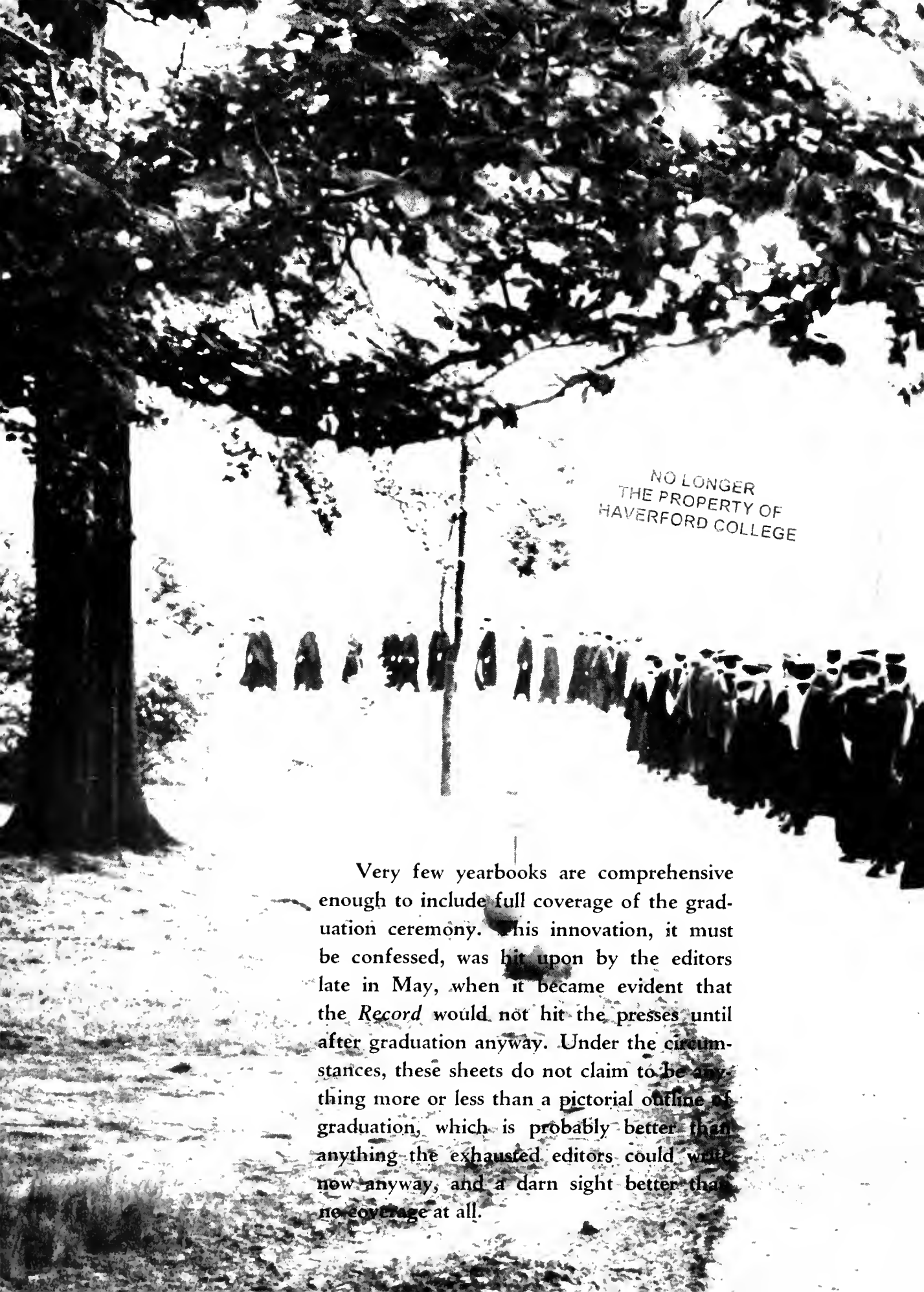


Record

HAVERFORD COLLEGE

60



NO LONGER
THE PROPERTY OF
HAVERFORD COLLEGE

Very few yearbooks are comprehensive enough to include full coverage of the graduation ceremony. This innovation, it must be confessed, was hit upon by the editors late in May, when it became evident that the *Record* would not hit the presses until after graduation anyway. Under the circumstances, these sheets do not claim to be anything more or less than a pictorial outline of graduation, which is probably better than anything the exhausted editors could write now anyway, and a darn sight better than no coverage at all.



3

1960 RECORD

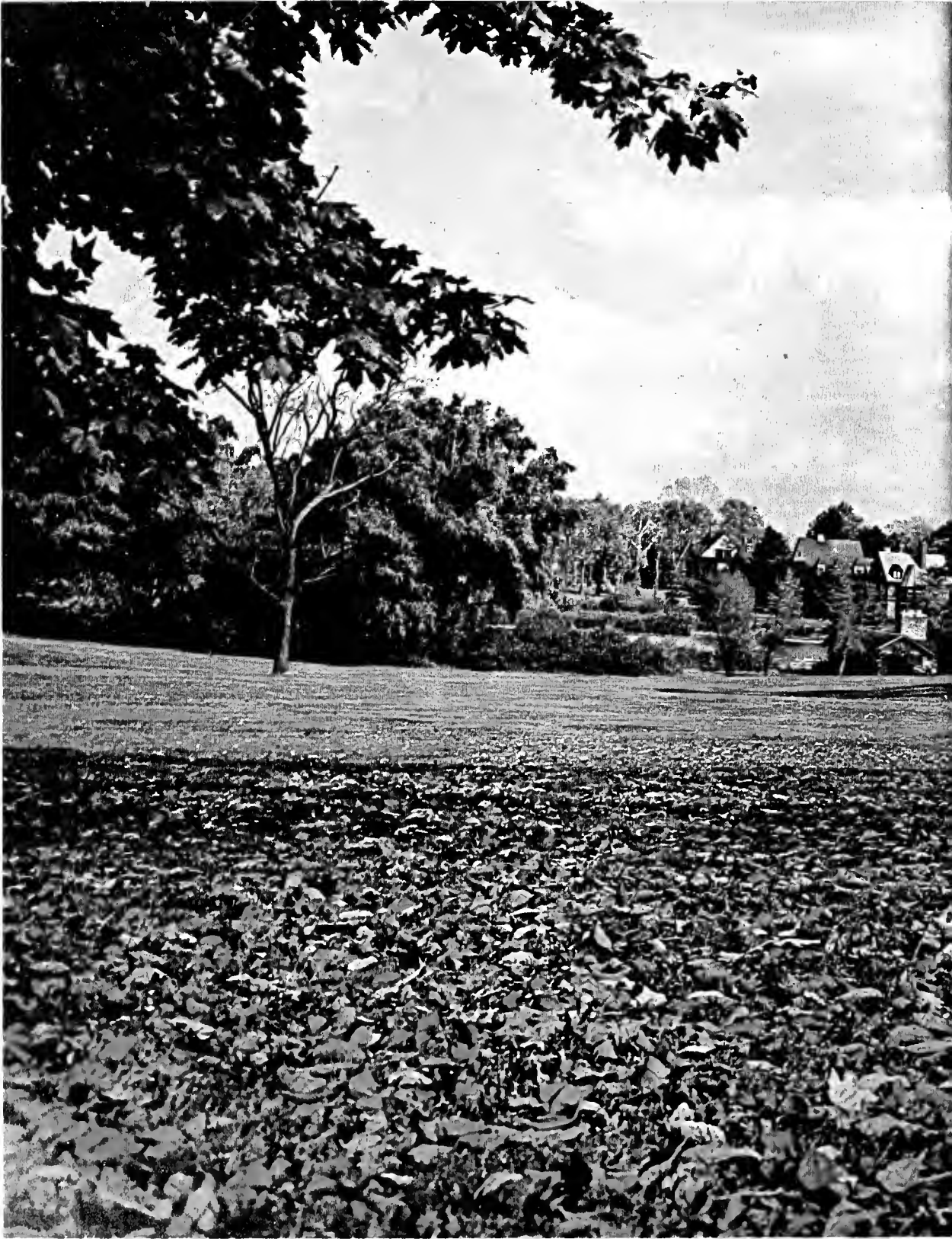


HAVERFORD
COLLEGE
HAVERFORD,
PENNSYLVANIA

ARTHUR W. WRIGHT
Editor-in-Chief

GEORGE GARRETT CARPENTER
Business Manager

CHARLES S. LIPTON
Photography Editor





“As you all know, but we didn’t know until we came, the campus is one of the most visually attractive anywhere; like a Rowlandson landscape, with just a framework of formal elegance under its easiness.”

— Sir Charles and Lady Pamela Snow

FOREWORD

It seems odd to be writing a "foreword" to the 1960 *Record*, when the story of the year has been one of being constantly behind schedule. A noted campus wit (Leeds Zoo) suggested that I call it a "backward." In one sense, he was (unintentionally) right, for that is what this yearbook should be, a look backward at the year 1959-60. On the pages that follow is the result of the efforts of the Staff of the 1960 *Record* to set down a record of the year's people and events.

The influence of last year's "quality" production ought to be readily apparent to most readers — a fact of which Greg Alexander and I are unashamed, having assisted extensively in attaining that quality. However, the editors do feel that this year's *Record* has a "feel" of its own. It was intended to be a product of new yearbook minds as well as the leftovers from 1959. There is a certain pride in being different — and good at the same time. With the quality of the 1959 *Record* what it was, this was the task we had to set for ourselves: to be different, and still to be good. Commented one astute faculty scientist, upon learning of proposed changes in the faculty section format: "So you get a good formula and then change it!" Our only possible answer was "Yes." Judgment as to our degree of success in achieving the dual objective remains with the reader.

Thanks are certainly due the entire staff — literary, business, photography — for their co-operation on this gargantuan task, in the face of academic pressure, real or unreal, which seemingly mounted every day. With this note of sincere appreciation to all who helped, the editors bid you read on with pleasure — we hope.

— A.W.W.



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1954-55

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DEDICATION

By senior year the number of times that one has been directed to "see Mrs. Andrews" is considerable. Although a flagrant infraction may warrant immediate entrance into the inner sanctum, most of the everyday business in the Dean's office is conducted by seeing Mrs. Andrews. She is resident expert on the Selective Service, keeping cars on campus, Meeting and Collection cuts and, one suspects, all other topics on which the Dean is uncertain. With a pleasant smile and a quiet word for all the misfit and unfit who pass through her door, Mrs. Andrews is an interested source of information and help on most campus concerns. But Mrs. Andrews also deserves our recognition and thanks for her participation above the call of duty in the intel-

lectual pursuits which are Haverford's. Mrs. Andrews is more than an employee of the college, she is one of its students as well. When not behind her desk in Roberts, she can be found attending Russian classes in Chase or in the Library depleting temporarily the foreign language section of its modern French authors, Gide, Sartre, and Camus. With Mrs. Pfund she has three times played female roles in the annual German *Lesezirkel*. She even attends Collection voluntarily. For an interest in and appreciation of the educational purpose of the College, over and above deanly duties, we dedicate the 1960 *Record* to Mrs. Florence Andrews.

AN INTRODUCTION--

in this short introduction, and interspersed through the rest of the book, we've attempted to collect some kind of lasting impressions of Haverford over and above the mere events of this year, making the whole thing more a function of the reader than of the editors . . .



to record a general impression of a school in sketches, a few photographs, and whatever words deemed appropriate by several visitors and some who've known us longer . . .

it seemed like a good idea -- more or less improbable, perhaps, that it would work in a yearbook let alone a few pages of same . . .



IMPRESSIONS OF HAVERFORD

by
Alvin H. Hansen
Visiting
Professor of Economics

I have the impression that Haverford is essentially a "big family". Contact between students and faculty is intimate and close. The students come largely from the same social strata and from the eastern seaboard. This makes for uniformity rather than diversity. I have the impression that it might be a good thing for Haverford to give more scholarships aiming directly at greater diversity, both as to social status and geographical distribution.

In a small college the student learns easily from his professors; in a large university he is thrown more heavily on his own resources, and he is likely to seek help from discussion and argument with other students. The university student is forced to work his way out, or else to puzzle it out through long, often erroneous, arguments with other students. Disagreement and controversy often emerge in keen and aggressive thought. At Haverford discussions tend perhaps to be a bit too friendly . . .

IMPRESSIONS OF HAVERFORD

by
Ottomar Rudolf
Instructor in German

"Teach, exhort, pray! If they listen, it is well; if they don't, learn to bear it. Truth rises before us; let him who dares, take hold of it; and we will applaud." Such were the words of a president of a European university in the year 1711, forerunner of that philosophy of education which Haverford College many years later accepted as its own.

This College believes in the dignity of the human individual and therefore accepts the challenge of leading him fearlessly and uncompromisingly to truth and wisdom. It puts man back where he belongs—above politics, above economics and industry, even above the state itself. He makes himself master of these man-made institutions again. Only men with free minds can assume leadership, can understand the challenge which the world presents. Are we above provincialism, nationalism, chauvinism at Haverford, realizing that even in a free community such as this there is ever lurking the danger that this freedom can be whittled away



by social and political pressures in Pro-
tean forms and that those forms are
most insidious which are the subtlest?
We, both faculty and students, must keep
this freedom clearly in view, for it
is from you students of Haverford Col-
lege and similar institutions that our
leaders come.

I do not know young people who
passively let themselves be educated.
They do not always want to learn, to be
sure, not always to obey. But one
thing the good ones among them want:
to be led! I implore you, do not let
yourselves be misled into seeming splen-
dor and do not seclude yourselves in a
shining, self-righteous ivory tower when
so much hidden sorrow is looking to-
ward us for help, when so much mature
leadership is needed. Don't belong to
the thousands of whom it is said that
they are "afraid of the world," nor to
the few of whom it is said that they
"don't care for the world." Education
is the strongest enemy of ignorance and
false nationalism, the champion of inter-
nationalism and freedom.



IMPRESSIONS OF HAVERFORD

by

Levi Arnold Post

Professor of Greek, Emeritus

An old man, according to Horace, is given to citing the good old days. I can remember when Lancaster Pike was a toll road full of bumps and dust, and there were no tarred or concrete roads anywhere. We still tramped three miles through farms to Darby Creek for a swim or to camp all night on the bank. The skating pond was a cow pasture in the spring and the milk was redolent of garlic. There were colored waiters to serve us in the dining room. Every student thrilled to the voice of F. B. Gummere making old English poetry sing and throb with the spirit of adventure. Every student learned from Rufus Jones to shuck off the husk and find the kernel of life. Every student had to pass the mathematics tests of Leigh Reid, who still has a house on the campus. Soccer was played in the winter and cricket, not baseball, in the spring. The student council was not yet launched and there was no Haverford *Vexis*. The President ran the college, with the help of a registrar, who also kept store and taught drawing, a dean who was professor of physics, and two stenographers. There were no departments of psychology, political science, or sociology. We felt no responsibility for other nations or other minorities. War was incredible. We idolized athletes and hazed freshmen. There was no dancing, no contact with Bryn Mawr, no serious music, no drama club, and no organized publicity. How much bigger and better we all are now. And that includes me.



IMPRESSIONS OF HAVERFORD

by

Sir Charles and Lady Pamela Snow

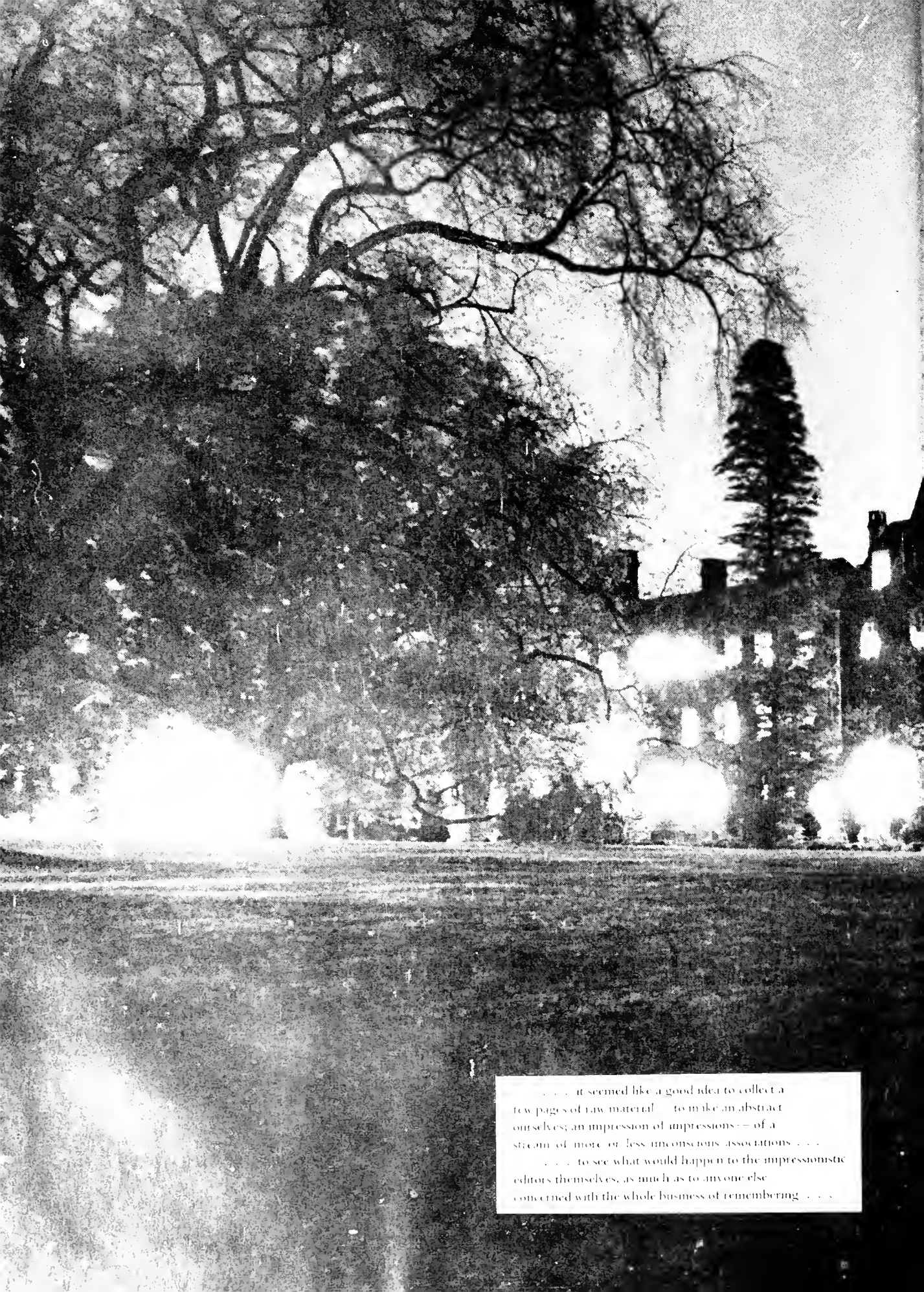
We had heard a good deal about Haverford before we arrived but we didn't expect to be as charmed as we were in fact. As you all know, but we didn't know until we came, the campus is one of the most visually attractive anywhere; like a Rowlands-on landscape, with just a framework of formal elegance under its easiness. And to us, who, like most English people, like strolling about on foot, it was an amenity to be able to walk to faculty houses round the cricket pitch. Incidentally, one of the reasons why Haverford is better known in England than any other liberal arts college, is its cricket history. We spent some time meditating on what you call "the crease" (we call it the wicket), and wondering whether you could grow good turf there again.

But, of course, people matter more than campuses, even the most alluring of campuses. We were specially lucky in our hosts. We had a great deal of intellectual exchange; we were able to see you at work; we witnessed some splendid teaching; and, what is best of all, we could talk face to face with a number of students. With all this, we were so impressed that we have speculated since whether our own country wouldn't benefit considerably from the introduction of some liberal arts colleges. At present this is an institution we just do not possess. It might very well be the answer to some of our most difficult problems.

We thought, to be honest, that your best students worked too hard. Not at their academic activities; there, so far as one can compare in a brief impression, they seem to work just about as hard as good English undergraduates. But here the extra-curricular pressure is nothing like so severe. You gain something from this, but we fancy that you lose something too. You drive yourselves too hard.

We ought to hasten to say that our hosts were most considerate in not driving *us* too hard. Everyone was careful to see that we were given two or three hours absolutely to ourselves, without any engagements of any kind, each day. This is the making of a visit like ours. It is easy — in fact, it has happened too often — to visit a campus and not have an instant to collect one's impressions or refresh oneself. The general effect is a kind of vertigo of new faces; one is left with nothing valuable to say to or of any of them. At Haverford we were given exactly the right amount of personal contact; with the result that our memories of our visit are particularly sharp and clear. We went back to New York not tired but invigorated, as well as affectionate and admiring.





... it seemed like a good idea to collect a few pages of raw material — to make an abstract ourselves; an impression of impressions — of a stream of more or less unconscious associations ...
... to see what would happen to the impressionistic editors themselves, as much as to anyone else concerned with the whole business of remembering ...



ADAMS
& FACE



"By participating in the life of a small college, they involve themselves with all of the personal attitudes and curiosities of the individual student": Messrs. Foss and Horn at SCM.

THE FACULTY: A SENIOR VIEW

by
Tom Duff

From the outside, the faculty of Haverford College is probably not distinguishable from that of many other colleges. Within it there continues an intense research and scholarship concerned with both the sciences and the humanities. All of our faculty are learned men, dedicated to academic study and discovery: most of them fulfill the role of true teachers. Their uniqueness, perhaps, lies not in what they do — in their specific fields of study or in the facts which they have uncovered — but in what they are: men with the desire and the ability to do more than lecture behind pages of notes to inert classes. By participating in the life of a small college, they involve themselves with all of the personal attitudes and curiosities of the individual student. It is this encounter which most effectively enhances the vitality of the faculty and accomplishments of the whole college community.

An excellent and compendious analogy to the ideals of the Haverford faculty is offered by the following quotation from Aesop:

*λέαινα, ὀνειδίζομένη ὑπὸ ἀλώπεκος ἐπὶ τῷ ἀεὶ ἓνα
τίκτειν, "Ἐνα," ἔφη, "ἀλλὰ λέοντα."*

"A lioness, being upbraided by a fox for always giving birth to only one, said 'One, but a lion!'"

"Their uniqueness, perhaps, lies not in what they do but in what they are": Mathman Solomon introduces freshmen to the numbers game at Sunday evening faculty dessert during Customs.

THE FACULTY: A FRESHMAN VIEW

by
Loren Ghiglione

In keeping with time-honored Haverford tradition, the first gathering of the Rhinies is always concluded with a terse statement by a member of the administration: "You're all capable of doing the work or you wouldn't be here." Before long most of them begin to wonder if there aren't exceptions to the rule. "The academic pattern expected of a Haverford student" seems a distant, intangible concept. "Sociological sleeping sickness" sets in at 12 noon Monday, Wednesday, and Friday: 50% of the Poli. Sci. mark becomes a nightmare as keen Freudian analyses are undermined by a general, profound ignorance of the subject: the basic error in Bio turns out to be failure to tell Mr. Loewy that a Bio major is just the thing.

Beyond these relatively minor setbacks, there is a problem that plagues the Rhinie in everything he does: there just is not enough time to get all the work done. The metaphor of "teacher and student strolling hand-in-hand down the road of knowledge" becomes bastardized — Haverfordized, if you will. The academic pace is set by faculty Olympic sprint champions who run so fast that no one can keep up with them. First comes the stumble, then the fall, and then the drag — what a drag.

Someone, somewhere, must save the strugglers and stragglers. And strangely enough, in our case it turns out to be the sprint champions themselves who help one to regain his feet if the pace becomes too fast. Their willingness to provide the extra evening reading class, the optional discussion period, the personal interview, typifies the faculty attitude which changes the effort to "just keep up" into the process of learning.



A REPORT ON THE COLLEGE TO THE CLASS OF 1960

by
President Hugh Borton

During your four years at Haverford College, as members of the Class of 1960, you have seen far greater changes than you may realize. For example, there has been a marked shift in the composition of the faculty, two new buildings are in full use, and the College's reputation as an academic leader among the nation's institutions of higher learning is firmly established.

As for the changes in the faculty, about a third of its members who were at the College when you entered as Freshmen are no longer here as a result of death, retirement, or resignation. While institutions always lose when extensive shifts in personnel take place, I am confident that the new appointments to the faculty have given new life and strength to the College.

We have already come to take for granted the extra facilities resulting from the completion of the Alumni Field House and Leeds Hall. All of you have benefited from the athletic facilities of the former. The College also now has available a space which can easily be transformed into a dignified auditorium. As for Leeds Hall, those of you who have been living there know of its comforts better than anyone else.

Another significant characteristic of the College, which has come about only gradually, but which has received national recognition largely during your undergraduate years, is its high scholastic standing. Haverford graduates compete successfully with those from any other institution in graduate and professional schools throughout the world. The high percentage of National Merit, General Motors and other scholarships granted our undergraduates and the honors received by our graduates are further indications of our status. The increased pressure on our Admissions Office from superior applicants assures the continuance of this excellence.

As for the future, the recent study on the future size of the student body was compiled primarily to gather information to help us in solving this problem. Considerable additional information about the College itself is necessary for future planning. Towards this end, the Curriculum Committee of the Faculty is studying the most important problems facing the College and what should be done about them. In the second place, a special committee has been appointed to make a long-range study of the optimum educational plan for the future. When these reports are completed we will be in a position to decide such matters as the future size of the Faculty and the student body. Finally, the Board of Managers have approved a policy of accepting more



President Hugh Borton discusses expansion of his East Asian Studies department, oblivious to the Tarantula on his tie.

transfer students, preferably at the junior level, with the understanding that the Admissions Office will begin to put this policy into effect as conditions permit. The purpose of this policy is not to increase the size of the College but rather to obtain a better balance of distribution of students. We are also actively at work on plans for enlarged facilities for our science departments and for new dormitory space to relieve crowding.

As for the general policy of the College, as a Quaker institution, it will continue to stress moral values and personal ideals, to stand firmly for such principles as freedom of religious belief and conscience and respect for sincere seekers after truth. In its educational policy, it will place great stress on a high standard of academic performance within a broad liberal arts curriculum, centering the educational program around the needs of the individual student. With these as our goals, I am convinced that the College, as well as the Class of 1960, has an unparalleled and exciting future ahead of it.

MAC: ON TAP BUT NOT ON TOP

It is only a slight overstatement to say that since Vice-President Archibald MacIntosh descended from Europe's mountains last year, returning from a "let-Borton-run-things" trip, there has been a fundamental change at the College. The change has not taken place within Mac himself; rather, it has been made manifest in the attitude of the student body. For this reason alone we feel qualified to comment upon it.

The 1958 *Record* could call Archibald MacIntosh "Mr. Haverford", and could note his long and significant connection with college administration, while clearly implying that he also occupied the apex of esteem in the students' minds. Today no such implication would — could — be made; Mac no longer is



considered to be the holder of that unique position. He is not the source of confidence and wisdom that he once was.

This is not to say that he is any less admired and respected. Mac's corner of Roberts' second floor is still recognized as a center of sympathetic but firm decision-making on a variety of student and college problems. The students' altered view of the boss of this judiciary center stems from other considerations.

Chief among the possible reasons one can list are Dr. Borton's assumption of the office which Mac held *pro tempore* for a year, and the arrival of a new admissions officer, to do the spade-work on the upsurging number of applications. More personal — and therefore more highly speculative — reasons, for example, Mac's reaction to his return to a former position and the students' reactions to his new (to them) formal role, have more than likely had their effects.

But the three-time Haverford College chief administrator *pro tem.* the man who has chosen Haverford's Rhinies for longer than any of its present students have lived, retains a great deal of respect among Haverford generations, past and present. In the opinion of some, the alteration in Mac's relationship to the student body represents a loss to what they feel is the old and true Haverfordian spirit. To others, however, it represents a healthful change in Mac's position within the community: from deity-father figure to vice president of an allegedly modern, dynamic liberal arts college. It is our opinion that Mac himself prefers the latter view.

Resplendent in his quasi-tuxedo, Vice-President Archibald MacIntosh reviews the police records of prospective upper-class transfer students.



Dedicated Dean Cadbury watches with mixed emotions as his only tweed sportcoat is sacrificed to a Chem 13 experiment on shrinking.

AT THE KNOWLEDGE FACTORY, DEVOTION

Everything at Haverford has to be different and the Dean is no exception to this rule. Many believe that teaching a physical chemistry course is what sets Mr. Cadbury apart from mentors at Penn or one of those big knowledge factories where a dean never sees a student. Some others, more religiously oriented, think that rigorous administration of compulsory Meeting singles him out from other deans who rule only the temporal sphere. Everyone agrees, however, that there's something in the air when our Dean is around. Cynics may write it off to his pipe-smoking but water fighters know that it is more than this. He says nothing, doesn't even seem to notice that the student body appears a bit more damp than usual, but his presence has the desired calming effect.

"Bill" (we'll say it in print but never to the man) is a Haverfordian. He can look at this year's snowballing or the inevitable spring riot

with the experienced eye of a man who almost certainly has packed a little snow and marched on Bryn Mawr himself. Campus wide self-analysis on the apathy question will find no patient or patience in Roberts first floor, to the left. A man must have a deep love for Haverford to go through the mill once himself and then return to go through the mill countless times again with each succeeding academic generation. Cars, rooms, academic standings, registration, courses, and majors, all of these are his problems as well as our own. His interest and influence extends beyond the campus, and so, come senior year, "the Cad" is *the* Big Man On Campus for all pre-meds. Dean Cadbury is "different" because he's a Haverford man who cares about Haverford and has devoted himself to the institution, something of an oddity to those of us who just can't wait to get the hell out.



Bill Ambler, Mac's right-hand man, appears just a bit nervous before being interviewed by a Harvard man who was not accepted at Haverford.



Assistant development officer Charles Perry, rushing to bring expansion to Haverford, catches his finger in the growing student body roster.



Registrar Edytha Carr, who reigns supreme over the course of events at Haverford, shyly strikes a nonchalant pose for the camera.

Comptroller Aldo Caselli demonstrates his financial acumen, which keeps the College in the Black, by phoning a news-tip on the Yarnall Fire to WIBG ("How 'bout my five bucks?").

FOR THE BLUE IN

Development Vice-President Walter Baker checks out another candidate for his rapidly expanding secretarial corps. She passed.

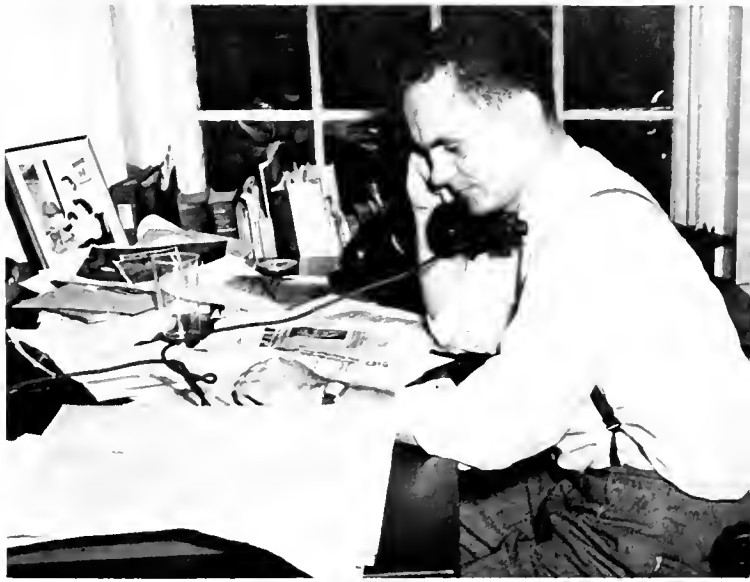




The College extends succor to its slow readers in the person of Forrest Comfort, whose own words-per-minute count reportedly approaches infinity.

FUTURE, THE GYM?

Bennett Cooper, Alumni Secretary, checks through the Class of '88 files to see who has and who hasn't.



As he leaves for one of his frequent scoops, Publicity Director Dick Kubik gets an important tip from his wife: "Tuck your shirttail in!"



Mrs. Nugent, obviously not a "clean desk" Food - and - Housing Chief, has finally restored order in her office after a visit of the maids.

Mrs. Kratz stands by with a vial of truth serum while Haverford medicine men take seriously the adage, "Physicians, heal thyselfes."





The library staff, paragons of informality, begin their morning coffee break among the BR's.

T
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INDIS-

ALL GOOD

THRIFTY

Pat Docherty and Jean Vogelsberg enjoy checking over salacious new books to see if they can be sent through the campus mail.



OBEDIENT

Roberts Hall, decision-making hub of the College, frames the secretaries, indispensable cogs on innumerable administrative wheels.



C
O
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S



Democracy in Action: The BC, GC, KW, AND J get together for a union-meeting-and-wildcat-work-stoppage on Founders Green.

REVERENT

Billy and Tom, Postmen: "Neither rain nor snow nor sleet nor hail can stay these couriers from the completion of their appointed rounds, in their own good time."

PENSABLE:
SCOUTS



"CLEAN?"

The maids, who swear by less toil, cat-nap while helping the grounds crew sweep the leaves under the buildings.



A collective I.Q. of 7000; *First row:* T. Hetzel, M. Asensio, F. Selove, I. Finger, H. Borton, A. MacIntosh, C. Oakley, C. Holmes, T. Drake, F. Comfort; *Second Row:* J. Gellens, H. Pfund, M. Gutwirth, R. Horn, J. Ashmead, W. Docherty, J. Davison, J. Harper; *Third row:* C. MacKay, R. Williams, M. Santer, J. Cary, W. Cadbury, D. Heath, W. Reese, J. Brooks, R. Butman, A. Satterthwaite, H. Somers; *Fourth row:* A. Loewy, H. Dunathan, L. Solomon, L. Green, P. Desjardins, G. Kennedy, I. Reid, H. Ranken, B. Cook, R. Walter, O. Rudolf, H. Teaf, J. Maries, A. Lemonick, M. Sacks, E. Prudente, J. Lester, E. Rose, W. Baker.

FACULTY: BEHIND THE MARKS, MEN

Haverford faculty? Whaddya mean? All we got at Haverford is students. At least that's what I thought when I got here. I thought the faculty was customs committee without the hats. I mean you talk with them, and they talk like

students, except you can't even spell half of what they say. And they play volleyball like students -- only worse. But when they miss the ball you could spend hours looking up the literary allusions they make in cussing each other out. Sure, they know more than students, but the thing that makes them faculty is that they seem to get such a big kick out of finding out what *you* know, and not just with blue books. And boy, can they find out! You'll sit there complacently and say, "Well it seems to me . . .", and they'll smile and say "Well that's strange, because so-and-so said, and you



Dean Putnam Lockwood impersonates John Gould for a faculty lounge audience.

seem to be postulating . . . ”, and finally they get your tongue so tangled up in your eye-teeth that you can't see what you're saying any more, and you realize that you've got a lot to learn.

They have other ways of testing your knowledge, too, like papers and exams. It's getting now so that if you write a paper you can't just collect a bunch of facts and theories and organize them: you have to make some kind of original contribution to the field. And there's a heck of a lot of picayune original contributions floating around the College by now!



Student-faculty relations receive another blow as freshman Bill Learned takes gas on his first hourly.

Drama coach Bob Butman invites students' questions following his talk at SCM on religion and literature.

Queasy Jack Lester (in the tinfoil suit) casts a baleful glance at wan Milton Sacks as Mal Kaufman's yacht lists 40 degrees to port on a faculty-student outing.





Haverford's "Faculty Row" is most readily found in Roberts Hall Tuesday mornings. This version of the "facing bench" usually cows the freshmen, at least, into attention.

And then the exams: the written ones. The first one I took I thought I did well on. Then I . . . got it . . . back.

