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record '63

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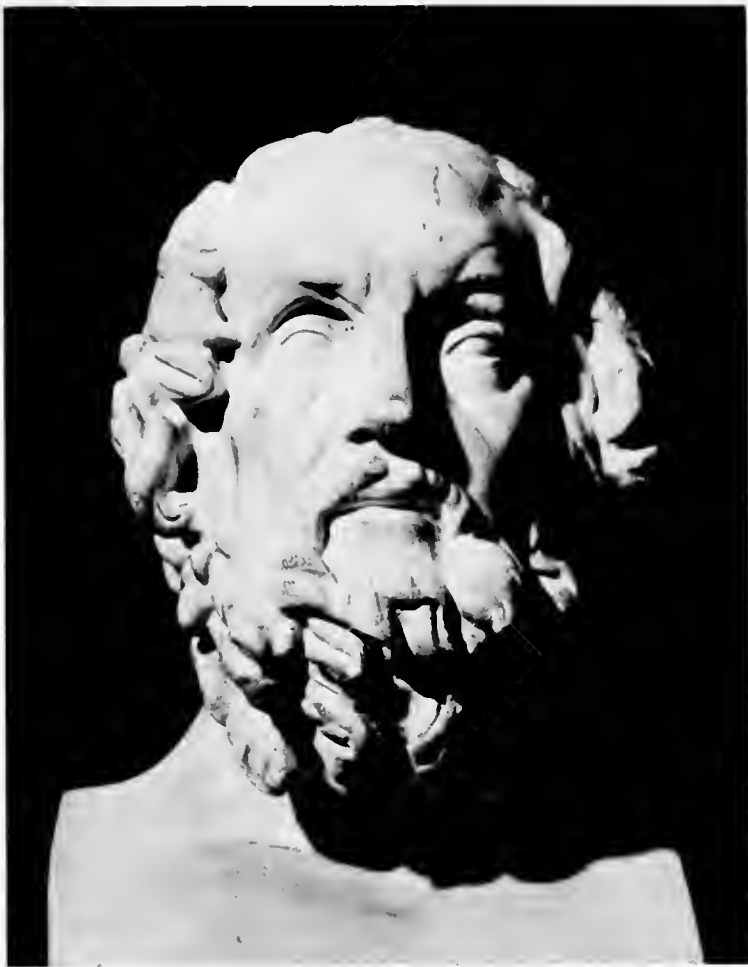
Yearbooks, like old violins or postage stamps, generally increase in value as the years go by, or so we'd like to believe. This much is sure: yearbooks have next to no value until they are published; everybody eventually seems to want one, but hardly anybody wants to work at producing it. Having accepted these facts of life, this year's staff, after the usual procrastinations, resigned itself to producing for posterity.

The results of our labors will probably seem hopelessly quaint fifty years from now, however vital and serious the issues and events reported here appear to us today. But that is no matter. Yearbooks are by definition timebound and transient. If we have caught for a moment and held some of what was Haverford College 1963 in such a way that fifty years from now, this moment leaps to some life, however quaint by comparison, we will be happy.

Some of the articles in the following pages are more subjective than those usually found in yearbooks (Credits for such articles are on page 174). They simply came out that way, and since ultimately the opinions expressed are borne out of love rather than malice it seemed silly to change them. If you disagree, there is always the *News*.

Here's the *Record*. We hope you like it.

As you will see from the Table of Contents, the 1963 Record is arranged pretty conventionally—however, there are no captions under the pictures. Captions will be found, instead, beginning on page 168.



contents

DEDICATION 6

366 WEST LANCASTER AVENUE 7

EDITORIAL 13

ADMINISTRATION 14

FACULTY 24

SENIORS 48

CLASSES 86

CLASS HISTORY 94

ACTIVITIES 98

CLASS NIGHT 132

SPORTS 136

SENIOR DIRECTORY 154

CAPTIONS 168

STAFF 174



Virginia Kline

Yes, Santa Claus, there is a Virginia. Laboring long after hours in her Roberts Hall workshop, using those dull and tedious tools, the transcript and the course card, Haverford's new assistant registrar nevertheless maintains an admirable mien and a remarkable interest in the people behind all those papers. Her handling of final exam distribution and collection under the new system was a model of efficiency, and her memory of the numerical results of those exams was accurate, sometimes embarrassingly so. It is with a sense of grateful appreciation for a task well done that the 1963 *Record* is dedicated to Virginia Kline.



366 West Lancaster Avenue
Haverford, Pennsylvania





One of the more obvious things that lingers on after a Haverford education is the place itself, and more intangibly what I call the spirit of the place. Those of us who developed while here the bad habit of shuffling automaton-like from dormitory to dining room to library and back again may not know what I am talking about. It is simply the beauty of



the campus, in all its nooks and crannies, many of which were virtually ignored by most of the student body. All too often the only people even to encounter the beauty of the nature walk and the duck pond, for example, were the cross country runners.

The campus had a personality of its own which was perhaps best un-



derstood by those who knew where to look for it and who had not become inured to its attraction through pressing familiarity. Often the fresh eyes of a visitor to Haverford were the most observant. C. P. Snow caught something of the campus' vital character. In a recent **Record** he described it as "one of the most visually attractive anywhere; like a Rowlandson



landscape, with just a framework of formal elegance under its easiness."

Sir Charles' discerning contrast between the formal and the easy may be extended to describe our whole life here, with the campus and its environs as a metaphor for our existence. In its "easy" aspect, the campus is arcadian, idyllic, unreal at times. On a fine spring day it seemed to



exude an intoxicating liquor all its own, at night a heady, dark brew of quiet delight. But these things ended all too abruptly when one was thrust back into the more formal rigor of study. Our life here was a perpetual round of sensation and analysis, communion and isolation, reflection and politic regurgitation, and the spirit of the campus itself reflected these



cycles, enticing us, inspiring us, always pervading us.

The library carrel and the Union coop represented perhaps the purest examples of these formal and easy aspects of campus life. One was the epitome of solitude, the other the height of socialization. Both could be carried to an extreme, both could be used as escapes. Yet both seemed es-



sential, both seemed to fill real needs, whether they were real deficiencies of knowledge or alleged deficiencies of the dining room.

In most cases, however, the opposing aspects of formality and easiness were found close together, curiously re-enforcing but at the same time competing with each other. The Haverford library proper, for ex-

ample, as every junior college miss and Lower Merion coed knew, was not only a handy place to read but also an ideal place to pick up boys. In this subtle game between study and sex there were certain informal rules, all designed to insure the triumph of the latter. What you were reading, for instance, was extremely important. Obviously John Updike's latest was going to be a better come-on than George Eliot's earliest and stuffiest. But in either case the results remained pretty predictable in this coy version of an old and elemental struggle.

On the other side of the net, the game progressed in intensity, and the stakes grew higher and higher. It was inevitable that the contest should



extend beyond the periphery of the campus. The pursuit of knowledge seemed to know no bounds. The search assumed the aspect of a biblical quest. The Genesis has been our **culpa** (fortunate or unfortunate, it didn't seem to matter which), but Exodus was promises. Having dimly heard of another fortress of the intellect in the near distance, we set out confidently on a pilgrimage to Bryn Mawr, that promising land of milk and honey, the fertile crescent of beauty and brains.

Along the way, however, the Main line demi-monde presented its own array of temptations to the weak-willed traveler. PennFruit was a Vanity Fair whose artificial displays gleamed out of the wasteland like a mi-



rage, luring us on by hidden persuasion to a deadend aisle of satiety. The Comet was an oasis, intimate and agreeable by contrast, but reached only after much delay. How often we slipped into that veritable Slough of Despond, Tenth Entry. Ah, Tenth! Here we wasted away many a night and days, darting from dark despair to infinite possibility, writing on the waters



of our hopes a love-hate letter to the world. It was all so happy and so futile.

When we finally arrived at the gates of Bryn Mawr after that somewhat jejune journey, even if the place wasn't all that it had been cracked up to be, our facile imaginations quickly made it so, and that last unsullied



bastion of truth and beauty, imagined or otherwise, fell forever before our eyes. It was all too easy to get invited to Circe's Coffee Hour. The only problem, some of us found, was how to get out.

And so we bought a ticket for a train headed nowhere in particular, perhaps back to Haverford or some place like it, perhaps to one of the



places along the way, And as we stood on the platform, waiting for the train that would take us to our destination, wondering whether it had all been worthwhile, we suddenly realized that somehow it couldn't have happened otherwise. Mysterious and inexorable forces outside and inside us—effected ultimately in those curiously feuding formal and easy elements of life—those forces had reacted together and shaped us. And in this process Haverford has acted as a kind of catalyst—causing and accelerating that reaction in us without being permanently affected itself.

After we have gone, the spirit of the place will live on relentlessly as



before. But having caught a part of that spirit, we came to realize during four short years not only our possibilities, but our limitations and capacities—our place in the sun.



The nebula Haverford revolves around a still small point—the fact that it's a College. And often that still small point gets obscured in the midst of the burning, rushing peripheral stars. But lest anyone forget, each of us has been here not only **because** Haverford offers courses in the various branches of Higher Education, but also **for** those classes.

Each member of the Faculty brings his own presuppositions about the meaning of the words Intellectual Community to his office and classroom with him. Each student has his own half-formed and forming ideas about the same question. Though the differences between the groups, and between the individuals, often appear as chasms, a remarkable feature of the College is the broad area of basic agreement. As in many things the members of the Haverford Community have here agreed to disagree—but the area of disagreement is relatively small.

Such agreement is a sound foundation for success—a success in which each of us—faculty, student, and administration—has had his part. But it also means that basic assumptions seldom get challenged. It seems sometimes as though we are all too willing to take arms for distant causes, to fight for fleeting victories, and unwilling to admit even as much as a question to

the ordering of the very center.

Perhaps this reluctance exists because those things which are close seem complicated, and those which are distant simple. But more probably it's because the stability at the center is the precondition for other concerns, which somehow seem more pressing. And the concentration on the peripheral is more serious at Haverford than at other Colleges (at least we like to think so)—civil rights is a more worthwhile form of inter-collegiate competition than football. Perhaps therefore it is more serious in the negative sense; it is harder for us to remind ourselves that we are not in College **for** barber shop and ban-the-bomb pickets than it would be for us to remember that we are not in College **for** football.

It is one of the themes of this yearbook that the balance between all sorts of extra-curricular activities and the curriculum itself is being upset in favor of the academic. We feel that the balance is crucial—that extra-curricular activities are important to the growth of Haverford men. But we do not wish to seem to forget that extra-curricular activities **are** extra—that yearbooks and newspapers and touch football are possible in any community. Education is possible only in very limited kinds of communities—like Haverford College.

administration

It is a compelling problem for colleges that the men who are most concerned with the long-term management of the college are least concerned in the daily life of the community they direct. These men are the Board of Trustees (or, as Haverford quixotically insists on referring to them, the Board of Managers). Although Boards try to overcome this problem in a variety of ways, by far the most important link between the Board and the on-going community they have in trust is the college's administration.

Paul Goodman's impressive frustrations seem to me to be a relatively minimal cause for concern at Haverford. But this is not to say that Haverford's administration doesn't face difficulties in its double role of policy making and solving day-to-day problems — nor that it always performs perfectly on either stage. Part of the reason for its failures is, of course, inherent in the peculiar kind of translation it has to do — the words the Board uses are the same words the faculty uses, and the same words the students and alumni use, but these words often mean quite different things coming from different mouths. The administration must try to make sure that all these different meanings are close enough together to permit the word "community" to mean anything at all.

It is perhaps well to remember that the one interest group in our strange community that doesn't have any real vote is the student body. We could, of course, riot, or be abusive, or even walk out — but the sanctions that can be imposed make such action costly, and unlikely. In this day and age, also, there's no danger of the college not attracting

to this jaundiced generation. To a degree this contrast may well be a product of growing irreverence on our part and the glowing mists of time on the alumni's. Nevertheless, Mac *has* taken less part recently in the life of the students. It might be well to sit back for a moment and examine the man who is now President of the College.

First of all, President Borton is a respected and recognized scholar in his field. Second, he is always carefully honest. And third, he takes his job seriously. In spite of these and other admirable characteristics, President Borton's public speeches are painful both to him and to his audiences. The students' attitude is all too aptly summed up by the sobriquet "Huge Boredom". Part of the reason for this attitude is that the very qualities of the President that fit him for running a complex community — caution, tentativeness, looking at all sides of the question — do not make the most interesting listening. But more important is something I'd call "stage presence" (Does he *have* to say "Collection is adjourned" to the rapidly departing backs of the student body?).

The really central reason for the students' attitude is more involved though. There is something painfully misconceived about President Borton's Collection and Meeting speeches — the one thing we have learned to mistrust as a group is the edifying lecture. Admittedly, Haverford Meeting as it is presently used by students on the the average Fifth Day throws a weak light on his attempts. But wherever the ultimate responsibility for the failure of these public confrontations lies, it is clear that President Borton has not performed well in his self-cast role as the spiritual father of Haverford.

There is no reason, however, why the President should assume such a role in the first place. Most of us have fathers of our own (whom, it might be added, we have troubles enough with). And to whatever extent we need a second, Haverford provides a plethora — Bill Docherty, Forrest Comfort, Dr. Peter Bennett, our favorite faculty member or even our roommate. There is another side to the President though, as anyone who has been to supper at his house can testify. There, and in his unofficial contacts with students in a variety of other ways, he is relaxed and pleasant. And more than that, sympathetic and interesting. We as students can only judge "The President of the College" as he appears to us, and we'd be happy if *President* Borton left us alone. If the other man — let's call him *Mr.* Borton — were to leave us though, we'd feel the loss.



Another man to whom the role of father is unsuited is Dean Cadbury. His recent retirement from the field of non-academic matters will, I'm sure, make life pleasanter for all of us — Mr. Cadbury himself included. Much as I have resented Dean Cadbury's intrusions into my life during my four years here, I have respect for the quality and admiration for the quantity of his thinking about the perplexing questions of educational policy. He has long urged an attitude of serious concern for the whole life of the student on the faculty, and has sought to find new ways of ensuring that each of us is not only educated but educated as widely and fully as possible. One can trace to his office, however, a certain atmosphere of rigidity about the meaning of that word "education". The relevance of a student's general average to the question of whether or not he takes a course at BMC escapes me, for example. The important question is certainly whether the student needs the course — which might well be answered by the fact that he wants to take it. Or, again, why should car permission be tied to averages? Doesn't that sound a little like 50¢ per A, sonny? These are niggling questions — but they reflect a sense I have that the Dean likes people to fit into neat categories: "The Good Student", "The Beatnik",

etc. When they don't, as Haverford students notoriously don't, the Dean gets uncomfortable. Discipline of the water-fight variety was very tough for him. We should be glad he's well out of it.

All the foregoing naturally raises the question of Dean Lyons. From what little I've seen of him, it appears that he was brought to Haverford to fill precisely that gap in the Administration — the gap of dealing comfortably with students. It's a gap he should fill well, if . . . But there are so many if's about it that one month after his arrival seems a little too soon even to list them. It's unfortunate that his first official act should have involved something so petty and so fundamental as a "stolen" sofa. Petty because no one really cared about the sofa; fundamental because the whole question of the relationship between the student body and the administration hung in the balance for a moment then. Despite the ravings of the *News* though, the issue died a natural and unlamented death — with neither side either very bloody or very bowed. If Dean Lyons can close the gap between students and administration in a way which brings each closer to understanding the other he will be a worthwhile person to have around.



The one place where the translation metaphor used to describe the Administration's role seems almost funny is in speaking of Aldo Caselli. But here the problem is particularly acute. For Mr. Caselli is devoted to his job — and his job is the difficult one of making Haverford pay its own way. As he sees it, every broken window pane is at worst a threat to the successful accomplishment of that goal — and at best such repairs take money away from other, and much more worthy, tasks. He once said to me, "We could have rebuilt Barclay by now with the money we've spent putting it back together again all the time." But the basic difficulty with Mr. Caselli is that he doesn't understand how American boys grow up. He's never really lived with the idea of "the free expression of personality" — he sees it meaning, all too often, the uncontrolled expression of childish notions. He comes much closer to the 19th Century ideal of the educator creating the adult from the shapeless clay of the child. And when he sees how shapeless we often look, he loses his patience. Virtue is often, however, its own reward.

There are some other areas of the Administration that have impinged blissfully little on us as undergraduates — the Development Office, the Alumni Office, the Information Office, etc. (Who knows how many there are now)! Apart from occasional tilting in the *News* ("Baker Fired to Aid Development", for example, or the fourth page vacuum after Loren's fight with the Alumni) the labyrinthine basement of Founders is more or less innocent of outrages upon the student body. I sort of wish *Horizons* could be pretty, if not interesting, but I guess even that's too much to ask.





Upstairs in Founders though lurks the Nugent. Some of us have seen her as a Jacobean figure for all four years — poisoned cup in one hand, winding sheet in the other. To see her thus is to give her too much credit for malice, and too little for knowing what's good for us. Probably she's right that three solid meals a day are better than a good steak once a week and nothing else — but it's hard to remember that while staring at a mass of steaming cabbage covered with the gravy that should have been on the cardboard cutlet. Or that clean rooms are better for us than our pet rats. Oh well, some people are doomed by nature to be misunderstood.

I have left Mac for last because I can't really talk about him very well. Leaving Haverford will really happen for me, though, when I say "Goodbye, Mac." So I guess that's the way I'll finish this article — by saying goodbye to the man who got me in, and kept me in, and who with affectionate interest and a piercing eye, will shake my hand at parting. The same way he shook it that spring morning when I was a subfreshman who didn't know his ass from a teakettle.



**'the
age
for
metaphysics
and
beautiful
mistakes'**

BY BRADFORD COOK

The word "Haverford" was added to my vocabulary some four years ago when the college invited me to an interview for my present job. I was quite gainfully though drily employed at the time in the fantastic University of California. This heart-rending mechanism educates, according to its own catalogued claim, the whole green and golden state in which itself lies sprawling. Teaching French there was at once hopeless and odd. It was a kind of fun, for example, to instruct a fairly sweet but ultimately mediocre brunette whom an impor-

tant local organization elected as its **Miss Coachella Grapefruit of 1956**. Still, there was probably more than that to French, and since Haverford was advertised to me as a miniature hot-bed of bright brains, I thought that so ominous a gift, if one could but smooth and cool it down to something human, might prove an interesting relief.

California Students' minds, in too many cases, had been, as it seemed to me at least, almost irretrievably ruined by their high schools or by the confident ignorance of their parents. I speak of the majority. There was, of course, the handful — the five or six over an equivalent number of years who could hold their own in any college company. Before they wandered in, God alone knew why, from vacuous desert homes in southern California, nothing, or almost nothing, had happened to their minds. Their great good fortune had been their abandonment, rather than destruction, by the schools they had attended as little as possible. What had saved them, and what had preserved the beautiful innocence? I imagine an obscure intuition, say from tenth grade on, had warned them (and it is by no means an easy thing to discern at college age, let alone in tenth grade where teachers often for the sake of sheer hierarchy often have to be taken as gods) that most of their teachers were too gross or cretinic to do them any good; and their minds like so many wise clams shut themselves off and retreated into a divined future in which they might magically reopen and thrive. And so it happened: even as early as the freshman year you saw the miracle taking place in the classroom: these happy few — a little punch-drunk from their own blossoming — who mere months before had known nothing, who had felt nothing, who had hardly the wherewithal to dream, now recouped all their middle teens and began to understand, and to understand deeply, and to love to understand deeply. It was all ex nihilo; and it could be moving in the extreme.

Still, a teacher is stultified by long residence in a single institution; one felt the state of California cycling endlessly upon itself; and the New Englander persuaded himself for old times' sake that he was homesick for trees that needed rain. So I headed for the east and the high college board scores.

I found them. They abound, just as you would expect in respectable eastern colleges. The Haverford campus does indeed contain, like a neat green-grassy cranium, the grey matter it prides itself on. One hears pretty constant reference to the

board scores; they are still believed in, they are still quietly though firmly brandished; I am not sure that the believers, much as they pooh-pooh their own belief and come out strongly for "other values", don't unconsciously and profoundly fall back on board scores as one might welcome a soft palpable cushion to relax from the effort of judgment.



The pride I spoke of a moment ago has been, in my experience, largely expressed not by Haverford students (who have always seemed to me quite modest about their abilities) but by the faculty. In my first year here particularly, I was made rather irritatingly aware that a new-comer to the faculty ought really to realize how extraordinary an institution "we have here." "Is he good enough for us? Is he good enough for Haverford?" I heard such questions from various faculty members when they were considering new appointments or felt buoyed up by a certain narrowness in their experience of other academies. This is a state of mind which an outsider finds fatuous; it makes him wonder how thoroughly the insiders have been acquainted with the outside. It is good to keep standards up; but when the intellectual leaders of a college community begin to worship their own myth, they are stagnating.

As to Haverford students, I'm not sure that I understand them aright; especially, I am not sure whether they are to be interpreted as peculiarly of this college or as generally of their time. Their time, I grant them, is lamentable to the extent that it is composed, by the millions, of middle-aged and elderly people whose fear of death has reached the state of pure fear for their bodies; for whom disease has replaced God at the pinnacle of powers. I suppose materialism can go no farther than that. There may or may not be lip service these days to the divine; there is none at all to the coronary, which has now become the true divinity, sucking up the full terror of attention. I hope that whenever parents or doctors or government attempt, in **this** respect, to educate students (don't smoke, don't drink, don't eat, don't drug etc.) in the image of their own ill-chosen fear, the students will tell them firmly to go to hell.

Because I believe that students have the wrong fears or, as they call them, "pressures." My chief feeling is this: that there is on this campus a piteous failure of joy and freedom in the development of the individual mind. I believe that a few students are aware of this failure, or, say, of this cramp, and are making quiet, heroic efforts to relax it—heroic because one makes them perforce in solitude and in the face of a vast awesome trend against them. There is, I imagine, nothing more difficult on this campus than loving something for its own sake. Which is why I adduced the example of certain California students. Perhaps it is the heat there or the famous "easy living"; whatever it is, it carries over into the life of the best minds in the form of disinterestedness. It delighted me at the time; indeed, it flabbergasted me to learn from two or three of the best French majors that their favorite authors were Racine and Proust, both of them extremely difficult and subtle. I thought afterwards, however, that "it figured"; they were content, whatever the difficulty, to be in the presence of two great minds who are eminently on the disinterested side of things.

The Haverford air drones with intellectual **musts** and **needs**. "I gotta take this course **in order to** . . ." Words and thoughts to that effect draw the pattern of sterility. Wouldn't it be healthier to leave college altogether than to live four years of "gotta"? I ask the question knowing perfectly well that it can be answered with appeals to "pressures" and graduate schools and jobs to be gotten and so forth. I still submit that if you cannot use your "pressures" — use them as exhilarations — and absorb them into your larger strength and joy in learning, you are sadly past your prime. I confess in all my old-fashioned naivete and sheer lingering sentimental romanticism, that there is something almost grotesque, shameful, in the spectacle of young people, healthy and intelligent and

pretty well educated and not too poverty-stricken, groaning under "pressures." If the "pressures" are real and deep, fight them and beat them. If they are fake or induced or imposed or in the psychiatric air — and I will bet plenty of money that they are — simply ignore them.

We have had recently, for example, the final examination "pressure." The students pointed out to the faculty that the students were suffering. The faculty responded as though a button had been pressed. The "pressure" was promptly removed. I had used to think that there was something even a trifle romantic about "tough" exam schedules. I mentioned my thought half in jest a few months ago to a Haverford student. He turned on me a look conveying horror and suspicion of my intelligence. "How can four exams in five days be romantic??" How could I fight that rhetoric? How can **anyone** fight a pressure? If four exams in five days are **nothing** but a bug and a pressure to a nineteen-year-old; if they have no excitement, no exciting injustice about them, well, what can one say? I found nothing to say to the student in question, but I dreamed that same night of a pleasant grogginess and fatigue I had once experienced after a six-hour day of Greek exams. And in my dream I even got a touch of writer's cramp from the ancient pressure of the pencil. In short, Haverford students appear to define themselves as a series of colorless balloons which injurious life can inflate at pleasure to the bursting point.

To come back to the question of disinterestedness. A number of students here are obsessed (or obsession has been forced upon them by teachers) with such civic duties as the Peace Corps, politics, "services," bomb-

prevention. A few months ago an excellent student, genuinely concerned, asked if I would spend a class hour discussing Cuba. But, so far as I can see, a teacher in a liberal arts college has one responsibility, and one only, in the classroom: to speak of his own subject with love and intelligence. If a bomb drops on us, our shades will at least be able to say to each other that we were engaged at the time in the finest sort of exchange there can be between human beings. There is charity in civic duty; there is citizenship. And if the student's interest in it is genuine and primary, let him perform it. If you feel that this sort of thing fits your secret heart, go to it; if you are heart and soul **with** your country's or your college's outlook on life, go to it. But if you are not, and if you yet "go along" with it, you are betraying what you are and, more important, betraying what you might be. When the induced desire to "serve" and to make one's education "serve" becomes the living daily substance and tendency of a growing mind, there is, to my sense, tragedy. When you focus upon the practical uses to which you may put your mind at the age of nineteen or twenty, you are being unnatural in a very precise way: you are injuring or neglecting what nature seems to want in a fine mind at that stage: namely, a free play of the imagination; a vast poetical trial-and-error period in the sensibility; a free, crazed romantic abandonment of the whole person to possibilities in and beyond our world. It is the age for metaphysics and beautiful mistakes. Later on, if and when life closes in on you, if and when your failing health or mind magnetize you to a nameless moral deity, you may want charity and citizenship. Why not **now** be a full, free, egotistical, sensual, meditative human being? The "world" you want to help or free, or whatever sortie you wish to make against fate (fate which you will **always** find just a little too big for American policy), will never, I believe, know your best presence unless you have first told it "No! in thunder," simply because you may have been busy with your sacred duty of discovering the depths of poetry or metaphysics that God stuck you with.

'the significant differences'

BY ARYEH KOSMAN

The difficulty of characterizing Haverford students is that they seem to the novice eye at once so homogeneous and radically diverse. Their diversity, I mean to say, isn't of a collective sort. Where I was an undergraduate, one could with almost unflinching accuracy point to the various species of *homo studiensis*, species noticeably distinguished by their attire, living habits, strut, diet, and general demeanor. The numerous strains fell roughly into two camps: the fraternal, politically conservative, Brooks-breasted all-American looked upon his misanthropic, radical, sneaker-soled and sensitive brother as some kind of a joke, and was looked upon in turn as an insensitive beast. And in general beast was beast, jest was jest, and never the strains did meet.

Here, not only do the strains meet but there aren't, properly speaking, strains at all. One feels a striking diversity, but a diversity which on the one hand is anchored in a kind of communal homogeneity, and on the other defies by its complexity classification into distinct types. The situation is, to coin a cliché, paradoxical. And, in that wonderfully involuted way paradoxes have, the attitude of the student towards it is expressive of it. He wants to boast of that which is distinctively and commonly Haverford, but hastens to assure us that he is by no means a typical Haverford student. In deference to this sentiment, I hereby grant each reader permission to exempt himself from the following sketch of what seem to me some of the features common to Haverford students.

One is struck immediately, I think, by a kind of honesty and naturalness about the Haverford student. One might almost, except for fear of being lynched, call it wholesomeness. That isn't to say that these qualities are always on the surface (I must have daily half-a-dozen occasions to say "come off it"). Nor is it to say that the Haverford student is never phony.

But even in his moment of pretension, his comportment is unmannered, his stance somehow natural and authentic; one deals perhaps with a kid who takes himself too seriously, but rarely with a full-grown fake.

The other side of this coin is that for better or worse he is short on sophistication. Most notably he lacks social sophistication, but there is a naivete to his nature in other ways as well. The exception is perhaps his wit; although he takes himself seriously, his humor is often subtle and sophisticated.

He is short of patience with 'drudgery' and wants to leap immediately to the kernel of truth, the message, and to concern himself only with that which speaks directly to his condition. There is a certain egoism in his way of judging all things by what they 'mean' to him, as well as a failure to appreciate how much drudgery is involved in burrowing into a bank vault, or running the UN, or above all, learning what **does** speak to his condition, and what it says. In the same vein, he is convinced that rules are primarily designed to be dispensed with (especially in his case). If work is to be neglected which doesn't directly touch his life and sensibility, so are conventional ways of doing things (artificial at best) to be discarded if they don't quite fit his individual situation. He will for the most part give in to the rules, but grudgingly, and with a curse on 'stuffy academic formalism'.



When he does latch on to something that speaks to him, and is free to deal with it in his way, this quality makes for an exciting and committed involvement on his part. I suspect it further accounts for one of the most refreshing qualities of the Haverford student, his breadth of interest. It is indescribably heartening to find e.g. science majors not only interested but able to hold their own in humanities. Perhaps this results as well from that unique closeness and sense of intimacy which characterizes the Haverford community. Living and working together with men engaged in the exploration of several fields, the student (like the faculty member) is exposed to the breadth and diversity of human experience and knowledge in a way which can only be nourishing to his soul and mind.

In spite of all this, of course, there remain the significant differences. Students are intellectuals and scientists, engineers and poets, militant pacifists and peaceful militarists, theists and atheists, Pagans, Christians and Jews; they are necktied and blue-jeaned, wild-eyed and hard-headed, left, right, and center, bright and brighter, and above all, radically, and I find delightfully, earnest in their attempt to be honestly what they are.

I have avoided calling these remarks impressions for fear of giving away the secret that I'm impressed. But it's my impression that I have every reason to be.

***'valete,
homines
sapientes
haverfordiensis,
valete!'***

BY ALDO CASELLI

Homo Sapiens Haverfordiensis; skip the "Sapiens" (this is a faculty concern) and focus on the "Homo" at his four stages: **infans, puer, adulescens, juvenis**, similar to four steps which lead to the coveted diploma "fortified with the seal of the College" (I wonder what the Food and Drug Administration would say). The **infantes** arrived roughly 45 months prior to the fatidical date of June 7 and began their process of education. As they crossed the gate, God became second to them. "Divide et impera" was their motto and in Barclay they set up their headquarters. This was in the happy era before Jim Lyons. Experimentations on the validity of Galileo's findings were soon begun with the tenants of the third floor using the stair shaft. Empty bottles came crashing down and smashing on the hard surface of the entrance. (How many missed the heads of tenants entering the building, G.O.K.*) What fun to put the building in darkness by pulling the switches and hiding the fuses; starting the fire alarm and then fixing the horns so that the dormitory representative might complain that they were not loud enough; soccer in the corridors, volley ball in the lounge, burned bulletin boards, and upset trash barrels. What is more fun than to dart-mark a door, or chip linoleum floors. Ha! Ha! Ha! Caselli does not give grades! What fun! Cheaper than the movies! Who said Janitors have a spark

of God? Clean up the mess I make or else tomorrow it will be worse. And all this with the mathematical assurance that nothing of importance will happen. Everybody gets excited (this is part of the fun), but nothing will really happen — Papa may get some charges but, regardless of the figure, when it is divided by 125 it is a small charge. So, keep on smashing bottles. Long live the freshmen!

