered chorister found Latin and English anthems or stern Vaughan Williams pieces arising from himself and the rest of his disciplined mob. Four days before a concert there may have been utter confusion, but that strange and contagious fire of Mr. Ludington's personality persuaded basses and even tenors to perform amazing vocal feats.

Regimented down to their socks by president Larry Griffith, the Glee Club performed solo at Centenary Junior College and Lake Erie College for Women. The group combined with Wheaton and Bryn Mawr to sing major works, twice formed the male bulwark of the Tri-College Chorus, and performed a spring concert on campus. "Join the Glee Club and see the world through foggy bus windows" became the chorus' motto, but the socializing more than made up for the boring rides.

A myriad of works and words were sung and chanted this year. A major trend was towards Renaissance music, much of which quickly became very popular, especially with certain vibrant basses. Polyphonic works by Palestrina,

Ruffo, Clemens non Papa, and Allegri were featured in this vein. The sometimes overly-varied programs also incorporated Hindemith's *Demon of the Gibbet* (a real *tour-de-force* on the part of the director, it was equally frightening to audience and singers); a spectacular work for chorus and drum by Samuel Barber, *A Stopwatch and an Ordnance Map*; Buxtehude's *Magnificat* and Handel's *Funeral Anthem on the Death of Queen Caroline* in the way of major works; and a bare minimum of Negro spirituals, Randall Thompson, and German romantic music. A highlight of this year's repertoire was provided by Professor Alfred Swan's two beautiful works on Easter themes, one of which was dedicated to the Club by the composer.

The big concerts of the year were the Philadelphia Orchestra concerts in December (Bach's *Magnificat in D*), the Good Friday concert at the National Cathedral in Washington, D. C., and the Easter Sunday concert at St. Thomas' Church in New York City. These rare musical privileges (for participants and listeners alike) will long remain as highlights in Haverford's musical annals and are indicative of the operations *extraordinaire* of the Griffith machine, ably supported by management experts John Macort and John Gresimer. It has been calculated that this year's Glee Club performed before more than ten thousand listeners. As Griffith puts it, "For amateurs, that's downright professional!"



Glee Club officers: (seated) Duff, Gresimer, Macort, Ludington, Griffith, Maud, Bullard; (standing) Putnam, Schulze, Albright, Hoffman, Gray.

ORCHESTRA

The inspired conducting of Charles Ludington and the able leadership of president Bill Fullard were deciding factors in the success of the Haverford-Bryn Mawr Orchestra this year. Augmented by an exceptional number of talented freshmen, the orchestra was able, for the first time, to perform virtually without the assistance of outside players.

In the first orchestral concert at Haverford since 1955, Mr. Ludington conducted three of the less famous works of Mozart, Handel, and Haydn. On this occasion the audience was given one of its far-too-infrequent opportunities to hear the new organ.

Charles Ludington gives the Haverford-Bryn Mawr Orchestra the downbeat in the Goodhart music room.



OCTET

The 1958-59 version of the Octet sang as usual at the big dances, entertained as usual at Alumni gatherings, and did social research of unusual merit in a Pittsburgh barroom. For a time Don Knight and Tenney Peek provided the bass, while Gurdon Brewster and "Job" Muller sang baritone and Jim Katowitz sang loudly. Hugh Ogden and Truman Bullard blended in at second tenor, and John Emlen blended in at Wisconsin. Larry Maud gave out the high notes, and Jay Ramey gave out. The sound will be extremely difficult to duplicate.



The Haverford Nontet gazes eight different directions away from director Maud at the Soph Dance.

FRESHMAN GLEE CLUB

The Admissions Office must have given voice tests to the Class of '62, for Mr. Ludington created from this assemblage a creditable sixty-man Glee Club. The group's enthusiasm was probably due to its concert schedule (certainly not to the Student Affairs Committee).

Journeying to the Emma Willard School in Troy, New York, the Rhinie choristers experienced their most tragic moment: Mr. Ludington gave the downbeat in the rehearsal, but no sound emanated from the gentlemen. The amused girls were assured that the men were

merely "a bit overcome by the atmosphere" and that they actually sang beautifully.

At the Christmas Collection, the freshman group sang Praetorius' *Lo, How a Rose E'er Blooming* and a plainsong hymn. A certain white-haired, very familiar musician said after the program, "Brilliant sound!", pocketed his pitch-pipe, and gambolled off to Munich (we think). The season was rounded out at the Roland Park School in Baltimore, where the men's education was rounded out by their overnight stays in the girls' homes.

The Freshman Glee Club: (first row) Bullard, Klein, Hampden, Rodell, Stanley, Fisher, Ludington, Pinedo, Freeman, Sah, Hoopes, R. Parker, Cooper; (second row) Lippard, Tai, Holtzman, Baehr, Weyand, Sanford, Pilbrow, Linville, Dahlberg, Baldwin, Zobian, Penn, Knox, Flaccus, Tannenbaum; (third row) MacLeod, Sullivan, Krone, Gwatkin, Klinger, de Luca, Lynn, Snider, Cocks, Morgan, Sedwick, Williams; (fourth row) Barlow, Sternbergh, Miller, Doherty, Schutz, Van Denbergh, Blair, Bertolet, Fox, Hirst, Meyer, Van Cleave, Gucker, W. Parker, George, Mears, Robinson.



WHRC executives: Gerdine, Harvey, Pendleton, Arnow, Read, Bolgiano, Lehfeldt, Stowe, Davis, Raymond, Davidson.



Through the glass brightly glows Marty Lehfeldt, WHRC engineer *extraordinaire*.



WHRC

Station manager Pete Arnow directed the fortunes of Haverford's contribution to broadcasting. Secretary-business manager Mike Harvey secured a varied group of new local advertisers, and Phil Gerdine and Chuck Read were kept busy handling the complicated finances resulting therefrom. The station also carried several national accounts, a remarkable feat for small college broadcasting.

Engineers were skillfully trained by Dick Stowe, while Martin Lehfeldt was absorbed in the never-ending task of scheduling and re-scheduling all the station's programs and advertisements. Geoff Raymond, in charge of copy and production, was ever watchful to keep the programming on a high level, while Norm Forster was in charge of publicity. The most popular program continued to be Great Music, emceed by Bob Tannenbaum.

Doing its bit to overcome the isolation inherent in a secluded outpost of Quakerism, WHRC became a member of the Intercollegiate Broadcasting System and served as "big brother" to the Ursinus College Radio Club, which intends to go on the air in September.

Bleary-eyed Pete Jernquist, WHRC's all-night disk jockey, makes with smooth talk and mellow music.



WHRC, also known as Radio Free Haverford, has made many innovations this year which have better enabled it to beam entertainment and enlightenment to the four corners of the campus. The acquisition of a stereo Magnetocordette and greater cooperation with its Bryn Mawr counterpart (a growing trend among Haverford organizations) were achievements of the staff in the Union attic.

The Magnetocordette was proudly presented to the public on Parents' Day, the same day that WHRC went FM and presented its first stereophonic broadcast. Sam Tatnall, special events director, guided the weekly stereo presentations which began in March. Coverage also included the 125th Anniversary events, campaign speeches of Students' Council candidates, and an interview with novelist Pearl Buck by Browny Speer and Truman Bullard.

Adding a feminine touch, Bryn Mawr's WBMC figured more centrally in the activities of Haverford's radio voice this year. The two stations have inaugurated a limited program-exchange project, which has increased programming quality and interest for both colleges.



Return of Agamemnon in the *Oresteia*

DRAMA CLUB

To open its 1958-59 season, the Drama Club combined with Bryn Mawr's Thespians to present a complicated production of Shakespeare's quasi-historical *King John*. The brothers Knight (Charles, '58, and Don) portrayed King John and Philip the Bastard, respectively, turning in strong performances with fine sensitivity to their characters' changes of emotion. Jane Parry played Constance (one of Shakespeare's

most difficult female roles), while Francisca Duran-Reynolds portrayed a remarkable little King Arthur. Additional artistic effect was provided by the unusual color and symbol used in the sets and costumes depicting the English and French courts. The play was received enthusiastically on both its historical and moral levels.

Following the examples of Harvey Phillips, '58, and Ken Geist, '58, Tim Sheldon presented in December an original play entitled *The Uninvited*. This private effort, a saga of cave-

After vanquishing Hugh Ogden, bulky Trudy Hoffman prepares to assault the rest of the somewhat frightened *Uninvited*.





Bark Sharp and B.M.C.'s Nina Brookhuysen kneel in supplication to the gods of the theater for help in learning their lines from the *Oresteia*.

The chorus sneers at the murdering Aegisthus in the production of Aeschylus' *Oresteia*.

men searching for their identity, was written along the lines of previous Sheldon Class Night scripts, but on a much higher level. The production was well done and very enjoyable.

Time out from production was taken in the same month in order to change the ruling caste. Keith Bradley replaced Dave Morgan as president; Al Paskow took over from roommate John Hayter as secretary; Steve Ramseyer received control of productions from Hugh Ogden; and Phil Gerdine disconsolately returned the financial records to his own room.

The next item on the Club's agenda was the Lincoln University Drama Club's production in February of Bridget Boland's *The Prisoner*. Well produced and intelligently acted, the performance was occasioned by last spring's Haverford-Bryn Mawr production of *Comedy of Errors* at Lincoln.

In March the combined drama clubs performed Richmond Lattimore's translation of Aeschylus' *Oresteia*. The personal guidance of Mr. Lattimore, an excellent set by Peter Rockwell, '58, and fine acting overcame the difficulties of production in this ambitious undertaking. Charles Knight, making his second post-graduate appearance, played Agamemnon, while Jinty Myles sang her swan song as Clytemnestra. Paul Hodge played the role of Orestes, Ned Wolfe portrayed Aegisthus, and Rob Colby was especially good as Cassandra. *The Libation Bearers*, the second part of this trilogy, was carted off to the Yale Drama Festival, scenery and all.

To end their 1958-59 season on a gayer note, the joint clubs chose Bernard Shaw's *Heartbreak House* for their May production. Although rather light, this play still presented a challenge to the actors, besides providing good entertainment for both college audiences.



Real and cardboard monarchs dominate the action during a performance of Shakespeare's *King John*.

H a v e r f o

Volume 50, Number 22

FRIDAY,

Peck Battles S.A.C. Probe

Continuing its "tradition" of comprehensive reporting and philosophical editorializing, the *News* editorial board piloted its way rather uneventfully through the first semester — much to the delight of Triangle and Beta Rho. . . .

. . . Wednesday, 10 p.m.: Editor Tenney Peck, walking a tight-rope between the literary, musical, and mathematical world-views, arrives in the *News* Room and asks desk-man, associate editor Lou Sheitelman, "How does it look?" "Well," Lou replies, "We have a hole. In fact we can't put out that 8-page paper this week." "I know," Peck rejoins, "I already told the printers. Boy, are they . . . say, where's Brownly?" "Working on his fifth story," associate editor



Editor Tenney Peck's newspaper reflects his editorial policy: the truth and nothing but the hole truth.

Greg Alexander replies, still wondering what happened to his Page 2 layout. "He'll be back about one. Looks like an early night!" "Early, h . . ." news editor Al Armstrong mutters. "Say, Peck, what happened to that Bryn Mawr filler?"

1 a.m.: Enter associate editor Brownly Speer: "Say, you guys, a Holy Roller is on campus. Could we use an interview? I'll be back in a jiffy!"

3 a.m.: The missing Alumni column, prepared by alumni editors Joel Lowenthal and Steve Waite, has been found, and the staff disperses. Peck retires to Leeds to begin his translation of *Faust* for the week's editorial . . .

At the end of the semester, medals for bravery under fire



Lou Sheitelman makes his point in a *News* Room debate with Mike Harvey and Brownly Speer.

This gruelling meeting of the *News* editorial board proved too much for hard-working news-hawk Lou Sheitelman, who has dropped off to sleep.



were awarded to contributors John (Through the Glass) Hayter, Walter (Cassandra) Kaegi, and Richard Teitelbaum. Ed Reiner and Charles Lipton provided the photos, while Oscar Goodman's art work helped fill holes and lend aesthetic balance.

. . . February 3: Re-enter editor Speer. He has polished the editor's swivel chair, cleaned out the desk, and installed maid service in the *News* Room. The *News*'s fiftieth anniversary was celebrated in his second issue! When last seen, he was preparing for the coming round with the printers and appraising the results of the Senior Class Poll.

rd News

JUNE 5, 1959

\$3.00 Cheap

News Members Caught in Raid



Artisans of the *News*: (on the floor) Krone, Gwatin, Goodman; (seated) Armstrong, Lowenthal, Sheitelman, Peck, Speer, Alexander, Goggin; (standing) Rower, Waite, Beggs, Fisher, Lippard, Snider, Harvey, Carpenter, Margie, Young, Ramey.

Sports Staff Wins 1st Pulitzer Prize

The sports editors have a thankless job! Dedicated and loyal, they are alone and friendless—save when a chance reader thinks of them upon finding his name mentioned in the intramural ping-pong write-up.

Mac Goggin, George Parker, and Chris Kimmich were this year's men apart. Upon their collective shoulders has fallen the burden of describing sport in all its guises at Haverford. The editors have also had to appease irascible alumni who have memories of ancient Haverford athletic glories.

So they walk alone, good old "M.G.," "G.P.," and "C.K.," as we say around the News Bureau, three isolated voices crying for athletics in the academic wind. Yes, the sports editors have a thankless job!

Sports editors Goggin, Parker, and Kimmich give final approval to a provocative "Time Out."



Business Manager Flees Campus

Upstairs, Eighth Entry, September 18, 1958—(HC)—An intensive *News* advertising campaign was begun here today to the consternation of local merchants. Garry Carpenter and Bob Margie are the field generals at the moment, under the watchful (but absent) eye of business manager Jay Ramey.

Upstairs, Eighth Entry, February 1, 1959—(HC)—Advertising in the *News* this year amounted to \$600, according to a release from the business man-

ager. In addition, \$350 in subscriptions was tapped from more than 30% of students' families. The release pointed out that everyone on the *News* staff is once again sleeping at night.

Upstairs, Eighth Entry, June 5—(HC)—The *News* was a financial success this year! Advertising and subscriptions, plus business manager Ramey's tight-fisted policies kept the ledger ink black, though this frugality occasionally caused the editors some panic-stricken moments.

Record



The staff: (first row) Brewster, Miller, Blauvelt; (second row) Murray, Sheitelman, Ogden, Tubis; (third row) Lowenthal, Gage, Wright, Colburn, Alexander.



Tireless Ed Reiner, *Record* photography editor, replaces a worn-out lens on one of his tired cameras.

This year's *Record* seemed to pick up steam as the months passed by, moving from spasmodic meetings in the Students' Council Room in September and October, through long, winter Saturday afternoons in the *Record* Room, to frantic all night sessions in the editor's basement during spring vacation. All of the hard work paid off: one month to the day after the final deadline, the book was finished.

Editor Lowenthal came into office brimming with vitality and new ideas. During his reign, the Comptroller's office constructed an office for the *Record* in the basement of Leeds. This structure, a curious cross between a chicken coop and the catacombs in Whitall, seemed to collect table tennis balls and underdeveloped photos more easily than willing workers.

Caught in a frantic race to keep up with the page-adding tactics of the ambitious editor-in-chief were John Coulthurst, business manager, and J. D. Miller, advertising manager. These dedicated economists wrote tremendously moving letters to faculty, parents, and alumni for



Financial hotshots Stokes, Coulthurst, Vastine, Gresimer, and Miller attempt to balance income and costs.

patronage and subscriptions and badgered local merchants incessantly for advertising support. Having succeeded by February in paying for the 160 odd pages planned, the business staff suddenly found itself in March with a new goal—color photography—and set to work again.

Photography editor Ed Reiner contributed continually to the confusion by turning out a minimum of ten pictures a day, most of which were filed on top of the office desk. Ed's picture-taking schedule also managed to confuse some of the best minds on the Faculty.

The literary staff, including associate editors Greg Alexander and Art Wright, became hardened during the year to working knee deep in Oxydol suds, side by side with grunting weight lifters. Originality was required of these men in laying out the book, subtlety and cleverness in writing the articles, and stealth and cunning in stealing and or borrowing for *Record* use the typewriters of the solitary residents of Leeds singles. Gordon Liechty, erstwhile copy editor, soon became the brains behind the whole operation; Bob Colburn translated Haverford's athletic achievements into yearbook copy; and features editor Phil Miller lent the creativity of an English major to a rather prosaic staff.

Somehow the stresses and strains involved did not prevent the *Record* from taking on a new aspect. The writing of more than a hundred students appears in the book, coverage is the most complete ever, and the cover was redesigned. And besides, it has color pictures.



Infringing on the sacred domain of the ducks, the photography staff chooses a sylvan setting for its own picture: Rice, Rodell, Yamada, Kovacsics.



11th HOUR

Editors Greg Alexander and Art Wright prepare to catch the *Record* mouse as Lou Sheitelman readies the guillotine.



Editors Murray, Wright, Alexander, Lowenthal, and Kriel consider the insertion of a secret Beta Rho photo.



Gary Blauvelt and Phil Miller perform a sticky task with aplomb in the luxurious *Record* Room in Leeds.



COMMITTEES

BIG BROTHER

The Big Brother — Sub-Freshman Guide Committee has the dubious honor of possessing the longest name on campus. But it has the definite distinction of playing an important role in every Haverfordian's college career.

Critical high school applicants, with equally critical parents in tow, are given the ten-dollar tour of the campus by committee guides. In the summer each wide-eyed sub-freshmen is subjected to a letter from "Big Brother," who (ideally) follows through in the fall by providing "Little Brother" with a speaking knowledge of Haverfordia.



B.B.—S.F.G. Committee: (first row) Hoffman, Weil, Phillips, Mathews, David; (second row) Read, Coles, Shepherd, Thompson, Colburn, Shapiro, Rogers, Harvey.



Papa Kaufman surrounded by his Class Night Kids: (first row) Paskow, Hayter, Miller, Larson, Lyman; (second row) Shepherd, Gwatkin, Stokes.

CLASS NIGHT

The Students' Council begat the Class Night Committee, and the committee in turn begat Class Night. The paternal intermediary in this creative process was headed by Mal Kaufman, John Shepherd, and John Hayter.

The group not only kept participants from burning down Roberts Hall with cigarette butts, but also insured that complete confusion reigned when ticket applications were distributed. Then, out of weeks of chaotic preparations, the committee presented a Class Night enjoyed by all, save a few squeamish Bryn Mawr fillies.

CURRICULUM

The function of the Students' Curriculum Committee has never been precisely defined. Therefore its choice of activities, based on the members' personal interests and the moment's pertinent problems, usually encompasses as large an area as its title.

This year's committee, led by n-dimensional Tenney Peck, plowed its way through investigations of the advisor system and the student load. What the College will learn from these probes is still inconclusive; what the committee has learned remains for next year's group to evaluate.



Mirthfully considering a student questionnaire, the Curriculum Committee disturbs the Library calm: Thorne, McKelvey, Kain, Peck, Stone, Dietrich.

HONOR SYSTEM

Providing the incoming freshman class with a clear and effective introduction to Haverford's standards of academic and social conduct is the principal task of the Honor System Committee. After sending letters to each freshman during the summer and holding discussion sessions with them in the fall, the committee registers the new class in the Honor Pledge Book upon their acceptance of the System.

The group also explains the Honor Code to new faculty members. This year, in addition, the committee discussed an extension of the System to include use of library facilities.



Interpreters of the Honor System discuss a loophole: Grambs, Lowenthal, Ritter, Bullard, Kaegi, Miller, Ungerleider, Howard.

SERVICE FUND

The only organized campus giving campaign, the Service Fund Drive, had a slightly atypical year. Breaking a Haverford tradition, the members of the committee themselves explained the charities to the student body in a special Collection program. The students, in turn, showed less than the usual tight-fisted apathy, and receipts rose to a record high.

The Montgomery County Home for Retarded Children, a Colorado workshop to train young American Indian leaders, and a Friends interracial center in Southern Rhodesia all received the Fund's support.



Service Fund coordinators Duff, Miller, and Morgan puzzle over their curious banking problems.

SOCIAL

Despite the inhibitory tendencies of Haverford's fabled "academic pressure," the Social Committee managed to sneak in a few movies and "record hops" this year. The committee also sponsored the first annual (?) Christmas Dance in an attempt to establish a new College tradition. For this occasion, the Haverford Rhythm Section "wailed" a fine performance, while H. Klingenmaier and Co. donated the professional touch of their superb decorations.

Although the spastic presentation of social functions left much to be desired, the Tri-College Dance, featuring the romantic music of Les and Larry Elgart, more than made up for the committee's inactive moments.



Goggin, Lehfeldt, Klingenmaier, Parker, Lowenthal, and Gaetjens plan a forthcoming Social Committee mixer with Hareum.



The International Club pauses after settling the Patagonian crisis: (seated) Krone, Blackburn, Yamada, Kaegi; (standing) Sheitelman, Akashi, Abrams, Lary.

INTERNAT'L CLUB

Visits by several Lebanese students and two Trotskyites began the International Club's first semester activities. An attempt at a more Western orientation failed when geopolitician Robert Strauss-Hupé cancelled his speech.

During the second semester, Arnold Lloyd discussed apartheid in South Africa; Lou Sheitelman and Paul Blackburn journeyed to Mt. Holyoke for a conference on underdeveloped countries; and Stanislaw Roczowski described Poland's economic problems. Tentative visitors for the rest of the semester (at press time) included one of Castro's *barbudos*.



Harrisburg or bust: (first row) Kimmich, Ungerleider, Howard, Houston, Gould; (second row) Hurford, Del Bello, Wenzel; (third row) Lowenthal, Goodman, Pelouze, Linthicum, Hayter. Absent: Krone.



Haverford poll-watchers: (seated) Hobough, Ritter, Pendleton, Comanor, Craig, Quinter; (standing) Weidman, James, Parker, Krone, Coles, Shelton.

CAUCUS CLUB

The Caucus Club, home of aspiring politicians, is a seasonal organization. Beginning each year with a flurry of activity over the national or local political campaign, its Democratic and Republican factions separate to aid their respective parties—though lately it has been difficult to find Republicans on campus.

After election day the club reunites and returns to its norm of relative inactivity. An occasional speaker or trip to Washington give it a semblance of life, but it is reborn only with the next academic year and the challenge of another political campaign.

I.C.G.

The Intercollegiate Conference on Government, through its functions at Harrisburg and 10th Entry, has given a new dimension to the study of politics at Haverford. From its campus office in 9th Entry—long noted for its political orientation—the I.C.G. encourages a study of the mechanics of government.

A guiding force in intercollegiate government "affairs," the Haverford chapter captured high offices—1st Librarian and Head Time-keeper—at both the regional and state conventions.



Players and kibitzers: (seated) Schear, Campbell, Kain, Hecht, Pursel; (standing) Krone, Fox, Char, Scarborough.

BRIDGE CLUB

To the average Haverford student, the Bridge Club is simply an organization which monopolizes the Union Lounge on Sunday afternoons. These sessions, used primarily for bidding and trying to make contracts, are also good opportunities for students to let off steam by cursing at their partners.

Competing on the intercollegiate level, the club defeated the University of Pennsylvania in a close match. In addition, one member of the club usually writes a weekly column in the *News*, presenting interesting hands to any bridge players who happen to read the paper.

DEBATING SOCIETY

From an organizational meeting which overflowed with freshman Websters and Calhouns, president Brownly Speer emerged with four Rhinies—Phil Musgrove, Steve Miller, Dick Parker, and Harold Jenkins—to augment the narrow ranks of the Comfort casuists.

Following an Invitational Tournament, Speer resigned his mantle to Lou Sheitelman. Three upperclassmen filled out the ranks, debating the annual topic on nuclear weapons development with such rivals as Bryn Mawr, Villanova, and Rosemont.

The ultimate in eloquence: (seated) Newcomb, Sheitelman, Speer, Conn; (standing) Parker, Miller, Musgrove, Jenkins.



White appears to have checkmated black: Lederer, Spiegel, Larson, G. Rhoads, J. Rhoads, Dietrich, Marsden.

CHESS CLUB

Haverford's Chess Club marches on successfully, even if somewhat silently. Thanks to the interest of seniors George Marsden, Frank Dietrich, and Dave Rivers, as well as a clan of Rhoadses, chess activity has reached a height rarely seen at a small college.

A large amount of interest centers about the weekly meeting with the Bryn Mawr club, but chess is not without its traumas: Immortal is the excursion to a match in a North Philadelphia basement one winter's eve, when the five doughty warriors discovered that their arrival was precisely one week late.



ATHLETICS



GRIDDERS THUMP GARNET IN 4-3 YEAR



Quarterback Mickey Kaback tries to widen a small hole in the Swarthmore defense for scatback Ortman.