Sometimes I wonder how they stand it: the faculty, I mean. After a while it seems as if they're just here to do every-

Professor Reese's community sings before Collection were an innovation this year. The resulting cacaphony rattled even the most tone deaf of the speakers.

thing they can to pound a little more knowledge and thinking ability into your head, and you think next to nothing about calling them up in the middle of the night to ask them about some little problem you've thought up over coffee in the Coop. A lot of times they'll even have coffee there with you. Yeah, they're like students: they couldn't be people. But then after you've been here for a while and get to meet a couple of their families, you begin to realize that they're



Colin McKay, a most orderly teacher, uses his red pen (sparingly) on the efforts of his budding freshman chemists.



Classics professor George Kennedy waxes enthusiastic to the *Record* photographer about a distant cousin running for an important office.

people after all, and you think they must enjoy getting away from it all at least as much as you do, and most likely quite a bit more.

They do break the routine now and then: they have dances sometimes, and like I said they play games like volleyball after a fashion. Whatever recreation they get they seem to make the most of it. Like the faculty play at Class Night: I'll bet every red-blooded guy at this college envied Mr. Cook — he really made the most of it. During the summers they get some time off. A lot of them travel, some go to out of the way retreats in the woods. After nine months of reading paper after lousy stu-

dent paper and exam after exam, I know I'd need a couple of months to recuperate.

Most of the faculty do a lot of research in their fields here at the College. Some of the students have objected to this; they say it takes too much time away from their teaching jobs. I wonder how those students who say that figure we manage to keep such an interesting bunch of professors.



A Class Night glimpse into faculty discipline: harried German professor Cary seems ready to mend his ways.

An insight into marking procedure: Harmon Dunathan gleefully takes the advice of his precocious offspring in grading his exams.



The Future Professors of America Society cavorts (under maternal eyes) in the new faculty swimming pool. (They *do* look pretty normal, don't they?)



Lunch in the Faculty Dining Room provides Expansionist Harold Beef with a captive audience. The two chemists (backs to the camera) listen with heartfelt admiration.



Richardson Blair's mathematical counterpart button-holes Cletus Oakley (far left) for using his own text to teach his Saturday afternoon math study group for adults in the community.

A faculty research talk: Gerald Freund pounds a fist of iron into his prepared talk as a line of very knowledgeable questioners gathers.

If I weren't able to spend some of my time on my own research, I know I'd be teaching a bunch of cut and dried facts somebody else found out, and I think I'd get pretty dull after a while. Besides helping make a name for the College, research does a lot for the morale of the teachers, and that's a factor most students don't think about much. In teaching it helps a lot to be able to give examples from your own intellectual experience.

The way I see it, there's three things that really make our faculty at Haverford great. There's the fact that we have the opportunity to get to know them as people. Getting to know somebody personally — somebody who's





made the grade — it makes it a lot easier to generate a little more ambition in yourself. The second thing is the help you can get from them individually if you want it. It may not be very nice to do, but at least you can get an answer if you call them up about some question at their homes. The last thing is the research they do. It's a great experience for any student to get to help them in it. The most important thing I figure you get out of college is the push behind you to go further in whatever interests you. The three things I've mentioned about the faculty are what makes Haverford so good in giving us that little extra spark of a push we need to go further and do well when we leave the place. If we feel like it . . .



Biologist Melvin Santer exhibits social poise and a friendly willingness to listen at the faculty-Rhinie dessert during Customs.



Irving Finger and comely associate demonstrate proper orderly research technique to attentive senior major Jack Coker.



FACULTY SQUARES MINUS GELLENS



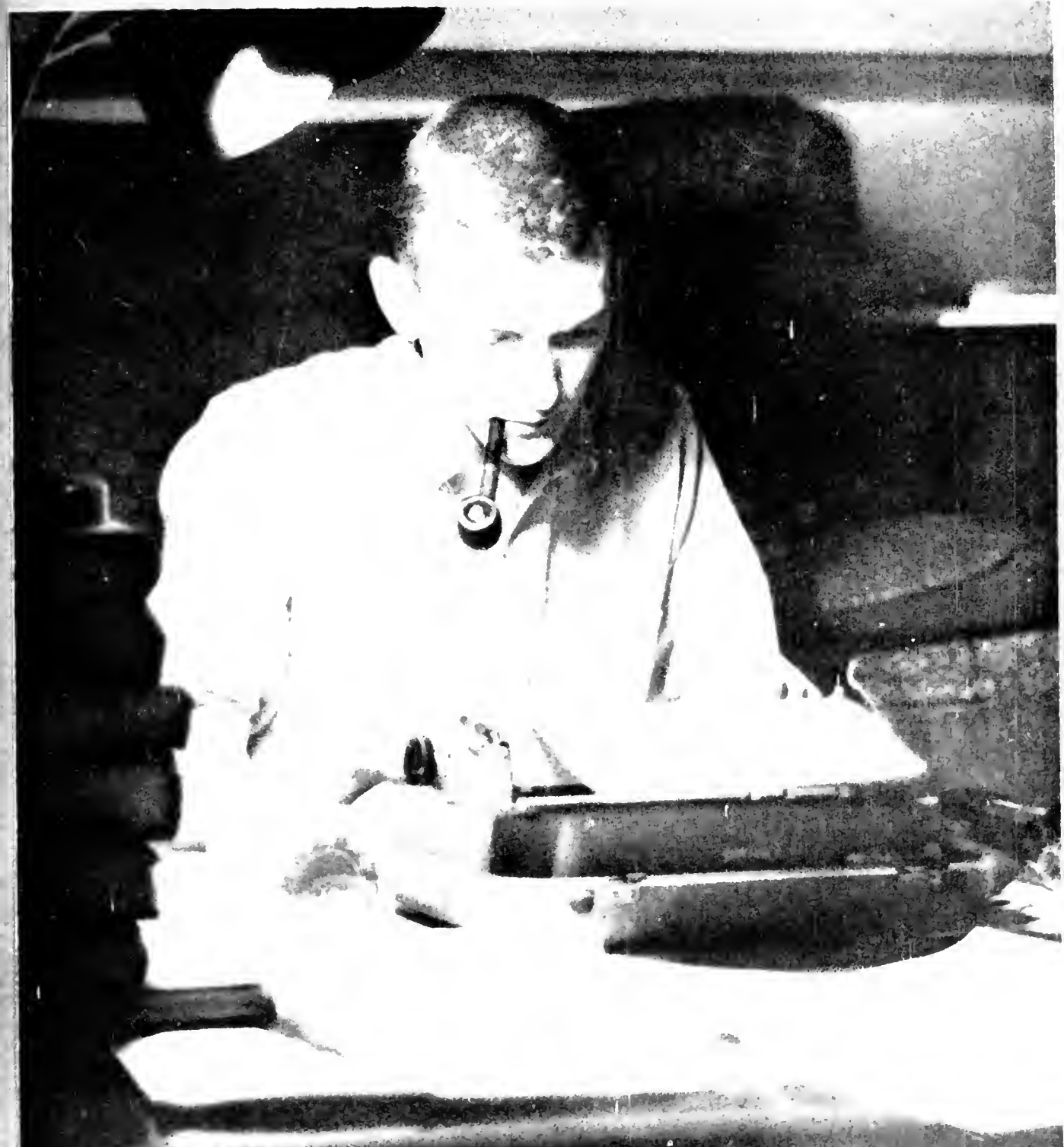
"Red" Somers lets off steam as the hoe-down degenerates temporarily into rock-'n-roll.

Walter Baker, vice-president in charge of development, chases Brad Cook, who has just come out against "expansion."



Happy at the scene of his many handball victories, Cletus Oakley prepares to sashay down the row with his wife.

Forrest Comfort stoops un-comfortably while Bob Walter and partner swing by.



ACTIVITIES...

ACTIVITIES: TOO MUCH FOR TOO FEW. . .

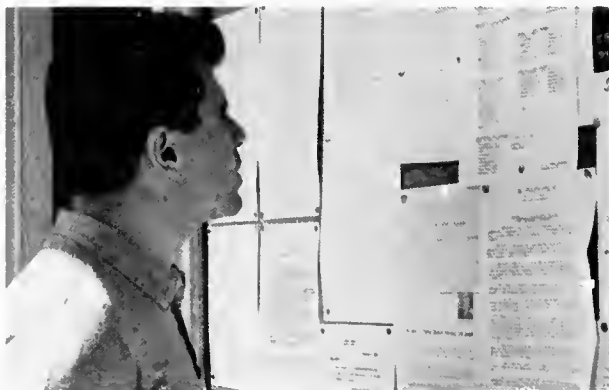
by DOUGLAS H. HEATH

I am continually impressed by the breadth and quality of activities that our small college manages, if not strains, to support — a breadth and quality more likely found in much larger colleges. Surely a student can fulfill himself at Haverford if he wishes. Recognizing the amount of student participation and its remarkable quality, particularly in our more expressive and creative activities, three questions arise: (1) Who are the students assuming most of the responsibility for maintaining this quality?; (2) Why do students demand so many activities of such quality?; (3) What are the consequences of participation in the academic, athletic, and social programs for the future lives of the students?

Intuitively, and perhaps falsely so, I feel that the burden of responsibility for maintaining the great number and high quality of these activities falls heavily on Haverford's potentially high-B students — just those students of high academic potential who might profit most from sustained and intensive scholastic work. The decreasing number of "gut" courses may be restricting participation in dramatic, choral and other activities, particularly for those members of the upper classes who may feel the academic pressure too keenly. Thus, the burden of maintaining these organizations falls heavily on those whose academic work is more secure from failure.

Why do so many potentially able students devote so much time and energy to these activities? Among the many reasons, there are a few which may have wide, and perhaps remedial, consequences. A five-

"I am continually impressed by the breadth and quality of activities that our small college manages, if not strains, to support . . ."



course program, with its usual lack of sensible integration, may result in both intellectual satiation and apathy. This paradox is the result of the scattering and distracting effects of such a program. Overparticipation in the News, in athletics, and in the Glee Club may very well be a flight from the often unreal, intellectual world of abstraction to a more emotionally meaningful realm of action and tangible responsibility.

The general quality of our music, drama, class night plays, yearbook, and other activities may only

be symptomatic of a failure to engage actively the romanticism and dreams of youth in the intellectual adventure. Nothing may scatter or diffuse a student more than a program sending him to five different parts of the academic world simultaneously. At Haverford the student forms a meaningful emotional synthesis by seeking responsibility and active participation, with all of his body and not with just his mind at a level of deep emotional involvement with others.

Unfortunately, tradition demands the continuation of many campus activities and this demand has had several unfortunate consequences. Firstly, many students frequently find themselves trapped into managing an organization because no one else is available to do so. Secondly, some activities, such as the Student Curriculum Committee, are often productive only of frustration, because they find themselves dealing with problems for which they have no means of solution. Lastly, the institutionalization and perpetuation of an organization in the absence of a spontaneous and immediate need saps the energy of the conscientious students who feel a duty to perpetuate it.

Many keenly competitive students find that they seldom can compete successfully with an able faculty. Nothing can be more emotionally discouraging and frustrating to a student than to be taught by an "expert" who never makes a mistake, one who is always right in an argument and who always gets the best of his students. Excessive criticism combined with a failure to recognize a student's strengths may undermine academic self-confidence. Students often shield themselves from this feeling of inadequacy by an excessive pride in the quality of their college. Trust in oneself and one's abilities may be regained by participating in creative extra-curricular work.

Thus, academic "scattering," the demanding tradition of our activities, the inability to compete successfully with faculty members, all combined with the great breadth of organizations and the scarcity of available participants, may push a number of students into extra-curricular organizations from which they attempt to secure emotional and expressive satisfactions not found in their academic work.

One consequence of this frenetic participation is the subjective feeling on the part of students that they work too hard. Yes, students do work hard, but at many things other than their academic work. Most students are dreadfully inefficient in their academic work, sandwiching work into odd hours and cramming the night before an exam. Too frantic an extra-curricular pace exaggerates the difficulty of academic work. This academic work may serve as an admirable scape-goat, particularly in the eyes of those not caught up internally in the excitement of the intellect.

Another serious consequence of the activism of our students is a loss of leisure for reflective thinking and a possible failure to develop intellectual potential. A strongly viable academic honors program is probably impossible given the competing demands on our better students' energies. A follow-up of Haverford graduates may very well reveal a surprising

AND, BRAVO! THE "WHOLE MAN"

number of our better students performing below expectation in graduate or professional schools. Of relevance, perhaps, are the comments of several Philips Visitors that Haverford's students do not show the intellectual discipline that could be expected of them, and that the intellectual resources of the College are being squandered.

But there is another serious consequence of this fast-paced life. Too frequently, the student sacrifices "dating" and natural social life, thus producing delayed social and heterosexual maturity. Time is necessary for frivolity, humor, passion, and love.

by MARCEL GUTWIRTH

To those who are inclined to take too much to heart the dire editorial laments of yesteryear, and who blame the passing of the Whole Man from the Haverford scene on the increased tempo of the academic machine, a glance at the array of organizations which exist solely to channel His remaining energies and beguile His leisure, when the long day in the classroom, in the laboratory, and on the athletic field is over, should prove amply reassuring. I have counted thirty-five distinct groupings, appealing to the whole range of talents and concerns from mountaineering to philosophy, from student government to bridge. Given a student body of 450, the distribution is one association for every thirteen students. O brave New World, what astounding energies are thine!

Some carping souls may think of this as a frantic manifestation of the will to escape deeper intellectual commitment and more taxing pursuits, a sort of Pascalian *divertissement* masquerading as meaningful activity. While this view cannot be altogether discounted, I am more inclined to admiration than belittlement before this phenomenon of autonomous student activity.

Student government, deservedly the pride of Haverford College, is the province of the Students' Council and its twelve or so standing committees. The measure of responsible freedom enjoyed by the student body under the honor system which they themselves administer has come to be one of the distinctive characters of this College, and does incalculable honor and good to all parties involved in it. The freedom is equally shared by all; the faculty is freed from demeaning concerns, the administration is freed from time-consuming and soul-shrinking decisions, the students are freed from childish reliance on paternal vigilance and power. The occasional lapses and failures are small price to pay for such a monumental lesson in the workings of a free society.

The Haverford News, station WHRC, that infrequent and oft-rebaptized literary comet, the *Revue*, is it? and the *Record* itself make up the sum of the "mass media" on the Haverford scene. To single out the first, and most widely disseminated of these, the weekly *News* does credit to the innate seriousness of *homo Haverfordiensis*, to his sense of "cause," to



"Some carping souls may think of this as a frantic manifestation of the will to escape deeper intellectual commitment . . ."

his dutiful recognition that humor and lightheartedness have their place somewhere, and even, of late, to his literacy. The misprints are fewer than in the *Times* (of New York, that is).

The most exciting news is right here among the arts, the stepsisters, traditionally, of the Haverford polity: the Arts Council, lately born, has begun to redress the balance. Not *all* the talks on Rilke or the Bach recitals will in future take place at Goodhart, while Roberts Hall echoes solely to the varieties of amino-nucleic acids and the fluctuations of the wool market in Pakistan! This, and the fact that the Drama Club has, since Bob Butman's advent, turned from "Arsenic and Old Lace" to "The Caucasian Chalk Circle," are the most promising steps away from its Philistine heritage that the College has taken in my memory. Class Night merits a moment's respectful pause; as Haverford's sole remaining Bacchanalian rite, the only outlet of the comic spirit, it has for its — at moments — boisterously successful synthesis of all the arts, in topical oppositeness, my heartfelt, my moist-eyed gratitude.

Peace action and mountaineering are the twin poles of the life of action represented in our clubs. Eminently deserving one and the other, and also slightly eccentric, they fit in almost embarrassingly with the *genius loci*.

More lymphatic, alas, the life of the mind! The language clubs manage on occasion to gather a feeble breath *auf Deutsch* or *en francais*, the Philosophy Club manfully carries on at steady intervals with a fine program of visiting and homebred luminaries, the politicians and economists emit their respective beeps in appropriate groupings, but in the measure that the life of the spirit soars high above the life of the mind, so the Student Christian Movement outstrips all these in the variety, multiplicity, and general appeal of its programs, at least this year.

Last and probably least, the life of leisure unfolds its twin tentacles in the Chess Club and the Bridge Club, whose humbler claim, in an age that manages to mechanize and stultify leisure at the same astounding rate at which it produces it, is certainly not to be despised.



The Students' Council looks far away and relaxed before the onslaught of the Students' Association. *Seated*, S. Morgan, T. Rose, O. Goodman, *treasurer*; D. Morgan, *president*; F. Young, *secretary*; R. Miller; *standing*, K. Smith, J. MacRae, R. Lynn, H. David, T. Barlow, T. Henderson.

COUNCIL: "EXCITING" YEAR HAD BY ALL

When Dave Morgan's Council took office, the president predicted an "exciting" year. He knew better than others the pitfalls of boredom that Councils often find, no matter how unique their original goals. Morgan's Council did have an individual route to the usual failings.

The year started with excitement. The opening weeks ended in a dispute over Honor System interpretations. At the same time the

Council spent many study-precious hours working out an intricate committee-budget system. A major Honor System trial taught the Council much about spending minutes and emotions on another's very human problems as they conflict with the campus code.

But the fall brought budgets, committee constitutions, debates over the Students' Association Constitution, endless plenary Association sessions: problem after boring problem. When there came a review of the "fraternity question", on which the Council had taken positive action when it first took office, the aging group struck out in many directions. It was "distressed" over what had happened: a feeling of loss obscured the real victory of principle that had been won. It was time for a new Council, without Comprehensive-bound seniors, without old hopes and successes to bring new frustrations, to begin another search for excitement.

A dull Students' Association debate finds secretary Frank Young touching up an Oscar Goodman cartoon, as the artist and president Dave Morgan look down.



H'FORD MUSIC: THE REAL MASS MEDIA

With William Reese back at the podium after a year of extensive travelling and research, the Glee Club carried out the most prodigious schedule of its recent past. Musically, the rat-atat-tat counterpoint of Bach returned, accompanied by ten-minute warmups, too-well-guided verbal missiles, an artistic flair, and the rest of Wild Bill's rehearsal techniques.

President John Macort concentrated all year on sustaining the confidence and spirit of his singers. Working to build the *esprit de corps* on which Glee Clubs thrive, he chastised the late, thanked the helpful, and dismissed the difficult in self-broken English.

The Club sang with Wilson College in Chambersburg in November. Ten cars, led by The Hearse, processed (headlights aglow) from Roberts Hall to mid-Pennsylvania: stop lights were no problem, and the entourage arrived an hour early.

After a concert which featured Keith Bradley as soloist in the major work, the ladies gave a sedate party which fast degenerated into an athletic competition featuring such events as the Virginia Reel, Polka, and Punch Bowl dash.

What had been musically insecure at Wilson

"Now John, I told you to have that bus here at 8:33! Where is it?"



became solid and inspired at Connecticut College in the next Glee Club engagement. There the Club participated in two real, live Chapel services, and performed Monteverdi's *Magnificat*.

The Christmas Collection in Roberts Hall featured the Freshman and "Varsity" Glee Clubs singing alone for the first time in many years. A Brass Quartet intoned joyous carols; the new organ added immeasurably to the festivities; and the simple but artistic decorations



Glee Club officers, 1959-1960: living proof that Parkinson's Law holds true for any large organization. Seated, J. George, R. Quinter, J. Macort, Dr. Wm. Reese, director: T. Bullard, R. Albright, S. Holsoe; standing, J. Bachr, C. Kauffman, G. Holtzman, W. Hammaker, S. Fisher, G. Smith, K. Putnam, W. Weber, F. Sanford, G. Behling, S. Gillam.

of J.S. Williams and his crew impressed a full house of loyal Haverfordians.

"It's impossible but imperative!" best describes the next Glee Club undertaking — the B-Minor Mass of J.S. Bach, for which Haverford found a willing collaborator in Sarah Lawrence College. A week of daily 8 a.m. rehearsals with Truman Bullard (right, left, fore-, and aft-hand man of the Maestro) testified to the Club's devotion. The result was a genuinely educational experience for all.



Papa and baby glee clubs cavort (formally) at the Academy. *First row*, J. S. Williams, J. G. Williams, M. Baldwin, J. Ramey, F. Stokes, R. B. Parker, F. Sanford, W. Levi, T. Bullard, Dr. Wm. Reese, J. Macort, S. Holsoc, R. Quinter, R. Albright, D. Stites, J. Ruff, A. Vincent; *second row*, K. Putnam, J. Smillie, A. Clark, J. Hirst, W. Parker, G. Tai, R. Penn, W. Craig, P. Brown, J. Pendleton, P. Moyer, L. Auer, R. Unger, J. Houston, T. Belanger, A. Siegel, H. Blumberg; *third row*, K. Bradley, G. Behling, J. Cole, H. Gutmann, J. Howe, D. Rhoads, R. Lynn, G. Haworth, L. Larson, V. Lipez, D. Daneker, J. Geddes, N. K. Williams, D. Hall, D. Hole, G. Smith, H. Norberg; *fourth row*, J. McConaghy, S. Shapiro, D. Heilman, D. Pilbrow, M. Dohan, L. Cocke, J. Dahlberg, M. Hampden, F. Klinger, B. Stavis, A. Walton, S. Ettinger, E. Hartman, S. Gillam, P. Wilson, M. Weber, F. Worth; *fifth row*, D. Sedwick, J. Block, W. Beik, H. McLean, G. Freeman, M. Aronoff, D. Gaetjens, G. Carpenter, J. Grambs, R. Miller, W. Learned, E. Hoffman, F. Pollard, J. Wood, W. Mechling, J. Roberts, H. Bibber; *sixth row*, T. Rose, J. Meyer, J. Rhoads, L. Stevenson, M. Briod, R. Warfield, B. Newcomb, S. Lippard, C. Kauffman, R. Westberg, K. McLeod, R. Tannenbaum, D. Bates, E. Quill, G. Lawn, R. Wood; *seventh row*, R. deLuca, W. Hammaker, G. Holtzman, S. Bobrovnikoff, C. Fautleroy, M. Rodell, C. Robinson, J. Weyand, R. Herzal, H. Bonner.

For the annual Tri-College Chorus Concert with the Philadelphia Orchestra, the splendor of the Academy and the genius of Eugene Ormandy provided ample impetus for the Club's best performances to date in Verdi's *Te Deum* and *Stabat Mater*. Two sold-out houses and enthusiastic reviews thanked the Chorus for its efforts.



During spring vacation, the Glee Club took a tour south for concerts with Hollins College, and solo appearances in Dayton, Va., and at the Bruton Parish Church in Williamsburg, Va. In these concerts, Keith Bradley, Marc Briod, and Jay Ramey took solo parts in the Club's sacred selections. A return concert with Sarah Lawrence, including another rendition of the Bach Mass and given in Roberts Hall in April, rounded out the season of music.

1959-60 was a year of reacquaintance, with many beautiful concerts and a few tense moments. The nicest summary remark has come from Eugene Ormandy, following the final ap-

pearance of the Tri-College Chorus, "They are amateurs and I expected them to sing like professionals—and they did!" With this kind of encouragement, nothing is "imPOSSible" and progress is "imPERative."

FRESHMAN GLEE CLUB

1959-60 has been the busiest and one of the most successful years in the short history of the Freshman Glee Club. Seven concerts were given, an increase of three over the previous year, and the singers were introduced to an unusually broad (in the fullest sense of the word) repertory.

A courageous effort to bring culture into the cavernous Field House on Parents Day marked the first of several on-campus appearances. This was followed by reading sessions with Shipley and Springside and on December 15 by the Christmas Collection in Roberts.

The Club's trip to Smith College on the weekend of February 13-14 was a memorable one; the Northampton Inn is not likely to forget this weekend any sooner than will the girls at Smith.

The climax of the season for the Freshmen came on March 18 and 19 when they performed in the Academy of Music as members of the Tri-College Chorus. A month later, the Club joined with the upperclassmen in Roberts Hall to terminate its season with a very successful Spring Concert.

ORCHESTRA

The only note which most Haverford students hear from the Haverford-Bryn Mawr Orchestra is an announcement over the Founders mike every Wednesday lunch concerning a rehearsal that evening at 8:15. Aside from this weekly addition to the liturgy of announcements, the Haverfordian brethren hear nothing of the existence of such an organization. Unfortunately, the orchestra was unable to give a full length concert this year to make its presence more prominent on the Bi-College scene. Members of the orchestra did, however, participate in the Bryn Mawr Christmas concert, the Bach B-Minor Mass, and the Mozart Vespers. A concert scheduled for April was postponed until the fall of 1960.

THE OCTET

Clinging to ancient tradition, the Octet has once again announced that it will not expand its number of singers from the traditional ten. No amount of moral mish-mash, economic expectation or collegiate conceit will shatter the fragile balance of these ten angelic voices. Indeed, morals, money, and magnificence have never disturbed the functioning of this devoted Order. With no morals, little money, and plenty of magnificence, the Octet sang its way into the hearts and back pockets of several organizations.

At Germantown Friends School, the Octet scored a smashing success one afternoon with "If your baby is burning for pleasure . . ." The fourth graders were amused if the facing bench wasn't. One new element in the group's musical output was two Elizabethan madrigals

which, although they never fit the occasion, always sounded far better than "Cutie", "Row", "Darktown" and "Carolina".

With Werner Muller, Jay Ramey, Greg Alexander, and Truman Bullard graduating, the Octet has only one direction to take (up) and when it refills its ranks with singers, who knows what *Time* will say?



Heavily-armed Dave Rhoads and President John Macort elude store detectives in The Hearse after robbing Penn Fruit of several cases of dried apricots.



The Deetet assures its Sophomore Dance audience of its faithfulness to a certain lass due in "on the 2-2-2."

ODE TO THE NEWS

As dictated by tradition, the *News*, Haverford's coy answer to the *Daily Worker*, made its weekly appearance and was mailed to all alumni as proof of the moral degeneration and Leftist disease which, in post-war years, has blighted this once-bucolic center of right learning.

The Speer-headed *News* took upon itself the burden of persecuted pre-meds: defended compulsory Fifth Day Meeting; rhetorically urged the Administration to find a few stray millions and establish a Philips-type Humanities Fund; treated the proposal to expand with appropriate melodrama, lining itself firmly on the side of Good (Smallness) in its uneven battle with Evil (Expansion); and, in a fit of apathy, suggested that Donald Duck cartoons be shown in Collection to help release student tension.

Editor Browny Speer's lackadaisical efforts were seconded by Lou Sheitelman, international expert; Mike Harvey, glib word-jockey; Dave Rosenbaum, who single-handedly attempted to end the conflict between science and the humanities; John Hayter, who dutifully wrote his laudatory reviews of campus creative efforts prior to performance; Bob Miller, editor's roommate; and Al Armstrong, heir-apparent.

At the semester break, the old blood dribbled away and the Young Turks, figureheaded by Armstrong, swept into the *News* office. A new layout was devised, new head types were obtained, expansion was denounced with even greater hysteria, and a sophomore editorialist allowed the College president to make "an important statement of policy", perhaps the first.

— B. M. S.

THRU THE NEWS

It is dark and late, a cold night wind blows across the silent campus. In the high ramparts of Union a still light burns and wavers. As we approach this ivoried tower the small sound of metallic pecking is heard, lonely in the darkness. This is the office of the *News* . . . and a noble tradition carries on. Gnomelike figures are hunched over the tired machines, and the reams of paper inscribed with queer and burning hieroglyphics fall upon the burdened floor. Even the editor-in-chief is among the tireless crew, for this is pure democracy, in the best leadership-follower custom.

This wracked-backed sunken-eyed individual stands at the apex of journalistic aspirations at Haverford. His time is not his own; he must put the paper to bed before himself; journey in endless circles to printers; battle the weariless hydra of student-faculty-administration-alumni public opinion. Unsilent upon his peak in Darien, surrounded by his loyal conquistadors of truth, he surveys the world of tangled, fallible reality.

His self-perpetuating band of crusaders lives with us still, but outspoken: the *Haverford News*. We must suffer its outpourings and react, will or no. It is an alien force shattering and uniting with blind clairvoyance, yet it is no stranger in our midst.

— J. B. H.



Slave-driver Editor Speer complacently watches his staff drive off to the printer's with the week's newspaper.



"How could you have done such a thing?" Editor Browny Speer chastises Managing Editor Lou Sheitelman for printing a picture of John Foster Dulles on the front page — upside down. Seated, A. Armstrong, B. Speer, K. Rower, F. Harvey; standing, S. Waite, S. Shapiro, D. Snider, L. Sheitelman, F. Stokes, P. Fox, H. McLean, W. Grose, C. Kimmich.

Haverford News

Editor	Browny Speer
Managing Editor	Lou Sheitelman
Associate Editors	Al Armstrong, Mike Harvey, John Hayter
Sports Editors	Chris Kimmich, Marty Lehfeldt
Feature Editor	Dave Rosenbaum
News Editors	Tom Beggs, Steve Shapiro
Alumni Editor	Steve Waite
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Science Editor	Will Andrews
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Advertising Staff	J. Geddes, W. Grose

Debate Revisited

To the Editor:

Expand! Give Harold Beef an endowed chair — at Harvard! Bring back Triangle!

Richardson C. Blare, '30



TIME OUT

Spreading enthusiasm for athletics in the sports-conscious sector of the College, the sports editors were pleasantly surprised to find cheering throngs at all home games. Chris Kimmich, a real sport himself, fought athletic apathy for the whole year while Marty Lehfeldt replaced George Parker as co-editor in September.

Jack Shepherd's weekly reflections on the latest doings of the famed "Bandit Wall" brought a definite improvement in the sports page and earned him the Haverford *Veus* Fiftieth Anniversary Award for the Best Reporting of a Sports Event.

Pierce Pelouze and Turk Pierce kept close tabs on the intramural scene for the edification of the numerous participants, while Dave Gwatkin and Don Snider, the new co-editors-elect, covered cross-country and football.

— C. K.



The Haverford *Veus* sports octet: *prostrate*, D. Gwatkin; *alook*, J. Johnson; *smoking*, R. Hetzel; *wrestling*, R. Fasoldt; E. Hartman, C. Watkins, T. Pierce, D. Snider.

By special request of the sports staff the following article, by Werner Muller, entitled "BOOTERS BOMB BRYN MAWR BEAR; SEXY STALWARTS SUFFER SETBACK," is reprinted in this space.

On the Monday before Thanksgiving, just prior to dusk, the Haverford soccer team soundly defeated the Bryn Mawr hockey team, 6-0 . . . Field hockey

was hardly familiar to many of the Haverford contingent, but an academic attitude enabled them to outclass the brawn of B.M.C. The Bryn Mawr Bears played a clean, long-haired game, only to find that feminine charm doesn't necessarily guarantee them a victory -- on the hockey field.

. . . Larry Forman and Holly Taylor, goalies during the regular season, took neatly directed passes from the Bryn Mawr fullbacks and each scored two goals that were as lovely as the fullbacks themselves. Henry Hetzel and Dan Hogenauer pressed through the center of a very heterogeneous group to push in two more decisive goals.

The strategy most frequently employed by the girls was an Eydie-Murphy-fast-break that was invariably futile, for the "bandit wall" and friends were clustered in front of the opponent's goal seeking glory

Darkness, one pair of broken glasses, and our final good-byes brought the game to a close, minutes before the official time ran out.

CLUB 103

"Where your money turns to gold (or 40-pt. type)"



Financing the *Veus* takes much time and considerable ingenuity. Coulson Conn deals as the men-in-charge engage in a little practice session: C. Conn, F. Stokes, R. Margie, H. McLean.

Conveniently located on the Haverford College campus
Proprietor and Bookkeeper,

ROBERT P. MARGIE
Associate Swindler,

HIGH MCLEAN
FRANCIS J. STOKES, III
Dealer,
COULSON A. CONN

RECORD QUALITY INTACT, RELUCTANTLY

By twisting ourselves about and looking over our own shoulders, we, the editors of the *Record*, can examine our efforts and can give an impression of our year. Haverford sensibilities demand that our survey be made through a moral and philosophical telescope. Our report is therefore delivered with all of the solemnity, seriousness, and sober sense of intellectual exploration appropriate to the College.

The responsibility of our guiding mentor, Art Wright, has been that of constantly providing the inspiration and the zest which are absolutely crucial to the completion of all such labors of love. It is Art who has been continually dynamic enough to keep several steps ahead of the diabolical psychological principle which states that duty is observed only after tardiness and guilt have dictated faithfulness. Art has remained loyal to the high principles of editorialmanship while being surrounded by the tempting affections and seductive cross-alienations of MacCaffrey, Teaf, and Freund. Riding high on a green bicycle, Art has raced gloriously through the year while pulling behind him a makeshift underworld army of lag-gard fellow yearbook devotees.

A more realistic description of the year would center not on the one among us who

wishes to keep for us a diary, but would find its greatest interest in the staff meetings. The conviviality of such meetings in the luxurious *Record* offices has never been strained to its breaking point by having the full membership present. The *Record* frolics, or work periods, have retained the intimacy and the exclusiveness so much in keeping with the small college environment.



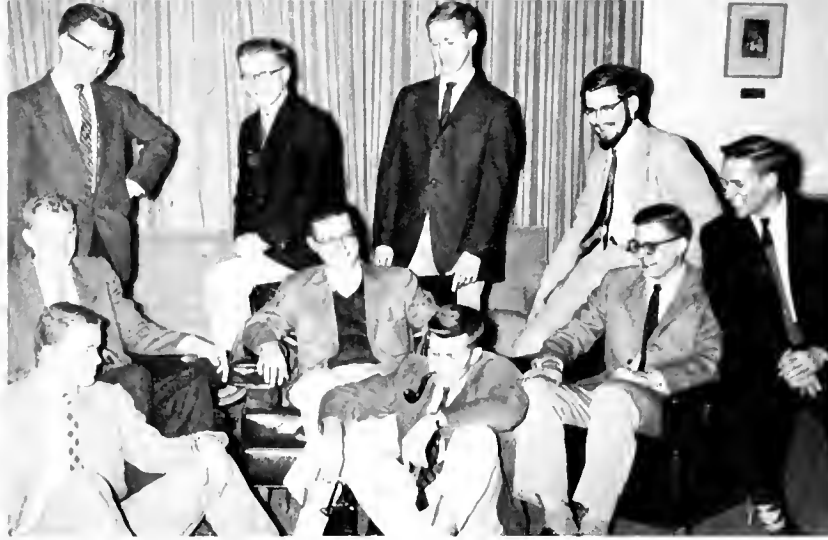
Long-suffering photography editor Charlie Lipton had more than one use for his cozy darkroom.



The literary staff shows varying degrees of humor at another slanderous writeup: *seated*, L. Scheitelman, M. Goggin, A. Wright, A. Petraske, W. Chace; *standing*, J. Gould, S. Lippard, V. Gage, G. Blauvelt.

Photography ace Clark Maxfield evinces characteristic distrust of someone else's camera.





Tweedy Jay Ziegenfuss tells of his highly unethical -- and successful -- sales techniques as his amused fellow Business Staffers listen attentively: *first row*, J. Carroll, J. Ziegenfuss; *second row*, D. Rhoads, G. Carpenter, K. Ritter, D. Leonard; *third row*, W. Learned, W. Edgar, S. Holsoe, S. Waite.

A timorous Pete Wolff prepares to take an aerial shot in the Field House. In the end, the safety net was unnecessary.



A most successful combination of the Protestant ethic with a highly organized network of advertising and circulation executives has enabled the business manager of our yearbook to promote a product which had an almost catholic reception on campus. And our man in charge of the photography department is one who considers camera work to be just his cup of tea.

The mnemonic function of the *Record* is one which has been discharged most shrewdly by we clever dwellers of dank Leeds' depths. Our collective antennae humming to the motion and swell of the passing scene, we have also delegated, transferred, and passed the buck of

authority to a large number of the members of the College. The staff of the *Record* is composed therefore of many of the faculty members, some of the visitors to the College, the entire senior class, and many members of the three other classes. We are only too glad, on this page, to acknowledge with stoic grace, this community of guilt. Thank you.