There is a continuous deterioration of the splendor witnessed on the blessed day when the Holy Experiment began— when anxious parents left the younger generation in the hands of an ambitious Custom Committee which was supposed to explain all of Haverford in three short lessons and make the transition easy. (Did it do it?) First to go was the tie, then the coat, then the standard of cleanliness; the hair began to grow, the first step toward the Founders Fraternity: home to a crop of fake beatniks!



*God only knows.



recognize and to accept him; instead, he is alienated, irrevocably a faceless member of the opposing camp.

The situation is easier for the upperclassman. He has been able to form at least a partial estimate of his own abilities, so the professor loses a little of his threatening power of judgment. Blue books no longer contain the final answer of his fate. In addition, the upperclassman has the reassuring feeling that teachers recognize him, that they are ready to grant his individuality.

But the change is not complete, and a considerable gap remains between student and teacher. This gap is in part due simply to the indiffer-

ence of some professors. During my sophomore year, I had an adviser who, while I talked, stared intently out the window of his library of-



ence at the people walking in and out of Chase. **Sometimes he would vary the routine by tracing idle patterns on his scratch pad.** But my humiliation was not complete until the day he lifted his foot to the desk while I was holding forth, then calmly untied and tied his shoelace.

Still, I found my attitudes being modified. On one occasion, I was arguing with a political science professor in front of Union. He had just made a point with a **vehement jab of his index finger** and an explosion of

Viennese profanity. At that moment his little daughter walked up, and, with a sheepish smile, he introduced me. I remember being startled to see the aloof arbiter who was my teacher playing the dutiful father, watching his language in front of his children. Such moments helped to dispel the aura of unassailable authority with which I had so readily invested my professors.

A change was evident within the classroom as well. Professors could be pressed — on occasion they were edgy and defensive. I remember



an argument between a student and his teacher over the merits of Wordsworth's poetry. The professor was at first characteristically ironic and flippant, then more serious, more alert, finally im-



patient and a little shrill. It occurred to me that students can argue freely and informally; only their opinions, casually acquired and easily changed, are at stake. But the professional judgment of the teacher is a different thing. His opinions are the very stuff of his identity, and only the more confident can see them vigorously challenged without feeling at least a measure of anxiety. The demigods who judged me, then, might be as vulnerable intellectually as I often felt myself to be.

Teachers were becoming people, with backgrounds similar to my own, and shortcomings that we all shared. I no longer looked on uneasily when my classic professor bounced up and down with glee while reading a

particularly juicy passage from Suetonius or Aristophanes. He was having a good time and I could share his enjoyment. I found it possible to approach a teacher whom I did not know and talk to him about disarmament. In tense moments with my psychology teacher, I never bothered with euphemisms like "That was a rather hard test, sir." How much less artificial simply to say, "Your exams are hostile!"

So my college life had been significantly broadened. Many classes were more relaxed, and I encountered points of view other than those held by my fellow students. But the gap never completely disappeared. To



this day my former adviser continues to fool with his scratch pad. A literature pro-

fessor, from whom I have taken several courses, still greets me with the same *froideur* I had noticed when I first met him.



I suppose that this gap is a necessary aspect of college life, and that there are very good reasons why it cannot be erased. If a friend of mine decides to spend the evening reading a book for fun, or having a date, I can ignore his activities if I wish. I can conclude that what he is doing is, given his particular situation, a good thing, as it very well might be. Or I can, for one reason or another, disapprove. But the next morning, when my friend fails a surprise read-

ing quiz, his professor can neither ignore nor approve.



A low mark automatically goes down in the book.

It may be argued that student-teacher friendship is possible if both parties are able to place academics in an objective perspective, that is, if the student feels nothing personal in the "F," and the professor, in his turn feels no hesitation about giving it. But such impartiality is not easily sustained. The other possibility is that the student will avoid such conflicts by always meeting his obligations with success; but very few undergraduates are perfect scholars all the time.

Thus the gap between pro-

fessor and student is an inevitable aspect of college life. I think we can also say that the students will feel uncomfortable if the ostensible signs of this gap are not preserved. These signs are often of the simplest kind. **The teacher is the one who wears the coat and tie to class; he is the one whom everyone — usually — addresses as "Mister."** I know one professor who is often addressed by his first name in class. Many students are disturbed by this practice.



For others, it is sufficient that the teacher's knowledge, and his personality, set him apart. But it is clear that the professor who abandons the obvious distinctive signs of his position is placing more of a strain on his

intrinsic ability to command respect and to exercise authority.

The various aspects of this problem appear more clearly in the case of one of my friends who was once admonished by his physics pro-



fessor because he had said "Mrs." rather than using her first name. In this case the familiarity implied by the use of the first name was balanced by a **deference which was intellectual in its origins**. The student feels a profound respect for her abilities as a teacher and scientist; and she in turn trusts the students and assumes that he will always try to meet the demands that she makes on him. This is probably the ideal situation. It is not based on the elimina-

tion of the gap between student and teacher; in a way the distance between the two is accentuated, for the student accepts without reser-

an obvious lack of self-consciousness he was treating students as equals. I was pleased and impressed, but, at the same time, I was dis-



vation his academically subordinate position to the teacher.

When a professor has not confirmed his authority with students, it will be very much harder for him to put his pupils at their ease. Recently, I saw a bearded, young professor twisting at a beer party in Leeds. With

turbingly aware of a **certain curiosity in my scrutiny, a certain need** to explain his lack of concern for the formalities of his position by categorizing him as an eccentric.

My own point of view was further clarified by an incident which occurred last semester. I was trying to ex-



plain to a professor, with whom I was on good terms, how I had forgotten about a report I was supposed to present in his class the next day. His first words, in an icy voice, were "**You're going to have a lot of work to do.**" The comment was not inappropriate, but I was startled and wounded none the less.

The incident was unpleasant for me probably because negative judgments coming from those we dislike, or to whom we are indifferent, are always easier to absorb than censure from people we have come to trust and whose good will we rely on. We must fight hard to win and harder to retain the good graces of our teachers, whose favor is represented by the marks

that they enter in their little black books. This fall, a language teacher, who is supposed to be cruel and unreasonable, went out of his way to modify the project I was doing with him. He limited the reading and give me two extensions. Still, I thought that my paper was bad, and as I climbed the stairs to his office, I felt much the way I had as a child when, after breaking something, or doing something wrong, I knew that I would have to withstand the displeasure of my parents.



I think the analogy is a good one; in many respects, the relationship between student and professor can be com-

pared only with the ties between parents and children. Last week, I was leaving through a final exam which had been corrected by the



professor whose report I had neglected. In the middle of the book, I came across a page where two angry lines had been drawn through what I had written. "Irrelevant" was the angry comment in the margin. I experienced a brief, intense, but quickly lost, sense of anxiety; such criticisms had of course been directed at me many times in my career at Haverford, and I had schooled myself to ignore them, or at least not to take them too seriously. But a moment later, I caught myself; I tried

to salvage that moment of anxiety, to remember where I had experienced it before. And it suddenly struck me that I had once felt that same stab of apprehension when my father had disapproved of something that I had done, when he had frowned, when I had anticipated his impending wrath and the punishment which would accompany it.



Marks, then, are more than abstract judgments of intellectual performance; the student often cannot help interpreting his grades as com-

ments on his worth as a person, he cannot help investing the teacher with extraordinary judgmental powers. Many teachers exploit their position. I am reminded of those professors who gave brutal exams on which the median grade is ridiculously low, then magnanimously scale the marks up to a respectable level. This is like knocking someone into the mud, then gallantly helping him to his feet; as a psychological device it is very valuable, for it enables the professor to indulge his aggressive and even his sadistic im-



pulses and a moment later to pose as the generous friend of his students.

This authority which is inherent to the role of teacher is very important. Most of

the intense concern for closer student-faculty relations is symptomatic of a desire, often unconscious, to escape Haverford's academic pres-



ures, to placate that threatening figure who might condemn us. We hope that the teacher who is our friend will not exercise some of the formidable power he seems to possess. But the good teacher will not be seduced, and the teacher who is a friend is likely to be an even more demanding taskmaster than the professor who remains at a distance, simply because the importance of his opinion in the mind of the student will be greatly magnified.

In retrospect I can see a progression in my attitudes toward the faculty. At first, I felt completely alienated. I endowed my professors with supernatural powers and feared the punishments with which they threatened me. Then, in a series of gradual steps, I discovered certain inaccuracies in the picture I had drawn; professors were neither perfect nor all-powerful. But now I am also aware that, in essence, my first impression was correct,



that while teachers may be fallible human beings, they are nevertheless authority figures whose function is to judge their students. The teacher is supposed to know more than his pupils; it is his job to tell them when and where their efforts to learn have been unsuccessful or misguided. Even Socrates taught by a series of subtle punishments — the



petitive and demanding academic community. The teacher inevitably will be an authority figure; student attitudes toward him will naturally be ambivalent. Thus, the question of student-faculty relations cannot really be conclusively resolved. It will remain a difficult problem to be solved by a series of silent and seldom permanent compromises the student makes with Haverford.



The nature of learning, then, requires the teacher to assume a position of superiority and the student to accept in some degree a subordinate place. Some teachers act as if they were unaware of the significance of their power, others tend to exploit this position. The best professors recognize the implications of their special authority, and are, in turn, able to make their students recognize these implications. Among students, satisfactory relations with the faculty will depend on the degree to which they have resolved the conflicts which naturally arise from living in a com-

criticisms and the amplifications which he made of the opinions of his pupils. Student-teacher relations certainly ought to be a dialogue, but we should not suppose that it will be a dialogue in which authority can be shared equally.



Charlotte Anderson
Manuel J. Asensio
John Ashmead, Jr.
Peter Bachrach
Philip W. Bell
Thomas A. Benham
Robert W. Brewster
Edwin B. Bronner
James O. Brooks
Robert H. Butman
Henry J. Cadbury
William E. Cadbury, Jr.
John R. Cary
John P. Chesick
Howard Comfort
Bradford Cook
Guy M. Davenport, Jr.
William C. Davidon
John H. Davison
Frances deGraaff
Paul J. R. Desjardins
Alfred Diamant

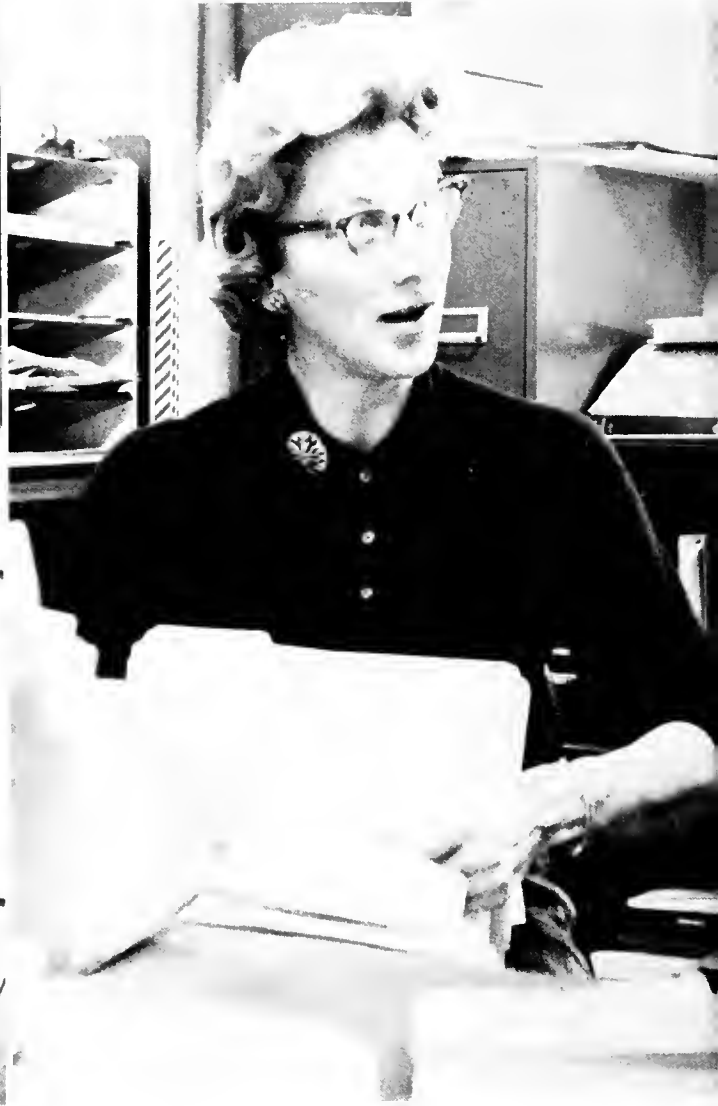
William Docherty, Jr.
Arthur P. Dudden
Harmon C. Dunathan
Irving Finger
James Fowle
Harvey Glickman*
Louis C. Green*
Madelyn R. Gutwirth
Marcel Gutwirth
George L. Hagen
A. Paul Hare
Douglas H. Heath
George A. Heise
Theodore B. Hetzel
Charles H. Holbrow
Laurence B. Holland
Clayton W. Holmes
Holland Hunter*
Dale H. Husemoller
Vernon L. Ingraham
George A. Kennedy
Louis A. Kosman

John A. Lester, Jr.
Ariel G. Loewy
Wallace MacCaffrey
Colin F. MacKay*
Margaret J. Mathies
Cletus Oakley
Francis H. Parker*
Sidney I. Perloe
Harry W. Pfund
Ernest J. Prudente
Frank J. Quinn
Roy E. Randall
William H. Reese
Ira DeA. Reid*
Edgar S. Rose
Ottomar Rudolf
Melvin Santer*
Ralph M. Sargent
Alfred W. Satterthwaite
Fay A. Selove
English Showalter, Jr.
Eugene Smolensky

Louis Solomon*
Herman M. Somers*
John W. Spanier
Gerhard E. Spiegler
John P. Spielman, Jr.
Douglas V. Steere
Howard M. Teaf, Jr.
Craig R. Thompson
Frederick W. Turner, III
Robert I. Walter
Eric Walther
Robert C. Williamson
Frank H. Young
Elizabeth Zenn

*Absent on leave 1962-63

faculty
1962-63



Mundus minor
Haverfordiensis has its
rat race. And three citizens
of that small world
both oversee and
ease the running of the
race. Stan and Pat Docherty
and Mrs. Andrews are the
three; combining judge,
jury and traffic cop in
their own jurisdictions. Stan
is a living proof that
something can simul-
taneously be and not be
(DVS take note). Pat,
that all things come to
him who waits (John Milton
take note). And Mrs.
Andrews, that wrath can
be tempered by mercy (Nota
bene, Job). Enough's
enough! Each of us has
his own private reason
for being grateful
—let's keep the
reasons private, and
make our
gratitude public.





(STEPHEN W. MEADER was an English major when he attended Haverford. He was an Editor of the Haverfordian and of his Class Record. He worked as a copywriter at N. W. Ayer & Sons for 30 years. When he retired 5 years ago, he was a creative supervisor for the agency. Over the years he has found time to write 37 boys' adventure novels. He was elected permanent President of the Class of '13 at its fifth reunion.)

HALF-CENTURY VISTA

To you men of Haverford, 1963, the year 1913 must appear only slightly removed from the Dark Ages. To us who graduated in that golden year it seems like yesterday.

Let us see what has changed and what has endured. Physically, you say, the college must be vastly different? It's true that you have the Field House and many other new structures. But the heart of the campus — Founders', Roberts, much of Lloyd, Barclay, the Library and the Gym, the Science Buildings and Walton Field still stand as we knew them. The great old trees still shadow lovely lawns. And all the lures of a Haverford spring still torture young men trying to study for their final exams.

We had our faculty idols in such great teachers as Francis Barton Gummere, Rufus Jones, Lyman Beecher Hall and Isaac Sharpless. No doubt you, too, have found inspiration in such men. Scholastic standards, high in our day, are higher still for you.

It was a smaller college when we were undergraduates. In a student body of 170 it was possible even for a Freshman to establish lifelong friendships with lordly upperclassmen. Our very paucity of numbers may have developed a unity, an *esprit de corps* that will never be so strong again.

Perhaps we weren't quite as serious. After ten years of world peace it seemed to us to be a permanent condition. America was a great country, forging rapidly ahead in science and invention. Why, there were almost as many automobiles as horses on Lancaster Pike, and occasionally we heard the chatter of a stick-and-wire biplane overhead! The atom was merely the smallest indivisible part of matter. So in our innocence we played, as we worked, with great enthusiasm: won our share of games; decorated the Gym for proms; harmonized on Founders' steps in the warm spring evenings.

Forgive us a bit of nostalgia as we look back. And may your own memories of Haverford be as kind when you are fifty years older!

STEPHEN W. MEADER
PRESIDENT, CLASS OF 1913



Raymond Andrews, the Bard of Ninth Entry, is definitely not an organization man. In fact, Ray is a sort of a perpetual child, an unfettered spirit, free of the cynicism so prevalent among his contemporaries. To most of his fellow students, Ray is merely an insignificant part of the Haverford panorama; for those who know him, however, his persistent refusal to take himself, or anybody else, too seriously make him a pleasant, easy-going companion and a



Larry's academic intetests reflected his concern for clear and accurate thought. For him, a model expressed in symbols and describing astronomical forces of cosmic immensity was a creation of great beauty and an intellectual triumph. In accordance with his interests and intellectual habits, his undergraduate course was organized around the related fields of physics, mathematics, logic, and astro-physics. To this he added a great deal of language study in Greek, Russian, and German. Interest in grammatical parallels led him to take up linguistics. As a recognition of his hard work and interest, he received his Phi Beta Kappa key at the end of junior year and was awarded a NSF grant for summer work.



Down from the North the Barber came to Haverford's abysmal groves to do battle with the demon rum, the serpent honor, and the hydra knowledge. Bloody but unbowed, our hero

ANDREWS & AUER & BARBER &

warm friend. Ray's extremely varied interests, which include bluegrass music, folklore, political philosophy, and contemporary literature, are indicative of his intellectual curiosity and his unusually wide reading. Basically anti-utilitarian and anti-authoritarian by nature, Ray is considerably more comfortable in the creative atmosphere of the humanities than in the more rigidly defined scientific disciplines; he is able to discuss intelligently almost any aspect of literature or philosophy, but only by comprehensive memorization of Kepler's Laws was he able to squeak his way through astronomy. When questioned, Ray denied having any future plans, for he has yet to decide which form of social discipline he would least mind submitting himself to; only in the freest situation conceivable will Ray be able to fulfill himself completely.

Ray Andrews

Larry was deeply impressed by the Quaker way of life and remained a firm pacifist with a clear conception of the dangers of atomic madness. He believed that an active opposition to modern warfare was the great challenge and calling of all Christian churches.

Larry's extracurricular activities included work on the radio station, several managers positions for teams, and his chairmanship of the Rules Committee. One might also mention his operation of the observatory during Dr. Green's absence.

Larry cut a colorful figure, cowboy hat and mustachio flapping in the breeze, striding across the campus and colliding indiscriminately with various objects. Or one might see him in the dining hall making a point about the two cultures or about pacifism by bringing his hand down squarely in his soup. He can be counted on to bump at least one future Astronomer Royal.

Larry Auer

retreated to the sanctuary of junior executivity, to come again, after a year, to the dreadful plain. His ranks swelled by the acquisition of a wife and a fiendish engine in his attache case, he remained contentious, irrepressible. He exorcised the demon, outtalked the serpent, and stood his ground with the hydra, and, to the amazement of all, lived happily ever after.

Put Barber



Barry had a strong practical bent which showed itself in his dislike for the overly theoretical and abstract in academic life. It was natural that he choose to major in political science, a field which concerns itself with empirical realities and concrete solutions. It was a fortunate choice. Barry was able to combine a long-standing interest with an academic discipline and came out with a firm decision to teach and perhaps practice political science.

His own political position was that of a socialist who wanted to "soak the fat boys." He was a crusader who had a keen sense of what it feels like to be an underdog in the South or anywhere else. With his earthy sense of humor and raw cynicism, he laid into the false

Historian, librarian, and disc jockey, Bill Beik has been active in a variety of fields during his four years at Haverford. He combines a taste for the baroque beauties of Purcell with a fondness for the more plebeian offerings of WIBG. He provided WHRC's microscopic Monday night audience with Manfredini, but he reached a much larger public as a member of the library's corps of reserve desk guardians. As one of the few remaining Seniors in the Glee Club, he has shown both tolerance and persistence. Trained in history by Messrs. MacCaffrey, Spielman, and Andrews, he has cultivated a talent for cultural history and an aver-

He is the very model of a bright orchestral president;
He's friends galore and quotes the score, a faithful tearoom resident.
He smokes wild pipes with odours vile, and lives in Holmes Sherlockian.
He fills his ears with pondrous notes — Wagnerian not Bachian.

BARLOW & BEIK & BELANGER

ideals and pompous orations of certain politicians. Barry's interests outside politics were principally music, literature, and religion. He had a detailed knowledge of the technique of conductors and the clarity and balance they could achieve with various orchestras. He accumulated a record collection which became increasingly difficult to transport and which he drew on for his radio programs. He had a love for good literature, but especially for classical works as a result of his knowledge of Greek and Latin. Throughout his college career, Barry sought to understand and practice Anglo-Catholic faith and discipline.

Barry's credo might be stated as "I have opinions; therefore, I am." He believed in taking firm positions on almost any issue.

Barry Barlow

sion to English place-names. He was often to be found at odd hours in Drinker polishing new compositions for posterity on certain questionable pianos. Enthroned in Scull House after three years in Barclay, Bill has covered his walls with postcard views of French cathedrals and medieval tapestries. And so, surrounded by the glories of the **moyen age**, he prepares for his future in college teaching.

Bill Beik

In cowboy boots and nightshirts red he studies plays Shakespearean
And rattles off the peppered quotes of Mamma Belangerian.
Humanity and sanity in situations Doktoral,
Proclaim his creed in every deed, each morning, noon and nocturnal.

As yet we haven't spoken of his shorts, his vests, his gold watch chains,
His oriental carpets and his multitudes of other pains;
The dirty glassware piled on high is just a triviality;
But all in all we think he is a major personality.

Terry Belanger



Caselli's doctrine "You playa, you paya," has a profound meaning for playful Charlie Bernheimer. Charlie is not as much worried about parking tickets as about hidden damages suddenly revealing themselves. To Haverford, he is good-natured, solid Charlie B., Joiner. He is captain of the fencing team, chairman of the Collection Speaker's Committee and Secretary of the Senior Class. An English major, he is as adept with the shovel as with the foil. But Charlie's playful conduct proved that good fencers actually do not make good neighbors. Although he has no idea as to what it entails, Charlie wants to become an international businessman. The chief worry his senior year was convincing both Yale and himself that he really wanted



Charley Bernheimer



It is a quarter-to-three. From the room above comes the soft pounding sound of a Remington Noiseless typewriter. Jim is in the process of producing a great work of historical scholarship, already thirty-four pages long.

He is a history major which accounts for the number of typewriter ribbons he uses. Surviving Mr. MacCaffrey's trial by paper, he has still found time to devote his talents to other fields. Economics is interesting to him. His time in Mr. Lester's literature course has produced a series of notable papers

Jim Blumenthal

BERNHEIMER & BLUMBERG & BLU

to attend law school. Yale's main drawback was its distance from Wynnewood. No longer would his mother be able to drop in with packets of coffee ice cream or clean clothing. Asked how going to law school will make him an international businessman, Charlie shrugs and says that he is scared of being a graduate hack in English. The humanities and the history of ideas, this self-styled Renaissance man admits, draw him. He dreams of personally fulfilling Matthew Arnold's definition of a critic as an "apostle of culture." But anarchical international business appears an international playground. He'll learn; for even in international affairs, those who play, pay.

A common practice, which reflects the notion that different investigators and readers may hold different views as to the 'losses' or 'gains' involved in implementing a social scientific finding, is for the researcher simply to report the probability level associated with his finding, indicating that the null hypothesis may be rejected at that level.

—Siegel, S.—Nonparametric statistics.
Herb Blumberg

demonstrating his organizational ability.

Music is important in his life. He is one of the very few people at Haverford who can boast of having a season ticket to the Philadelphia Orchestra. If you listen carefully, you are sure to hear the sound of a classical symphony between the patter of the typewriter keys.

Jim's extracurricular exertions have been mainly for the sake of Class Night. He was responsible for the organization of the vast backstage forces, or rather, he was the vast backstage forces. Only once has he stepped forth from behind the scenes: his masterful interpretation of Dull won cheers and wide acclaim.

BOWLES



Haverford's only Anthropology Major. There is some question as to whether he attends Haverford or Bryn Mawr; since most of his classes are at Bryn Mawr.

Production manager of the Drama Club for almost three years. In this position he accomplished two things: helped to get a new lighting system for Roberts Hall, and set some kind of record on Drama Club budget expenditures. We got some nice new lights out of this, as well as a set of black curtains that fit both Goodhart and Roberts halls. In connection with the Drama Club, President Borton, Mr. Caselli, and the Dean were seen to wonder if an entirely disassembled



Jace is "shower, shave, and sack", but mostly sack, curator of the College Outline Series (which he reproduces periodically in shortened form), and a swimmer. The guy doesn't speak unless he has something to say, and then you know he's thought about it for awhile; but he laughs a lot. He's the one who can write well even when he's saying



John's Haverford life was full of momentous discoveries. In his freshman year he discovered the three best of all possible roommates (namely us, the authors of this vignette); he also discovered soccer, a worthy bridge partner, and the secret of success in competitive golf (be cheerful and chatty when your opponent isn't).

Time went on, and the discoveries continued; but now it was John who was discovered by others. Various departments implored him to grace their curricula; John thought it over, then re-

MENTHAL & ^ & CARROLL & COLE

motorcycle in the basement of Roberts was really necessary in the production of **Venus Observed**.

Various motorcycles, Founders, and a green dinosaur may be considered together. Frank has lived in Founders for all of his years at Haverford, and following the tradition of Leighton Scott and Lynn Allen, has maintained a motorcycle. The first one was a 250cc Peugeot. It died horribly when TK Sharpless ran it up a tree in front of the Dean's house. (The Dean, one suspects, was not heartbroken.) The second, and present, motorcycle is a huge, heavy, old 1951 Triumph. If somewhat faster, it is at least quieter than the Peugeot. Its name, if anyone cares, is Igor. Frank also has a small green dinosaur in his room. Its name is Sinclair and it has a necktie.

Frank Bowles

nothing.

He is the scholar of expressions—archetype of impeccability—conceived from a prostrate position, with one jaundiced eye on the ceiling and the other watching you. Puns sneak from the corner of his mouth without in the least disturbing his facial expression.

And he's the guy with 'Feeb'.

John Carroll

gretfully passed up Bill Reese and Frank Parker and tossed the palm to the omniscient and inimitable Wallace MacCaffrey.

Finally, and most momentously, Bryn Mawr discovered John, and compensated in its intensity for its tardiness. John, who has never quite adjusted to the fact that he is considered exceptional, reacted to his success with characteristic mixed emotions: initial bewilderment ("I didn't **intend** to snow that girl; what did I do wrong?") and ultimate euphoria ("I think I'm snowed.")

And so John went through Haverford, carrying off all aspects of his life with his own unconscious gracefulness; furnishing mute but eloquent proof that nothing is that hard if you just take it in stride. At least, if you happen to be John Cole.

John Cole



From the land of Sleepy Hollow, high on the plains overlooking the Hudson, came Haverford's only true friend of the Headless Horseman. During his four years here Chuck compiled a record of pranks and practical jokes that would have made even Brom Bones proud. Just remember the Fourth of



It is questionable whether John or the Political Science department has suffered more through his four years here. It may be significant that John remains while the entire original poli. sci. faculty has departed, perhaps to greener pastures. Reported to be Haverford's loudest bridge player, John has, unlike many of his classmates, preferred the pasteboards to late hours at Tenth. In his infrequent jaunts to this fabled den, the hamburgers, cokes, and dartboard have exclusively been his pleasure.

John returned his senior year with a bride and what was for him a new car.



Alan is one of those fellows you both notice and don't notice at the same time. His manner is quiet, yet distinctive, as he glides across campus, barely condescending to amaze some passing underclassman by proving once again that the Stork has the fastest bird in the college. He speaks rarely, but when he does, he makes up for his silence by being 1) brutally explicit ("Nice meal, Miriam"), or 2) brutally loud ("QUIET, DAMN IT").

Don't be fooled, though, by the non-committal facade. After an unfortunate slip freshman year (apprehension

CONN & COOK & CRANE & CRAWF

July pyrotechnics in mid-May or the placing of a sixteen-foot Christmas tree in a Barclay bathroom!

Chuck's outstanding characteristic is his ability to become involved in a multitude of campus activities, sanctioned or otherwise. On committee lists, in clubs, and on team rosters, the name "Conn, C." appears with great frequency. And yet he manages to do all this and the multitude of papers and reading assignments required of a Poli. Sci. major while still joining his roommates for a few hands of bridge or hearts. When he has a free weekend, which appears to be quite often, he is most likely found spending it with a very special coed from Douglass College.

Ever since freshman year, Chuck has been surrounded at all times by people. His ability to make friends with such ease will undoubtedly be of great value as he pursues his goal of becoming a lawyer.

Chuck Conn

The combination proved to be a dangerous one but only the car suffered. His unregistered Chevy, now minus a fender and affectionately called "The one-eyed monster," can be seen every morning at 8:15 entering the Sharpless faculty lot. In contrast to the poor record of the car, wife Sue's skill as a hostess is renowned. The honeymooners have unselfishly extended to many members of the Haverford community a hearty welcome.

Perhaps "Cookie's" principal contribution to Haverford life has been in his spirited support of athletics, both as a spectator and a participant. His violent partisan attitude will be sorely missed in the Haverford stands, as will his bat and glove on the baseball diamond.

John Cook

for hijacking a telephone truck), this exterior successfully hid an ardent rowdy who was instrumental in organizing innumerable water fights, plots for off-campus car storage, and finally, exploits of the Green Gnad. A consistent winner at bridge and a consistent loser at casino, Alan was always willing to let off pressure.