FOOTBALL SUMMARY

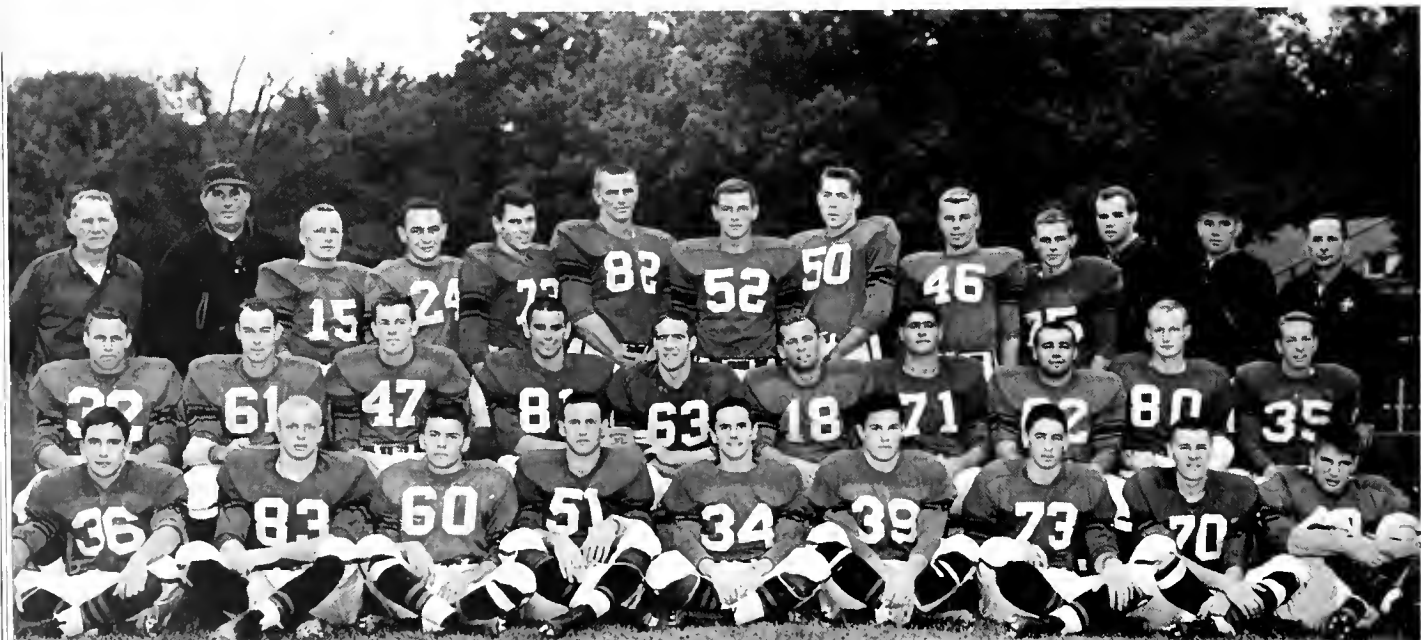
<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
14	Wagner	15
14	Dickinson	0
24	Johns Hopkins	38
6	Hamilton	20
38	Ursinus	6
8	Susquehanna	7
28	Swarthmore	0

Fielding one of the smallest squads in many years, Haverford's football team fought to a 4-3 record. This performance is impressive, because the team had to win the last three games to finish with a winning season, and it meant that this year's seniors have played on winning teams each of their four years at Haverford.

Opening their season against Wagner on Walton Field, the gridders suffered a heart-breaking 15-14 defeat. Although the visitors scored first, Norm Woldorf's recovery of a Wagner fumble set the stage for Bob Ortman's carry around end for the score and extra points. Early in the second half, Ortman intercepted a pass and went 51 yards for Haverford's second touchdown. The conversion failed, however, and Wagner marched 70 yards on the kickoff for the score and winning conversion kick.

Traveling to Carlisle for the first time in several years, the Fords evened their season's record with a 14-0 victory over Dickinson. Throughout the first half the ball changed hands many times, and the Fords never threatened to score. After the halftime intermission, though, the Quakers took a punt on Dickinson's 38, and pass interference gave them the ball on the nine. From there Ortman carried for the score. Then, midway in the final period John

Five thousand pounds of muscle plus a ton of coaches: (first row) Waddeli, Fox, Natelson, Eshleman, Freilich, Jenks, Block, Watkins, Kramer; (second row) Ortman, McLeod, Griffith, Robinson, Green, Kaback, Concors, Mamana, Henderson, Goodman; (third row) Randall (coach), Docherty (coach), Coker, Ungerleider, Woldorf, Murray, Bauer, Hurford, Adams, Brooks, Lewis (manager), Prudente (coach), Morsch (trainer).





Ted Robinson tries to spin away from a prayerful defender after snaring a Kaback pass.

CO-CAPTAINS IN ACTION AGAINST URSINUS

Andy Green found the ball in his hands, so he ran with it — naturally. Jack Coker and John Eshleman move in to block.



Eshleman intercepted a pass to set up Mickey Kaback's victory-insuring one-yard plunge.

In the next two games, Haverford lost to its toughest opponents, Johns Hopkins and Hamilton. At Hopkins the team showed its best offense of the year. Kaback's passing was outstanding, as he continually hit Ted Robinson, Ortman, and Larry Griffith for long gains. Meeting Hamilton in a rainy Homecoming game the following Saturday, the Fords were victims of long runs and a tight defense. Forced to punt several times, the Quakers received some fine kicking from Griffith, who averaged over 40 yards per punt.

After an open date, the Fords were virtually obliged to win the final three games. The team conquered Ursinus easily, 38-6, but were given a scare when a Bear halfback broke loose for a touchdown on the first play of the game. Haverford retaliated quickly, as Ortman scored on a one-yard plunge, and Kaback threw a touchdown pass to Griffith after Ursinus fumbled the kickoff. Later in the first half the fleet-footed Ortman scored again on a 47-yard run. In the second half, freshman Bill Freilich scored twice — one of these touchdowns was a gallop through the entire Ursinus team. Jim

Ungerleider added the final score on a slice off tackle. Kaback had one of his finest days, as he completed over 65% of his passes for 215 yards in the air.

The Fords now travelled to Susquehanna, where they tackled the favored host team. Susquehanna jumped to a 7-0 lead by falling on a blocked punt in the Haverford end zone, but in the second half the Quakers rallied to score

A fierce Mickey Kaback drops back to pass, as his teammates get set to put him out of reach of the Garnet forward wall.





Norm Woldorf (72) heads for a Garnet foe, while Bob Ortman receives a lateral from a hidden Quaker.

on a long pass from Kaback to Griffith. Seconds later Griffith took another Kaback pass for the extra points and an 8-7 victory. Haverford's defensive work by Woldorf, Andy Green, Al Concors, and Joe Mamana, stopped many Susquehanna threats.

Going into its final game, the spirited Ford team shut out the Garnet of Swarthmore 28-0 in the annual Hood Trophy contest. The Garnet threatened several times in the first half, but the Haverford defense made many stops within

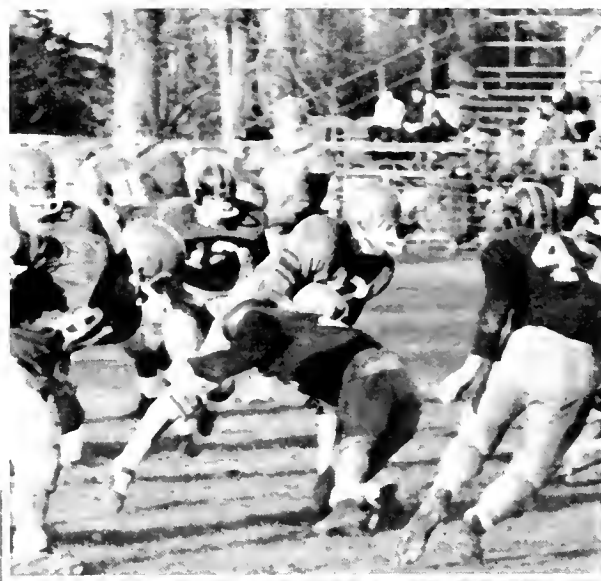
A Garnet halfback is "limed" by Ortman, as Kaback readies himself to apply the final treatment.



the 10-yard line and succeeded in forcing several Swarthmore fumbles. After Ungerleider smashed off tackle for the first score, Freilich took a Kaback pass on the three and lateralled to tackle Woldorf, who raced into the end zone for the second touchdown. Ortman climaxed a great year by scoring on dashes of 10 and 25 yards to put the game on ice.

Special recognition is also due Ortman for being chosen on the E.C.A.C. All-American Team, while Robinson, Kaback, and Green were given Honorable Mention. Griffith was honored with the Wright Cup Award, and Woldorf was selected on the All-East Team-of-the-Week for his outstanding play against Swarthmore.

Bob Ortman is about to be brought down after rolling for yardage against Ursinus.





At last the whole team showed up for practice: (first row) Holtzman, Haymond, Steigman, Bower, Groves; (second row) Vaux, Decker, Rower, Schambelan, Johnson, Garrett; (third row) Salisbury, Natelson, Goodman, Aronoff, Conn.

HAPLESS J. V. GRIDMEN FAIL TO WIN

Completing a rather unsuccessful season, the J.V. football team lost all three of its games. In its first encounter, Haverford lost to P.M.C. by a lone touchdown, 13-6. Despite the power running of John Bower and Dan Heilman, the Fords had trouble scoring, and P.M.C. jumped to a 13-0 lead. A fine run by Doug Decker set up the Ford's only score, with Heilman carrying for the points.

The following week, Haverford hosted Bryn Athyn in its best game of the year, losing a 6-0 heartbreaker. The Fords pressed to the visitors' eight-yard line on the running of Bower and Bo Schambelan, but were held on downs. Hugh McCleod and John Fox played good ball, but the team couldn't push over a score.

In their final game of the year, the junior gridgers travelled to Swarthmore, where the Garnet pinned a 21-0 defeat on them. The game was a scoreless tie throughout the first half, and the defense was particularly sharp, holding inside the 20 several times. But Swarthmore dominated the second half and went on to win the Bucket Trophy game.

J.V. FOOTBALL SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
6	P.M.C.	13
0	Bryn Athyn	6
0	Swarthmore	21

Dan Heilman bursts through the P.M.C. defense for precious J.V. yardage as reinforcements move in.



BOOTERS TIE NAVY, LOSE TO GARNET



"Well, gimme the ball, Jimmy, if you want me to kick it," says captain Werner Muller to coach Mills.

SOCCKER SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
3	F. & M.	1
0	Princeton	3
2	Rutgers	0
1	Lafayette (forfeit)	0
5	Ursinus	0
1	Lehigh	5
3	Temple	6
3	La Salle	1
0	Navy	0
0	Penn	2
1	Swarthmore	5

Haverford's erratic approach to varsity soccer in the fall of 1958 is reflected in its mediocre 6-5-1 record. As a whole the team was solidly manned at each position and was quite capable of good soccer, but this was not always evident in such unfortunate encounters as the Lehigh and Swarthmore games.

The season began optimistically, as the Fords eliminated the Alumni by a 5 to 1 count. Then, in its first league game, the team continued its winning ways over Franklin and Marshall, with Werner Muller and Evan Alderson playing major roles in the 3-1 victory.

Illusions of an undefeated season were brief. The Fords arrived at Princeton without the services of five varsity players who were either injured or sick. As a result, the team did well to escape with a 3-0 loss. The next game was less depressing. With most of the disabled players back in the lineup against Rutgers, captain Muller offered up some razzle-dazzle soccer, Holly Taylor played a tight game in the goal, and the team pushed across two quick goals in the second overtime for a 2-0 win.

Against undefeated Lafayette the Fords pulled a crowd teaser by letting the crew from Easton run off to a 3-0 halftime lead. After a few appropriate remarks from Coach Jimmy Mills between halves, though, the team caught

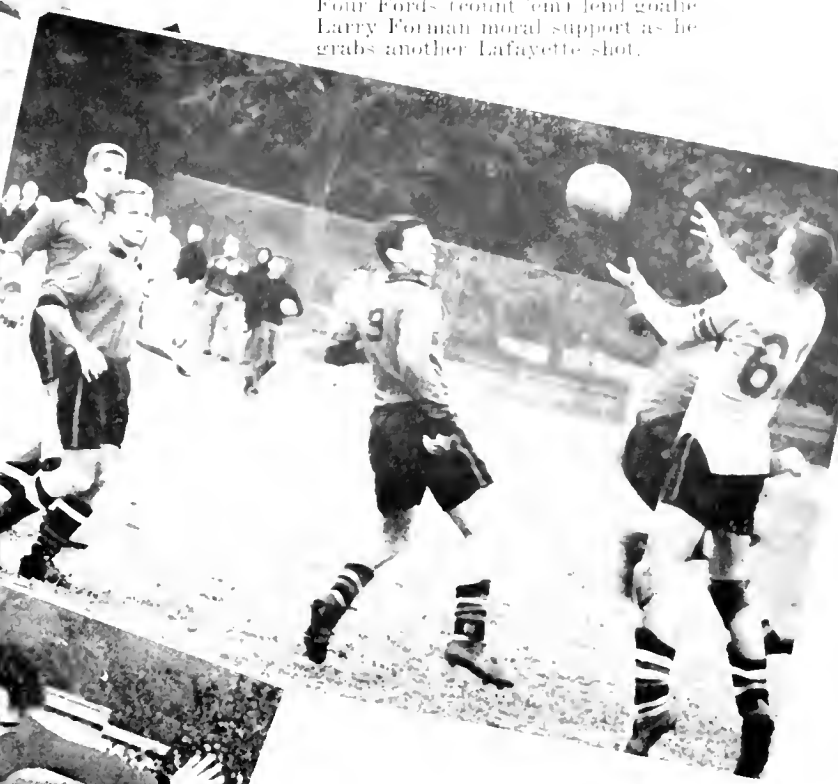
It takes a lot of guys to defend this goal: (first row) Baldwin, Alderson, Muller, Leeser, Swan; (second row) Fischer, Hetzel, Coles, Linthicum, Morris, Fowler; (third row) Mills (coach), Bullard (manager), Lane, Hodge, H. N. Taylor, Forman, H. E. Taylor, Shivers.



Henny Hetzel jousts with a Garnet booter for possession of the ball.



Four Fords' (right team) lend goalie Larry Forman moral support as he grabs another Lafayette shot.



Fred Swan won this tussle for the ball by blacking two Pennsmen's eyes.



Captain Muller to La Salle opponent: "Pardon me, but this looks like *my* ball."



"Go to a neutral corner," says the referee. Muller and Hetzel openly defy him.

fire and almost chased Lafayette off the field. With Muller, Gyula Kovacsics, and Fred Swan controlling the mid-field, and Henny Hetzel and Paul Hodge driving the ball goalward, Haverford tied the score and continued to press the visitors until the final whistle. The Lafayette coach, sensing the fatigued condition of his faltering forces, refused to play the required overtimes, thus giving Haverford a 1-0 forfeit victory.

Ursinus gave the Fords little trouble as the team swept to a 5-0 triumph. The game was marked offensively by Jim Morris' two goals from outside left, while center halfback Allen Fischer's steady defensive play helped to keep Ursinus out of Haverford territory during most

Jim Morris bears down on the elusive sphere as an F. and M. booter prepares to send the ball goalward.



of the game. There is little to be said about the team's first league loss to undefeated Lehigh, except that the field was wet and the Fords possessed little ball control or teamwork. The next game, a league match with Temple, was much the same as the Lehigh contest, except that three added days of rain made the field even wetter. Actually, the game was more even than the 6-3 score indicates. Worth noting was the excellent game turned in by goalkeeper Larry Forman.

Haverford finally emerged from its losing spin with a 3-1 victory over La Salle and proceeded to reach its season's peak against an undefeated Navy team. Unlike many previous years, Haverford completely outplayed and out-hustled the Middies for the first three quarters. The quick, accurate passing of insides Muller and Swan, backed up by wing halves Alderson and Kovacsics, kept Navy constantly on the defense. The Middie fullbacks stood firm, however, and managed to break up the Ford offense whenever it moved deep into Navy territory. In the last quarter and two overtimes, Navy pressed hard, but it too was unable to penetrate its opponent's backfield. Final score: 0-0.

Back to its erratic ways, the Mainliners lost to a strong Penn team in a close 2-0 game. The Philadelphia Quakers capitalized on two breaks to score their goals. As for the Swarthmore engagement, there is little to be said, except that Haverford played one of its worst games of the season. Outside of the efforts of Morris, Fischer, and Harry Leeser, the team was quite ineffective in its 5-1 Hood Trophy loss.

J.V. SOCCER ENDS "PERFECT" SEASON

In order to appreciate the J.V. soccer team, one must disregard its unimpressive 0-8 record and examine the philosophy behind Haverford athletics. Ignoring Lou Little's Collection speech (on the importance of winning), the team accrued such intangible benefits as sportsmanship, camaraderie, and game experience.

A respectable loss to Princeton opened the season, and a wave of optimism permeated the locker room after the booters dropped a close 2-1 game to Penn. Ted Hoen tallied Haverford's only goal in the latter contest. Ford optimism was shattered at Hill School, though, where the squad's performance hit bottom. Fatigued from a strenuous waterfight the night before, the team crawled to a 4-0 defeat.

Capitalizing on a wet, muddy field, Coach Jack Lester's squad next ruined a Westtown bid for a 7-0 shutout. Although the line played well, led by the wading of George Tai and Joel Lowenthal, the backfield seemed to dissolve in the puddles. After a repeat loss to the Penn J.V.'s, the Fords succumbed to Ogontz, despite the fine defensive play of Elliot Fenander, Matt Stanley, and Don Snider. The booters next took a crack at the Penn freshmen. But this game was merely a rehearsal for the Bucket Trophy Swarthmore game, and both contests produced 3-2 defeats for the Fords.



Matt Stanley, Don Snider, and Don Adams converge on a presumptuous Penn halfback.

J.V. SOCCER SUMMARY

Har.	Opp.	
0	Princeton	2
1	Penn J.V.	2
0	Hill School	4
1	Westtown	7
0	Penn J.V.	3
0	Ogontz	2
2	Penn Frosh	3
2	Swarthmore	3

A plethora of talent and a dearth of uniforms: (first row) Stokes, Parker, Lowenthal, Ziegenfuss, Baehr, Tai; (second row) Barlow, J. S. Williams, J. G. Williams, Knox, Lippard, Snider, Mears, Lehfeldt, Abrams; (third row) Fenander, Gage, Turner, Stanley, de Luca, Rhoads, Weyand, Lester (coach), Freedberg (manager).





Captain Sandy Phillips runs alone (ahead or behind?) against Swarthmore.

CROSS COUNTRY SUMMARY

Har.	Opp.
42 Albright	17
18 Delaware	40
20 P.M.C.	39
50 Lafayette	15
57 } Johns Hopkins	18
57 } Washington College	58
29 Moravian	27
39 Swarthmore	22
12th Middle Atlantics	

HARRIERS WIN TWO IN MEDIOCRE YEAR

Under the leadership of captain Sandy Phillips and new coach William Breuninger, Haverford's cross country team finished its season with two wins, a second in a triangular meet, and four losses.

The harriers opened at Albright, but lost to the host team despite a good showing by freshmen Dave Gwatkin and Matt Strickler and sophomore Bob Matthews. Bouncing back a week later, the team downed Delaware 18-40 and P.M.C. 20-39 to avenge the earlier loss. The harriers showed good balance in both these

Pete Jernquist throws away his third cigarette as he crosses the finish line against Delaware. (Isn't that an "old friend" in the striped jacket?)



Haverford harriers and Garnet guests race across the finish line in the annual Inter-Fraternity Marathon.



meets, placing five men within the top seven. Phillips, Dave Hillier, Larry Schumpert, Pete Jernquist, and Gwatkin all finished among the leaders.

From there on in the sledding was rough, as the squad lost dual meets to Lafayette, Moravian, and Swarthmore. On a cold, rainy day at Lafayette, the Fords were shut out by one of the strongest opponents they faced all year. In a triangular meet with Johns Hopkins and Washington College, the team was solidly downed by Hopkins, but managed to edge out Washington 57-58. Running on a short 3.2-mile course, Hopkins set a faster pace than the Fords had seen all season.

The loss to Moravian was a heartbreaking 27-29 defeat with Schumpert, Hillier, Phillips, Jernquist, and Strickler again pacing the leaders. Against Swarthmore the harriers were outclassed by a strong Garnet team, although Hillier and Schumpert placed second and fourth respectively.

In the Middle Atlantics, held at the conclusion of the season, the Ford team finished twelfth among the eighteen competing colleges. Paced by Hillier and Jernquist, the squad downed such schools as Albright, Gettysburg, Delaware, and Moravian.

The cross country team looks refreshed after a brisk 26-mile jog: (first row) Strickler, Gwatkin, Gucker, Mathews, Phillips, Hillier, Jernquist, Schumpert; (second row) Armstrong (manager), Linville, Petraske, Maurer, Stafford, MacLeod, Breuninger (coach).



Dave Hillier eyes the distance between him and his Garnet opponent with dismay.

And they're off against Delaware! — Where's the mechanical rabbit?



CAGERS START FAST, FADE AT FINISH

After getting off to a fast start, Coach Ernie Prudente's varsity basketball team ran into trouble late in the season and ended the year with a slightly above-average nine and seven record.

Opening against a strong Delaware team, the Fords succumbed by a 73-56 count, although Larry Forman and Tom Del Bello hit double figures. The Quakers' next game was more to the team's liking, as the hoopsters downed Rutgers (South Jersey) 79-62 to begin a four-game winning streak. The Fords, never behind in this game, displayed a well-balanced attack, as five players scored ten or more points.

The following week, the team barely managed to edge out Stevens 57-55. The visitors

from New Jersey jumped to a seven point lead with three minutes remaining in the game, but the Fords rallied with ten quick points, and Forman's winning bucket came within four seconds of the final buzzer. Playing host to Johns Hopkins in the Alumni Field House, Haverford outscored the visitors 69-53. Then, in the final game before Christmas vacation, the Fords crushed the National Aggies 82-71, as captain Pete Eidenberg compiled 24 points.

Returning from vacation, the Fords saw their winning streak broken as they lost to Moravian 78-53. Bouncing back quickly, however, the team edged out Ursinus 65-64 with Forman sinking the winning basket in the last two seconds of the game. Drexel was next on

No, this isn't modern dance. This Drexel-Ford quartet just knows that whatever goes up must come down.

Larry Forman, out of reach of Ursinus hands, lays one up to widen the gap in the score. Al Johnson (20) and Pete Eidenberg (12) take notes.



BASKETBALL SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
56	Delaware	73
79	Rutgers (S. J.)	62
57	Stevens	55
69	Johns Hopkins	53
82	National Aggies	71
53	Moravian	78
65	Ursinus	64
65	Drexel	48
63	P.M.C.	65
80	Drew	41
62	Ursinus	55
58	Swarthmore	47
62	Drexel	77
75	P.M.C.	84
64	Franklin and Marshall	77
61	Swarthmore	67



Ford cagers: (first row) Freedberg (manager), Andrews, Kittner, Eidenberg, David, Schear, Prudente (coach); (second row) Wright (manager), Pursel, Johnson, Hurford, Del Bello, Fautleroy, Forman, Morsch (trainer).

the Fords' list, and Haverford registered a 65-48 win over the Dragons. Building on a 25-20 halftime lead, the team caught fire in the second period and raced to an easy victory.

Following a heartbreaking 65-63 loss to P.M.C. at Chester, the Fords returned to their home court to triumph over Drew. Al Johnson, Forman, and Del Bello sparked the team in its best offense of the year, and the Fords rolled up a comfortable 80-44 conquest. Continuing its winning ways against Ursinus, the team capitalized on Johnson's 15 points and Buster Fautleroy's 17 rebounds to overcome a 31-27 half-time deficit and take the game. The Fords next took on Swarthmore in the Field House and won handily 58-47. Harris David's sparkling play, Forman's 19 points, and Eidenberg's rebounding aided strongly in the victory.

At this point in the season, the Fords boasted a nine and three record and were contenders for the Middle Atlantic (Southern Division) crown. Any such title hopes were soon dispelled, though, as the team dropped its last four games. After a 77-62 loss to Drexel, the team met P.M.C. at home. The Quakers led by ten points in the third quarter, but subsequently yielded to the soldiers' powerful offensive. The

regular game ended in a 72-72 tie, and P.M.C. went on to win in the overtime period. A loss to Franklin and Marshall further dampened the hometown spirits.