Art Wright and Jon Collett amuse themselves by drawing mustaches on resentful Charlie Lipton's masterpieces.

Photo staffers Bob Margie and Clark Maxfield took advantage of editor Lipton's well-known weakness for Coop firewater to get extra film and easy assignments.





The chalk circle decides, in the climax of the Brecht play.

DRAMA: BUTMAN, BRECHT AND A POUND OF FLESH

Presenting a repertory ranging from the most contemporary German drama to the peak of the Elizabethan period, and with the help of Bryn Mawr's feminine touch and industry, Haverford's Drama Club had a highly successful season. It began with the fall production of *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*, by the Berlin playwright Bertold Brecht. With a DeMille-



With patience and a smile, Bob Butman works to make the "Circle" perfect.



Looking like a fugitive from Robert Hall's, Ted Hauri brought a tough voice and fine feeling to a difficult role.

type cast (over forty), frantic rehearsals midst collapsing scenery, and the fear that a communist play of three acts might damage the reputation of the College if seen by a Main Line audience, *Chalk Circle* was presented in Roberts Hall late in November. Contrary to what was expected, the cast was co-ordinated, the scenery held up, and the Main Line either did not come, did not understand the play, or else

were communists themselves. The story of a peasant girl (Rob Colby), her soldier-lover (Don Adams), and a lusty, lecherous, yet finally sober judge (Ted Hauri) was well received.

Not content to rest on one success, the Drama Club then undertook William Shakespeare's *The Merchant of Venice*. With a substantially different cast, director Robert Butman presented an excellent performance, this time in Goodhart Hall. Bright costumes, adroit blocking, and the bounding around on the stage of Nerissa (Trudy Hoffman) and Gratiano (Don Knight), brought an air of gaiety into the otherwise somber innards of Bryn Mawr's Gothic Whale. One cannot forget a very good Shylock (Peter Garrett) trying to untangle his set of scales inconspicuously in the latter part of the play, or Portia's (Nina Broekhuysen) criticism of her various suitors, which commentary might well have been applied to Haverford of late. And one wonders whether Launcelot (Danny Turner) intentionally landed on his backside in his somersaulting exit. The applause the production received that March night indicated that the play was one of the most successful student attempts at Shakespeare to be presented by the two schools' actors.

Skinner Workshop productions included *The Little Prince*, scripted by Dave Rosenbaum and Trudy Hoffman and presented for the children of the Bryn Mawr and Haverford faculties; and a spring production of Richmond Lattimore's new translation of Aristophanes' *The Frogs*, produced and directed by Alice Turner with a largely Haverford cast. Jon Smith delved into the experimental theatre with his *A*



Revolting wooden soldiers Hoopes and Lederburg lead away an equally wooden ex-prince Hayter in the *Chalk Circle*.

Covering of Stone, a perceptive treatment of the spiritual development of a young poet. The Club's spring offering was Oscar Wilde's *The Importance of Being Earnest*, a light comedy which fitted the time of year perfectly.

Thus the curtain closed on a varied and highly entertaining theatre season. And while critics assert that dramatics takes more time from a student's studies than football, it must be noted that it does provide an equally vitalizing aspect of the Haverford College community. In the words of one faculty member (see page 30), ". . . the fact that the Drama Club has, since Bob Butman's advent, turned from 'Arsenic and Old Lace' to 'The Caucasian Chalk Circle' is one of the most promising steps away from its Philistine heritage that the College has taken in my memory."

A 17th-century setting, but a contemporary plot: Bryn Mawrter Broekhuysen outwits a prostrate Haverford Shylock, Peter Garrett.



ARTS COUNCIL OFF (LAUNCHING) PAD



Bryn Mawr gets into the act: strings to match the hair.

Robert Martin has gotten the Arts Council out of low gear this year. He is responsible for the upsurge of cultural events on campus, and has worked wonders with no money, little organization, and small cooperation. Last year,

for instance, he put on a solo concert; this year he appeared on a discussion panel. The singlehandedness of Bob Martin has helped the educational arm of Haverford strengthen itself through lectures, concerts, art shows, and ticket sales to local events. Brewing in this year's cultural tempest were Mr. Gellens on contemporary drama, Mr. Caselli on Neopolitan folk songs, and Erick Hawkins on the stage of Roberts in "a kind of madness of innocence" called "Here and Now with Watchers." A panel discussion on Science and Art contributed to the problem of the Haverford Double Standard. The most adventurous output of the Arts Council year was a series of lectures on the Romantic Movement in Art and Literature and Music. Those who attended the entire series got more than a dilettante's taste for the civilization of the nineteenth century. The dream of Haverford Arts Night being put off until next year, with the dream of Leighton Scott leading the Council, this campus cultural organization sneers at the movie concession and looks for better ways of curing the yearly problem of small audiences.

Arts Council: Andy Miller (with heartburn) steadies a threatening Leighton Scott after the flash exploded. Seated, A. Petraske, D. Hemmingway, L. Scott, R. Martin, N. Matchett; standing, A. Miller, D. Threadgill, L. Allen.



Haverford uncloistered itself in May to watch Erick Hawkins and Barbara Tucker dance in their "Here and Now with Watchers."



"Robert Martin has gotten the Arts Council out of low gear this year"; contributing his own talents as a fine cellist (*above*), as well as keeping Mr. Gellens awake for his talk on contemporary drama (*left*).

WHRC EXPANDS FORMAT, UPS QUALITY



WHRC staff: "Wait till the FCC hears that we're giving the Carroll Brothers a show." *First row*, W. Levi, J. Heuss, D. Smiley; *second row*, N. Matchett, G. Holtzman, C. Read, M. Lehfeldt, D. Bates; *third row*, L. Williams, D. Leonard, S. Jones, K. Lopez.

Staffers of WHRC returned this year to be surprised by the improvements made over the summer by Sam Tatnall. Studio P, previously serving as a lavatory and, after several disastrous floods, as a junk room, had been converted into a technical lab, and the hall had been brightened by some cheerful yellow paint.

The Twin College Radio Network was somewhat weakened by the fall of WBMC at Bryn Mawr, long teetering on the brink of insolvency. WHRC, however, bore this disaster staunchly and went on to greater things. One of the major projects during second semester was the reception of WQXR-FM from New York City, making WHRC an official outlet of the QXR network. For making this undertaking possible, we want to thank Mr. Caselli, who secured the necessary funds to augment the Council's contribution.

The station has been managed both semesters by Chuck Read, while Stark Jones and Phil Musgrove lined up a full slate of programs. Sam Tatnall and Dave Bates kept the plethora of gadgets in order and made major technical improvements in defiance of the almost overwhelming resistance presented by the Union electrical system. The competent and enthusiastic work of Dick Stowe as chief engineer was carried on second semester by Garry Holtzman.

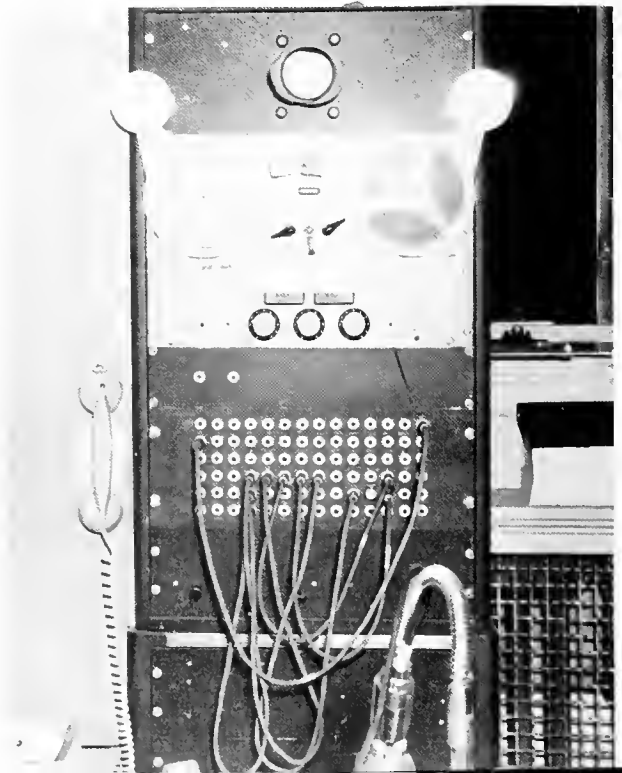
Marty Lehfeldt and Jim Pendleton kept a check on program quality and formats, and the labyrinthine financial deals were unsnarled by Garry Holtzman and Dave Leonard.

Special coverage by the staff this year included the Swarthmore football, basketball, and baseball games, some controversial campaign forums, and interviews with outstanding Collection speakers.



Haverford's Radio Voice relays the proceedings of the Hood Trophy basketball game to stay-at-home Haverfordians who probably didn't listen.

Whatever *did* happen to Bill Ray?



FOUNDERS CLUB



The Founders Club six less two: smugness unveiled as the lamp tips over. J. Collett. B. Speer. D. Morgan. A. Wright: *not present*. T. Bullard. J. Hayter.

Varsity Club: room at the top. *First row*, J. Coker. P. Lane. C. Fauntleroy. H. Taylor. S. Shapiro; *second row*, J. Gould. J. Smith. E. Fenander. S. Klineberg; *third row*, R. Parker. C. Kimmich. D. Gwatkin; *fourth row*, S. Linthicum. M. Goggin. F. Swan.



VARSITY CLUB

PHI BETA KAPPA

Phi Beta Kappa: flanking looks askance, a grin, a pipe, a beard, and 90+ averages all around. R. Miller. J. Levin. B. Speer. C. Osgood. D. Morgan.



CLUBS AND COMMITTEES



Caucus Club: "In the dimly-lit room, *no cigar smoke.*" — Ritter. *First row*, C. Conn, K. Ritter, M. Stanley; *second row*, I. Gilbert, D. Hanson, W. Walling, J. Schamberg, B. Fowler, R. Sipe, R. Brooklyn, J. Fox, M. Anderson, C. Roberts.



I.C.G.: Haverford's own Appalachian Conference convenes yearly. *First row*, A. Stone, G. Olson, J. Hayter, J. Howard; *second row*, A. Armstrong, G. Parker, R. Van Cleave; *third row*, R. Allen, S. Linthicum, J. Gould; *fourth row*, F. Costello.

International Club: The world situation is viewed with mixed emotions. *First row*, K. Putnam, P. Krone, L. Smith, T. Hoen, L. Sheitelman; *second row*, M. Dohan, D. Baker, M. Anderson, R. Parker, D. Leonard, N. Akashi.





Bridge Club: One peek is worth two finesses. *Seated*, P. Fox, J. Hayter, W. Houston, P. Krone; *standing*, N. Forster, A. Quint, F. Pollard.



Chess Club: the international Lederberg-Werner plot against Ettinger (who has just beaten them both) unfolds before special agent Belanger's eyes. *Seated*, S. Ettinger, G. Lawn, D. Turner; *standing*, N. B. Lederberg, S. Smith, M. Werner, F. Pollard, J. Schamberg, J. Houston, T. Belanger.



Venerable mountaineer Dave Rosenbaum finds a valuable cache of supplies tucked safely away in Mr. Dimes' closet.

German Club: heirs and successors to the spirit of Faust (and Mephistopheles). *First row*, T. Schweitzer, P. Barber, N. Lary, R. Parker, C. Kimmich, C. Morrisey; *second row*, H. Gutman, G. Lawn, M. Dohan, T. Hoen, D. Stites, N. Matchett.



Spanish Club: To hell with Franco, what's new in Curacao? *First row*, D. Baker, V. Pinedo, E. Natelson; *second row*, F. Worth, J. Winterer, R. Jenks, B. Stavis, J. Ballard.



Dollars in pocket, the Economics Club's motto is (almost) unanimously acclaimed: "Richardson Blair notwithstanding, no limit to the GNP." *First row*, I. Gilbert, F. Stokes, C. Roberts, D. Gaetjens; *second row*, P. Krone, H. McLean, M. Dohan; *third row*, G. Olson, G. Parker, P. Fox, G. Behling.



Seated complacently on the Left Bank, the French Club enjoys an outing. *First row*, C. Bernheimer, N. Lary, R. Blucstein, M. Penzell; *second row*, T. Burton, A. Sharp, P. Lary, P. Lundt, A. Vincent.

The Dormitory Committee meets monthly around the dining table to discuss broken light bulbs and leaky toilets. *Clockwise from upper left.* Mrs. Sullivan, Mrs. Nugent, S. Jones, K. Ritter, S. Waite, J. Hoopes, A. Tillis, F. Harvey, S. Ettinger, W. Hammaker, D. Baker, M. Dohan, W. Edgar.



Honor System Committee: Haverford's version of the Brownshirts, keepers of the Law, smile seldom. *Seated,* G. Carpenter, T. Duff, P. Barber, D. Turner; *standing,* J. Rogers, N. Forster, M. Showe, O. deRis.

The Dining Room Committee smiles before their dinner meeting, during which *all* gripes are aired. *Seated,* R. Tannenbaum, G. Freeman, Mrs. Nugent, W. Muller; *standing,* E. Silverblatt, K. Nakayama, P. Howard, R. Coles.



Good-cheer tonic for freshman confusion: the Customs Committee lays it on thick for the birdie. *Kneeling,* M. Briod, G. Holtzman; *standing, first row,* J. Baehr, H. Knox, T. Bullard, R. Parker, R. Quinter; *standing, second row,* G. Behling, C. Fauntleroy, J. Flaccus, F. Harvey, A. Wright.





The results of the Meeting Committee's magazine survey are read to committeemen S. Miller, J. Rogers, and R. Lynn by chairman Bob Coles: (1) *Time* (2) *Newsweek* (3) *Mad* (4) *Wall Street Journal* (5) *Haverford Horizons*.



The Collection Speakers Committee evinces a grim determination in its drive to provide grace for Tuesday's child. K. Bradley, P. Barber, C. Conn, S. Klineberg, M. Kohn.



Papa Rogers and his Big Brother — Sub-Freshman Guides: *seated*, S. Jones, E. Fenander, J. Rogers, S. Fisher; *standing*, R. Wenzel, C. Conn, C. Kimmich, R. Margie, G. Tai, D. Gwatkin, M. Lehfeldt, F. Harvey, F. Sanford, K. Stevenson.





Roger Boshes to the Curriculum Committee: "Perhaps we could get classes abolished." *Seated*, D. McKelvey, P. Gerdine, R. Martin; *standing*, L. Allen, J. Z. Smith, R. Boshes, J. Rhoads, G. Rhoads, R. Penn.



The Social Committee: Social-ism in action: one for all, and all for one. *Seated*, M. Learson; *standing, first row*, H. Knox, G. Olsen, J. Williams, H. Klingenmaier, R. Wenzel, M. Goggin, M. Meyers; *standing, second row*, R. Allen, D. Snider, A. Clark, M. Lehfeldt, P. Kroue, G. Parker.

"Our motto: a student in every car." — The Parking Committee holds an impromptu meeting in the lush Field House parking lot. *First row*, R. Margie, G. Haworth, H. Deshong; *second row*, A. Clark, J. Elkins.

"But rules are made to be broken, aren't they?" — The Rules Committee meets by candlelight. A. Petraske, R. Van Cleave, G. Parker, J. Hayter, J. Howard, A. Wright.





"Student-faculty relations at Haverford College are seasoned with Morton's salt!" Seated, S. Smith, J. Howard, chairman; H. David; standing, E. Hoffman, D. McKelvey, T. Barlow, N. Matchett.

"STUDENT-FACULTY" RELATIONS COMM.

Popular guest political scientist Milton Sacks smiles for the camera before contributing his thoughts on the 1960 elections to student-faculty relations.



"Everyone talks about student-faculty relations, but few do anything about them". This year's Council created a new committee to investigate this problem. The Student-Faculty Relations Committee first defined the causes for lack of contact between faculty members and students. Then they set about devising means for improving student-faculty relations.

Students were encouraged to take the initiative by inviting faculty members to their rooms for informal get-togethers. The officers of classes and campus organizations were requested to invite members of the faculty to their educational and social functions. Similarly, faculty members were urged to attend student plays, concerts, and athletic events. Sports contests were organized between faculty and student intramural teams. Several faculty members gave lectures on their own academic and personal interests and on their individual fields of research.

The committee felt that the Coop and the dining room offered excellent opportunities for faculty and students to become better acquainted. To expedite matters, the committee made meal tickets available to students for inviting faculty members to lunch.

Recommendations for further innovations were passed on to next year's committee. Consensus of both faculty and students was that the potential for future efforts had been clearly shown this year.



ATHLETICS: A REED COLLEGE VIEW

by Richard H. Jones, Prof. of History

Reed College, Portland, Oregon

The following quotation from the Reed College catalog describes the physical education program:

"Physical education at Reed is oriented to meet individual needs and interests. Men and women entering Reed select physical education activities of their own choice for each quarter of the school year. Regardless of ability or experience, the student may take advantage of the staff and excellent facilities to improve his general physical condition and skill in competitive and recreational sports.

The physical education requirement is four hours per week for freshmen and sophomores in activities that are approved by the department. It is hoped that upperclassmen will continue a comparable program."

These sentences are general and conventional enough to serve as an introductory statement for most college physical education programs. In the Reed catalog, however, they describe in as modest and inoffensive a way as possible a program which has consistently adhered to certain unconventional principles. Reed's founders attached much importance to physical activity as an aspect of collegiate life, but in keeping with their overall educational philosophy they were determined to utilize the college years for inculcating interests and developing skills in athletics which might be maintained throughout life. In this phase of its work as in academic pursuits the college conceived of its task as initiatory and developmental, rather than terminal.

In keeping with this principle it has been deemed essential to discourage any tendencies toward professionalization in sports. This in no way discourages, nor is it desirable that it should discourage, competition in all branches of athletics. Contests, both in team and individual sports, are arranged with off-campus competitors as well as intra-murally. But the emphasis is always on the participants, not the spectators. Reed has no stadium; its gymnasiums have no bleachers; and every student who desires to do so may actually become a playing member of any team.

Control over all of the official activities of the Department of Physical Education is retained by the faculty in precisely the same way that it retains control over every facet of the college's curriculum.

There has never been a significant division of opinion either among faculty or among students as to the incompatibility of the conventional forms of interscholastic competition with Reed's major objectives. They have been rejected not so much because

"Perhaps most important, (a member of a team) must learn to respect the rights and privileges of others."



they have been deemed to be peripheral, as because of the belief that they would actually be detrimental to a community enterprise in which all categorical distinctions are held to be irrelevant or invidious. Excellence in any type of activity is recognized and applauded, but the college cannot encourage or sanction activities in which participation is not open to all students.

In short, Reed students are expected to give serious attention to the attainment of skills in physical exercise. They may frequently be enthusiastic spectators at contests in which fellow students engage. But if they take delight (as many of them do) in witnessing athletic events for their own sake, they turn quite happily to professional performances or to that brand of semi-professionalism which frequently masquerades in an inter-scholastic garb. The members of the staff of the Physical Education Department are free from alumni pressure. And no Reed faculty member has ever been tempted to compromise with his scholar's conscience "for the good of the team".

ATHLETICS:

AN ALUMNUS-ADMINISTRATOR VIEW

by William Ambler, '45

Ass't. Director of Admissions

In a college where the academic program is heavy and where there are almost too many demands on student time, it is surprising that 85% of the students participate in athletics. Although the cynic may point to required participation as the reason for this high percentage, it is clear that most of the participation is voluntary. Last year, for example, two-thirds of the seniors were out for sports. Probably a major reason for such popularity is that sports offers something that students cannot find elsewhere on campus.

For many, sports provide the necessary break from a stiff academic pace. One has a chance to lose himself in the game, to become physically tired and, as a result, to become mentally refreshed. The satisfaction from a well-executed play or a successful shot builds confidence which, in turn, helps to maintain perspective.

By stressing the values of teamwork, sports provide a balance in a college where the emphasis elsewhere is on the individual. A member of a team must learn how to work with others. He must practice self-discipline and, at times, self-sacrifice for the good of the team. Perhaps most important, he must learn to respect the rights and privileges of others.

Although the athletic program offers the greatest benefits to the participants, it also can offer something to the student body as a whole. It is unfortunate that, in emphasizing the values of participation at Haverford, we have tended to overlook these secondary benefits. An athletic event provides one of the few opportunities for the entire College community to act together in a common cause. Strong team support helps to unify the College and is one of the best ways to improve student morale. If the stands were filled at the games, we might find that we were operating much more effectively both in and out of the classroom.

FALL



MILLSMEN STUN GARNET, TIGER IN BIG YEAR



An irresistible force and an immovable object: Hetzel vs. Ursinus goalie.

Sandwiching a winning season between the annual Alumni game and the hockey game with the delicate Bryn Mawr Bears, Haverford proceeded to eat up the league with a 5-2 record, finishing 6-4 overall. The Fords first traveled to the big city to meet Penn, only to lose 1-0 in the closing minutes of the second overtime.

Backed by a tradition of defeating Scarlet and Black soccer teams, the overconfident Tigers from Princeton found that their Ivy League prestige and social grace fell victim to the friendly persuasion of a strong Ford squad. Humble Fred Swan eased the ball into the net for a 1-0 shut-out. Then, on a visit to the F.&M. Farmers of lush Lancaster County, the Fords repeated themselves as last-quarter substitute Brandon James, an engineering major, facetiously calculated the slope of the field and the density of the defense to score the winning goal.

Armed with professional talent, Temple fought a steady downpour and two Hetzel tallies to overcome the Quakers with three goals. Homecoming Day found Swan and James combining to reverse this unfavorable tide at the expense of Ursinus. Easily outwitting the inept visitors, both scored to give us our third shut-out.

Against Lehigh a new threat, in the form of George Rhoads' head, arose out of the dust to score a goal. Although steady Freddy Swan added another tally, the Fords were overwhelmed by an extremely fast team, 3-2.

Next on the docket came a vociferous La-Salle crew. Dampened by a drizzle but encouraged by the sweet strains of a cow bell, the Vikings hoped to preserve their unblemished record by unsportsmanlike use of brawn and other trips of the trade. Ace scorer Swan outsmarted such atavistic tactics twice for another league victory.

Muller plays mummer and clowns his way through the porous Ursinus defense.





General Mills' Haverford contingent: the flower of our youth. *First row:* S. Linthicum, S. Quill, D. Hogenauer, F. Swan, G. Kovacsics; *Second row:* J. Shepherd, D. Snider, W. Muller (captain), P. Lane, B. James; *Third row:* E. Fenander (mgr.), H. Hetzel, J. Richardson, H. N. Taylor, L. Forman, H. E. Taylor, J. Mills (coach).

their first goal in four years against the Middies. Things were so bright that halfback Sandy Linthicum, whose vision had been dimmed by a sailor's elbow, could see Dan Hogenauer boot ball and goalie into the goal. Hal Taylor's successful penalty kick couldn't decrease the Middie lead, as they dropped anchor, 5-2.

A strong Rutgers squad saw their championship hopes shattered by the impenetrable "Bandit Wall," consisting of Pete Lane, Don Snider, and Hal Taylor. Unpredictable George Rhoads drove in two tallies to supplement Swan's singleton, giving victory to the Fords, 3-2.

Sallying southward to meet Swarthmore in

SOCCKER SUMMARY

Hav.		Opp.
0	Pennsylvania	1
1	Princeton	0
1	F. & M.	0
2	Temple	3
2	Ursinus	0
2	Lehigh	3
2	LaSalle	0
2	Navy	5
3	Rutgers	2
1	Swarthmore	0



Contortionist James (*above*) dumps all over his Swarthmore rivals to set up the winning Ford goal. Seconds later, Hogenauer (*below*) pushes through to score as an exuberant Haverford fan begins post-goal festivities.



Stalwart goal-tender Forman sharpens up for basketball season with a leaping save.



the Hood Trophy game, the Fords never felt the biting cold as they kept on the move to counter the Garnet plays which beat Navy. Goalie Larry Forman was kept busy skillfully averting innumerable scoring attempts, while Gyula Kovacsics constantly pressed the Swarthmore defense. The suspense mounted for three scoreless quarters, becoming too great for one overwrought Redbelly as he initiated an impromptu boxing match with a Haverford fullback and was TKO'd by the referee. Shortly thereafter,



Blatantly immodest Werner Muller gets deserved treatment from burly and virtuous Penn fullbacks.

Dan Hogenauer pushed in the winning goal following a Haverford corner kick.

This win gave the Millsmen a fourth-place tie with the Garnet in league competition. Sophomore Don Snider took individual honors as best left fullback in the Delaware-Pennsylvania-New Jersey area. Captains-elect for 1960 are Gyula Kovacsics and Fred Swan; with only three seniors graduating, they should lead a good team.



Kovacsics and arty La Salle defender cooperate to stage a dramatic version of an ancient Ford rain dance.

J.V. BOOTERS GARNER BUCKET POINT

Under the direction of their new coach Parvin Sharpless, the Haverford junior varsity soccer team compiled a noteworthy record, winning three games, losing three and tying two. Combining the experience of the holdovers from last year's squad and the enthusiasm of bright freshman prospects, the team looked at times quite sharp while playing a brand of soccer rarely displayed before by J.V. teams. Full-back chores were ably handled by the '63 duo of Joe Taylor and Bob Ezerman. Their classmates in the forward line, led by Will Oelkers and Andy Siegel, provided much-needed scoring punch. Co-captains Al Dahlberg and Marty Lehfeldt at goalie and center halfback, respectively, were the spearheads of the upper-class contingent.

High point of the year, the Bucket Trophy contest with Swarthmore was played under 30-degree conditions on the Garnet field, but, undaunted, the Fords rose to the occasion and came through with a fine performance, beating their arch-rivals 2-0, on goals by Will Oelkers and Andy Siegel. A successful season, this!



Bert Fowler coaxes one past the goalie, as enemy reinforcements move in too late.

J.V. SOCCER SUMMARY

Hav.		Opp.
0	Princeton	7
1	Westtown	1
0	Hill	1
4	Penn State (Ogontz)	2
2	Penn J.V.	1
1	Penn Frosh	4
0	Penn Frosh	4
2	Swarthmore	0

The jayvees take a hoagie-break. *First row*, A. Dahlberg and M. Lehfeldt (captains); *Second row*, D. Hunt, S. Quill, R. Fasoldt, B. Fowler, D. Leonard, G. Tai; *Third row*, P. Sharpless (coach), W. Oelkers, J. Taylor, T. Barlow, A. Stone, P. Mears, R. Ezerman, W. Riggan, P. Krone (mgr.).





The harriers gather for long-range planning. *First row*, M. Strickler, R. Mathews, E. Hartman, D. Gwatkin, A. Clark, P. Jernquist; *Second row*, W. Breuninger (coach), R. Linville, D. Hillier (captain), A. Crane, S. Bobrovnikoff, J. Grambs, S. Jones, H. Bibber, J. Heuss (mgr.), M. Gary (mgr.)

X-COUNTRY COP 12TH IN M.A. CH'SHIPS

CROSS-COUNTRY SUMMARY

Day.		Opp.
21	Albright	36
31	P.M.C.	21
45	Lafayette	16
27	Johns Hopkins	31
	Washington	67
44	Lehigh	18
38	Moravian	30
	Temple	54
19	Swarthmore	15

Led by veteran Dave Hillier, the Haverford cross-country team got off to a fast start by outrunning Albright in the first meet of the season, 21-36, with sophomore Matt Strickler setting the pace. In their next two meets, however, the Fords found tougher going, losing to greatly improved P.M.C., 21-34, and powerful Lafayette, 16-45.

These setbacks were quickly forgotten, however, as the harriers upset a favored Johns Hopkins squad along with Washington College, 27-31-67, in a triangular meet. Although Strickler, Hillier, and freshman Ed Hartman all ran well, the victory proved costly, since Pete Jernquist was sidelined for the season with an injured foot.

The Fords once more found a formidable opponent in Lehigh, succumbing 18-44, despite the performances of Hillier, Hartman, and sophomore Dave Gwatkin. The following week,



Here we go again: the traditional "They're off!" picture.

Manager Heuss assists Coach Bill Breuninger in timing the Plaza's newly-acquired filly.

in preparation for Swarthmore, the Fords emerged second behind Moravian but well ahead of Temple in a home triangular meet which saw the Mainliners gather 38 points against Moravian's 31 and Temple's 54.

Against the Garnet, the Fords found themselves completely outclassed and were able to grab only seventh place in going down to a 15-49 defeat. In the season's finale, Strickler and Gwatkin led the Fords, minus Hillier and Jernquist, to twelfth place in the Middle Atlantic Championships, well ahead of old conqueror Moravian.



Freshman Hank Bibber bides his time amidst a pack of scarlet-lettered Albright outcasts.



Captain Dave Hillier waltzes home way ahead of schedule.

NINE FROSH BRIGHTEN GRID FUTURE

A rare but portentous event: Freshman Schulze is brought down after a gain against Dickinson (!).



Captains Woldorf and Coker eye the camera defiantly on "Swarthmore Friday."



Fielding their greenest team in many years, head coach Roy Randall and his henchmen nevertheless managed to salvage a win over Hamilton and a scoreless tie with favored Swarthmore out of apparent pre-season chaos. Starting with but six returning lettermen, only three of whom were seniors, the harrowed coaches were continually confronted with injuries to key players throughout the season. Freshmen starters Gerry Harter and Chuck Conn were laid up for the year against Wagner. Co-Captain

and line stalwart Norm Woldorf sat out the whole Dickinson game with a wrenched back, along with sophomore scatback Bill Freilich, who had an injured leg. The big gun of the Ford attack, Bob Ortman, missed the entire second half of the Hood contest because of a chipped bone and torn ligaments in his ankle. The season log of 1-5-1 could well have been much more favorable, even though expectations were lower to start with than in previous years.

Sincere but only slightly successful gridders. *First row*, G. Harter, R. David, L. Ghiglione, C. Conn, T. Krumm, J. Schulze, W. Mervine, W. Shermer; *Second row*, W. Docherty (coach), T. Henderson, D. Heilman, R. Ortman, J. Coker and N. Woldorf (co-capt.), J. Hurford, W. Freilich, J. Block; *Third row*, R. Randall (head coach), J. Fox, C. Watkins, J. Dahlberg, O. Goodman, E. Natelson, H. Deshong, R. Jenks, L. Waddell, E. Prudente (coach); *Fourth row*, R. Morsch (trainer), R. de Luca (mgr.).

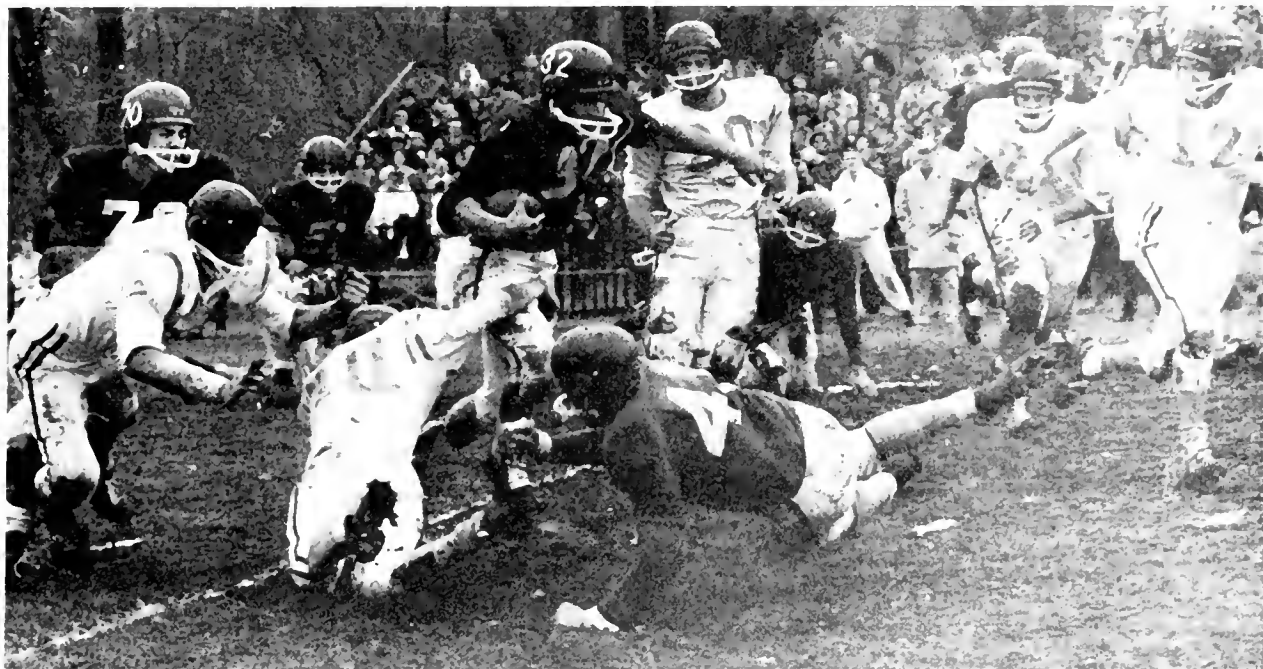


The Wagner Seahawks had a little too much both offensively and defensively, but the Fords were able to move 67 yards for a Freilich TD. The final score of 27-8 was not pleasing, of course, but not worse than anticipated.

Skipping over Dickinson (cf. Summary, p. 63), the Hopkins game proved to be a "well done, but not well enough" situation against a

FOOTBALL SUMMARY

Hav.		Opp.
8	Wagner	27
0	Dickinson	13
6	Johns Hopkins	29
6	Hamilton	0
6	Ursinus	7
0	Susquehanna	30
0	Swarthmore	0



An unidentifiable Ford lineman rolls out the Red carpet for on-rushing Bob Ortman (32) against Happy Valley Day School.

fast, experienced ball club. Ortman and Coker combined some good running efforts with Heilman-to-Schulze passes to set up the lone Ford touchdown, making the final count 29-6.

The winless but still spirited Ford eleven then proceeded to humble Hamilton on their home soil by a 6-0 score. In a sort of "preview of coming attractions", the Randallmen showed a line capable of ripping holes in the Hamilton defense and repulsing thrust after thrust with seeming glee. Again the offense featured Ortman and Coker, along with the Heilman-Schulze pass combination.

The greatest disappointment of the season was supplied by lowly Ursinus, jokingly (?) ranked by one newspaper as the poorest college

Coaches Harter, Prudente, Randall, and Docherty evince chagrin at the paucity of seniors on the roster.



football team in the country. The Fords had "one of those days" and managed somehow to make more mistakes than the Bears, coming out on the short end of a 7-6 score.

Powerful "little-big-time" Susquehanna rolled up 24 points in the second half to swamp the Main Line pacifists, 30-0. The Fords did muster together enough punch to drive 62 yards to the Susquehanna one-yard-line, but a fumble proved the undoing of this sole scoring threat.



Wicked ol' Bill Freilich casts a spell on his transfixed Dickinson foe as he digs for open ground.

A host of Ford pacifists tears down the Dickinson flag on Iwo Jima.



Trainer Dick Morsch uses his rare antique Geiger counter to search for a swallowed mouthpiece.

Hence it was that our gridders traveled to Swarthmore as underdogs. Spurred on by the morning soccer win and just plain stubbornness, the Ford defense came through in the clutches to hold the Garnet to one field goal attempt. However, this was all Haverford could get on offense, too, and the game ended in a scoreless tie, the second in four years. The question that stuck in every disappointed (but not disgruntled) Ford rooter's mind was, "What if Ortman could have played the second half?!"

The season had its occasional high points: the three seniors, Coker, Woldorf, and Haverford, led by example; Bob Ortman turned in his usual fine running and tackling; the underclassmen played well despite insufficient experience. They made mistakes, and glaring ones at that, but the number of mistakes is inversely proportional to the number of minutes played. This is why we look for bigger and better things; that is, if no one transfers to F. & M. "Wait 'til next year!"