But students just don't graduate from Haverford unless they apply more than a passing interest to academics. Many were the nights that the Lloyd quadrangle rang with the ever-loud voice, (though perhaps raised a few octaves from its usual second bass register), "CLAYTON HOLMES IS BREAKING MY BACK." Anyway, Alan rationalized that being a student of life is much preferable to being a student of engineering. "Isn't that what the liberal arts are for?" Specialization will come soon enough—next year in applied physics.

Al Crane



Dan joined our class in junior year as a day student and brought with him a concern for ultimate questions which never left him. His intensity and intellectual honesty gave him a marked individuality which was steady and strong. Underneath his somewhat stern exterior, there was a warm and candid nature which often revealed itself in discussions with friends. At the beginning of senior year, Dan and his wife Judy moved into Dr. Borton's apartment and Dan began to enter more fully into our communal life. He participated in our musical life by joining the Glee Club.

In his courses in the philosophy, religion, and psychology departments, Dan was looking for a broad, intelligent view of the human predicament and of



"Sally, you've got five more minutes." With that warning, Dave brought another study date to a prompt close and started to clean up the remnants of 83 Lloyd's traditional 23rd hour smorgasbord. Returning from Bryn Mawr about twenty minutes later, Dave still had another hour to study before turning in at 1:00. Never a man to waste time, Dave was one of the very few students at Haverford who was able to couple a number of extra-curricular activities



Better known to many as Jerry, the "Quiet Quake," captain of the basketball team, H.F.D., Jr. is a native of West Chester, Pennsylvania—"the crossroads of the world." During four years at Haverford Jerry was the sparkplug of the basketball team, first on the JV then for three years as a high scorer on the varsity squad. He has also been the capable leader of the Class of '63 soccer team, guiding his crew to the intramural championship senior year.

Although known on campus as a top athlete (but not as a "jock"?), Darls

ORD & DANEKER & DARLINGTON

the contributions which the Christian faith could make in its solution. He was moving towards an inclusive, rational statement of faith which would make it vital and responsive to human needs.

In class discussions, Dan had the courage to speak his mind and to demand clarity in others. He was quick to see the practical implications of a philosophical position. His approach was one of straightforwardness and common sense. This sometimes led him to question the paradoxes and resolutions of the great Platonic master of Railroad Avenue which gave an added bump to the dialectical process.

In seminary, Dan will continue his investigations in a more concentrated manner and still seek to find, in his own terms, the dedication, integrity, and self-consciousness demanded by the pastoral life.

Dan Crawford

with an A average.

He began modestly as an officer and then Manager of the Freshman Glee Club, but he also supplied two years' of fodder for the football team's grist mill. After declining an offer to play professional football with the Winnipeg Blue Bombers, Dave turned his attention to class politics and was President of the class for his junior and senior years.

He was also a member of the Glee Club for three years, but finally decided that even two or three Glee Club trips away from the Haverford (BRYN MAWR) area was too much. Instead, Dave spent his time working as a coach at Haverford School in order to build up the "kitty" with which he intended to make a life-time investment in the diamond market. Christmas 1962 saw that investment. Prediction: August 1963 will see Dave make an additional investment in the gold market.

The legal profession could hardly welcome a finer person.

Dave Daneker

has some outstanding academic accomplishments to his credit—most notably his analysis of psychiatric techniques at Mercy Douglass Hospital in connection with work in his major field, sociology. Jerry is also a music-lover who has steadily broadened the scope of his musical knowledge and appreciation. He frequently visits the Academy of Music, particularly to hear his favorite Beethoven Symphonies.

From the sublime to the ridiculous: The Kingston Trio, Billy Vaughn, and Ray Coniff are among Jerry's light music favorites—he finds the latter two particularly useful for creating a snowy atmosphere for BMC lovelies. One shouldn't think that Jerry's sports activities are confined to the soccer field and basketball court; in the course of four years Jerry has become a master of "the indoor sport." He can often be seen on the Lloyd lot compressing his huge frame into the frame of a tiny Simca used for putt-putting to BMC.

Jerry Darlington



"Show me a man who overelaborates,
and I'll show you a great man!"

—Henry Miller
Roy David



The leaves love the air.

Ray de Ris



As Howard walked across Railroad Avenue, his jacket, tie and squash racket became less important. He discarded the jacket and tie, except for brief

DAVID & DE RIS & DESHONG &

excursions to McGillins, and his squash racket was misplaced for two years. During his first two years here the fantasy of medicine faded, culminating in a sojourn to the west. Upon returning from the real world, Howard found his squash racket and psychology books. Studying and dating with a purpose, he rounded out his college years in an effort to return well equipped into the business world.

Howie Deshong



Bonnie Brice
noisy car
loud socks
basketball
track
Bonnie
photography
Brice



Pete will tell you that he is one of the three or four coolest guys in the world. He is one of the three or four guys in the world who can honestly make that statement. His friends tried vainly to imitate Pete's sly snowman's grin; they struggled desperately to match his devastating command of the vernacular; they attempted to out-head him with humiliating results; they even tried to emulate the casual insolence with which he wore his dungarees. His contemporaries finally decided that the cause was hopeless; Pete **was** the coolest guy in the world.

Sometimes, Pete himself did not seem so sure. He could never quite decide just what kind of a life he wanted to lead at Haverford. His restlessness led him from the sciences to the humanities. Athletics were important to him, but he was incapable of the narrow dedication of the jock. He wanted to date, yet did not want to make that his sole pre-occupation. Pete was continually disturbed by his inability to find time for all of the experiences he wanted to try. He talked wistfully of his clarinet, of the courses he had missed, and the people



". . . so since the paper was due at eleven and I was still on the first page, I thought I'd better stay up all night; but at midnight I started to get tired, so I went to bed and set the alarm for two. When the alarm went off I just couldn't do it, so I reset it for three. Anyway, I got up at eight finally and after breakfast I played three games of ping pong with Smith and a game of chess with Werner and . . ."

". . . so I started out fast and stayed with Simmons for the first half mile and then my ankle started to get sore and I dropped back. And at the two-mile mark Young started to pass me and I fought him off; but then I started thinking I'd better be careful of my ankle, so I . . ."

". . . so by this time it was eleven o'clock and her parents were due at twelve, and I thought I was safe. Well, there was this key turning in the door lock suddenly; and I thought at first I might pretend to be the meter reader, but I didn't know the Danish word for meter reader, so I crawled out the window, and it was a three-story drop . . ."

Steve Ettinger

DORWART & EDDY & ETTINGER

apparatus in Sharpless was also no secret to his friends.

* * *

Those who saw through Pete's usually care-free and sometimes careless exterior sensed a . . . uh . . . well, maybe that's why he and Ez got along together.

* * * *

Most Haverford students are changed by their four years here, but not Pete. But then, Pete never was much for "growing up". Hopefully, he never will.

Pete Dorwart

he had not met. It is not clear which direction Pete will eventually choose. In any case, his nature is probably too complicated for real contentment. But it is that quality which will always assure him the respect and the affection of those who know him.

Pete Eddy



Sept. 30—"Hey, how about a game of bridge!"

Nov. 11—"I challenge you to a game of ping pong!"

Dec. 10—"It's almost sailing time again!"

Feb. 8—"The Warriors are on TV again!"

May 2—"Hey Pete, I'm going sailing in Georgia this weekend.

Ez was a man who liked to relax before the grind (?). His love of music, manifested through an immense stereo

Hey, Rans, let's go. It's quarter to two. Hurry it up!

Yeh, yeh, OK . . . and once again the best laid plans of mice and men fall ingeniously astray . . . perennial president of the 3 o'clock club . . . yet always gets 8 hours in the rack . . .

But Rans, this'll make 3 weeks in a row you've missed Linguistics . . . Yeh, well you know I gotta study so I can collect laundry tonight . . . Hey, look at this new book I got today in the

EZERMAN & FASOLDT & FLANDERS

set, was no secret to occupants of the rooms adjacent to 103 Leeds. A hard working soccer player and basketball manager, he could always "explain" why the Haverford teams lost.

Underneath his fun-loving exterior, Ez was . . . uh . . . well, anyway, he could be very perceptive, warm and sympathetic in his interpersonal relations, but these features were more than made up for by his forgetfulness and procrastination.

And Ez never will live down the fact that B. B.'s urges were seven times as strong as his (at first, anyway). But then, he will never forget, either, the profound change Haverford wrought in him. What hath Haverford wrought?

Bob Ezerman

bookstore . . . Boy, if I could just spend all my time reading these things . . . you know . . . Hey, it's time to go to wrestling. I'm gonna work these guys hard today . . . team's gotta be in shape . . .

Rans, the world traveler, the Fords' only teamster, always found a way to Lansing, or, well anyplace . . . sometimes it was the "cycle" or maybe the old "Caddie" . . . but it was always for a longer time than it should have been . . . Heck, these vacations are too short anyway . . . sure Rans . . .

After a brief hassle with the likes of Finger *et. al*, it was Russian . . . The pseudo-academician, quasi-intellectual . . . Yeh, I'm gonna be a teacher . . . you know, this stuff is real interesting. I could read about it all night . . . Hey Joe, can I have a ride to BMC, Genie and I are gonna study . . . Sure Rans.

Only he forgot that test tomorrow . . . Hey Rans, wake up, you've gotta study for this thing . . . Right, right, just give me 15 minutes more, OK? . . . I gotta be rested for this thing . . . Heck, I know it anyway . . . Sure Rans . . . like I said . . . the best laid plans go astray . . . Right Bard? . . . Yeh, yeh . . .

Rans Fasoldt

Musicians, they say, grow to resemble their instruments. Steve, in his every action and utterance certainly personifies the cello. Yet Steve and **any** instrument he played would be look-alikes, not because Steve would conform to the instrument, but because it would be shaped by him. That's the way he is. Although apparently deferential and maleable, he often reveals a resolute and obstinate core. Obstinate, but not obdurate. His open mind is equally receptive to the romantic and the practical. Within Steve the two coexist happily and productively; but for a political scientist, they do not often make a happy life. Both in his work and his life, the interaction of these two produces something resembling a work of art. Idealism disciplined by pragmatism results in the transcendental—Steve's ubiquitous and transcendental giggle, which expresses moods ranging from embarrassment to delight to hilarity. What nonsense! Who ever heard a cello giggle? But in Steve's hands . . .

P. S. Liz says I forgot to say what a nice guy he is.

Steve Flanders



"I'm a two or three shooter myself." With that remark, Bruce calmly plunked a triple to win the game. He picked up his navy blue jacket, which replaced a more favorite antique—the green and white of MCD—and strode jauntily to the gym where he would assist the Ford basketball team to another victory.

After two years spent in Barclay, Bruce emerged as both an English major and, as he willingly admits, "a trend man." Hard luck visited "the Quoter" again when he was forced to spend two years in Lloyd. However, he was visit-

As a freshman terror Joe led the Armpit in its constant battles against hostile forces. Blessed with an excellent ability to seize the moment, he quickly endeared himself to the beleaguered group of Pit warriors. Sophomore year found him entrenched in Barclay once

Casually but decisively muttering the familiar words . . . "I'm almost tempted to go to Tenth", Jim flings his plaid scarf over his shoulder, revs the old blue Chevy, and cutting his second class, concludes another full day at Haverford. From the wilds of Spanish House and parties in Sixth, the "Geds" passed his final year in the seclusion of Leeds, "resting today" amidst an eight semesters' accumulation of half-leaved Poli. Sci. texts, memorials to a history of abortive academic spurts and eleventh hour term papers for Messrs. Diamant and Somers.

FOERSTER & FRANKLIN & GEDDES

ed so often by a Swarthmore—via—Calvin philosophy student (the flaxen haired one) that his junior year found him among the happiest students on campus. In addition to visits from his fair friend, he somehow found time for running the Social Committee, playing basketball, pursuing philosophy interests, and becoming the most avid and obnoxious rooter for the Pack and J. T. . . .

"Who kicked the longest field goal in Big Ten history?" "Pat O'Day, Wisconsin, 1902! Hee Hee!" Once again, the Sports Quiz was on. It was a foregone conclusion that these meetings would end anywhere from three to four hours later with Bruce the winner.

What see we in the crystal ball—the future Bill Brennan . . . ? running chain lines for the Packers . . . ? chief greens cutter for the Milwaukee C. C. . . . ? No, our Mid-West's "headless-horseman" will, as usual, disappoint us all and be successful.

Bruce Foerster

again, although elevated to the second floor. Unfortunately, the large majority of his previous neighbors were also present, and the addition of The Spider spelled impending disaster for the young commando. However, the establishment of friendly relations with an upstate New York women's college had a visible sobering effect on Jef. Accompanied by a mid-year switch to Lloyd and a successful assault upon the English department, this relationship turned Jef into a semi-grind. Junior and Senior years, Jef's weekend trips to Vassar made him Ninth Entry's only concrete link with the outside world. Consequently, Jef became the primary advocate of the Thursday-to-Tuesday weekend. This development, however, did not impair his by now constant grind. Trading concepts between JAL Jr., Edgar and Guy, he managed to keep the average high, assuring him admission to med. school. If there must be a moral to this Ford's career, it is most certainly the growth of maturity through academic discipline.

Jef Franklin

Frequent forays to Bryn Mawr and Roach and O'Brien's Irish Tea House mixed with occasional and infamous Glee Club trips consumed his more active hours. Yet, pry beneath that apparently carefree form, lying half-buried in the depths of his old red couch, surrounded by a low hanging haze of cigarette smoke, and one finds a deeply philosophic "Geds", deftly balancing ideals and reality or expounding upon his greatest love — people. One of the last remaining examples of a dwindling strain of Haverfordians, he will pass his next few years in law school, and someday, perhaps, he will appear astride a frothing stallion, clutching his rifle and a mysterious masked lady, (with a half-finished New York Times crossword puzzle tucked under his arm), and establish himself dictator of some faraway Latin American country.

Jim Geddes



Riding either a white charger or a red Corvette, Loren spread his good cheer indiscriminately between the alumni readers of the *News* and the girls of Rhoads Hall. Having unmercifully subjected the Students' Council and football team to his talents as Secretary and freshman halfback, Loren in a few short months worked his way up from reporter to Editor-in-Chief of the *News*. He brought to that job the boundless en-

ergy, creative ingenuity, and utter lack of fact which helped transform the *News* from a quasi-newspaper to a nondescript organ for venting Loren's raving, screaming spleen against Quakers, Alumni and the Administration. TW's major has never become clear to the faculty ("Something in American civilization like they have at Yale only just for me"). Though himself free from the bottle, Loren has acted as local bootlegger of champagne; quite proud of his reputation as the loudest voice on campus, he has driven many a Ford to drink thus increasing his trade in champagne. He had made 5 Leeds into a local branch of the N.Y. Public Library with close to 1,000 books . . . none of which he has read. But Loren emerges with qualities which are most important: a drive to accomplish anything and everything and a mind open to deny other opinions, an ability to listen to criticism, take it on the chin and return for even more.

Loren Ghiglione



The "Big I." He had the distinction of being the only freshman with a single in the "pit". Sophomore year he made it to Second Entry — a year of development — seldom more than four hours sleep a night; a course in the dynamics of small groups, which was aptly applied in manipulating his unsuspecting roommates and friends; one semester of studying.

Ian was the possessor of the stuff of which all-night grinds are made. His highly moralistic outlook, however, made him ever so reluctant to hand over his much sought-after goodies to needful petitioners. To many he was known as the Shylock of the Dexy trade.

The character building qualities of Bohemian life in twenty-two soon gave

way to gracious living in fifty-two, which Ian somehow managed to turn into a two-man suite for his last two years .

His intellectual pragmatism did him little good, for in his Junior year he went the way of all flesh. Her name was Sara, and, just like in the story books, she proved to be the inspiration theretofore lacking in the "Big I's" life. Not only did he stop smoking, but he also kicked the Dexy habit. His average began to climb so that during his Senior year it looked as though he would probably raise it by twenty points over that obtained his Sophomore year.

A late-blooming desire for the tools of understanding led him to switch from Poli. Sci. to Psych at the beginning of his eighth semester at Haverford.

The future: hopefully, a job on Capitol Hill and four kids.

Ian Gilbert



Banjo-scrugger yeh, but a better mad-rigalist, Scott knows how to read and read deep, picking out notes in himself (even a mode, but not yet harmonies) shall we call it an introspective, an elegant, yes a Christian charm: the best of Riverside of Putney of the Old South, which o.k. mutes much of what passes for spontaneous razzle-dazzle and strident drive but makes for a melliflence and pleasantness in living, long as the strings hold and are in tune with themselves. Twang.

Scott Gillam

GHIGLIONE & GILBERT & GILLAM



Once upon a time, a young squire set out to seek his fortune, equipped with a quick wit and a strong right arm. As destiny would have it, the way led to a small cloistered institute of learning. Enchanted by the fair Maid Miriam, he accepted her offer of a pallet in the high towers of Barclay Castle. Finding himself amidst numerous other purposeful squires, he asserted himself by refusing to follow their callow and earthly ways.

Jeff Grambs



It takes four years to know them all—
The many sides of David Hall.
His skill and interests span the pass
From rock and roll to English class.

He bombs the academic grind
And never seems to fall behind.
In contrast, he has bridged the span
From bongo drums to "salad man."

And though she never quite was seen,
His "mystery girl" must have been keen,
For rain or shine he'd make a flight
To Lankenau come Friday night.

This balancing of work and play
Has made four years a pleasant stay.
And if the choice were granted him,
He'd want to do it all again.

Dave Hall



"Dad, we've discussed your high honors in chemistry before. Perhaps if I'd tell you something of my 'Haverford Experience' . . .

"The first thing which impressed me was a mixer at Bryn Mawr. I returned convinced that there must be better ways than this to amuse myself. I thought I'd try the Glee Club — the man who gave us our voice tests thought that would be best for me. Then the few minutes they said it would take to be Librarian didn't seem very important either. Like nearly everyone else, I decided I'd like to be on the Customs Committee; that wouldn't take any time after Classes began. The Octet seemed like a good idea too, and there would only be two short rehearsals a week.

"I know my Chem. grades were something less than you would like to have

seen. I majored in psychology, though, partly because they only **required** a few 'core' courses: that way, they said, I could 'broaden myself.'

"Then there were those roommates I had — real winners, they were. One was elected President of the Orchestra and, when someone in his underground found out about my trombone, there were suddenly Brass Choir and Orchestra rehearsals — but of course these were going to be short and wouldn't interfere. When another roommate became chairman of the Class Night Committee and assured me that only a couple of minutes would be necessary occasionally, I found myself the Committee secretary.

Well, that's how it all started. They always told me, though, that grades weren't really very important. You can see that, can't you Dad? . . . Dad? . . ."

Wayne Hammaker

& GRAMBS & HALL & HAMMAKER

Squires and instructors alike were victims of his verbal thrusts, and many were those who fell before a well thrown crust. Even close association with several friends — Sir Alan the Articulate, Count Lawrence the Learned, Daniel the Swift-of-Foot, and a pet cat named Tom — failed to leave much of a mark on the young squire. His chivalry keyed to the highest pitch, he forsook the machinations of the wench Janet to swear puritanical devotion to the oriental princess Nancy. Finally disillusioned with the pursuit of Friendly education, our young squire left to join a crusade against the barbarians, in the service of the king. Leaving behind only the impression that here was a youth whose destiny included great things — if he so desired.



What kind of a person was Rog? One of his favorite authors has written, "Notre personnalite sociale est une creation de la pensee des autres." Others saw in Rog an individual who ignored the academic pressures that most of his contemporaries were forced to take more or less seriously. They listened respectfully as in languid tones he asked out yet another girl from Bryn Mawr. They talked with him about common problems, appreciated his insight, but were aware that he himself was reluctant to surrender his position of remoteness and self-sufficiency. They observed all of these things, yet, in the final analysis, had to concede that the real Rog had somehow escaped them. No one ever really understood the mechanics of his own private world.

His ultimate destination? Rog himself is among the curious. There are some

"Please do not disturb" says the sign on the door to his bedroom — the humble home of the Great White Panda. Although few Haverfordians can boast of a similar affinity for sleep, John has still had plenty of time for numerous "activities," ranging from managing various athletic teams and rewiring



HARTMAN & HERZEL & HEUSS &

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision
The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous
palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And like this insubstantial pageant
faded,
Leave not a rack behind: We are such
stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little
life
Is rounded with a sleep.

— The Tempest, IV, i
Ed Hartman

clues. He wrote frequently for Class Night, for Arts Night, and for his own satisfaction. He viewed experience with a genuine curiosity, an eye for the incongruous or the ironic. He possessed wit and a graceful style. He had committed himself to no certain line of behavior save that of seeing and understanding his surroundings as precisely as he could. Thus in writing Rog has found an activity which he enjoys and which takes advantage of his special talents. The unformed nature of his personality is here an advantage. He stands ready to experience and to learn. Perhaps he will create a Swann of his own.

Roger Herzal

WHRC to organizing the P.D.O.'s of 92 Lloyd. Nor can we overlook his accurate right arm in the dining room (his fine hurling record earned him two "bonus" weeks eating off-campus) or his bunny-hopping through the library one memorable Saturday night.

But despite all the merrymaking John devoted many waking hours, and some sleeping ones, in the inner sanctuaries of Whitall, appeasing the omnipotent spirits of the Economics department. As one of the original Gold Dust Twins, he came up with some concepts as startling and profound as any derived by Keynes or Mill.

Spring is rapidly approaching, and soon, Panda, you must leave your sheltered lair. Haverford has prepared you for the world, let us hope that the world is prepared for you!

John Heuss

HILLIARD



Kirk had one serious motivation at Haverford — getting into medical school. "I may flunk out of this place, but I'll do it as a pre-med." With that, however, his seriousness gave way. All his other myriad interests were strictly extra-curricular. The most consuming of these: the opposite sex. "Do you think I can list 'Girls' as a hobby on this Medical School Application?" He was a "ladies man," a "skirt chaser," a lover of all womankind too enamoured with the fair sex collectively to ever love just one. And if he wasn't the greatest student these ivy halls have seen, we will choose to recall his other talents. For



In my house I tend two fires. One I use for warmth. The other I use to burn trash. The latter never keeps me warm, even though I burn far more trash than



Sid has become a shadowy figure at Haverford, not having lived on campus for three years. After two years here, one as sage of North Barclay and one as executive of the local Woolworth Movement, he disappeared for Powelton Village in Philadelphia, a community he adopted as his own. His nominal return from his new home a year later was only a partial one, for one of the spoils of war in the Woolworth action was his Bryn Mawr opposite number. Having followed him to Powelton, she has now lured

Λ & HILTEBEITEL & HOLLANDER

who could surpass his prowess at the dart board, or kill more ducks? Who else could tell a story and supply his own laughter, or moan and groan so sensuously in sleep that we'd have to check for fear he'd not returned his last night's date to Bryn Mawr? Fond memories we hold of Fat Charlie. It's not with minor interest that we'll watch his subsequent career. If we should prophesize correctly, the years will see him a wealthy doctor, a confirmed bachelor, and a lovable "Uncle Fat Charlie" to all our children.

Kirk Hilliard

wood. I am not sure why. The smoke issues separately from two chimneys. The wind blows it, the two streams, now far apart, but now together, mingled to vanish.

Alf Hildebeitel

him from the campus entirely, except for classes, visits to the library, and occasional bull sessions with other refugees from the class of '62. Sid's gentle manner and deliberate speech hide strong beliefs; he maintains the political and social concern of a true reformer, and he is a vociferous defender of the underdog. His devotion to redressing the evils and iniquities of the world should leave it the better for his influence.

Sid Hollander



"I felt sure George was going to turn out to be a regular Casper Milktoast . . . He kept saying 'Geez, guys,' and when they asked him on a camp counselor application what he was an expert in, he wrote snakes . . . But you know, he never was cut out to be a wimp." Gullible George, vender of second hand books, in three years managed to dispose of

In the fall of '59 the numbers of the Haverford Zoo were increased by the addition of Harry the Rat from the land of the Blackfeet. Having been placed in

Dave's first year and a half at Haverford were not particularly conspicuous to the college at large. He did what was required of him, and did it adequately at worst, but partial performances never

HOUSTON & HOUSTON & JOHNS

four roommates (two went to India, one to Sweden and the last became a day student). He followed this by purchasing a green bomb (appropriately enough a Ford), and, in the summer before his senior year, by marrying beautiful (of the wolf whistle variety), brainy (Phi Beta Kappa Cornell graduate) Jean. Latin jock George hopes to join her next year at Penn as "Concert's" gift to the classics. But Haverfordians are anxiously wondering what will happen to the penny-hunting ("Anybody got a 1914-D"), toe-fighting business manager who put the **News** back on its feet. Though his business acumen will probably succumb to a serious interest in archeology, and his tee shirt and moccasins have already been replaced by a tweed jacket and repp ties, the essential elements remain. A conscientious nature, a disarming laugh, a way with people, an amazing exuberance.

George Houston

the cage with all the potential great athletes, he disappointed the superintendent by joining the ranks of various intramural squads. With his ready wit and Joe College *savoir vivre*, he quickly earned the alias of Fat Socialite. However, his true nature as a rat was ever present in his constant baiting of those with little resistance and incessant dumping on all with whom he came in contact. His phenomenal skill in getting through his various courses with a minimum of effort was aided greatly during the Year of the Plagues by the sympathetic treatment given him by his trainers. An appeal to the Humane Society on the grounds that there was surely a place in the legal profession for such a creature, since it harbors all sorts of strange beasts, resulted in his transfer to law school. He was last seen gnawing absently on a piece of sheepskin clutched firmly in his little girlish hands while simultaneously playing a game of Gin with his monkey-like feet.

John Houston

brought him satisfaction. His nature would allow him neither the wastefulness nor the indignity of making an endeavor without excelling; the instances in which he was not preeminent, infrequent though they were, brought Dave keen disappointment. Three semesters of doubt were sufficient; his scholarly superiority since then has been notorious.

However, Dave was not about to join the Disappearing Multitude — that segment of Haverford humanity seen only at mealtimes and on the classroom-to-library paths. He played golf, soccer, intramural basketball, and plenty of bridge. Junior year he introduced Room Football (you remove all the furniture from a room, then play tackle football) and wrote the best feature and sports articles to appear in the **News**. As a senior he relaxed by applying for fellowships, plotting the adventures of the Green Gnad, and sitting up late at night discussing sex, religion, love, and the world. Meanwhile the gang enjoyed the best home made pies, cookies, cinnamon bread, and apple tarts this side of Rochester.

Dave will be remembered as one with a remarkable insight into the complexities of his own life and others', and most of all as a whole man and a true friend.

Dave Hunt



Even if we restrict our observations, we see that Steve still resembles a large category, thus making him somewhat difficult to work with. Let us say that X belongs to **Johnson** if by some means X may be construed to be a facet of his personality, and that $\text{Hom}(X,Y) = \text{PXY}$. Now there exists a functor T: **Johnson** \rightarrow **Rings** such that $T(\text{math}) = 77$, $T(\text{music}) = 70$, $T(\text{psychology}) = 70$,

"Hey Ru, where's Greg?"
 "I don't know — Did you check the bag? Well, how about the hook chair? Did you check Bollas' office? What about Roy's office, or maybe Ernie's? No? Maybe he's shooting a few baskets

ON & JOHNSON & KANNERSTEIN

"All men can't be scholars, but all men can be gentlemen."
 John lived up to the above motto, at least in part. While negotiating the academic obstacle course (not without difficulty) he found time to engage in his extra-curricular vocations and avocations. The former included a two-year stint as director of the Information Office sports bureau which required him to compile the gory statistics on Haverford's football juggernaut. He also aided Jim Foster in dispensing quality products in the Coop, managing with it all to pay his own way for four years. His avocation included an efficient job as manager of the tennis team. When not on campus, John could usually be found in New York City, attending either a play or a hockey game, or in Philadelphia at McGillin's Ale House.
 To those who knew him, his indescribable laugh, his uninhibited candidness and his slow, slow walk were trademarks. A career in advertising looms big in the future.

John Johnson

$T(\text{die Madchens}) = 84$, $T(\text{computers}) = 77$, $T(\text{das Deuschtum}) = 70$, $T(\text{frisbee}) = 89$, $T(\text{cybernetics}) = 63$, $T(\text{Renaissance recorders}) = 70$, $T(\text{Paul Goodman}) = 70$, etc. Notice that $T(\text{Johnson})$ is a prime ideal in R, a fact which has its own peculiar significance. Since Steve is so complex, we are unable to find an adjoint functor to T. Indeed we suspect that our whole analysis is imperfect, and that $T(X) = 49$, for all X belonging to **Johnson**. This uncertainty is partly a function of the numbers of hours of deprivation of sleep. The one thing of which we are certain is that in his years here, Steve's scholarship, creativity, and personality have crystallized far enough that his life work will most probably be fruitful and worthy of the traditions Haverford fosters.

Steve Johnson

in the gym. He could be down in the batting cage. No? I don't think he went to the Palestra today — Hey, did you check Stu's room? How about Benj's room? Maybe he's in the coop. No? He **could** be in Ardmore buying a few newspapers. Maybe he's at Jack Lester's house? No? Well look, I hate to send you on a wild goose chase, but you might just check the library. He does have a paper due tomorrow."

"Okay Ru. I guess I'll have to wait till tomorrow to find him."

* * * * *

A mass of college newspapers stirs, and from beneath appears the "Boxcar." He heads for Ralph Sargent's office to explain his plans for a career in English linguistics — or is it philology? From there he hurries back to the room to tap out another sports masterpiece for the Main Line **Times**. His thoughts turn toward his true desire — a career with the New York Mets, as a pinch hitter. And finally, sufficiently confused about his future, the "Car" returns to his natural habitat, the bag.

Greg Kannerstein



This is the Buc, this is the reticent Bucco. Originally famed at Haverford only for his unyielding devotion to the Pittsburgh Pirates, Bill, during his last two years at college, became known also as both an excellent student and an extremely amusing fellow. Bill's unique, imitative abilities always draw gales of laughter from his friends, even when, as is often the case, they themselves are the butts of his good-natured humor; his normally stolid, scowling countenance breaks into a wide grin at the slightest provocation during the inevitable bull sessions over coffee in the dining room. When the postprandial ritual is over, Bill is certain to saunter back to the chemistry building, where he is conducting a mysterious alchemical project which nobody understands; normally, in fact, he studies industriously all day long. During the fall, however, Bill breaks his academic routine several times a week in order to batter a few linemen of an opposing intramural football team, while on spring afternoons he is to be found

KELLEY &

behind the football field, putting the shot and hurling the discus. And every morning, regardless, the familiar hulking figure skulks up from Leeds for breakfast. Thus, steady and dependable, but always ready and willing to laugh, Bill spent his years at Haverford.