In their second game with Swarthmore — the Hood Trophy Contest — the Quakers were dumped by an inspired Garnet team. Haverford jumped to an early first quarter lead, but Swarthmore gained a 32-29 halftime advantage which it never relinquished despite the inspired play of David and Eidenberg.



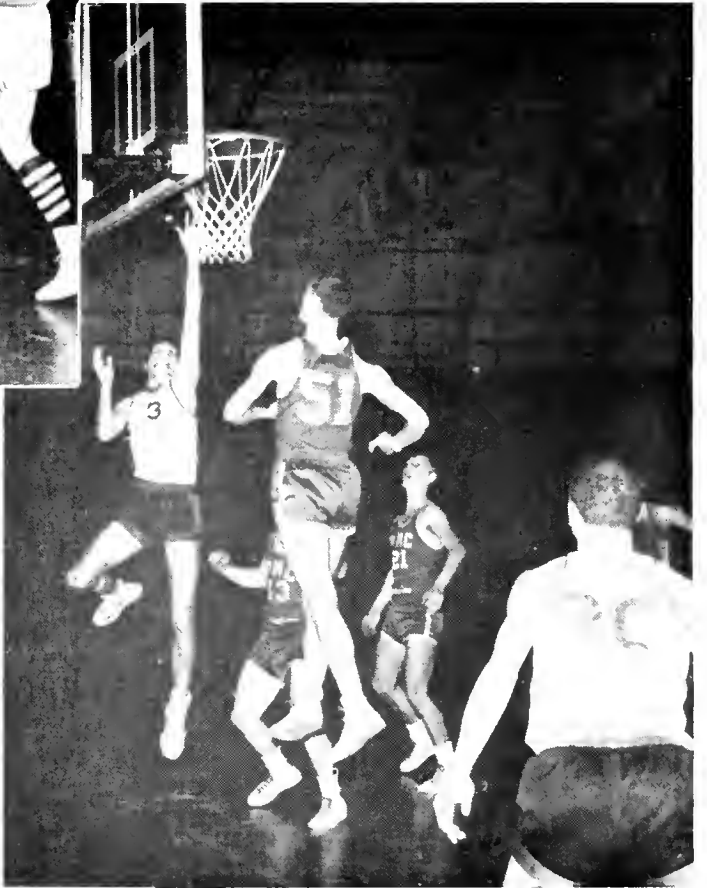
Harris David takes a hop, skip, and a jump through the Dragon defense toward the basket and two points.



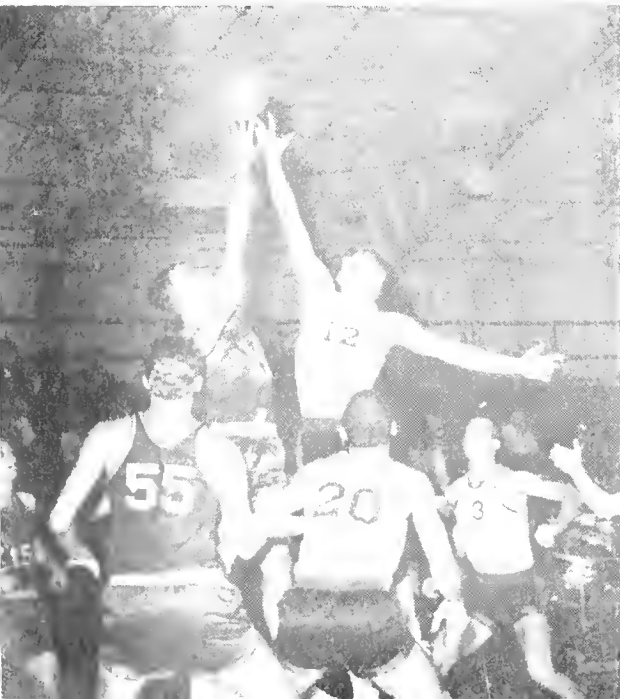
Tom Del Bello drives through a mass of arms and legs for a bucket against Swarthmore.



Materialistic Drew employs leg, hip, and elbow against Tom Del Bello, as idealistic Al Johnson (20) and Pete Eidenberg (12) pray for the rebound.



Number 51 is hopping mad as Larry Forman stretches for a field goal against P.M.C.



Pete Eidenberg points out a Bryn Mawr girl in the stands, but his Drexel foe seems unconcerned.

A spectacular jump by freshman Bill Erb against Swarthmore fascinates teammates Stifler and Hurford.



J. V. BASKETBALL SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
47	Delaware	66
70	Rutgers	73
48	Ogontz	52
77	Ursinus	57
63	Drexel	65
71	P.M.C.	62
76	Ursinus	47
56	Swarthmore	41
76	Drexel	70
54	P.M.C.	66
54	Swarthmore	74

J. V. HOOPSTERS SPORT 5-6 RECORD

The J. V. basketball team approached a .500 season this year with a 5-6 record. Dropping their first three contests, the Fords fell to Delaware, Rutgers, and Ogontz, despite two 25-point productions by Rick Gillmor.

Led by the scoring of Walt Dent, Dick Lockey, and Gillmor and the rebounding of Noel Matchett, Tom Henderson, and John Hurford, the team rolled to an easy 77-57 victory over Ursinus. A 65-63 loss to Drexel preceded the Fords' 71-62 conquest of P.M.C., in which Lockey, Matchett, and Bill Erb hit double figures.

The following week, Haverford scored a repeat victory over Ursinus. Jumping to a 17-6 first-period lead, the Fords were never seriously threatened and coasted to a 76-47 win. Then, after only two days' rest, the Quakers utilized a well-balanced scoring attack to dump Swarthmore by a 56-41 count. From there the Fords went on to clip Drexel 76-70, reaching the high point of their season. Unfortunately the final two contests were recorded as Haverford losses. The victors: a strengthened P.M.C. team and a determined five from Swarthmore.

J. V. basketballers take time out from their cagey pursuits: (first row) Matchett, Erb, Taylor, Henderson, Stifler; (second row) Morsch (trainer), Freedberg (manager), Gillmor, Lockey, Heilman, Prudente (coach).



Assuming the referee's position, Harry Leeser holds up his haggard opponent.



George Marsden grimaces in pain upon discovering that the leg he has twisted beyond recognition is his own.

GRAPPLERS' STRATEGY CRUSHES GARNET

WRESTLING SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
3	Lafayette	21
21	Albright	9
16	Ursinus	18
16	Delaware	16
21	Drexel	11
11	Muhlenberg	15
5	Bucknell	23
8	Moravian	20
23	Swarthmore	11
18	P.M.C.	14

Jim Katowitz takes a bite out of his Bucknell opponent's back as he rolls him over for a pin.



After an initial shock at the hands of Lafayette, Haverford's grapplers gained the first win of their 4-5-1 season by overwhelming Albright 21-9. Decisions by Dan Turner and George Marsden and pins by Andy Green, Dave Sedwick, and Jim Katowitz gave the Fords an easy victory.

In their only league loss, the Scarlet and Black were swallowed by the Ursinus Bear despite pins by Turner and Sedwick and decisions by Marsden and Bo Schambelan. The matmen next came from behind to squeeze a gripping 16-16 tie from Delaware. Decisions by Green and Harry Leeser, a half-nelson crotch hold by Turner for a pin, and a brief 1:21 pin by Katowitz accounted for the 16 points.

After an exam recess, the grapplers continued their winning ways by downing the Drexel Dragons 21-11. Chris Fuges, wrestling in his first varsity match, flattened his opponent with a half-nelson and arm-bar lock. Leeser and Schambelan followed shortly with decisions, Sedwick and Katowitz won easily with quick pins, and victory was assured.

Despite a crushing head-scissors hold by Leeser and decisions by Schambelan and Sed-

wick, Muhlenberg nosed out the Fords by a slim 15-11 margin. Another defeat followed at the hands of Bucknell, the Quaker's strongest opponent of the year, as the visitors outclassed Doc Harter's boys by a 23-5 score. Moravian offered no relief, smashing the grapplers 20-8. Marsden's decisions and Katowitz' quick pin accounted for the only Haverford points.

Preparing for the annual Hood Trophy contest with Swarthmore, the matmen tightened their belts, and each man dropped down a weight in a surprise bit of strategy to make room for Joe Mamana at 177. Once on the arch-rival's mat, Harry Leeser started the victory bell tolling with an early pin. Marsden followed with another five-pointer, and Green continued the streak with a decision. Sedwick and Katowitz wrapped up the 23-11 win with decisive pins.

With victory in their blood, the Fords moved on to P.M.C. to battle the soldiers for Middle Atlantic honors. Leeser used an arm-bar, Marsden employed a reverse nelson, and Bruce Campbell capitalized on a cradle hold; three quick pins were the result. Schambelan decided his man, and a Middle Atlantic title was captured.

In four matches the J.V. wrestling team compiled a fair 1-2-1 record. Half-nelsons and body presses were in style against Ursinus as Fuges, Nat Emery, and Pete Garrett all registered



Sensitive Andy Green rolls himself and his hapless Bucknell victim away from the referee's cigar.

pins with this combination. Delaware toppled the junior grapplers 23-10, with Campbell's tie, Emery's decision, and Fuges' pin making up the Ford points. Drexel then pasted the J.V. squad, 38-0. In the Bucket Trophy match with Swarthmore, forfeits gave the Garnet a 10-5 lead, but Steve Klineberg and Phil Miller pinned their opponents, and a final heavyweight forfeit by Swarthmore produced a 20-20 tie.

Wrestlers flex their lats and pees: (first row) Fuges, Parker, Goggin, Leeser, Marsden, Campbell, Klineberg; (second row) Hecht (manager), Miller, Green, Schambelan, Aronoff, Sedwick, Katowitz, Harter (coach).





Haverford's hard corps of bladesmen: Heiman, Karush, Mechling, Phillips, Stokes, Paskow, Allen, Parker, Gordon (coach). The team assures us that the duel was not in earnest.

FENCERS SECOND IN MIDDLE ATLANTICS

Henry Gordon's patient tutelage finally paid off in a season of comparative success for the fencing team. The bladesmen fought their way to a 3-2 record in league competition and a three-weapon second place in the Middle Atlantic Tournament.

The team was led by three seniors, one in each weapon: foilsman and captain Elliott

Elliott Heiman lunges at an opponent, in this case a rather shabby department store mannequin.



Heiman, epeeman Rich Lederer, and sabreman Mike Phillips. Two other standouts were Linn Allen in epee and rookie Dave Baker in foil; the latter, in addition to compiling a fine season record, made an excellent tournament showing.

Haverford picked up its first league victory against Muhlenberg, with the epee team taking seven of nine matches and Lederer, Brownly Speer, and Phillips sweeping their matches in sabre. The Lehigh meet was the season's most disappointing encounter. Determined blade-work in foil seemed to insure triumph, but the

FENCING SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
1	Princeton	26
8	Rutgers (S. J.)	19
17	Muhlenberg	10
13	Lehigh	14
6	Rutgers (N. B.)	21
9	Drew	18
18	Temple	9
8	Stevens	19
15	Johns Hopkins	12

Swarthmore scouts peer in through the window as serious Mike Phillips plunges deep into opponent.



Besneakered Porthos and Bathhouse stage a thrilling practice duel.



final matches. Foil battles came off brilliantly, and the final 2 for 3 in epee clinched the contest.

In non-league conflicts, the team was out-classed. Against Princeton, only captain Heiman was able to score. Rutgers of South Jersey, Rutgers of New Brunswick, and Drew were less hopeless but still uneven.

The winning season record plus the near-win at Lehigh gave promise for success in the league tournament. The consistent foil and epee during the season culminated in first place team trophies for Heiman and Baker, Lederer and Allen, in their respective weapons, and an overall second place for Haverford.

epeemen failed at the last minute, resulting in a 14-13 defeat.

The team bounced back to a resounding 18-9 victory over Temple, and a 19-8 defeat at the hands of Stevens was not demoralizing, since the latter were the previous year's Middle Atlantic champions. In the Hopkins meet, the bladesmen fought determinedly down to the

J.V. fencers take time off from their tonsorial labors: (first row) Lundt, de Luca, Parker, Hanson; (second row) Gordon (coach), Cocks, Gaetjens, Karush, Linville, Penn, Sternbergh.



THINCLADS FACE REBUILDING PROGRAM



Freshman Matt Strickler strides out in front of tired enemies in a practice meet in the Field House.

The 1959 edition of the Haverford track team, though possessing a great amount of potential, will have to work hard to surpass last year's 4-1 record. Led by captain Chet Berlin, the '58 team scored decisive victories over Ursinus, P.M.C., Lehigh, and Swarthmore, absorbing its only loss in a heartbreaking 64-62 defeat at the hands of Lafayette. In addition, Eric Harrison's javelin throw of 195' 9" in the P.M.C. meet set a new school record. In the

Middle Atlantics, the Fords took fifth place. In addition to this, a Haverford team appropriately captured (at the Penn Relays) the new "Pop" Haddleton Mile Relay, named in honor of Haverford's long-time track coach.

This spring the Fords will have to do without many of last year's stars, since high-pointman Berlin and stellar weightmen Harrison, Skip Ralph, and Mark Randall all graduated. In addition, several supposedly returning lettermen have succumbed to academic work loads. All in all, the gap created is large; but as was said, there is a great amount of potential.

Probably the Fords' strongest area will be the sprints and middle distances. Leading the sprinters will be captain-elect Mac Goggin, who specializes in the 100- and 220-yard dashes. He

TRACK SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
32	Bridgeport	66
65 $\frac{1}{3}$	Franklin and Marshall	60 $\frac{2}{3}$
71	Ursinus	55
69 $\frac{1}{2}$	P.M.C.	56 $\frac{1}{2}$
	Penn Relays	
90 $\frac{1}{2}$	Washington	35 $\frac{1}{2}$
50 $\frac{1}{6}$	Swarthmore	75 $\frac{5}{6}$
39 $\frac{1}{2}$	} Lehigh } Temple	70 $\frac{1}{2}$
		Middle Atlantics

Garbed in custom-tailored sweatsuits, the Haverford track squad prepares to embark for the Melrose Games: (first row) Mamana, Collett, Wenzel, Goggin, Gwatin, Watkins, Swan; (second row) Brewster, Strickler, Erb, Bower, Kimmich, Muller, Ogden, Vaux, Hampden; (third row) Breuninger (coach), Gerdine (manager), Gould, Lockey, Smith, Rhoads, Murray, Morgan, Hetzel, Armstrong, Krone.



Testing the soggy Field House sawdust is loose and lanky Hugh Ogden.

Dave Gwatkin passes the buck to Mac Goggin in medley event against Bridgewater.



Mac Goggin seems disconcerted to learn that the broad jump pit has been moved.

Campus back-to-nature movement is led by mighty hunter Fred Swan.

will be assisted by sophomore Henny Hetzel. In the 440, Haverford has lettermen Chris Kimmich, Larry Forman, and Werner Muller, backed by Val Petrus and Bill Erb. The Fords can also boast two lettermen, Jon Collett and Dave Morgan, in the half-mile.

As might be expected, freshmen look to play a vital role this year. Promising frosh Chip Klinger is pushing veteran hurdlers Muller and Hugh Ogden. Another Rhinie, Mike Hampden, will be helping Fred Swan and Andy Green in the pole vault. Dave Gwatkin and Matt Strickler, both cross-country lettermen, though

possessing little track experience, will represent the Fords in the mile and two mile. Pete Jernquist, who can run both events, provides sorely needed upperclass experience.

In the broad jump Goggin, Forman, and John Gould give the Fords valuable depth, while Forman, Gould, and Lew Smith will also handle the high jump. Haverford rooters will find John Hurford, John Wills, Roger Salisbury, and Dick Wenzel as weightmen. In addition, discus specialist Dick Lockey and javelin expert Jim Meyer should be able to add many points to the Scarlet and Black totals.

FULLARD LEADS PRATT-LESS NETSTERS



Fashion-minded captain Bill Fullard models the latest Dior sweatband.

Under the very able leadership of captain Bob Pratt, '58, last year's tennis team compiled an impressive 9-2 record. On the traditional pre-season southern trip, the Ford netmen lost 8-1 to Navy, beat Quantico 5-3, and narrowly lost 5-4 to Virginia.

Returning to more familiar environs, the Fords proceeded to win five matches in a row. The spell was broken when Georgetown scored a resounding 7-2 victory, but Haverford then proceeded to "murder" both Ursinus and Drexel by identical 9-0 scores. Hopes ran high for the Swarthmore match, but Haverford rooters received a rude jolt, as the inspired Garnet soundly trounced the Fords by a score of 7-2. The netmen then bounced back in the final two matches of the season to win in spectacular fashion by identical 9-0 tallies.

The season was climaxed by the excellent play of Pratt and 1959 captain-elect Bill Fullard in the Middle Atlantic Tournament. In one of the most thrilling matches ever seen on the Haverford campus, Pratt gained revenge against Bill Scarlett of Lehigh, who had beaten

Ford tennis stars defiantly display Wilson rackets before Bancroft representative Bramall: (first row) Kelly, Book, Blackburn; (second row) Bramall (coach), Fullard, Lederer, Parker, Coulthurst.



him the previous year for the Middle Atlantic crown and also earlier in the '58 season at Bethlehem. With the sets at one apiece, Pratt staved off six match points in the final set to win with a brilliant come-from-behind finish. Then, exhausted from this effort, Bob teamed up with Fullard to earn second place in the doubles division.

In regard to this year's prospects, the picture looks reasonably bright. Despite the loss of Pratt, the Fords are definitely strong. Captain Fullard will be ably backed up by four experienced lettermen: John Coulthurst '59, Dick Lederer '59, Norm Book '61, and Bob Kelly '61. Considerable reserve strength is also expected



Former bachelor John Coulthurst works kinks out of his backhand after a year's layoff.

from the freshman prospects. Last fall, Coach Norman Bramall conducted an instructional program (*à la* Casey Stengel) for Rhinie high school letter-winners, and as a result several have shown promise of making the squad. Bill Parker, Norio Akashi, and Dick Penn are top contenders for the openings on the varsity.

The Field House has also proven a boon to Coach Bramall in getting his men ready for the coming season. The indoor tennis courts present an excellent opportunity for early pre-season practice, regardless of weather and the condition of the outdoor courts.

As usual, the team will receive its first severe test against such powers as William and Mary, Quantico, and Virginia on its pre-season trip. After spring vacation the team will try to duplicate last year's excellent season and do something that last year's team could *not* do — beat Swarthmore!

"Rich!" exclaims a disgusted Lederer after missing an "easy" overhead.



Bob Kelly gives an extra shove with his left hand to a backhand shot in practice.

TENNIS SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
4	Quantico	4
	Quantico (rain)	
9	William and Mary	0
1	Virginia	8
7	Franklin and Marshall	1
3	Navy	6
	Temple (rain)	
8	Rutgers	1
9	Moravian	0
9	La Salle	0
0	Pennsylvania	9
9	Ursinus	0
8	Drexel	1
2	Swarthmore	7
7	Lafayette	2
2	Lehigh	7
	Middle Atlantic	



EIDENBERG LEADS HOPEFUL FORD NINE

The '59 version of Haverford's baseball team is highlighted by the return of eight lettermen from last year's squad and is looking forward to a successful season this spring. The team posted only two victories in 1958, but gained valuable experience and ended the season with a better than .900 fielding average. Last year's victories included wins over P.M.C. and Rutgers of South Jersey; the team also played to a 5-5 tie against P.M.C. in their second encounter with the soldiers.

This spring the team will benefit from an especially large turnout including several good prospects in the freshman class. The entire infield returns this year, headed by captain Pete Eidenberg at first base. A versatile player, Eidenberg may also be called upon to bolster the pitching staff as well. Hard-hitting Harris David returns to second base, where he will team up with Marc Briod at shortstop for a dependable keystone combination. Back at third base will be Bob Colburn, who led the regulars in hitting last year. Mickey Kaback, who has been one of the standouts in early season prac-

tice, will be taking on the catching duties. Providing reserve strength at second will be Mark Thompson, another stalwart of last year's J.V. team.

Returning prospects for the outfield positions include Bob Ortman, whose .438 batting average unofficially led the team a year ago; Rick Gillmor, who may also see some pitching duties if his arm trouble improves; Norm Forster, a standout for the J.V. team last year; and Pierce Pelouze, whose strong hitting in early season practice will make him a likely contender. Jeff Hecht, out for the first time, is also fighting for a varsity post.

The freshman class has several members who will be pushing the veterans for varsity positions. John Eshleman, although hampered by arm trouble, has been working out at first base. Bill Freilich has shown a lot of potential while shuttling between second and shortstop, and Preston Mears has looked sharp at the hot corner. Nate Natelson will be trying for an outfield spot, while Bob Allendoerfer has seen action in the outfield as well as at first base.

Caught at Palm Springs: (first row) Forster, Freilich, Mears, Eshleman, Natelson, Allendoerfer; (second row) Ortman, Gillmor, Colburn, Kaback, Eidenberg, Briod, David; (third row) Bullard (manager), Moyes (manager), Randall (coach), Hecht, Fenander, Del Bello, Thompson, Abrams, Shafer (manager), Morsch (trainer).





Bob Colburn unlimbers his bat after a long winter's layoff.

Bill Freilich awaits a throw from the outfield after tripping the baserunner.



Sports Editor Colburn lashes a hit with his now-unlimbered bat.

Norm Forster adjusts his radar antenna to grab off a fly in practice.



Pete Eidenberg works the curve out of his fast ball as late afternoon shadows lengthen on the field.

The pitching staff, which was hurt by the loss of last year's hurlers Morry Longstreth, Ed Bradley, and Tom Medsger, will have to count heavily on Eidenberg and Tom Del Bello. Elliot Fenander, Ted Robinson, and Gillmor should add balance to the staff, which has held up well in two pre-season scrimmages and several league contests.

With a strong nucleus of returning lettermen and an excellent crop of freshmen, the baseball team is looking forward to an optimistic season. Once again, thanks to the use of the Alumni Field House and warm spring weather, the team was able to get an early start and has shown up well in its first few games.

BASEBALL SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
11	P.M.C. Rutgers (rain)	2
10	P.M.C.	3
2	Drexel	13
5	Ursinus	10
5	La Salle	2
7	St. Joseph's	3
5	Swarthmore	4
0	Ursinus	12
11	St. Joseph's Delaware (rain)	2
5	Moravian	9



Shades of Henry Pleasants, '06: Fred Schulze bowls for the 1959 cricket team against Philadelphia Textile Institute.

CRICKETERS PREDICT JOLLY GOOD YEAR

"Can you imagine this whole world could yield
A spot more beautiful than our old field?
Ring'd round with immemorial elms it lies
A fair green lawn, . . ."

Francis C. Benson has captured the verdant setting of the oval upon which Haverford cricket has been played for over a century and upon which the 113th Haverford cricket eleven will host its opponents this spring. After being introduced at Haverford in the 1830's by the English gardener William Carvill, cricket's

Resplendent in whites and blazer, captain Don Scarborough displays his best batting form.



gentlemanly personality has sunned itself each spring on the doorstep of College Circle.

The Field House, too, has proven indispensable this year in the pre-season development of bowlers and batters for the squad. When the team began practice on Cope Field in mid-March, the nucleus of six returning lettermen had been amply supplemented by underclass aspirants for positions on the first eleven.

Returning as coach after an absence of three years, Howard Comfort, perhaps the will of cricket at Haverford, will give the team the much needed instruction which has been lacking in his absence. An excellent "thinking" bowler and an able batsman himself, Dr. Comfort is perhaps the best qualified cricket coach in the Philadelphia area.

As returning lettermen this year, Owen deRis, Fred Schulze, Joel Lowenthal, Don Scarborough, and Brownly Speer are expected to form the nucleus of the squad. DeRis, a letter winner last year as a freshman, Schulze, winner of the 1959 "Improvement Bat," and captain Scarborough should form the nucleus of the "defensive" battery side. However, Pete Howard and Rhinie Don Snider are expected to contribute significantly to the scoring column.

The bowling chores will fall mainly on Howard, Schulze, Snider, and Scarborough.

Howard bowls tricky balls to either side of the wicket, and if he is able to control his slow deliveries, should be able to develop into the eleven's most effective bowler. Schulze delivers a medium pace ball with good length and an effective off-break. A taker of many wickets last year, he shows signs of developing even further this year. He should thus be a strong contender for the "Congdon Prize Ball," awarded each year to the cricketer with the best bowling average. Shifting from wicket keeping to bowling and fielding this year, captain Scarborough is expected to become a fairly effective second string bowler and, along with Snider, will fill the number three and four bowling positions.

Brownly Speer is expected to win the tricky wicket-keeping post. Gifted with a quick eye and considerable daring for going after the bowlers' wide balls and the batsmen's snicks, Speer should do more than an adequate job. Surveying the situation on the crease as the season begins, coach Comfort and captain Scarborough have high hopes that the team will round out into what Haverford cricket knows as a "good eleven."