VARSITY BASKETBALL SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
60 Delaware	57
65 Pharmacy	41
71 Drew	49
66 Johns Hopkins	57
66 Moravian	79
52 P.M.C.	64
51 Ursinus	55
65 Drexel	75
90 Nat'l Aggies	56
93 Stevens	101
72 Ursinus	74
63 Swarthmore	49
65 Drexel	75
75 P.M.C.	84
59 F & M	86
78 Swarthmore	72

Harris David (4) puts on an exhibition belly-flopper for teammates Gillmor, Del Bello, and Erb.

CAGERS JAR GARNET IN 7-9 SEASON

Coach Ernie Prudente's quintet turned in a season record of seven victories and nine defeats, rather disappointing after a sizzling early season pace. The team won its first four games handily, but dropped the next four contests, slipping into a rut from which they could not completely untrack themselves for the rest of the season.

Opening against highly-regarded Delaware, the Fords unleashed a mighty team effort which upset the overconfident Blue Hens. Paced by Captain Larry Forman, guard Harris David, and Tom Del Bello, the local quintet tenaciously staved off every challenge to their precarious lead.

Philadelphia Pharmacy and Drew presented no problem. Forman and Will Andrews led the 65-41 rout of Pharmacy, while Drew fell, 71-49, before the Haverford machine, led by Forman, David, Del Bello, and junior Rick Gillmor. Johns Hopkins was the next victim, 66-57, as Forman and Gillmor sparked the scoring and masterfully guided the Ford attack.

These winning ways were brought crashing-

ly to a halt by an experienced Moravian quintet, 79-66. The disillusioned Fords never attained their previous heights after the halftime break. P.M.C. kept the Fords down, 64-52, and Ursinus added insult to injury, nipping the Fords, 55-51, in overtime. The emphasis of the game was on defense and the Bears were loath to give up the slim margin gained during the overtime period. League champion Drexel made it four straight losses for the Scarlet and Black, despite the stellar performance of sophomore Bill Erb.

The Fords found themselves momentarily, and ploughed the National Aggies under, 90-56. Forman and Del Bello led the scoring, as Coach Prudente emptied the bench in a futile attempt to keep the score down. A strong Stevens quintet subsequently squished the Fords in the mud in an offensive battle, 101-93. All five Haverford starters hit in double figures, but Stevens had one 38-pt. and two 20-pt. stints.

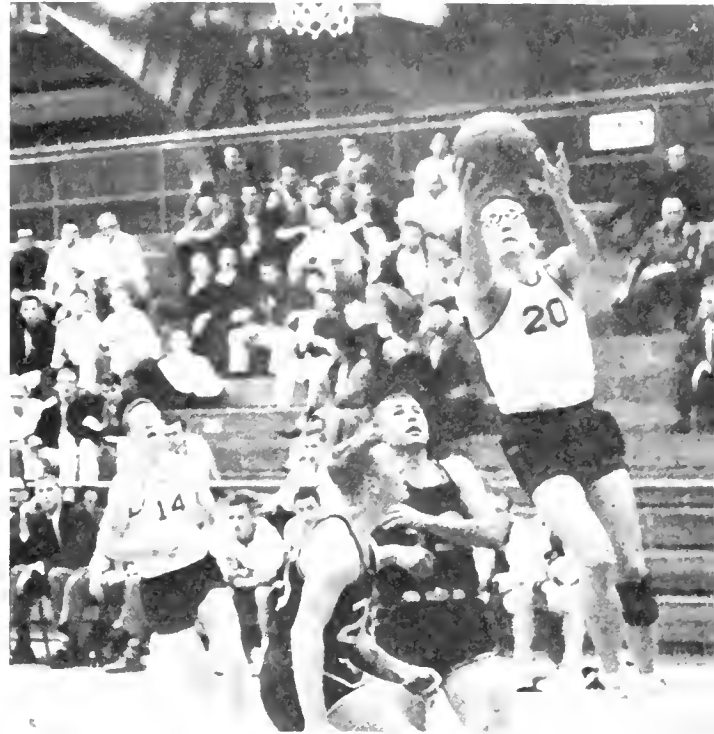
The Fords dropped their most frustrating game to Ursinus in a second overtime battle, 74-72. An All-East performance by Gillmor

was not enough to pull this tense game out of the fire.

In a Hood preview, Haverford swamped Swarthmore, 63-49, on the loser's court. Erb was the outstanding player in this team effort, a fine display of Ford superiority over the arch-rival Garnet.

Drexel and P.M.C. then repeated their previous conquests. A miserable first half and two equally miserable referees condemned to failure an inspired second-half effort on the Fords' part, as the Dragons continued on their way to the league title. Del Bello's 21-point scoring punch was not enough to stop the classy Cadets. Against lowly Franklin and Marshall, the Fords turned in their poorest showing of the season, and took it on the chin, 85-69.

In the eyes of their fans, the Fords made up for all past mistakes by dumping on Swarthmore, 78-72, in the Hood Trophy Contest. The game was not as close as the score indicates, as nearly every Ford player saw action. Captain



Rick Gillmor (20) is appalled to find the ball glued to his hand in game against the Globetrotters.

Ernie and his dribblers: *First row*, R. Kelly, W. Andrews, N. Matchett, H. David, T. Del Bello, L. Forman, (capt.), R. Gillmor, R. Lockley; *second row*, R. Morsch, (trainer), J. Burgin, (mgr.), C. Kauffman, K. Smith, B. Foerster, W. Dorwart, W. Mervine, W. Erb, E. Prudente, (coach); *third row*, H. Darlington, R. Nolte, R. Ruberg, J. Taylor, G. Kannerstein, S. Levitt, J. Wertime, A. Siegel.





Gillmor is plagued with recurrent sticky problems as he drives for a basket against Drew.

Larry Forman and Harris David rounded out their Haverford hoop careers in fine fashion. Forman turning in a sparkling 31-point performance and David providing some of his best field-generalship. On the basis of this game alone, the season could be acclaimed as successful.

The J.V. cagers had an unsatisfactory season, even more so than their varsity big-brothers. They were able to win only one P.M.C. frosh and one Swarthmore J.V. game, while dropping seven others. The all-freshman squad



Bill Erb rebounds against overwhelming odds; teammate Kelly (12) gives a boost to the enemy.



Captain Larry Forman outjumps a Drew opponent in a symbolic act of general supremacy.

was one of the most promising J.V. groups at Haverford in a long time, yet they were plagued throughout the year by a general lack of hustle in the clutch, which lack accounted in large part for their poor record. The importance of this factor is emphasized by the fact that they soundly whipped the Swarthmore J.V.'s on Bucket Night by fast-breaking them to death. Despite their poor showing this year, it is felt by the coaches that these boys will add vital strength to the varsity over the next few years. The stand-out player was guard Chris Kauffman; other stalwarts included Bruce Foerster at guard, Jerry Darlington and "Zorro" Dorwart at forwards, and Bill Mervine at center.



The Haverford Rain Dance is staged by "Zorro" Dorwart and "Chief" Mervine (9), ringed by worshipful Swarthmore disciples.



J.V. star Chris Kauffman goes up, around, under, and behind his Garnet opponents for two points.

Center Tom Del Bello hands off to a hard-running Swarthmore back for an off-tackle gain.

J.V. BASKETBALL SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
65 Ogontz	67
62 P.M.C. Frosh	77
56 Ursinus	58
58 Drexel Frosh	76
81 Ursinus	82
66 Swarthmore	69
56 Drexel Frosh	77
93 P.M.C. Frosh	87
75 Swarthmore	67





The boys at Vic Tanney's: *first row*, W. Shermer, J. Winterer, R. Parker, M. Spring, S. Jones; *second row*, H. Schambelan, N. Schwentker, G. Barnett, R. Fasoldt, J. Franklin, J. Stone; *third row*, O. Goodman (*mgr.*), J. Heuss (*mgr.*), G. Harter, Jr., S. Bobrovnikoff, J. Meyer, M. Aronoff, Dave Sedwick, T. Kessinger, R. Morsch (*trainer*); *not present*, G. Harter, Sr., *coach*, photographer.

WRESTLERS GRAPPLE WITH INEXPERIENCE

With but two returning lettermen, wrestling coach "Doc" Harter was only able to shape his inexperienced matmen into a weak 1-5-1 record. But what was lost in points was gained in needed experience; the '61 squad, losing only one varsity grappler, has rights to a more optimistic seasonal outlook.

Practice began with the usual weight problems, and Christmas dinners were postponed until after the disappointing Swarthmore defeat on February 27. The squad, captained by John Stone, '60, reversed pre-match predictions and halted Albright, 18-13, in the Ford's first match of the season. But hopes for a winning season were quickly smothered by Ursinus, Delaware, Moravian, and Drexel, who downed the Varsity in its next four matches. Haver-

Freshman Mike Spring plans ahead for dinner by getting a chicken wing on his Rhode Island Red-belly.

ford finally pulled itself together and rebounded into praiseworthy condition, tying P.M.C., 16-16 on February 20.

Freshmen Mike Spring and Bill Shermer concluded the season with 6-1 and 5-1-1 records, respectively. A strong varsity nucleus of freshmen including Steve Bobrovnikoff and Ned Schwentker, and five other Frosh who gained J.V. experience, are signs of the young but enthusiastic team with which Coach Harter will be able to work for the next three years.

On December 16, Haverford travelled to Albright, where, though in bad condition, they ended up on top. (Psychologically the Fords were ahead before the match by the results of their pre-tourney Christmas carolling in the locker room.)

Ursinus came to Haverford on January 9 and halted the grapplers, 19-15. Spring, Schambelan, and Schwentker all registered five point pins and left the Haverfordians only one point behind with the final match yet to be wrestled. But Tom Kessinger, '63, having just joined the team, lost the unlimited class match from lack of experience.

No spirit could have put the Hartermen on the winner's column against Delaware and Moravian; the two opponents, especially the latter, had enough experience and "big-time" attitude



Gary Olsen applies a Castro hold which he learned during his recent trip to Cuba.



to put them in a class into which the '60 Haverford Squad had no right to enter competitively. Spring scored the only points, on a decision, in the Delaware match; Shermer's tie counted for the Ford's only two points at Moravian.

A big crowd turned out to witness the season's most exciting match, that against P.M.C., which ended in a tie. Bo Schambelan wrestled a very well-thought-out, driving nine minutes in the 157 lb. class to put the Fords ahead by five. Schwentker and Sedwick split decisions, to leave the outcome upon the shoulders of Ace Waddell, a relatively new man on the Varsity, placed against an experienced wrestler. Waddell's offensive was inspiring, but P.M.C.'s heavy (and we mean heavy) weight put finishing touches on the tie by a pin in the third period.

WRESTLING SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
18	Albright	13
15	Ursinus	19
3	Delaware	23
2	Moravian	29
9	Drexel	19
16	P.M.C.	16
8	Swarthmore	23

FENCERS: FOILED HOPES-BUT GOOD YEAR

Although failing to live up to early season promise, Haverford's fencing team garnered one of its best records in recent years and won third place in the Middle Atlantics, held this year in Haverford's Field House.

After dropping the season's opener to Princeton, 21-6, the Fords eked out two 14-13

wins over mediocre (Rutgers) Newark and Muhlenberg. Second saberman Al Paskow was undefeated in six matches with these two teams.

The Fords then journeyed to Lehigh, where they suffered a highly questionable 14-13 loss. Linn Allen, Brownly Speer, and Dick Penn

Unidentified Ford (right) exhibits fine form learned from Zorro in many a strenuous evening in the Union Lounge.





The eight musketeers, D'Artagan, and Geoff Lawn minus Speer: *First row.* A. Paskow, F. Stokes, D. Baker, R. Parker, H. McClean; *second row.* G. Lawn manager, R. Penn, L. Allen, T. Mechling, H. Gordon coach.

took eight of nine electrically-judged epee matches, but the human factor swung enough points in foil and saber to give Lehigh a "victory": "Lehigh's fencers never lose at home."

The following week, however, the Fords hit their season peak as they downed a highly-regarded Rutgers (New Brunswick) squad by a decisive 16-11 score. Again, the epee squad led the team to victory as Allen, Speer and Penn swept eight of nine matches. Paskow and Frank Stokes took two apiece in saber to pad the victory margin. The contest marked Haverford's first victory over Rutgers in more than a decade.

This victory was followed by a 20-7 pummeling of a weak Temple squad, but the Fords

quickly ran out of gas, dropping their final three matches to powerful Stevens, Drew and Johns Hopkins, by scores of 16-11, 15-12, and 16-11. Only Paskow continued to shine for the Fords; the star saberman ended the season with a brilliant 18-9 record. Other season's winning records were maintained by first epee-man Allen (17-10), second epee-man Speer (15-11), and first foilsman Baker (14-13).

With only Speer lost to the team through graduation, and with J.V. standouts Charlie Bernheimer and Gyula Kovacsics waiting for their crack at the varsity, the 1961 bladesmen could well prove to be a team of championship calibre.

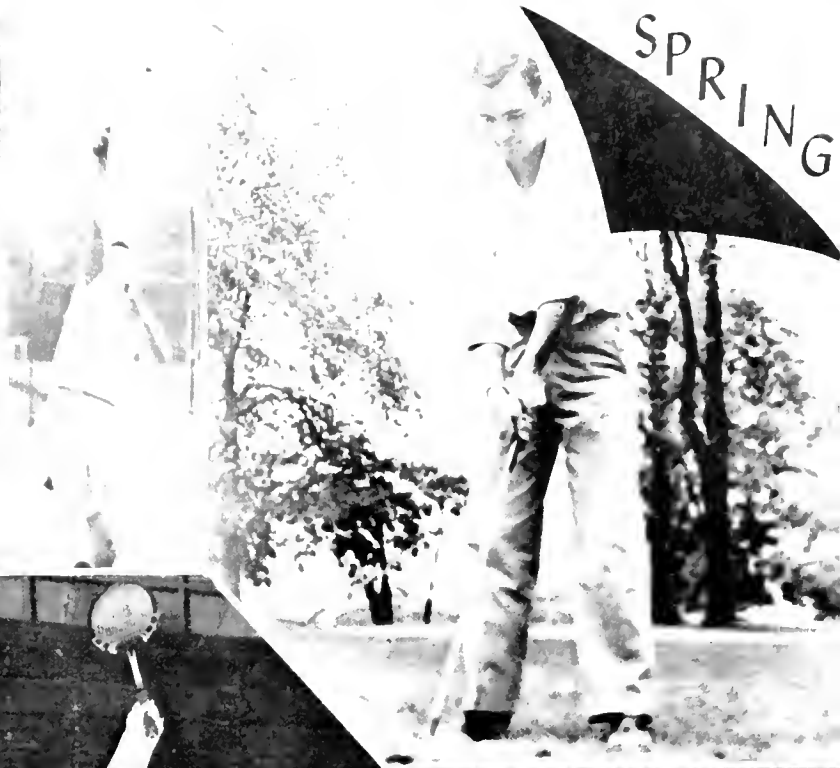
An unidentified Ford fencer (take your pick) lunges low and hard and awkward, as Ichabod Crane referees.



FENCING SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>	<i>Opp.</i>
6 Princeton	21
14 Rutgers (Newark)	13
14 Muhlenberg	13
13 Lehigh	14
16 Rutgers (New Brunswick)	11
20 Temple	7
11 Stevens	16
12 Drew	15
11 Johns Hopkins	16
M.A.F.A.	Third Place

SPRING



Coach Norm Bramall looks natty for the camera.

TENNIS SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
8	Temple	1
2	Brown	7
9	Moravian	0
5	Rutgers	4
3	Johns Hopkins	6
9	La Salle	0
9	Ursinus	0
	Pennsylvania (rain)	
1	Swarthmore	8
5	Lafayette	4
0	Lehigh	9
	Bucknell (rain)	
4	Franklin and Marshall	5



TENNIS: WAIT 'TIL NEXT YEAR

The 1959 tennis captain, Bill Fullard, led his team to an 8-5-1 record with impressive wins over Franklin and Marshall, Ursinus, and Lafayette. The most recent model turned in a little better than .500 season despite the fact that only two men from last year's team returned. The 1960 team recorded a 6-5 season without a senior on the team.

Captain Bob Kelly and sophomore Bill Parker were the only veterans in the line-up for the netsters; the remainder of the team was composed of freshmen and two students who had returned after leaves of absence. Behind

Freshman Jeff Stanley maintains a delicate balance as he strokes a back hand.



Kelly and Parker were returnees Andy Miller and John Howe and freshmen Spenser Quill and Jeff Franklin. In this "building for the future" year all of the men gained valuable experience.

In the season's opener the Fords gained an easy victory over Temple, 8-1. Two days later the team lost to a powerful Brown team while the latter was touring the East. Number two man Parker salvaged the only point for the home team. After this setback the team added four more victories while they lost only one match. One of these wins was a very close match at Rutgers which was decided in the final set of the second doubles match, Howe and Parker finding themselves after dropping the second set.

The Garnet of Swarthmore were the next foes. The team went into the match with high hopes of emerging victorious, but they fared no better than any of the other Ford spring teams against the Red Bellies. Swarthmore trounced the younger team despite Kelly's easy victory over the Garnet number one man, 6-2, 6-1.

On the following Wednesday the Scarlet and Black travelled to Easton to bring home a victory in one of the most exciting matches of the season. The score after the completion

Bill Parker watches in shocked surprise as John Howe's smash disappears over the observatory on the fly.



Captain Kelly: "I dreamed I captained the Haverford tennis team in my maidenform bra."

of the singles match was 2-1. However, the Fords turned the tables and took all three doubles matches to eke out the win, 5-1.

The netmen ended the season on a sorry note, losing their last two matches after the 5-1 upset of Lafayette. Lehigh handed the team their only shut-out while Franklin and Marshall edged the Fords, 5-1. Kelly was able to win only two games from Lehigh's ace, Lowell Lattshaw.

Although the season was not as successful as

others in recent years, the entire team will be returning next spring. A quote from this year's number-one singles man should indicate the optimism for next year: "In regard to next year's prospects, the picture looks exceptionally bright. Not only is the whole team returning, but several of this year's losses are expected to be turned into victories. In fact, there is an excellent chance that our team will be able to beat Swarthmore for the first time in several years and possibly capture the Middle Atlantic."

In the sun, a soft racket: *first row*, R. Penn, R. Kelly, E. Quill; *second row*, J. Elkins, A. Miller, J. Howe, W. Parker, N. Bramall (*coach*).



CRICKETEERS "HOLD" AUSSIES TO 108

Have you ever seen the following description of Haverford College, listed under the land marks of the "Gulf" Philadelphia Tour Guide Map?

Haverford College, Haverford, Pa., U.S. 30 Men's college established by the members of the Society of Friends in 1833 "Still retains cricket on roster of sports."

Although some may suspect that Haverford consists of something more than a cricket team, cricket has been played at Haverford for over a century and has been known and identified as a significant part of the college.

During the spring of 1960, the 114th Haverford cricket eleven hosted its opponents on Cope Field. A season highlight took place on May 20, 1960 when Haverford played host to the touring Australian "Old Collegian XI" and its local opponents, the General Electric Cricket Club, when we saw the best display of form provided in many years on Haverford's crease.

Returning as coach, Howard Comfort, '24, an excellent bowler and able batsman, was a

great asset to the team because of his wealth of knowledge and experience.

Returning lettermen Fred Schulze, Pete Howard, Brownny Speer, Owen deRis, Al Tillis, Don Snider and George Tai formed the nucleus of the squad. The team was supported by newcomers Don Adams, Pete Lane, Hugh Knox, Dave Sedwick, Ray deRis and George Smith.

Defensively, Captain Fred Schulze, winner of the 1958 "Improvement Bat" and the 1959 "Cope Prize Bat"; Pete Howard, winner of the 1959 "Alumni Prize Bat"; Don Snider, and Pete Lane were the team's high hopes for the scoring column.

On the attack, veteran Brownny Speer was the wicket-keeper. Owen deRis, winner of the "Haines Fielding Belt" and Don Snider, winner of the "Class of '85 Fielding Belt" contributed greatly. Bowling for the 'Fords' were Schulze, the taker of the most wickets (18) last year, and who had a bowling average of 10.8

Cricketeers demonstrate the only known use of the Cricket Pavilion. *First row*, D. Adams, F. Schulze, O. deRis; *second row*, D. Hogenauer, G. Smith, P. Lane, H. Knox, R. deRis, A. Tillis; *third row*, G. Tai, P. Howard, H. Comfort (coach), B. Speer, J. MacBride.





Pete Howard shows how its done. The question is, does the dance mean he hit the ball?

runs per wicket; Howard, who took 11 wickets last year; and Don Snider, Owen deRis, and Pete Lane.

Schulze was the strong contender for the "Condon Prize Ball," awarded each year to the cricketer with the best bowling average. This award was given in 1959 to Don Scarborough, '59, last year's captain, who had a bowling average of 7.7 runs per wicket.

As usual, this was a rough season. When asked by George Smith to comment on Haverford's chances for the season, Dr. Comfort gave his traditional pre-season response: "The prospects of a successful season are unusually bright." He hastened to add, however, that in the cricket team's case, "successful" and "unusually" are relative terms.

Although the cricket team was able to salvage only two wins this season the varsity eleven was particularly strong in bowling and fielding. Schulze turned in a stellar bowling record, holding the Australian All-Stars to a mere 108 runs. Speer turned up particularly strong in the field, ending his wicket-keeping career with a flourish against the Aussies.

CRICKET SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
22	Antilles C.C.	30
67	General Electric C.C.	70
68	Howard U C.C.	107
73	Philadelphia Textile	85
24	Princeton U C.C.	99
72	Alumni	59
37	Ursinus	27
60	Harvard	86
39	Australian All-Stars	108
37	Fairmount C.C.	45



Don Adams does cricket's version of the goose step: "Heil Howard!"



The "Tars" discuss whether sweaters, shirts, or ties are the proper sailing dress: D. J. Baker, P. Lundt, L. Stevenson, N. Schwenker, B. Stavis, T. Sharpless.

TARS, DUFFERS WEND ERRATIC COURSES

Led by Sophomore Commodore Pete Lundt, the sailing team has scored several real and many moral victories this year. Finding the team extremely lacking in interested upper-class talent last fall, Lundt and Vice-Commodore Allan Rogerson were forced to follow last year's precedent by taking on experienced freshmen. These men — Tom Richardson, Ned Schwenker, Ben Stavis, and Jay Schamberg, in addition to sophomores Lundt, Rogerson and Allendoerfer — made up the entire team for the fall season. The spring squad was further augmented by the addition of ten freshmen and upperclassmen.

Contrary to student opinion, the sailing team is not made up merely of a motley group of ne'er-do-wells anxious to dodge their athletic requirements. Sailing requires the utmost in stamina and teamwork, particularly in cases where, because of incompetence on the part of

the crew, the boat capsizes in 40-degree water, and the "skipper" suddenly reveals that he never learned how to swim.

This unsung, unknown and sometimes untrained team scored a first place against Penn. Swarthmore, Lehigh, Drexel and St. Josephs in its only home meet of the fall season. In the Middle Atlantic Eliminations at Princeton, Tom Richardson, skippering in the B division, averaged second place for the meet, assuring the Ford "Tars" an invitation to the Middle Atlantic Finals at Navy. At Navy the team did not fare quite so well, ending up 11th out of 12 competing schools.

At press time, the team has sailed only two of its spring meets, capturing a first and a third. Although they do not expect to win the Middle Atlantic Championship this year, the team does expect a reasonably successful season.

Staunch Haverford sailors push their boat out of the Field House to take advantage of the Philadelphia monsoon.

SAILING SUMMARY

3rd	Hexagonal
1st	Pentagonal
8th	Monotype Eliminations B
1st	Pentagonal





Captain Steve Shapiro drives downwind toward the infirmary — or was it the dean's house?

GOLF SUMMARY

<i>Har.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
6 $\frac{1}{2}$	St. Joseph's	11 $\frac{1}{2}$
10	West Chester	8
8	Temple	10
5	Moravian	13
	Delaware (cancelled)	
1	Lehigh	14
10	La Salle	9
3	Swarthmore	15
4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Franklin and Marshall	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
4 $\frac{1}{2}$	Lafayette	13 $\frac{1}{2}$
7 $\frac{1}{2}$	Drexel	10 $\frac{1}{2}$
5 $\frac{1}{2}$	Delaware	12 $\frac{1}{2}$

It appears as if the '60 country club set is facing a crisis: The athletic department was unable to recruit the usual number of par-busters to supplement the previous year's fallout, due to the lack of funds.

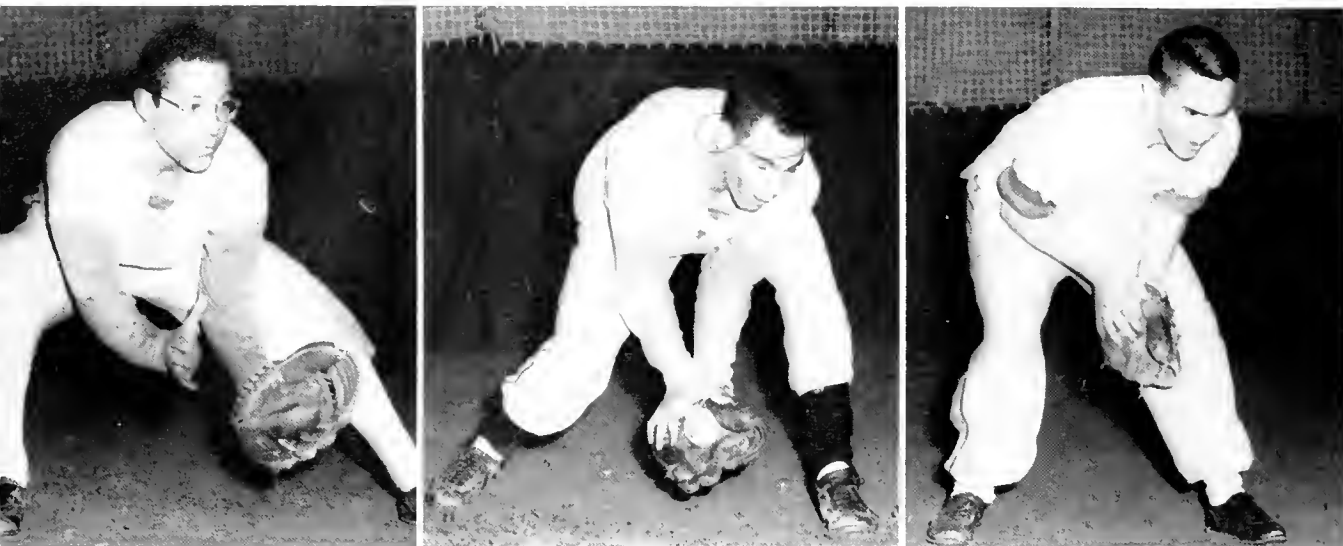
However, at the first meeting at the 19th hole earlier this year, a good number of newcomers showed up along with veterans 'Slamming' Steve Shapiro, Jere 'Hogan' Smith, and Matt 'Palmer' Stanley. At this meeting many important topics were discussed, such as the advantages and disadvantages of plastic as opposed to wooden tees and the moral implications of the 'under-played' golf course. Plans were discussed for converting the gym into a new clubhouse. Also at this meeting the members of the squad were introduced to Mr. Frank Jones, the new coach. Bill Docherty, Chairman of the PDA (Professional Duffers Association), was unable to coach the team this year due to the fact that he lost all of his practice balls.

The men in the alligator shirts had little chance to get out on the Merion links prior to spring vacation because of the cold weather, but some of the shorter hitters were able to practice in the roomy field house.

All-in-all, the team obviously had a hard time equalling last year's 7-2 record, but social intercourse, as always, was at a maximum.

Members of the P.D.A.: *first row*, M. Thompson, W. Houston, M. Stanley, F. Sanford; *second row*, F. Jones (coach), S. Shapiro, A. Johnson, R. Cole, R. Parker.





From second to short to shorter: captain Harris David, Marc Briod, and Bill Freilich demonstrate the 1-2-3 of infielding.

HAVERFORD NINE-MINUS-NINE: N.C.

"You could say that it was a combination of poor hitting, pitching, and fielding," allowed one depressed team member, consulting with the RECORD on Haverford's baseball season. It could have been worse, of course. If Coach Docherty had not called off two games, the final season record might well have been ten losses out of twelve games, instead of the more presentable eight losses out of ten honest attempts. The LaSalle campus newspaper doubted the excuse of "wet grounds" when it heard that Haverford's second cancellation had been effected; but at Haverford no one would doubt the decision's double wisdom.

In one game against St. Joseph's alone, the Fords managed to commit eleven errors. If

Tom Burton grimaces and Kent Smith sets himself, but what happened to the ball?



this were not enough of a feat in itself, they made certain the grand significance of their deed by allowing seven runs in the disastrous ninth inning on three consecutive wild throws to the plate. That all this was intentional became obvious when, in the season's last game, errorless captain Harris David was moved out of his regular position so that his record, too, might be blotted. Nothing personal, of course, but one has to make sure that a team remains a team.

But this is not to say that there were not bright spots. Tom Del Bello pitched the fords to their first victory over Drexel since the Class of '60's freshman year. And in the outing against Rutgers (South Jersey), the Haverford crew beat a team with an otherwise fine record, played better than its past in almost every way, and saw the rise of what seems to be the hope of better things to come. That hope is in a talented freshman class, and in this case, a speedy pitcher, Bruce Foerster. Despite the opinion of a much-wounded Moravian nine, his wildness is not purposeful. In the Rutgers game it helped a bit, when a pitch slowed the opponent's ace hurler. But the positive side of Foerster's talents shone brilliantly, joining with the consistent efforts of his stick-ball teammates to bring to Haverford her second victory of the year, and her documentation for the

Tom Del Bello believes in chewing tobacco (both sides) — his only vice.

assertion that "we could have done it" in other games.

The team's .189 batting average was boosted by Pierce Pelouze's .286, the high for the season. Captain David led the Fords in extra base hits and runs-batted-in, three and six respectively; he also led the base runners, with five stolen bases. Foerster won one game, losing three; Del Bello took five defeats to go with his single victory. Their combined earned run average, 5.29, which was almost identical for the two chief pitchers, was compared to a 1.61 average for the Fords' opponents. The Haverford baseball team lost only three members from the aggregate of a year before, but these included their top pitcher; and a number of the nine's outstanding returnees hit slumps for the 1960 season. This year they lose David, the only senior on the team. Captain-elect Marc Briod has already ushered in the perennial Haverford cry of "better things to come" for the 1961 season. Sources have revealed that he is planning to introduce a new austerity training program in an effort to overcome the ever-present spring academic pressure and the poorly attended practices that result from it.



BASEBALL SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
0	St. Joseph's	10
1	Temple	14
6	Drexel	3
3	Ursinus	10
6	P. M. C.	9
0	Swarthmore	8
12	Rutgers — S. J.	3
5	Ursinus	10
2	St. Joseph's	11
0	Moravian	13

New hats, new coach, new team (?): *First row* K. Smith, R. Ortman, H. David, M. Briod, W. Freilich, E. Hoffman, T. Burton, W. Docherty (*coach*); *second row*, Foerster, G. Darlington, R. Nolte, T. Del Bello, W. Mervine, R. Gillmor, P. Mears, D. Porteous, H. Vaux (*manager*).





Captain-elect Jernquist tries to rush matters. *First row*, C. Bernheimer, H. Bibber, P. Jernquist, M. Goggin, E. Hartman, F. Swan, G. Houston; *second row*, R. Westberg, H. Hetzel, J. Bower, M. Strickler, G. Harter, C. Conn, P. Eddy; *third row*, W. Breuninger (coach), S. Levitt, J. Gould, W. Learned, R. Lockey, J. Hurford, P. Dorwart, W. Muller, W. Kelley, F. Pollard, M. Randall (asst. coach).

CINDERMEN ESTABLISH THREE RECORDS

TRACK SUMMARY

<i>Hav.</i>		<i>Opp.</i>
76	Albright	55
	Washington	30
68	Lehigh	57
76	Ursinus	50
74	P.M.C.	52
1st	Penn Relays — "Pop" Haddleton Memorial Mile Relay	
47	Franklin and Marshall	79
50	Swarthmore	76

The 1960 season for the cindermen ended in a tailspin after they soared to a pre-season victory over Bridgewater followed by four straight wins and a record-breaking first place in the mile relay at the Penn Relays. In addition to the fourteen lettermen who returned from the 1959 squad, which compiled a 4-3 winning season, Bill Breuninger's cindermen were padded by several promising freshmen to give them added power in the running and jumping events.

Leading the list of returnees was captain Mac Goggin, who led his 1959 team to victories over Franklin and Marshall, Ursinus, P.M.C. and Washington, and sparked the relay team to first place honors in the "Pop" Haddleton Memorial Mile Relay at Franklin Field. With Goggin, 1959 Middle Atlantic 100-yard dash champion, in the dashes were Henry Hetzel, who placed close behind Goggin in the MAC last year, as well as freshmen Chuck Powers and Chuck Conn. Werner Muller won all but two hurdle events this season and set

Low hurdle record-holder Werner Muller hollers, "Hurry up and take the picture!" as he hovers over a high hurdle.



the college record in the 220 lows in the sizzling time of 24.3 seconds. On the same day Goggin captured the 220 yard dash record in 21.7 seconds in a winning effort against P.M.C. Freshman Pete Dorwart and Hetzel backed up Muller in the two hurdle events.

Strength in the 440 was provided by two-time letter-winner Chris Kimmich and captain-elect Pete Jernquist as well as freshmen Frank Pollard and Conn. Underclassmen dominated the longer distances, an area which should be particularly powerful for the cindersmen next year. Will Oelkers and Gerry Harter ran consistently stronger as the season progressed; these men stepped into the spikes of last year's half-milers. Jon Collett and Dave Morgan, who found the jog over to Bryn Mawr more rewarding than two laps around the track.

Ed Hartmen and Matt Strickler ran into some tough competition this season in the mile and two-mile respectively. Both of these runners turned in good times and added the strength needed for the Fords to dominate the running scene in all but the Swarthmore and Franklin-and-Marshall meets.

Perhaps the highlight in the running was the record relay time of 3:28.7 which Goggin, Powers, Kimmich, and Jernquist set at Penn.

Captain Mac Goggin is halved by the tape as he sets a new college mark in the 220 to the tune of 21.7 seconds.



Chris Kauffman flies through the air with the greatest of unease.

It's a long way down. Fred. and the elevator isn't working.



Veterans Lew Smith, John Gould, and Fred Swan represented the Ford strength in the jumping events this season. Smith was supported by freshman Chris Kauffman in the high jump while the versatile freshman backed up Gould in the broad jump as well. Another member of the Class of '63, Gordon Barnett, developed consistently in the pole vault. Swan was a consistent point-getter in this event, clearing eleven feet in the win over Lehigh. Smith and Kauffman both cleared six feet in the high jump, while the latter along with Gould leaped over twenty-one feet in the broad jump.



Captain-elect Pete Jernquist prefers a pre-season warmer-upper to a pre-season warm up.



Neatly clad in his "sweats", Lew Smith shows us how to go over the high jump bar backwards.



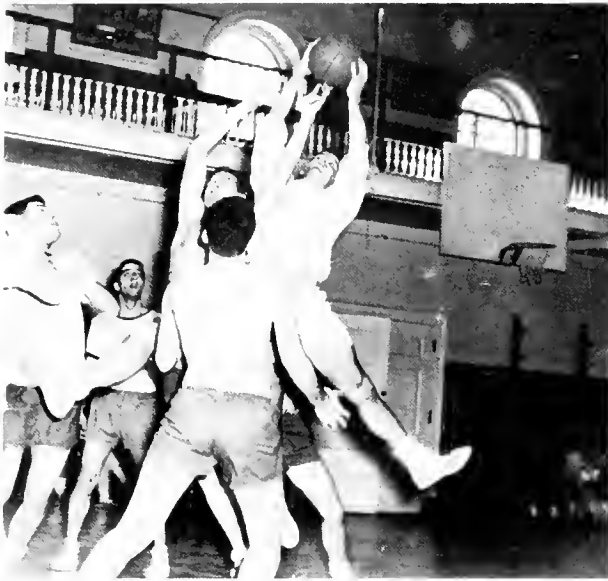
The field events were not the Ford's *forte* this spring. Nevertheless, Dick Lockey and Fred Swan represented the Scarlet and Black well in the discus and javelin. Two freshmen, Pete Eddy and Stu Levitt, added the needed depth in the discus and javelin respectively. Swan was perhaps the most consistent placer in throwing the spear. John Bower improved during the year in the shot and should be a threat next year. The services of seniors Wally Murray and John Hurford were sorely missed in this event this season. Another frosh, Bill Kelley worked hard in the shot put, improving his distance throughout the season.