Bill Kelley



Passionate zeal for the principles of physics and scientific thought best epitomizes his Haverford career. In fact, Roger has been a more constant occupant of Sharpless than most of his professors. He is quite a spectacle charging back and forth throughout the night on his green chariot. In his sophomore year,

he spent hours in the Sharpless labs struggling with the obstinate O-rings of a vexing vacuum system — and all for nothing. Now busily working on his senior project, which his professors doubt is in keeping with the ideals of fundamental research, Roger is building a LASER (appropriately pronounced like razor). Even so, he realizes that this project is only one step in the search for the philosopher's stone.

Roger Kohn



Pete Lary

KOHN & LARY &



In spite of the fact that long, tall Geoff only lived on campus his senior year after a three-year residence at the Hetzel's, he was widely recognized by his campus-bound classmates. But the people who knew Geoff the best were the dining hall waiters. "Where's Geoff?" "Check the dining hall." "But lunch was over an hour ago." "Well, he's probably about ready to leave by now." Good old Geoff was a slow eater without parallel, preferring to spend his time talking rather than sampling Ma Nugie's culinary artifacts.

Geoff had a variety of extra-curricular activities. The Glee Club was taller and deeper for four years because of our Reese-trained bass; the fencing team was impeccably managed; and the intramural softball league yielded to the Friendly persuasion of our Quaker arbitrator.

But Geoff's favorite extra-curricular activity was the Tri-College Coordinating Committee. He coordinated, all right. (It was rumored by a few disappointed Bryn Mawrers that Geoff — having surveyed the Bryn Mawr scene — was attempting to inaugurate free transportation to the greener pastures of Swarthmore. A certain girl at Swarthmore supports this view.)



Bernie (or Dov, as he lets himself be called by those he chooses for friends) is one hard nut to crack. But under that mustachio shell there's the meet of the dicotyledon man: of Chassidic lineage and American lingo, of sweet beat jive and strong square drive; the poetic and



One has had frequent opportunities to observe Tigger — "a very bouncy animal" — both in oscillation and pensive at rest. Yearbook writing is the moment when one seeks the unifying generalization — the words that will reduce a classmate to some square inches of grey type, like a prehistoric insect in amber. For Andy, such a process would be deceptive. To call him a chamelon, on the other hand, is insulting; flexible, insidious; and vacillating, untrue. Peer-group directed he has been, but he has also contributed a bit of a something to his peers so that he is affectionately, but also curiously regarded. Something of Pooh is fading from Haverford — Andy's departure is part of that quixotic fading.

Andy Lehner

LAWN & LEDERBERG & LEHNER

Imbibing chemistry for four years, Geoff chose Russian at Bryn Mawr (Swarthmore on week-ends) as a chaser. With typical disdain for worldly treasures, Geoff will continue in chemistry, and then enter the poverty-stricken ranks of the college chemistry professors.

Geoff Lawn

the bathetic, nostalgic and neuralgic, inner morose and crafty bellicose, arrogance and fear, fool and seer. Man if this boy ever gets himself planted in fertile soil (will it be Israel?) he's gonna grow places, busting out and up, flaming flowers and April showers of prose and dustjackets. And we'll be watching this Dov this honk this great goose of a guy beginning to flap his heavy dadalian winks over the mystic swamp. "Make it, man. He's gonna make it," we'll shout watching from the blind.

Bernie Lederberg



"Doctor, four years on the Haverford couch have done a lot for me. It all began when I dreamed that an apparition of pure intellect swept me from that wonderful town and dropped me into a laboratory full of bacteria and blastulas. The scene soon shifted, however, and I found myself Santering out and climbing the stairs to the third floor, and at this level of self-discovery the atmosphere at last began to clear a little. However, the Chicago regressions foiled my attempts at repression and although I found temporary wish fulfillment, Pennsylvania Bell's suppression soon brought total depression. To compound my complexes, when the song in my heart forced me to get Buzzy off my back, I emerged to find Reese on my tail. My super-ego indulging in musical phantasmagoria, I went from Brahms to Sousa, from class

When Stu was a freshman, someone asked him at a party "What grade are you in, sonny?" Now he's a senior . . .

"One hamburger platter."
"Stu . . ."

"Ready for the game with the Juniors today? We gotta be tough like OSU! I can't believe how tough that Big 10 is!"

"Don't you ever think about anything but football?"

"Hey! Look at this! My first issue of **Track and Field News!** After four months! Hey, a new diet! Gotta go to that health food store in Ardmore and buy some wheat germ! But what am I gonna do? The little old lady down there said no more bread sandwiches."

"Are you fit?"

from Robert Barclay's *Apology*
Dave Leonard

LEONARD & LEVI & LEVITT & LIES

night to octet, from bass drum to snare and back to bass again. Meanwhile Heath kept telling me it was all in my head, and Kosman said it was in the mind of God, while I kept wishing it were all someplace else — like in my arms. But at last I realized "This Can't Be Love" so I worked out a new arrangement. Fully fortified with Fresser and Freud and with my dreams interpreted, I hear the call of Chicago once more."

Bill Levi

"How's physics?"

"Williamson gave me an out. I'm doing a project on a mental hospital."

"What?"

"You can't believe how cool that mental hospital is! I really suck up this Deviant! I gotta borrow a bike to go down there!"

"What's up tonight?"

"Well, there's a Moore party in Leeds' singles. But I got a date with this babe from Radnor High. Then I gotta go to the libe for some Borton reading. And I have to do those isometric exercises! Gimme some French fries!"

"What about next year?"

"How can those Med schools be so narrow-minded. All they want are guys with 90's in Organic. I could always teach Soc. and coach track. Then there's Albuquerque . . . the NCAA meet! '64 . . . Tokyo . . . the Olympics! '65 . . . Tel Aviv . . . the Maccabean Games!"

Stu Levitt



Corky came to Haverford quietly, unheralded by the reports of former laurels which accompany so many freshmen who never quite live up to their advance billing. Cork did everything at Haverford unobtrusively, but his teachers, classmates, and close friends gradually came to respect and admire him the more for his unassuming excellence. His abilities as a student were so obvious that several departments invited him to consider majoring in their field, and his qualities as a person soon became evident to those with whom he let down a portion of his customary reserve. Cork did nothing as a matter of course. Having had a taste of what the study of literature could be under Mr. Harper, he decided to become an English major. Similarly he was not to be drawn into facile friendships; his warm and ready

Jim MacRae

Almost daily a black Thunderbird races down Montgomery Avenue en route to Bryn Mawr. It's Jack on the way to one of his innumerable courses at that great institute of learning. For Jack found, after sampling Haverford's intel-

VELD & LIPEZ & MACRAE & MARG-

lectual offerings, that math was too regimented, economics too exacting, and so he settled on Russian as a potential career. A person of violent opinions, Jack is diametrically opposed to sports, but mustered the interest to take up skating seriously. Frequent trips to cultural events do not indicate a home of cultural barrenness, for everything **IS** up to date in Kansas City (Mo.). Witness Jack's perpetual propriety and neatness (have you ever seen one hair out of place?), his genial friendliness, and his effervescent manner, and you have some idea of his character. Ever ready with the apropos phrase, Jack is an ardent conversationalist. All these qualities lead to a possible future in Russian studies as a translator, teacher or diplomat. But the charms of urban Capitalism may yet win out, with the resulting sign hanging over a florist's establishment: Liesveld's — Kansas City, Paris, London, New York.

Jack Liesveld

smile was never flashed indiscriminately. A versatile, graceful, and powerful athlete, Cork could never decide whether to devote his spring afternoons to tennis, baseball, or golf, but this indecision is notable only in that it is so uncharacteristic. He heads for law school with some reservations, but anyone who knows him finds such uncertainty but a grace note which accentuates the more fundamental harmony between Cork and a career in law. Here he can apply his incisive intellect and firm adherence to principle; the stern exterior and the veiled sensitivity which mark Cork would be nowhere more in place than on a judge's bench.

Corky Lipiez



" - - - 60 hours per week in chem lab, 20 hours a week for classics and biology, 50 hours for sleeping, 3 hours for glee club, 3 hours for sports, 3 for church, 2 for Collection and Meeting, 10 hours for eating, and 10 hours for bathing, shaving, etc. - - - this leaves me 7 hours a week for dates and goofing off!" Thus was the dire forecast for a senior chemistry student. Soon John's aversion to organization reduced this work load in his schedule by a factor of ten, delegating hours to such unorthodox activities as twisting to his own voice in a resonant Leeds bathroom, amassing such useful statistics as the number of Volkswagens the entire population of the world

John McConaghy



Salaried student,
He sits at his desk
In a sometimes panic.
A column of smoke rises
From a corpse-laden ash-tray,
Evidence to the ritual 4:00 AM wake.
Their deadness warns of the morrow's rising.
For still the Ec lies open on the desk's 3rd layer
Of multi-lingual clutter.

Shunji Maruyama

He turns to question
And a quick reply brings
A slap on the knee and
A burst of soft laughter.
So Japanese.

could lift in one day, and a philosophic contemplation of his ceiling. John's fame lies in many things: his agility at the piano, in the classroom, and above the dance floor; his uncanny ability to enter breakfast at 8:29:55; his crinkled pants; his moose laugh; and his nickname "Runt", which has stuck with him despite his phenomenal six-inch growth during freshman year. He can usually be found dancing among the sulfur fumes of the local lab.



Of the family *Anatidae*, John D. is best known by a nickname derived from his middle initial. As Haverford's own Organization Man (substituting tweed

for gray flannel and the *Valley Daily News* for the *N. Y. Times*), he instilled in the Customs Committee much of the Rogerian concern and enthusiasm which a duck shows for her ducklings, as well she (he?) might. Never losing sight of the importance of productive pedantry and the academic life (in Ford language he is admittedly a semi-grind), John cut loose as *News* managing editor and senior Council representative but left the wine, women and song to others. One might say he brought to Council a Buberian-Salingeresque philosophy, affectionately termed Margoliseanism, i.e., "But what will it do for his own personal development?" Devoted to the world of *academic qua academia*, John undoubtedly will bring to the classroom the kind of enthusiasm and "meaningful confrontation" which makes a good teacher great.

John Margolis

OLIS & MARUYAMA & McCONAGH



Tallyho! Bill is riding to the hounds of the Vicmead Hunt. This is a typical weekend, when *la chasse* (after foxes, that is) takes our horseman over post and rail of the Maryland countryside. If Bill isn't astride his favorite mount, he's anticipating the coming weekend when either a hunt or a horse show will lure him away from more academic pursuits. Academic pursuits for Bill are to be



The first sight one meets when entering the library on a Wednesday night is the curly head of Bob Miller, bent assiduously over the latest historiography



The chemistry lab, the library staff room, Cletus Oakley's office, the computer room or perhaps the 2nd floor of Roberts Hall are campus locations where one might find Paul Moyer. Having fulfilled the forty course requirement for graduation, with the exception of his 100 course, by the end of his seventh semester at Haverford, he worked at Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company in Philadelphia during the 2nd semester of his senior year. Living with a Sociologist and two Political Scientists for three years, Paul was constantly called upon to defend the relative merits of mathematics, his major field of study. During his four years at Haverford, Paul was a member of the Glee Club and a spark-plug of the class intramural soccer team. "I'm freezing, who left the window

Y & MECHLING & MILLER & MOYER

found on third floor Sharpless, i.e., the biology lab. Here is spent practically every daylight hour of our horseman's life at Haverford. One exception: when equestrian Bill takes over the *role d'escrimeur* as star fencer on the Haverford Fencing Team (a fencer, who, as a junior, placed fourth in the Middle Atlantic Conference). The future? — destined to hold a spot for Bill on the United States Equestrian Team and of course as gentleman farmer and seigneur of Bohemia Manor Stables.

Bill Mechling

assignment. Distinctive in his outgoing friendliness, he arrived four years ago with two things: an overwhelming pride in his native Tallahassee climate, and a great interest in music. To these have been added a third, a desire to study medicine, a decision which caused a violent reshuffling of his junior year courses. Bob's attributes are versatile, along with his overwhelming generosity, he is known for his amazing fleetness of foot. In four years of college life he has never once walked up a flight of stairs, and more than once he has covered an entire flight in a single bound. This gave him such exercise, since running up to third floor Barclay for two years, and third floor Yarnall for one year is no easy job. A senior year in Leeds has eased the load on Bob, and it is hoped by the time he graduates, he will be fully recovered.

Bob Miller

open?" "Gotta get up for breakfast this morning, it's French toast morning." "Wake me before you go to dinner." are all characteristic statements of the genial (provided you don't bother him immediately after the alarm has sounded in the morning) operator of the College mimeograph concession. A box filled with letters postmarked Annville, Pa., frequent weekend visits to Lebanon Valley College carrying a suitcase packed as only Paul Moyer could pack it, and large phone bills summarize his social life. Future plans call for a career in medicine.

Paul Moyer



Peter's most striking characteristic was the bubbling wit and brilliant satire which he displayed in social gatherings. This humor revealed a sharp, quick mind and a shrewd judge of character.

Outside of biology, Peter had the far-ranging interests of an avid reader and a curious student. He explored the interior castle with Douglas Steere and was "cut in" on the world of Eckhart. He learned a smattering of bad Japanese and developed an interest in the Far East and a desire to spend some time there as a doctor. In music, sitting at the feet of Haverford's Handelian, Hans drank in the glories of the Baroque and the powerful drama of Verdi's opera. A summer of the Experiment in Germany increased his interest in the history, language, and culture of that country. Many hours were spent during senior year dealing with whirly machines and rabbits (Norberg bunnies 1-6; 2 and 3 passed to their reward) or with class finances and radio equipment.

Peter had an interest in the problems of others and was often ready to do something practical about them. The experiences of several summers spent in hospital work gave him an un-

Pete Norberg



RAVING

Once upon a midnight dreary, while he pondered, weak and weary,
 O'er many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
 While he nodded, nearly napping,
 suddenly there came a tapping,
 As of Ballantine's de-capping,
 lapping at his conscience door—
 Gazing at his books he muttered, with
 thirsty throat and tongue he stuttered,
 Quoth Bob Nolte, "Nevermore."
 So he turned to arts performing;
 laurel leaves his pate adorning,
 Shifted he to sport athletic—both the
 gridiron and hard floor;
 Interest waning, these disdainng,
 saw pedantry his world profaning,
 And, the soul of wit disclaiming,
 became the Fork-Tongued Orator;
 But could his search be satisfied?
 Would e're this soul be gratified?
 Quoth Bob Nolte, "Nevermore."
 Turned he then to Green Bay County,
 where didst find his Fair-Haired
 Bounty

Bob Nolte

derstanding of what pain and serious illness could do to people and how they faced it. At the same time, he became aware of the discipline, self-sacrifice, and endurance demanded by the medical profession. His interest in biology and in tending others should make him a fine doctor.



Excerpts from Dr. Noell's testimony before Congress concerning the pending Medicare Legislation.

"I have no personal interest in the pending legislation," shouted Noell in answer to Senator Smith's inquiry. "Money means nothing to me! We in the Buffalo chapter of the AMA place little value on material objects. Why only two of our members have XKE's!" When it was pointed out, however, by the physiocratic Senator from Pennsylvania that the two remaining members, while not having XKE's, owned 17 Volkswagens between them, Herr Noell broke into a spasm of violent coughing. Dr. Noell finally recovered sufficiently to light a cigarette only to break into another fit of coughing.

"I own five TV sets," answered Dr. Noell. The Senator raised an eyebrow, but Noell hastened to add that four were gifts from his father-in-law . . .

Umbrella Bobby's staunchest rooter
 aspires too to be a tutor;
 Tall, bald, suave and tweedy, he
 says of conjugal felicity—
 "Having found Nirvana therefore, call I
 this my why and wherefore."
 Has he now his *raison d'etre*, as a
 noble man of letter?
 Quoth he simply, "Evermore."

Tom Noell

NOELL & NOLTE & NORBERG & N

When asked his reason for joining the medical profession, Noell answered that he had always thought that organic chemistry was basically fun. Before he could elaborate on this, Dr. Noell received an urgent note. Turning to the gallery, Noell nodded meekly to a small woman perched on a thick telephone directory. Realizing her position instantly, Dr. Noell requested that a second directory be given his wife.



Take a look 'round his room. Ernest (Gray Man) Northrup shows signs of the Greek ideal, the search for physical and intellectual excellence: The 8" x 10" photo of Ern decked out in Ford football finery representing three years of front line action. The framed words "Arma Virumque Cano . . ." symbolizing five years of Latin study. The discus and the motorcycle helmet on the bookshelf (the new BSA sits out in the shed behind Founders). The clipping on the wall from the *N. Y. Times*, "Anybody For the Wobble?", illustrating the latest fads in rock 'n' roll. ("Can't see that classical stuff . . . anybody want to buy my ticket to the Janis concert?"). The stack of 45's ready for his Tuesday night WHRC broadcast. The row of econ books on the shelf and the copy of *Newsprint Paper Industry* on his desk, sure signs of an economics major. But where will it all lead? Will he accept the tryout offer from the Winnipeg Blue Bombers? How about business school? Maybe the life of a poet? A man of many possibilities, quietly capable of demonstrating his talents in whatever he chooses.

Ernie Northrup



Bill Phillips

Emerging from his icy lair with audible protestation, the Bird trudges down the hall, infamous brush in hand, and furtively glides into the shower for his half-hour ritual. Struggling out, F. H. Pollard is ready to face another arduous day of Haverford life.

After his usual voluminous breakfast, the Bird makes his customary fruitless foray to the mail box, ostensibly hoping for news of the latest uranium mine or holding company which is misusing his funds. After an unproductive search he groans and begins the long trek to Leeds. Thus, one hour after arising, Frank is back in his customary position of repose.

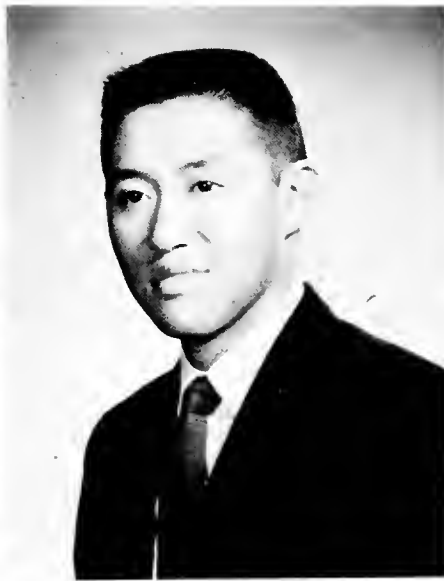
However, the Bird's contemplation is rudely interrupted later in the morning by academic obligations. After an exhausting hour of trenchant literary criticism, F. H. emerges from class and heads for the dining room undaunted by his noisome experience.

Frank's afternoons are efficiently utilized as he sleeps in the darkroom of the Tandem Building at Penn while attempting to wrest funds from the National Science Foundation for his participation in Physics 81 (also known as Advanced Sloth 81). He emerges from the darkroom to elicit voluminous praise from Mrs. Selove whom he has duped again and returns from this advancement of the frontiers of science just in time to miss cross-country practice, but not the after-practice cocktail hour in 29 Leeds.

Frank, a mathematical prodigy, devotes his early evening hours to a study of the mathematics of probability as exemplified by gin and bridge. Finally at nine o'clock the Bird, beaten yet pleased with the day's accomplishments, reviews his victories over a glass of wine.

Frank Pollard

ORTHRUP & PHILLIPS & POLLARD



1. Powers ist alles, was die Philosophie ist.

1.01. Das, was die Philosophie nicht ist, das lasst Powers liegen.

1.02. Die Philosophie ist alles.

1.021. Powers ist alles.

1.1. Die Liebe besiegt alles.

1.11. Die Liebe besiegt Powers.

2. Wir machen uns Bilder von Powers.

2.01. Die unter Desjardins, der Leichtathletik, der Religion und des Sexes bestehende Dialektik kann nur dann aufgelöst werden, indem man etwas aufgibt.

2.02. Wer nichts aufgeben kann, der muss ein dialektisches Leben führen.

2.03. Es ware dem Powers unmöglich, irgend etwas davon aufzugeben.

2.1. Wer diese albernen Satze ubersieht und sie nicht einmal liest, der sieht Powers richtig.

POWERS & QUILL & QUINT &

1. Powers is everything that philosophy is.

1.01. What philosophy is not, Powers does not touch.

1.02. Philosophy is everything.

1.021. Powers is everything.

1.1. Love conquers everything.

1.11. Love conquers Powers.

2. We make to ourselves pictures of Powers.

2.01. The dialectic which exists among Desjardins, track, religion, and sex can be resolved only when one gives something up.

2.02. He who can give up nothing leads a dialectical life.

2.03. It would be impossible for Powers to give up anything.

2.1. He who transcends these inane propositions and does not even read them, he sees Powers aright.

Chuck Powers

To those students who knew only his stern features and decisive stride, who saw him only as the versatile performer, Spence must have seemed an aloof, imposing figure. They knew him as the superb athlete who distinguished himself in soccer and tennis, or as the efficient, ruthless waiter who could make lingering diners miserable. Perhaps they heard of the slyness which drained the school's payroll, and which established him as one of the school's fine bridge players. And no doubt they had been told how he confidently roamed the halls of Bryn Mawr, drawn instinctively to attractive, affectionate girls. But for Spence's group of intimates, it was a personality, as well as a performer, that demanded respect.

Though he occasionally found the

academic load threatening, Spence persisted, never wasting his energy in fruitless resentment. It was evident that his college experiences had forced a painful reassessment of values, aspirations, and attitudes. But Spence, evolving quietly, reflectively, groped with his problems alone, refusing to impose his melancholy on his friends. With them he was always warm, spontaneous, witty, contributing generously to those lighter moments that made Haverford life tolerable. And most impressive of all, he functioned comfortably with these friends without ever losing his identity. One always sensed in him, but never resented, a fundamental reserve, an intriguing remoteness, that characterizes the substantial personality. Self-possessed but not aloof, disciplined but never dull, Spence always commanded respect and affection.

Spence Quill

About halfway through his freshman year, Arnold, a loquacious economics major, discovered that his work input would achieve the greatest marginal efficiency in the library. He promptly moved there and must have attained his general equilibrium, for he has tended to remain ever since. As a result, his grades have been monotonically increasing; but because of his propensity to gossip with whoever is foolish enough to listen, those of his carrel neighbors have been steadily decreasing. Yet like all good Haverford students, he occasionally emerged from the library to serve his fellow man. Arnold was Chief Big Brother, and as part of his duties could be seen indoctrinating gullible sub-freshmen in the virtues of Haverford. During the summer, Arnold is

Haverford's representative to the Kennedy braintrust. There, when he is not advising Walter Heller on fiscal policy, he can be found counting paper clips in an office in the United States Department of Commerce. The future will surely find Arnold investing in Broadway musicals the money that he will make off The Market, and, if past performance in this matter is any indication of future potential, losing it all.

Arnie Quint



"How does John love Handel? Let's count the ways."

Music majors are few at Haverford and John is one of those rare phenomena. In general music, and specifically, Handel, are the centers of John's attention. Although he enjoys history, philosophy, and theological speculation, his primary interest remains music. At times it would seem that he relates everything to it. To the amazement of all, John has been known to relate even biology to music, as in his memorable paper for a biology course entitled "The Evolution of Music." He tends to favor musicology over performing, but he has at times been seen conducting the Schutz Choir or his own Kinderchoir. He has begun to develop a set of mannerisms, a style, which sets him off as a man of music.

This style is hard to describe. It is

There's only one guy around here who has a baseball with handles and a cowboy hat from Heidelberg and a .22 that's broken down, probably never to be reassembled. He's the guy whose head looks like a stop-light full of teeth most of the time except on Sunday morning when it's slightly tinted like a go-light. He's the guy who runs like an ostrich with knock-knees but somehow manages to score. He's the guy who can break up an audience with nothing but a chair, a table, a Life magazine, and little moronic laughter. He's the guy who disappears in the middle of a party and shows up disgustingly sober three hours later. He likes Twain

in part his pompadour and his messy room. It is the way he eats and the times at which he eats. It is also his pacifism and his very real belief in a personal diety. It is his height. It is the sound of his voice when he speaks about Handel. It is the way he studies history. It is his trips to Sam Goody's and his fierce looks when someone talks while he is listening to music. It is the fact that most of the music library can be found in his room. It is the way he holds his hands while conducting. It is his Princeton way. It is John.

Will Riggan

John Roberts

Fred Raach

and Hemingway and baseball and coffee in the mountains. Above all, he's the guy who maintains that laughter is a priceless commodity and that the man who can't laugh at himself is as good as dead. If self-ridicule is the source of life, then he'll live to a ripe old age, because there's plenty of native raw material—but, more important, there's a tremendous capacity for handling the material. It keeps things going. It keeps everyone else on his toes. It's built a lot in the last four years.

"El Fuego Rocco," Chestnut Hill Academy's delegate to the Haverford picnic, came with an outlook on life that was infinitely optimistic, yet very casual. One mad autumn in 1959 a courtesy car from the Raach Ford Agency pulled up in front of Barclay Hall, and Fred emerged casually dressed, carrying a weekend case and ready to see what Haverford would do for him. As one of the "Bards of Barclay" noted in the early minutes of the game, "That kid ain't gonna last!" Fred, however, defied the prediction of the ex-

RAACH & RIGGAN & ROBERTS &

perts, proved the value of the relaxed approach, and stayed.

By a process of elimination and the enticement of no Saturday classes, Fred decided upon Economics as the ideal major, despite the best efforts of the faculty. Extra-curricular activities consisted chiefly of charter membership in Student Council disapproved groups—the P.D.O.'s, the Gold Dust Twins, the Dining Room Assault Brigade, and Economists Anonymous. But Fred's biggest extra-curricular activity came during Senior year when he acquired a wife. The cry from Ninth Entry, the Auxiliary Hacienda, changed from "We've got time for one more hand." to "Can somebody show me where the library is? I gotta grind."



Tim came to Haverford with three books, a slide rule, and two pictures of Nina. Four years have passed, and Tim leaves Haverford, taking with him three books, a slide rule, a pipe, and nineteen pictures of Nina, and leaving behind

As a freshman, Bob lived in a secluded nook in Barclay where he studied hard, achieved the highest average in the freshman class, and found only

Start with the tan briefcase. It can be seen either at his side or in the basket of his bike, moving up the path from Union towards Founders or the library.

ROSE & RUBERG & RUFF & SCHULZE

him an extremely impressive record of academic, athletic, and extracurricular achievement. Tim was hardly ever seen with a book in his hand, but he managed to squeeze enough studying into his free time to get through his chemistry major unscathed, though he still bears the scars of his prolonged struggle with the Russian department. Tom was co-captain and star fullback of the soccer team, and a stalwart member of the invincible q.j. basketball team. Finally, Tim was a competent and concerned Student Council president, who served his fellow students as member of the Council throughout his four years at Haverford.

But Tim's greatest successes at Haverford were as a person, for through his unusual honesty, his mature acceptance of responsibility, and his intense application of all of his energy to each of his endeavors, Tim gained the respect and admiration of the faculty, the administration, and the student body alike. Surely, with the help of Nina, Tim will become one of the most successful graduates of the class of 1963.

Tim Rose

enough spare time to play basketball. As a sophomore he made the fatal error of changing his address to first floor, north Barclay. Here he studied fairly hard, did not achieve the highest average in the sophomore class, and found only enough spare time to play basketball and commute to Bala Cynwyd. Junior year he wisely moved to Lloyd but made the unfortunate mistake of bringing his roommates with him. In between studying a little bit and playing basketball, he succumbed to the blandishments of Messrs. Finger, Loewy, and Santer. Repelled by the rational dogmas of his major, he escaped to the soothing mysticism of Henry Joel Cadbury and Philosophy 24 and to the nerve-wracking task of editing the **News'** sports page.

Ru's decline and fall reached its nadir senior year when he was incorporated into Ninth Entry. He studied hardly at all, played basketball when an aching back permitted, and found enough spare time to: join the Hy Lit fan club, sleep incessantly, learn the rudiments of table hockey, and compile the first edition of **Contemporary Yiddish Usage**.

Bob's future holds the prospect of med school, where freed from the degrading shackles of his roommates, he may at last realize his true capabilities unless there's a basketball around.

Bob Ruberg

Add a trombone in one of Dr. Reese's innumerable brass choirs or, more recently, a white Falcon on its way to Lloyd lot. Because he is a quiet person some Haverfordians may remember Doug only by these externals. But others will remember a Washingtonian with a trace of the South about him and a cheerful smile, a refugee from two years in Barclay, who migrated to Yarnall and then to Scull bringing along his carton of LP's and the speaker in the bookcase. We will recall a history major who spent almost as much time in German classes, and a faithful treasurer of the German Club who spent a summer in Heidelberg brushing up his accent. Also notable are a fantastic knowledge of railroad lore and a desk drawer full of time-tables, as well as a large store of anecdotes: "Did you hear about the mixup in Washington? It seems there was this trolley track . . ." So it goes. The hi-fi plays some recorded masterwork at a rather un-Scull volume as the latest "Care package" is distributed to anyone who drops in to ask about the music.

Doug Ruff



Varsity football as a freshman . . . all-east . . . captain in senior year . . . put football on road to recovery . . . strict training . . . 4 a.m. pep talks a la GFS . . . sometimes seen in cricket whites . . . defies all rules of form when batting

If one were forced to describe Ned in a single word, more than likely it would be seriousness. In all his endeavors at Haverford he was guided by

&SCHWEITZER&SCHWENTKER&

but still manages to hit one or two a year onto Lester's porch . . . avid fan of the Phillies and Eagles (only if they lose) . . . despite his athletic interests, Joe claims to be a student . . . history major . . . pangs of conscience dictate that he introduce himself to MacCaffrey at commencement . . . firm believer in unlimited cuts . . . took first prize in '60 Botany field trip competition . . . 8th entry's myth . . . 9th entry's culture vulture (**Dido & Aeneas, Our Town, Blanco Poznet**) . . . 10th entry's claim to fame . . . 11th hour paper writer (or rather plot recounter) . . . took all the "quiet" guts . . . occasionally seen with a green book bag . . . always seen at Rhoads around 1:59 a.m. . . . refuses to answer telephone ("It might be Mrs. Shaw!") . . . non-committal when quizzed on summer vacations . . . four year acquaintance with avid Massachusetts liberal likely to continue . . . always worrying about tomorrow . . . wants to teach American history and coach . . . makes vague references to employment in a toy shop . . . however, his friends know better.