Pete Howard keeps a "straight bat," as Steve Miller and wicket-keeper Owen deRis await snicks.

CRICKET SCHEDULE

April 11	Philadelphia Textile	Home
April 18	General Electric	Home
April 25	Howard	Away
April 26	British Commonwealth	Away
May 2	Alumni	Home
May 9	Cornell	Home
May 13	Temple	Home
May 16	Princeton	Home
May 23	Fairmount	Home

The cocky cricket crew crowds the crease: (first row) deRis, Scarborough, Speer, Lowenthal, Tillis; (second row) Vastine (manager), Miller, Howard, Snider, Tai, Kohn, Baehr.





Frank Lyman eyes the sand trap he ultimately drove into.



Captain Marty Teem risks a fine by practicing on Walton Field.



The new Leeds Clubhouse seems to suit Jack Smith to a tee.

SMITH BROS. PACE TEEM OF TEE-MEN

The '59 golf team seems to have good prospects before it, judging from the large number of new players, as well as the returning "old men," who have already come out for practice. Captain Martin Teem, '59, heads an aggregation of about a dozen golfers, five of whom gained experience on last year's squad. The '58 team compiled a 6-4 record, including a close 10-7 victory over Swarthmore.

Haverford's own "Masters" meet by the sun dial before shooting a practice round; (first row) Teem, Lyman, J. P. Smith, Andrews; (second row) Shapiro, J. K. Smith, Docherty (coach).

Thanks to the unusually warm weather, Jere and Jack Smith, Jim Andrews, Steve Shapiro, and Teem have already been out since mid-March on the Merion West Course. Showing good form early, Jack Smith has pulled in four cards under 80 in six times out, while his brother Jere's summer record in the low 70's gives some indication of his probable performance.

Frank Lyman, '59, a former member of the squad, has returned from his year in Europe and is vying for a position on the team with three freshmen: Matt Stanley, Dave Sedwick, and Skip Johnson. The latter trio lack experience, but give strong reserve strength to the team as it faces a tough schedule of eleven matches.

GOLF SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
13	Lafayette	5
12 ¹ / ₂	St. Joseph's Temple (rain)	5 ¹ / ₂
4	Lehigh	14
4 ¹ / ₂	Delaware	13 ¹ / ₂
13 ¹ / ₂	Moravian La Salle (rain)	4 ¹ / ₂
14	Swarthmore	4
11	Drexel	7
14 ¹ / ₂	Franklin and Marshall	3 ¹ / ₂



HAVERFORD TARS EXPECT FAIR WEATHER

FALL SAILING SUMMARY

Sept. 28	Cooper River Pentagonal	3rd
Oct. 4	Cooper River Quadrangular	2nd
Oct. 12	Cooper River Hexagonal	3rd
Oct. 18-19	New York Invitational	8th
Oct. 25-26	Greater Philadelphia Championships	3rd
Nov. 2	Georgetown, George Washington, Navy	3rd
Nov. 15-16	Fall Invitational	11th

SPRING SAILING SCHEDULE

April 11-12	Spring Invitational
April 18	Cooper River Pentagonal
April 19	Phila. Monotype Eliminations
April 25-26	Middle Atlantic Eliminations
May 3	Cooper River Pentagonal
May 10	(Monotype Finals)
May 16-17	(Middle Atlantic Finals)

Haverford's sailing team is probably the least known of all athletic squads. Despite its obscurity and small size, it sports a good record in local meets, though getting overwhelmed in Middle Atlantic Division competition.

One of the great "joys" of sailing is the continual challenge of the elements, for sailing meets go on through rain and snow. Refreshing surprises like swamping and going for a swim in 40° water — fully clad, of course — add in-

The white wings of the fleet fall to rest as twilight brings calm to the river.



No, fellows, that isn't a sextant. It's called a sundial: (first row) Allendoerfer, Downs, Baker, Robinson; (second row) Mandell, Lundt, Stevenson, Rogerson.

terest to the events. There are days, too, when the wind disappears and leaves the crews to drift, always in the wrong direction.

The fall season started out with an overhaul of last year's team, as seniors Nat Wing and Joel Tobias temporarily abandoned ship for more serious pursuits. Thus decimated, the squad took on Rhinies for the first time in years. These men, Bob Allendoerfer, Pete Lundt, and Charles Robinson, were a valuable addition to the team. As a good standard of performance, the Greater Philadelphia Championships yielded Haverford a third place out of eight competitors.

As usual, the spring schedule presents a challenging season of racing. In addition to regular meets, Tobias and captain Denny Baker are scheduled for mono-type events (races with single-manned boats). The squad is also being reinforced by Thayer Willis, who was unable to sail last fall. At press time the team anticipates good sailing and little swimming.

TRADITION



“But *why* do we have to go to Meeting every Thursday?” “It’s a College *tradition*, Rhinie. They’ve been doing it since 1833 . . .” Fifth Day Meeting and Collection (which, contrary to the belief of one naive freshman, is *not* the weekly charity drive of the A. F. S. C.) are obviously “nothing new.” Moreover, every time a student eats dinner in Founders Hall, or goes to class in Chase, or even squishes his way around campus on muddy bricks and fragrant gingko berries, he is only the most recent of generations of Haverfordians who have seen and done the same things long before. It is with these customs in mind that we have included this “Tradition” section, knowing that Collection or Meeting or even a casual date at Bryn Mawr are remembered and worth remembering.

“ . . . Ah! free from strife, with gladness rife, we bless our carefree student life . . .”





Though soaked by frequent libations, the venerable Barclay rock remains a womb for Rhinies and refuge for solitary upperclassmen.



The calm and serenity of the picture disguises the Lloyd of loud-speakers and water-filled wastebaskets.

End-of-the-line Leeds, the last word in living luxury at Haverford, is sought by senior hermits and bridge lovers alike.

Primarily a tower for natural scientists, Sharpless also houses Palestinian relics, Roman pottery, and assorted white rats.

Housing Haverford's concession to applied science, Hilles also resounds with tales of the Inner Light and the libidinal drives.



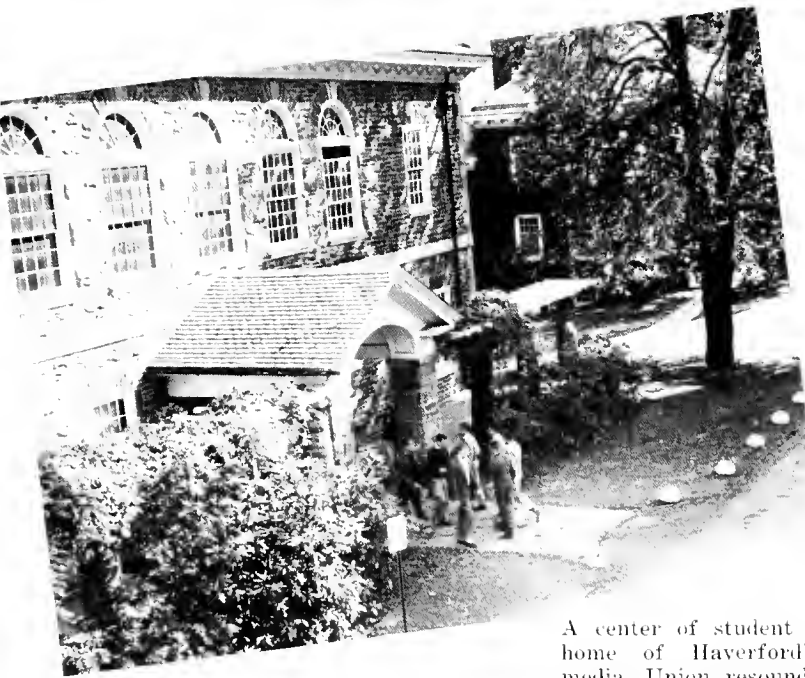
Teeming with beakers, tubing, and anguished pre-meds (taking organic exams), Hall Lab does its part to hide the hangar.



In the little Observatory in the pine grove, Louis Green probes the cosmos, and freshmen grapple with the constellations.



Roberts Hall, alleged heart of the College, serves as headquarters for the Administration and arena for public entertainment.



A center of student life and home of Haverford's mass media, Union resounds at all hours with mingled strains of Wagner and Wedner.



Dormant most of the year, the Cricket Shed blossoms forth into a tearoom on spring Saturday afternoons.

Steeped in tradition and heaped with stucco, Founders is a microcosm of a college with a variety of chambers and a uniformity of diet.



The dignity and tranquility of the "chapel's" Gothic arches form an interesting contrast with the Visigothic remonstrances of the head librarian.



A showplace of real masculinity is the Gymnasium, where in a single day can be seen everything from wrestlers to waltzers.



A DAY IN THE HURRIED LIFE OF THE



"But Johnny, it says 8:29."



"Dear John, . . ."



"U-u-u-unh. To hell with organic."

The job of a college yearbook staff would be made much easier if everyone on the college campus would do the same thing at the same time. On this campus, where almost no one does what anyone *else* is doing at *any* time, the task of trying to make some sense and intelligible order out of random occurrences must be considered impossible. Still, if there is one thing that college courses teach, it is the ability to make rash generalizations. This section, which we have rather cleverly and imaginatively sub-

Lunch line, *or*, feeding time at the zoo



HAVERFORD MAN: A STRUGGLE TO RISE,



"My roommate said to ask for pink ones."

titled "A typical day in the life of a student at Haverford College," is our attempt to make some generalizations about the hand-to-mouth type of day-to-day living that one experiences here.

We take for granted that everyone's College eating experience includes at least one run-in with Johnny at the Dining Room door as well as one attack of the inevitable ptomaine poisoning. More unfounded, perhaps, is the assumption that each of us gets at least one haircut



"How do you spell 'Montesquieu?'"



One whole day ruined

"Which class am I teaching now?"



A TRIP TO THE MAILBOX AND COOP,



"Damn, these prices are high!"



Saturday afternoon: "The isolation of man . . ."



"M-m-m-m, we'll study *tomorrow* night."

per semester or that we can afford to buy or even browse in the College Bookstore. But it is probable that everyone visits the Infirmary at periodic intervals, if only on Thursday afternoons to visit the newly-arrived psychiatrist. Furthermore, most Haverfordians have used the Library at least enough to show visiting high school kids around, and just about everyone, including seniors, breaks down and goes to classes once in a while.

"This is absolutely the last study-break tonight!"



SERIOUS SCHOLARSHIP, SOCIAL SUCCESS



"How did you get a *purple* precipitate?"



"But Ernie, I *can't* lift this a hundred times."

At any rate, these day-to-day phenomena — the things that are usually forgotten when yearbooks are being composed — are the experiences that take up most of the invaluable time in a day and the memories that tend to fade last from the minds of the senile and doddering alumni we are all to become. The impressions left by the mad struggle to make breakfast in the morning, by myriad hot stickies in the Coop, and by a good-night kiss at Bryn Mawr are practically indelible.



"What did you expect for \$1.30?"

"Let's see, if I go to bed now and get up at 4:30 . . ."





ALISTAIR COOKE



PAUL G. HOFFMAN



RICHARDSON DILWORTH

COLLECTION

There are several worthwhile features of Collection which are often overlooked in the heated debates centering on the topic. If nothing else, there is lunch with the speaker of the day, where the food is above the Dining Room's usual Tuesday standard. There is also the feeling of togetherness one gets in the crush on the Roberts Hall staircase; the bond with toe-crushing latecomers, who always seem to sit in the middle of the row; and the sense of unity arising from common suffering on the sleep-preventing seats.

At the scene of the weekly battle of wills, the President introduces the morning's challenge with commendable brevity, after a barrage of cryptic announcements from shaking students and administrators. The speaker usually senses the belligerence of the captive audience and tries the subterfuge of a humorous story. The obvious failure of this ruse leaves no recourse but direct attack; generally, this is easily repulsed.

The students, in turn, launch their offensive during the question period and are as easily thwarted. A draw is declared; Collection is adjourned; and great new questions have entered student minds: "Was that really Mr. Buck driving the limousine?", "What ever happened to Mr. Meade?", "Let's see now, how many Collection cuts do I have left?"



MARGARET MEAD

PEARL S. BUCK



RALPH BUNCHE



LEON SAUL





M E E T I N G

It has been said, by one of the great men of our country, "If I wished to achieve an attitude of meditation, the best way to achieve that attitude would be to go back in memory to the Meeting House where as a rebellious youth I sat for so many years . . ."

With these thoughts before us on Thursday morning, even the hurried walk to Meeting becomes symbolic. The gingko trees not only create suffering in our souls, but awaken us as well to the nature which surrounds us; the joy of the children romping at recess stirs in us, by contrast, the burden of our adulthood; and lastly, the graveyard marks the brevity of our existence. It is with a new and serious demeanor that we suppliants approach the threshold of the Meeting House.

Lest the sincerity of our purpose be overlooked, we check in with the crass paper-and-pencil boys at the portals. Then we enter, find an empty square foot of horsehair cushion, and settle down to receive an impression of simplicity, integrity, sincerity, and profundity. With our new attitude, we find the stares facing us

not altogether vacant; and the interior of the old building seems pleasingly simple.

Ah, but the same sloppy student body is disgracing the newly painted walls, while the same textbooks, letters, and magazines vilify the Quaker way of worship. We had better just close our eyes and meditate . . . but before we can delve into inner depths, someone gets up to speak. The appeal for loving thoughts, seriousness of purpose, and or sensibility of belief is set in parables of geese, quotes about fallen trees, and travel tales of Mexico, Africa, and New Jersey.

Despite efforts to keep mental direction, we wonder if the methods of saying the same thing can ever be exhausted. Resolving the problem negatively, we again close our eyes to encourage the guiding spirit and are surprised to find our thoughts engaged — unfortunately only in scheduling the time left before exams, calculating the costs of last weekend, or fighting down an impulse to look at our watch. Losing this last battle, we open our eyes in time to see the fraternal handshake, marking the end of the quiet hour that interrupts a bustling week.

But the return to reality is gradual . . . some students are still reading *Time* on the walk back to campus, and the slow-moving Thursday lunch line gives a perfect opportunity for more thorough spiritual self-examination.



William Bacon Evans converses in the Coop, while cutting Fifth Day Meeting.



Homework done and brimming with pious thoughts, students step from the Inner to the Outer Light.

THE CLASS OF '59 LOOKS



Young and dynamic Gilbert White served as president of the College during our first semester here.

As the Class of 1959 looks back upon its first three years of college, it perceives a series of blurred impressions. The years went by quickly . . . and yet there were enough memorable events to break the monotony of studying. . . .

We entered Haverford when it was under the leadership of Gilbert White, but saw only enough of him to form a deep admiration toward him and then bid him an almost tearful goodbye. The College was then passed to "Mac" who kept things rolling smoothly until a new president was chosen. Remember the time when

A great event in our junior year: the erection of the tent for President Borton's inauguration. The door is for the elephant.



Mac came rushing to the Dining Hall expecting to quell the most violent riot of Haverford's history, only to be met by a round of sincere applause and a seat of honor. . . .

And now we are leaving, with Haverford under new management. Hugh Borton's arrival was a stirring event, for light was shed immediately into several dark and dusty corners of Haverford's existence. A Code of Responsibilities was born and nourished to maturity.



Our years at Haverford were the last in the long coaching career of Pop Haddleton.

while its brother, the fraternity question, has yet remained a floundering child. A definite "No" chased the United States Defense Department from our doors. Perhaps one of President Borton's most ambitious undertakings was his attempt at shading the lawn between Founders and Lloyd during the hot, dry autumn days. An elephant almost found its way to our campus that year. . . .

The Coop was put under new management, too, while we were here. And we saw its old, staid appearance change like magic into a streamlined yellow and green, resembling a modern pizzeria. But just think of all the improvements that were made while we were

BACK—VENIMUS, VIDIMUS, . . .

here. Sunken gardens was made beautiful, Leeds Hall was finished and opened, the Field House arched its ominous green back, and hot plates were at last allowed in the dormitories. The drum and kazoo corp made its first appearance, the Rocket Society was founded, and the maids—oh yes, the maids. What a time they had getting used to us! And we have mourned the death of "family style" eating. The bread line has taken its place. . . .

It was our class that ended the famous old tradition of the active freshman rivalry in Customs period, for we proved to be the indisputable champions, throwing 27 sophomores into



The Field House was finished when we were sophomores. The students are admiring the new swimming pool.



William Meldrum, dean of the chem department for many years, was a wise inspirer of pre-med chem majors (a now extinct species).

the ducky mud pond, while losing only five. And it was for our class that the mysterious term "hidden damage" was invented to handle the expenses of the first big water fights which have since become tradition. One of ours made the *New York Times*. . . .

Bryn Mawr, too, has played its part in entertaining us. Remember the time when one of their May Day performances was accompanied

by a Haverford jazz band on top of their library. And remember the time when six B.M.C. lovelies were sold to the Haverford body. . . . We suffered through a disastrous seige of Asiatic flu and the biggest snow storm of Philadelphia's history. Through these years, the assistant dieticians have come and gone, and the watchmen too (and don't forget Dan Ely and Mrs. Mays), as well as about twenty-five faculty members, and of course many of our own brothers in the Class of '59. To them we tip our academic caps and cease this rambling, never-ending stream of memory.

President Borton awarded Mac a well-deserved honorary degree at the Inauguration ceremonies.



BRYN

Relations between Haverford and Bryn Mawr exist on several different levels. For obvious reasons, the most celebrated one is the social plane. Almost any week-night, and sometimes even on week-ends, hordes of Haverford cars trundle over to Bryn Mawr. At practically any hour, one can get a ride to B.M.C. to pick up or deposit a date. And despite rumors about Princeton favoritism, close scrutiny reveals many Haverford pins in prominent places at Bryn Mawr.

On the cultural level, considerable exchange exists between music and drama groups, language clubs, and arts councils. In many cases, this cross-fertilization permits other-



"Will you please be sure to shave this time?"



"In the rain?"



"But you've already seen *The King and I*."



"So this is a study date!"



"I thought you were on a diet."

MAWR

wise inviable accomplishments (e.g., mixed choral works and co-ed dramatic productions). In other cases, quality is improved through increased financial and motivational resources.

Not to be overlooked is the academic angle which affords a widening of college curricula. Haverford men are offered an opportunity to take such eye-openers as geology, Italian, and body building at the neighboring nunnery, while Bryn Mawrtyrs journeying to this Quaker stronghold can feast on Humanities, engineering, and advanced Japanese.

All in all, Bryn Mawr plays a vital role in Haverford's life: escape valve, cultural complement, and intellectual partner.



Pembroke Arch on an icy Friday eve just before the usual weekly influx of select, suave Villanovans.



In a ceremony believed to have originated in pre-historic times, these lively, vivacious sophomores prepare for their annual Play Day with Hareum.



Members of the Bryn Mawr Army ROTC Corps receive citations for bravery in defending the May Pole.



The intellectual elite at our sister college: a senior seminar in home economics.

Smiling gleefully, these lovely creatures await the referee's whistle at the start of their annual hoop pull.



Overcoming insurmountable obstacles, the members of the Class of '62 ingeniously grew their own beards for the frosh show.



YEAR IN REVIEW



1958-59 has not been much different from the usual college year at Haverford: The same old freshmen arrived looking bewildered and uncertain; the same old dances (in many cases the same old girls) were held in the same old Gym; and the same old jokes were heard on Class Night. Except for the fact that the College entered on the second quarter of its second century, this might have been any year from 1940 to 1980. Still, when viewed closely, 1958-59 did have its own peculiar flavor. The entering freshman class ("the best ever," as always) had unusual gumption and more than the usual number of shaved heads during Customs. Swarthmore didn't even score a point on the gridiron during the Hood Trophy game. And there finally was a Class Night with *two* good shows.

"Mr. Sullivan, you're in the Tower. You go up and look it over. Greg, here, will bring your name tag and trunks."





Customs Committeeman Andy Stifler leads a group of enthusiastic Rhinies in their freshman work project. Public spirited faculty member Marcel Gutwirth holds up his end on the right.



Buster Fauntleroy smiles bravely for the camera before he leaves the phonograph behind a bush.

Freshmen Parker, Musgrove, Mitchell, and Turner contemplate double jumps on sophomore foes.



CUSTOMS

The new freshmen arrived and were awed. Before them lay a different world, an unusual path to trod. Customs period was their first step. They hurried, for the pace was high.

"I'm Jim Moyes. This is the Customs Committee. We're going to show you what goes on here and try to teach you which foot to put before the other. Keep your hat on at all times.

"This is the Administration. They run this place. But before you get a chance to say hello, I want you to meet the Students' Council and the various committees: Honor System, Meeting, Dormitory, Customs Evaluation, Customs Evaluation Evaluation, . . . But don't linger. Your advisor would like to see you now. After church we'll take you into Philadelphia, so that the members of the committee can see what they've been missing. Where's your hat?

"Then there's the tour of the Library's empty shelves, the psychological exams which divulge your life from the ages of zero to six, the class project (clearing poison ivy from the nature walk), and registration for your future academic activity. While you're here we want you to become well acquainted with what the school has to offer. And oh, yes, in your spare time, give some serious thought to the Honor System."

In the rush, the freshmen lost the new Jarvis Pugh Trophy to the sophomores, but they finally adjusted to Haverford's atmosphere.

"What happened? Where am I?"

"Don't ask. You're in it. Just keep walking."



Fighting for freshman honor, Krone and Packard try to save another contract doubled by sophomores Besdine and Forster.

Rhinie Bob Haymond enjoys a free haircut in the Eighth Entry Tonsorial Parlor.



The cousins Hollander, Sid and Ed, exhibit leadership ability. Sid tows Customs Committeeman Bob Colburn on a log.



Helpful Hal Gray moves a trunk so that Jim Hoopes can get at the dead body.



Pipe-smoking Dean Cadbury pitches in during the freshman work project.



Haverford culture-bearers: (first row) Stiller, Moyes, Kaufman, Tillis; (second row) Gray, Murray, Miller, Colburn, Speer, Alexander, Fauntleroy.



Frank Morley, author and lecturer, leaves Roberts after a lecture on his brother's life and works.

Meeting of minds: Oakley and the boys at the Anniversary Luncheon.



HAVERFORD'S

October 28, 1958 marked the 125th anniversary of the opening of the College. In joyful remembrance of this hallowed occasion, the College held what it called the "125th Anniversary Celebration" during late October and early November.

On October 19, to start the festival rolling, the Library Associates and the English department sponsored a talk, "Christopher Morley as Man and Writer," by his brother Frank. On the following Saturday, Alumni and their wives heard President Borton and Dean Lockwood tell of the Future and Past of the College at a "Birthday Party" luncheon in the Field House; the students ate (as usual) in the Dining Room.

1833

Isadore Rabi, Nobel prize winner in physics, participates in a special symposium on the "Privileges and Responsibility of the Intellectual."



Mass reception following the 125th Anniversary Convocation; staging by Cecil B. de Mille, extras spontane-

125TH YEAR

On the anniversary date, Elizabeth Gray Vining and Levi Post received honorary degrees at a special Convocation. Two days later, Sir John Neale, of the University of London, lectured in Roberts Hall on "The Elizabethan Age" to a large and appreciative crowd. A somewhat smaller and more subdued audience heard a "SYMPOSIUM: 'The Intellectual: his privileges and responsibilities'" on November 1. Victor L. Butterfield, Robert MacIver, and Isadore Rabi were moderated in this discussion by professor Ira Reid.

Most people seemed to enjoy the flurry of activity on the sedate campus. We ought to do it again next year.



ous. Many students are present; see if you can find Alfred E. Newman.



Levi Post, a faculty member since 1911, receives an honorary LL.D. at the Anniversary Convocation.

1958

Dean P. Lockwood renders a stirring account of College history at the Alumni Luncheon.





Dick Stowe takes over for Doc Williams' tired vocal chords and charms the square dancers with *Rock Island Roud*.



Empirical knowledge of the phenomenon of centrifugal force is gained by studious Haverfordians during the sophomores' square dance.

SOPHOMORE

THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE !!! They said that one hundred people would never come to a sophomore class square dance. "They" — those who said that Haverford College would never last one hundred and twenty-five years.

BUT . . . on October 24, the Haverford School gymnasium almost collapsed as some fifty couples whistled and stomped to the "allemand lefts" and "dosie dos" of Doc Williams. Dick Stowe and his guitar further charmed the enthusiastic crowd.

The following evening was even more "big." Two hundred couples braved a miserable rain to hear and see such celebrities as Ronnie Andrews' Band, the Haverford Octet, and Steve Klineberg announcing jubilantly the evening's take.

AUTUMN



B.M.C.'s Octangle has obviously captivated its Soph Dance audience with high notes and low necklines.