It seems quite obvious that Dick Lockey has not studied the form of Myron's *Discus Thrower*.

INTRAMURALS & SPORTS INST'N.



INTRAMURALS: FUN



Stellar Junior intramural b-baller Pierce Pelouze calmly hips a rebound from a freshman, as yet unacquainted with the Darwinian ways of Haverford intramurals.

BASKETBALL SUMMARY

	W	L		W	L
Junior A	13	2	Junior B	7	7
Frosh B	12	3	Frosh A	6	8
Soph A	9	5	Junior C	2	12
Seniors	7	7	Soph B	1	13



International relations student (Coulson Conn) and teacher (Gerry Freund) meet for the second



Brobyn back to pass, Behling in the clear: an old story to hapless Class of '61 rivals.

TENNIS SUMMARY

	W	L
Junior I and Freshman I	15	3
Junior II	10	8
Sophomores	8	10
Junior III	7	11
Seniors	5	13
Freshman II	3	15

To round out the actively competitive Haverford sports program, we have intramurals — football and soccer in the fall, basketball and volleyball in the winter, and softball and tennis in the spring. A lot of things about the intramural program are unclear in students' minds, but still they pour forth, two or three times a week, to break collarbones, beat the J.V. soccer team, or hit a few into the net.

One of the un-clearest things about intramurals is whom they are aimed at. Some think that they are varsity sports at the grass-roots level; others, that they are designed to provide "wholesome competitive recreation" for the man who cannot make a varsity squad; and there are those who think that there is no purpose whatsoever in intramural sports. Resolution of the debate: a little of each.

Another unclear thing about most of the intramural sports is the rules: no one knows what's in play and what's not, least of all the "supervisor." The obvious lesson in this mess should be directed to the Curriculum Committee: we sorely need a course in elemental human relations.

WITHOUT RANDALL



time on a Tuesday: "Power, gentleman!", a lesson practiced as well as preached.

SOFTBALL SUMMARY

	W	L
Seniors	11	0
Junior A	8	3
Freshmen	6	5
Junior B	3	8
Sophomore B	3	8
Sophomore A	2	9

There are, of course, certain definite objectives which do emerge from the intramural program. One is that the class which "does the best" wins some sort of award as the most intramural class. Another, more important, objective is that (at times tremendous) fervour is worked up over the contests which arise out of such a program. In this there is perhaps another lesson: empty stands on Saturday may well reflect athletic interests super-satiated during the week.

FOOTBALL SUMMARY

	W	L	T		W	L	T
Junior A	14	0	0	Frosh A	5	7	2
Seniors	8	5	1	Junior B	3	9	2
Frosh B	6	6	2	Soph	2	11	1

SOCCER SUMMARY

	W	L	T		W	L	T
Frosh A	7	2	3	Frosh B	4	7	1
Junior B	7	3	2	Junior A	2	6	4
Seniors	7	3	2	Soph B	2	7	3
Soph A	4	5	3				



A skeleton crew of seniors take on some ex-classmates in a game of free-for-all-with-football: Pelouze is staggered by a left hook.

VOLLEYBALL SUMMARY

	W	L		W	L
Seniors	16	0	Junior A	7	9
Soph A	12	4	Soph B	5	11
Junior C	10	6	Frosh B	5	11
Junior B	9	7	Frosh A	0	16

Two small but extremely interesting facets of the winter life at Haverford were the Arts and Services Program and the extension-school program of Vic Tamney, International, as run by Mr. Prudente. The choice which the Haverford student made in enrolling in one of these programs and foregoing the other was very revealing, demonstrating whether the student's interests were creatively directed in a predominantly external or predominantly internal manner. To those chiefly interested in the age-old psychological ploy of self-flagellation and resultant self-aggrandizement, the College's own simulation of Charles Atlas offered a series of exercises designed to challenge even the most athletically ambitious masochist. The most startling innovation of Mr. Prudente's program was his clever attack on Haverfordian flab by means of temperature control in the gym swimming-wrestling room. Boys became men by degree, as Ernie turned on the heat. Mr. Jan-



Visiting professor of physical education Argentina Rocca (back to camera) cries uncle as John Bower clamps on an airplane spin during their daily workout.

STRONG MEN AND SCULPTURE DOMI- NATE WINTERTIME

schka, on the other hand, allowed the building instincts to be manifested in a far more outward fashion, in sculpture and in painting. The student was urged to demonstrate his faith in icons and to create a world peopled in clay and vitalized in oil. And so, by pursuing our visions as "makers," the winter passed.



Junior Dan Pierson carefully sculpts a likeness of his tiny girlfriend (from memory, of course).



YEAR-IN-REVIEW

YEAR-IN-REVIEW: FACULTY VIEW

by
John Ashmead, Jr.

At Haverford the year celebrates itself in a curious way. For farmer and naturalist the year springs to life, as long ago for Chaucer, in showers of April. Or the city's new cliff and cave men crowd themselves into Times' own square, and blow in the New Year on their kazoos, precisely at winter's midnight.

But for student and teacher at Haverford, the year matriculates in fall, leaves turn golden, and scarlet-capped freshmen stagger the lawns with their loads of upperclass furniture.

So once again, for nine months, we have been calendared by course work, we have marched to the administering murmurs of the mimeograph. And now, while the world wiggles its toes between spring



"And den out da t'rd floor winda come dis *big rock* . . ."

The search for truth (and "contact lenses") at Haverford never ends. The gentleman at right seems to have made a discovery.



A Bryn Mawr special agent — travelling incognito as the pied piper of Swarthmore — tries to find a lead on the missing '61 May pole.

and summer, the College calls on us for commencement.

This year — the brightest freshmen brought the prettiest girls to class. This year — the dullest upperclassmen toasted two college houses on their hotplates. This year — the jet planes stopped using the Pituitary Palace as a landing marker. This year — the Library made more inter-library loans and the students made more tuition loans. This year — we debated how to have larger smaller classes and a larger smaller Haverford.

This year an old man, neither retired groundsman nor Greek professor, cut fallen wood behind my house. "I have no garden of my own," he explained. "Haverford is my garden."

Philips Visitor (statesman) Mao-Tse Tung, himself a camera bug while at the Lenin Institute, has only a hostile stare for photographer Lipton.





The mid-semester "break."

Sir Charles and Lady Pamela Snow smile for the millionth time for tenacious RECORD photographer Charlie Lipton. Reason: that *good* post-Collection lunch.



YEAR-IN-REVIEW: STUDENT VIEW
by
David Morgan, '60

From the beginning of the year the atmosphere of the campus has been noticeably different from that of the last two years. Tentatively, and then with growing certainty, people have been saying that times of peace and high morale have come, and that some sort of crisis in the student body has passed. At the same time, it is apparent that a crisis has arisen in different quarters, of a different sort, hav-

The Freshman Glee Club sings for its lunch on Parents' Day.



"No tickie, no shirtee" — Freshman Tony Walton avoids Marshall Meyers by doing it himself.

ing to do with the ideals, the direction, and the nature of the College. To make a prognosis which is part guess and part wish, perhaps the new feeling of confidence will have the effect of freeing more students to realize that, even at so good and so demanding a school as Haverford, life in the regular academic and extra-curricular channels, and in bull-sessions and pranks, is seriously incomplete. With a little determination, perhaps something will come of this spring's stirrings of awareness that there are bad conditions hundreds of miles away or even on the Main Line itself which require our action and our time. Perhaps enough students will wake up enough to give the undergraduate body some sort of a personality besides intelligence and narrow self-concern; perhaps they will even exercise a voice in setting the future of the College. There are intimations this spring that in such ways the coming Haverford student bodies may rise where we have sat.

COLLECTION: MEETING WITHOUT THE SILENCE



Status-shedder Vance Paekard tries to persuade a sales-resistant Vice-President Archibald MacIntosh to move up to the new Plymouth station wagon which Paekard wants to sell.



Collection Speaker Schulze, '60: "I guess I'd better not tell what happened to me in Stalingrad."



Of the two College gatherings which are held during an average school week, Collection and Meeting, the former seems to have a greater ingredient of suspense for the Haverford student. Fewer magazines are read and there is more participation from the floor. Although the name Collection would seem to indicate something along the lines of a weekly tithing ceremony, the only offerings which are made are those by students who have demoniacally awaited their chance to deliver verbal bombshells in the face of the week's speaker. Every Tuesday morning, three alien elements intrude into the vision of the Haverford student — Main Line affluence, organ music, and the visitor from the World Beyond. The wealth which is lined up in front of Robert's gives one a chance to refresh one's knowledge of the latest car models and to exacerbate one's socialistic hostilities. The organ music teaches us that an act of patience can be made tolerable if the irritation is disguised in solemnity. And the visitor himself usually reminds us that light from an outer, rather than an inner, source can be both bright and far-reaching — such is an example of Friendly perversion at Haverford.

Dr. Bergen Evans — that's E-V-A-N-S — ponders his forthcoming editorial treatment in the *Haverford News*, as Keith Bradley and Lee Yearley try to cheer him up.

The best part of Meeting is the walk back. Everyone is there, or else, for our second weekly act of togetherness: Haverford College is out for a stroll. It's all downhill so feet are followed to Union as minds wander in their own paths. An outsider hurrying beneath the bridge must be startled by the meditating figures which pass above him.

We cross over to campus with a feeling of accomplishment from the varied pursuits of the past hour. *Time* has been read by dusky Inner Light, the ducks have made another successful moral flight, and most of the freshmen have at last tried to find some meaning in Meeting. Around us, life contrasts with musty benches and sometimes mustier admonitions coming from our peers and from our elders.

In winter there are snowballs to throw forward and to duck from behind — the wind blows right down the path and it's *good* to feel the cold. In the fall, there are crisp leaves to scuff and crunch. In addition, those "seedlings from the Orient" rain their perfumed fruit upon the walk below, lending a distinctive redolence and a treacherous footing to the return stroll. Spring brings out that blonde over on the playground whose unconcern is calculated to win a young man's fancy.



Elder Macort leads a band of higher-church hangers-on in a protest march against compulsory Fifth Day Meeting.

MEETING: TOGETHER MINUS SPEAKER

Attendance-taker Pete Fox tries to ignore an unidentified tramp, one of many such trash who try repeatedly to sully the sanctity of Fifth Day Meeting.



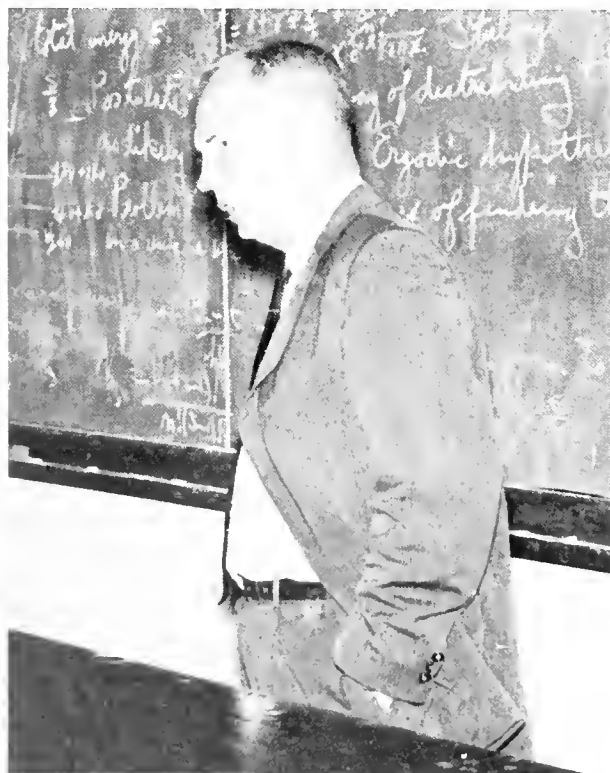
No one can come out of Meeting without having done some thinking and even if no conclusions have been reached, much of "Thursday's purpose" has been achieved. Unless there's an hourly at twelve, the academic mind has broken away from its haunts of the six other days. Into the haunt of Meeting it has stepped, wavering unsteadily between opposites, as it attempts to Steere a path which verges neither too far into the woods of a presumptive and prolific piety nor too far into the wilderness of an unyielding and silent rejection. And, after once again trying to fashion this weekly mental feat of conciliation, it returns by way of berries, snow, leaves, and the change of seasons to the familiarities which, although full of difficulties and hard work, do not present the challenge to the whole being which we sense while in Meeting.

LIFE CYCLE OF A



Dr. Henry Eyring, Chemistry Philips Visitor, remains calm under interrogation by an unidentified Philadelphia Airport detective.

The pictures around these pages show some of the "hurry up" variety which is a part of the Philips Visitor's brief and hectic Haverford life cycle. Scientist or statesman, he is expected to be just about everywhere almost all the time. Augmenting the faculty's daily efforts to stimulate a thought or two, these men of achievement bring a fresh approach which provides the spice of Haverford intellectual fare. Some speak in Collection, most give evening lectures in Roberts, thus reaching out to the entire college community, willing or not. It is to our credit that many *are* willing to broaden their insular views by personal contact and general conference. In one long round of guest appearances the Visitor's intellect is challenged in the Coop, in classes, at dinners, in labs, and points in between. The small college fulfills its aims with the free exchange of ideas in the close contact between students and these Visitors, men of big-university caliber in their fields of learning. Strangely enough, this intense exposure works on the Visitors, too. Many leave knowing more students at Haverford than on their own campuses.



In class lecture. Dr. Eyring carries on valiantly, trying to ignore the fact that his hand is caught in his pocket.

Visitor Eyring keeps an irate Dr. Walter at bay with one hand behind his back as pre-med Coulson Conn times the rounds.



PHILIPS VISITOR



Faculty members trade old formulas with Dr. Eyring as Fidel Castro listens for secret information.

Dr. Eyring longingly clutches his return-trip ticket as yet another question-and-answer session begins, in a Leeds suite.



By their presence in our intellectual sphere even for such brief periods, the Visitors inspire the Haverford citizen to pull himself away from his books. This valuable lesson is there to learn, that knowledge is first the product of men's active minds and only second a hard-bound resident of the stacks. The Philips Visitor Program, addition and antidote to the Haverford curriculum, is in the words of one eminent Visitor, "Jolly good".

PHILIPS VISITORS 1959-1960

Cyrus Levinthal
 Hans Neurath
 Irwin Sizer
 Elvin A. Kabat
 Albert Tyler
 James D. Ebert
 R. E. Billingham
 Tracy M. Sonneborn
 Alvin H. Hansen
 John Atkinson
 Robert Holt
 Gerhard Stuvell
 Victor F. Weisskopf
 Henry Eyring
 Carl Rogers
 Charles Kittel
 Charles P. Snow
 Melvin Cohn
 Alan Bullock
 Jack Hine
 Wilhelm Grewe
 Jacob Bronowski



Student-host Margie tries to talk chemistry, but Dr. Eyring tries to form a bond with a passing waitress at the "Black Angus".

BD. OF MGRS.: "SOCIETIES OUT, EXPANSION IN"



Dr. S. Emlen Stokes, President of the Board of Managers (*far right, standing*), reassures Faculty Representative Louis Green that the Inner Light is present (*left foreground*) as the Board prepares to consider the all-important expansion question.

Undergraduate Beta Rho Sigma and Triangle died last summer. Their passing was a quiet ceremony, attended only by close members of the fraternity family. A few unspirited secret handshakes, a triangle drawn in the air over one of the graves, and the modest epitaph, "Student Membership in Societies," published in *Haverford Horizons*, were all that were left.

The charges brought against the two societies over two years of on-and-off controversy were many. They were at one time looked upon with disdain for their un-Quakerly practices of blackballing and discrimination. They were accused of stealing active graduates away from the Alumni Association. Not only that, but several forward-looking students promised enthusiastically that unless the secret societies were abolished, the College would not get one thin dime of their money.

Collections were held to discuss the life or death of the undergraduate societies. Feeling ran high. Heated arguments in the dining room not only aired the issue but also warmed the food. But no one knew what would happen. And then the obituaries came.

Now there is only subdued speculation about Beta Rho and Triangle. Some say confidently that new undergraduate bodies of the societies will shortly be born and begin holding meetings underground in the coffins. Others contend that they were buried alive with enough nourishment handy to keep them going indefinitely. It could well be that, after the smoke has cleared and the present generation has passed from the scene, they will be reincorporated into the fabric of Haverfordia.

With the death of the "Fraternity Question" came the birth of the "Expansion Question." Expansion discussion began as rumor in the student body. "We're going to become another Hah-vahd," one student commented eagerly, and then melted into the woodwork under the heat-ray stares of his friends.

In November, rumor came to reality with the publication of the "Guide for Planning the Future Size of Haverford College." An ominously comprehensive 46-page study, the "Guide" proposed that only 75 students be added to the student body. The "Guide" was designed to answer any and all questions, ranging from "How many feet of sewer pipe should be laid here and there to handle the new load?" to "Where should the Administration be relocated to provide maximum efficiency?"

Two new dormitories, an extension of the Alumni Field House, several new science buildings, and various other plans for enlarging the college plant received (allegedly) close scrutiny from the student body. Cries of "Save our campus' aesthetic quality!" and or "Quality, not quantity!" rose from the undergraduates.



"Now there is only subdued speculation about Beta Rho and Triangle . . ." — the monthly newsletters to members no longer pass through Billy and Tom's hands.



"Expansion" may be an irrelevant issue: in a unique aerial view exclusively for the Record, our present campus is bathed in eerie white light during the first in a series of *small* nuclear tests in the salt flats behind the P. & W. tracks.

On the chance that the large portion of the student body which remained silent on the issue might approve of expansion, an independent student opinion poll was conducted to find out, for certain, how students felt. The results of the poll showed a significant trend of opinion against expansion.

The student body had spoken. Now, one can only wonder whether the "Dream Campus" advertised in *Haverford Horizons* will ever take shape. The "Horizon" is hazy, but we suspect that that shape looming through the fog is a new dormitory.

MILITARISM



vs.



PACIFISM

As these pages show, Haverford is divided into two camps: militant pacifists and apathetic militarists. One becomes a pacifist out of conviction, a militarist by not becoming a pacifist. Actually these factions are not as antagonistic as might be supposed, the scenes depicted being the only billows on an otherwise calm sea. Pacifism is rooted in Haverford's Quaker tradition, militarism in its Liberal. Both provide diversity of life, stimulating thought and discussion on otherwise boring days.



Outside forces make emphatic breaches in our ivory walls: no undergraduate membership permitted.



Inside forces make symbolic holes in the world's iron walls: the vigil at Ft. Detrick.



The pacifists rally to the call, laying siege to the Navy's Union stronghold.

A lone Nietzschean MP guards a deserted Ft. Detrick after the crushing news that the Russians had "discovered" antibodies.



STUDIES IN CO-OPERATION



Haverford feeds Bryn Mawr with fruits of subtle erudition.



Bryn Mawr feeds Haverford, introducing us to vanished standards of gracious living.



Haverford learns about the rocks midst the broads.

Bryn Mawr and Haverford have long been co-operating in all phases of college life; it is only fitting that our ventures with Little Sister should be etched in our communal memory, especially in these days when co-operation has been extended to include May Day. Both Haverford and Bryn Mawr have been cited for their studiousness of purpose, their academic atmospheres. We see here the spirit of mutual scholarship at its best, in work and in play — the sublime union of distinct minds.



The study date, an institution allowing for the free flow of ideas.



The study date expanded — and thought diffuses into sociability.

FORDS "MARSHALL"

SIT-IN SUPPORT

Anticipation of the arrival of a late spring as well as pressures from anti-apathy committees inconspicuously rooted in several entries of Lloyd and Leeds excited several Haverford students to join a newly formed national bandwagon — the picketing of chain stores which have segregated lunch counters in the South. Additional Haverfordians, moreover, realized that racial prejudice exists right in our own backyard — on the Main Line and, more specifically, on campus — and demonstrated on



Ardmore-on-the-Main-Line is treated to a (rare) U.S. student demonstration. Subject: suppression of lunch-counter sit-ins in the South.



Haverfordians Dick Parker, Dick Penn, and Mike Penzell (background) discuss strategy before departing for Woolworth's with fellow pickets.



Bryn Mawr street corners to focus public attention on racial injustices.

Since it is so difficult to assess the results of such actions, it is that much the easier for disgruntled conservatives — students, faculty, and Mainliners — to criticize them. But the fact remains that opinions have been expressed and many have had the opportunity to assert their conviction that discrimination in any form is wrong. Negro students in the South have made their attempt to secure fair treatment and some of us at Haverford have endeavored to show them that the attempt has not been in vain.

WEEKENDS: NON-WET PRESSURE VALVES

At Haverford there is pressure; this is a tautology. This pressure periodically must escape: In the early fall and late spring, controllers are drenched and Siamese dining tables appear over night. But during the cold months these avenues of escape are temporarily replaced (or so the posters say) by five 48-hour respites: weekends. There are Sophomore Weekend in October, Swarthmore Weekend in November, Freshman Weekend in February, Junior Weekend in March, and *Three-College* Weekend in April. Each contains its own



The juniors went all out for their underwater Mardi Gras spectacular, including mermaids in evening gowns.

Beta Nu was fined one week's clean linen for drawing this straightforward Swarthmore Weekend admonition.



Bill Grose-san and barefoot friend prance merrily at the Sophomore Dance. Special features included the Oriental decor and a compressed-air-skirt-blower.

unique ingredients: play-and-dance, game-and-dance, concert-and-dance, even final-exams-and-dance (Freshman) — but surprisingly enough the total effect is generally the same. A good time is had by all who participate (except the Three-College band): a modest-to-considerable amount of money disappears from College wallets (including others than those in Lloyd); and the next week's work is late getting done (if at all). But each one of the five weekends helps alleviate the drabness of Haverford winter and hasten the greenness of Haverford spring — and vacation.

Plain language was the rule for the fall Hood Contest signs: Founders boasted this terse epithet.





The Juniors' glimpse into the College's past pointed up The Founders' fondness for Unholy Spirits; their squints reveal that they were far-sighted in more than one way.

By Jonathan Z. Smith, '60

Class Night has traditionally been a performance of broad comedy and heavy satire, rather than an inspiring dramatic event. All too brief rehearsals, hectic last-minute changes, committee-written scripts: all are factors which tend to produce a performance not outstanding for its adherence to the classic dramatic unities, but effective in its sense of spontaneity and sheer fun. I say this because two classes, the Freshman and Sophomore, seem to have lost the sense of the meaning of Class Night. Their brave attempts to produce "clean bombs" were, to a large degree, total failures.

The Freshman show was, in its own way, an unpretentious comedy focussing on a pre-election year theme. But it lacked any genuine conception of dramatic movement. Its plot was unresolved, the ending inconclusive, and there was almost no sense of interaction between the characters on stage. The play tended to degenerate into a series of individual speeches — some redeemed by genuine humor ("political platforms went out with the Edsel"), but most of them entirely lacking in purpose and joy.

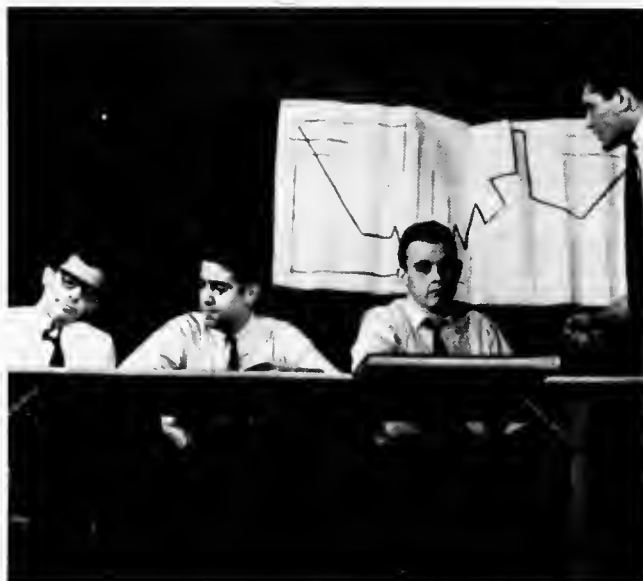
The Sophomore show labored under the burden of extreme self-consciousness and a justifiable lack of confidence in the viability of their effort. Even if the audience was able, by a gigantic effort of will, to suspend disbelief, and swallow the confused convolutions of thought and sudden adolescent shifts of attitudes and emotions — they should not have been expected to accept the unnecessary introduction of crude female impersonations and tasteless burlesquing. This failure to establish a general tone and overall theme resulted in a hopeless confusion of elements in what was without doubt the worst of the four Class Night productions.

The Junior presentation, "A History of the College" was in keeping with Class Night tradition. It was at times a skillful satire and in moments genuinely comic, but suffered from being overly long and disorganized. The idea of using a caricature of Dean Lockwood as an integrating element was a stroke of sheer genius and John Gould deserved the Best Actor Award for an amazing piece of impersonation. However, one really magnificent performer

SENIORS COP CLASS "LE COMET PERDU";

and one truly great line. "Dean Jenny, I don't really care where thy girls have it; our boys will find it". do not make an effective play.

The Senior play, "*A la Recherche du Comet Perdu*" was, at times, almost professional in stature. With the exception of a few lines which seemed overly contrived, the play never failed, either in its



The fate of the country lay in the hands of this capricious trio — the Freshmen played at selecting a presidential candidate.

Woeful seniors, beset by the various problems which go with their exalted state, sought out the approachable and omniscient Huey of the Comet for the "secret ingredient".



NIGHT FIRST FOR GOULD TOP ACTOR

validity as a drama concerning the expansion of the Blue Comet, or in the skillfulness of its satire. What was most impressive about the script the rather formidable team of D. Summers, G. Alexander, G. McCurdy, R. Miller, and B. Speer produced was its sense of taste — the Seniors made their point by introducing realism into their allegory. The use of Huey and the Comet was without a doubt the most brilliant piece of symbolism I have seen in a Class Night performance. This realism was also enhanced by a truly magnificent set, which was, in itself, a work of art. A sense of taste, never descending to the vulgar or obvious, never departing from their plot of the Comet and their theme of expansion, enabled the Seniors to be forceful and hard-hitting without being either maudlin or mean. Even a line such as "Don't blot out that Inner Light" which could normally bring either laughter or an embarrassed silence, came across meaningfully and with sincerity. Though at times *double-entendres* became somewhat far-fetched, it is hard not to praise the brilliance of "this here is the number one small-all-night-liberal-portions-diner in the country" and the reference to certain booths as being "underpatronized".

I think several lessons may be drawn from the well deserved triumph of the Senior play. In general *A la Recherche du Comet Perdu* demonstrated the need for careful writing and direction, as well as the careful use of sets and music. Specifically the Freshmen and Sophomores might learn from the numerous ovations not to be afraid of the contro-



The bewildered Sophomores chose an unlikely place to search for the missing half of the Truth.

versial; and the Juniors might well perceive the need for organization, concentration of plot and theme, and over-all control.

Any institution which cannot laugh at itself quickly becomes stagnant. Class Night is one of the few remaining collective traditions at Haverford, and an occasion which uniquely institutionalizes this laughter. The relative failure of the Freshman and Sophomore shows, the attempt of the Juniors, and the triumph of the Seniors — all point to the viability of this tradition and the danger of departing from the established tradition of loyal satire.



The sweet smell of success: Mrs. Lester and company, as a long-suffering faculty wife and daughter finally get "The Haverford Idea" across to Brad Cook in the climax of director Jay Gellens' witty if unrehearsed extravaganza.





ENTERTAINMENT



STUDENTS: A DEAN'S-EYE VIEW

by
Dean William E. Cadbury, Jr.

What are Haverford students really like? This is a question to which no sensible answer can be given. But if a little nonsense will do no harm, the answer would be something like this:

There is no easily recognized Haverford type; some are of the All-American Boy variety, there are occasional individuals who fancy themselves as approximating the beatnik (whatever that is) and the rest are spread over the whole range between.

Except for a very few, who don't last long, and the still fewer who are so bright they can get by without much work, the typical Haverford student works pretty hard — at least in spurts. To hear some of them complain, you might think they work all the time. Sometimes their complaints are hard to distinguish from boasting. An interesting feature of complaints about the work-load is that they are almost always general, rather than specific. It is seldom that Haverford students complain about working too hard in a particular course; the most demanding courses seem to be recognized as among the most rewarding, and Haverford students seem not to mind working when they feel it worthwhile. But massive passive resistance, at least, would be encountered by a faculty member who tried to make them work just for the sake of working.

They pride themselves, and justly so, on their ability to run their own affairs. The Honor System is the central core of student government, and mostly it works very well, but there are other areas, too, where students paddle their own canoes. They are jealous of their prerogatives, and this is fine for all concerned, since their acceptance of responsibility re-

“. . . The typical Haverford student works pretty hard — at least in spurts.”: senior chem major Al Clark spurts on a lab report.



“Few Haverford students are great athletes, but the teams manage to win about their share of games with other colleges.”: Who's not a great athlete?

leases the time of faculty and administration for activities more rewarding than playing nursemaid.

In Collection each week the Haverford student body is on display in a peculiar way. I am not referring to their dress, which is informal, but to the weekly rite of asking questions of the speaker. Visitors to the campus, and this includes the speakers, are impressed by the quality of the questions asked after the speaker has finished his prepared remarks, questions which often help to bring out more clearly good ideas that have only been suggested. It has been a long time since an embarrassing silence greeted the remark that “the speaker will be glad to answer any questions.”

Few Haverford students are great athletes, but the teams manage to win about their share of games with other colleges. The student body is often, and with some justice, charged with apathy toward sports, but the intramural program seems to go along in fine style, and anyway nobody tries very hard to make ardent team supporters out of those who don't care for such things. Such efforts, if made, would probably meet with a notable lack of success. Haverford students don't push around easily; they are pretty independent, and intend to remain so.

Modesty is not one of the notable characteristics of Haverford students; they are an able group, and they know it. What some of them don't realize is that equally able people are likely to turn up anywhere. A good deal is expected of them in college, and perhaps it is only natural that they would want to feel superior to others after going to all that trouble. After they graduate, many of them find that the trouble was worthwhile, but many of them also find there are graduates of other colleges who are pretty well educated, too.



Hapless victims of a Lloyd party-raid, the late-sleeping members of the Class of 1963 are shown milling about restlessly on the lawn in front of their now-razed dorm, under the watchful supervision of sub-freshman Russ Allen.

1963: FAR OUT, HOODS. . .

Bushy-eyed and bright-tailed, the classmen of '63 donned their buttons and beanies on September 17 as part of the traditional initiation into the womb of Mother Haverford. Breaking windows and beer bottles in the rush to adjust, the Rhinies sought mother images at BMC and father images in the returning upperclassmen, and learned that around Haverford authority in general and Norman Vincent Peale in particular were Out and the Honor System and Miss Tenney's were In. Inertia and *weltschmerz* became rampant as human values and the facts of life revealed themselves. One thing vying with another, time, heretofore of the essence, became nothing. Still, seven Frosh pushed their football team on to a 1-5-1 record. Some observers thought they saw a cultural renaissance in this class; others foresaw Olympic victories; but those who saw nothing but the brown earth beneath were perhaps closest to the Truth. Certainly, the one dominant

characteristic of this class is its frightening normalcy, with none of the charming neuroses of previous classes, and, despite an awesome CEEB average, very little of the genius that until now has appeared with such striking regularity. But perhaps the *meliore doctrina* are still to come.

Burdened with fiscal cares, Treasurer John Roberts remains aloof from the antics of frolicsome President Kent Smith and shy Secretary George Smith.



1962: CLOSE IN, CON-MEN...



One junior, one jailbird, and one gypsy round out a smiling group of sophomores who realize there is only one year separating them and Leeds.

The concrete contributions of the Sophomore class were few in number — some rather startling Bryn Mawr conquests, a number of stunning victories in water fights that left the hapless freshmen quivering in their rock fortress, a rather dubious, if slyly conceived vic-

Class of '62 Vice-president Jon George, President Hugh Knox, and Treasurer Dave Gaetjens nod in approval as Secretary Ken McLeod fabricates some "minutes of the meeting" for bulletin board purposes.

tory in the Freshman rivalry, a successful retreat from the fetid halls of Barelay to the rather bedraggled majesty of Lloyd, a weekend of the usual drab type, and an interestingly conceived, if still-born, Class Night Show. The real contributions of the class turned from the intensive freshman cynicism to a recognition of the need of putting oneself into some sort of relationship with the rigorously isolated system under which we live — a form of maturing, some would call it.

The Class remained as it should — a group of individuals, and as such its problems and its achievements were individual ones — the sudden change of majors, the mating fervor that blazed brightly if briefly, the long nights of insufferably dull studying, the few and transitory moments of fulfillment. The class character and worth lies in the compilation of its various member's successes and failures.



Our class body lies prostrate. Despite the handicaps and scars incurred by Apathy, Un-interest, and "Mediocrity," it was forced to engender, in one final and convulsive effort, a Council president, various editors, and a multitude of committee chairmen. The genitive effort has rendered it a blithering mass. The fact of the accomplishment is, in some eyes, all that is left of our class . . . We are painfully aware of the vast amount of junior blood that has been offered upon the altar of community service, but we are, somehow, proud of our sacrifice.

Perhaps we found ourselves this year. Through the efforts of some of our number, a distinctive campus organization, Beta Nu, has made its unofficial appearance, and Haverford history has received a properly cathartic dramatic presentation through the unsolicited efforts of one beloved Dean Putnam Lockwood.

And as we enter the final phase of our Haverford experience, we realize that we are begin-



Way-out officers of the way-out class (1961): President Leighton Scott, Vice-president Jim Mac Bride, Secretary Charles Read, and Treasurer Owen deRis stride resolutely through the snow.

ning to exert a distinctive influence on the campus scene. Soon we will be the wizened and respected elders, regarded with awe by red-capped untouchables. Cheers! The prestige has been well-earned.

1961: WAY OUT, CONS...(OR CONNED?)...



Politico-turned-missionary Oscar Goodman indoctrinates a sober Junior Class on one of its frequent nature walks.

CLASS OF 1960: "THROUGH DEEP WATERS. . ."

SENIORS: AN OUTSIDE VIEW by

Vice-President Archibald MacIntosh

My impression of the Class of 1960 during their four years at Haverford has as its background a complicated pattern of events at the College. In this period we had a change of administration, the arrival of a new president with all of the interesting activities consequent to an inauguration, a steadily increasing list of applicants for admission, an important addition to the admissions staff, an increasing insistence from the faculty that work of distinction was expected from the students, the 125th Anniversary Celebration, and many other events less dramatic but equally important.

Each class has its own distinctive individuality and particular characteristics. The Class of 1960 began its final drive toward Commencement shorn of an unusually large number of its original members. Having gone through deep waters in the first two years, the total class performance in junior year was very good. Study of the class now, as the time approaches for graduate school admission, graduate scholarships, fellowships, and other awards, indicates that this class has the possibility of coming off with honors which will compare favorably with preceding classes and, in several instances, may surpass them.

I wish that it were possible to chronicle in some detail the hilarious saga of the Alaskan adventures of members of the class: the summer wanderings of others in this country and in Europe; and the story of those who spent their junior year in a foreign country. Outside the academic confines, it has indeed been an active class.