Joe Schulze

We have seen — yes — a young man, (sometimes bearded, sometimes not) hastening from Yarnall to Founders — pausing there — then finally with resignation moving to the quiet abode of Miss Tenney . . . We have heard, shattering the quiet of our dreams — yes — the ringing tones of the world's loudest banjo, echoing with clarity and precision, competing with but never conquering the relentless clacking of typewriters, the noise of trashcans rolling on the pavement, of phonographs, of toilets flushing . . . The last dexedrine worn off, the paper late (yet finally turned in), we have seen the prostrate body recumbent on the unmade bed. The conqueror — yes, yes — and the conquered.

Tom Schweitzer

this virtue, with the possible exception occurring in the academic sphere.

In choosing biology as a major, Ned showed his concern for the basis of life. Naturally, this major interest led him to the theory that his social life must come first. The first serious application of this theory came on the eve of his 21st birthday. Finding his theory somewhat inadequate, senior year found him busily at work in Sharpless and preparing to guide Class Night to a success. In his spare time, he attempted to bring culture to 92 Lloyd by learning to play the guitar and the recorder.

Ned is a person of diverse activities ranging from competing in athletics to working on the News. Although he willingly admits that organization is not his pet, nevertheless, this peeve has never hampered his accomplishments in his committee work.

On looking to the future, medicine holds a promising career for him. Although "my profession will mean the most to me," a kind, generous and successful husband, father, and doctor we all shall see.

Ned Schwentker



Steve, alias Dr. Finger Jr., can always be found concocting some short-cut for promoting the efficiency of his scientific research which so far has resulted in great excitement, but little practical success. Bubbling with the enthusiasm of scientific curiosity and simply bubbling with champagne at times, he bides his time equally and faithfully between the sciences and humanities. The sciences he derives from school; the humanities he derives outside of school (being sure to avoid the uncivilizing effects of Bryn Mawr girls). Wanting desperately to be a cowboy when he was a little boy, he feels now that he



While he is probably the most obscure member of the class of 1963, 'The Mole' is also one of the most articulate of its members. Reflecting on the nature and composition of Haverford College from his bastion in Haverford, Bill is more than willing to discuss,



A Philadelphian whose attempt to escape to New York's bright lights was ultimately foiled by Haverford and nearby Jenkintown, Andy has been subjected to a series of more or less messy roommates and merciless syllabi.

Freshman and sophomore years were highlighted by soccer, but with the onset of junior year the budding all-American succumbed to studies and to romance (in ascending order), and the intercollegiate fields saw him no more.

The purchase of a car previously owned by a little - old - lady - who - only - drove - it - on - Sunday - but - managed - to - tear - the - living - daylights - out -

SHAFFER & SHERMER & SIEGEL &

may have to settle for a Doctorate in Biology.

Steve Shafer

with English-major precision and brevity, virtually any aspect of the college. However, his disregard for normal campus functions (often including attendance at classes) should not be taken as dislike for Haverford College. An early member of '63's at one time large 'jock' faction, Mole played out his option with the Fords and joined the intellectual establishment. This later action was completed with the addition of a green book bag, several pipes and a Volkswagen which replaced the badly battered, oft-primered '52 Ford. 'The Mole' can often be seen heading for the library, usually at the end of the semester, with an amiable dachshund, Baron, close behind. The resemblance in build between the two has often been noted. While mention of future plans is often nebulous, Haverford's only self-proclaimed 'philosopher-king' seems to be lately inclined towards a continuation of his philosophical and religious studies. We can only wish him continued success and express regret at the departure of 'The Mole.'

Bill Shermer

of - it - nonetheless greatly facilitated journeys to Rochester and Nirvana every second weekend.

During his sophomore year Andy established beyond a shadow of a doubt that there are two-man suites in Fifth Entry; he repeated this demonstration the following year, relinquishing his private room to his brother-in-law-to-be only when called to 102 Leeds as a senior.

Although his future plans definitely include training in the healing arts, Andy is torn by the necessity of choice, vacillating between an M.D. and a Psych.D.

An eccentric aunt promised him a small fortune to keep his hair neatly combed until reaching his majority, and he's been waiting for the payoff for some time.

Gasoline prices and postal rates rose and Andy decided that enough was enough; this most engaging Haverfordian was himself engaged well before he Commenced.

Andy Siegel

There once was a charcoal burner who, for a lark, smeared his face with soot to give his neighbors a turn. After their initial surprise, they joked with him about it, but in private thought his prank a little queer. Then, much to his dismay, he found he could not wash it off. For days he scrubbed at it in the privacy of his house and for days he had his neighbors scrub with him — but all to no avail. His neighbors finally returned to their homes very wearied of the whole affair, but he stayed in his house alone and would not show his face in public for weeks at a time. Although most people had seen his condition and were no longer alarmed by it, his gleaming eyes behind the mask disturbed them. They began the most normal conversations with him until, looking up, they would find themselves transfixed by his steady stare and would be discomforted by it. One day, on one of his rare appearances to the market, he heard a child laughing behind him. Turning on it, he struck it so forcibly on the side of the head that its eye fell out. He fled to the nearby forest and took refuge in an abandoned woodchopper's cottage. He was never seen again, but rumors were circulated by travelers that a werewolf had taken up habitation in that forest. The villagers were sometimes wakened in the night by the chopping laughter of an axe which was felt to be his. Often they would lie awake in their beds for many hours after the sound, had ceased.

Paul Sinclair



First I sat down. Then I tilted my head to the right so my right shoulder would plug my right ear. Then, reaching over my head with my right forearm, I plugged my left ear with my right hand. This freed my left hand to take notes and turn the pages.

After a while, I got on my bike and took off. But I had to stop when I got across the bridge, because I couldn't recollect whether to take the Black Horse Pike or the White Horse Pike.

At the time, I was pretty worried about my checking account being over-

SINCLAIR & SMITH & SMITH &

Look on — make no sound.

—Heyst.
Charley Smith

drawn, and my hair being such a mess ("Why don't you cut your hair?" Tony would say to me), and sort of walking around in an unfriendly daze, so I decided not to wear shoes to the temple anymore.

At least it wasn't as bad as trying to put markers on those frog embryos: the only thing I succeeded in doing was to puncture all seventeen struggling neurulas in turn, accompanying each impalement with the philosophic commentary, "Well, scratch another one," much to my roommates' amusement.

Then there was the time Connie said that Venus was the goddess of Love, which I thought was pretty funny.

George Smith



"Hey Jer, didn't we get any sugar this morning?" Once again Kent was loading his thermos with coffee for a night in the library. Kent kept himself busy enough during his four years that he couldn't afford the luxury of more than about five hours sleep a night.

As President of the Freshman Class and a member of the Students' Council, Kent started right to work. The first of his numerous projects was to eliminate the upperclass "tradition" of shaving freshmen heads. Then he ran the most successful Service Fund drive ever, raising \$2800.00 in scholarships for African students, \$800.00 more than had been

raised before. Then he completely revamped the College procedures for final exams so that students might schedule when they would take their final exams. He was last seen Senior year organizing a College plane flight to Europe because he "thought it oughta be done."

In between times he played four years of basketball, four years of baseball and captained the baseball team his Senior year. In addition he was on various committees and clubs.

His summers were varied: the first he spent remodeling houses on Long Island; the second he spent traveling with his brother around Europe; and the third he spent helping the Vermont Democratic Party elect the first Democratic governor in 109 years.

The future will see this non-revolutionary progressive doing many things because he "thought it oughta be done." Law school comes first but government and politics may not be far behind.

Kent Smith



I sigh,
 I yawn,
 I stretch . . .
 I try to think of things to do . . .
 I pluck out my gray hairs . . .
 I fix my eyes upon my fields and lust
 for Peace.
 —Aristophanes

Sucking on his Beethoven, the archetypical dummy leaned back in his chair

wishing he were Aristophanes' Dikaiopolis. His pregnant intellect soared into a rosy realm of ideas — ideas ranging from disarmament theory to Monet cathedrals, from protein synthesis in paremicium to Greek tragedy. Suddenly he aborted. Concepts SPUed forth and soon Steve found himself abroad. A broad turned up in a Gif-fy. Undaunted, he shouldered his fishing tackle but found himself caroming down the mountain on a pair of skis, chopping down theorists with his analytic ping-pong paddle. Continuing the destruction, he cut apart Aristotle and St. Augustine and slashed madly at Kennedy's foreign policy. Switching weapons, he took up the Terrible Pun and completely demolished the assumed modesty of his roommates' dates. But Steve's galloping intellect wouldn't stop . . . finally he gave up asking Aquinas and Descartes to help him put cytidine monophosphate kinases in their proper existential pigeonhole and jumped on the scooter headed for Bryn Mawr.

Steve Smith



The Moving Finger writes, and, having writ,
 Moves on; nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

— Edward Fitzgerald
 The Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam
 Jeff Stanley

SMITH & SMITH & STANLEY &



A dejected Stave frequently maintained that he'd spend his first three years here preparing to transfer to Penn State and B.M.C. during his fourth. As usual, he underestimated Haverford's moulding influence. Along with his B.A., Ben lists an imposing list of acquisitions: a preference for sailboats to books, an overwhelming infatuation with the banjo matched only by his overwhelming musical ineptitude, a fondness for the List-erine attributes of cheap wine ("It cleans out your mouth between courses"), a trophy for being first place skipper in the Georgia Tech Invitational Regatta, the unseemly monicker of "The Job," and sweet memories of a Ben Stavis fan

STAVIS &

club, whose president was R. I. Walter. But R. I. resigned and the club collapsed when Stave, afraid of getting lost in the Chem building, prostituted himself by majoring in political science. The fan club was doomed. No political science professor stayed at Haverford long enough to perceive Stave's true worth. For Ben played better with ideas than with the banjo. The Job, surfacing after a three month submersion in the history of the Koumintang, said he understood why Chiang was a fool, and he really did. Political science graduate school seemed the course of least resistance. But which one? The Job spent many nights along side of some no-longer-innocent Bryn Mawrter playing his banjo with one hand and pondering about grad schools with the other. The choice narrowed down to the University of Warsaw where the women and politics are fascinating or the University of Hawaii where equally splendid are the sailing and feminine companionship.

Ben Stavis



Alan Stone my jo, Al
When we were first acquent,
Your head was like a lunk o' clay
Your butt was what did thenk;
But now your head it thenks, Al,
You've grown up some, I trow.
Without a push your friends give ear
To Alan Stone my jo.

STONE &

Oh, faced-Stone-face me now, my jo,
For we must both get sober.
We'd monie a cantie party, Al,
But now the party's over.
Now we maun totter down, Al,
Who knows which way we'll go;
To sleep, to dream, perchance to rub
Old Alan Stone my jo.

Al Stone



No one faced the varied crises of college life with more equanimity than did Joe. To every situation — intellectual, social, or athletic — he brought a speci-

TAYLOR &

al kind of grace and presence. Joe always seemed supremely content with what he was doing and quite oblivious to the cares and the anxieties which at least occasionally bothered his contemporaries. At times his serenity was almost disturbing; the curious would find themselves searching uneasily for a flaw in the formidable armour of his self-assurance.

Yet Joe's strengths never made him inaccessible. He was always deeply involved in experience, yet aware that there were other ways than his own of seeing and of doing things. No one could resent his exceptional competence, for, no matter how others idealized him, Joe himself remained aware of his limitations and failings. His accomplishments as student and athlete are undoubtedly significant, but Joe will be remembered more vividly as a sympathetic confidant and faithful friend.

Joe Taylor



Dick has never ceased to amaze Haverford students with his compendious knowledge of ancient battles, Norwegian kings, old radio programs, rock-and-roll songs, and obscure journeymen athletes. This encyclopedic fund of useless information, along with his boisterous good humor, surly cynicism, and irresistible gregariousness, have made Dick a constant participant in campus bull sessions be they in the coop, the dining



THRALL & UNGER & VANDENBERG

As a firm believer in the unity of thought and action Charles found it only logical to combine peace marching and dime store picketing with the sociological study of attitudes toward peace and civil rights. Even on those special "July weekends" the two of them could sometimes find a direct action project. Other weekends Charles was apt to be seen leaving campus early Saturday morning, pack on his back, to lead his Scout troop camping. From his bottomless armchair, he dispensed newspapers, magazines, odd facts and advice to a select circle.

Charley Thrall

room, or the library lobby, where Dick takes innumerable "butt breaks" every evening. In spite of all this, however, Dick has studied effectively, and he has also found time to serve as both station manager of WHRC and manager of the football team. When Dick leaves the library for the last time, after finishing his definitive treatise on Anglo-Hanseatic commercial relations between 1485 and 1509, and goes on to graduate study in medieval history, Haverford will lose a campus institution, but the scholars of America will acquire a unique, unpredictable colleague.

Dick Unger

Whatever is realized is right.
Oscar Wilde, *De Profundis*
Ross Van Denbergh



Tony Vincent



"At first sight experience seems to bury us under a flood of external objects, pressing upon us with a sharp and im-



A fanatic little kid as a freshman, he made his mark with tooth, claw, and the cynical cracks of his wit. Water fights were smashing and the phone

H& VINCENT & WALTON & WEBER

H.L.

W.W.

Flohr Chevrolet

C.R.T.

"Quand je dance, je dance . . ."

The Alfa in Europe

Celine: Voyage au Bout de la Floride

The Alfa at Haverford

The Vales of Arcady & the Fiat 1100

Melanos: Eleusis looked nice.

April: we should have gone to Swathmore.

Die Deutsche Gesellschaft: rain.

Orphee: Mais je ne peux pas m'occuper de toutes les lumieres a la fois!

French House 10: What's cooking tonight?

portunate reality, calling us out of ourselves in a thousand forms of action. But when reflexion begins to play upon these objects they are dissipated under its influence; the cohesive force seems suspended like some trick of magic; each object is loosed into a group of impressions — color, odour, texture — in the mind of the observer . . .

Every moment some form grows perfect in hand or face; some tone on the hills or the sea is choicer than the rest; some mood of passion or insight or intellectual excitement is irresistibly real and attractive to us, — for that moment only . . . Not the fruit of experience but experience itself is the end . . . How shall we pass most swiftly from point to point, and be present at the point where the greatest number of vital forces unite in their purest energy?

To burn always with this hard, gem-like flame, to maintain this ecstasy, is success in life. In a sense it might even be said that our failure is to form habits: for, after all, habit is relative to a stereotyped world, and meantime it is only the roughness of the eye that makes any two persons, things, situations seem alike."

Walter Pater, *The Renaissance*
Tony Walton

truck steal a coup. His irony wit was pointed, dipped in the black jelly of humor, and used to etch in the personalities around him. His surface was smooth — like the egg shell finish of a white Cadillac, or some Handsome Molly . . . but underneath crawled the irreverent lice of lechery, lapping at the spillings of spite.

II

After he made his mark in school, human relations were upgraded. The Founders single was a meditative trek into the desert from which he returned driving a Citroen with a redhead inside. He put aside his foundations in English literature (referred to as his Skeleton in the closet) and laid the groundwork for an academic career with cell architecture. Not that he stuck his nose in germ cultures and forsook the culture spelled with a capital C — rather, he maintained a dihybrid culture appreciation that is remarkable even in highest brow groupings. Withall, he became more self-settled, more gentlemanly. His irony wit was just as pointed, but dipped less in poison and more in brandy. He even ventured to learn touch football.

Mike Weber



Oh as I was young and easy in the
mercy of his means,
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the
sea.

Dylan Thomas, Fern Hill



A conversation with Bob will quickly establish the fact that he is from Corpus Christi, Texas — and that he wouldn't care to come from anywhere else. He says he came North to acquire the social grace and polish which his mother felt could be learned only in A Good Eastern Liberal Arts College. But Bob may have learned more about grace and polish during his Junior year abroad in Spain and the Riviera. No one but Bob would have returned to the spit-and-polish of Haverford with experience, not only as a student in Madrid, but as a bartender in Monte Carlo.

Bob lives in the antique, baronial



Skeerawch! From the heights of Barclay came the howl of a banshee. Mike Wichura was practicing his viola. The amazing thing was that he didn't always need the viola. The urge intensified — Mike took a year off between sophomore and junior years and studied music in Phila., but was still seen creeping to and fro on his way to occasional math classes. Junior year was a horror, confounded by Disillusionment, Downs (Terry) and Dale (Husemoller). (Hey, Dr. Husemoller, what's a functor?)

To make things worse, Mike took

WERNER & WHITE & WICHURA &

Freshman year Mike arrived on the campus with a beard, a vast array of pipes, a book bag and a highly developed interest in physics. At the end of four years, only the beard has disappeared and this has been replaced by an army fatigue hat of dubious utilitarian value. Suffice it to say that this outer chaos which often accompanies "The Weenie" is only an illusion. On a campus which values and demands intellectual achievement above all else, Mike has not only managed to excell intellectually but to add to this excellence through a total involvement in numerous other fields. His speciality of physics has not become specialization. On the other hand, Mike is also that rarity at Haverford, a "good guy" who is also a grind of sorts. A constant and occasionally distinguished intramural jock, Mike is also an excellent bridge player and a seemingly perpetual participant in chess tournaments.

Mike has decided that astronomy is to be the field of his future activities. Indeed, it is entirely possible to envisage him as the next Louis Green. With a plaid-patched book bag, of course.

Mike Werner

splendor of Spanish House, and his social life there has not suffered. He can play soulful melodies on his violin and serve Spanish sherry to his pretty Swarthmore and Bryn Mawr friends in perfect serenity. He is hardly the hermit type, however, and can be discovered effervescing on campus much of the time, especially where music or a good time is to be found — both of which he may be helping to create.

He is completely at home with everybody, and completely sincere in his relations with them. Bob will make you feel he's doing you a favor when he's asking for one from you. His three years here and his sojourn in Spain may have changed him somewhat: he is possibly more relaxed, good natured and cheerful, but the present and former Bob Whites are virtually identical. For everything that Bob does now is handled, as it was four years ago, with complete grace and effortlessness. He is a thing of which Haverford may be proud: a gentleman.

Bob White

comps Junior year, said a sad goodbye to his former classmates, and looked forward to a senior year of relaxation, punctuated only by frizbees, females, and as little math as possible. Graduate school fever caught him though, and he started an intensive inquiry into the nature of truth and higher-higher education. (OK, Bob, now let's talk about something important — how many girls have you dated since you got to Harvard?) The results are not yet conclusive, but the search goes on. The future is no longer math confusion; while still a bit hazy, it is nevertheless bright.

Mike Wichura



In the fall of '59 Fate dropped The Seed at Haverford. The Seed thrived in its new soil and climate, giving rise to a tree with a trunk composed of the social sciences and having limbs made of sociology. Below the tree, which was nourished by the academic air, there de-



... there exists an x such that x came to Haverford three years ago; such that x committed grievous sin of considering Haverford education preparation for further — and even worse, professional — studies; and such that x will effect grand synthesis between the organic and the metaphysical.

p.s. this x has definitely been heard mumbling something about how Freud burned his homework to make it hard for his biographers.

Joey Winterer



Blessed are they which do thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled.

He searches after righteousness, yet he is not self-righteous, but only too conscious of his own real or imagined shortcomings.

His life does not center around Haverford, but around the Anglican Church. He wonders if he is fit for the ministry, questioning whether he is himself a good

enough person to instill goodness in others.

He has a deep love especially of religious vocal music, but he feels he hasn't the talent to make music his career.

His school training has given him a ferocious self-discipline and an ability to study long and diligently, but he questions the relevance and value of much of what he studies.

He makes life hard for himself by looking into both his motives and those of others. But difficult though this life may be for him, I have the feeling it is the only life for him. The person I see is someone altogether too good to be true. The difference with John Wood is that he is true.

John Wood

WILLIAMS & WINTERER & WOOD

veloped a complex and diversified root system. One went off to the Gymnasium where for three years it trained and managed soccer in the Fall and track in the Spring. Another root thrived in the Office of Food and Housing (although not on the nutrients provided) and exerted its influence on the Dining Room and Dormitory Committees. A third root appeared in the Computer Room of Hilles to direct an Arts and Service course and research projects. By the third year the root system had effused over the entire campus to act as Student Affairs Coordinator. But more important than the plant itself, which arose from The Seed was the healing balm which oozed from the tree and which the students found could be counted on to help them whenever they needed assistance. After spending four years in a symbiotic relationship with Haverford, a more highly developed Seed has been formed, and when this new Seed is blown elsewhere, it will have left behind a root system to enrich the Haverford soil.

Lindsley Williams



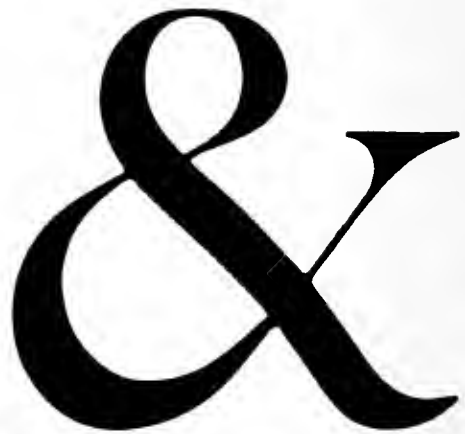
& WORTH

From the pastoral surroundings of the lettuce farm and the pine-hidden lakes in South Jersey to the depths of a paleolithic Andalusian burial bat cave is quite a distance. How could such a quiet, gentle mannered, good humored person (all of his friends know he never loses his temper) cover such an expanse in the four short years of his college life? Behind that ever-present, deceptive, Buddha-like smile there is more than one might ordinarily suspect.

Fred is really an enormously enigmatic soul capable of outbursts of exceeding vehemence usually vented on inanimate objects, e.g., the lamp which invariably interrupts his naps on the floor by turning itself on five minutes after he has fallen asleep, and frequently overwhelmed by moods of pensive silence dominated by nostalgic souvenirs of a certain **petite pied-noire marocaine**.

No mere dilettante is this Ulysses. His patience and fortitude, his taste and fortitude, his taste and humor, his forbearance and perseverance, have made him friends on three continents (even in **El Molino Rojo** of Tangiers). This, then, is Fred Worth, polyglot titan of Spanish House, and sophisticated **literato** of the senior class.

Fred Worth



Gordon T. Barnett
David H. Bates
Henry G. Bibber
Stephen P. Bobrovnikoff
C. B. Tertius Downs
Henry T. Freund
Gerald M. Harter
Robert M. Haymond
Daniel O. Hogenauer
Allen David Hole, III
Robert A. Hutto
Daniel M. Jonas
Christopher P. Kauffman
Thomas G. Kessinger
Tablman Krumm, Jr.
William D. Learned
Barry M. L'Etoile
G. Jordan Maclay
Clark N. Maxfield
William R. Mervine
David W. Mitchell
Charles W. Morrisey
Wilson H. Oelkers, Jr.
Michael E. Penzell
Donald C. Porteous, Jr.
James I. Richardson
Thomas W. Richardson
Harry F. Saint
Jay F. Schamberg
Robert E. Sipe
Daniel C. Smiley
Michael H. Spring
Jacques H. Transue
John T. Wertime
Russell E. Westberg
Neil K. Williams
Peter N. Wilson



Front seated: Stetler; Schacterle; Cauffman; Kane First row (front): Tunnell; Price; Davis, R.; Parker; Schwarz; Graves; Umland; Rich; Hedgepeth; Bonime; Hershey; Second row: Gutman; Hillier; Wolfinger; Grossman; Balber; Rawlings; Salner; McCarger; Feinsod; Strieb; Foss; Chase; Phillips; Macpherson; Baker; Hicks; Johnson; Third row: Felsen; Meroney; Ghigo; Stern; Auerbach; Keenan; Wertime; Young; Oldm'ron; Fritchley; Punzak; Bowers; Rosenthal; Manoff; Davis, L.; de Schweinitz; Melby; Tree: Macbride; Warlow; McKeehan; McCune; Cottrell; Walker; Ambler; Idell; Dowds; Scratzk; Pachaehl; Elliott; Hansen; Pleatman; Wheeler; Williams; Taylor; Moore;

"... Veritable Sancho Panzas they ..."



STATEMENT

IN WHICH EXISTENCE IS, IF NOT FULLY JUSTIFIED,
AT LEAST PARTIALLY EXPLAINED

In all lives there should be certain standards of excellence observable in the actions of an individual or group that should be emulated as the highest known principle. There is one person whose idol cannot be touched by the usual bunch of heroes to whose deeds of courage, daring, resourcefulness, and coolness and means of calm repose in the face of adversity and ennui alike most folk aspire. To identify the individual, first, it is necessary only to say that he need not be identified, for in his devotion to this unique idol all that is great (which is truly that with which any individual is ultimately identified) flows from the bountiful source of his inspiration as the waters of the Nile flow forth from wherever. The individual is the outward expression of the perfection of the standard or idol which must now be dealt with.

The word "idol" has a restrictingly singular tone about it that must swiftly be abrogated: This object of emulation most worthy is not a lone figure but a staunch group, little known but of notorious notoriety, embodying all the highest, yet the most suavely, slyly ingenious of ideals (sort of like an inefficient Robin Hood). Bennington's Marauders, for such was the appellation bestowed upon them by the simple country folk who were somewhat given to romantics — and in a sense a misnomer, too, for marauding was a thing foreign to their nature and no one, including the members of the clan, quite knew who Bennington was or what he did (but such is the inadequacy of history, lending anonymity in cases like this where the shining virtue and extreme coolness of purpose plus many other resplendent talents and beneficent qualities of some group of figures of heroic calibre such as these outshine and obscure irrelevancies of detail and throw historians into a muddle) — these "Bennington Marauders" were the champions of every lost cause, of every worthy but hopeless sentiment to be found within the human heart, and few can realize the intensity with which these brave stalwarts ever swam upstream in the raging torrent of mankind's rushing, gurgling, splashing race over the rocks to the sea of self-destruction.

This hardy band, to the small numbers not totally unfamiliar with some of their more spectacular exploits, this self-same crowd, came into being silently as the wind, one moment still, the next whipping the topmost branches of trees into line. Oh, what heroic feelings motivated their most humane deeds! Veritable Sancho Panzas they! Oh, with what feeling did they subordinate their own personal dreams and desires to the ever elusive goal: the good of mankind! Within their number were those who, having attained excellence and fame in some worldly pursuit, relinquished all for the privilege of serving humbly and without recognition those principles common to all humanity but too sublime, too close to eternal to be universally achieved. Their greatness and profundity flowed into the vast sum of aspirations for humanity of the clan, losing all proportion of greatness in the staggering vision of the wondrous ideal of this select, secret group. This principle, which so few have understood and which fewer still have lived solely for the attainment of, rests in understanding the great, compassionate and subtle implications of knowingly futile and yet (paradoxically) continuingly persistent action. The most worthy cause is that which is steadfastly striven for when all hope is lost, when fixity of purpose is less, even, than farce.

To the world outside, the great ideal of Bennington's Marauders seems done for, lost, hopeless. Yet there is another group in which the spirit lives, in which a revival of the ideal seems immanent, or at least imminently immanent. In one body there appears a faint glimmer, a ray of hope that the vanishing ideal of an unknown leader of the greatest of all obscure groups of unselfishly dedicated mortals may arise. The individual (whom we identified as one who needs no identification, remember?) now stands with others like him in a compact body, dedicated to following the example of all that is worthwhile, sublime, and good in its apparent aimlessness. Drawing strength from mutual hopeless obscurity and striving for not only mutually unobtainable but also unrecognizable goals is a group, which like Bennington's Marauders finds fixity of purpose in seemingly random behavior based on sublimely noble futility.

HISTORY WILL REMEMBER THE CLASS OF

1966

Carson; Dye; Salisbury.
Lyon; Dodson; Becker; Mueller; Roberts; Horwitz; Hillman; Hoover; Fernster; Sechler; Rohit's.
Bongiovanni; Saylor; Blachley; Robinson; Crane; Hopkins; Curley.
Schwertfeger; Jackson; Fumia.



(Bench) First Row: Hipkins, Von Ranson,
Second Row: Adelman, Flinker, Riordan, Sifferlan, Stevens, Frank, Brookes, Inui, Wallon, Johnston, Kasser, Van Brunt.
Third Row: Sarver, Cordi, Spencer, Chace, Elms, Carson.
Fourth Row: Zapp, Watson, Shack, Hawkins, Gillingham, Yelon, Lary.
(Trees) Fifth Row: Parkinson, Woodward, Weil, Stern, Simmons, Blair, G. Smith.

“The sophomores . . . a Bunch . . . they



What can one say about a sophomore class?

The sops haven't just arrived nor are they just leaving. It is not they who have paced Haverford in the past year, yet they have become too familiar to seem superfluous. Nothing distinguishes them as a group; their only cohesiveness is in the student directory where their year-old smiles and determined looks create a pleasantly-animated checkerboard. What can one say about the sophomores? — except that they are a Bunch. And that they seem essential.

Perhaps one could capture something of the merit of the Class through a you-are-there approach . . . the time: 192-63 . . . the place: Haverford College. It was a gray, overcast September day as . . . but that would be much too superficial.

An intense, perceptive analysis of the psychological and sociological transformations since freshman year might prove more informative. One could describe the subtle changes in the tacit inguys-outguys lineup, discuss the gradual disappearance of proverbial class spirit, or outline disappearance of proverbial class spirit, or outline the benefits of the inevitable prestige increment warranted by absolution from beaniehood. One could also show how the initial state of 118 autonomous personalities was being broken down by groups of mutual interest and outlook, cliques, factions — and friends. One might even drag out Venn diagrams. But such discussion soon deteriorates into the esoteric and dull. And it would probably fail to portray the spirit of the constant and numberless day-to-day minutiae that constitute Haverford's way of life.

This characteristic spirit might best be caught in not-too-serious general impressions of how the sophomores were faring in the Land of Chocolate (?) Stew and the Eternal Spoonbang. Although the BMC conquest-quotient was gradually improving, the sops' putty-muscled betrayed the malady of Life Without Ion — either that, or indicated a new (very mysterious) enthusiasm for Affairs of the Mind. Somehow, the sops were getting soph. They were becoming more aware of what time the hot water went off, and when the radiators came back on. And coffee was deteriorating to but a symbolic reminder: grind. The sophomores' increasingly violent reaction to an increasingly violent battle might best be illustrated ironically.

The sops now spoke in Tahitian tongues,
And wrote in hieroglyphic scribble,
and know the size of elephant lungs,
And countless other factual drivel.