Slender, gently swirling streamers lend a subtle air of fantasy to the Sophomore Dance. A well waxed floor and the tuneful strains of Ronnie Andrews' band were irresistible.



SWARTHMORE

Launched by *King John* on Friday evening, Swarthmore Weekend was as usual a gay, fun-filled appetizer for Thanksgiving vacation. Haverford rooters, replete with bundled-up dates, unfortunately suffered through a bitter-cold Saturday morning, as cold-hearted Swarthmore ran rough-shod over hapless Ford booters. But revenge was not far off, for the "limed" Garnet gridders succumbed to the power of Kaback and Co. in the afternoon sunshine.

Thus the stage was set for the Varsity Club Dance in the evening. A good time was had by all, despite the anticipation of Sunday hangovers and last-minute exams and papers due Wednesday at noon. "Exit out of these gates with Thanksgiving. . . ."



Two workers for the A.F.S.C. are pictured on a relief mission, aiding the injured from a nearby college.

WEEKENDS

The Haverford eleven assumes their famous 4-3-4 defense. Randy Albright stares defiantly at the opposition.

Margaret Mead, proponent of self-expression, was featured in the juniors' victorious effigy.



Flickering candles, creaky wooden chairs, mystery punch: the Varsity Club's idea of Autumn Nocturne.



Mademoiselles Robinson, Barlow, Stanley, Gucker, Knox, Baehr, and Watkins were leading figures in the freshmen's scantily clad search for truth.

The content of the 1959 Class Night exhibitions was more-than-usually a taking of student-body temperature. The senior class won the prizes: best show, written by Tim Sheldon and directed by Phil Miller; best actor, Mickey Kaback; temperature of the show, an ambiguous 97.5. The juniors ran a fever at first, but slipped to runner-up; second-best actor, Greg Alexander; final temperature, 97.0. The sophomores and freshmen broke their thermometers, not in a fit of temper, but because the mercury simply shattered the glass.

For the seniors, Mickey Kaback was a warm, charming, and disarming Woodrough-like, Godot-type Haverford tramp; he carried his well-Fryed monologue with dignity and humanity. Thayer Willis appeared as an anachronistic Old Testament character, the benignity of his beard as false as the beard itself was real. The ultimate acceptance of Life at the end of the show was represented by the emptying of what had appeared to be the Milk Bottle of Knowledge, but which in fact proved to be a bottled diploma. Whatever the meaning of the symbolism, it was not happy.

The juniors also turned out an excellent show, written by Greg Alexander, Brownny Speer, and Dud Summers, directed by the last, and performed with distinction by Werner Muller, Alexander, Truman Bullard, and Glenn McCurdy. Their burlesques of individuals had some of the warmth that understanding confers upon mockery, and even in the pianissimo exit of the model "Job" Muller, there seemed to remain some possibility that a college education might not be a total waste of a man's time.

The sophomores were unkind. The Humanities, the Social Sciences, the Natural Sciences,



Classicists Hugh Ogden and Rich Lederer find disheveled tramp Mickey Kaback hopelessly opaque to

Mal Kaufman awards an Oscar to Best Actor Mickey Kaback as writer Tim Sheldon and director Phil Miller look proudly on.



WEEKEND



the light of learning during the prize-winning senior show.



the Athletic Sciences, and Roberts Hall were all poured down the drain: bare, ruined sewer-fellows, and no sweet bird to sing except gaunt Erik Hoffman from B. M. C.

Holden Caulfield appeared for the freshmen, of course: Holden "Adam Spiegel" Caulfield. The show avoided the dirtiness of Caulfield's disillusionment, but failing to capture either Salinger's humor or ultimate percipience, it exploded in bitterness.

On the whole, all of the shows seemed to view academic life as a whited sepulchre; whether this was a reflection on the students themselves or on the Faculty or on the world, the shows did not say. Although Class Night is not intended to provide such answers, it should be remembered that temperatures must be interpreted.



Administration members Shafer, Lehfelddt, and Mandell join with saving spirit Leighton Scott in showing Quakerly concern for 1961's Jim Pendleton.

Ignoring the dissolute atmosphere, comforters Greg Alexander and Truman Bullard offer consolation to the suffering "Joe" of the juniors' Biblical show.

Casting aside inhibition, Haverford and Bryn Mawr join hands 'neath the moss on Junior Weekend.



SENIORS ET AL......





'62: CAULFIELD, KARAMAZOV, KRONE



Class president Tom Barlow, secretary Hugh Knox, and vice-president Bob Lynn catch treasurer Phil Krone taking full advantage of the new Barclay lounge.

The Class of 1962 arrived at Haverford eager to show that it, too, was capable of achieving fame and honor. After surviving the loving care of the Customs men and defending themselves against the depredations of those perennial nemeses, the sophomores, the red-capped freshmen finally decided that college wasn't so bad after all and settled down to work.

A study in desire: The freshman class, with Barclay lurking in the distance, contemplates the palatial splendor of Leeds.



Those long hours of labor, interrupted only by intermittent water fights directed from the new Barclay lounge, were quite rewarding: the class gained a high overall average and placed seven members in the charmed Circle 90. Having breadth as well as depth, the men of '62 were also active in non-academic pursuits. Freshmen were active in athletics, and the Freshman Glee Club (one of the largest ever) at one time boasted some sixty members.

The most outstanding example of the Rhinie spirit was the Freshman Weekend in February, advertised as a post-exam recuperation affair. Most members of the committee-conscious class were involved in the preparation for the weekend, which emerged a singular success. A small but significant profit of ten dollars was ample reward for the labors of the industrious freshmen.

Another aspect of the Rhinie enthusiasm was manifested in the Class Night show—a caustic, and in some instances, competent Holden Caulfieldesque view of Haverford. Spectators were surprised to see the search for “*veritas*” lead to the ample posteriors of the charming kick chorus.



A study in disaster: The unsuspecting sophomore class was photographed just before the collapse of the Founders porch.

SOPH APATHY SUCCUMBS TO FRUSTRATION

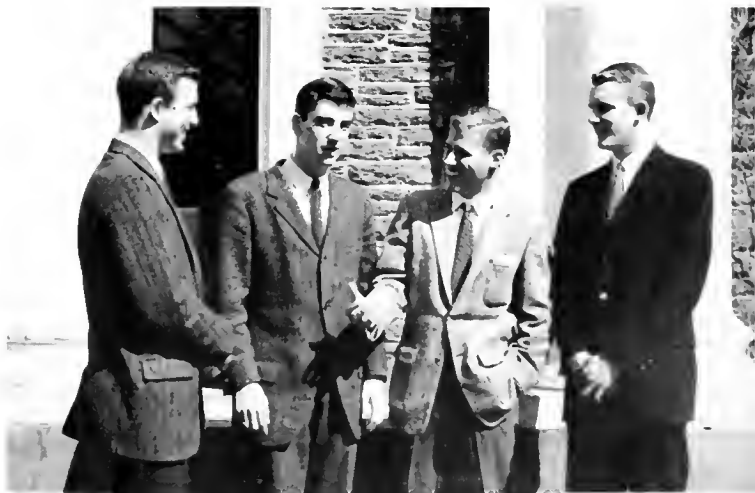
As freshmen we were considered "apathetic," but through the mysterious and wondrous working of sophomore sophistication we achieved a new high this year: We became "disillusioned." The results of the *News's* sophomore poll "proved" this fact absolutely ('cause it's "scientific"). But that's not all this nifty poll pointed out about us. Still more important, we believe that Haverford is making us into "Half-Men"—though no one is quite sure what a "Half-Man" is. Our Class Night show, *A Host of Rebel Angels*, was a graphic expression of this "disillusionment," for we depicted Haverford as a hell of pure academics.

It was, of course, with tears (of joy) that we emigrated from the fraternal, if somewhat moist, cells of Barclay and streamed into the quiet, proper, pillared halls of Lloyd. With our move, however, came a change in our "class character": We stopped water fighting, partying, dating, sleeping, and smiling. Under the influence of "pressure" we came to devote our energies to a more esoteric enterprise: studying. And as the sophomore toddles about our fair campus, he can be heard to chant,

*Bryn Mawr girls I do not care for,
Knowledge is my new-found Wherefore:*

*Lectures, Notes, Examinations,
Nifty, Nifty Calculations—
These are the joys of the sophomore's life,
For Str and Pleasure lead to Strife!
Ah, Spring has sprung,
The Grass has riz,
I wonder what my average is . . .*

Treasurer Andy Stiller and secretary Jim MacBride scoff jokingly at president Steve Klineberg's comment, as vice-president Mike Weil mugs for the camera.





A study in restraint: The blasé junior class manages to retain its poise as president Speer falls from the woody garret on the left.

JUNIORS PRUNED BY FACULTY SHEARS

The motley, simian crew clinging to the trees is the Class of 1960. This beautiful creation of nature has not been impervious to time, for it has been badly decimated since its beginning. From an original 122 innocents it has dwindled to approximately 85 skeptics, of whom only 75 are charter members.

Inspired by last year's Class Night success,

The disreputable officers of the smallest and most disreputable class: secretary Alexander, president Speer, treasurer Hayter, vice-president Miller.



the wide-ranging juniors branched out in a new direction, but only to be runner-up. This year's show was born a Biblical drama and developed into a gentle sneer at the insensitivity of an encysted administration heart. Much to the surprise of the show's writers, the satire of last year's production was reported to have been replaced by disillusionment this year.

The other great undertaking of 1958-59 was the Junior Dance. To the chagrin of old guard seniors, it was held in the Gym, where lavish decorations were skillfully executed by the "Extravaganza Committee": a waterfall bathed in blue light, with an artful ceiling of 250 pounds of genuine Spanish moss. The dance was the class's gift to the College for this year, since a negative profit was realized.

The Class of '60 has made its home in the trees, where it can view reality in perspective. And though at present the calm of this academic vegetation is troubled, it is but the sound of whim—the steady hand will win out over the flapping tongue ere long.

SOPHISTICATED TRAMPS SOON TO RETIRE

As a class, some seniors are sorry that the final spring term has come; others can't wait to have it pass. Some are concerned about June weddings, others concerned over prolonged bachelorhood, and still others just generally concerned. But it is a happy class — only 20% of 20% of its members being unhappy. It is a good class too. It was the best class in history when it came, and Mac will probably praise it as being the best ever on its departure.

After a year as integrated Rhinies, the class fled the conformity of its Barclay nest and invaded the upperclass sanctuaries . . . this year the seniors are mostly in Leeds. Lonely and left out sometimes, they carry on their work in splendor. The class has lost most of its extreme individuals, but those who remain add spice to the Haverford diet. The class has been frustrated too, for though it has artists, Haverford will tolerate little art, and though it has great economists, no one has money to invest. But the physicists lived more comfortably, perched on their atomic pile, unmindful of the biologists who warn of terrifying mutations in coming generations.

The class has had its serious moments —

The dignity of the senior class officers reflects the maturity of their years: treasurer Lowenthal, secretary Green, president Engelhardt, vice-president Brewster.

A study in resignation: The intensely interested senior class listens attentively to Pearl Buck's diatribe on the value of women. The smiles indicate that there are only 62 minutes till lunch.

fraternal oath taking and class meetings. It has had its jubilant moments — two Class Night victories and Robin Hood. This year's show searched allegorically for knowledge. It was greeted by religion's soul-penetrating stare and science's arid dissertations and was teased by a milk bottle held just out of reach. But the performance rose far above the immature bitterness of lower class authors and gave depth to an evening of "disillusioned" shows.

On the athletic fields the class had varying degrees of success. Some of its intramural teams didn't always show up . . . but then again the seniors take with them half of the football team when they leave.

The Class of '59 is appreciative of what Haverford has done, though it did not manage to squeeze the orange as dry as it would have liked. There are many books unread, many problems unsolved; many courses untaken and two Meetings and Collections per semester unattended. There are even some girls at Bryn Mawr who remain undated . . . There are many things left undone, but the class leaves with gratitude, knowing that it is not perfect, but that Haverford tried.





JACK ALEXANDER

Jack has attempted to cut the Haverford version of the Gordian knot by laboring continually in several fields at once and stretching time into something which could contain both him and his work. He has studied politics and activated the Caucus Club, studied literature and organized the Arts Council, "studied" fraternities and instigated the "anti-society" committee. A history major, Jack found great comfort in the Romans, whose intellectual order and skill with Latin created a kinship which spans the ages. Studying the dark and light places of the Middle Ages, he has tried to develop the scholarly qualities required by Mr. MacCaffrey. According to Jack's acquaintances, his intellectual acuity and pre-eminent humility are rivaled only by his genuine sympathy for his friends.

Caucus Club 1, 2, Democratic co-chairman 3; Collection Speakers Committee 3, 4; Arts Council 4; Fraternity Committee 4.

PETER H. ARMSTRONG

Red-faced from a healthy Army life and not (necessarily) dissipation, Pete is almost as neat as J. D. Miller, who lives across the hall. A clean-cut all-American with that half-woodsman, half-choirboy look, he is evenly-dispositioned in spite of red hair and general floridity. Lacking a "characteristic" posture, Pete has several: In the morning on his way to classes he evolves a stride that is an amazing combination of trot and shuffle, while at parties he clatters up and down stairs seemingly without letting his feet touch the ground. Having returned from the Army with an oddly-tailored but beautiful kimono (?)—made for him by a Japanese maid—Pete gets along well in this shot-from-a-gun Quaker Oat Haverford.

News, circulation manager 1, advertising manager 2, business manager 3; Class Night 1, 2, 3.



FREDERICK C. BERTOLET

It took Fred two years to become disillusioned with physics; and immediately he replaced one illusion with another by sneaking out the back door of Sharpless and in the front door of Hilles. An astute critic of science courses and their professors, he thought he saw in Hilles the answer to his dream of worthwhile subjects. (He had already passed calculus without attending classes.) But life in the dorm was Fred's downfall: he could not fight Founders as well as he could harmonize with Hilles. With a yen for the quiet life next to the Paoli local, he left the din of E. B. White's typewriter for a cozy house behind the Penn Fruit Co. With a head for learning and a heart for mirth, Fred will gladly leave the Haverford illusion far behind when he invades the best graduate school that brains can buy.



WILLIAM R. BINGHAM

Bill could no longer afford tires, so he moved onto the Welsh Tract to spend his senior year. Now, at dusk on black Fridays, his chains rattle up the linoleum corridors of Founders, whereupon he gently slams down his vital clipboard, removes his glasses, and fills the air with quiet curses, avoiding the bedroom window which looks out onto the science mausoleum across campus. Having reached the polar moment of inertia, he is then likely to drive westward — this gourmet of Main Line diners — to eat out his soul and regain his sense of humor. Bill dreams of being another Pierre Boulle, worships Dostoyevsky, and avoids Bryn Mawr. After four years of engineered slavery, Bill now anticipates a dissipated — but enjoyable — life of debauchery and moral corruption.

WHRC 1, 2; Student Christian Movement 1, 2, 3; Society of Automotive Engineers 3, 4; *Record* 4.



D. RIDGELY BOLGIANO

Ridge, emerging from his pile of terminal strips and relays, is often seen heading towards the roof of Sharpless, where he spends his time sending up balloons to chase the satellites. A physics major, Ridge took three years out from his Haverford education to spend some time with the Army in Japan. From this adventure he returned with an amazing knowledge of Geisha girls and a supply of government radio parts. When he's not telling wide-eyed freshmen about the golden days of WHRC, Ridge can be found in the Dining Room long after it has closed, drawing a circuit for an I.B.M. 650 on the tablecloth. Although Ridge's inventive genius has already produced an automatic ashtray-emptier, law school may yet lure him from the field of electronics.

WHRC, technical manager 1, chief engineer 2, advisor 3, 4; I.C.G. 1, 2; Sailing 1, 2, 3, 4; Drama Club 1, 2; Chess Club 3; Photography Club 2.



JOHN GURDON BREWSTER

Gurdon came to Haverford intending to be a healer of bodies. He leaves now to be a healer of souls. A major in religious philosophy, he admires Albert Schweitzer; an able sculptor, he considers opera to be the highest form of art. Moving through and beyond a welter of class, Council, and committee offices, Gurdon progressed as easily from the lowly rooms of Barclay to the intermediate haven of Lloyd to palatial residence in Leeds. Here he resigned himself to that benign contemplation of the passing college scene which seniors are wont to indulge in. As there are professionals in athletics, so there are pros in life. You can always spot them: they make it look easy.

Class President 1, 2, Vice-President 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 4, personnel manager 3; Octet 1, 2, 3, 4; Founders Club Prize 1; Students' Council 1, treasurer 3; Track 1; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4; Dormitory Committee, chairman 3; Student Affairs Committee 3; *Record* 4; Philosophy Club 3, 4.





EDWIN G. BROWN

Ed came to Haverford from Dickinson three years ago. (1) because he wished for a greater academic challenge and (2) because it was becoming increasingly difficult for him to bum cigarettes. Some of his fellow chem majors, wondering how Ed winds up at the top with his atrocious study habits, have tried to duplicate his success by grinding for exams on the table-tops at Tenth Entry. A somewhat cosmopolitan citizen on the campus, Ed can usually be found in a variety of rooms, none of them his own. He is always welcome, though, whenever a mediocre "fourth" is needed for bridge, and he is considered the terror of the touch football team. The chemistry department, however, views his parting with mixed emotions: "Damn, there goes another potential chemist off to med school!"

Glee Club 2; Intramural Committee 4; Chemistry Club 3.

BRUCE D. CAMPBELL

Bruce majored in political science, but only a privileged few have even seen him at work on said subject. A better-than-average bridge player, he unnerves opposition and partner alike in the "Leeds Bridge Salon" with his raucous whistling. Among his friends Bruce is known as an unparalleled ego-destroyer ("Bruce, why are you so obnoxious tonight?") as well as an avid member of the wrestling team who enjoys off-season practice sessions on the living room floor. Occasionally he takes time out to write a paper for Red Somers and Company, making phone calls to Bryn Mawr between paragraphs. Bruce now heads for law school, leaving behind the mark of an original personality and taking with him the room's deck of cards and his dart board.

Soccer 1, 2, 3; Wrestling 1, 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Bridge Club 3, 4; Class Night 2, 3, 4; Tenth Entry Association 4.



DAVID CHAR

Upon David's return to Haverford this year, his roommates noticed that something had changed over the summer. Nothing could be gleaned from conversations with him, because he immediately settled down to work. If Dave was needed for anything, he could be found either in the deep dark recesses of the physics basement, huddled over an X-ray machine, or in the vicinity of his room (most likely asleep). Throughout the semester people wondered about a certain ring in his possession. Then one day, with the arrival of a package from Honolulu bearing all the characteristics of a large photograph, the mystery of Dave's added charm was unveiled. Now, anyone looking for him should go first to his room, since Dave will be busy for the next several months inspecting the new addition to his dresser.

Class Night 3; Dining Room Committee 4.



JONATHAN J. CLARK

Among the sumptuous splendors of a third floor Yarnall suite may be found a bagpipe and two Indian teeth belonging to a realistic sociologist. Not caring for the gracious living of his roommate, yet too secure to move out, Jay prefers the floor to the Waldorf-Astoria bed and the cold chill of a library carrel to the warm and inviting fire. It is rumored that Ira's profound influence awakened in Jay latent desires to cast aside this ivory tower for the more realistic and earthly elements of the Philadelphia slums. Still unsatisfied, a year in Dublin expounding Quaker-Catholicism to the astounded natives led him back to Chase and Ira's guiding light. Now, imbedded in sociological surveys, this likeable, carefree chap delights his classes with homespun theories sprinkled with practical experience and memories of Haverford's past.

Glee Club 1, 2; Baseball 1; Junior Year in Ireland.



DANIEL M. CLEMSON

Spending his freshman year in Yarnall, Dan occasionally visited the campus for classes and meals and was sometimes seen running from the College police with pieces of a blue motor scooter. As a sophomore Dan moved on campus, only to get tangled up in the powers-that-be at WHRC. His junior year began with a struggle between a station managership and a physics major. After a semester, however, he traded the station managership for a red convertible, saddle shoes, and a certain interest at Bryn Mawr. As a senior the physics major fought hard, but not quite successfully, to dominate the other interests. Dan's future is a matter of speculation — there is some talk of engineering graduate school — but wherever he goes, his red convertible and Brooks Brothers clothes will accompany him.

WHRC, chief engineer 2, station manager 3.



ROBERT M. COLBURN

"Rebel!" "Watch what you say, son!" bellows Bob Colburn, Tennessee-born hockey fan, on the verge of another argument. But Bob has little time to argue, generally burying himself in sports pages — first for the *News*, recently for the *Record*, and anytime baseball or hockey results are available. Colby's flattop has always been a problem. Typical of the comments made before going out: "Nobody around here knows how to give a flattop. Will one of you guys even it off?" Bob survived four years of chemistry and is torn between two loves: chem and baseball. Problem: Which Williams to pattern his life after — Russell or Ted? Actually high school teaching is Bob's real desire.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 2, 3; *News* 1, sports editor 2; News Bureau 1, 2, 3, 4; Customs Committee 3, 4; Big Brother Committee 4; Customs Evaluation Committee 3; *Record*, sports editor 4; Varsity Club 4.





WILLIAM S. COMANOR

Bill joined our class for his junior year in preference to continuing at Williams. Actually, we suspect that the absence of a nearby, effective "political machine" was the sole reason for the change. Although the ec department receives most of his attention, poli sci and English projects are favored too. A dependable representative of the class in intramural athletics, Bill is attempting to get a three sport coaching job at Harvard next year. When it is not Haverford's night at Bryn Mawr, Bryn Mawr's night at Haverford, a meeting of the Caucus or Economics Club, or election day, Bill can be found in his room in stocking feet, book in hand, reciting in angry tones, "If I could just get this finished tonight!"

Class Night 3; Debating Society 3; Economics Club 3, 4; Caucus Club, chairman 3, 4; I.C.G. 4.

ALAN J. CONCORS

Al, better known to his friends as "Morris Katz," came to Haverford as a representative of the Atlantic City Beach Patrol. Between football, baseball, intramural basketball, and the gymnasium scale, however, Morris had little time to exhibit his swimming skills in our Olympic-size bathtub. An avid connoisseur of Haverford food, Morris soon discovered The Blue Comet, Bobby's, Barson's. . . . A keen interest in international affairs led Al to the French department, but the attraction of the "zionist" movement proved insurmountable; hence his exodus to Sharpless. Food, athletics, intellectual curiosity — in that order — keynote Morris' four years here. And when his little blue Ford drives out to Lancaster Avenue for the last time, Morris will leave behind The Pentagon Club, Haverford's third "beer-drinking" society.

Record, business manager 4; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Marriage 3, 4.



JOHN COULTHURST

John came to Haverford from New Jersey and became a regular commuter, until he married his lady fair — a ravishing blonde — in his junior year. Having moved from a Lloyd suite — no wives allowed — to a cozy nest above a Bryn Mawr bar, he now resides in a trailer. With his knowledge of the stock market, John established a foothold in a local brokerage firm — while being supported by his wife — and has started to pyramid his meagre resources. (The *News* and *Record* profited similarly from his talents.) Now, with one wedding anniversary already behind him, John's graduate school will consist either of the terrors of the market or in building his own business (one which is so original that even G.M. hasn't yet heard the word).

Tennis 1, 2, 4; *News*, advertising manager 1, 2, business manager 3; *Record*, business manager 4; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Marriage 3, 4.



RICHARD W. CURTIS

"Hummm!" With his big Cheshire-cat grin, Dick emerges from an hour-long shower. The big, handsome, penguin-strutting brute is setting out for a date with still another "queen." What, passing up Ho Hunter for the night? But then, three "11" courses do make a senior's schedule easier. With his taste centered around daiquiries, Dick will probably head off to O.C.S. or some such place before kicking up a storm in the clothing industry. Dick was once quiet and shy, but under the influence of Sam and the Third Entry gang his attitudes towards life changed. Besides his daiquiries, the Dunes Club, and "queens," Dick enjoys his sleep—any time of day. Favorite Curtis comment: "Snack time—anybody for the Beau and Belle?"

Cricket 2; Economics Club 3, 4; Fencing 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer, manager 3; Varsity Club 3, 4.



PETER N. DAVIS

"Greetings!" Enter Pete Davis, the only Haverfordian in existence with no need to "get organized." As he puts the day's notes in impeccable order, an awestruck Rhinie approaches to learn the secret behind his famous, perfect economics paper. Following Pete's consultation of the receipt file to see if the income tax return will support a new amplifier, Emery drops in to discuss Pennsy's new commuter cars. Since one of Pete's exploratory expeditions to B.M.C. is in the making, he may retire to his library to check dating methods and manners with his roommates. Whether Pete decides to continue in physics, to utilize his debating experience in law, or to indulge in socio-economic tendencies, his work will be the ultimate in concise precision.