Despite the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune, 1960's progress has not only been interesting, but it shows a record of accomplishment which it well may contemplate with satisfaction. This is a strong class. The years might well show that it is, in fact, a far stronger class than we now suspect.



"Brooks-covered chests and dubiously-bearded chins": the officials of the Class of 1960 take time out from various dissipations to loiter at Founders' side door.

"Outside the academic confines, it has indeed been an active class . . .": enterprising seniors capitalize on the ever-hungry Haverford population.



"WE LEARNED HOW TO BE LITTLE."

"Rock-hard Tuesday seats" are filled by Senior veterans of more than 96 hours of Collected wisdom on topics ranging from "Sand Fleas I Have Known" to "Movies of the United States Air Force."



SENIORS: AN INSIDE VIEW

What are little boys made of? Ask any of the eighty-three battle-scarred veterans of the Class of 1960 and you are likely to get eighty-three different answers. Some will puff out their Brooks-covered chests, take a draw on their all-too-aromatic pipes, and point contemptuously at this year's Freshman Class. Others will jut out their dubiously-bearded chins and, with a dramatic sweep of nicotined hands,

take in the spring landscape and murmur poetically about Love, Life, and the Eternally Young. Still others will show manifestations of an addiction to apathy and will offer no answer. All, however, would probably agree that somehow, within the walls of Haverford College, a stone greenhouse which has insulated and nurtured us for four years, the boy has discovered the man and has put away childish things. Before the blackboards of the math rooms, in dusty library carrels, on the mud and grass of the playing fields, in the fold of Tenth, on rock-hard Tuesday and Thursday seats, by the quiet pond, or within the cloistered virtue of Bryn Mawr — in all these places our varied Seniors have sought the way, and some of us at last have succeeded in learning how to be little. From contact with learned professors, from life in cluttered dorms, we have come to respect the knowledge and rights of others. In discovering the strength and beauty of making ourselves small, we have become filled with something great and old. Haverford College is small and this Senior Class even smaller, but when we leave it to encounter larger experiences, we will take with us the strength it gave to us and the enduring doctrine of its ideal: *Non Doctior sed Meliore Doctrina Imbutus*.



"Haverford College is small and this Senior Class even smaller . . .": charter members Alexander and Speer hold a small but enthusiastic reunion in memory of classmates no longer with them.



RANDALL LOWDER ALBRIGHT

The hamster-like figure on the sofa detaches itself from its imaginary female hamster (whose real counterpart is in Florida) and says, "Couple hands, Dan?" (the hamster wins . . . usually). It's relaxation time for Randy after a day which may have been composed of such activities as squirrel-chasing, arguing with Aldo about Glee Club funds, tennis, or a prolonged bout with an assignment from Drake or MacCaffrey. "Rastus" is the kind of guy you feel you know fully right away. His activities are conducting an imaginary chorus from a sometimes-imaginary podium, or making extended long-distance phone calls to St. Petersburg, or, after a fashion, studying. But there are also some mysterious weekend jaunts in a much-cornered Volkswagen . . . trips to see various "mystery mothers," who primarily seem to be cookie philanthropists managing to keep Ma Nugent's monkey off Randy's and his roommates' backs. Randy's favorite means of alleviating frustration is to sing. Besides the Glee Club, whose frustration-alleviating function is for him non-vocal, Randy enjoys driving to the Comet ("Come on, make that light!") and singing at the tip of his voice: "Oh it's hard, ain't it hard, ain't it ha-a-a-ard . . ."

J.V. Tennis 1,2; Glee Club 1,2. Treasurer 3,4; Drama Club 1; Social Committee 1.



GREGORY G. ALEXANDER

Because Greg was usually asleep, he was little known to most of his classmates during his first year at Haverford. But he participated in discussions on Catholicism, Chemistry, and Truth, or did intensive preface reading in History 11. Never before had anyone been able to skim the text and all secondary sources for a MacCaffrey course in one evening and still have the courage to take the final exam. "That essay question, wow, I made up a historical thesis far better than any one we read." Greg was originally an enthusiastic cross-country man, but because of a handicap ("My legs are too short.") he conceded many races to his roommate in the first hundred yards. Finally, Greg made a surprise appearance as Dr. Borton in his sophomore Class Night show and carried home the Best Actor award. This eruption of a great personality was recognized by all, and the next two and a half years found Greg a sterling performer in the Glee Club, unanimous choice for the Octet, entertainer for all groups both mixed and mixed up, and able leader of the intramural basketball team.

Cross Country 1,2; Track 1; Drama Club 3; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; News 1, News Ed. 2, Assoc. Ed. 3; Octet 3,4; Record, Assoc. Ed. 3, Managing Ed. 4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; Class Night 2,3,4; Class Sec'y. 3, Vice-Pres. 4; Customs Committee 3.





RUSSEL G. ALLEN, JR.

"This is the worst meal I have ever eaten in my entire life. I think I'll give my compliments to the dietitian!" Russel Greene Allen adjusts the tie over his well-laundered shirt and makes another protest march on Mrs. Nugent. When not thus occupied, Russ was a frustrated purger of the "Green Dragons" and the "Blue Men". After thoroughly tongue-lashing a helpless servant of Food-and-Housing, he would smooth the ruffled feathers and receive apologies where others reaped indifference or scorn. Between "domestic" agitations and visits with Mac, Russ took his trophy-winning TR-2 to Bryn Mawr, where he would pluck innocent freshmen from the security of their wardens and place them in the dimly-lit haunts of Club 13, long thought by most Bryn Mawrters to be located in Philadelphia. Russ was probably the only man on campus who could handle the engineering department ("Holmes and I went at it again today."), make the laundry concession rounds ("There are more dirty guys on this campus."), and still maintain a record of 20-plus consecutive date-nights ("May I speak with Miss Learson, please?")

J.V. Football 1.2; J.V. Tennis 1.2; Social Committee 4; I.C.G. 1.2.3.4.5.



WILLARD E. ANDREWS

Relying on his roommates to awaken him at the appointed hour, Will managed to sleep through the noon whistle with surprising regularity. By evening, however, after either sleeping through or cutting both classes and labs, he was ready for a refreshing trip to Tenth at the slightest provocation. Will displayed an amazing ability to cram a whole course into his sleepy head the night before the final exam, the only explanation for his quite respectable average. For a while his professors were fooled into thinking he was something of a scholar, but after he had broken Forman's record for number of classes cut per week, he had to resort to fast talk to get 90's. His extensive work(?) in biology and chemistry should help him sleep his way through Columbia Med, after which he plans to go into medical research. Will stayed on campus one summer to further these plans, assisting in the bio labs. In order to make life more interesting he purchased a red convertible, which kept him out of trouble as only a car with real character could. At last report he was looking for someone with good mechanical aptitude who might buy it.

Baseball 2; Basketball 2.3.4; News, Science Ed. 3.4; WHRC 1.4; Chemistry Club 3. Vice-Pres. 4; Varsity Club 2.3.4.



PETER LESLIE ARNOW

Among the few participants in Haverford's concession to the "semi-liberal" arts, Pete is known as an "engi-physics" major. His interest in electrical engineering has him running constantly between Hilles and Sharpless. E.E. is, for him, more than a mere academic pursuit; one of the founders and now the president of a vaguely-understood business organization, D.H.A., Pete has been a combined *entrepreneur* and practical engineer during his four years here. On the campus he has been associated with WHRC in several capacities, including its managership. Having roomed with various social science and humanities majors, it is quite fortunate that his interests are spread throughout the academic regimen. Pete finds that a joke is the best "No-noise" for the wheels of social progress, and he takes life with a little transistor rather than with a big, serious vacuum tube (in keeping with electronics progress.) When he packs his English Ford with stacks of audio equipment and leaves 55 Lloyd, Holmes' eight o'clock classes, and the ever-present trailer behind the Field House, Pete faces an automatic setback at graduate school but may come up with a Ph.D.

Glee Club 1; WHRC 1.2.3.4; Class Night Committee 1.2; D.H.A. 1.2.3.4.



J. DENNIS BAKER

There is a stalactite of string presently hanging from the ceiling of the room of the tall Cubano that ought to come into the reckoning as some sort of symbol of genius. For the last two and a half years, Baker has inhabited the big single in Spanish House, and as the leak in his roof has grown larger and more devastating, his ability to cope with it has grown commensurately. The prolix development of the battle is too difficult to pursue; suffice it to say that currently the malign tunnel in Baker's roof neither leaves a trace of wet nor in any way interferes with his Number One leisure-time activity — sleeping. Aside from the absolute omnipotence he possesses over his immediate environment, he has been led by his outgoing nature into numerous successful activities, from Bryn Mawr-going to "commodoring" the sailing team. One often finds him with some knothheaded freshman at knee, meting out the appropriate explanations. He is doubtless the only physics major in the whole world who can render an accurate account of Aristotelian political theory. No practical problem is beyond him except to stay awake.

Sailing 1.2, Commodore 3.1; Drama Club 1.2.3.4; Glee Club 1; Dorm Committee 2.3.4; Cheerleader 1.

MICHAEL J. BENNETT

With some people the effect of keeping their light under a bushel may be the sort of concentration and (hopefully) focusing of power that is achieved by damming a stream. So it is with Mike Bennett, as anyone who has encountered him in one capacity or another will surely verify. Mike's time in the military was a liability to those of that unfriendly persuasion for his experiences there have aroused in him a profound abhorrence of war, hot or cold, in all its ramifications. Mike turned the heat on some cold materialists at last summer's Vienna Youth Festival, but here at Haverford he is more apt to be seen meandering across campus in earnest conversation with Paul Desjardins and whatever other local founts happen to be about. Mike likes to talk with people, a trait which has introduced faculty and students alike to the sort of Socratic wisdom which he has attained. To some, philosophy is idle speculation, but to Mike it is a tool for more deeply appreciating the value of man's life and his world. Not all of his wisdom is welcomed by the hearer, but it has its effect.

Wrestling 1.2; Philosophy Club 3.4; PAF 1.2.3.4; SCM 4.



PAUL PRITCHARD BLACKBURN III

"Blackburn? . . . Sure, he lives across the hall. Want to do a personality sketch on him? Yeah, but I gotta use his phone first . . . Now Paul, I know you've got to make arrangements for next week's International Club visitor, but only for a moment yet the phone I want. I don't really care to have lunch with him after Collection, thanks just the same. No, I don't know of any summer jobs available for European students, and I don't want to take a low-cost student tour . . . No, I don't have your tennis racket, but that's no reason why you can't play varsity again. Maybe you left it in Bangkok or Bordeaux, O budding young diplomat . . . "Tokyo Smiles at Midnight" on the Late Show *tonight*? Yes, I know it's a classic and you were there when they made it; but it's the fourth time this week . . . Besides, you've got a play rehearsal tonight . . . What about that paper for Poli Sci 100 due tomorrow afternoon? Write it in Meeting?! Reading's bad enough! . . . OK, OK, bring the gin along and I'll get the cards."

Tennis 2.3; Drama Club 2.3.4; Bridge Club 4; Caucus Club 4; International Club 2.3, Pres. 4; I.C.G. 2.3.4; Collection Speakers Committee 3, Chairman 4; Commencement Speakers Committee 4; Curriculum Committee 3.



KEITH WALKER BRADLEY

Keith W. Bradley, a big man on campus for the past four years, has developed his freshman potential with unassuming directness. Through the trials and tribulations natural to the Glee Club, the tenor of his voice has grown from maud-lin overtones to individual strength and clarity. The natural power of his acting has been polished by numerous stage productions and crowned by election to the Drama Club presidency. His humor, annually evidenced in Class Night, has maintained itself in spite of persecuting roommates; and the more successfully Keith is scotched, the funnier he gets. Undoubtedly, the talent he has developed to the highest degree is that of procrastination; in this discipline he has become an artist. He has an accomplished sense of the time he can devote to bridge, crosswords, and compulsive pillow-fluffing. Since he well knows the amount of pressure required for his best work, he will interrupt an all-night study siege to play a game or ten of solitaire. As for his future, Keith, following his true New England spirit, is all at sea, but he's worried only that the roll-and-pitch will prevent his playing happy, schmaltzy records.

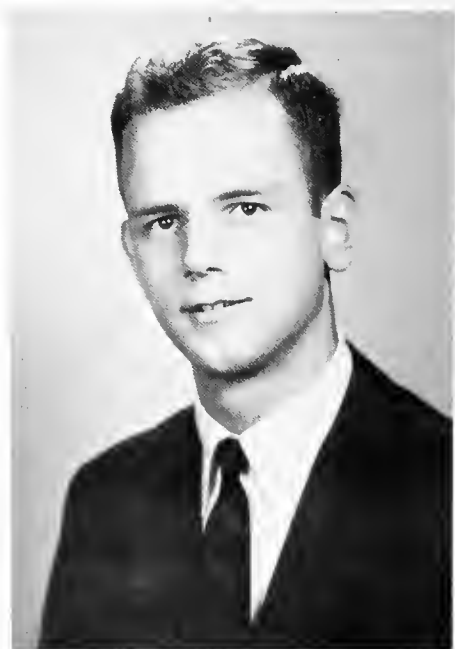
Drama Club 1.2.3. Pres. 4; Glee Club 1.2.3.4; Collection Speakers Committee 1; Commencement Speakers Committee 4; Social Committee 4; Class Night 1.2.3.4.



TRUMAN C. BULLARD

Standing mid-room with pants-encircled ankles and gasping shirt, our hero conducts the recorded orchestra with eyes sublimely closed. This figure is only slightly reminiscent of the blushing youth who joined the French House iconoclasts four years ago. In those days, he not only was shocked by the seamyside, but he even tried to be neat. Unaccustomed to isolation and tiring of commuting on College Lane, Truman threw himself into the sundry offerings of clubs and bureaucracy — from Union to the gym. Violently anti-dillettant, Truman, heading for a major in French, decided his volubility was of more use in English, but not as “meaningful” as in Philosophy. All this in spite of his talents in music. He digs Bach! — also choral works, Elizabethan ditties, barbershop harmony, and class-night creations. Truman gets along with everyone whether conducting the B-minor Mass or carrying water for other varsity letter-men. But probably he is at his friendliest when escaping one of his ever imminent deadlines in a theological discussion at Tenth. We leave this solitary figure giggling in the care of Calliope, Venus, Bacchus, and the Good Shepherd.

Baseball, assistant mgr. 2, mgr. 3; Soccer, assistant mgr. 2, mgr. 3; Glee Club 1.2.4. freshmen mgr. 3; Octet 2.3.4; Customs Committee 2.3. chairman 4; SCM 3; Founders Club, Philosophy Club 3.1; Varsity Club 3.1.





JAMES F. CARLIN, JR.

For four years "Big Jim" (alias "Speedo") has numbered himself among the senior class's ever-dwindling number of genuine day students. Initially he endured the vicissitudes of Pig-and-Whistle "service", evolving through several other modes of transport until finally, in his senior year he availed himself of a hand-me-down flivver and such mobile comforts as it could be expected to provide. Midway through his Haverford career, Jim forsook the gloomy, resistor-riddled depths of Sharpless for the light, bright airiness of the Chem Lab basement. Despite the switch of loyalties, Jim nevertheless remained (and remains) securely under the aegis of the Scientific Spirit. The carrels of the library provided "Speedo" with a campus hinterland headquarters, from which emanated sufficient academic industry to net two Corporation Scholar awards. Fortified behind the green-drape wall with ten textbooks, three *New Yorkers*, and the *Sporting News*, the only thing betraying Jim's presence was an occasional muted strain of "White Port and Lemon Juice". Isolation in the library and the basement of Sharpless were inspiring enough to encourage Jim's continuing the study of physical science next year at graduate school.

Corporation Scholar 1,2.



GEORGE GARRETT CARPENTER

"In the beginning was the Word." Then, out of an immense cloud of whirling cosmic dust and cigarette smoke, a large mass condensed and gave rise to George Garrett Carpenter. Sent by the Holy Spirit to Haverford, Garry celebrates the day of rest seven days a week constantly nourished by the spirits. Although he has a natural aura about his head, Garry is quite decent about concealing it from those around him. This Southern Gentleman arrived on campus as a premed, but was subsequently weaned to the ministry. His diplomatic nature and ability to discuss authoritatively matters about which he is comparatively ignorant made him a natural leader and he soon became the center of the rapidly snowballing Episcopal movement on campus. "Seam" became a byword around his room. In spite of this, Garry has maintained his chemical bonds. His less organized extracurricular activities centered around spirited parties with visiting theologians from Scull House. On these occasions the calm, methodical, conservative Garry gives way to a bouncing bundle of joy. A college which aims for the well-rounded individual has found the epitome, both physically and intellectually, in this chemical theologian (theological chemist?)

News 2,3, advertising mgr. 4; *Record* 3, business mgr. 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Customs Evaluation Committee 3; Honor System Committee 1; SCM 3,4; Founders Club.



ALLEN M. CLARK

There has been a story circulating around the chemistry building for the past three years about "stink bombs" being composed in freshman chem labs. As a chemistry major, Al has been accused of many smelly activities, but he swears these stopped right after the first semester of senior year. A Chemistry Club member must present an example of proper laboratory procedure to the underclassmen; thus we find Al "borrowing" flasks and test tubes for his "Lab away from lab" in the bathroom of 104 Leeds. A charter member of the abortive Rocket Society, Al flatly denies that this reflected upon his prowess as a chemist. He has also been seen orbiting around the nature walk as a member of the cross country team. Because of his love for chemistry, Bryn Mawr, and Pall Malls, his time is now unevenly spread between labs, loafing, and ladies. There must be an underlying connection between his Bryn Mawr trips, the Rocket Society, cross country, and chemistry, but Al has yet to discover it. Perhaps he will while attending Jefferson Med next year; at least he is on his way with his interest in the bewitching charms of physical chemistry and BMC. The connection is obvious!

Cross Country 4; Fencing 1,2; Glee Club 2,3; Commencement Speakers Comm. 4; Parking Comm. 4; Social Comm. 4; Chem Club 2,3,4.



JOHN W. COKER

If the class of '60 were to choose its most formidable witticist, Jack ("Sherlock Holmes") Coker would certainly be considered a top-running candidate for the honor. He is famous for his creative genius in the domain of popular campus expressions. "Pardon me, my blunder", "many Hogans", and "fantasmagorical" are illustrative of Jack's contribution to campus jargon. His home is where his friends are, that is if his friends have a brewing refrigerator. One cannot help being impressed by the self-discipline exhibited by this four year football letterman rising above the constant pressure of dissipated friends and wayward art students. Jack has continued to be a tower of strength academically, socially, and athletically. His election to the football captaincy his senior year attests to his leadership abilities. As a student interested in practical politics he also headed the I.C.G. delegation at Harrisburg and has the dubious honor of being the only four year participant in these conventions. Jack's future plans are as yet uncertain, but as a biology major he is anxious to put what he has learned into practice.

Football 1,2,3, co-captain 4; Varsity Club; Beta Rho Sigma.

ROBERT LIPPINCOTT COLES

Bob entered the Tower with the class of '59 and spent his freshman year adjusting to the Haverford atmosphere. The following year he packed up his hi-fi and pride to pursue the study of engineering at S . . . e. Engineering proving to be a drag, he transferred himself — minus some credits — back from the Garnet hinterland, and assumed once more the responsibilities of the Sophomore Slump. The physical manifestation of this mental enigma evolved successively through the formative atmospheres of Fifth Entry and Founders, finally settling to rest in the contemplative solace of a Leeds' single. From his quietude, the hi-fi issues forth, along with feminine murmurs and sociology papers. His endeavors as departmental assistant are dominated by piles of blue books — "Sorry, fans, no tube time tonight—gotta get these graded for Ira." Bob's southern (N.J.) humor encountered kindred spirits on the soccer field, the sailing team, and various campus organizations. Present activities are split between BMC, "Tenth," and the Meeting Committee. Despite an avid interest in sports cars and an orientation toward the international set, Bob's future is uncertain. His saner moments foresee three years in law school.

Soccer 1.3; Sailing 2.3; Students' Council 1; Dining Room Comm. 4; Meeting Comm. chairman 4; Parking Comm. chairman 3; Beta Rho Sigma.



JONATHAN HOWARD COLLETT

but lost the election. Nevertheless, Collett continued his deep interest in the social and political questions of the college life of his day¹¹ and returned with unceasing vigor to the study of English literature and G.M. Hopkins.¹² Simultaneously he met, courted, and became affianced to a Bryn Mawr student.¹³ Although Collett was constantly forced into the company of idle and profligate classmates, his vision remained pure,¹⁴ and his fellows, questioned in later years, remembered vividly the qualities which were later to lead to his singlehanded feeding of 18,000 victims of the 1982 Polish earthquake and his leading role in the conclusion of the International Peace Pact.¹⁵ ratified by

¹¹G.C. Parker, "Jonathan Collett: Friend for Life", *Young Friends' Monthly*, April 1982 pp. 15-45. In this simple article, Parker emphasizes how Collett acted as the author's conscience in matters social and moral. ¹²B. M. Speer, "J. H. Collett and Prometheus: A Critical Comparison," *M.L.A. Guide*, pp. 711-34. ¹³Mal Kaufman, "I call on Jon and Hoppy Collett!", *Saturday Evening Post*, January 10, 1986, pp. 32-6. A charming and informal account of "America's Sweethearts." ¹⁴Gerald Freund, *Hero from a Teacher's Standpoint*, Harcourt, Brace, New York, 1992. A standard campaign biography: Freund later became Ambassador to Germany in the first Collett administration. ¹⁵R. Stephen Miller, *From Idealism to Holocaust*, Volume XIII, "The Second Versailles," Macmillan, New York, 2002.

Track 1.2.3; Students' Council 2, secretary 3; Glee Club 1.2; *Record*, senior editor 4; Class Secretary 1; Service Fund, chairman 4; Rules Comm. 4; Founders Club, secretary; Triangle.



COULSON ALAN CONN

Coulson is by far the most industrious member of 103 Leeds as well as being its stupidest — and only — genius. At any given moment, the odds are that Coul is either reviewing his notes, proclaiming definitive opinions on everything he has ever thought about and many things he hasn't, or brewing up an exotic compound in the chem lab. Working with unbelievable dexterity at "Fieser-like" speeds, he still finds that each week's lab work requires more time than the previous week's. Twice daily Coulson ventures into Mrs. Nugent's hall of horrors fully expecting her offering to be his favorite: variations on a tomato theme. We don't have more of these delicacies, according to Coul, because the dietitian is unresponsive to the unanimous wishes of the student body. Coulson is the practical joker of the suite, with chemical warfare being one of his specialities. It is almost certain that he will be pulling many of the same pranks on his fellow students at Penn Med School next year. His roommates only wish that the joker who stole his drum and bugle corps records hadn't given them back.

J.V. Football 1.2.3; Glee Club 1.2.3.4; Big Brothers Committee 4; Collection Speakers Committee 4; Chemistry Club 3. president 4; Debating Society 1.2.3. manager 4; International Club 1.



DANIEL J. COOK

Dan is in control of a special cloud nine independence, which, while annoying to his roommates, has enabled him to get through Haverford with an amazing lack of last minute rushing. It has not been a stress-free career, however, for he is fond of creating horrendous crises out of ordinary decisions, just so life might have a little more zest. In academics, he has a startling facility for making a shambles out of an entire suite while brilliantly ordering a mass of closely read material. Evenings are reserved for bridge (relaxing), dialogues with Bullard (inevitable), and dates from BMC (self-awarded merit badges for studious achievement). Spiritual, financial and experiential satisfaction is provided Dan in his teaching position at a nearby temple. Physical, gastronomic, — and psychological (?) — satisfaction is provided in his frequent jaunts home. He has been a Glee Club baritone ever since he flunked his voice test, and our world expert ever since his "easy" year at the Hebrew University. This gadfly will do well in his philosophic wanderings and his own cloud nine will protect him from the rest of us whenever the going gets rough.

Glee Club 1.2.4; Caucus Club 1.2; Chess Club 1; International Club 1.2.4; ICG 1.2.4.





JAMES D. COOPER

Jim arrived during that heroic epoch when no one knew how to turn off the water in Barclay. He soon discovered that only a little effort made the Tower pleasantly reminiscent of the Virginia swamps. A move to Lloyd was accompanied by a sampling of civilized life, the English Department, and Bryn Mawr. He found the last most suited to his taste. He also found a petite red head who disagreed violently with him about everything. Within a year an accord was reached involving a license and minister, cats, and coffee-drinking friends. On the theory that, if four Haverford years are wonderful, five must be even better, Jim contracted hepatitis and took a leave of absence. He spent an ambulatory convalescence pushing encyclopedias door-to-door in South Jersey. Faced with grim reality, he found that Barnum was wrong — there are only two or three born a week, at least in South Jersey. He returned via Penn summer school to take his place in the class of '60 with a renewed enthusiasm for English literature. Present resolution: to transport wife, cats, sports cars, and self to Harvard in the pursuit of greater enlightenment.

J.V. Soccer 1; Glee Club 1,2; Class Night Committee 2.



ROBERT G. CORNWELL

The oracle on the wall of Founders speaks: Next fall Bob Cornwell will enter graduate school in physics and — after three years of hard work in a little cubicle — he will emerge with a Ph.D. in physics. Recently Bob's little cubicle was the X-ray room in the basement of Sharpless; here physics marched on, from early in the morning until eleven p.m. when Uncle Dudley bounced Bob out of the place. Having been fascinated by E. and M., Bob toyed around with magnets and tried to pass this effort off as a senior project in nuclear physics. On a set of measure unity — *i.e.*, almost any time — Bob could be found infinitesimally close to Sharpless with a very confused momentum, due to his private uncertainty principle. On Saturday night, though, there was a tunneling effect, and his momentum became more predictable. Bob hopes that someday he too can have chalk dust all over his suit. Perhaps he will try teaching physics in Germany. An ardent music lover, Bob will yet go modern in his musical tastes; we firmly believe that by 1999 he will agree that some of that modern "trash" (*i.e.*, post-1850) is bearable.



ALBERT EDWARD DAHLBERG

The Chicagoan came East reluctantly and there is no question where he makes his home. The sun sets in the West. Partner, and everybody moves in that direction, too. Wild Al Dahlberg's room is a picture of organization: charts on the walls, the Krebs cycle twining itself around the alpha helix of the closest protein, planaria living in the dark recesses of his desk drawer, and the stimulating odor of mothballs in every suit of clothes. Dreams of the family farm often carried him away from the Sharpless grind: the night watchman would find him at 2 A.M. in a deep midwestern trance. Athletics were second nature to Al: soccer, touch football, stickball, intramural basketball, and J.V. baseball helped him to broaden the narrow path to his goal, Al Dahlberg, M.D. Humility and weak ankles kept him from varsity play, but a week of all out effort as J.V. soccer goalie gave him the captaincy. Soon the bulletin boards of the University of Chicago will be filled with witty comments and the lab's cold storage will house his daily supply of burnt almond ice cream.

J.V. Soccer 4; J.V. Baseball 1; J.V. Tennis 2; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; *News* 1; Customs Evaluation Comm. 3; Dormitory Comm. 1; International Club 1,2,3.



J. HARRIS DAVID

Harris David represents the integrated Haverford man. Thriving ruthlessly on academic, athletic, and social pressure, this sharp-eyed, keen-minded gentleman has disciplined his way through four impressive years with an effective humanitarian approach to power politics. Highly competent in many fields, Harris's pursuits have wavered, precariously at times, between the psychological intricacies of clinical basketball coaching and that nebulous future called medicine. His leadership and ability contributed to Haverford's first victorious baseball season; a strict Council-member surveillance of his roommates' honor codes and a grinding myriad of slumberless nights have served instrumentally to form our integrated man. Whatever the causes of his switch from biology to psychology, the psychosomatic dynamics of an ulcer perhaps provided a unique stimulation. But his new found interest in human impulses enabled Harris to assume a most nonchalant attitude toward our sister college (highest ratio of phone calls per date). No one will forget the clutched Harris who bombed the exam or the high-strung Harris who instilled more than his quota of enthusiasm into the College.

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2,3, captain 4; Students' Council 3,4; B.B. S.F.C. Comm. 2,3; Student-Faculty Relations Comm. 4; Founders Club.

THOMAS A. DUFF

Tom came to Haverford with visions of becoming a latter-day Albert Schweitzer, settling for the Main Line as second best to the Belgian Congo. However, one summer of sitting on native stools in Puerto Rico convinced him that Truth lay not on earth but in heaven. Outward manifestations of Tom's transition include his successful ministrations to the SCM, a rocket (Gothic style) intended to transcend earthy realms, and frequent attempts to convince Mr. Roach to put a steeple on his establishment. In true ascetic fashion, the Bishop of Scull not only denied himself comfortable furniture in his cavernous crypt, but also invigorated his schedule with pre-med inflictions. As if this weren't enough, English-major Tom insisted on taking a full-year senior project in 19th Century Graeco-American pedantry. As chief of the Honor System under the Morgan machine, Tom provided a warm, down-to-earth link between the student body and their government. Another Tomist pastime has been four years of intramural football, where ordinarily easy-going Tom bestrid the gridiron like a fierce Olympian. Perhaps his signal achievement was to capture the affections of Bryn Mawr's 1959 May Queen.

J.V. Baseball 1; Glee Club 1,2, publicity mgr. 3; Customs Comm. 3; Honor System Comm. chairman 4; Service Fund Comm. 3; SCM 1,3,4; co-chairman 2.



LAWRENCE T. FORMAN

Larry Forman — Lawrence to his roommates — has come a long way since his first semester, when he set a then-class record of sixty-three class cuts. He nevertheless evolved as Haverford's first social psychology major, a specialist in the fine points of Freud's Psycho-Sexual theory. This quiet unassuming Quaker has distinguished himself in Haverford's most competitive department, excelling in soccer, basketball, and track. He has proven unquestionably one of Haverford's finest athletes; in fact, Lawrence epitomized Haverford's emphasis on athletics when he flunked track (\$5) in his junior year. He more than made up the difference when he was given honorable mention on the All-American soccer team in his senior year. Though it is hard to crack the shell of this strong, silent man, he is admired and respected by all who know him. An exception is the antagonism he generated in his desperate and bleary-eyed "woomies" by hitting the sack untiringly at 12:17. Receiving inspiration from his acute analysis of the cultural significance of the Paoli local, Lawrence has determined to continue in psychology. Someday he will be a fine clinical psychologist, but Heaven help his kids.

Soccer 3,4; Basketball 1,2,3, captain 1; Track 1,2,3; Customs Comm. 4; Varsity Club.



JOSEPH FULKERSON

Joe whiled away his first three years at college in Barclay with Rhinies. Freshman year found Joe assigned to room with two strange Quakers whom he saw only infrequently. Most of his time was spent complaining of the work load and playing cards. Maintaining a passing average somehow enabled Joe to give college a try in his Sophomore year. This was a year for discussing the virtues of suicide and practicing the vice of flicking out. Miraculously escaping the Academic Standing Committee a second time, Joe bravely embarked upon junior year as an engineering major. No little surprise was evidenced on the faces of the hardhearted Hilles Triumvirs when Joe turned out his own special cannon, a marked improvement over the dueling pistol of less sincere years. As a result of still obscure pressures, Joe decided to honor Leeds with his presence for his senior year. Such a sudden severing of his bonds with Barclay proved to be a traumatic experience: the entire year was characterized by trance-like excursions across campus — through the Milorganite. What next for Joe? The Rhode Island School of Design, and homes for the wealthy capitalist. Four years of Haverford for this?!



PHILIP VAN HORN GERDINE, JR.

Arriving here from Texas in his freshman year, Phil was as unlike Texas as a Brooklyn mechanic. During his first two years, his interest in money led him to become hopelessly entangled in the finances of the Drama Club, WHRC, and Drexel Hill Associates. The study of psychology seemed the only practical way to help people who constantly misspelled his name "Jardine," so Phil chose it as his major. Though his immediate contributions to the field have dubious value, such as the Gerdine Multiphasic Console Inventory for potential DHA engineers, and the even better known Gerdine Multiphase Torture Chamber for people who don't pay their bills, still his clever use of engineering with psychology is bound to make him a leader in his field. Starting out as a pure theoretician, Teafian economics and Heathean psychology have led him to see that he is actually more practical than theoretical. Phil plans to complete his easternization process by making Harvard University suddenly become completely insolvent due to an excess of rat mazes. After obtaining his Ph. D., he intends to undermine the American economy gradually in the guise of a clinical psychologist.



Track, assistant mgr. 2, mgr. 3: Curriculum Committee 4: Drama Club 1, treasurer 2,3,4, business mgr. 2,3: WHRC, secretary 1, treasurer 2,3: Psychology Club 2: Founders Club 4.

MALCOLM LOWERY GOGGIN

Mae is the product of eight years in non-coed institutions. This is not to imply that he has given girls up for other interests—quite the contrary! His urge to mingle is directly proportional to the time he has spent on all-male campuses. He made a point of insuring that his freshman year would be an enjoyable one. There was justification in making sure that he was “well oriented socially” as early as possible, even if it did mean postponing the academic excellence which was bound to follow his contentment. That first spring Mae found out that he was one of Haverford’s outstanding track stars, so the studies were pushed down one more notch on the scale of values. As the classical Greek who developed both mind and body, Malcolm turns to study and tackles Aristotle, Plato, and Phidias. His friends were convinced that he really was interested in a project on Picasso—then they found out the course met at Bryn Mawr! All-around men are hard to come by at Haverford, but Mae is a clear example that the Big Ten holds no monopolies.

Wrestling 1; Track 1,2, captain 3,4; *News* 1, sports editor 2; *Record*, sports editor 4; Social Committee 2,3,4; Beta Rho Sigma; Varsity Club 1,2, vice-pres, 3, president 4.



FRANK L. HARVEY, III

“You have an undiplomatic way of waking a guy up, you know that?” says Mike, his six-foot-plus length slowly obeying the command to roll out of bed. Mike—alias Frank Laird Harvey, III—doesn’t always sleep. He studies most of the time except for watching the “Late Show” or reading *True*, *Argosy*, and *Playboy*. He’s gone through four years here doing his academic best, and has done a pretty good job—considering. Mike has lately acquired talents for frustrating ping pong opponents, drinking Triple Cola by the case, and enjoying James Joyce—to a moderate extent, of course. Among his friends, it is not known whether he frustrates Macort more than Macort frustrates himself. Mike thinks Geoff spends too much time at the satellite-tracking unit for an English major, and Geoff agrees. But Mike seems to write the who’s matter off as a liberal education. After graduation, Mike wants to go on studying. He’d make a great journalist or expose writer (cf. his (in)famous poll in the *Haverford News*). Then again, he could be a playboy. You see, he likes girls, too. Something must be done with this lad!!

News, alumni editor 1,2, feature editor 3, associate editor 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Big Brother Committee 2,3,4; Customs Committee 4; Dormitory Committee 1,2,1; Debate Society 1; WHRC 2,4, business mgr, 3, secretary 3.



GARY N. HAWORTH

Gary's career has advanced on several fronts during his years at Haverford. His traditional Quaker background has been remolded by Doug Heath, "Tenth", and other distinctly Haverfordian influences, to an attitude of "progressive" Quakerism. The TV tube now shares top billing with psych texts ("Educational", says Gary. "Some of those sex orgies on the late show give pretty good insights into Freud."). Gary's contributions to the Haverford community have been manifold. His presence behind the circulation desk was a familiar sight to those who frequented the library; he graced the Glee Club's rolls during his senior year; and he served as chairman for a number of student committees ("I was the only one who ever showed up at the meetings"). Gary's opinions with regard to BMC misses came to carry a weight comparable to the Good Housekeeping Seal of Approval. Doug Heath will doubtless remember Gary as one of the few psych majors who did enough relevant research to qualify for a project paper on the personality of Alfred E. Newman. His roommates will remember his dislike of self-righteous Quakers, the Iowa drawl, and most of all his tolerance toward them.