But such crude singsong would do injustice to the artsy-craftsy element of the Class, which might be better represented by

Fair Lorga's hoary, moon-soaked platitudes
That swept the writhing daemon's burly hunch,
And whispered Orno's mighty meridian-
speckled vision
To the sylvan orb.

But in grasping the folksy element, one might minimize the class' straight-arrow character. And in portraying the latter, one would probably gloss over the idiosyncracies of its individuals. Indeed, it would be difficult to create a coherent, integral picture . . .

Ultimately, one can only say that the merits and weaknesses of the class rested within individuals — that somehow, the total was very little greater than the sum of its parts. One thing, however, was certain: The sophomores were a Bunch. And they seemed essential. Aside from this, what can one say about a sophomore class?

seem essential”

Drinking a little more, studying a little less – less involved with Haverford life, more involved in shaping their own lives – less concerned with community honor, more concerned with individual honors – the class of 1964 moves closer to the end of its existence. All vestiges of the freshman spirit are gone now. The social reformers, the idealists, the lovers of knowledge have either disappeared or mellowed considerably. The ad men, the rich man's doctors and lawyers, the bankers and merchants are beginning to emerge. What is happening in short is what has happened to all other groups in all other times: ideals are fading in the face of actualities—in some cases the actualities become overwhelming. The angry young men aren't very angry any more; most, in fact, seem rather docile. The college experience is no longer a grand unending adventure, but an event in time that class members are placing in the perspective of their futures.

This general development however does not imply any sort of class-wide collective action. Most class members are working out the future and living the present in small groups that preclude class unity. Others deny or are denied even this relationship and have chosen to go it alone. Perhaps this too is a manifestation of the acceptance of actualities; a realization that meaningful communication within a large group is an ideal that must be discarded along with the rest. Class of '64 . . . growing cynical, maybe . . . growing indifferent, maybe . . . maybe just growing up.



1964

just growing up . . .”



On Benches: McDougal, Carson, Parkinson, '65, Gillingham ('65).
Standing (L to R): Schatz, Ruppenthal, Ings, Sonnenschein, Kabat, Wittington, Hogenauer, Shapiro, Smiley, Sunderman, Birmingham, Ward, Wood, M'ick.
In Lower Branches: S'Leers, Scherer, Major, Leppik, E. J. Smith, Snow, Tomaro.
Top: O'lor, Lucas.

"Let's chug these," suggested Joe innocently. "You're drunk," Scott observed as he mixed some more in the milk can. Alf said something pointed—I couldn't quite hear what—to Weber, who responded with his best ironic smile. Roy was composing an invocation to *l'irresse*. Cool, man, but I was getting restless. Time to go visiting.

I wobbled over to first entry. Nolt, Will, and Jace interrupted their dart throwing to tell me I was faced. Edified, I stepped next door. John Wood's frown deepened, and Larry, his mustache quivering, launched without preamble into "point one!" of an attack on the humanities. I turned to Jeff for support, but he would offer only a faint, impenetrable smile.

Down to the singles. Tim seemed apprehensive; "Last door on the right," he prompted uneasily. Werner looked properly bemused, but Mung welcomed me with a complacent obscenity. I was just beginning to feel at home when a spear whistled past my ear and thudded into the wall.

Why not try Lloyd? But the walk was too long; I decided to stop at the library. The north wing was empty save for George Smith reverently skimming through the *Phaedrus*. Carefully steering around John Margolis, who stood transfixed, staring at *The Clock*, I made my way back to the carrels. Eager for diversion, Arnie Quint jumped up from his desk to suggest that I burn the library down. Rog Herzle who happened to be browsing in the stacks, was able to supply the necessary match. Unfortunately, at that moment, alert Howie Deshong hurried over from his post at the reserve desk to restore order.

On the way out, I ran into Loren. "Nice show," he bellowed. Determined to shock, I burst into Terry's room, only to find him seated in unassailable tranquility behind his water pipe. The rhetorical question of his raised eyebrows signaled the futility of my ploy. My luck was better with Charlie Bernheimer, who chortled inanely when I entered. The mood was destroyed by Steve's first comment, which made even the Stave blush.

Eighth. Vexed, Charlie Smith threw down his copy of the Marquis de Sade when I interrupted him. Liesveld was more friendly, until I tore the title page of his *Social Register*. Amidst the din, a gentle witticism from Blumenthal went unnoticed. Upstairs, Kent was throwing basketballs into a wastebasket while Jerry guarded him.

I stepped over to Ninth, but the door was locked. Seed would have a key, but he was probably busy applying hot stuff to Roger Kohn's writing hand. Should I try Scull? Doug Ruff would have me exorcised. Yarnall? Williams? French House? I pounded harder on the door. "Go away. We're trying to study," shouted someone from within. It was then that I realized how smashed I was. Charlie Thrall assisted me back to my room.



First Row: Darlington, T. Tiger, Quill, Cole, C. Bednarik, Hogenauer, Gillam, Holdabagel
 Second Row: Meyer, S. Smith, Hammaker, Levitt, K. Smith, Grey Man, C. A. Lindbergh, Ba
 Third Row: I. Gilbert, B. Arnold, Ettinger, Seed, J. D. Margolis, Schwenker, Franklin, White
 Tree: Nolte, Riggan, Siegel, K. Kirk, De Ris, S. Johnson, Thrall, Cook, Wop, Rose, Werner

'63

"Edified . . . restless . . . or smashed?"



Weber, Harpo Marx, Fasoldt, G. Houston, Hugh Heffner, Walton, Kohn, Ruff, Lary, ber, Knees, Binky, Hunt, Stork, Roberts, Bernheimer, Daneker, Stone (invisible), Levi, Flanders, Miller Barlow, Quint, Heuss, Vincent, Lawn, Conn, Shafer, Crawford, Powers, Hilliard, Raach, Worth, Maruyama, Belanger, Grambs, Auer (partially eclipsed), Norberg.

activities

Three or four years ago at Haverford it became fashionable among the faculty members to equate the quality of the courses they taught with the amount of work they assigned in them. Soon the gut courses disappeared almost entirely, good courses became difficult, and difficult courses in many cases became backbreaking ones. The results of what they felt to be the



founders club

glee club

The largest organizations on campus are primarily musical in nature, and the largest of them all is the Haverford College Glee Club.

The Glee Club had a difficult time in retaining its membership this year. Un-

(Cont'd on next page)

up-grading of their courses are noticeable particularly in the realm of organized extra - curricular activities on campus, which are presently in one hell of a mess, to put the matter bluntly. Many of the organized activities are engaged in a desperate struggle for survival. The growing burden of academic work has thrown some organizations into a decline, others into chaos,



and has forced a few into complete evaporation. Nor is this all. The new art and movie series have put increased demands upon the student's time and have destroyed much of his initiative. He often feels that his creative urges are satiated by the professional entertainment which flowers every weekend on campus. The Haverford student's life has become an endless pro-

der the presidency of Bill Levi, the Glee Club found itself in the midst of trouble at its first concert in November, for it was at the Glee Club parties in 3rd and especially 7th entries in Lloyd that the atrocities of the infamous Ursinus Weekend were most in evidence, with the Connecticut College Chorus an unsuspecting audience. The Glee Club was hardly responsible for that weekend, but few members in the club were anxious to make the scheduled return engagement in New London the following week-end, not only because of the embarrassment caused earlier, but also and especially because their work load was so heavy that a week-end away from the books seemed irrational. The Christmas Collections here and at Bryn Mawr were given with distinction, and the performance of the *Trauer Ode* with Douglass did much to re-establish faltering morale in the club which had neither a Spring Trip nor an engagement with the Philadelphia Orchestra towards which to look.

The days of flaming personalities in the Glee Club, especially among the officers, seem to be over. The club, more than ever before, must look for guidance and morale from its conductor, William Reese.

The man is overworked, with more than a score of rehearsal hours a week,
(Cont'd on next page)



cession of chair-warming: from the library to Roberts to the dining hall to his room he goes; he sits and looks and listens and eats and occasionally drinks. Instead of making a physical and mental effort when he wants entertainment, the student lies back and is massaged: organized extra - curricular activities are suffering from nothing less than sedimentization.

in addition to two regular classes to teach and his duties as head of the Haverford Music Department. Besides the Glee Club, he conducts the Heinrich Schutz Singers, the Orchestra, the Freshman Glee Club, and the Brass Ensemble. He has innumerable individual and part rehearsals and he must, of course, himself learn the music which he conducts.

But Dr. Reese's chief headache is the Haverford Administration itself. An increasing scheduling of classes at night has resulted in a situation where students must choose between a cherished course and a cherished extra-curricular activity. Many at Haverford pick the former, reflecting the over-emphasis on the academic side of life here which has become almost universal.

The Good Doctor must fight for the time of students against very powerful opponents. It is small wonder that he is irritable and tired-looking these days. But if Reese's spirit flags, what will become of the Glee Club, whose very life depends on his attractions as a personality and a rallying-point. New president Bob Bates has a rough row to hoe next year in holding the Glee Club together, unless the administration acts to relieve the pressure on all things extra-curricular—something which does not seem to me to be likely.



**True, a few organizations are flourishing despite the general decline, in most cases because of the efforts of a devoted student who in each case holds an organization together. But what-
ever happened to the International Relations Club? Who's on the Arts Council? Have you heard about a Chemistry Club meeting recently? What did the Psychology Club do last semes-**

orchestra

The Bryn Mawr-Haverford College Orchestra has emerged in recent years as a major musical addition to the two-campus scene. Composed of students of both colleges and a few faculty members, the Orchestra presented three major concerts this year.

Conducted by Dr. Reese, the Orchestra was managed and generally superintended by musical factotum Terry Belanger, who ran the organization for the third year with a thoroughness which was the envy of other campus clubs and the despair of the members of the Orchestra.

(Cont'd on next page)



ter? Why didn't the Glee Club sing with the Philadelphia Orchestra this year? Where is the Caucus Club? Some Haverford organizations have outlived campus interest and will probably disappear shortly from the scene, and their demise would be a normal one if new organizations replaced them. This, however, is not the case. In recent years only two organizations have been

The Orchestra presented an ambitious selection of music this year, and generally presented it very well. Steve Flanders played the 'cello solo in the Bartok Concerto for that instrument in a concert which was hailed by the *News* (admittedly an unreliable source) as "the outstanding musical event of the season." Nina Greenberg scored as soloist in the Mozart Clarinet Concerto, receiving, as the *Bryn Mawr Gazette* restrainedly put it, "one bouquet, two kisses, and three curtain calls" for her performance. And Anna Norberg was a brilliant soloist in the spring performance of the Chopin E minor piano concerto.

Most important in the Orchestra this year is the fact that the members seem to be over their long-held inferiority complex. The Orchestra presents high-quality music performances, and the members are now aware of the fact. This group is one of the few really flourishing organizations in a campus of declining ones, and the members have reason to be proud of their accomplishment.



The Varsity Marching Society and Auxiliary Fife and Drum Corps, vulgarly known as the Band, is an organization formed perhaps half an hour before a football or basketball game and disbanded half an hour after the game is over. There is no administrative red tape, few expenses, no trouble in maintaining membership. They had sufficient spirit to have their picture taken, not on the beach as the accompanying photograph seems to indicate, but on the snow in near-zero weather, out on the deserted football field.

Dave Olton has been Manager of the Band this year, and he's been an excellent one. He has kept the group together with a minimum of external complications and bureaucracy. He is the guiding spirit of the Band in much the same way that Steve Smith is the guiding spirit of the Student Peace Union. Without the two of them, neither organization would probably exist on campus. People have interest enough in some organizations to be members, but all too few have time or inclination to be leaders. The problem is not lack of ability but simple lack of energy. With the passing of Dave and Steve, the Band and the SPU are liable, if not likely, to die a swift and silent death, if someone doesn't come along to fill their shoes—a process which is becoming ever less traditional at Haverford.

formed: the Band and the Student Peace Union.

Some faculty members agree that the work load is both increasing and overtaxing. Other professors demonstrate, sometimes with charts and graphs, that the typical Haverford student is not overworked but merely disorganized. He has five courses and a great deal of time in which to prepare for them. If he organizes his



work properly, he will have plenty of time for both work and play, with eight hours of sleep thrown in, and, to develop the whole man, an adequate sports program as well.

Everyone's life contains a certain amount of disorganization, and that of the typical Haverford student is no exception. Well then, respond the members of the faculty, let those students

the news

Loren Ghiglione's Haverford News was good and bad, but seldom indifferent. Loren battled with quixotic ferociousness against administration, alumni, faculty, and student windmills, wielding arguments which were occasionally persuasive but unfailingly irritating to everyone concerned.

But while Loren's ends may have been worthy ones, the means he adopted were considerably less so. The squabble with the alumni over the Alumni Notes is only gradually dying down. And the alumni's disgust with the News's tactics may be seen by their small response to the newspaper's solicitation of them for (paying) subscriptions. Only a few hundred of the 5000-odd alumni now receive the News. The lecture series which Loren initiated through the News, dealing with various aspects of journalism, proved to be of wide-spread interest and genuine value. The list of speakers included such men as A. J. Liebling and Douglas Bourstedt. However, Loren's staff was never trained in the fundamentals of newspaper writing and reporting, a fact which was to make the new editor Norman Pearlstine mop his brow when he took over in February.

Loren has won his point. The paper now exists as a student-written and student-read newspaper. The News would

(Cont'd on next page)



who want to participate in extra - curricular activities organize their time, and let those students who are incapable of this organization stick, as best they can, strictly to their studies. If they want badly enough to participate in other things, students will organize their time to allow themselves to do so. It seems very simple. But is it so simple? Let us examine the faculty's charts

do well to refrain from a sterile repetition of news already in the hands of the student body and to broaden its scope of activity in other areas. Interviews with Collection speakers, rather than summaries of their lectures already familiar to most of the students, would be more sensible. What I advocate is a more featurish newspaper, for in a community as small and integrated as Haverford, very little information remains news long enough for the weekly newspaper to have many scoops.



and graphs. The official party line runs that, if the student devotes two hours of preparation for every class hour, he will do well in his courses. But when a student has a paper due in a course, he naturally must spend many extra hours in its preparation. When he has an exam, he must spend still more hours of preparation. To do excellently in a course, then, our theoretical student must devote perhaps four,

the record

The quality and indeed the actual existence of this year's *Record* was as usual threatened by an overwhelming lack of interest on the part of the college at large. When pictures were required, only hoagies could be found; and instead of articles, editor Scott Gillam's mailbox was full of excuses. Equally important in creating difficulties, however, was the occasionally self-righteous spitefulness this general apathy created among the staff members of the *Record*. The response to negligence on the part of others was, "Well, if they don't care, I'll be damned if I will." But as you can see, the *Record* has been printed, and (surprisingly) it's quite good. The traditional overall organization works very nicely with the unusual layout, which in turn compensates for the unpredictable quality of the photographs. But the guts of any yearbook are the articles, and though they range from the highly personal to the strictly factual, they're all here.



rather than two, hours of preparation on the average for each hour of classes.

Thus, if the student has fifteen hours of classes a week, he must spend an additional sixty hours a week in preparation for them, which averages out to eight hours of such preparation per day from Monday through Friday, with ten hours per day on week-ends.

These calculations are based on six hours per work

the revue

One of the most unlikely collections of individuals on campus, *The Revue* appears in print occasionally, and as a group almost never. It's difficult though to separate the one from the other, since the Board (here pictured) consists of those who have been published. This unlikely system for getting a magazine out has worked over the past few years because (and only because) one or more *writers* have also liked doing the rest of the job. Without an *Ideal* (magazine) to hold the group together, luck determines the publication date. With Put Barber as Editor, it has worked out ok—but he's probably a better paste-up man than writer, and only his arrogance ever got him published in the first place.

Such as it is though the *Revue* has managed to get itself into print once or twice a year since the beginning. It will probably continue to do so—if only to satisfy the vanity of itself.



There were, at the time when this photograph was taken, perhaps a dozen officers of WHRC. The number that were willing to trudge down to the satellite station to have their picture took is a good indication of the activity of the station for the first part of this year.

Great things began to happen to the station second semester under the loving and tireless attention of Rick Van Berg and Lance Jackson. The station began to re-assert itself as a permanent and important organization on campus, and they have high hopes of being able to go FM next year, so that Bryn Mawr and the surrounding community will be able to hear them.

The station has undergone renaissance after renaissance even in the four years that I have been here, all doomed almost from the start to utter failure. This latest one seems to be of less transient importance. The revitalization is supported by money and devotion, both new elements in station relations. The station could become a major part of campus life; it should become so in the near future, as things stand now.

of normal preparation, you will remember. But many professors assign much much more than this six hours of normal work per week.

No, it's not so simple, after all. When a student is so exhausted from studying irregular French verbs that all he wants to do is either to go to bed or get drunk, it's not that simple. When a student has twenty-five hours of reading per week to do in



one course, when he has far more than a hundred pages of typescript to hand in within a week, it's not that simple.

When I speak of organized extra-curricular activities in this jeremiad, I mean such groups as the NEWS, WHRC, or the Orchestra, as opposed to un-organized activities, by which I mean the constant bull sessions and small parties both stag and co-ed which occur ubiqui-

philosophy club

I didn't realize that Haverford had a Philosophy Club until I saw this picture, which is certainly worth a thousand words in determining the characters of the four students in it.

I am told that they hold occasional dinner meetings and have speakers afterwards. And more power to them. In the concern with the demise of organizations the small, quiet, but nevertheless flourishing activities are sometimes disregarded.



tously on campus. When a student stays up until dawn in a bull-session, is he wasting his time? Probably not, yet the student who stays up night after night in such activities may justly be accused of not organizing his time properly. To survive, the Haverford student must develop some sense of values. He must learn what work must be done and what work can be finessed, when he can horse around and when

chess club

Similar to the Philosophy Club in lack of conspicuousness is the Chess Club. Under the guidance of Steve Ettinger, the Chess Club holds an annual campus-wide tournament to determine the best chess player on campus. This year's winner, Mike Werner, is to be seen (naturally) in the Bridge Club picture. The Club held five meets with colleges in the area this spring and made a very presentable showing for itself.



he must study—in short, when he can get away with it, and when he can't. The faculty members are right: he must learn to organize his time.

When a student joins an organized extra-curricular activity, he signs away definite periods of time for months in advance. The Orchestra, for example, meets on Wednesday night, and it meets every Wednesday night. A weekly radio show on WH-

bridge club

The Bridge Club is another small but happy club on campus. They hold occasional tournaments on Sunday afternoon in the Coop, don't bother anybody, and have a good time. This picture would indicate that the members all live together in Leeds, and one wonders just why they seem impelled to leave those happy surroundings for the uncertain hominess of the Coop.



RC must be broadcast every week. Many students are afraid to box themselves in this way. They have periods of relaxation (especially at the beginning of the semester) during which they do little work, and they have Hell Weeks (especially at the end of the semester) in which they work continuously twice around the clock at a stretch.

Nor is the actual amount of work only hindrance to

varsity club

The Varsity Club consists automatically of all those on campus who have won a varsity letter, so the organization's theoretic membership roll is quite impressive.

While the Club's accomplishments this year have been somewhat less impressive, the members formed around President Chuck Conn long enough to give a dance in Founders and to agree to wear their black sweaters with the red H. Like the members of the Band, they take part in their sports activities for the pure fun of it, and their club reflects pleasant humor, some disorganization, and lots of good will, without really accomplishing much.



Haverford activities, overbearing as this problem sometimes seems. More classes meet at night every year, and this year the arts and services program began holding evening sessions. Students are kept out of activities because they have classes at night which may even be required for their major. Wednesday and Thursday evenings are traditionally kept free for such activities, but encroach-

french club

The French Club is an excellent example of an organization which exists in name only. The lack of structure and the general isolation of the club may be seen to advantage in this picture, which is taken near Scull House.

Tony Vincent, the proprietor of that magnificent automobile, claims to be the president of the French Club, though one questions the relevance of calling someone a captain if he doesn't have a ship.



ments even on these days become increasingly frequent every year.

A substantial majority of Haverford students go on to some kind of graduate study. Most graduate schools do not even ask for a list of one's extra-curricular activities, organized or otherwise. They are interested solely in grades and recommendations. They regard extra-curricular activities strictly as leisure-time

german club

The Spanish and German Clubs are virtually the only two active departmental clubs on campus. They are both aided by the fraternity of their respective houses, Williams and Yarnall, and by the liveliness of their presidents, Bob White and Jim MacRae.

The activities of the two clubs are similar. They give parties; they occasionally present plays. They combine with whatever Bryn Mawr Spanish and German enthusiasts present themselves.

(Continued on next page)



pastimes. And at Haverford we have demonstrated that there is theoretically no leisure time. I think that neither the administration nor the faculty would seriously deny the immense value of extra-curricular activities in directing and refining the student body's energies and talents. But what is to be done? The decision-makers at Haverford allow the graduate school's conception of the ideal stu-

spanish club

(Continued from preceding page)

Both are low pressure organizations of an impermanent nature, and both are in danger of going the way of the French Club if leaders do not present themselves to replace the present graduating presidents. If someone is interested, the clubs will continue to thrive. If no one happens to have the time, two more Haverford traditions will bite the dust, and the faculty will add two more notches to their pistol handles.



dent to dominate their thinking. I thought that everybody knew all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy. But must we resort to platitudinous phrases to illustrate to both faculty and administration, who are equally culpable, the damage they are doing to Haverford in their overriding concern for academic quantity? I wonder how much longer the Haverford student will be able to differentiate be-

math etc.

This undistinguished agglomeration of students represents an unknown number of organizations with cabalistic names like SPU, CRC, YF, and the like. The young man on the left is Haverford's Mathematics Club—and more powers to him.



tween what is valuable in his studies and what is not. Despite his professions to the contrary, all of the work assigned by a professor is valuable to that professor, and his enthusiasm for it rubs off on the students. The student then feels guilty if he cannot do his work with some degree of completeness. The professor gives the grades and thus has the upper hand. The student who must present

drama club

In a formal sense, the Drama Club has no existence as a true "club"; between plays, it exists only potentially, as a list of names from which the abilities and talents necessary for the production of a play can be assembled. To a certain extent, the Drama Club is re-created *ad hoc* for each play. The continuity of the club is assured in part by its officers, but chiefly by the personality and talents of Robert Butman.

Bob, as the permanent and professional director of the Drama Club, is artistically responsible for each production; this responsibility extends far beyond merely running the rehearsals. He attends rummage sales to find costumes, and canvasses antique shops for props; he has a set designed—or designs it himself—and sees that it is built in time; and he must soothe or stimulate the frequently erratic and aberrant personalities of his actors and production
(Cont'd on next page)



his transcript to the world in the future has no choice but to be cowed, no choice but to work like Hell and to try to fool the professor into believing that what has been assigned has been done.

The whole academic set-up at Haverford is turning from one of mutual endeavor to one of mutual deceit. To halt the progress, much must be done and done fast. Evening classes should be abolished. The movie and

crew.

But if Bob is the mainspring of each play, he is also the *primum mobile* of the Drama Club itself. In the seven or eight years of his directorship, he has fostered the growth of a collection of costumes, from furs to hats, from Renaissance gowns to a ringmaster's uniform, which would stand any repertoire company in very good stead indeed. He has evolved what amounts to a "star" system of training a few actors and actresses quite extensively over the four-year period of their local careers. While this system often leads to charges of favoritism and unfairness, it does mean that a competent performance of a Shakespeare play can be achieved in only four weeks.

Beneath Bob in the hierarchy are the officers of the Drama Clubs of Haverford and Bryn Mawr; the officers serve chiefly to recruit and organize the members of the Club who will act in the

(Cont'd on next page)



art series should be examined to see whether they solve the entertainment problem on campus or merely compound it. But mainly, the amount of work assigned to the student must be controlled, even in the courses of our very good professors.

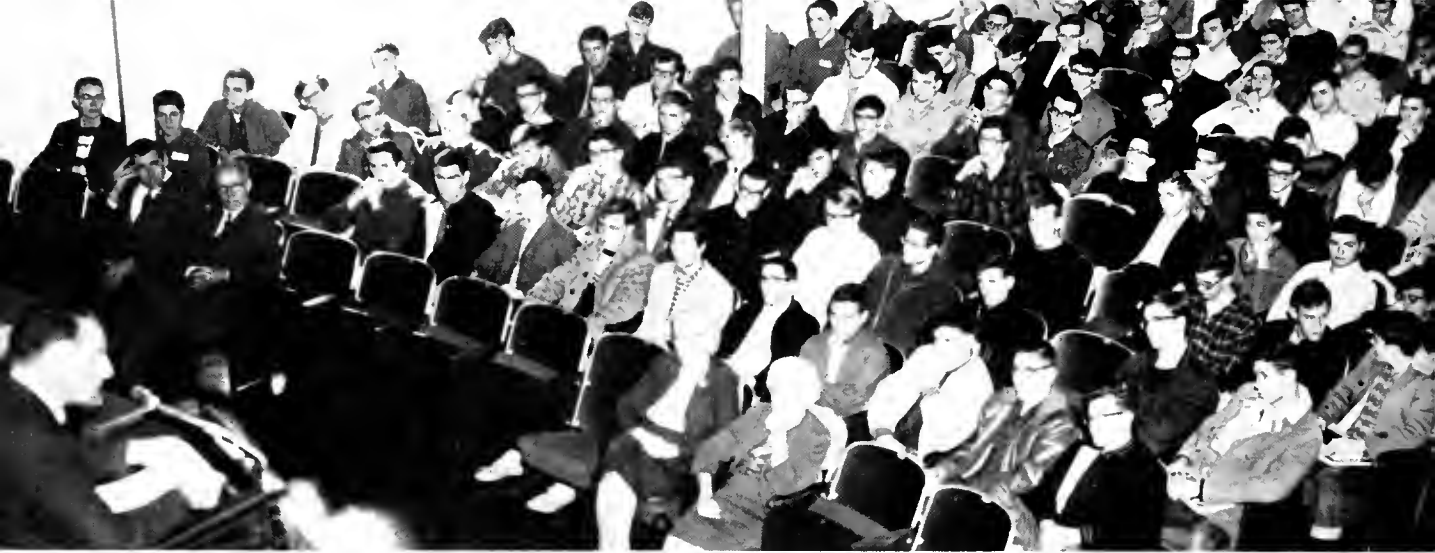
But as a student at Haverford, or in most cases even as a former one, I can't do a damned thing. And those who can, unfortunately don't.

play, build the set, sew costumes, design the posters, and sell the tickets. The president of the Haverford Drama Club this year was Peter Lary.

The production work obviously demands a high level of dedication, for the hours are long and the rewards intangible. Haverford students usually demonstrate a remarkable lack of selflessness in this respect. With the exception of a few men like Bob Munger and Dave Lerner, the enthusiasm and the muscle for building the sets this year came from Bryn Mawr College. Chris Glass designed a magnificent set for the winter production, "All Swell that End Swell," in which Peter Lary, '63, played Bertram; Andreas Lehner, '63, Parolles; and which introduced promising freshmen, Munson Hicks and Howard Bush. The production was given in honor of the retirement of Arthur Colby Sprague. The fall play was Moliere's *Misanthrope*.

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Collection speakers seem compelled to apologize both for themselves and for Haverford College by remarking at the outset on compulsory attendance at Collection and on the captivity of their audience.

Apparently, the speakers suspect that their audience blames them for compulsory attendance for they often attempt to palliate their presence with a prepared joke about captive audiences. For example, Judge Bazelon prefaced his excellent talk on morality and criminal law with an absurd anecdote about a condemned man who, on the even of his electrocution, was saluted by his priest with the comment, "More power to you!". Embarrassed by compulsory attendance, no speaker this year had the courage of last year's Milton Friedman who, deploring compulsion in assemblies as well as in economics, halted his speech after attendance had been taken in order to give students a gratuitous exit.



In magnanimously apologizing for captive audiences, the be knighted lecturers fail to realize that Collection has captured (granted for a price) them, too. Unlike the weary sophomore, they cannot sleep. Unlike the

the bored senior, they cannot yawn and unlike the harassed freshman they certainly cannot read *Superman* comics. Their captivity is even deeper. Both by themselves and by their audience, they are expected to produce a cogent, perceptive, witty and informative talk. In escaping from the imprisonment of having to talk, they find themselves in the firmer captivity of having to parry questions from the eager, searching, clutching, and sleepy Haverford mind.



The question period is punctiliously heralded. The speakers apologize for distorting the topic and confusing the audi-

ence and then affirm the validity of their interpretations. A ripple of applause runs through half of the audience, signalling to the unattentive second half that the gladiators of the intellect will soon collide. To this unattentive half the question period extends three promises of amusement. First, is the hope that the speakers, a student, or, best of all, a professor will say something stupid. Second, the speakers, a student or a professor may say something funny. The third promise of amusement is the one most often fulfilled. This is the sight of our president peering desperately into the audience, searching through the balcony and frantically looking behind the pillars for an anxious questioner. Questions are signs of attentive audiences; attentive audiences are signs of speakers' successes.



If questions are signs of successes, this year's speakers just as those of the past, have been fairly successful. John Ciardi, Ralph Flanders, Taylor Grant, Wallace MacCaffrey and Gerald Freund highlighted the first semester's list of speakers. Mrs. Hilger Ezerman's 'cello spoke brilliantly; her encores answered any potential questions. The second semester's program was launched auspiciously when Judge David Bazelon overcame his stereotyped opening to provide, perhaps, the year's most provocative talk by arguing that men from unequal environments should not be treated as equals before the law. The captive judge showed his equally confined audience that physical incarceration need not be intellectual imprisonment.

CAPTIVE SPEAKERS



MOST WEIGHTY FRIENDS AGREE



that Meeting at Haverford is not a Quaker Meeting, and that therefore there can be no relevant question as to whether a compulsory religious observance is morally right. Thereby, the reasoning, runs, the chief conscientious objection to Meeting is answered. This assertion is made in the face of the fact that as this is being written, the last twelve consecutive speakers in Meeting have been Quakers (and incidentally, none has been a student). If Fifth Day Meeting is not a Quaker Meeting, there are a great many Quakers who do not know it; and I think we can say that the issue of compulsory religious observance is not yet closed.

But I am not inclined to argue about such matters of moral principle: agreement on such matters is difficult, because principles do not change so easily as does knowledge, and argument is more difficult when premisses are in question. The best way to say something intelligent about Meeting is to talk in practical terms. Facts are harder to dispute, though it has been done. The question is only this: Right or wrong, does Meeting serve its purpose?