WHRC 2, 3, secretary 4; Economics Club 3, 4; Debating Society 1, 4, manager 2, president 3.

JOHN G. DE JONG

Too proud to be a junior, John took three years of this classic institution and found it sufficient. During his first year he realized the stuffed paper capacity of 219 Founders and decided to move in for two years, while he carefully tended the homeliest plant on campus — it died quietly after a year. A creature of habit — for instance, the 1950 vintage maroon corduroy coat seen almost every day — he managed to stay in Founders for three years straight. He also survived six eight o'clocks a week one year — under protest — and enjoys walking—usually toward Pimmelli's. A historian by trade, John expects to disappear silently into the stacks of a graduate school library, not to be seen again for four years.

Glee Club 1, 4, assistant publicity director 2; Commencement Speakers Committee 4.





FRANK S. DIETRICH

Manifesting an abnormal interest and capacity for work, Frank willingly entered the lion's den in the basement of Sharpless and somehow emerged unscathed. On this adventure he collected a Phi Beta Kappa key, the legality of which remains dubious. Trying to impress the denizens of Barclay Hall, as well as the faculty, Frank's radio transmitter consistently summoned forth code from the most reluctant neighboring hi-fi sets. His next endeavor failed miserably when he was defeated by a nine-year-old in the City Chess Tournament, but his construction of a nuclear reactor on campus evoked admiration from the press and terror from the local fire department. Since the whole must equal the sum of its parts, add a love for opera, and you have a Southerner integrated.

WHRC 1, chief engineer 2, technical director 3; Orchestra 1; Curriculum Committee 4; Chess Club 1, vice-president 2, 3, 4; Phi Beta Kappa 3, 4.

WILLIAM A. DORSEY

With four years of a second-floor outlook on Haverford, Bill has kept Collection a lullaby and played Carols effectively without the sour peals of wedding bells. Perhaps it was sociology, or it may have been hepatitis and mononucleosis which tempered his indoor sports activity, but it was assuredly not the hospital and college in the neighboring town. His bedroom voice was sublimated to the Dining Room and WHRC. A realist all the way, Bill is a saddle-shoed dungaree-deist with invincible Southern reasoning. He has, with a condescending sarcasm, straddled the sciences and mental quackery of Haverford, often boarding buses for Goucher College. A solid friend to everybody, Bill has sociologically scanned the student body and has thoughts of veterinary medicine.

Football 1, 2; Wrestling 1, 2; WHRC 1, 4, production manager 2, program manager 3.



PETER J. EIDENBERG

The appearance of Pete's hot red Ford illegally parked among those of Haverford's elite behind the chem building usually signifies his presence either in the lab or, more likely, on the basketball court or in a baseball uniform. A superb natural athlete with remarkable speed and agility, Pete's composure and soft-spoken leadership merited him captaincies in two sports and a reputation of being invaluable, if not spectacular, in both. Extraordinary hand-to-eye coordination has also earned for him unofficial recognition as number one man among Haverford's still less official dart-shooters. A four-year day student, Pete is Haverford's unique pre-med sociologist. Capitalizing on these broad interests, Pete will undoubtedly solve a longstanding problem in medicine by proving socio-economic factors to be the cause of the common cold.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Baseball 1, 2, captain 3, 4; Varsity Club 4.



HANS W. ENGELHARDT

Endowed with a keen intellect, an able body, and a gargantuan appetite for hoagies, Hans has compiled an exceptional record in four years at Haverford. High-ranking scholastically and athletically, he has held many class and Council offices with characteristic aplomb. With a constant attachment to Plato, Hans aspires towards the Socratic way and scatters its foes in all directions like scared rabbits. He hopes to carry this tradition into the law courts, where he can examine justice in the light of his philosophic upbringing. Despite his strange theories about making fires to compensate for the wanting Haverford heat, Hans' reminiscences about his tennis club evenings and his great interest in "Gun Smoke" reveal his *joie de vivre*. And the frisbee—look at him go!

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Tennis 1, 2, 3; Students' Council 2, secretary 3; Class Vice-President 2, President 3, 4; Philosophy Club, president 4.



MEAD MATHER FEICK

Learning and growing old may be accomplished without Pound and Dylan Thomas, but as this would be the greater risk, the faint-hearted peddle poetry instead of ties— I.B.M. and the general public notwithstanding. Convinced that all politicians are mad, our lad has fled to his ivory burrow, wife in tow, and resolutely refuses entrance to the respectable. In his wake small children find sodden watercolors. Meanwhile, in deep concealment, voluminous stanzas miscarry as the scrivener heaps up hills of obscurities and irrationalia, broken only by visits to Tenth, suggesting a reaffirmation of spirits. A career in teaching means letting Ferlinghetti and Fenollosa loose among the innocents in spite of P.T.A. concern. Our scribbler's good wife manifests charm and kindness, but he tells us with a wild eye that imbalance is here to stay.

Glee Club 1; Soccer 1; *Revue* 2, 4, co-editor 3.



ALLEN C. FISCHER

Metaphysical problems of time have somehow confused our Chestnut Hill scholar. Exclaiming, as he rushes belatedly out of the room, "Where did all the time go?" Al no longer is etherized in the timeless, spaceless world of creativity. On the soccer field his cool calculation of the enemy line from center half is often accompanied by encouraging remarks to the opposing lineman who just missed a "sure" goal: "Buddy, you've just lost yourself a ball game." His famous five minute naps keep him percipient in his midnight discussions with certain LA 5- numbers, and he divides his weekends among soccer, sex, and seclusion. Having managed to breeze through two of Somers' political science courses, Al's future appears bright as a humanitarian, socialite, or sportsman.

Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Haverford-Bryn Mawr Young Friends 1, 2, 3, 4.





WARNER FITE II

Living a double life, Warner spends most of his time commuting from Haverford to Sears and Roebuck, where he buys magnitudes of trains; his other, less serious pastime is studying physics. The schisms of his split personality are reconciled only when he performs his experiments of Force and Motion with Lionel trains and erector sets on the living room floor above President Borton's bedroom. Warner has one outstanding trait—a very stubborn nature—which might almost be considered a tragic flaw. Perhaps the most notable effect of this idiosyncrasy was his purchase of a '48 Ford for \$75, in which he subsequently replaced every moving part. Similarly he has acquired an overly extensive library, which certainly secures his future, if not as a physicist, at least as a lending librarian.

Glee Club 1; I.C.G., vice-president 1; Football 1; Drama Club 1.

J. DEXTER FORBES

A fair scholar of "barbellingo," Dex delicately sets down his weights in the basement of Leeds, dusts off his hands, and observes, "Well, I had better lucubrate on my organic." Dex dislikes grinds, but is not entirely free of rigorous study habits himself. A picture of the all-American boy, a blond, sporty Bibli-tian, and one of a select group of Haverford rooters during Temple's basketball season, Dex is the only man on campus who could describe a traveling salesman as William Bacon Evans would. After taking Flight from the tom-toms of the psychology department, Dex calmly took the bull by the Horn. The real Dex has an admirable prudence and genuine good-naturedness, endearing assets for any future doctor.

Dormitory Representative 1; Golf 1; Track 2, 4; Curriculum Committee 3; WHRC 3; Big Brother Committee 4; Class Gift Committee 4.



WILLIAM G. FULLARD, JR.

Bill has managed to combine the irreconcilables: a tennis racket, a clarinet, and a certain fair damsel (who is ever-changing). An avid tennis player, he is driven from the courts only by inclement weather, which produces racket swinging, rope jumping, or handspringing in the living room to the distraction of his long-suffering roommates. Music also claims Bill's attention—that of others as well during his bathroom clarinet practice sessions—and he has bettered musical relations between Bryn Mawr and Haverford through weekly orchestral practice sessions. Needless to say, however, his interest in Bryn Mawr is not confined to music. The telephone often replaces the clarinet as Bill's wind instrument in his persistent efforts to improve bi-college relations.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 1, 2, 3, president 4; Class Night 1, 2, 4; Tennis 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4.



M. GREGORY GOGGIN

Suave and continental (summer trip to Europe), Greg might be found more often than not on the Bryn Mawr campus, seeking inspiration to write longer and better sociology papers. Upon returning from a B.M.C. conquest, Greg loosens his tie and immediately takes his place around the bridge table. Here, as everywhere, he is kept busy fending off disparaging remarks about sociology. Weary of these encounters, he retires to his room to dream of grad school and the current paper: "These variables comprise a multiplicity of diverging facets . . ." This, however, is enough to drive anyone to Tenth, so with a gesture of futility, Greg picks up his coat and yells for Charlie to meet him at the car.

Soccer 2, 3; Wrestling 1, 2; Baseball 1; Customs Committee 2; Bridge Club 2, 3, 4; Commencement Speaker Committee, chairman 4.



DAVID LAWRENCE GRAMBS

Seemingly imperturbed, silent, and serene appears the inimitable Dave. More complex, however, he is a devoted friend of the vital flame—a true romanticist. He takes out his ascetic pangs on the cross-country course and at Bryn Mawr. In his fascinations with the piano, pencil sketching, and the bit part, Dave has proven to be quite the dilettante and aesthete. He has immense difficulty restraining a vocabulary that fairly overruns with Johnsonian (not Al) phrases. We hope that some day his "Where art thou, Lorna Doone?" will be answered. It will be painful for him to part from Founders Corner. Possibly longing to sustain the Haverford memory, Dave aspires to teaching college English.

Cross-Country 1, 2, 3; Fencing 1; Track 1, 2; WHRC 1, 2, secretary 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Record* 3, 4; Drama Club 3, 4; Honor System Committee 4; Class Night 1, 3; Varsity Club 3, 4.



ALEXANDER A. GREEN

The Swarthmore Varsity Club (plaintiff) versus Alexander Green (defendant). Major accusations: (1) As a freshman the defendant maliciously blocked a well-intentioned place kick in the annual Hood Trophy Contest. (2) Under Haverford's system of forced participation in athletics, the defendant—training illegally with subsidized roommates—made a permanent depression in the floor of the Swarthmore field house. (3) Attempting greater heights in the pole vault, the defendant used Russian-built track shoes to out-manuever Garnet heroes. Minor charges: Refusal to pay Rhinie dental bills; use of weekend date to collect biological specimens. For further information, consult the *S.P.C.A. Gazette*.

Football 1, 2, 3, co-captain 4; Wrestling 1, 2, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Customs Committee 3; Glee Club 1; Customs Evaluation Committee 3; Social Committee 2, 3; Triangle Society.





WILLARD P. GREEN

Will has tended to be highly selective in his dates — none but the shortest of local talent. Retiring early in his career as the lightest J.V. football player in the nation, Will proceeded to gain similar fame on the wrestling team. His poor sense of smell has made him an unreliable critic of the Dining Room fare, but he is nevertheless able to enjoy pipefuls of aromatic Middleton 5. He has found time to sing every Sunday with the Bryn Mawr Presbyterian Choir and regularly attends sessions of the Student Christian Movement. Sampling the offerings of many academic disciplines, Will has settled on the philosophy department in anticipation of a theological career. It all adds up to a very liberal education.

Football 1; Wrestling 1; Class Treasurer 2, 3, Secretary 4; Meeting Committee 4.

JOHN D. GRESIMER II

Emerging from the wilds of northwestern Pennsylvania for a taste of city life, John has spent four years sampling the joys of the Glee Club and the sociology department. After leaving very old Founders in favor of very new Leeds midway through his academic career, John soon realized the culmination of his expectations after venturing to Lankenau. It seems that he and a nurse got well mixed at a mixer. At least it has been said that she is a nurse. Since she is frequently seen at Haverford, maybe he is comfortably sick without anyone's knowing it. Nevertheless, the day after graduation he and Evie plan to begin his future business career by marriage.

Glee Club 1, librarian 2, secretary-treasurer 3, personnel manager 4; Service Fund 1; Debating Society 1; Canterbury Club 2, 3, 4; Class Gift Committee 4; Career Conference Committee 4; *Record* 4.



LAWRENCE S. GRIFFITH

Impressed with the frequent appearance of the name Griffith on committee and athletic lists, the Dean decided to parlay Larry's intensive work in the political science department into a med school acceptance at Rochester. Meanwhile, it was with intrigue that his friends observed Larry's extended interpretation of the Council's definition of Festive Weekend. With keen interest they also noted his integrity in keeping to strict training regulations before this year's Swarthmore football game. As expected, these six days prior to the game — spent with a Wellesley miss — reflected Larry's continental and cosmopolitan attributes acquired during a summer abroad and four years at Haverford.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1; Glee Club 1, freshman manager 2, business manager 3, president 4; Class Treasurer 1; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Student Affairs Coordinator 3; Collection Speakers Committee 3, co-chairman 4; Social Committee 3; Founders Club 3, 4; Triangle Society.



JEFFREY K. HECHT

Jeff's Phi Beta Kappa aspirations went out the window during his freshman year, when he discovered the existence of three other bridge players on campus. As Haverford's bridge czar, he serves as president of the Bridge Club, bridge columnist for the *News*, and generally unparalleled expert at the game — disillusioned aspirants to his crown describe Jeff as "the man who plays like Univac." Breaking away from the Leeds Bridge Parlor, Jeff occasionally visits the all-too-accessible chem building, where he takes cigarette breaks in the men's room as often as he takes melting points in the lab. As a senior, Jeff's main concern is not passing comps, but rather selecting one of the many graduate schools eagerly bidding for his services.

Wrestling, manager 3, 4; Bridge Club 1, 2, 3, president 4; Dining Room Committee 4; Intramural Committee 4; *News* 3, 4; Chemistry Club 3.



ELLIOTT M. HEIMAN

For several years Elliott's roommates tolerated his paintings only because they covered the cracks in the walls of two Lloyd suites. In Leeds there were no cracks, but by this time his painting had improved, and the canvasses were allowed to stay. Elliott's first love may have been philosophy, but he imbibed the wisdom of Freud and Heath to probe more deeply into the Bryn Mawr mind. As captain of the fencing team, our Cyrano de Bergerac has come to the "rescue" of countless young damsels. Weary and exhausted from many battles, however, Elliott has decided to put down the foil and take up the scalpel instead. For the next four years, he will be psychoanalyzing all of the cadavers at Jefferson.

Fencing 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4; Psychology Club 3, president 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 2; Arts Council 4.

R. LEE HOBAUGH

Lee returned to the Haverford campus a few years ago — no one is quite sure when — after a brief and inspiring tenure in the Army. Although he still hasn't found the two-cent error in his checking account, he is a promising young economist, eager to blaze his trail in life and someday return to the Haverford campus as a member of the economics department. Lee's extracurricular activities consist of arranging "schlitzen-fests" for his friends (providing that there are no conflicts with the precepts of the Council), intramural touch football, Roland, and Bobby's questionable delicacies. He departs from Haverford leaving a legacy of sophisticated advice in the form of Bryn Mawr telephone numbers and English barbarisms — the *1958-59 Rhinie Bible*.

Students' Council 4; *Handbook*, editor 3; Economics Club 3, vice-president 4; Glee Club 1.





PAUL HODGE

Having abruptly uprooted himself for a quick two-year military sojourn, a more seasoned edition of Paul Hodge reappeared upon the Haverford lawns this fall to add some finishing touches to his college career. Paul's second time around the academic pinwheel has been by no means uneventful, despite his more mature approach to the pitfalls of college life. An *acteur formidable* — or so they called him in Paris — his efforts in the Drama Club have continued unabated. Sometimes projecting his stage work to the classroom, Paul's bits and bites have livened up many a pedantic session. Though unable to repeat his 1956 performance of scoring three goals against Temple, Paul's 1958 contribution to varsity soccer was certainly refreshing, if not always skillful. Besides, every team needs a few All-Americans!

Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

DAVID E. HORAN

Dave the Unknown, the off-campus philosopher who rarely philosophizes, is one of the few sportsmen whose accuracy with darts varies directly with the warmth of his stomach. Selling his 1928 Ford as a 1948 model to an unsuspecting physicist, Dave added to his junior year income, having replaced the original battery with one from a motor scooter as an extra bonus. Returning from the West with a wife, Dave settled down, in typical beat-philosopher manner, on Montgomery Avenue with floor-to-ceiling dart boards and wall-to-wall mattressing. In philosophic terms, the essence of the shoes Dave wore for the greater part of his college career is now bottled in the chemistry lab for the benefit of posterity. Yet Dave maintains that there is nothing better than OLD TENNIS SHOES.

Philosophy Club 4.



JOHN H. HORNBAKER, JR.

During his career at Haverford, John has always remained faithful to the cause of science, but only recently was lured across campus from the chem building to the biology department. Arriving in Sharpless, he staked out his desk in Mrs. Green's office where his senior project consists of keeping its occupants blushing. A scientist through and through, John even applies the scientific approach to his pipe smoking, as anyone who has ever witnessed him mixing his own special tobacco will readily understand. Never tiring of telling jokes, even if they sometimes become repetitious, John is usually at his best at the beginning of the school year after revising his repertoire through a summer job in a hospital operating room. As might be expected, John is headed for Hopkins Med School next year.

Chemistry Club 1, 2, 3; Psychology Club 2; Spanish Club 1.



HENRY HORWITZ

One of two delinquents in the Tenney Home for Wayward Children, Henry entered Haverford inauspiciously, but soon resolved himself into a noted debauchee. Turning half-heartedly to scholarship he sold his soul to Somers and MacCaffrey, who found in him a perfect goat for their latent sadism. Possessed of an incredible fondness for useless minutiae, Henry is reputed to know verbatim every Parliamentary debate since Disraeli. But tragedy finally struck our scholar, and a Bryn Mawr geology course downed him in his prime. Now, dressed in nankeen breeches, this tiny gnome spends hours hacking away with his geology pick at the gneissic rock in Radnor. He still cherishes the hope of Oxford and often sings of it on moonlit nights after finishing the tiny bowl of milk set out for him by Miss McBride.

Philosophy Club 1, 2; Debating Society 1; I.C.G. 2; Phi Beta Kappa 3, 4.



GARRY HYATT

Arriving from Bryn Athyn in the fall of '57, Garry began two years of intermittent pilgrimages between Haverford and his Swedenborgian sweetheart. Although he had difficulties at times in meeting his toll payments, he managed to maintain a perfect record of never spending a weekend at Haverford. It is fortunate that commencement is on a Friday so that lovable old Gar will be able to pick up his sheepskin. Although it is rumored that Hyatt is a legend in Bryn Athyn athletic circles, Haverford has yet to witness his first coordinated move. Actually Garry is one of Haverford's few English majors ever to hit the intramural basketball circuit. Despite his late arrival on campus, Garry's likable personality will always be remembered by his close friends (especially those who used his empty room on weekends to put up vagrants and hapless damsels).



RICHARD JACKSON

Coming all the way from Erie, Dick sought only a college with a liberal arts flavor and a not-too-weak chemistry department. But after two very commonplace years in Barclay, he moved to 84 Lloyd. There, dates galore! To be sure, life was a bit communal, and the work load began to pile up, but that was all right. He'd already led the Debating Society through a year of non-protectionism and had fiddled with the Orchestra. Most important, he'd switched to physics and, by the time he reached Leeds, had developed a routine: After digesting one pile of Louis Green notes, he'd call B.M.C., announce the results, and return to the Contemplation of the Unsolved Formula. Although Dick's heading for grad school and teaching, we hope he preserves his humanistic bent.

Debating Society 1, president 2; Orchestra 1.





ALAN E. JOHNSON

Arriving at college each fall from Schenectady, Al has always converted his room, by means of sun lamp, photographs and sentimental letters, into a symbol of his summer haven on Lake George. He has split his summer months between hunting chucks from his cabin in the Adirondacks and chicks from his life-guard chair on the lake front. His winter months have been divided between studying political science and economics by day and TV westerns by night. One thing else has been prominent in "Swish" Johnson's four years here: his athletic career cannot be minimized. Giving up possible chances to play with the Celtics or Warriors, Al has decided on law school and, with his ability as a student and smooth talker, should make one of our country's best, most underhanded lawyers.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4.

MYLES A. JOHNSON

"But are you sure that statement can be verified?" An eager advocate of Haverford's five year plan, Myles expresses his newly found philosophical self. Consternated at the pack of lies told daily on the way to the dining hall by his more shallow eating companions, Myles has been known to interject, "But I thought . . ." and then to mumble, "These on-the-way-to-meals conversations. Wow!" But he admittedly derives pleasure from being a good listener to bad news. At the termination of Myles's stay at Haverford, it is rumored that he intends to run silently cross-country to his beloved and nearly native Alaska, where he will pick up the sign language of the Eskimos and inoculate them if need be.

Cross-Country 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Track 2, 3; Meeting Committee 2; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4.



MICHAEL M. KABACK

Michael Melvin (?) Kaback, better known to his friends and associates as Mickee, came to Haverford as the Dr. Livingstone of Overbrook High. Here at Haverford, away from the bongos and drums, Mickee found civilization — a lost one, but nevertheless civilization. Being an all-round boy, he has starred not only as a student, but as a Thespian, debater, questioner, and athlete as well. With his aggressive, scrappy nature, Mickee introduced a completely new idea to Haverford football — the forward pass — a weapon he used here with unprecedented skill. A strong supporter and follower of the Sharpless "zionist" movement (also known as the biology department), Mickee must now leave behind the Pentagon Club on his journey to Penn Med School.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4.



WALTER E. KAEGI, JR.

Every morning at seven o'clock the roommate on the upper bunk is awakened by curses and much fumbling on the floor of the bedroom. Finally the desired book (in any one of five languages) is retrieved from the 73 Lloyd branch of the history stacks, and Walter withdraws to the living room. Having destroyed Christianity, the U. S. foreign policy, and the well-rounded man, Walter is now battling Wallace MacCaffrey, whose ever-present papers threaten the sanity of even a Junior PBK. Leaving the International Club behind, Walter takes with him a passion for Bach, a thirst for bourbon, and a few Honor System bluebooks to Harvard and a Ph.D.

International Club 2, president 3, 4; Honor System Committee 3, chairman 4; Curriculum Committee 2; Philips Visitors Committee 2; Peace Action Fellowship 2, 3; Phi Beta Kappa 3, 4; Lippincott History Prize 2; Morris and Smith Peace Prize 3; Founders Club 4.



DAVID H. KAIN

Dave is a student of sorts and not at all unintelligent, yet he constantly misspells his last name K-E-Y-N-E-S. But we can understand this delusion, for Dave is interested in money and its related sciences. We usually see his gangling frame sprawled over a sofa, surrounded by a telephone, *Wall Street Journal*, putter, and golf balls — all symbols of a young and rising plutocrat. In his hands is a mutilated copy of a Bryn Mawr freshman directory. As is evident, Dave is one to keep up on current events. At the end of his sophomore year, he decided against spending his junior year in Wall Street. This affirmed the suspicion that Dave's future interests might extend beyond mere capital gains to academic disciplines.

WHRC 2, 3, 4; Bridge Club 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2; Economics Club 4; Curriculum Committee 4; Haverford-Bryn Mawr Young Friends 1, 2, 3, 4.

JAMES A. KATOWITZ

Jim's roommates — as a matter of fact the entire campus — always know when Katowitz is coming. If his booming baritone is not heralding his arrival or serenading the shower, its sonorous tones can be heard leading the Glee Club in song, sometimes as official soloist, other times as not. Between renditions Jim presides over the Students' Council, but anyone entering his room during wrestling season is subject to a sudden pin to the sublime strains of a Bach fugue. Jim's antics at Bryn Mawr closely resemble the behavior of his two favorite musical characters, Macheath and Don Giovanni, showing how thoroughly a love of music can pervade a future doctor's life.

Students' Council, president 4; Student Affairs Committee 4; Customs Committee 3; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Octet 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 4; Wrestling 2, 3, co-captain 4; Soccer 1; Drama Club 3, 4; The Allen C. Hale Trophy 3; Founders Club 4.





PHILIP J. KITTNER

With his suave manner, chic appearance, and unlimited vocabulary, "Cocky Philip" Kittner has proved himself to be one of Haverford's finest public relations men to nearby Bryn Mawr and Harcum; his popularity in both schools has been unanimous. Besides playing the role of Don Juan, Phil has been a member of highest standing in the "zionist" department in Sharpless, carrying on deep research in immunology and more notably just carrying on. Activity-wise Phil was a promising halfback on the Haverford eleven until sidelined by an injury. Undaunted, however, he merely exchanged his football helmet for a basketball and continued to display his athletic prowess. A charter member of the Pentagon Club, Phil was co-author with Melvin Coznowski in their famous *Tales of Ridiculous Adventures and Humiliating Experiences*.

Football 1, 2, 3; Basketball 2, 3, 4; Customs Committee 4; Track 1.