J.V. Football 1; Class Gift Committee 4; Parking Committee, Chairman 4; Glee Club 4; International Club 1,2; Psychology Club 3; Young Friends 1,2.



JOHN BERNARD HAYTER

John Hayter is the Class of 1960's answer to Renaissance Man. Idol of would-be beatniks with his black leather jacket, engineer boots, and Burnsides beard, his pronounced arty tendencies are neatly balanced by an overwhelmingly rugged bonhomie. Bridge expert, interior decorator, artist, struggling actor, journalist, parliamentarian (can throw into confusion and totally disrupt any meeting whatever), mathematician, Russian linguist, music buff, Connoisseur of wines, J.H.B. nevertheless seems to enjoy most his dual roles as machine politician and red-tape administrator. As class treasurer, he kept '60 from bankruptcy by refusing to pay bills with statesmanlike aloofness; as chairman of the Rules Committee he cunningly obtained constitutions of every student organization, documents which he chuckles over fiendishly as he dreams of brilliant political coups in, say, the Spanish Club. What then is left for John in the big, conformist, humdrum Outside World?

His only hope of fulfilling his total being is to find some deserted island and establish a colony, himself as Supreme Dictator of course. To this little world admirers will flock and bask in the sun of the Hayter Aesthetic (and incidentally guzzle the Hayter booze on the house).

Tennis mgr. 2,3; Glee Club 1,2; Drama Club 1,4, secretary 2,3; *News* 2, feature editor 3, associate editor 4; *Record* 3, associate editor 4; Class Gift Comm. 4; Class Night Comm. secretary 3,4; Commencement Speaker Comm. 4; Constitutional Revision Comm. 2; Curriculum Comm., secretary 2; Rules Committee, chairman 4; ICG 2,4, state comm. chairman 3; WHRC 1,2. Bridge Club 3,4; Class Treasurer 3,4; Varsity Club, Founders Club.

RICHARD DAVID HILLIER

Dave's life at Haverford has been characterized by three main things: a consistent 80-plus average, a passionate interest in sports, and an equally passionate disinterest in members of the opposite sex. Swayed by a 94 in botany, Dave decided to major in biology, and, under the faithful guidance of Irving Finger and Ronnie Brinkley, soon gained fame for his adeptness at bleeding rabbits. After three unsuccessful attempts to find roommates of equal academic excellence, he holed up in Leeds for his senior year. Sports-wise, Dave has contributed both actively and passively. A four-year hare-ier career was topped off by his captaincy of this year's squad. Dave also headed up the Student News Bureau and told the outside world about the condition of Haverford sports. Aside from a few furtive Maypole expeditions, Dave had never seen the Bryn Mawr campus until this year, when his interest in topography led him to take a geology course. Since there is little life of any kind in his native Wyoming, Dave hopes to spend next year at Wisconsin or Duke studying biology.

Cross Country 1,2,3, Captain 4; Chemistry Club 4; Dining Room Committee 4; Varsity Club.



THEODORUS N. A. HOEN

Theodorus arrived here from a Dutch lyceum, having spent his earliest years in Indonesia. At first he appeared overpowered by America; his years at Haverford were, as he says, a "modus vivendi" — a practical synthesis of Dutch and American thought. When Ted started talking ("thanks to freshman English, which taught me American") he immediately sang the praises of Rembrandt, Anne Frank, the royal House of Orange, and above all, Heineken's beer. His often jocular expressions of nationalism ("I'm taking the 9:30 to New Amsterdam") were met by American advice in similar vein ("You should ask for the woodenshoe concession"). To such words, however, Ted could more seriously retort. "We are no more a nation of costumes and windmills than you are of Maverick and the pony express". But the concession appeared unnecessary, for Ted is near to an amiable Main Line matron's heart. He has only felt near to BMC during the latter years, busily making up the damage done by his former conservatism and "the lack of high school training". Ted's optimistic disposition and quick mind will facilitate his settlement in the U.S. (he hopes to soon become a citizen — "Gehul ernee").

J.V. Soccer 2,3; J.V. Tennis 3; German Club 4; International Club 2,3. Treasurer 4; WHRC 3.



PETER BRIGHAM HOWARD

Oh my God only two hours to go fifteen pages to write gotta hand this in or I flunk . . . "What pervades all this titanic literary figure's work is the symbolic relevance of the sex act. This relevance is shown by Lawrence in the live of the *Man Who Died* . . . &ff%\$#* This darn typewriter keeps going wrong only one hour forty-five minutes finish up hand in go out to play cricket only two weeks marry Alison . . . "*The Man Who Dies*, a titanic Lawrentian reinterpretation of the person of the Messiah, the apotheosis of the blood sense . . . son of a &ff%\$#*! i've used that phrase about twenty times wish i'd read more than two novels by that guy read him sometime out on the coast read write play cricket all day . . . "The blood sweeps throughout the lushly worded panorama of . . . lousy! aingg aingg aingg "Mr. Lester? Pete Howard. Sorry to get you up at this hour but I just ran across some indispensible primary source material on Lawrence and I haven't had time to really assimilate it. Need a day. How about just till noon? All right, O.K., I'll have it in in just three hours. Yeah. O.K. Thanks."

JV Basketball 1; Cricket 2.3.4; Dining Room Comm. 4.



WM. JAMES HOWARD

New exam record: 12 hours wasted sleeping out of 120. This is Jim Howard, the sleepless wonder of the class of '60.01 "Buddy," a citizen of Marietta, Georgia, has also maintained the South's reputation for parliamentary skill: not only has he led the Haverford chapter of the I.C.G. skillfully through smokefilled partisan machinations in Harrisburg, giving the greatest amount of pleasure to the largest possible number of students; but he has also given freely of his talents at Students' Association meetings, to the consternation of "the opposition." Chemistry has been Jim's consuming interest, since he majored in it . . . But he has also given much study to purer medical science — biology, summer work in hospitals — which has culminated happily in his being admitted to Penn Med School. He performs urine and blood analyses for his friends, dispenses vitamins, and passes out ten guaranteed sleepless hours in handy tablet form — all without fee. It is true that Jim has had some troubles with a concealed hostility, Mrs. T., Greenmountain, and late shows. However, he stands as a living example of man's accomplishment in spite of natural and artificial limitations.

Glee Club 2; Students' Council 2; Constitutional Revision Comm. 3; Honor System Comm. 3; Rules Comm. 4; Student-Faculty Relations Comm., chairman 4; I.C.G. 1. chairman 2.3.4; Beta Rho Sigma.





JOHN BOYCE HURFORD

A freshman year's worth of bleary-eyed driving to early morning classes cured "The Gurf" of the peace, serenity, and good food of day-student life. John surrendered privacy and the loving companionship of a German shepherd for the cloistered life of a Lloyd suite and the quietude of three gentle roommates. After two years of this idyllic life with "D.B." and "Harry", John decided to give up on Lloyd and try the quasi-privacy of a Leeds single. At this point, he is ready to return to his German shepherd. To get away from it all, "Hurf" makes mysterious year-round visits to the little town of Swarthmore. There it is claimed that Miss West Chester and he spend more time at a rival college's library than they do at their own. A *News* survey revealed that Hurf was the only one of this year's gridders to sport his own personal cheering section at all home games. While he claims it was due to mere proximity, his fans know it was because of his irresistible good looks, serene fatherly air, and, of course, his stalwart tackle-ship.

Football 2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3,4; Track 1,2,3,4; Parking Comm. 2,3; I.C.G. 2,3,4; Economics Club 2,3,4; Varsity Club.



WILLIAM W. JONES

Bill Jones background is Kansas Quakerism; Westtown School; and a staunch political philosophy which might best be described as antediluvian Republicanism. At Haverford, Bill acquired trusted tutors and mentors: Professor MacCaffrey and Johnny O'Brien. Bill proved that one man can serve two masters. "I've got two MacCaffrey papers due this week," he'd say with a frown. Upon investigation you'd find that he had been hard at work on both for the last six weeks; in fact, seeing how hopeful it all was, he'd brighten and suggest an expedition to a local establishment. A steady stream of eighties from MacCaffrey (no mean feat) attests to Bill's ability as an historian. Bryn Mawr never got to know Bill too well. Every fall he'd give it a try, hopeful that the current crop was better than that of the year before but every year he found to his disappointment that Elizabeth Taylor was not matriculating at Bryn Mawr. Bill has studied hard, earned a good average, and become an expert in medieval European history. He has a bright future as a teacher — either at a university or at an elite eastern boys' prep school.

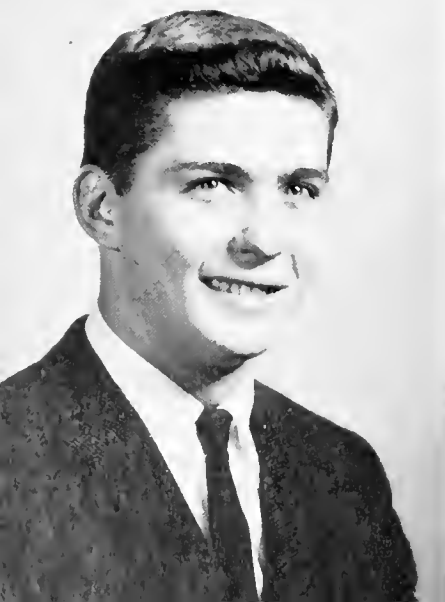
JV Baseball 1; Debating Society 1; Economics Club 4; International Club 1; Philosophy Club 3,4; Peace Action Fellowship 1,2,3,4; Young Friends 2,3.



MALCOLM E. ALAN KAUFMAN

The marriage of Princess Purina DeBris von Schmaltzwerth-Chiesberger to famed international playboy M. Edward A. Kaufman took place yesterday afternoon in Madison Square Garden. The ceremony was performed by the objectivist philosopher Ayn Rand. J. Collett, R. Miller and B. Speer were flower boys. Princess Chiesberger, daughter of Prince and Princess Chiesberger (owners of the Hope Diamond and Niagara Falls) was tastefully attired in an ivory peau de sole encrusted with diamonds. She carried a bouquet of black orchids in a solid uranium bowl. Kaufman was casually attired in bright blue ski trousers, shetland crew-neck sweater and silk foulard cummerbund. The princess was educated at Westover and Smith. Kaufman attended a small Quaker college, the name of which he is unable to recall, and Columbia Business School, later joining the brokerage firm of Booty Guilt, Pelf, Wampum and Rothschild. Later he "cornered" the market on brandy snifters, and now owns fifteen seats on the N.Y. Stock Exchange. In his spare time he teaches East Asian Studies at Columbia University and serves as special consultant to Brooks Brothers. Ten Lester Lanin orchestras played at the reception.

JV Football 1; JV Tennis 1,2,3; Class Night Comm. 1,2, chairman 3,1; Customs Comm. 2,3; Social Comm. 2, chairman 3; Class Secy. 1; Service Fund, treasurer 4; Economics Club 3,1.



C. HERMAN KLINGENMAIER

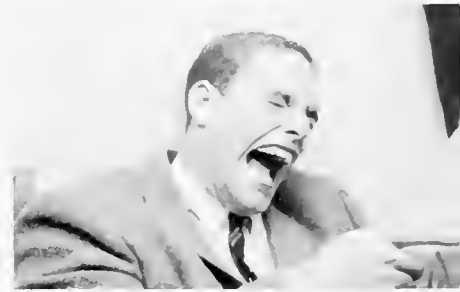
"Sleep, sleep, sleep . . . Why am I always so sleepy? I'm sick — I've got encephalitis. Maybe I drink too much beer, too many late shows or not enough healthy heterosexual activity — Wellesley is sooo far away!" Hermie believes in breaks while working. "Let's take an hour out and watch the late show." "What's on, Hermie?" "What do you mean, what's on? The television is." Even this theory of leisure can be carried to the ridiculous, as evidenced by a trip to Boston the evening before a math final. "Hormone" has been known to go into sudden fits of violence, playing upon his roommates' innate castration fears with the fire tongs. The campus psychiatrist assured him that it was not really a manifestation of paranoia. As chairman of the Social Committee, Hermie has probably made his greatest contribution through his long-term contracts with Moore Institute. Pity that he has been unable to apply his influence campus-wide. Hermie not only "has his head above water" in his math major; he even wrote a book (too obscure for laymen and professionals) for the department. Next year he will take over Philadelphia's housing program, visiting Penn Med School on the side.

Fencing 1; Glee Club 1,2; Social Comm. 2; chairman 3,4; Drama Club 2,3,1; Class Night 2,3,4; I.C.G. 1,3; Rocket Society 2.

MICHAEL H. KOHN

The rich fabric of existence and its imitation presents itself for inspection; some leave off with inspection, while others reach out and bind this cloth about their broader shoulders, their loins as yet unbound. The binding is followed by the bidding, but here the call comes late, so the giants, the warriors, must move for a time unbidden and often uncertain . . . Narcissus is a germ, a flower to carry him through the diaphane that comes before him first . . . The conclusions appear as sharp intrusions in a life which can in truth tolerate neither conclusions nor intrusions. As long as this intolerance wages a fitful and triumphant struggle with the consciousness of caesuras and ends, the journey and the sight, the hope and the necessities go on. And as the warrior-prince passes by our too peaceful resting-place, we hear his voice raised in the song of joy unbidden and unbounded — an affirmative surrender to the unknown creative goddess who uses him — and not us — so tenderly. And she is the weaver of the cloth, he the reason — yet they see not one another.

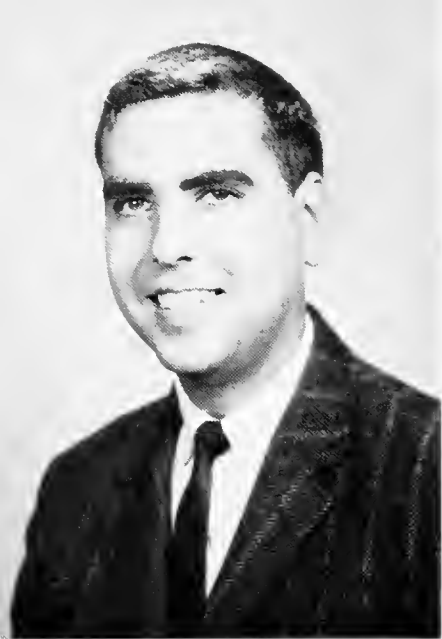
Football 1; Cricket 3; Glee Club 1; Drama Club 1,2,3,4; Class Night 1,2,3,4; Mountaineers 2,3.



NIKITA MICHAEL LARY

The incarnated meeting place of science and the arts, and an intellectual turned egghead, Nick returned to the U.S.A. from the Swiss Alps in order to make a four-year protest against compulsory Meeting, internal contradictions of Quakerism (his roommate), and anything mediocre (usually Administration, collection orators, the bourgeoisie, and other assorted enemies). Splitting his time between the language houses (French and German), the library, the physics lab, and BMC, he has still managed to: direct a French play in conjunction with French novelist Jean Louis Curtis, grow a beard, convince his brother Peter to come to Haverford, call almost everything "grubby" at least once, read most of Dolstoisfki (in original) with French novels for a *vorspeise*, and bomb a Maas German literature course by handing in the paper 178 hours late. The few who know Nikita well could see him as independence, intellect, and individuality combined with paradoxical extremes and moods (depending on the North Wind) and a philosophical nature. We know that such a combination is assured some significant destiny in a world of machine-made men.

French Club 1,3, president 2; German Club 1,2,3; International Club 1,2,4: student director, "Le Bal des Voleurs", 2.



GERALD M. LEVIN

Before: 8:00 Anticipates alarm by three minutes and shuts it off for sleeping roommates. 11:00-Returns from class. Stacks Bib Lit notes carefully on lower left side of bottom desk shelf. Settles comfortably, book in hand, in red leather chair in living room until rowdy roommates return, then moves to stiff-backed chair at desk. 3:00 Ten minutes out for trip to book store. Uses 1st-in-class Corporation Scholar money to buy *Ideal Marriage* (Amy Vanderbilt) and Andersen's *Fairy Tales* for the kiddies, defending his practical foresight to pedantic friends. 9:00-Declines invitation to Comet, allowing one nickel for a donut-to-go and saving time for a (non-alcoholic) weekend off campus with Carol. 10:00-And so to bed . . . *After:* 8:00-Anticipates alarm by ten minutes so that he can bring Carol her orange juice in bed. 11:00-Returns from class. Receives Carol's daily call from Philadelphia, asking for interpretation of Shakespearean passage. 3:00-Before meeting Carol at train, stops at Penn Fruit for cocktail crackers. 9:00-Ten minutes out for crucial part of *TV Guide*-recommended "Twilight Zone". 12:22-And so to bed! Cricket 1.2; WHRC 1.2; Glee Club 1.2; B.B.-S.F.G. Comm. 2; Class Night 1.2.1; Phi Beta Kappa.



CHARLES S. LIPTON

Charlie came to Haverford with the gleam of med school in his eye. He started worrying immediately and stopped only after his admission in senior year. His apprehensions were periodically drowned in women and song. Charlie disappeared from campus every weekend, presumably to go home, but before long his friends discovered that he was seeing a young lady. Finally in December of his senior year, he reappeared one Sunday with a beaming face and proudly announced his engagement. Charlie was one of the few chem majors to take an informal music major as well. He compensates for his lack of music courses by playing his several thousand records daily. He has stopped the hi-fi on rare occasions, such as the time he was found wandering aimlessly mumbling, "My door, where is my door? They stole my door . . ." One of the more industrious chem majors, Charlie survived several spectacular sophomore year reactions, which scattered reagents, glass and bits-of-Lipton about the lab, to become the one most likely to achieve noteworthy results from his senior research — sterility. Charlie is one of the fortunates who come to Haverford knowing what they want and leave with even more.

News, photo editor 3; *Record*, photo editor 4; WHRC 3; B.B.-S.F.G. Comm. 4; Chem Club 2.3.1.





EDWARD MORGAN LONGBOTHAM, JR.

" . . . But then it got to be not so funny when they tossed me out the window in Barclay Tower on the end of that bedspread" says the excited voice in a Leeds single, followed by great laughter. There's no doubt — it's Morg, the walking collection of anecdotes and practical jokes involving members and ex-members of the class of '60. Once started, he is guaranteed to last for hours with one hilarious incident after another. His first two and one-half years were spent in Barclay keeping things out of control; he then decided that there was no longer sufficient challenge and turned to new excitement in Spanish House. Senior year brought a new interest in the South and migration to Leeds where he settled down to hard work on studies and beer gut. Morg's activities include Varsity Water Fight Team, Committee on May Pole Activities, Association for the Preservation of Dining Room Riots, and Sports Page Study. He is an English major, and will teach in secondary school. He will go on to graduate school in English, but may first take a second vacation with the U.S. Army.



At four in the morning
Down by the pond
He dreams as he leans
On his old Irish wand . . .
Of Mohonk and mountains
And days that are past
Of Times and Traditions
That weren't meant to last.
Elsewhere he speaks like
An English man should:
He never feels well but
He always feels "good".

JOHN G. MACORT, JR.

He'll sit in the North Wing
And look at his French
And wonder what's doin'
With Julie (his wench.)
I'm sure that I've heard
Every story he knows
And so have the boys
At Tenth Entry and Joe's.
And I'll tell you some more
About John G. Macort . . .
Just give me six pages
(And buy me a quart).

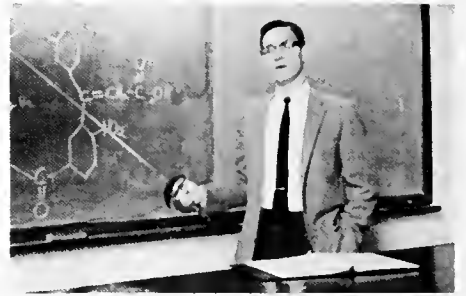
Glee Club, frosh president 1, mgr. frosh club 2, business mgr. 3, president 4; Collection Speakers Comm. 2; Dormitory Comm. 2; Meeting Comm. 2; Parking Comm. 3.



ROBERT P. MARGIE

In September 1956 a large moving van pulled onto campus and unloaded a gigantic desk, fifteen reams of paper, five gross of pencils, four filing cabinets, and numerous assorted boxes of pens, paper clips, carbon paper, and No-Doz: Bob Margie set up shop at Haverford. The organization man *par excellence*, he had arrived to systematize and conquer. His machinations have emitted mainly from the *News*, first as advertising manager and then as Mr. Big himself, the business manager. A disciple of Caesar, Borgia, and Machiavelli, this Prussian took part in Haverford's war games as conducted by the fencing team. Meanwhile Bob studied the strategy of war under Von Clausewitz and Churchill, and the morality of war under Gerry Freund. Bob then hurled this mass of tactical knowledge on the delinquent accounts of the *News*, with uneven success. On the lighter side, Bob has always been a ready participant in water fights, wrestling matches, and practical jokes. He leaves Haverford with memories of long, long study nights, a record collection with the prettiest covers, and the shocked look on the dean's face when he learned of Bob's acceptance to medical school before his letter of recommendation had been written.

JV Fencing 1,2; *News* Advertising Mgr. 3; Business Mgr. 4; *Record* Photography Staff 3,4; Chemistry Club 1,2,3; Class Night 3; Class Gift Committee 4.



GLENN A. McCURDY

Glenn leaves Haverford with less laughter than he brought with him from Quakertown. Communication with this small institution has changed many values, but The Boy remains, as does The Smile. "I feel pretty strong now . . . I mean as far as this emotional thing is concerned . . . Florida would be nice, or Boston . . . Alaska? Not with all that damn rain, not again . . . Now the West Coast, Malibu Beach, that I can see . . . a great place to write and meet all flavors of people." Puffed muscles and finances cut short the athletic way, though he did get a letter. Glenn knew the rock-'n-roll mode, and Alexander gave him the classics and hi-fi. He knew the Bryn Mawr library, and was a devoted member of the snowy quartet that wowed many Bryn Mawrters. Glenn's date for the next weekend is always fun to guess, and he is all kinds of pleasant to talk to when a letter hasn't come from Europe. Will they forget the guy from Bok Vocational at the next mixer? Will Pembroke be forever cut off from a great source of entertainment? Will Class Night lose forever that rock-like stereotype? The issues are unresolved.

Cross Country 1,2; Track 1,2; Debating Society 3; WMRC 2,3; Class Night 2,3,4; Social Committee 3; Triangle Society; Varsity Club 2,3,4.

DONALD B. McKELVEY

After two uneventfully turbulent, communal years proselytizing among the Yarnellites, Mac moved to an elaborate off-campus suite complete with distinctive odor. However, he did accomplish something before forsaking the frivolities of dorm life. His election to the post of Students' Association Treasurer was assured from the start by his steadily increasing bankroll (head waiter, sole laundry concessionaire, and library desk authoritarian). With junior year isolation came a red beard (for companionship), but with the Good Humor Corporation came the bare chin again. Don's classmates recall his ever-readiness to make a buck, his Tahitian-style shirts and ties, and his winter coatlessness: Gerry and Ira will remember his uncapitalized "i's" and his capitalized "You's." But Don's overriding concern at Haverford has been the search for truth and a way to promulgate it in a world "festering with damnation." He declares (strange notions) that capitalism is psycho-emotionally fatal, that the family's influence is pernicious, and that communism is necessary lest Huxley reign unhappily triumphant. Specific manifestations include a frequent "This damn society!" and a constant — and frustrating — search for the concerned and dedicated.

J.V. Basketball 1; Students' Association Treasurer 3; *Record* Subscriptions Mgr. 3; Glee Club 2; Constitutional Revision Comm. 3; Curriculum Comm. 2,3, chairman 1; Election Procedure Comm. chairman 2,3; Responsibilities Comm. 2; Student Affairs Comm. 3; Coordinator 4; Student-Faculty Relations Comm. 4.



ROBERT S. MILLER

"Oh, God," screams Bob Miller as he flings Ruth Fisher's *Stalin and German Communism* to the floor. "This is just impossible. I can't follow it. I'm going crazy!" Bob Miller is undergoing one of his periodic dark afternoons of the soul. Throughout the Plaza, happy, care-free seniors are studying, playing, or joking, but for Miller there is only desolation and a horrible sense of purposelessness in life. Frenziedly grabbing his overcoat, Miller rushes into the cold winter air for a therapeutic walk. His mind at ease, pleasant scenes present themselves to him. Class Night and the "hell of a party" that followed; the campaign for Katowitz; dreams of Oxford on a Fulbright and Cope, and the continuing quest for the elusive Karl Radek. Back in his room, a refreshed and hopped-up (dexedrine) Bob begins again his study of Fisher. When dawn breaks, his newly-awaked roommates meet Bob in the living room, now completing the 663-page book. "It's not such a bad book after all," he says by way of greeting. "There's some good stuff in it. Anyway, I understand it now," he says with a deprecating and contented grin.

J.V. Cross Country 1; Students' Council 4; *News* 3,4; Class Veep 2,3; Class Night Comm. 2,3; Class Night Director 1,2,4; Constitutional Revision Comm. Chairman 3; Curriculum Comm. 1,2; Customs Comm. 2; Honor System Comm. 2; Phi Beta Kappa; Founders Club; Cope Fellowship.



DAVID W. MORGAN

"BMOC" is not a term loosely bandied around at Haverford. While this may contribute to the official feeling that we are just one happy family, it also bespeaks perhaps a lack of full awareness of the considerable effort and effect of such undergrads as Dave Morgan. In private life he is a student of "phi bete" proportions, an achievement fortunately requiring only some forty hours a week to maintain. Public "space fillers" have included Drama Club, Glee Club, track, Service Fund chairmanship, and, most importantly, a senior year of an additional forty hours a week as Council president. That just about leaves time for nightly chasings back and forth to Bryn Mawr, and daily midafternoon naps. Dave loves his bed so well he even studies there, propped up on pillows and quarantined safely from the world by the door which sanitation demands to confine the great clouds of pipe smoke. But those unfamiliar with this happy domestic scene may better remember Dave elinging resolutely to the Roberts rostrum mid the storm of a Students' Association meeting.

Track 1.2.3: Students' Council 1, president 4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Drama Club 1.2, president 3; Curriculum Comm. 3; Honor System Comm. 2; Service Fund Chairman 3; Class' President 1; Founders Club; Phi Beta Kappa.



WERNER ERNST MULLER, JR.

Werner, who conceals a golden blinder beneath "plain dress", has moved through his four years of Quaker education by leaps and bounds: over the soccer field, around the track, and across the dance floor (he calls it interpretive dancing). The explosive "pe . . . choo poo" of his soccer boot and the poker face which marked his glide over the hurdles can hardly be forgotten or duplicated. The poker face remained even amid the adulation of all Bryn Mawr while singing and strumming through the Octet's three and a half good numbers. His slightly frayed roommates have felt his impact and have understood . . . "Werner! Damn it! You know I always get hurt and then you're sorry for a month." Greg is in trouble with Mulls again and an evening of quiet study is lost somewhere between Werner's nose and that one brilliant pillow slash by Alexander. Behind this vicious infighter is the soul of upstanding Quaker boyhood, a favorite shirt, chicken gizzards saved for Mom, and a Werner way of walking. "Shape-up, Mulls." Oh you know he will.

Soccer 1.2, captain 3,4; Track 1.2.3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Octet 1.2.3,4; Customs Comm. 2; Customs Evaluation Comm. 1; Dining Room Comm. 2, chairman 1; Class Night 1,2,3; Chemistry Club 3, secy.-treas. 4; Varsity Club; Triangle.





WALLACE A. MURRAY, JR.

"Whatta you guys tryin' to do? That gny's big enough to go deer huntin' with a switch," roared the National Aggie coach as he saw one of his 150 lb. stalwarts receiving the wrong end of a Murray forearm. Although one of the most formidable individuals ever to wear a Haverford football uniform, Wally's career was brought to a premature end when one irate opponent reasoned that deer hunters would be relatively ineffective if their knees were weakened from behind. Enemy mission accomplished, Wally was dragged to the lockers, put on crutches, and sent on his way, a devout anti-jock from that fatal day on. In academic pursuits, Wally was far from injury-prone. As a four-year day student, he kept up with the "coop group" but was one of the few not to suffer from the "vidiot" grade-period depression. After an intensive study into the virtues of medicine and law, marriage and chastity. Wally has decided to attend Penn Law School, marry Judy, and preach his socio-religious dogma to a more attentive audience than Haverford cynics, in the inimitable Murray style of debate: loud, louder, and loudest. Football 1,2,3; Basketball 1; Track 1,2,3,4; Record 3; Customs Comm. 2; Varsity Club, vice-president 4; Beta Rho Sigma.



BENJAMIN HAVELOCK NEWCOMB

The Ballad of Benny Newcomb-

On a cold and wintry evening
A form into the darkness slips.
It's the ghost of Leeds Casino
Bringing cards and poker chips.

Into the first floor lounge he
steps
And sighs himself down in a
chair.
"Got a ciggie-boo?" he asks,
But Russ has gone, and Shep's
not there.

There is no one here to greet
him.
No "Haw Newkie" echoes near.
Gone the all-night poker parties.
Gone the Moore girls and the
beer.
Gone the friends of 12 Lloyd
Hall.
Gone the grind for Douglas
Steere;
No more poker. Leeds Casino.
And Benny Newcomb wipes a
tear.

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Debating Society 1, secy. 2, mgr. 3, president 4.



CHARLES F. OSGOOD

Charlie finally gave in; after fighting the battle between the humanities and the sciences for three years, he finally found it impossible to reconcile the two and therefore decided to give up science and study only mathematics. He found a peaceful solitude in the company of mathematicians, for the Physics Department had been making slanted comments on the value of math and mathematicians in general, except when math is unrigorously applied to science. When Charlie decided to leave the bustle of campus, he retired to Scull House, his humble abode for the past three years. He entered Scull while it still had its reputation, and quickly the character of Scull changed; whether Charlie or the Dean had more effect, no one knows. In three years we should find Charlie behind a desk piled high with scraps of paper with strange doodlings on them. On the wall will be the sheepskin engraved with his name and the Ph.D. On the blackboard will be various circles and squares, combined with assorted Greek letters. Occasionally he will have to move to a seminar room to teach his three students the peculiarities of numbers, simple groups, and complex variables. Phi Beta Kappa.



GEORGE G. C. PARKER

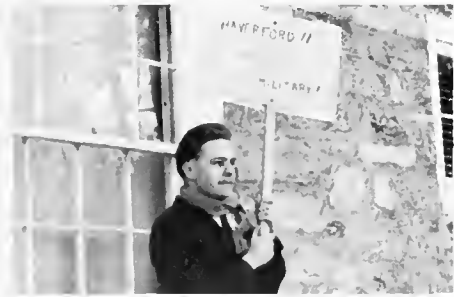
George is a victim of five deadly subjects: Joan, Economics, Statistics, California, and Miscellaneous. "There's no doubt in my mind that Joan is best of the five." "All human nature is based, ultimately, on supply and demand. No matter what course I take I can work an economics paper in and get a good grade." "California wines are, on the average, better than French. I know, I used to work in a liquor store." "Birth control techniques can be made only 95% effective. I know, I read it in the Yale Report." "Well, I think pacifism has something to do with Quakerism — in the long run." This astute economics major spends much of his time sleeping or else looking for new ways to sleep. "I only hope Joan will let me get twelve hours of sleep a night." George can generally be counted upon to make the Moore scene. But he's sensitive about this trait: "Why are you guys always picking on me?" The inevitable answer is that we LIKE you, George. And truth to tell, if he had it to do all over again, George would have no trouble finding roommates.

J.V. Soccer 1; J.V. Tennis 1,2,3; *News* 2, sports editor 3; Rules Comm. 4; Social Comm. 2,3,4; Tri-College Dance Comm., chairman 3; Economics Club 2, secy. 3, vice-president 4; Beta Rho Sigma; Founders Club.

DAVID POTTER

Is this Socrates in our midst? One might think so when he meets and talks with Dave Potter, strolling leisurely across campus. Dave is a bit older than the average senior, and with his additional age he has acquired much wisdom. Part of his perspicacity comes from the fact that, unlike most sheltered Haverfordians, Dave brings with him to the campus a taste of the cold, impersonal outside world. He is a suburbanite, but he does not like to be called a coward because he fled the confusion of the city. He was "the man in the grey flannel suit" for awhile until the campus lured him back. Dave spends a considerable amount of his time teaching at the Devereux Schools. He intends to continue there temporarily while undertaking graduate work in education. His newly acquired wife has restricted his peripatetic activities somewhat, but he is still not at a loss for words. Dave has been a valuable member of all his classes where he is certain always to make his presence known in the Soeratic approach. Haverford is glad he returned; he did not look good in a grey flannel suit — tweed is much more becoming.

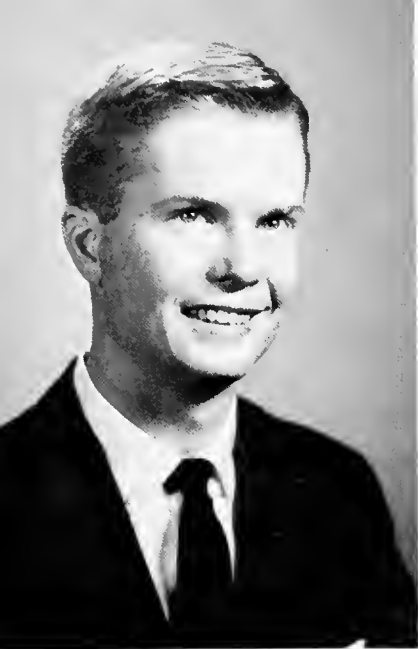
News 1; WHRC, treasurer 1, production mgr. 2, station mgr. 3; Collection Speakers Comm. 2,3; Meeting Comm. 3; Cultural Exchange Comm. of Young Friends, chairman.



KENDRICK W. PUTNAM

From out of the blizzard on a cold winter's eve in the north country, four forms appear, plodding along on snow shoes. One comrade is obviously more experienced in this form of travel, and his exhausted companions are seen to collapse under a convenient fir tree. "Ken, how did you ever persuade us to come so far for a weekend trip during the semester? We're pooped, and besides, think of the work piling up." "Go on with you! A man's able to *live* up here. Lots of exercise, as much sleep as you want, none of the 'benefits' of civilization, and we *know* the steaks will be *cooked!*" "If we ever get there!" "Piffle, this is nothing. Did I ever tell you about the time Great-grandfather Cole took a hike when it was 40° below? Not that that's anything disturbing, but I suppose you'd be *cold* . . ." But before he could finish, a Marine Corps recruiter came by in a snow weasel and offered the group a ride back to town. The three intellectuals piled in, leaving Ken and the snowflakes to cover the tracks which now defiled his natural paradise.

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; SCM, district chairman 3,4; Peace Action Fellowship, chairman 3,4; Regional Advisory Comm. of World University Service 3,4.



J. ALLEN RAMEY

Dear Mom, Today I've been comforting D. Vious Steere by assuring him there's common ground between science and religion. Here's a case when my background in Bib Lit was more helpful than that in physics; he just could not make head nor tail of $E=mc^2=$ Inner Light. Jane and I had a magnificent spiritual experience following our engagement: together we painted a picture of the duck pond! She's at Scull every evening, but we're getting plenty done — honest! Please renew my subscription to *The Wall Street Journal*. I like to keep track of my portfolio every day. How 'bout old Polaroid jumping three points yesterday?! Our Octet ought to wow all those Southern belles on our Spring trip. My gallivantin' is creating "domestic" repercussions: Jane calls me the Haverford Songbird; I call her Scrunchums. I guess Educational Psych is really our gut this semester, but it's interesting anyhow. Kids are really complex, you know? That little boy I was tutoring turned out to be a genius! Gotta go apartment-hunting now, for next year at Temple Med. We're goin' to look first in South Philly. Ha! Yours in scouting, Allen.



J.V. Soccer 1; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; *News*, Bus. Mgr. 3; Octet 1,2,3,4; *Record*, Bus. Staff 4; Class Sec'y 2; Social Committee 2; Founders Club 4; Triangle 3,4.