Nobody in the Administration can fully understand why students are reluctant to sit in meditative silence and introspect for half an hour five times a semester. Surely there is no difficulty in this. Students, on the other hand, cannot understand why it is important to sit still in this particular place at this particular time and meditate (because the Meeting House in its usual Thursday morning state is a singularly poor place to meditate); particularly they find that there is indeed difficulty in enduring the barrage of platitudes which await them every week, and particularly they resent the attitude of those who at times have seemed to feel that meditation until (exactly) 11:30 is inspiration enough to speak. Such inspiration must at best be abortive.

Meeting is one of the great divisive factors in a "community" whose members have all too little in common. The stubborn refusal of students to maintain at least a respectful silence confronts the stubborn refusal of the Administration to consider changes in Meeting instead

of waiting for some sort of miraculous change in students. It is a sign of defeat that the rationale for Meeting is the argument that our enrolling at Haverford was a tacit agreement to attend Meeting, and that refusal to attend Meeting now would be breaking the agreement. This old argument, happily not used much any more, fails in two respects. In the first place, students realize they are obligated to attend Meeting until excused from the agreement by the other party to it; they are not, though, obligated to like it, and they are free to object to it. In the second place, and more to the point, if there is no better reason for having Meeting than that we have agreed to it, then it might as well be dropped.

One is tempted to point to Meeting as a failure in student-Administration rela-



tions. However, the situation is more complicated because the Administration is not the authority that is bringing us to the Meeting House on Thursday. A speaker who should know said this year in Meeting: “. . . the College feels it is important for us to be here.” Who or what “the College” is, nobody knows. There is no reason for believing that they have any good idea of what the problems concerning Meeting are, or how to handle them.

Perhaps the most serious indictment of Meeting has been made by some student Quakers. One of them wrote recently: “Fifth Day Meeting at Haverford is probably damaging to Quakerism . . . In seeking to the lowest common denominator we have escaped religion . . . I am opposed to our thinking that we have best served Quakerism or campus religious life by using . . . a nearly dead institution.” True, most Meetings amount to what I should think Quakers would consider sacrilege. It is hard to imagine that any religious organization would long allow its worship service to be treated with constant and systematic disrespect. I should think they would want to take some action — pacifism does not entail passivity. Quite aside from the question of whether Meeting is a good, bad, or indifferent thing, it is a problem, or at least an annoyance to everybody involved.

The importance of Meeting is that it does have potential. The Meeting we had after Jon Crum died was the best tribute we could give Jon, and a moving experience for those who participated — and not all of us who did were Quakers, or even interested in religion. And the Meeting we had after the Horror Show with Connecticut College was just what everybody needed. Douglas Steere once said that Meeting is not so much a place to air opinions as to formulate them — we have seen it used successfully for both purposes. But very, very seldom.

A number of suggestions concerning innovations in Meeting have been offered — most of them by students. We could get rid of it entirely; we could dismiss from it those who can present good reasons for not wanting to go; we could require only freshmen and sophomores to go; we could institute other activities of a religious nature. None of these suggestions makes everybody happy; but it is not sufficient reason for rejecting a suggestion for improvement that the suggestion is not perfect. Not sufficient reason, that is, unless the status quo itself, however inadequate, becomes an object of veneration —

PERHAPS THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENED



. . . et circenses

Sometime in February of every year someone sets out with alarums and excursions to "improve social life at Haverford." Few of these projects end in much success. And yet the same old formulae reappear, the same high-sounding sentiments are re-expressed, and the same inertia settles in for a long winter's nap.

The culprit is the Honor System! Because Haverford men can have girls in their rooms any night of the week, they aren't very interested in the old standby of less privileged campuses—the "Weekend". And because they have a perfectly good (though often not too elegant) place to "take" their dates after the play/show/concert, they aren't very interested in formal "dry" parties. And because they give excellent parties in their suites/entries/rooms, they aren't very interested in lounge affairs. Social life at Haverford is bound to be different from that at Princeton—if Haverford wasn't bored by a Princeton weekend, most Haverford students would be at Princeton.


But this all doesn't mean that Haverford doesn't have a flourishing social life — it does. And that doesn't mean that it couldn't be improved — it could. But by no number, however large, of vest-pocket Big Ten Weekends. The simple truth is, no-one's going to go. A different kind of event, and a much more informal presentation, are the key qualities that make up a successful weekend here — for anything social on the Haverford campus has to be worthwhile per se—it won't be successful be-

cause it's an excuse for seeing a girl.

This puts a pressure on the Art's Series, and on the Movie Series, and on plays and concerts—they have to be good. And in general, in my memory, they've been good and becoming better.

There is, however, something disturbing about the Haverford community grouping itself in a trance about the flickering blue box of imported entertainment. Perhaps the reason for this concentration on the passive can be found in Haverford's much touted quality: in the first place, most of us are more and rightly interested in other forms of activity than the performing arts; in the second place, even those of us who are interested in putting on a good show have got too much work to do! This combination of motivations creates more and more interest in the release that requires no preparation. And it creates the community of isolated, desperate individuals Haverford is fast on the way to becoming.

The other side of Haverford's social life exhibits this same emphasis on the spontaneous release—here the activity is intense, but scarcely more communal. The twist party in Leeds or the Folk Sing in Founders are big, noisy, a little drunken, and very definitely spontaneous—and each of us attends to be entertained by the others, and incidentally, to entertain them. But not to work together on something challenging, or complex. Social life at Haverford is social in the psychologist's meaning of the term—but hardly in the sense Cholly Knickerbocker means. Improving it is much more complicated than opening the Coop on Saturday nights.





Gentlemen,
this is your class history.
You may not like it. I write
little about The Class
and less about History! I decline
the presumption
of a public WE, the archetypal
Jarvis Pugh, the collective
mask of the scarlet and the black,
the farewell collage—where mouths
and integrities are gleed and
clubbed together with elegiac
and stick, sentiment: "the golden haze
of college days . . . drink
her down . . . waukie wauki wau."
* * *

What I do write about (this may seem the
greater presumption) is myself,
or rather the sounds of
myself, which I hope I have the talent
to orchestrate into evocative
melody. My combo for this one-time
stand is small, maybe a little too
raffish, contains a tolling gong, a pair
of frenetic bongos, and a sometimes
lyric violin—in tune,
out, somberly mellow, clash discord.
All very funky.
Swing along when you can, man.
"Quaker! Kill! Kill! Kill! Kill!"
* * *

I begin with a football cheer. I'm standing
behind a chicken-wire
fence made of galvanized ironic
watching Our Team in its Last Game. The
Thanksgiving Game with Swarthmore. It
drizzled and they shone. Perversely perhaps.
I scale the grim
sloshings of our golden boys through mud,
cold and futility into a mode maybe worth
the reading. I begin with the
base clef of curiosity.
Why did they do it. Fighting and
continuing, three years four, not for
games anymore but for a
goal and against zeroes. A single
touchdown is a moral
victory. Here would be the final transvaluation
of part-time reverie and permanent
water-behind-the-kneecap. Because they put in
ONE HUNDRED PER CENT OF THEMSELVES.
Name this religion, brother.
Name this commitment, And respect
it, because it's hard to be a football
jock at this College of Intellectual Quality.
Derided, scorned, ignored,
there is little status in football, only evanescent
heroics. Except maybe among the jocks them-
selves, a kind of Marine bootcamp ethic: here's
where we separate the men from the boys.
But still this doesn't
explain it all and in my mind this
Trial congruents itself more with Sisyphus
than Hercules. (But we should be careful
here. For example, go up and ask
Joe Schulze "Hey Man, are you a Sisyphian?"
and he'll probably correct your pronunciation.)
* * *

Let's go back to the interpretation
of religion and commitment. But






what kind? I think first
of the faith of the Old Testament patriarchs
and threaten blasphemy
when my mind wanders to the Night
of Victory and mighty Joe Schulze,
eaglespread arms and hoarse voice, standing
on the dining room table, screaming
WE DID IT FOR YOU! WE DID IT FOR YOU!
Tumult and pandemonium. I think
of Moses coming down Sinai mountain.
I'm impressed. To win now after those
painful desert years. But I remember
quickly that I'm still standing behind
the chicken-wire fence, not in the Promised
Land. The evening changes into dull carouse
and bacchanal. The Tablets of Commitment
(PUT IN ONE HUNDRED PER CENT OF YOUR-
SELVES) into a Golden Calf.

It is unjust to fashion Haverford's
melody out of its football
team or Joe Schulze (I kinda like
him by the way).

The tone of our Class
is not Commitment or even
anti-Commitment, but a curious unresolve,
neither behind nor
in front of the chicken-wire, but
straddling it. We are part
of a Suspended

Generation, in a state of mediation
and uncertainty, the psychological model
of ourselves is not Mailer's psychopath nor
Rockwell's megalomaniac
but the neurasthenic. An extreme
statement, you think? Let me ask you this.
What are you gonna be doing—not next year
I know, you'll be tucked away in grad school—
but five years from now. Most
of the people I know in the class don't know.
What will be will be. All stated with a
sense of tiredness and
exhaustion, very little angst. When we
almost had our Gotterdammerung over Cuba
in the fall, five students went down to City
Hall to picket a protest.
The rest tried to forget about it,
went on as if everything's
normal, studying for Art History exams
and playing pingpong. Going on as
if everything was normal. But perhaps secretly
all of us are listening desperately (and this is
what is tiring us) listening for the
sounds of our changing society and
civilization, hoping that they will be
the cries of a healthy child and not
the death-rattle of a corpse.

Permissive sleep. Dawdling projects
and endless extensions. Time as a
deadline refuses to articulate itself.
Student government. Freedom. Freedom. The
fantastic surplus of freedom. Debauch and
alcoholics. The amplified blare of Ray Charles:
"You have one life and when you're dead . . .
you're done"
feeding like worms the gaping beak of
our fledgling hedonism. The good times.
The great moments. The bittersweet





fruits of wasted time and injured eternity.

Protective sleep. We are the incubated
and the isolated. Feedingtime in the diningroom
how alike we look. At this
the Smith Brother Quakers
hanging in staid series above us must
wryly smile. Food and faces—bland. How much
We hunger for Characters
and construct them from the Administration and
Faculty: Caselli, Mama Nugey,
Cad Deanbury, Sam the Counterman, the
Italiano maids. How unbearable
Haverford would be if we could only
confront ourselves and the uncluttered
(and empty) minds of Organization Men.

But our hunger for color
and salt, like Victorian readers of
Dickens, tells us what we are missing
by not living in the festering center of an urban
community with subway stations and
attempted rapes and human wrecks.
We miss danger and counter-momentums
and the insistent now. The animal
in us needs this so we people
this corner of our mind
with second-hand adventures bright

and controllable as hot stickie buns.
And spend our time with the important
things: our pleasures and our
budding human values.

But it may be that
the song I sing is only my own.
Many of you may not give a damn
about Haverford's trees. Or not
see human values as milk. (The
Senior Class show concerned
itself with monastic
stone and oppressiveness— this is
another way of looking at Haverford's calming
aura.) The point. The mah nishtanoh.
What makes Haverford boys DIFFERENT
from other college boys is this
calm, even when they appear
or try to appear frenetic. We
are encouraged to be lacksadaisical
and un-professional and un-Ivy league. This
is source of our charm and our weakness.

This may indeed be Our Generation's Disease.
I offer no prognostics. Still there is value in honing
my socio-cultural scapel with the particular meat of
Haverford. What does Haverford's metabolism do



to us that our Culture and Ourselves
do not? I jab around with the blade, finally answers
gurgle out red and
strong into this melody:
Haverford. Haverford. You great
green warm wonderful breast!
How good your milk is in the springtime of our curiosity
when we drink with wonder the endless ways of whys.
Why Huck can't tell a lie.
Why Sons make poor lovers.
Why Pigs must be killed
Why you can't suck dry a man and throw away the peel.
Why you can't ignore the complexities
inherent in the verbal icon.
Why. Why. Why.
Banging on the screwed-tight oil-tubes of our because,
bursting the seams, surprising us with our exudings.
Raw Sienna and saucy vermillion. You tried to teach
us to catch it all in analytic containers—Blatz
beer can, cokebottle, retort beaker
and condensor, teacup and saucer, and delicate crystal
stein in etch intricate—each had his own. But
the idea was to catch it. Human values.
Catching human values under the bland shade
and safe shelter of Haverford Park. The attending
eye of the green mama. Alma Mater.
Permissive. Protective. Calming with its vegetative
rhythm and its tickling fog. It is the trees.
The grand majestic trees that pat our heads with branchlets.
Calming blessings. Calm and lull
until we find ourselves sleeping with our eyes open.
And the snore of the outside hometown world
can't wake us up.



Rose, Margolis, Werner, So

This year's Students' Council unequivocally assumed responsibility for the enforcing of the Code of Student Responsibility, the first time in our experience here that a Council has done so.

Until this year, the student body has looked upon the Council as much as a traffic officer as a judge.

The Ursinus Weekend affair demonstrated that the Council could exert considerable authority not only over budgets and concessions but also over virtually every area of student activity at Haverford academic and social.

When this new role of the Council was fully realized — that the Council was not only the campus' servant but also its mentor — respect for the Council increased. Yet some were irritated by the arrogance of the Council in investing themselves with so much power. The feeling was not helped by

the Council itself, which said in effect — indeed, certain Council members were heard to say quite specifically — that, right or wrong, the Council was boss man on the Haverford totem pole, a body whose dictates might admittedly be misguided, but one whose dictates had to obeyed.

But the Council, arrogant or otherwise, now held the reins with little fear of student objection on an organized basis. Disgruntled students could only observe with grim satisfaction that the Council members had given themselves an extraordinarily full

schedule in a college where free time is often illicitly borrowed from study periods.

The members of the Council have had a busy year, perhaps busier than in recent memory. In some part, the length of time spent in the Council Room is a tribute to the Council's devotion; in part it is an



Bazelon, Sonnenborn, Spen

annenborn, Williams, Wood

indiction of the unwieldiness of the group as a whole when a decision had to be reached. The Council spent hour after hour in slow deliberation of both honor system trials and crepe paper for beer parties, careful consideration of both the new budgeting procedures and the advisability of Freshman beanies during

Customs week,— in short, spending all too much of its time picking fly specks out of the pepper when there were more important things to be done.

Because the Council failed to budget its time with much sense or discretion, the reason they were able to accomplish as much as they did must be attributed to the fact that they were willing to devote vast periods of time to Council meetings, far more than most Councils in the past.

With the ever-increasing work load at Haverford, there is a limit to the amount of time members can de-

vote to Council affairs. This year's Council spent the time needed to do their job successfully and thoroughly, however clumsily. But future Councils may not have such enormous periods of time. The Council moved in the right direction when, under the aegis of Arthur Wood and Aldo Caselli,



the administration was given a much larger role in budgeting the four largest campus organizations. Further instances of such voluntary abdication of authority may be necessary in the future if the Council is to remain a useful and fair governing agency. The

Council's decision to take on the responsibility for the Code of Student Responsibility may be, in the long run, be a very poorly advised one.

er, Elliot, Gutman, Manoff



Parent's Day began slowly. The parents arrived at Roberts, received maps and programs, exclaimed over the weather, were given directions, then straggled off through the rain to see their children perform in Chase and Sharpless.

Lunch did not raise anyone's spirits. Parents and students stood in line breathing the fetid air of the fieldhouse and shivering in the drafts of cold air which entered with the carloads of food from Founders.

Parental visits often catch the student in a bind: the presence of parents embarrasses him with his fellows, and the presence of students constrains him with his parents. One freshman with whom I happened to be eating lunch solved this problem by suddenly saying, A PROPOS of nothing, and to no one in particular, "Ben Jonson, Alexander Pope, and the other men of the eighteenth century, were very witty and intelligent, but" — a melancholy pause — "they lacked something, that something which would have made them great." After a puzzled silence, someone suggested that we adjourn to the "stadium."

The weather could not have been worse. A strong wind flung bursts of icy rain across an already muddy field. The game began before a handful of spectators. Usually the Haverford team manages to convey at the line of scrimmage the impression that it has collectively forgotten its signals and would like to request a postponement for further discussion. But on this particular day they snapped out of the huddle with much more assurance, or so it seems in retrospect.

But the game was dull and full of punting. I walked up to the soccer field where the issue was more promising. The LaSalle players slipped and cursed as if they were on ice, but Haverford played without a mishap. A victory here was clearly in the offing. Nothing seemed to be happening over on the football field. The biggest burst of action occurred at the end of the first half when everyone, players and fans, made a dash to get out of the rain.

At this point, Parent's Day was a miserable failure. The games had attracted almost no one. Rain ruled out tours of the campus. I did not think it likely that the student concert, diverting as it might be, would by itself satisfy the parents who had taken the trouble to visit Haverford.

I left the soccer game, in which the Fords had established a comfortable lead and walked back to the football field. A Ursinus back took a hand-off, tried to turn his end, then slipped and fell without being touched. In disgust he threw the ball into the mud, and, on the sidelines, it seemed that the home team might manage a scoreless tie. Nice, but certainly no reason for elation. I returned to soccer.

There the continuing rout monopolized my attention. Suddenly I was distracted by persistent cheering from an unlikely source. Save for a cluster of muddy players, the football field was almost deserted, but the noise was undoubtedly coming from that direction. The Ford's goalie and fullbacks were as startled as I was. While they peered through the gloom toward the football field, a LaSalle lineman dribbled in unmolested and tallied the Explorer's only goal of the day. But no one cared. We were all preoccupied with news of a more striking occurrence: Haverford had scored a touchdown.

The final act was about to begin. But first, a bit of comic relief. One of the students who was supposed to present a talk on college life had not finished his speech. With much muttering, paper



shuffling, and furious scribbling, he toiled away at the side of the Common Room while the others talked. Parents eyed him surreptitiously. His speech, the text of which was completed with a flourish as he was introduced, was a fable, properly weighty and opaque. "He certainly is brilliant, isn't he?" marvelled one awed mother. I nodded my solemn assent.

The dining room has been the scene of many strange and bizarre meals in the last four years, but there was something special and unique about the insanity of dinner on Parent's Day. The noise was deafening. I noticed one small redheaded freshman, with a glazed look in his eye, banging a metal tray on the back of a chair. Empty pitchers rose and fell in unison. The football and soccer players sat together at one long table. A bottle of wine was making its ceremonial way from hand to hand.

Everyone was excited. I sat with a group of my classmates who, I was sure, regarded football as one of the least important, the most irrelevant, institutions at Haverford. In a moment of lucidity I noted that the tablecloth was covered with broken glass.

There were speeches from the stars of the day. Their remarks were boisterous but not without irony, and everyone applauded noisily. I was happy not because the honor of Haverford had been vindicated and her enemies at last humbled, but because some friends of mine at last could enjoy a Saturday evening free from the humiliation which on previous occasions they had been unable to escape.

I hardly noticed the line of girls who looked on apprehensively from the side of the dining room in which no one was bothering to eat any food. And I could hardly believe my ears when a mother seated near me leaned over and petulantly asked her son, "What's so important about an old football game?"

The celebrating continued into the evening, but I was out of range of the real excitement. At midnight I did walk over to Union where I was puzzled by a strange, chopping noise. "Firewood," I thought as I returned to Leeds.

The hysterical response to the Parent's Day atrocities was inappropriate. Groups of outraged citizens circulated petitions damning the guilty. And on the other side, the offenders, in whispers



almost of self-accusation, decried what they called an "inquisition." The resulting debate, which comically centered on "the dichotomy between freedom and responsibility," failed to isolate a manageable issue.

This tedious exploration into ethical implications tended to obscure the real problem and its solution. The privacy of a group of students had been violated. The Student's Council, after wres-

ling with myriad constitutional scruples, dealt out punishments which, if they entirely satisfied only a minority of students, at least did much to restore the dignity of the injured parties.

Haverford is proud of being blase, proud of the irony with which it views just about everything. But when we beat Ursinus, the school forgot itself. We all acted as if we were in the (ugh) Big Ten. Then came the morning after, and it was



almost as if each student had to assure his neighbor that the whole incident was a mistake, that "spirit" was indeed an evil thing, that we really had not meant to get so excited. The violent reaction to the escapades of a few drunken students was almost like an expiation. We were Babbitts who spent Saturday night in some forbidden brothel, then, in Church the next morning, joined in the fervent, and the reassuring, condemnation of the sins of the flesh.

The events of Parent's Day to the contrary, neither football nor drinking is a very important part of Haverford life. Much energy was wasted in debating the desirability of sports, the morality of alcohol, the merits of certain students. A more fundamental inquiry might have dealt with the question of why students, when drinking has relaxed their defenses, immediately think of breaking something, and why so many other students are so provoked by the resulting damage that they want in turn to destroy the offenders.

Thus I think that I shall remember Parent's Day, 1963, not for the football games that we won, not for the celebration which followed the game, not even for the debate on the code of student responsibility which was caused by these events. Instead, I will remember drunken students ruining books and breaking furniture, and sober students, in the grip of a frenzied indignation, intent in crucifying the hapless transgressors. There is nothing wrong with athletics at Haverford, and drinking here is not excessive. But every once in a while, we are provided with an insight into the primitive kind of rage and hostility which underlies so many aspects of college life. Such insights are not reassuring. Perhaps that is why everyone ignored them in trying to account for the disturbing events of Parent's Day.

CLASS NIGHT



Class Night was started in the late forties in order to raise money to pay for damage done by some Haverford pranksters during a raid on Swarthmore. Now, however, the pranks are performed on stage, and a tradition of heavy and hilarious satire has developed. This is supposed to be the night Haverford laughs at itself. But this year, only the two lower classes reflected this tradition; the Juniors and Seniors were more interested in conveying a "serious message." This involves a great many difficulties which only the Seniors were able to overcome.

The Freshman play was a somewhat confusing hybrid of *Alice in Wonderland* and a Students' Council trial. Dormouse was on trial for his part in the Mad Hatter's tea orgy, a reference to the events following the Ursinus football game. But although the situation was rich in satiric and humorous possibilities, these were rarely realized. The



satire was of a highly unspecific nature (i.e. there were no caricatures of particular people or events) while the humor consisted in pulling brassieres from a suitcase. I don't imagine the writers break into laughter when they pass a lingerie shop, so they should have realized that something has to be done with underwear to make it humorous. The lack of music and the uncoordinated staging helped make the play appear highly unpolished. However, the excellent acting (particularly Munson Hicks) and a few excellent lines ("When I make tea I make tea: and when I make water I make water") indicate that the class will do better next year. Bryan Kurtz, of course, deserves a special award for the most enormous bosom ever seen at Haverford.

The Sophomores were in the grand tradition of Class Night: their play was remarkably disconnected — in fact, it had no recognizable plot at all. The only continuity was provided by a garbage can watching and commenting on the proceedings. But in spite of its lack of unity, the play was humorous and lively. The sex habits and speech patterns of Haverford students were mercilessly satirized, along with the faculty ("Ariel Radio is among the ten best-dressed left-wing malcontents in the country") admin-



istration (in the person of Smeldo Pizzeria) and kitchen staff (Ma Nookie and three black-faces). And the high point of the entire evening was the filmed segment of a Barclay date, with Stan Pritchard playing the ragtime piano, and Clay Stites battling Bob Hipkens for a hairy-legged Bryn Mawr lovely (Dave Fraser). That the filming took place between one and seven in the morning, with most of the participants in no condition to perform, indicates, again, the disorganized, though spirited character of the play.

The Junior play was a mistake. Good acting simply could not make "Little Reality" anything but trite, nor could it make the "message" seem important or the reworked television commercials humorous. In order to make Tony the janitor convincing at Haverford, one needs to come up with better writing than that found in the soap operas — apparently a major source of inspiration.

The Seniors, very remarkably, were able to produce a successful show without one really funny line. The staging, music and sets were all perfect, and the acting was slick and smooth. The script had a plot, development and a theme. But the theme transformed the play too easily into an exercise. Neither students nor faculty ever really doubted that:

"If faculty and student were united in design
To promote a new community of spirit and of mind
We would answer to the challenge and our studies
dedicate
To a true concern for quality and the arts that liberate."

It is usually good for a play to fight for a cause, but when the cause is chosen primarily for the play, it turns the play into nothing more than a truism. As in the Freshman and Junior shows, there was a complete lack of personal satire. There were no recognizable students or student "types" and neither Father William nor his Father-Superior-Inferior bore any relation to Bill Cadbury or James Lyons besides analogous administrative positions. Nolte and Riggan won the "Best Actor" award, not for a parody of the Lyons-Cadbury comedy act, but for the accurate portrayal of the ever-present Nolte-Riggan routine. But in spite of some mis-casting (Joe Schulze was remarkably unconvincing as the "sensitive outsider") and a generally dull script, the Senior play was a success, largely because of the beautiful production and an awareness of how much moralizing could be gotten away with.

The Sophomore and Senior plays, though both successful, were completely opposite in approach. The Sophomores showed what could be done with a maximum of satiric humor and a minimum of coherence and organization; the Seniors maximized organization, but minimized humor and satire. Possibly, sometime in the future, a class will produce a play equal in stature to *A la Recherche du Comet Perdu* put on by the Class of 1960. This play spoke out against expansion because the Seniors were really opposed to it; there was excellent acting, good music, unity of action and some wildly funny satire. It is unfortunate that one has to go back four years to find a suitable standard for Class Night.



athletics



The Ides of March, 1963, marked the end of an era in Haverford football. Roy Randall, head gridiron coach since 1933, stepped down on that date and turned over the coaching reins to his longtime assistant, Bill Docherty.

In 27 seasons, Roy Randall's teams won 63 games while losing 108; the value of Haverford football, however, could not be measured in any mathematical equation. There were some great teams (the undefeated club of 1942, for example) and some poor ones (like the last four), but the unyielding determination and courage which made Roy Randall an All-American at Brown stayed with him throughout. Randall will continue to serve Haverford as athletic director and head baseball coach.

For the last 25 years, Randall has had the devoted service of Bill Docherty as line coach, and the ex-Temple star appears to be the man capable of leading Haverford to a football renaissance. Docherty adds the football portfolio to his present positions as arbiter of the intricacies of the intramural world and resident pro of the Haverford C.C.

The junior member of the august firm of Randall, Docherty, and Prudente officially opens the athletic day at 10 a.m. every morning when he sets the office coffee pot bubbling. In between

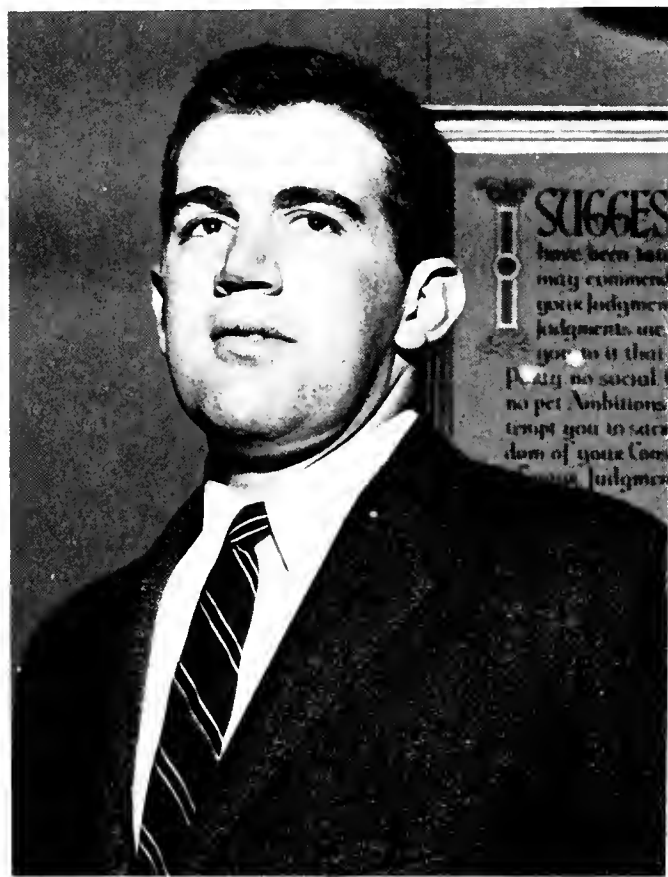
1962-1963

making coffee, Ernie Prudente managed to turn out the best basketball team in Haverford history, help with the football and baseball coaching duties, acquire a master's degree at Penn, turn dozens of ectomorphic scholars into bodies beautiful, develop his already legendary badminton and handball skills, converse with the groundskeepers in rapid-fire Italian, study enough German so that his wife and sister-in-law could no longer hide anything from him, and revitalize the weary Haverfordians who turn reeling from the Jungles of Academe.

Lest any stray misogynists point to the Haverford athletic department to support their position that men CAN run the show after all, we present the real boss of the local sportsmen, department secretary Mrs. Lee Marr. Mrs. Marr and her white Rambler appear every morning at 8:45 and leave at noon and in between solve all the problems of scheduling, rosters, records, and recalcitrant managers — with a little help from the aforementioned gentlemen.

The ubiquitous Richard O. Morsch is the fifth pillar of the athletic edifice. Healer, carpenter, equipment manager, masseur, confidant, wizard of the whirlpool, Dick Morsch can do ten things well at once and doesn't appear to know the difference



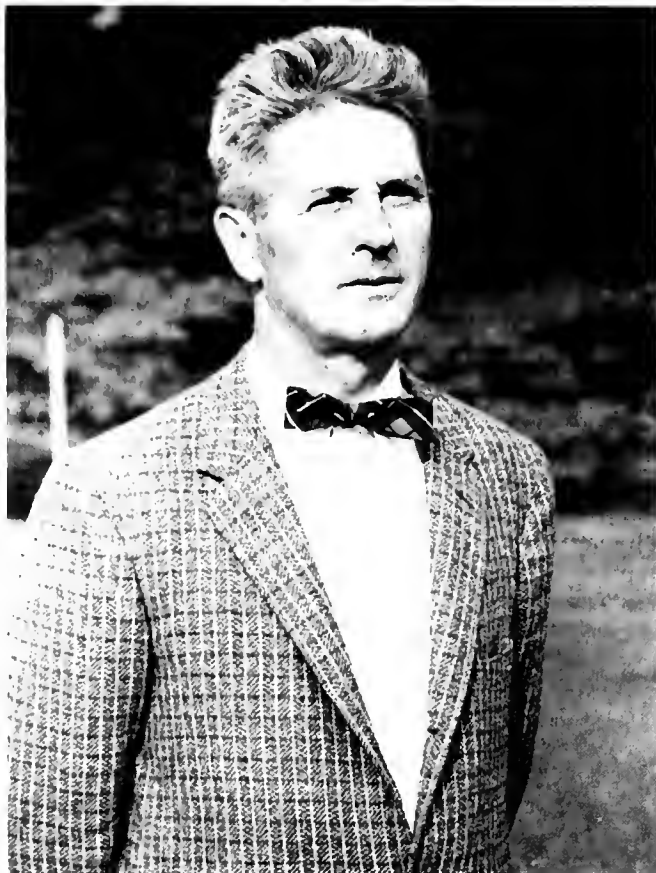


between the school's best athlete and the least talented, but aids both with a smile and consummate efficiency.