ROBERT L. KRIEL

Although Bob has occasionally been exposed to names like Brahm, Allport, and Morgenthau, biology has never really released its hold on him. To prove his loyalty to second floor Sharpless he even remained on campus last summer to purify the lowly "Loewy factor." Bob has also developed a technique which insures him the title of best rabbit-heart bleeder on campus. Unfortunately his experiments with female hearts have not fared quite so well. After innumerable trips to New England during his sophomore year, he soon came down to earth and ended up by taking several psychology courses to understand completely his frustrations. Rather than ponder the problem further at this point, Bob has decided to lose himself in four years of med school.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; 125th Anniversary Committee 3, 4; Class Night 1; *Record*, section editor 4.



DONALD L. LAUVE

Transferring from Trinity in his sophomore year, Don brought a mellowing aspect to the Haverford atmosphere. He and pretty wife Linda have taken great pains to imbue the College community with a sensitivity to family life, and the Lauve clan can often be seen rumbling around the campus in a noisy blue Studebaker. Delia, their first child, has survived Founders food, proving that babies can live on anything. A Lauve member of the class of '80 is expected in April, as this write-up goes to press. Don's creativity is not limited to aggravating the Malthusian predicament, however, and he displays a great Lauve of literature. His sensitivity to Haverford values has resulted in his planning teaching as a career, as well as his near-acceptance of Quakerism as a way of life.

Soccer 3, 4.



RICHARD H. LEDERER

The College community probably first realized that Rich was going to be a hard worker when he was seen frantically studying critiques on *Huckleberry Finn* while waiting in line for his Rhinie cap. Although Rich has since given up the fantastic study habits of his freshman year, he is still known as a serious student. Coming to Haverford as a dedicated pre-med, he was soon lured away from his goal by the more soul-satisfying study of English literature. In athletics he has proved that form is not always a prerequisite for success, continually astounding both his coaches and the opposition with his uncanny ability to win. Similarly Rich has yet to find his peer at Haverford in either ping-pong or checkers.

Tennis 1, 2, 3, 4; Fencing 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1, 2; Chess Team 1, 2, 3, 4; Cheerleading 4; Table Tennis, captain 3, 4; Big Brother 2, 3, 4.



JAMES O. LEE

Hiding behind a simple name is a man of boundless depth and many roles. To the Centenary College girls, Jim is a suave, pipe-smoking, carefree G.F.S. grad. To the Haverford football spectator, the head cheerleader is a spontaneous life-of-the-party collegian. But if one looks closely into Jim's face, bravely enduring each Quaker cheer, he sees an image of Christlike suffering. Jim is a Dostoyevsky man of the Underground, a living duality, excruciatingly sensitive to life's paradoxes. Each weekend he writhes in his room, facing the metaphysical problems of the current British lit paper with intellectual honesty that sometimes drives him to disaster. Still, his curiosity is not confined to the academic world: Each month he makes an excursion into Ardmore to pick up the latest copy of *Playboy*.

News 1; Cheerleading 2, 3, head cheerleader 4.

HARRY M. LEESER

Having compiled outstanding records in both wrestling and soccer, Harry was rewarded with seven varsity letters in the two sports and the co-captaincy of the wrestling team in his senior year. As might be expected, his academic career at Haverford has been no less inspiring. After decisive encounters with mathematics and economics, Harry found his niche in the English department. There his outstanding contributions consisted of providing Jack Lester with material to teach his freshmen and giving John Ashmead a chance to use his red crayon. Personality-wise Harry has two valuable offerings. One is the constant smile which he keeps in the face of such disasters as being defeated in a wrestling match. The other is the great supply of home-town laughs with which he enriches his fellow students.

Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Wrestling 1, 2, 3, co-captain 4.





GORDON A. LIECHTY

For four years Gordon boarded outside the Honor System. The only extra-curricular kicking around he did was on the soccer field and as the one-man committee on stolen bicycles. Bitterness set in, however, upon the realization that he was growing old and impotent in the musty dens of the chem lab, where the sun never sets on the test tubes. Longing to learn the seductive techniques of Faust, Gordon sold his soul to the German department. For a while his youthful "appetites" were satisfied at Dr. Pfund's house; but then he discovered that organic chemistry was necessary to understand the nefarious practices of Faust. So, back to the chem lab again! For his sins against the sciences, he is resigned to going down, down into the everlasting damnation of medical school.

Student Christian Movement 1, 2, 3; *Record* 4.

VICTOR A. LIGUORI

A sociology major who makes himself scarce, Vic is a member of the day-student clan. When he is seen, however, he is either racing about in his Rocket "88" or tabulating the results of some sociological survey. An enthusiastic member of class intramural teams, Vic is often the sparkplug of some very unspirited gatherings. He likes Dining Room food so well that he buys meal tickets in advance and gives up an alternative which many a student wishes he had. During vacations Vic likes to travel, and numerous friends and relatives make it easy for him to roam about. Avalon, his home during the summer months, has provided a resting place for many weary Haverfordians. What will it be next year? International relations? Industrial relations? What other kinds of relations are there?

Football 1; Service Fund Committee 3; *Record* 4.



WILLIAM H. LINDEMAN

Bill was formed when he came to Haverford; Choate had made him and ungraciously ceded him to other hands. Hi-Fi, T. S. Eliot, jazz, women and poetry constituted then, as now, his main pursuits. For two years Bill lived in French house. His room, by its size and disorder, seemed to denote the cosmos, and by its mantle adornments — a Venus, a bottle, and a shoe — the appropriate symbols by which the vital forces are expressed. Even a year in France failed to change Bill — an inflexible lover of poetic reality. As beards have come and gone throughout the years, so Bill has slipped in and out of hour exams, soccer games, and nature walks. We may wonder what his future will be, but we need not worry. Bill is his own soma pill.

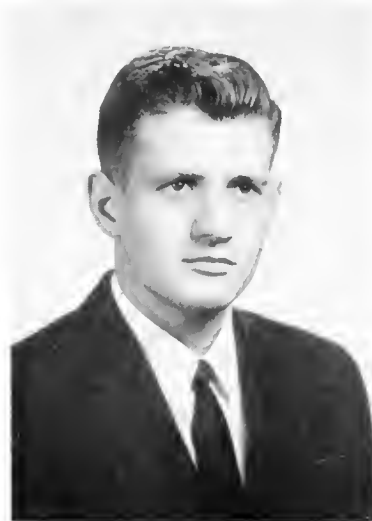
French Club 1, 2, 4; Junior Year in France.



ANTHONY B. LONG

The statistical nature of this materialistically oriented economics major has, for three years, been associated with 22 Yarnall House. Consequently Tony finds it difficult to believe his roommate's assertion that they have been living in a Platonic cave. The Maudlin nature of their relationship has, at times, been characterized by a conflict of interests, Tony's theory being that Plato could and should be relegated to the lower regions as long as a more advantageous dating pattern results. But reason must be the final judge of both the quality and quantity of pleasure necessary for a well-balanced social diet. In other words, when the philosophical aspects of the law of diminishing returns are applied to the law of supply and demand, theory breaks down and the fact remains that dating is not Platonic.

Glee Club 2, 3; Dormitory Representative 3; Football 1.



WILLIAM MORRIS LONGSTRETH

Morry joined us two years ago from the Class of '55 and immediately went into hiding as a member of the Long Hours in the Library Association. To some observers, he appeared to be a confused transfer student; to others, the maturity gained during several years away from college life was a bit too conspicuous, and he seemed instead to be an alumnus amazed by campus changes. In the spring following his arrival, however, Morry rejoined the Ford baseball team, proving to be a real asset as a southpaw pitcher with plenty on the ball (and clearing up the mystery of his identity at the same time). This year, with his sports eligibility used up, he retired once again to the confines of the Library and made calm and thorough preparations for graduation.

Baseball 1, 2, 4, captain 3; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *News* 1.



JOEL R. LOWENTHAL

Out from the midst of papers, pictures, proofs, paste, and pencils comes the wild call, "Let's get organized." The voice is Joel's; the mess, his room. Copy covers the desk, unread articles lie limply across the surface of the dresser and the bed . . . he hasn't slept in it for months. But out of this chaos arose a work of art, this yearbook—bigger and better than any before. Organization is the key to success in this man's world, as in a math formula. On Thursday evening it's Radnor, Friday night it's East House, and Saturday, Rhoads. Beaver College is a constant variable which lies almost beyond the capabilities of Joel's pathetic black Plymouth. There it goes now. "Putt, putt, beep." "Let's get organized . . ."

Cross Country 1, 2; Soccer 3, 4; Basketball 1, 2; Track 1; Cricket 2, 3, 4; *News* 1, 2, alumni editor 3, 4; *Record* 2, editor-in-chief 4; Class Treasurer 4; Social Committee, co-chairman 4; Honor System Committee 2, 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Founders Club 1; Phi Beta Kappa 3, 4.





FRANK T. LYMAN, JR.

Frank came to Haverford with high hopes of setting a campus mark for extra-curricular activities, but his actual high social position is due to his intimate friend, Jarvis Pugh. Frank prefers "old country" life and spent his junior year abroad in old Munich. He left knowing that the golf team's efforts would be in vain without him, but ultimate reality was to be found in the Frauleins, Munich beer, and a slight reduction of academic pressure. Since returning to Haverford, Frank has had to consider problems more basic, and it is rumored that he is planning to write the college outline on "The Meaning of Life" when he graduates. First, though, he may have to touch on a few ultimates himself for background.

Golf 1, 2, 4; Football 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 4; Customs Committee 2; Class Secretary 1; Class Night 1, 2; Junior Year in Germany.

JOSEPH M. MAMANA, JR.

Baron Guiseppe Mamana, Sicilian nobleman, guarded the football team for four years, making an occasional appearance on the mat and the cinder track as well. A member of the political science department (under the tutelage of such Black Hand members as Herman Somers, Arnold Rogow, and Steven Muller), the Baron founded the Pentagon Club and became its first president. Also interested in geology, Joe made many trips to Bryn Mawr to examine the terrain. Finding the specimens in that area not up to his expectation, he retreated to the quiet seclusion of the Haverford Library, where he enjoyed many hours of blissful sleep in preparation for his next three years at law school.

Varsity Club, president 4; Football 2, 3, 4; Track 1; Wrestling 1; Dining Room Committee 3, chairman 4; Glee Club 2; Class Night 2, 3, 4; Big Brother Committee 3.



GEORGE M. MARSDEN

Despite one roommate's denial of divine grace and predestination, and another's arrogant talk about transcending one's provincial environment, George remains unyieldingly loyal to the inner light of his convictions and appears headed for the ministry. While this vocation, along with his intense concentration at the chess board, might seem to characterize the solitary introvert whose mental strength is coupled with bodily weakness, George's performance on the wrestling mat completely destroys this image. His happy balance of mind, body, and spirit defies categorization. Indeed, his mailbox is often filled with "sweeter" correspondence than the next move from a chess opponent, and if he can find his car, Saturday nights are not spent laboring for MacCaffrey.

Wrestling 2, 3, 4; Chess Club 1, president 2, 3, 4; Bridge Club 3, 4; Table Tennis 3, 4.



LAURENCE C. MAUD

The sanctimonious aura of a theologically oriented philosophy major has clouded the atmosphere of Yarnall House for three years now. Ever since Larry fled the hectic life of the campus, Room 22 has been the spacial and temporal abode of an otherwise transcendental and mystical mind. During this time, though, the materialistic analysis of life set forth by his long-time roommate has caused Larry no small amount of frustration. Legend has it that one spring evening Larry was leading his Octet in song under a certain Bryn Mawr dormer, when his reverie was suddenly jolted; for instead of the anticipated female response, he saw his roommate closing the window. Fraternity does have its limitations.

Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Soccer 1, 2; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, assistant director 4; Octet 1, 2, president 3, 4; Philosophy Club 3, 4; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4.



HUGH W. McLEOD

Hugh's personality must be described in the fullness of three dimensions — the businessman, the ladies' man, and the "semi-jock." Not content with conquering the New York Stock Exchange, Hugh localized his talents and organized a rather lucrative taxi service (solely for his roommates' use). As a ladies' man, Hugh has "snowed" them from the Main Line to Mexico. Word has it that he left the señorita speechless ("She never did answer that letter!"). Earning the title of "Golden Toe" with his excellent conversions for the J.V. Fords, Hugh's attraction to football was probably not the love of sport, but rather the training rules which gave him a motive for extra hours of sleep.

Football 1, 2, 3, 4; Cricket 2, 3; Mountaineering Club 1; Economics Club, president 3, 4; Philips Visitors Committee 3, chairman 4; *News*, advertising manager 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Debating Club 1.

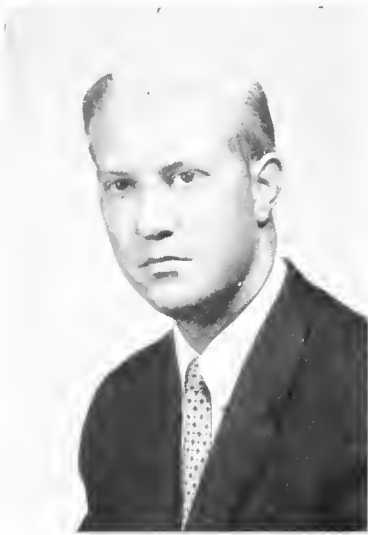


PRICE C. MEADE

As the theater lights dimmed, Price appeared upon the stage. Dressed as a modern Faust with a copy of the *Astrologer's Journal* under one arm, he began to sing the *Venusberg Music to Tannhäuser*. In the wings a group of faculty members, armed with clubs and copies of *Abnormal Psychology*, waited impatiently for the act to end. Glancing furtively about him, Price suddenly produced a golden bottle marked Coca Cola, swiftly downed its contents, and broke forth into the opening aria of *The Flying Dutchman*: "*Ewige Vernichtung, nimm mich auf!*" Brandishing their clubs with blood-curdling cries, the faculty suddenly descended upon him from behind the curtains. A puff of smoke and Price disappeared from the stage, leaving only the *Astrologer's Journal* behind.

French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Psychology Club 2, 3; *News* 1; Debating Club 1; WHRC 1.





FREDERICK HALBACH MERZ

Just beyond the prep school library stacks lies a picture gallery, representing in tableau form the history of Western art. Frederick Halbach Merz wandered into this gallery one day, spied an etching of Wolfram von Eschenbach, and began to think . . . For a time he listened to organ music in the best Gothic cathedrals. Then he began to read Nietzsche, Schiller, even Goethe and Schopenhauer. Seminars were held, with Faust and Siegfried leading the dialogue. Christ and Caesar often closed their village bar for the evening to attend. Then there were the watercolors of Rhine Jungfrauen and . . . Fred still stands looking at the etching of Wolfram von Eschenbach; the other tableaus in the gallery are now his own. At the far end of the corridor is heard laughter. It could be Tristan and Isolde pouring their second daiquiri—or two lonely paramercia on a deserted beach.

J. DAVID MILLER

Immutably correct, Dave is forever sweeping and dusting. Says David with a Charlie Brown sigh, "Top drawer." Top drawer is the way David looks, and even his eye-shadow-blue MG is still new. Is he quiet? Only when he graces the mid-morning air in his yellow terry-cloth robe en route to the cold place-of-the-brushing-of-teeth. Or when he retires to the floor before his pigmy hi-fi set. His room is a gathering place of all sorts—even for that hermit T. Sheldon who is always coming in for a bottle-opener. But occasionally, quite unexpectedly in the midst of a happy bull-session, he orders, "Shaddap. Everybody out," with an almost imperious gesture. God bless his bermuda knees.

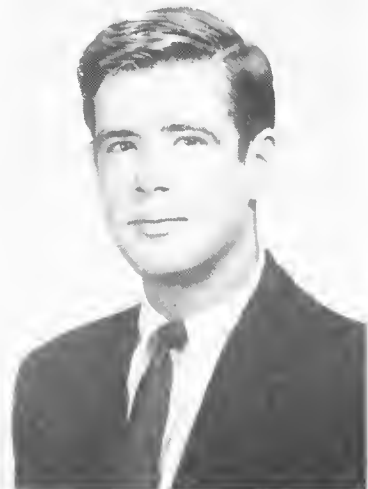
Philosophy Club 2; *News*, advertising manager 3; *Record*, advertising manager 4; Caucus Club 2; Parking Committee 4.



J. PHILIP MILLER

"I am a beggar, and if poverty be a title to poetry, nobody can dispute mine." Without hesitation his black-draped Plymouth flies to Bryn Mawr, where in the flash of an eye our beggar has fallen in love with ten girls at once. But his passion wanes, and he rushes back to Haverford to take his place in the palm of Bob Butman's hand. Phil found time in his junior year to direct a Class Night show that simmered in the leaking pot of Robin Hood's love for Maid Marian. But somehow, his artistic taste dissatisfied, he jumped up in the middle of the show and walked on stage shouting, "Stop! Stop the play!" And, once in a while, Haverford responds to Phil's insistent cries and stops, thinks, and tries to find out what it is all about.

Students' Council 3; Wrestling 1, 2, 3, 4; Football 1; Drama Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4; *Record* 4; Founders Club 4.



JAMES H. MORRIS

Having observed the typical frustrations over females which can evolve during four years at Haverford, Jim bequeathed all his feminine acquaintances to his socially sterile roommates and prepared himself to enter a profession with a little more tenure — namely the ministry. The past four years were not entirely wasted, however, for Jim quite heroically pushed back the frontiers of ignorance in Biblical literature. His soccer was also progressing rather nicely, until a fullback from Mary Washington succeeded in having him thrown out of the game. Jim regained his status in stride, though, by smoothly ditching a couple of other admirers and then turned his pious attention to the twisted little minds of his roommates.

Soccer 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Customs Committee 2; Service Fund Committee, co-chairman 3; Big Brother Committee 4; Campus Day Committee 3.



JAMES R. MOYES

Here comes "singing Sam, the sunny smile man." Why the smile. "Sam"? Another letter from California, Missouri, Massachusetts, New York, or Maryland? Your chem lab was cancelled? Or were you elected to another campus organization? Dividing his spare time (that is, the time he doesn't spend on extracurricular activities) between TV westerns and the Bryn Mawr campus, Jim usually sees Red when he gets mad. There's always a crowd in Sam's room: some people say it's his magnetic personality, while others say it's his cookies from home. Whatever the reason, though, the crowd will have to move elsewhere, as Jim is leaving Haverford to sample the freshman orientation program of some lucky med school.

Soccer 1; Wrestling, manager 2, 3; Baseball, manager 1, 2, 3; Varsity Club 3, 4; WHRC 4, secretary 1, treasurer 2, 3; Social Committee 2, 3; Class Night 1; Customs Committee 3, chairman 4; Customs Evaluation Committee, chairman 3; Founders Club 3, secretary 4.



PAUL E. H. NORRIS

Amidst the faded splendor of a smoking room in a Moorish movie palace reclines our little lost prince, gasping the dying gasp of a gentler age. Around him loom ominous hooded figures and gigantic Cro-Magnon heads like Easter Island after Hurricane Margery. From a pagan altar beneath a towering stained glass window, fumes of Old Spice belch toward the ceiling, announcing eventide and the mystical celebration of the children's cocktail hour. "But are you *really* in tune with infinity?" groans the master to the masses of distraught and burdened. "Time present and time past . . ." he intones from his yellowed, hallowed T. S. Eliot. The proselytes leave, instilled with peace of mind, and from the closeted confines of our Bohemian Romanoff is heard nothing save the beating of crutches in a cha-cha tattoo.

Record 4.





HUGH STEPHEN OGDEN

"Blow, winds, and crack your cheeks! Rage! Blow! You cataracts and hurricanos . . ." Wild is the wind that drives. There is no stillness here. Noise, noise, a deep stream of moving noise; and within this noise? Chaucer, Shakespeare, Dante, Eliot, . . . Perhaps another follows soon. His car's a mechanical doubt, but it matters not. He can run as fast and jump as well. If it's not a Saturday afternoon in spring, his room becomes the track and as for his hurdles — radiators, furniture, window sills, and roommates. And he sings, too. One can often hear his own indefinite version of *If I Loved You* to the tune of *Rigoletto*. But it really doesn't matter what it sounds like; it's music.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Octet 2, 3, 4; Drama Club 2, production manager 3, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Cross-Country 1; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Meeting Committee 2; Social Committee 3; Class Night 2, 3, 4; *Record* 4.

RICHARD B. PATRICK

Hoping to become a professional writer, Rick now releases his creative drives in the inspirational atmosphere of Scull House. If his considerable writing ability was not cultivated here, it is certain that it stemmed from inhalation of the volatile vapors of Tenth Entry. As a roommate Rick is an unsurpassable experience. He studies through the wee hours of the morning with the radio blaring, sleeps through alarms, classes, meals, and athletics, and starts like a caged tiger when some poor fool tries to awaken him. Non-academically, he has taught softball at Haverford School, co-edited the *Haverford-Bryn Mawr Revue*, and managed to do some extensive research on the behavior patterns of southern Americans. And never was there a man more in demand than Rick Patrick for a bull session at the coop.

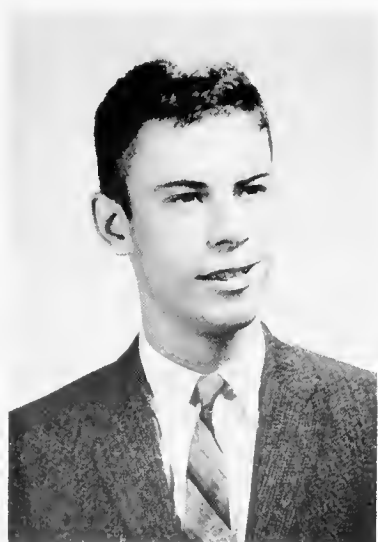
Revue, co-editor 4.



N. TENNEY PECK

The telephone in 203 Leeds comes alive, and one member of the answering service looks at it with jaundiced eye. "No, Tenney isn't here. What? The undergraduate secretary of Beta Rho? I'm afraid I don't know." Enter the long absent editor, the picture of good health despite only four hours of sleep the night before. The answering service reports, "You're supposed to call Mr. Cooper, and Mr. Borton wants to discuss this week's editorial with you. By the way, this is Thursday. Aren't you getting a date for Swarthmore Weekend?" Tenney drops a math book and a volume of Lessing on the desk, answers, "Eventually," and walks out the door as the telephone rings again.

News 1, 2, 3, editor-in-chief 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Octet 2, 3, 4; Curriculum Committee 3, chairman 4; 125th Anniversary Committee 3; Class Secretary 3; Fencing 2; Founders Club 3, 4.



HENRY A. PHILLIPS

Handling the twofold task of acquainting prospective freshmen with the campus and introducing Little Brothers to Big Brothers, Sandy has also acquainted many non-Haverfordians with his departing heels on the cross-country course. But his feigned devotion to Haverford is wasted on those who know him well, and the side window of his car testifies to divided loyalties. Where could it be that Sandy goes every Friday not to return until Sunday? And what about his French major? Did he actually try to make Spanish the official French House language? Rumor has it that he is also part of the Marine Corps plot to "BUILD MEN" out of everyone at Haverford.

Cross-Country 1, 2, co-captain 3, captain 4; Track 2, 3; French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dormitory Representative 4; Big Brother Sub-Freshman Guide Committee 3, chairman 4.



MICHAEL H. PHILLIPS

A Canadian Club member writes us that while sightseeing in Jerusalem recently, he tripped over a golden thread. Being of an adventurous sort, he followed the shining thread for some distance and eventually came upon Mike Phillips holding on to the end for all he was worth. Other travelers also claim to have had fleeting glimpses of our young idealist — raving atop a soap box, swinging from a cliff, and picketing the White House. Internationally acclaimed as the world's leading exponent of maimed and vagrant folksingers, Mike is an art connoisseur as well. His patronage ranges from 14th century monastery masterpieces through Walt Kelly—a variety which only hints at his inexhaustible élan.

Drama Club 3, treasurer 2; Meeting Committee, chairman 4; Haverford Mountaineers 2, 3, president 4; Dining Room Committee 3; Dormitory Representative 3; Peace Action Fellowship 1, 2, 3, 4; Fencing 1, 2, 3, 4; Cross-Country 1; Class Night 2; WHRC 4.



ROBERT R. PORTER, JR.

Bob's career at Haverford has been unique and in some respects indescribable. Spending the major part of his time engaging in bull sessions, haphazardly participating in athletics, and listening to opera, he has boldly tried to ignore the death grip of the Academic Standing Committee. A frequent visitor to 104 Leeds, he claims that he comes to read the morning paper; but his real purpose is simply to entice Bruce into another ridiculous argument. Majoring in English has made Bob a constant critic of contemporary society, and he enjoys conducting early morning seminars at the Blue Comet. There he attempts to convince credulous chemistry majors that Ricky Nelson will never replace the "Met." Bob's plans for the future do not project beyond a cultured excursion to Europe in June. After that . . .