GEOFFREY H. RAYMOND

Rumor has it that Geoff is a being from another world. The man of signs, satellites, and Margot has been trying to return to a place called "Kenilworth" for four years. He has turned finally to the satellite-tracking unit behind the Field House, scanning for an outgoing flight. Three years of working for WHRC failed to give him transmission beyond Scull House. That his earthbound four years might not be in vain, Geoff has been cramming his head full of sweet somethings to whisper in Margot's ear. He is the only person in the area with the complete works of Edmund Spenser. There can be no doubt of Geoff's supernatural powers. When Santa Claus was fatally injured in a sleigh accident last December, Geoff was the first to know. Also, he has been able to find obscure quotations from the old masters which had been heretofore undiscovered. An artful announcement over his door heralds his latest discovery: "Through these portals pass the oddest germs — Louis Pasteur, 1843". After graduation Geoff has scheduled a blast-off from the Leeds parking lot to "Kenilworth," confident that he'll finally reach escape velocity.



WHRC 2. Board 3,4; Class Night 2,3,4.



DAVID G. RHOADS

Dave is one of the almighty 12%, but with a difference: he is a militant pacifist. At least twice a year he makes a pilgrimage to refuel his inner light at that Mecca of the Holy Quaker Empire, Earlham College. This journey became increasingly necessary as Dave acquired roommates who preached the decadent philosophies of war, alcoholism and organized religion. Quite a bit of David's time at Haverford has been connected with running. His first two years were spent on the track and soccer fields, while his last two he kept in shape with continuous trips to Bryn Mawr. The number of trips per day was finally reduced to five by bringing Bryn Mawr to 103 Leeds. His diligence was eventually acknowledged by the Varsity Club, which presented him with the story of his life, "Man Against Woman". After two years of horrid Model T-dium, he graduated to a distinguished Model A with the top blown off. As a final distinction, Dave was prominent as that rare specimen, a true chemist in the chemistry clique. Even he reshuffled his beakers, however, and goes off to graduate school as a *biochemist*.

J.V. Soccer 1,2; Track 1,2; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; *Record*, Patronage Mgr. 4; Chemistry Club 1,4, Sec'y-Treas. 2,3; P.A.F. 1; Haverford-Bryn Mawr Young Friends 1,2. Treas. 3,4.



JONATHAN E. RHOADS, JR.

When pressed for a post-mortem on exams, Jack invariably replies, "Oh, I think I passed it." This leaves the inquirer approximately where he began, for Jack's humility belies a 90-plus average. The only astrophysics major gracing the Haverford campus, Jack emerges from Louis' Hideaway long enough to challenge and defeat one and all at chess, sing in the Glee Club, select Collection speakers, and take charge of physics labs. This is not to mention frequent non-academic trips to BMC. His 1953 Mercury, held together by strong language and "occasional tinkering," leaves the Lloyd parking lot in a cloud of oil smoke, scheduled to arrive at BMC not more than half an hour later. Like a friendly Papa Bear, Jack herds the unsuspecting Prides-of-McBride into his station wagon, allaying all fears of Club 13 with protestations of innocence and sworn recitations of the Boy Scout oath. Since those halcyon Club 13 days, Jack has settled down to quieter conquests and even higher grades with his eye on Harvard Med and all those girls schools in the Boston area. If his wagon is willing, Jack will be there.

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; WHRC 1; Chess Club 1,2,3,4; Mountaineers 1,2; Curriculum Committee 4.



CHARLES C. ROBERTS

Although Charlie personified the "Ivy League" freshman at the University of Pennsylvania, his desire to burst the bonds of conformity and to further his well grounded intellectual interests led to a hopeful transfer to Haverford's "Utopia". Alas, under a deluge of work Charlie's intellectualism waned but his conformity disappeared. Discarding work, he concentrated on engaging professors in face-to-face repartee, from which neither party emerged unscathed. He will be remembered for his three day versions of the most taxing economic courses and his pursuit of erroneous subject matter. A connoisseur of luxuries he could not afford, Charlie's schedule included periodic visits to Tenth, complemented by quiet bliss alone in his room with "Jack Rose". His non-conforming social life featured long periods of dormancy, interspersed with violent fortnightly outbursts. As an athlete, Charlie's better-than-average J.V. tennis playing paralleled his better-than-average temper. Haverford has taken its toll of this Renaissance man. Unequipped with enough motivational drive for the twentieth century, Charlie hopes to lead a quiet life of "avoidance of needless complexity". He has dreams of "westward to Tahiti", moonlit nights, sparkling lagoons, and bare, beautiful native simplicity.

J.V. Tennis 2,3; Commencement Speaker Committee 4; Economics Club 2, treasurer 3, president 4.



JOSEPH E. ROGERS, JR.

There is a limited class of people at Haverford who can hardly wait whenever a newcomer is around to point proudly and announce with a slight catch in the voice, "And *that* is the Chemistry Building," as if it were unquestionably the only possible point of interest to those with any discrimination at all. By no means the least of these scientific stalwarts is Joe, who in fact was so concerned to spread his message that he joined the Sub-Frosh Guide Committee in his sophomore year and so has been able to accomplish three years' worth of showing people the Chem Building. He sometimes carries his enthusiasm for chemical academics so far that he even threatens eventually to join the ranks of the torturers who devise the fiendish exams! One of Joe's big problems at this point is discovering the peculiar approach which would make chemistry Friendly; another is wondering why all eligible Quaker girls aren't chemists. One might observe that neither side of these dilemmas has been wholly neglected, but neither has the great synthesis been achieved. Perhaps he'll find the catalyst at Cornell next year.

Big Brother Committee 2,3, chairman 4; Commencement Speaker Committee, chairman 4; Customs Evaluation Committee 2; Honor System Committee 4; Meeting Committee 3,4; Chemistry Club 1,2,3,4; Haverford — Bryn Mawr Young Friends 1, Chairman 2,3,4; Haverford Representative to Mid-Atlantic Region College Committee, AFSC, 3,4.

DAVID LEE RONDTHALER

"Call me Zeus," he told the wide-eyed goddesses at the mixer. When they refused, Dave purchased drums, barbells, and a snow-white chariot, but soon became so conspicuous that he was forced to withdraw into Continental style monastic meditation. This friar's contemplation, well within the tradition of Franciscan musings, led him to a fervent interest in foreign and domestic affairs. Being basically a man of ex-rather than in-hibition, Dave left the quiet of his cell to proselytize his political and social theories throughout all of Gaul. Upon his return from this strange interlude, his brethren noticed a pronounced change in his mode of existence: his habit was uncauffed, his white chariot was sacrificed for a more ascetic blue goatcart, and a former aversion to science was of necessity attenuated by a prolonged reliance upon modern miracle drugs. However, Dave's devotion to sacred modern jazz (a la Ludwig von Silver, Johann S. Blakey, George Frideric Coltrane) remained a dominant theme in his life. Out of this strangely monastic yet wordly experience is emerging a business-ambassador with a distinctive approach to international commerce and world politics.

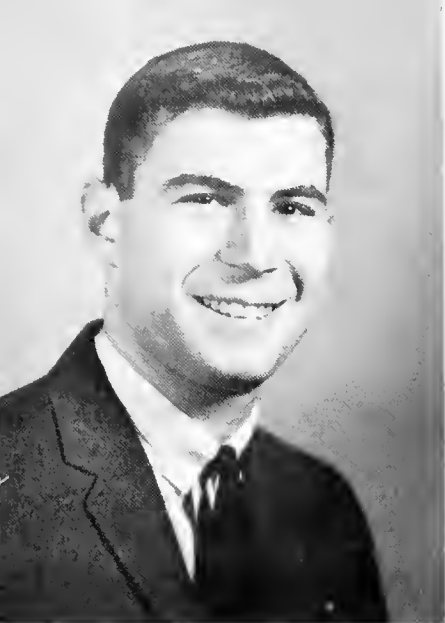
J.V. Basketball 1; Track 2; Class Night 2,4.



DAVID HUGH ROSENBAUM

Five years ago Dave experienced Freshman English. He found a huge wall covered with dials but no controls, so he went in search of a button to push. Six months in the army taught him that buttons did exist — ones that worked. He gave his corporal a copy of *One-Upmanship* and threw the platoon into chaos for weeks. This showed him the way. Leaving the army in dire need of recivilization, he went to Europe, was educated (in both mind and body) in Parisian French, then went on tour by scooter. On returning to school he looked for a major that offered the closest analogue to the joyous world of Dada, which he had discovered abroad, and found it among the black boxes and buttons of the physics lab. Though he knew buttons could usually be relied on, he found occasional campus denizens who appeared to have lost their buttons. They shook his faith. Sadly, he left the lab, took up French as a pastime, sang madrigals, wrote Wendy music for his recorder, still happily pushing buttons when provoked, retreating finally to the mountains — the only thing that "stands up and treats you like a man."

Cricket 3,1; Drama Club 2,3; French Club 2,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Mountaineers 3, expedition head 4; Arts Council 3,1; BMC Arts Night 3,1; Madrigal Singers 1.



RICHARD D. SCHEAR

From the immaculate Number Nine Leeds, a room carpeted with *Wall Street Journals*, there came at three o'clock in the morning the clickety-clack of a typewriter. Richie was typing a Soners paper and had only six hours to go. The sweat on his brow came not from fear of the paper being late, but rather from the fear that Fairchild Camera might not make the big jump and go off the board. He did not need to worry about either. As usual, his paper and his stock speculation were successful. Although he played basketball in his earlier years at College, his attitude towards athletics gradually fell under the influence of the downtown odds-makers. A skillful card player, he captained the Bridge Team but preferred games having higher stakes. When not occupying his receptacle, or when not in the community pig-pen, he could be found either at Tenth, the Toddle House (with a masterburger), or at Smoky Joe's at Penn. Richie had enough credits to leave the College after first semester senior year and to gain some practical experience in the world of ticker-tape and double-or-nothing.

Basketball 1,3; Tennis 1; Caucus Club 3; Economics Club 3,4.



FREDERICK C. SCHULZE, JR.

Fred's four year sojourn at the Number One Men's Intellectual Plateau was marked by a sharp disintegration of his frustration-aggression behavior pattern, i.e., wrestling with one Alexander virtually ceased, and there was a gigantic upswing in the sale of Ivy-green "Tower Hill" sweat shirts. It is tragic to note how easily this oft-bearded character was swayed by irresponsible classmates into reckless Siberian espionage, conducted from an Alaskan trawler cleverly disguised as Mrs. Khrushchev. Rescued from psychological limbo by the Carnegie people, Fred took the front door to the Communist Motherland for a summer of mutual brainwashing. This experience was extremely educational, or so Freddie informed the Collected student body, supported by a pitcher of vodka. Stepping from his role as John Foster Schulze, he set about making excuses for his corruption-ridden laundry business of junior year. This blot on his reputation was eventually forgiven when, taking up his Improvement Bat, Cricketer Schulze belabored his opponents with typical Russian diplomacy. With all the wickets bowled, Fred probably will always owe us that one white shirt and be prepared (in three languages) to make a moving contribution to the world of epic last-minute literature.

Cricket 1,2,3, captain 4; Glee Club 1,2,3; International Club 1; Russian Club 4; Arts Council, president 3; Founders Club 4.





STEPHEN STRAUSS SHAPIRO

Although claiming to be a native of North Jersey, Steve is regarded by his classmates as having emerged from the dank depths of the skating pond. It is here that he and his fellow freshmen engaged in a battle of Homeric proportions: in so doing, he distinguished himself as a warrior *extraordinaire* and a member of the least but not last senior class. Not content with confining his aquatic activities to the pond, Steve carried the battle to the steps of Barclay, evidence of which is preserved in a previous edition of the *Record*. This introduction says nothing of Steve's zealous adoration for classical music. Availing himself of the College's musical "facilities," he has sung second bass in the Glee Club for four years, to say nothing of the faculty's allowing him free Monday evenings for Ormandy's sake. Steve's social life has been more than adequate, serving as inspiration to the "Bring Bryn Mawr to Haverford" movement. His favorite recreational activity is golf — three times a day, all day, every day. Steve's major academic interest lies in American history; he plans to combine teaching it with the closely allied field of summer camping.

Golf 1,2,3, captain 4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; *News*, News Editor 3,4; WHRC 1,2,3; Big Brother Committee 3,4; Founders Club 4.



ALEXANDER SHARP

I saw the best kind of my generation (intoned the half-naked muse)
 struggling through the grey dawn to make another deadline,
 typing six words a minute,
 who long ago went from Lloyd to Barclay to Ardmore to bleak oblivion,
 returning in nontechnology, creeping from chemistry to French,
 Founders and freedom,
 who filled his life with unnumbered unread unreasonable paperbacks,
 spending his time sinking into indices and indexes,
 and who noised with machinery and guitar many colors of incredible
 ethnomusicology: whose machinery turned against him wailing Proko-
 viev, and whose instrument forsake him in divisibility irreparable,
 who took plane to Europe, slept in ruins, turned over his mind and scooter,
 mysteriously returned having seen truth in an elbow on the Appian
 Way,
 who seized upon the ultimate, grasped for the final union, went classic and
 modern at the same time, finally realized what the true value of
 universal education was,
 and then graduated.

Basketball, asst. mgr. 1,2, mgr. 3; Drama Club 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3;
News 1; WHRC 3,4; Arts Council 3,4; French Club 2,3. Veep 4; Varsity
 Club..



A. LOUIS SHEITELMAN

The courier dashes across the Siberian-Manchurian border. He is tired and dusty, having secretly traveled from Moscow by camel train, Vespa scooter, and yak back. Furtively he feels at his breast where rest the pilfered papers which contain the fate of his nation. Will he make it? A guard suddenly emerges from the fog, challenging the lonely figure. Our hero does not pause or falter; "Ah so," he states. The guard's deceived; he calls up a rickshaw boy and the determined desperate diplomat is carried at lightning trot into the distance, towards success. When did this happen? What does it mean? . . . We must confess that we are projecting; our hero is none other than Lou Sheitelman, multi-linguist, budding foreign service man. Yet even here at Haverford he's shown hope of approaching the limits set above. He is known for hard work, passionate belief in his principles, and the ability to adapt to all kinds of circumstances. Through the years we have seen the gleam grow within his eyes — now he's been accepted for the foreign service; he will not fail.

News 1,2, associate editor 3, managing editor 4; *RECORD* 3, associate editor 4; Debate Society 1,2, president 3; International Club 1,2,3; Founders Club.



JOHN EDWIN SHEPHERD, JR.

I sing a song to days of yore,
And ginger mixed with rye,
Two and twenty years of age,
An English major, I.

Stir this well with soccer games,
And dates in firelight's gloom,
"With water fill the buckets,
men!"
With bread, the dining room.

Remember Greg and Ben, ah
yes!

When wasting times with gags,
Of lighter fluid under doors
And milorganite in bags.

Shed not a tear, for when I'm
gone

I'll thank the gods that be;
For academic paths I took,
(And the Bryn Mawr girl with
me.)

Soccer 1,3,4; Glee Club 1,3,4; *News*, sports associate 4; Class Night
Comm. 1,2,3,4.

JONATHAN ZITTEL SMITH

Three times an exile and yet ever returning, Jon evinced an affection for Haverford that few can equal. He was indiscriminate in services to other students and excessive in the energy which he applied to the administration's problems. To have read the circus Skeltonics was to give witness to a single Teacup emanation, but there is need of a more complete testament to Jon's presence and influence. The frequenters of the Teacup were privy to mighty erections of the mind, both scholarly and ad lib. to the most subtle of textual readings (e.g. why *Little Women* is paradoxical), and to the most significant of parties. When brewing, Jon abandoned even vegetables to the advancement of philosophy and its understanding of Time and Myth. And when ebullient, he neglected no subject in making final pronouncements. Tall, spare, and uncompromising, Jon was one of the most stable fixtures on campus. If we are to remember eccentricity with fondness and enjoyment, then we should recall also talent continually realized with a mind to the best use of our own abilities. For, French notwithstanding, Jon's integrity, creative scholarship and academic discipline could well serve as exemplary principles for all those professing studentship.

Revue, editor 3.4; WHRC 1.2.3.4; Constitutional Revision Comm. 3; Curriculum Comm. 3, chairman 4; Honor System Comm. 3.4; Arts Council 3.4; Peace Action Fellowship 1.2; Philosophy Club 1.2.3.4; SCM 3.1.



BROWNLOW MAIN SPEER

The chair was brightly patterned and solidly constructed when it arrived. Brownlow had carefully supervised its crating in Pittsburgh, and cared for it passionately during his last three years at Haverford. He sat in it with book in hand, plowing slowly through half of every English-language classic. He sat in it with book in lap, dozing soundly through half of every pre-examination day. He sat there and the old chair faded, torn and worn. Perhaps the tatters came when Brownlow slid out onto the floor. There on the rug stained with his scattered pipe tobacco with the typewriter he beat unmercifully, he composed. The Haverford *News* was created mystically from thousands of scraps of yellow paper. "Masterfully done." "sensitive and perceptive" English papers were written at the last minute and from a bare minimum of preparation. The secret ingredient, no secret from his friends, is at the other end from what wore his chair. Brownlow's intelligence and his insights on most any subject imaginable are frightening to faculty and fellow students. His moral judgments are equally keen and rigorous. He will not take his chair to Oxford next year, but there are other chairs ahead.

Fencing 1.2.3.4; Cricke, 1.2.3.4; *News*, associate editor 1.2.3, editor 4; Debate Society 1, president 2; Class President 2.3.4; Varsity Club; Founders Club; Phi Beta Kappa.



LELAND E. STEVENSON, JR.

Leland Stevenson's stay at Haverford has been a four year mission to the barbarians, in one sense as the spreader of the seven liberal arts, in another as the unchallenged leader of our small but plucky Mormon colony. Leland's palatial domain in Yarnall house testifies to his integration of these two motives. It is from headquarters there that he emanates the subtle proselytizing influence of the Latter Day Saints, if not by Biblical exegesis in project papers for Mr. Horn, by the austerity of his monastic rule: it is rumored that he sleeps only on the floor. Yarnall house is also the site of the Stevenson Museum, which includes records, paintings, and tomes on architecture and landscape design. Every week the curator journeys to the Barnes Foundation in Merion for training in the plastic arts; at the same time, Stevenson the capitalist pours the profits of his ventures in horticulture into the cultivation of his artistic garden. Stevenson the sportsman has this year forsaken the racing bicycle for the bucolic pleasures of the bridle path; next year Leland the evangelist will crown his efforts here with a mission to the infidels at the Stanford Law School.

Sailing 3.4; Glee Club 1.2.3.4; Orchestra 2.3; Class Night 2.3; Debating Society 1; Economics Club 2.3.4; International Club 2.3.4; Philosophy Club 2.3.4.



DANIEL PAGE STITES

Dan's first two years were characterized by long study hours in the library and long weekend hours preparing Bryn Mawr girls for future polls on "typical" Haverford students. The prospects of organic chemistry, added to this already rigorous schedule, brought Dan to the definite conclusion that it was time for a long, long trip. He spent his junior year in the capital of the "Kingdom of Bavaria." Not much is known about his life there, for his letters were usually written after a visit to the "Hofbraubaus." His friends plan to publish these under the title "Innocence Abroad." He returned as a "Furor Teutonicus" proposing to reform American politics, women, and religion. To realize the more important of these goals, he made many trips to BMC in his new VW. Criticism of American traditions has subsided, however; now there is only the regret that medical training does not leave time for the study of art, Heine, and Thomas Mann. The West will provide the "Lebensraum" his somewhat boisterous character seeks; his utter frankness and keen perception will be missed at Haverford as his Volkswagen heads for Stanford, leaving his beloved Munchen even further behind.

J.V. Baseball 1; Glee Club 1.2.4; *Record* 1; German Club 1.2.1; International Club 1.1.





JOHN WILLIAM STONE

A belated attempt to grind for dear old physics and an off-campus apartment forced "Sheriff John Stone" to leave most peoples alone this year; nevertheless he has continued his search for ?. Academically this has yielded a record as irregular as the foothills of the Rockies (with corresponding intimations of heights to come), and the dubious distinction of appearing in two consecutive *Records*. The humanist latent in the scientist has made less erratic progress toward understanding. A year's sojourn in Cambridge (Mass.) ("Let's see, that's four concerts, two plays and a Bergman film this week; maybe the burly next . . ."), and extensive summer wanderings make it difficult for John to claim his hillbilly heritage. Second semester, a fugitive from M.I.T. added a bit of Amsterdam English to the solitude of 457 Lancaster, and a few more staples to the daily diet of one half-gallon of ice cream. The Stone Library of Recorded Music was also restored to operation, to the consternation of the fireman below. Over the years the attack on B.M. has mellowed into a more mature plea for co-operation: "Anybody want to help clean an apartment?" The future? Well, like time is relative, man.

Wrestling 2,3,4.



DUDLEY W. SUMMERS

Poised with coffee cup in hand, eyebrows set in a Gothic arch, Dudley sharpens, aims and deftly delivers another barbed comment. His pointed wit shatters the forms of convention, leaving the novice puzzled as to how he might rebuild the broken edifice. Many successful Class Nights have resounded with enthusiastic response to his humor. Not thoroughly convinced that man in any form is better than a pig satisfied, Dud demonstrated his empirical searching for truth in a three-year Barclay residence. His year in Leeds can perhaps be explained by his curiosity about the best of all possible worlds. Dud's serious interest in philosophy has led him deep into its inquiries, and has also revealed the basic concern with which he views life. He manifests an inexhaustable love for the dialectic in his readiness to talk on any subject, Plato to Peanuts. His fondness for sports cars serves further to illustrate this duplicity of character. Ideally, Dudley should be described as an idealist. When the humanistic sum of his compassion, his sensitivity, and inexorable honesty is augmented by the medium of his incisive, caustic wit, there results the efficacious idealist.

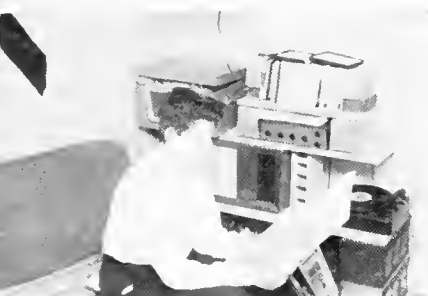
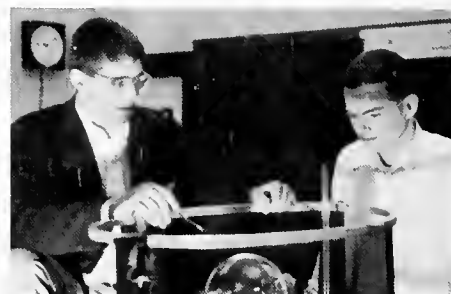
Glee Club 1; *Record* 3; Class Night 2,4. director 3; Philosophy Club 2,3. president 4.



SAMUEL M. V. TATNALL

Under his black cloud of pipe tobacco, Sam left the combines of Cornell Engineering School to receive an education at Haverford. Sam can most often be seen oscillating between Sharpless and the Dining Hall. Famed as the pied piper of the frosh physics hopefuls, because he is most often found pied, the tall-one has become renowned for promoting WHRC reception and installing a direct telephone line to Fay Selove, much to the dismay of Aaron Lemonick. A wizard with electronics, wine, women, and song, he has succeeded in promoting stereophonic sonar for recording the quantity and quality of the above. Sam is one of the few to have found Haverford an electrifying experience. He has succeeded in atrophying through college with the help of Squash, which he plays by dropping computers from Sharpless roof on luckless Tom Benham. His notoriety extends to the soccer field where he bolstered a flagging senior intramural season. Standing head and shoulders above his contemporaries, Sam has taken a position in the Chestnut Hill Academy lavatory where he will work out his days.

WHRC. technical director 3,4.



RICHARD L. TEITELBAUM

Dick, a determined explorer of strange new "far-out" regions of human consciousness, has emerged victorious from the conservative opposition he has encountered during his Haverford career. He entered the college quietly enough, practicing a piano in spite of a broken arm. Through the turn of the year he was seen to molt, exposing an adult hide of cutting satiricism beneath the youthful fur. As the angry young man of the music department, he established a new trend of composition in student Collection concerts with his "Disagreeable Suite for Piano," which required the performer to play *inside the piano* as well as at the keyboard. Creative originality of this sort also embarrassed his housemates at Third Floor Yarnall, who were the victims of his unending and as yet unfulfilled quest for "the Perfect Prank." Then the great fire forced him to evacuate Yarnall two months before the end of his senior year. Now, carefully confined in Second Floor Barelay, Dick turns his attention to exciting plans for the future. Next Fall he will study music abroad, preferably in Paris, where he can afford, without the sobering Quaker influence, to be esoteric, mischievous, or both.

Football, assistant mgr. 1; News 3, music editor 4; Glee Club 1,2,3; WHRC 2; Dormitory Comm. 3; Arts Council 3,4.

ROBERT J. VAN ALPHEN

A representative to Haverford from down under — the equator, that is — Bob, came to four years on the Main Line from wild, exotic Argentina. Besides, his Dutch background added a further, solid-stock, international layer that has too unfortunately been shrouded to fellow students by Bob's reticence. He takes his history major seriously; in fact, he spent last summer at Penn learning that the Haverford department does live up to its reputation for lengthy assignments. Between his sophomore and junior years, Bob traveled to Europe and acquired an Italian scooter, which he proudly brought back for quick transportation between Ben Cooper's house and the dining hall. Certain controlling authorities became concerned that Bob had no insurance for his scooter and confiscated it until graduation. Undaunted, Bob hopped on a bike, loosening his ever-present scarf a little for the reduced wind velocity. Bob remembers his efforts as prop manager for the show that served to train two winning productions, the Class of '60's Freshman Class Night show. Bob will probably return to Argentina next year — the gauchos on the Pampa must soon grow accustomed to the Dutch-American Haverfordian on the Lambretta.

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



MARC R. WEDNER

Marc Wedner is known to us as an incessant, often vitriolic, imaginative and hysterically funny speaker: a master of censure and the denuding verbal capsule. In conversation with him, it is impossible to get through the conventional openings. If his is not the dominant voice in discussion, it is a sign that he is not listening at all. The air when he speaks is stocked with an unthinkable variety of props ready to aid him in making his point: auditors of asides, magazines of machinegun ammunition, countenances of exasperated looks, etc. His feet are long enough so that the interval between heel and toe is sufficient to generate suspense: and for four years, the right of that pair of long feet has been slapping to jazz under divers campus pianos. He is bent far more strongly than most to transform immediacy of daily experience into general articulations, and thus to bring it before the eyes of his mind. He has now got himself a wife. His apartment has got a piano in it. He remains indefeasibly a bundle of vital energy, a strong case of life. The dead air ekes a living from him.

Drama Club 2,3; Peace Action Fellowship 1,2; Jazz.



NORMAN MELVYN WOLDORF

Whisking himself from a snug, three-year berth in Yarnall, Norm ensconced himself in a cubicle in wide-open Leeds for his final year. He had no trouble adjusting to this totally new concept, since he is by nature congenial and friendly; but there were times when Norm let his hair down and emitted a deep sigh for the good old Yarnall days, especially on "Moore nights." To know Norm is to appreciate the fact that he does not belong in the "jock" category, although he manned the dikes for Roy Randall for four years (with occasional All-East nomination), rounding out his career as co-captain. Like most athletes, Norm loves the ladies, a fact made almost embarrassingly evident by his capable suzerainty of the "Bring-Bryn-Mawr-to-Haverford" movement. To guarantee success with the parade of lovelies trekking to his door, Norm went the way of many a Haverford pre-med and majored in English. A particular advantage of this move appears to be the abundant stock of Gellenistic interpretations of Eliot, Joyce, *et al.*, with which he can ply his patients just before handing them the bill.

Football 1,2,3. Co-Capt. 4; Track 1; *News* 3; B.B.-S.F.G. Comm. 4; Varsity Club; Founders Club.



ARTHUR WINSLOW WRIGHT

Skillfully dismounting his two-wheeled green stallion and daintily ascending the fire escape, Arthur attacks the doorway as though it were deliberately challenging his entrance to Scull. This obstacle, as all others during the day, is rendered powerless by his Sherman-like march. Within the secrecy of his room he lays aside his most formidable weapon — a Harvard bookbag. There to welcome him is the only phenomenon which can withstand total conquest — a 5'2" Bryn Mawr beauty. This is indeed unique when compared with his successful endeavors as Student Council Treasurer and *Record* Editor. Arthur began his executive rise two summers ago as a lowly debt collector for Metropolitan Life, but finding his clientele could too easily say "No," he switched to Scott Paper where there was a constant daily demand. Despite the degenerate influence of three "easy-going" roommates, Arthur confines himself to a nightly six-hour pajama break. Leaping out of bed and awakening both himself and his sleepy alarm clock, Arthur gallops off toward campus and a promising future in the field of economics. We conclude that his spontaneity is only a continual attempt to escape his eternally-pursuing Green Cloud.

Football 2; Glee Club 1,2,3; *Record*, associate editor 3, editor 4; Students' Association Treasurer 3; Customs Comm. 4; Dormitory Comm. 3; Rules Comm. 4; Student Affairs Comm. 3; Founders Club.





RALPH T. WRIGHT

On Monday Ralph was leaving for Mount Holyoke. On Thursday he was still leaving for Mount Holyoke. Aside from a few more than regular "festive" weekends, daily letters, and frequent phone calls, Ralph's existence at Haverford was essentially a painful one. Geographically frustrated, he redirected his energies into a relentless search for a knowledge of economics. His well concealed success in the stock market and a nonchalant mastery of one hour oral finals characterized his triumphs in this endeavor. Ralph early established himself as Haverford's finest softball hurler, featuring a blazing assortment of erratic pitches. He was famous as basketball manager for his preoccupation with preoccupations and for his disorganized organization — it is not known whether anyone, anywhere, took more time to do less. Ralph could often be seen working calmly into the night perfecting an artistic job application letter. Rising quietly from his labors at two o'clock, he would complete his ordered day with another eighteen page composition to Mount Holyoke. Someday this sincere, sensitive, idealist will be conservatively directing an intricate business operation. But on a long awaited June 18, 1960, his future will have arrived for sure; with Linda he can't miss.

Basketball, mgr. 1.2.3; Economics Club 2.3.4.



NORMAN H. FORSTER

Chemist, athlete, and student of Isobel, Norm is one of the few fellows to average successfully three dates a week (with the same girl), conduct a thorough study of local pubs and taverns, acquire fame as an ardent waterfighter, and still make his way into graduate school. Often seen glowering upon emerging from the Chem building, Norm has always mused about the equipment he had managed to destroy in an afternoon's work. Perhaps through the workings of a sub-conscious drive, he has set some sort of breakage record in his labs. Norm came to Haverford at mid-semesters in his Freshman year after a glorious career with the U.S. Army ("We privates ran the Pentagon"). He brought with him an astounding quantity of Old Granddad and a brutal knowledge of bridge which soon made him a favorite in card-playing circles all over campus. During his short but pungent two-and-a-half year stay, Norm was in a number of extra-curricular activities and picked up enough of the Haverford Way to acquire a Bryn Mawr bride and to be admitted into Temple's Dent School his Junior year. Good luck. "Painless" Forster.

Baseball 2.3; *News* 2.3; WHRC 2.3; Honor System Comm. 3; Bridge Club 1.2, mgr. 3; Varsity Club.





WISH THEIR "BIG BROTHERS" GOOD LUCK!

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REGISTRAR EDYTHA CARR, for her willing help in keeping the fluctuating rolls of the Class of 1960 straight for our senior section:

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CLARK MAXFIELD ('63), photographer-supreme, for countless minutes of valuable time away from such rather important tasks as Freshman English tutorials, Engineering W labs, etc.

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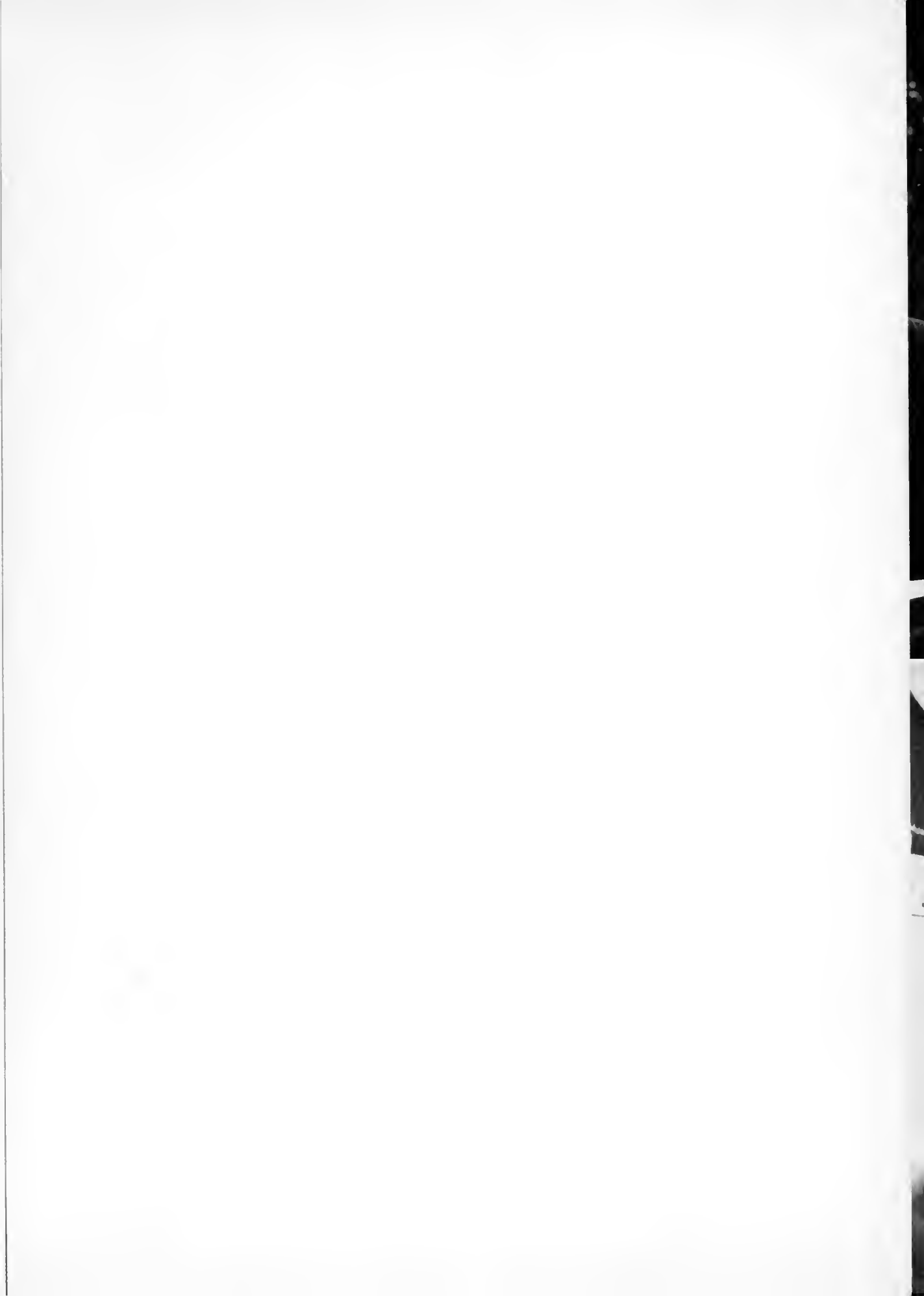
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This informal treatment is suited to the informality of the proceedings. The handful of victorious Seniors were so exhausted from the struggle that they gave up trying to maintain their dignity. The parents were so relieved that Junior had made it through that they looked more dazed than proud. Nor did the speaker seem to be trying as hard as he might, even after allowances for inaccuracy of translation. At any rate, it seems appropriate that these wistful photographs should be placed where they are — for graduation is, of course, both the beginning of a new life, and the sad ending of our old one.