Wrestling 1, 3, 4; Football 1; Track 1.





CHARLES B. PURSEL

After a gruelling afternoon in the sack, Charlie reaches for a cigarette and idly ponders the problem of what time to hit "Tenth" that night. Since his poli sci term paper isn't due for two days yet, he joins three other students in the room for a few hands of bridge. The game goes poorly for Charlie, as it usually does, so he leaves the table to give Bryn Mawr a ring and fill out a few more law school applications. Following supper and another attempt at bridge, Charlie finally settles down for a preliminary crack at that paper; but five minutes and a title page later, he's diagramming basketball plays for the coming season. Finally, overcome with the futility of college life, he tumbles into bed again and dreams of unlimited cuts from Meeting.

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Baseball 1; Class Night 2, 3, 4; Social Committee 4.

EMERY V. RICE

Lacking a geology department, Haverford has practically exiled this suave Bostonian to the Bryn Mawr campus. Spending endless hours there, Emery returns only occasionally to clutter up his room with odd rocks (along with Walter's odd books and Bill's odd girls). The only geology major in the senior class, he is thus the only Haverfordian to have the privilege of tripping 'round the Maypole at B.M.C. Despite a tame exterior, Emery is actually an expert skier on snow or water. His woodsy knowledge and ability, acquired from a sylvan New Hampshire hideaway, would put many more "athletic" individuals to shame. Marrying a red-headed blue blood from Rock in the spring, Emery plans to attend Bryn Mawr graduate school in the fall, perhaps as an instructor of the hapless souls in Geo. 101.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Night 2, 3, 4; Record 3, 4.



RAYMOND H. RIGNALL, JR.

Ray's outstanding characteristic is his relaxed approach to life. Never one to worry, the Rignall casualness has survived four years at Haverford, interrupted only by a two-week vacation in the hospital during his senior year. Majoring in Spanish, Ray's years in Bolivia and Guatemala have made a strong impression on him — and his roommates as well, who have been thoroughly indoctrinated to the strains of the cha-cha-cha and meringue. Tiger also has the social distinction of being the only Haverfordian on record to import a weekend date from Guatemala. Although Ray received a letter in track, he is better known athletically for his suffering loyalty to the Washington Redskins and Senators. Despite his casual attitude, he is deeply dedicated to improving the lot of his compañeros to the south.

Track, manager 2, 3.



DAVID B. RIVERS

Dave, the well-heeled English major, can usually be found in his room watching TV horse operas or in Tenth Entry drinking beer and singing praises to his gods, Drew Pearson, John Ashmead, and F.D.R. Between these two activities he has sandwiched enough studying to carry him through Haverford, thanks to a phenomenal ability to turn out five page papers in two hours. In his junior year, Dave managed a draw with the great chess master Reshevsky and was unbearable for several weeks thereafter. His claims to fame as a senior included his acquisition of a car and his passing the literary terms exam. He is considering a brief military career after graduation; if he joins, the Army will never be the same.

Chess Club 2, 3, 4; Football 1; WHRC, engineer 2; *News* 1, 2, news editor 3.



THEODORE A. ROBINSON

The daily journey to Haverford proved so unnerving that Ted chose to live on campus during his junior year. Result: he rejoined the ranks of the day students as a senior. Enjoying a more permanent stay at left end on the football team, however, Ted co-captained the squad in his final year. He compiled an enviable playing record and a not so enviable record of infirmary visits. Spring seasons were occupied by wildly pitched baseballs and nervous batters. Leaving the political science department behind, Ted plans to spend the next four years at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. Graduation will reduce Robinson family anxieties at the Haverford-Swarthmore football games and will mark the loss of one of Haverford's most popular commuters.

Football 1, 2, 3, co-captain 4; Baseball 1, 3, 4; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 3, 4.



DONALD A. SCARBOROUGH

No longer does Don wander around campus mumbling about unresponsive Neurospora and their failure to show mutation traits. Now the problem is population statistics and the relative availability of food in Alaska. Big as Alaska is, though, it is not big enough to command all of Don's time; it takes a freshman "acquaintance" from Bryn Mawr to do that. A four-year member of the Glee Club, Don's election to the cricket captaincy followed naturally his designation as the team's "most improved batsman" last year. But this cricketer's big moment actually came two summers ago in a small Canadian town, when he stunned the natives by scoring 57 runs in a single game.

Cricket 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, secretary-treasurer 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Class Night 1, 2; Class Night Committee 4, treasurer 3; Student Affairs Coordinator 4; WHRC 1; Triangle Society.





DONALD B. SCHOLL

Despite Don's majoring in economics, making money isn't his only concern. His major interest is his wife Peggy, whom he met at a Scull House party. Because he likes modern art, Don studies at the Barnes Foundation, filling his apartment with sculpture and antiques. Already a proud father, he obviously believes in having children young in life. In past summers, Don has visited both Colorado and Alaska. (Curiously enough, Alaska became a state soon after he returned to the U. S.) Although the future could bring a job in public relations or management, rumor has it that Don is already using Standard Oil of New Jersey as a financial base to parlay his money — *à la* Cash McCall.

Glee Club 1, 2, 4, publicity director 3; Football, manager 1; Cross-Country, manager 2; Wrestling, manager 1; Track, manager 1; Economics Club 3, 4; Philips Visitors Committee 4.

FREDERICK H. SHAW

Rumbling to a stop in his green 1940 Buick, Fred appears clutching to his breast the latest twenty volumes of *Barth's Dogmatics*. That car! The source and object of all his impossible projects! Anyone with such great faith is a natural for the ministry. A composer of music and major in philosophy, he finds constant inspiration from that burned valve in cylinder number nine. Rumor has it that Fred fenced foil and not saber this year, because the saber was propping up a fender. But even his crowd of female admirers, aged twelve to fifteen, whom he teaches to swim and save lives, love the car. Fred's constant enthusiasm and willingness to argue about anything are an irresistible force; but what an immovable object!

Fencing 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 1, 2; Cross-Country 1, 2; Orchestra 1, 2; WHRC 1.



TIMOTHY M. SHELDON

In a class obsessed by the pursuit of the Renaissance Man (here defined as a dabbler in everything) stands Timothy Sheldon, a dedicated man. Sequestered in that contemporary Parnassus, Third Floor Founders, he unobtrusively turns out miles of verse and yards of poetry, pausing only to question Ma Nugent's redefinition of food or to interrupt his professors' dull monologues with pithy comments to obviate discussion. The frustration of his search for HER — the quintessence of Irma La Douce, Mrs. Bloom, and Moby Dick — only intensifies his work on verse drama. With one play already written and produced, a Class Night victory behind him, and such immortality as the *Revue* affords, Tim is well on his way to the poet laureateship of Off Broadway.

Revue 2, 3, 4; *Record* 4; WHRC 3; Drama Club 3, 4; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4; Arts Council 4.



LARRY W. SHERK

Ever since the advent of Mary Poppins, the world has been waiting for someone with an irrepressible individuality, not confined to books, to appear on the scene. When Larry decided to fulfill the role, he ruled out descent by umbrella immediately — much too conventional. In any case, once he hit the Haverford campus he started to run. As he is still going strong, the university which hires this short-panted physical chemist is going to need plenty of running space, not to mention camping facilities, for him to get close to nature. Having recently completed a project of prodigious dimensions, Larry claims that it's simply a case for his pet bass fiddle. Most likely he plans to fill it with animals and sail off for forty days and nights.

Orchestra 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club, accompanist 1.



JOHN K. SMITH

At 7:30 (an ungodly hour in the morning) Smitty is feverishly cleaning his golf clubs, for the snow is letting up. After squirming with Herman, he conscientiously reads his fan mail. Upon opening one of the many letters, Smitty is heard to exclaim, "Look how write she bigs!" Later, supper done, thirty minutes of political science digested, his hair combed with a towel, and Andy's car confiscated, the evening begins. After the movies, a discussion on pizza, sauerkraut, and girls ensues, until Jack and Jim get around to examining the dating techniques of Andy and Marty to find a solution to their dilemma. With a resounding "nothing but pick, pick, pick," the evening ends, and our hero prepares for yet another challenging day.

Golf 1, 3, 4, captain 2; Haverford College Golf Trophy 2; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Triangle Society.



GEORGE M. SPANGLER

George regarded Haverford education with some slight ambivalence: Curiously, literary explication could be very tiring for this dedicated English student — a surfeit of honey. Now only falling hair and rotting teeth remain from the best years of a past life. This curious circus boy never did find out if the stories about local girls were lies, true lies, or lying half-truths. But no matter, for the Haverford rose was most cankered. After trying baseball as a freshman, George decided that the polo team was more rewarding, because athletics teach brotherhood and sportsmanship. Crumbling snowball of sand, the satiric shotgun was always ready and occasionally accurate — the irony of irony. Others had affirmed the vital "yes" before, and yet it was hard to shape the mouth into the word again. Onward — the sigh's the limit. (*Translated from the original by a lascivious monk.*)





PALMER STEWARD

This senior's heroic nature is symbolized by four years' residence in Barclay. Despite the efforts of several roommates, who ranged from a philosophic absolutist to a scientific totalitarian, he managed to maintain his interest in physics and his sensitivity to ethical problems. This is not to say that no growth has taken place, for this Californian came to Haverford with excellent study habits, a reverence for education, a habit of regular hours, and an abstinence from liquor and tobacco; he leaves with the credit of never having smoked a cigarette. In addition, he has cultivated a taste for westerns (which is difficult to reconcile with his staunch pacifism) and comic strips (with which he communes whenever someone else is willing to spend a nickel for a *Bulletin*). Finally, it must be noted for the record that his first name is Palmer, not Steward.

DONALD STONE, JR.

Known to the small fry who sometimes nibble in the library as *le tigre de la bibliotheque*, Don can unobtrusively devour a shelf and a half of books in a single afternoon. Though he always carries a snack in his briefcase, he does occasionally go to the dining hall; for a tiger must sometimes eat grass. Ranging as far afield as France and Austria in his junior year, Don is currently amusing his tongue with imported tid-bits from Italy. Like the other French majors, he is preparing himself in his own special way to leap upon his comprehensive examination and drag down this final trophy. In later years, Don plans to train his own students to hunt down knowledge and a college degree.

Parents' Day Committee 4; French Club 1, 4, secretary-treasurer 2; Curriculum Committee 2, secretary 4; Junior year in France.



JOHN W. STONE

When one looks for John Stone, he can usually be found on a couch, his head under his arms, lost in a world of dreams. What he contemplates no one knows, but occasionally he returns to the cares of this world to indulge in Spartan sports or escape to the grandeur of Exceptional Films. From his couch he directs his career in physics, revealing from behind his impassive brow bits of sheer genius and initiating magnificent academic efforts, from which he needs weeks to recuperate. But every weekend he gets off his plodding treadmill to offer his roommates harrowing episodes in his VW on the road to B.M.C. We shall watch with incredulity and interest as John, the practicing agnostic, approaches his destiny.

Wrestling 1, 2, 3, 4; Track 2, 3; International Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Dissent Forum 1, 2; I.C.G. 1, 2; Student Christian Movement 1, 2, 3, 4; Peace Action Fellowship 1, 2; Caucus Club 1.

WILLIAM G. TAYLOR

"The first time I saw Bill Taylor, he had a banjo in his hands; the next was in a jazz band which functioned spectacularly from the B.M.C. library roof on a particular ritual eve. Bill was also a good talker and talked himself into the station managership of WHRC and control of the entire Voice of Haverford College—an ecstatic experience. But despite his powerful personality, Bill had a weakness for feminine wiles. I was always afraid he would suddenly decide to get married, and I was well justified (Holly finally gave up last June). Now, as his college years end and become "the good old days," Bill will no doubt intone them indelibly into his child's mind to the accompaniment of his banjo."

WHRC 4, program director 1, 2, station manager 3; Glee Club 1, 2; Octet 1, 2.



MARTIN V. TEEM, JR.

One of the few Bib lit majors among the pre-meds, Marty's major interests are money, golf, and the fair sex. Every spring, great exploits are expected of him on the links, but unfortunately, he always seems to run into a series of "tough breaks." Marty also has a theory of dating: (1) He never trusts a girl until all rings are in. (2) Studying between 2 A.M. and breakfast is made much easier if the earlier part of the evenings has been spent at Bryn Mawr. As a parting word of advice, Marty suggests that Haverfordians stop trying to figure out what Bryn Mawr girls think about—because the former will certainly be amazed just how often the latter actually do!

Golf 1, 2, 3, captain 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Students' Council 1, 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Customs Committee 2; Dormitory Committee 2; Beta Rho Sigma; Founders Club 4.

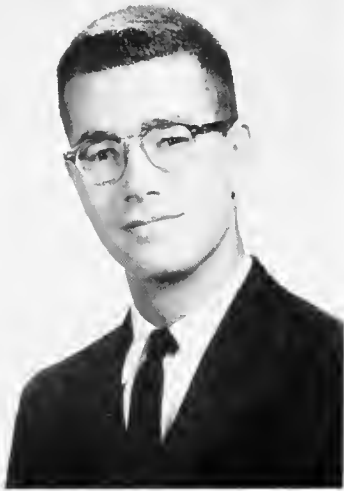


CHARLES G. THORNE, JR.

Charles merely stepped across Railroad Avenue from a Main Line private school, enrolled at Haverford College, and subsequently fortified himself on Barclay's most vulnerable side. His first year mementos included one green sofa, glass rings on Beethoven's masterworks, a growing friendship with Dr. Comfort, and roommates designed to confuse and educate a prospective history-Latin major. As a sophomore Charles moved upstairs one flight and attracted an assembly of musicologists. This situation persisted for two years and proved to be the destruction of Mr. Thorne's arrogance for certain types of music. Capitalizing on Bryn Mawr's curriculum and library, Charles' appreciation for the art of scholarship is as amazing as his ability to render the devastating pun.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; News 2, 3, 4; Curriculum Committee 4; Class of 1902 Prize in Latin 1.





JOEL A. TOBIAS

During his first three years at Haverford, Joel inhabited the dark, distant regions of French House. Visitors to the third floor were amazed at the crumbling walls, cracked by the vibrations of his hi-fi, featuring everything from thunderous Bartok and Honneger to shattering *Sounds of Sebring*, à haute volume! This year Joel is lounging in the lushness of Leeds, surrounded by tropical fish, the ever present hi-fi, and Fred Shaw. Instead of long walks from French House, he now drives a hot Ford convertible (clocked at 70 on College Lane in second). As a result of his recent trip to Europe, Joel switched from Piels to the finest imported brews. Having breezed through organic chemistry, he is destined for Penn Med School next fall.

Sailing 4; French Club 3; Chemistry Club 2; Philosophy Club 4; Cross-Country 1.

STUART H. TUBIS

Stu's career at Haverford can be divided into two parts. He spent his first two years calculating exactly what average he needed to get a Phi Beta Kappa key. But during the second two years he gave up that project and spent his time deciding whose car he could borrow to drive over to Bryn Mawr and bring Sue back to Leeds. Leaving his freshman abode in Barclay, Stu spent his sophomore year in Founders with the *New York Times*, wavering between biology and chemistry as a major, and between medicine and biochemistry for a career. Spending his junior and senior years in #1 Leeds, he still wavered between the biology and chemistry departments, but did finally decide upon medicine as a career.

News 1, 2; WHRC 1, 2; Tennis 3; Track 1; Band 1, 2, 3, 4; Class Night 3; Record 4; Social Committee 2.



DEREK B. VAN DUSEN

Great stature, a contemplative expression, and a pipe — these are Derek's most salient features. Interested in College activities, as well as academic endeavors, Derek aided WHRC and the Glee Club for several years. As a history major — one of that elite group which burns the midnight oil as a matter of custom — he can be seen preparing lengthy papers on such erudite topics as "The Second Punic War — its relation to the Roman Republic" or "The German Unification Policy of Bismarck." Derek is conversant about many subjects and is generally quite willing to engage in an interesting bull session. A visitor to his Leeds study will find not only a warm welcome and coffee waiting, but the son of a Collection speaker as well.

Glee Club 1, 2; WHRC, librarian 1, 2; Responsibilities Committee 4; Constitutional Revision Committee 4.



JOHN ROBERT VASTINE

Down the hall, the gentle thunder of rapid feet — silence while the entity is in motion through the air — CRASH — and a door or fellow student has been crushed. This is Bob's way of saying hello, an expression of affection and all-round good will. Or in his lonelier moments, down the hall of Third Floor Founders echoes *Volare* — just once — and a door slams. A genial, good-natured hedonist, Bob is especially fond of Rubens, Sunday dinners at Grandma's house, "Aunt Maddie" (his ill-behaved, black Chevy), and conservative clothes. The latter are very seldom seen, though, because he generally wears faded chinos and a blue Oxford button-down—wrinkled, of course.

Cricket 2, manager 3, 4; Sailing 1, 2; Varsity Club 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3; Class Night 1, 3; Drama Club 3; *Record* 4; *News* 1, circulation manager 2, advertising manager 3; French Club 1, 2.



ROBERT O. WEIDMAN

Bob's monastic Yarnall House existence in his freshman year was broken only occasionally to join his Friends at Tenth. This monasticism was given up when he decided that a political scientist must keep up with current events both on and off campus. Thus he moved on campus with the other Yarnall "fifty-niners," where he became a showman at the social functions of 64 Lloyd. A lover of southern climates, Bob moved to Florida between his junior and senior years, hoping to retire after three years of hard work. He changed his mind, however, and decided to come back, since he had not yet paid enough into the Haverford retirement plan to make him eligible for his retirement bonus — a B.A. degree. Now Bob plans to complete his work with the Corporation and then retire to that other world of sunshine and joy.

WILLIAM N. WEST IV

Beneath a quiet, unassuming exterior, his roommates have found in Bill a lively and good-natured personality. In his moves from Barclay to Lloyd to Leeds, Bill's roommates have changed correspondingly, but for all of them the illusion of a quiet nature has often been shattered by the roar of his hi-fi set and his spirited "entry" outings with Tiger. Bill's visits to Tenth have decreased in his senior year, however, and it is possible that he is actually spending some time balancing credits and debits for Mr. Teaf. If Bill doesn't make the grade as an economist, though, his past few summers in Wyoming have at least assured him of a job as a ranch hand. Although Bill is not yet certain of his future, his roommates are and have decided that graduate work at Penn or Villanova is a necessity.

Economics Club 3, 4; *Record* 4; Class Night 4.





ELIJAH B. WHITE, III

The man with the twelve-string minstrel complex, E. B. seethes with paradoxes and nervous twitches. He speaks in long, intelligent, egotistical monologues, punctuating them with Spanish and Latin profanity and pausing occasionally for a magnificent belch. E. B. lives within Eliot's still, small point, for the universe turns around him—but even this is paradoxical, because he also treats life as if he were on the outside of a merry-go-round, grabbing all the rings he can get. And the ones he doesn't get he claims weren't worth getting. Rare are those who have seen the genuine beam behind the mask . . . He and his Bryn Mawr sweatshirt will be missed.

Cricket 1, 2, 4, manager 3; Varsity Club 3, 4; Class Night 1, 2, 3, 4; Drama Club 1, 4, president 2, 3; Students' Council 4; *Revue* 1, 2, 3, 4; WHRC 3; *Record* 4; *News* 1; Meeting Committee 3; Spanish Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Christian Movement 1, 2; Class of 1896 Prize in Latin 2.

THAYER WILLIS

The possessor of a magnificent beard, Thayer joined the Class of '59 as a junior. Originally in the Class of '56, he departed to join the Marines and returned armed with a belief in the value of the Humanities and in the necessity for self-discipline. Known to his classmates as a charter member of Tenth Entry's Golden Age Club and of the I. R. A., as well as a defender of Haverford's libertarian tradition, Thayer escaped from campus life to a suite in Miss Tenney's Home for Wayward Children. Here, awake and alert at almost any hour, he ceaselessly devoted himself to the explication of Greek drama, Joycean literature, or the redemption theme in contemporary drama. Thayer, after graduation, hopes to return to his old haunts—the jungles of South America—as a humble member of the staff of the New York City Zoo.



NATHANIEL WING

Incapable of telling a lie successfully, as befits a literature student, Nat has two distinctive means of communication—a Catamaran and a Humber Hawk; one rests in Boothbay Harbor, the other in New Haven. He will be remembered locally particularly by Pallas Athena, for it was Nat, Betsy, Paula, and Mike who helped Athena relieve herself in the Parthenon at Bryn Mawr. Nat received no bridle in return for his thoughtfulness, and so he had to struggle while he was at Haverford. Once the irrelevancies of well-rounded definitions were dispensed with, Nat settled down to his major interest—literature. Joyce, Proust and Baudelaire all received his responsible attention, his papers ranging from good to excellent and almost always finished the evening before they were due—a merit not to be belittled.

Sailing 1, captain 2, 3; French Club 1, 4; *Revue* 4.



EDWIN D. WOLF

Repatriated expatriate, student of mankind, and off-campus dweller, this semi-primitive bachelor is rooted behind a foliage of culture, local apathy, and unmitigated wholesomeness, as his remarkable instincts dictate. With his fondness for the dialectic, Joyce and Dante emerge as archetypal body and spirit. Moving under the cloak of divine stigmata, Ned has manifested extraordinary promise, the exact nature of which will become evident at a later date. In his luxurious local residence, argumentative friends quaff chianti and carol and are sincere. A linguist and playgoer, Ned is reported to have *quid pro quo* connections with the Democratic party. Since he's a dark character, often obstreperous and extreme, his occasional acts of prudence overwhelm the campus.

French Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Collection Speakers Committee 1, 2, 3, 4; Drama Club 4; *Revue* 4; Debating Society 1.



HOWARD L. WOLFINGER

Pete is known for a mild, quiet manner, conservative views, and excellent scholarship. He has placidly observed the changing Haverford scene from Barclay (with fellow Mercersberger John Hornbaker) ever since his arrival on campus. Although these past four years have found Pete wandering off into chemistry and economics, he remains a loyal biology major, devoting an entire summer to work in Haverford's bio labs. Noted for his antipathy for cigarette smoke ("a loyal biology major"), Pete's best-known love is classical music, an interest manifested by his four-year membership in the Glee Club. Taking time from his academic endeavors only for rehearsals and performances, Pete capitalized on the high grades he has earned and is off to med school (much to the chagrin of the bio department).

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; *Record* 4.



S. ERIK ZAPF

Erik spent most of his freshman year asleep in Yarnall House. As a sophomore he moved to 64 Lloyd and has remained there ever since. During this time he has been involved in numerous inconsequential discussions, chess games, and Saturday night affairs, while keeping late hours and rationalizing about his academic career. Beginning as a close disciple of Martin Foss, Erik later discovered Frank Parker's theory of graduation principles. Now in the twilight of four philosophic years, Erik's problem seems to be the synthesis of a few meaning-of-life meditations, along with some more immediate practicalities. After serving with the Navy, Erik plans to continue in either English or business. As an incurable romantic, however, whom not even Haverford could dampen, Erik's dream of a secret isle somewhere may yet come true.

Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4.





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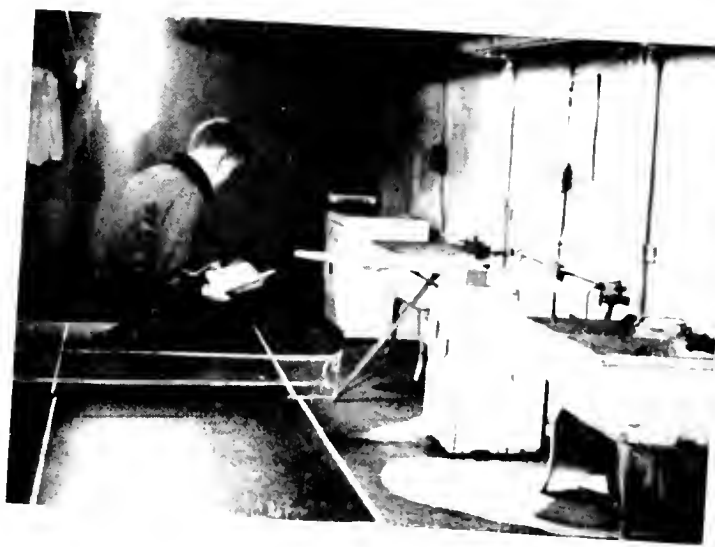
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MRS. PATRICIA MacKINNON who gave the *Record* free access to the Publicity Office's picture files.

HOLLY MILLER, photography editor of the B. M. C. yearbook, who contributed many of the revealing photos on our sister college.

HARRY PFUND and ALFRED SATTERTHWAITE for articles on the Zeta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa and Class Night, respectively.

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