With the seasons, many others come and go devoting part of their time to the often-unrewarding task of sending Haverford's athletes out into the cruel world. One of the most successful of these is the canny Scotsman, the man with the cigar and the Olympic team jacket, Jimmy Mills, whose soccer teams consistently hold their own with the likes of Princeton and Penn, not to mention Swarthmore. Ajos (Lou) Varga, ex-Hungarian pro, was Jimmy's assisant this year.

Guardian of the paths at Haverford, both of the nature and cinder varieties, is cross-country and track coach Bill Breuninger, whose ever-present stop-watch may yet time a 9.6 sprinter or a 4:20 miler. Albert Adam, a great athlete and coach for 40-some years keeps the weightmen from working themselves into exhaustion in the spring while imparting his own wisdom to his fledgling shotputters, discusmen, and javelin throwers.

Warren Horton had his best JV basketball team ever this winter, but the former Penn quar-



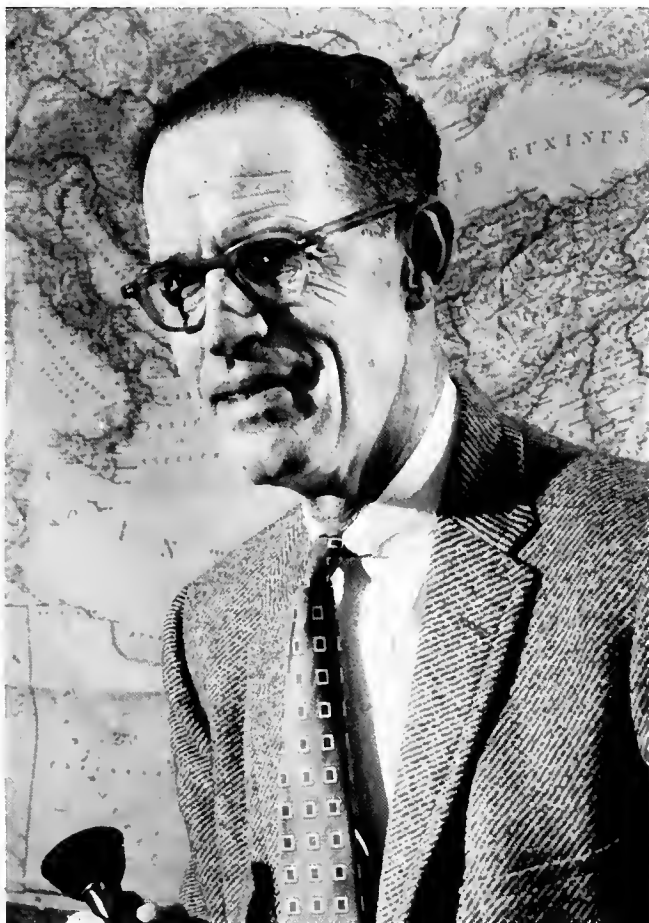
terback doesn't seem to have mellowed a bit because of it. As fiery a competitor now as he was when he and Ernie were clearing the way for Penn's backs, "Hort" has cured just about every Ford cager of severe cases of underhand layups, hook shots, and fallaway jumpers, so that Ernie could devote himself to instilling the finer points.

The coach with the best racket at Haverford is, of course, Norm Bramall, now in his 36th season as tennis mentor. Norm never makes any extravagant remarks about his charges' strengths; their defeated opponents are usually willing to handle that chore.

Henri Gordon was born in London, but still brings the Continental touch to Haverford in his duties as fencing mentor. The art of swordplay is not a primary activity in American high schools, so Henri usually starts from scratch and ends up with a host of athletes ready to stand in for Douglas Fairbanks on a moment's notice.

Gerald (Doc) Harter wears the hats of intramural supervisor, assistant football coach, and head wrestling coach, but perhaps he does more to immortalize the local athletes with his camera which seasonally produces the team pictures.





Only the elite group of Haverford mermen know Joe MacQuillen, but the success of the Haverford School swimming coach with the local collegians indicates that a trip across Railroad Ave., to the swimmers' home-in-exile, might be a worthwhile experience for Haverford sports enthusiasts.

Howard Comfort and his pipe emit large clouds of smoke whether they are overseeing the conjugation of ESSE or the protection of the Haverford wicket, but one suspects they might be enjoying themselves just a little bit more when engaged on Cope Field.

Finally among the men responsible for the success of the intramural program are the capable George Leute, Howard Price, and Ray Bramall.



SOCCER

On a gloomy afternoon on the final day of October, Haverford soccer appeared to have been buried in the Collegetown mud. The Fords had just blown a 2-0 lead to Ursinus and settled for a tie which left their record at 1-4-1. At this point, the booters—and the coaching genius of Jimmy Mills—asserted themselves and LaSalle, PMC, and Swarthmore fell in decisive fashion. Final record: 4-4-1, not bad for a team which had twelve underclass lettermen.

Four seniors, three of whom didn't play soccer until their sophomore year, paced the excellent Ford defense. They were goalie John Cole, fullback co-captains Tim Rose and Joe Taylor, and halfback Pete Eddy.

The booters picked up the only Hood Trophy point of the fall season, defeating Swarthmore 3-1 on goals by Ramsay Liem, Danny Hogenauer, and Tom Brown. John Cole and Dave Felsen held off the Garnet attackers.

A strong defense had been characteristic of Haverford soccer for these many years, but the offense had virtually disappeared before Hogenauer returned to revive a potent scoring punch. Ramsay Liem, Tom Brown, Keith Brinton and Bok Read helped keep the pressure on opposing goalies.

Rose, Taylor, and Cole in goal effectively discouraged most enemy forays, while center-half Oyelaran was a consistent standout in all departments. Oyelaran's penalty kick was the only goal in the season's first victory, over Stevens. Freshman goalie Felsen played enough to assure the faithful that the net will be well guarded for three more years.

The Fords were four deep at wing halfback and exhibited fine mid-field play all season. Phil Henderson won the Haverford College soccer trophy and an Olympic try-out invitation. Pete Eddy, junior Dan Smiley, and soph Roy Haberkern sparkled on frequent occasions.

"Wait 'till next year" is the most over-worked phrase in the Haverford sports lexicon, but in the case of the soccer team, it might be the most accurate. In 1962, the Ford soccermen escaped from the morass of defeat which had enveloped them since the departure of the "Bandit Wall" in 1960, and provided the foundation for winning seasons in the immediate future. As long as Jimmy Mills chews dourly on his cigar and little Quaker lads boot a soccer ball around outside the meeting-house, Haverford College soccer will flourish—and both of these happy circumstances appear likely to continue indefinitely.





Princeton 1	HAVERFORD 0
Franklin & Marshall 4	HAVERFORD 2
HAVERFORD 1	Stevens 0
Lehigh 2	HAVERFORD 1
Pennsylvania 4	HAVERFORD 1
HAVERFORD 2 (tie)	Ursinus 2
HAVERFORD 3	LaSalle 1
HAVERFORD 4	Penn Military 0
HAVERFORD 3	Swarthmore 1
SEASON RECORD: 4-4-1		

**SOCCER
SQUAD
1962~63**





FOOTBALL

On November 3, 1962, there were earthquakes in Peru, floods in Afghanistan, supernovae in Andromeda, a new curriculum at Connecticut College—and a Haverford football victory. Roy Randall was jubilantly carried from wind-torn Walton Field after a splendid football victory in a career that had known many others.

Junior halfback Johnny Aird smashed into the Ursinus end-zone in the fourth quarter to end the Fords' 21-game losing streak begun in 1959.

The Ursinus game and the strong showing against Wilkes the next week redeemed the season and proved that Bill Docherty may create a respectable football team sooner than many scholars realize. Haverford football had been a campus joke since 1959; November 3 changed all that.

The victory over Ursinus had seemed in advance about as possible as a 95 in Wallace MacCaffrey's History II. Losses to Wagner, Dickinson, Johns Hopkins, and Hamilton had demonstrated that the Fords had desire but little else. The Ursinus and Wilkes performances radiated a golden promise which even the painful Swarthmore debacle could not dim.

Only one Ford on the field against Ursinus had ever participated in a Haverford victory: captain Joe Schulze. Joe's fierce leadership and courageous performance rallied a team which could have quit after its drub-



Wagner 25	HAVERFORD 0
Dickinson 26	HAVERFORD 0
Johns Hopkins 20	HAVERFORD 0
Hamilton 48	HAVERFORD 8
HAVERFORD 6	Ursinus 0
Wilkes 34	HAVERFORD 14
Swarthmore 60	HAVERFORD 6

SEASON RECORD: 1-6



bing loss to Hamilton. Guards Ernie Northrup and Roy David were other remnants of the formidable girdiron hordes of '63, who departed the gym with laurels.

Several promising freshman helped ignite the flame of victory. Among them were Danny Murphy, Mark Slotkin, Bryan Kurtz, Keith Tunnell, and Tillman Saylor.

The local linemen were bigger and more plentiful than previously, especially ends Schulze, Saylor, Tunnell, and John Tomaro, tackles Reed Fry, Bryan Kurtz, and Max Bockol, guards Roy David, Ernie Northrup, and Haigh Fox, and centers Mark Slotkin, Harrison Spencer, and Doug Spaeth. John Aird and quarterbacks Dan Murphy and Steve Dalloio paced the backfield. Garry Mitchell, George Hsu, and Chuck Lawrence were other top backs.

George Sargent, for two years a star center and linebacker, had his playing career ended by a knee condition, but Sarge carried on as head manager.



FOOTBALL SQUAD, 1962-63



The life of a harrier is not always a happy one, and the nature path is not always an idyllic country lane, especially during a driving rain in 35-degree weather. Haverford's cross-countrymen overcame these natural hazards and their opponents on four occasions last year to post a 4-6 mark, their best in several seasons. Victories came over Penn Military (twice), Johns Hopkins, and Moravian.

Unlike past years, no students were lost on the courses, no search parties had to be organized and the various woodland animals were only a minor obstacle.

Freshman Bob Hillier started the year off right when he followed enough of brother Dave's ('60) footsteps to win individual honors in a rout of PMC.

The top season-long performer, however, was senior Frank Pollard, whose hours on the course paid

off with several outstanding races during the campaign. Captain Ed Hartman did not match Pollard's achievements, but the veteran distance runner still had a fine senior season.

Junior Mike Nevin returned to the running wars and turned in some superb races. Underclassmen Pete Lucas, Fred Weil, Phil Van Newkirk, Bob Hillier, and Sam Hopkins all had moments of glory.

Coach Bill Breuninger had one of his largest squads in years striding over the ups and downs of the 4.5 mile Haverford course. Pollard and Hartman will be hard to replace, but this form of strenuous communion with nature appears to be on its way back at Haverford. As President Kennedy and the 50-mile hike proved, cross-country is the sport of the future.

CROSS COUNTRY

1962-63

HAVERFORD 17	Penn Military 40
Franklin-Marshall 27	HAVERFORD 30
HAVERFORD 20	Johns Hopkins 42
Lafayette 15	HAVERFORD 45
Lehigh 21	HAVERFORD 34
Albright 21	HAVERFORD 35
HAVERFORD 21	Penn Military 39
HAVERFORD 15	Moravian 48
Temple 15	HAVERFORD 50
Swarthmore 15	HAVERFORD 48

SEASON RECORD: 4-6



WRESTLING

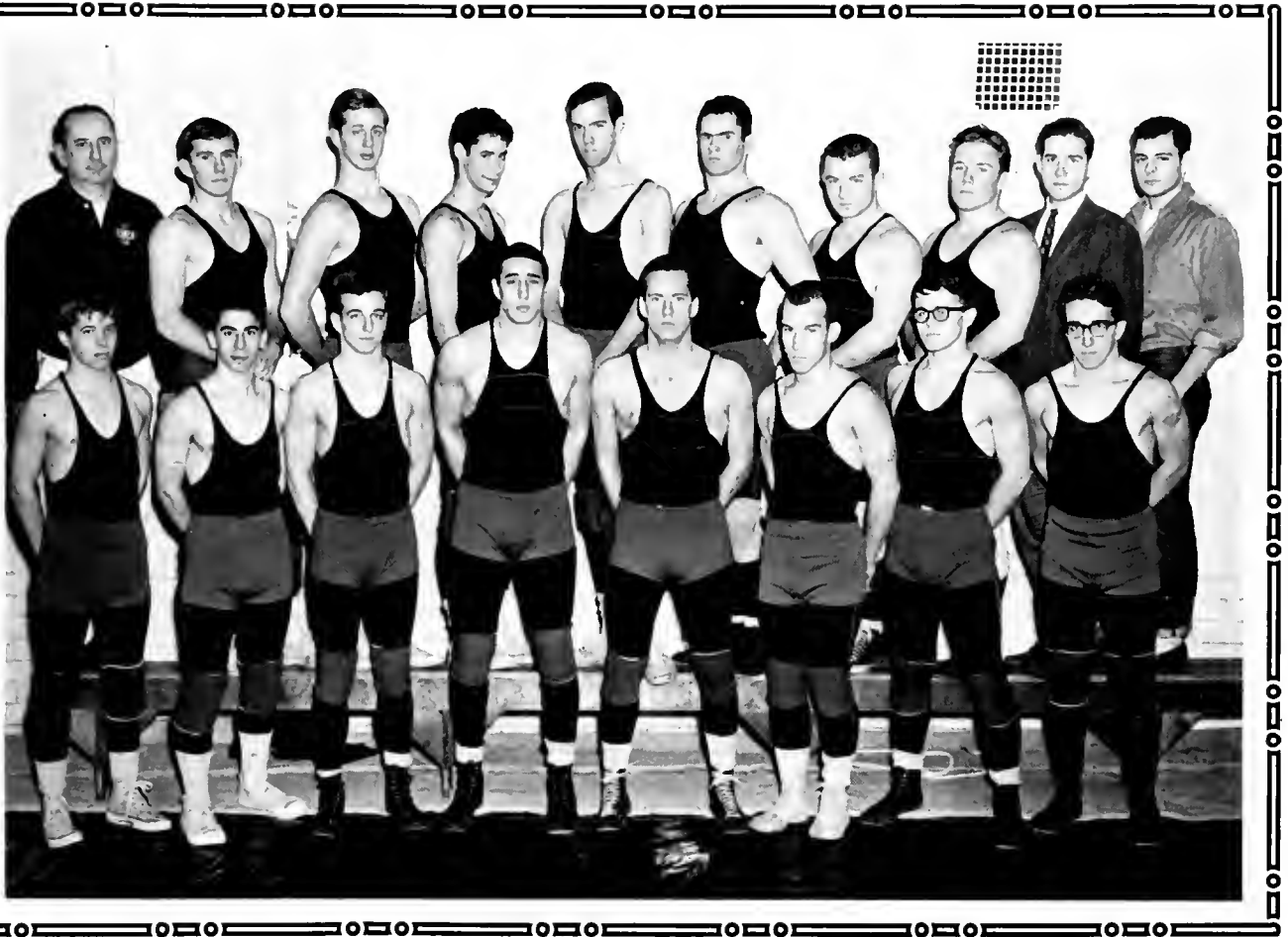
Doc Harter sent his little lambs out to slaughter on the wrestling mats eight times this season, but, as surprised opponents discovered in later contests Haverford's men didn't always meekly submit to their fate. Determination provided the Fords with no substitute for experience, however, and Haverford lost eight straight. Only the Wagner match, a 23-13 victory for the Flying Dutchmen from Staten Island, was a struggle through the final bouts.

Co-captain Norm Pearlstine defied all competition. Norm wrestled at whatever weight the situation demanded and won most of his bouts. Pearlstine, a junior, will be the man to lead the Fords next year out of their wrestling doldrums.

Senior co-captain Rans Fasoldt typified the Fords' plight. Fasoldt was unable to make the weight to enter the early matches. When he joined team competition in February, Rans registered some impressive performances.

Soph Fred Weil showed the greatest improvement among Haverford wrestlers this season. Charley Wolfinger, Barry Seagren, Dave Elliott, Doug Spaeth, Steve Cordi, and Chuck Holzer were other aggressive Haverford mat contenders. Of the JV tacklers, Ron Schwarz was the most promising.



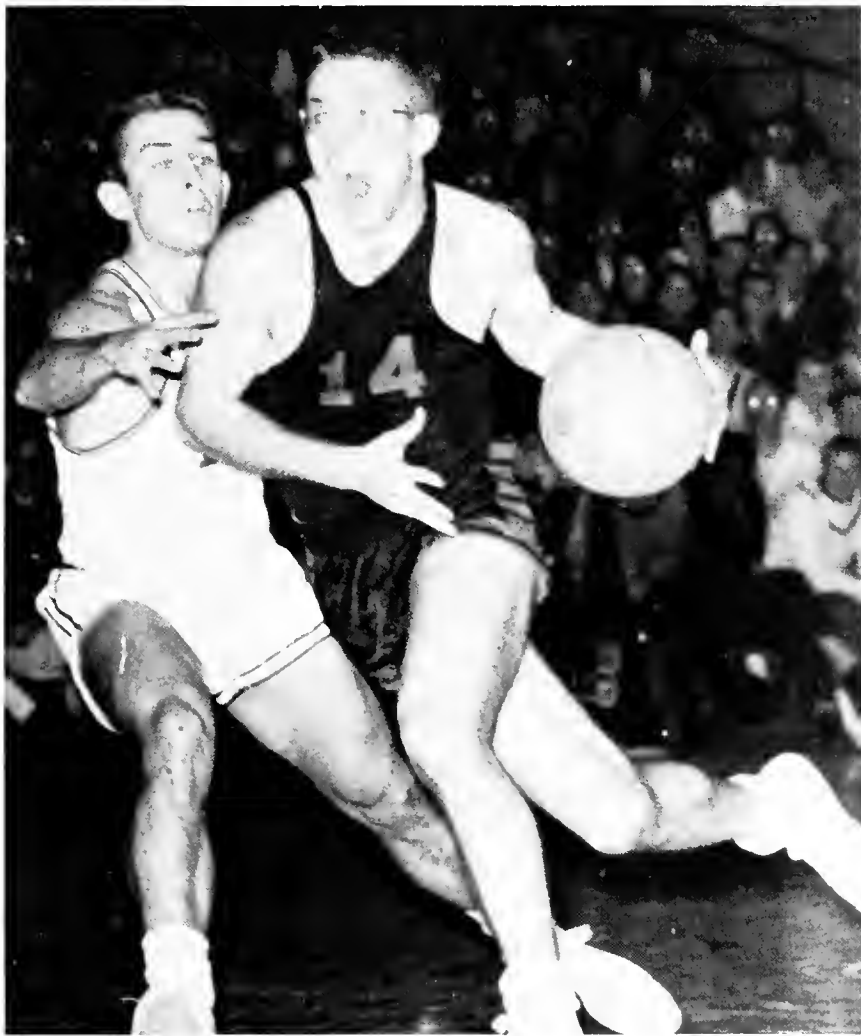


**wrestling
squad,
1962-63**



Delaware 34	HAYERFORD 0
Albright 34	HAYERFORD 0
Ursinus 31	HAYERFORD 3
Johns Hopkins 27	HAYERFORD 5
Drexel 29	HAYERFORD 3
Wagner 23	HAYERFORD 13
Penn Military 31	HAYERFORD 3
Swarthmore 26	HAYERFORD 6

SEASON RECORD: 0-8



BASKETBALL

A funny thing happened to Haverford's basketball team on the way to the Middle Atlantic Conference playoffs—it compiled the best season record in Haverford history, a 12-3 mark. The Fords were second in the MAC's Southern Division, and even two losses in the conference tourney left the final record a highly commendable 12-5.

With the exception of Drexel's Dragons, who handed the Fords three of their five defeats, Haverford's opponents found themselves frustrated by the Fords' 1-2-2 zone defense, which carried the locals to a place on the NCAA small-college defensive honor roll.

Two big men, 6-9 Pete Dorwart and 6-6 Hunt Rawlings, and two medium-sized ones, 6-1 Capt. Jerry Darlington and 5-11 junior Eliot (Bang) Williams, were the individual standouts for Ernie Prudent but all season long the Fords maintained a fine team effort.

Seven seniors and four juniors plus one precocious freshman (Rawlings) gave the Fords great experience and depth. Dorwart was the nation's 6th leading small-college rebounder, the MAC's top board-sweeper, an 18-point per game scorer, and the bane of enemy sharpshooters. Darlington was a crack team leader, averaged about 15 ppg. and turned in a superb rebounding and defensive performance.

Seniors Stu Levitt, Bruce Foerster, and Kent Smith each contributed in many ways, with Levitt's deadly jump shot, Foerster's rebounding and play-making, and Smith's defense highlighting their performances. Bob Ruberg and Greg Kannerstein were valuable reserves.



The Fords had no problems when they wanted to break an enemy press—they just gave the ball to Bang Williams and got out of his way. The bespectacled junior's dribbling, driving, and defense were instrumental in the team's late-season surge. Rich Cooper and Don Ratajczak, both juniors, were capable front-court subs with sharp shooting eyes. Murray Levin lent speed to the back-court.

Rawlings was a tough rebounder when the season began and the soft-spoken Virginian showed so much all-around improvement as the campaign progressed that he was the team's top performer in the MAC tournament. His 22-point showing against national power Hofstra sent a chill over several court coaches who will have to figure out how to try to stop this prodigy over the next three years.

The season's log included many notable victories, among them two decisions over Swarthmore (one of them a double-overtime spine-tingler), a 73-55 runaway over highly-rated Franklin & Marshall, and routs of Johns Hopkins and Stevens. Haverford's return to the Palestra, after a 30-year absence, was not the happiest of occasions, as Drexel took a 61-38 decision. The Ford's second-place finish in the MAC, based on a 9-3 league record, was the highest conference standing ever earned by a Haverford team.

Warren Horton's junior varsity fell quickly into winning ways and ended up with a 5-3 record, the best in six years. Soph Walt Whitman and freshmen Marsh Robinson, Dave Felsen, Tillman Saylor, and Dave Kane were the regulars and are all outstanding varsity prospects.



	FIELD GOALS				FREE THROWS			REBOUNDS		PF	POINTS	
	G	Att	Made	Pct	Att	Made	Pct	No	Avg		No	No
Darlington	17	278	100	.360	66	42	.646	131	7.7	22	242	14.2
Dorwart	17	228	88	.386	124	79	.637	314	18.5	35	277	16.3
Rawlings	17	165	60	.364	59	36	.609	178	10.5	31	156	9.2
Williams	17	98	42	.428	74	44	.595	57	3.4	50	123	7.5
Foerster	17	60	19	.315	11	8	.364	55	3.2	25	46	2.7
Levitt	15	84	36	.428	17	10	.590	37	2.5	29	82	5.5
Smith	15	59	21	.356	15	9	.600	42	2.8	19	51	3.4
Cooper	16	53	19	.358	14	6	.429	24	1.5	28	44	2.8
Ratajczak	14	28	6	.214	8	3	.375	18	1.3	14	15	1.1
Ruberg	11	13	6	.462	5	5	1.000	6	0.5	8	17	1.5
Kannerstein	10	6	3	.500	7	3	.430	4	0.4	5	9	0.9
Levin	11	13	4	.307	0	0	.000	5	0.5	2	8	0.7
Whitman	1	3	1	.333	0	0	.000	2	2.0	0	2	2.0
Robinson	1	0	0	.000	1	0	.000	2	2.0	0	0	0.0



BASKETBALL SQUAD. 1962-63

Haverford 72 Drew 53
 Haverford 63 Pharmacy 52
 Haverford 62 John Hopkins 45
 Haverford 73 Penn Military 67
 Moravian 69 **Haverford 54**
 Haverford 72 Ursinus 56
 Drexel 61 **Haverford 38**
 Haverford 74 Stevens 45
 Haverford 55 Delaware Valley 44
 Haverford 88 Ursinus 74
 Haverford 65 Swarthmore 55
 Drexel 59 **Haverford 41**
 Haverford 77 Penn Military 69
 Haverford 73 Franklin & Marshall 55
 Haverford 59 Swarthmore 50

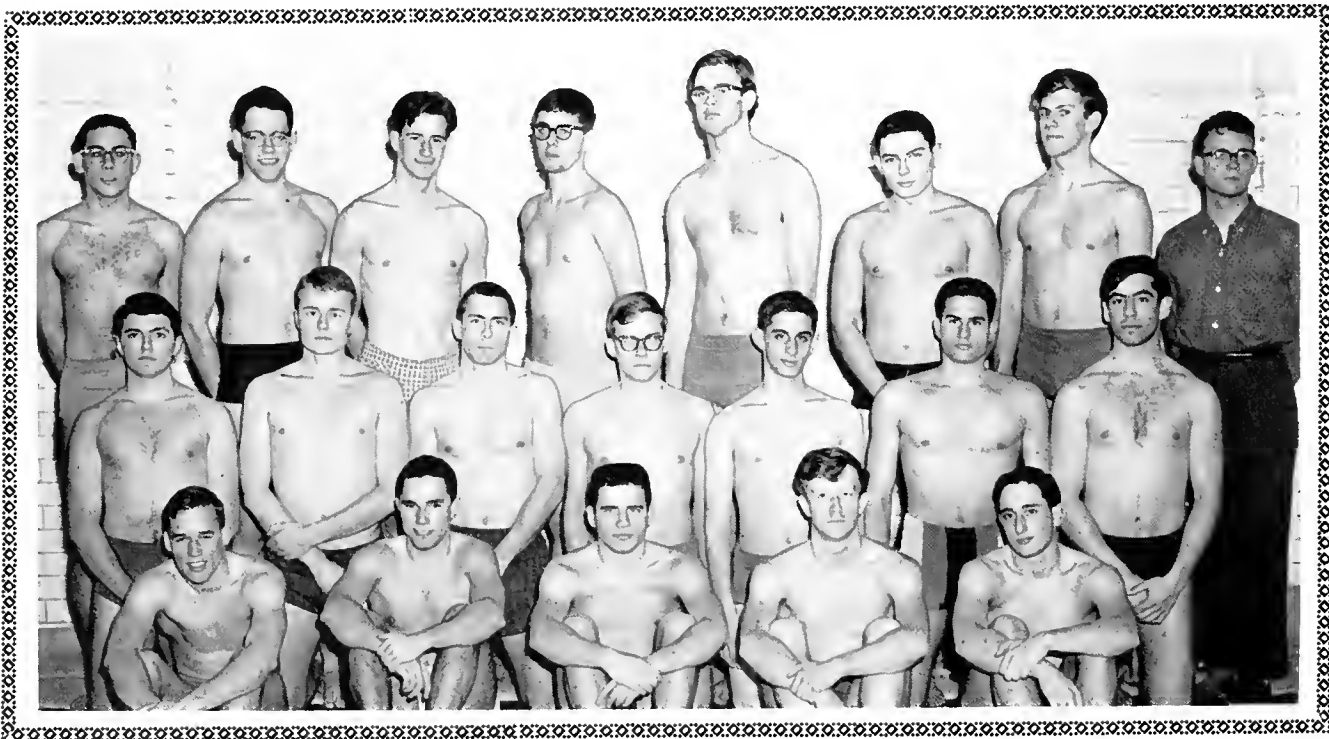
MAC TOURNAMENT

Hofstra 86 **Haverford 56**
 Drexel 61 **Haverford 56**

SEASON RECORD: 12 3

PLAY-OFF RECORD: 0 2

TOTAL RECORD: 12 5





SWIMMING

Haverford doesn't have a swimming pool worthy of the name, but it very definitely does have a swimming team, one that has made remarkable progress during the three years since its reorganization. Joe MacQuillen's natators had a 2-4 record this season with some fine individual performances. The two victories came over basketball nemesis Drexel and two of the losses were to powerful Temple and Swarthmore. PMC destroyed all local chances for a winning season by edging the Fords twice, 45-40, and 53-42.

Captain Dave Leonard, the man who re-introduced Haverford athletes to water, completed three years as team leader with a fine season. Leonard, a free-styler, specialized in the longer distances, while John Carroll, another senior, did a fine job in the shorter races.

Freshman Stan Young, specializing in the arduous butterfly, was perhaps the team's outstanding performer. Other leading racers were Dick Adelman, Ted Christy, Ion Youman, Stu MacDougal, and John Hoover. Pete Scherer was the squad's diver.



Penn Military 45	HAVERFORD 40
Penn Military 53	HAVERFORD 42
HAVERFORD 53	Drexel 42
HAVERFORD 50	Drexel 45
Temple 57	HAVERFORD 38
Swarthmore 64	HAVERFORD 30

SEASON RECORD: 2-4

1962-63
SQUAD





FENCING

The Ford swordsmen could only gain one victory this season, a 15-12 upset over Temple. Five other matches were closely contested, however.

The Fords' greatest strength was in foil where senior captain Charley Bernheimer and the outstanding freshman, Bob Feinland, competed. Bernheimer and Feinland scored three victories each to highlight the victory over

Temple. Bill Mechling, along with Bernheimer the team's only senior, was another foil specialist who had notable success.

John Eisele and Thornton Liechty were the top men in sabre, while George Couch made his varsity debut by winning two sabre bouts against Temple. Bill Shafer and John Major were coach Henri Gordon's epee regulars, along with freshman Freeman Cottrell.

Princeton 22	HAVERFORD 5
Rutgers 19	HAVERFORD 8
Muhlenberg 16	HAVERFORD 11
Lehigh 14	HAVERFORD 13
HAVERFORD 15	Temple 12
Lafayette 16	HAVERFORD 11
Drew 18	HAVERFORD 9
Stevens 16	HAVERFORD 11
Johns Hopkins 15	HAVERFORD 12
SEASON RECORD: 1-8	

FALL & WINTER INTRAMURALS

The Seniors and the Juniors split the honors in the first two intramural seasons as '63's boys triumphed in soccer and basketball while '64 men won in football and volleyball.

Easily the top team in the intramural picture was the senior basketball squad, which compiled a 70-5 record in four years of play and was undefeated the past two years. Joe Taylor, Tim Rose, John Cole, Corky Lipez, and Dave Hunt were the stars of the squad, which managed to post an unheard-of 58-0 shutout during their senior season.

The big upset came in the fall when the mighty Seniors, undefeated football champs in 1961, rushed off to a big lead and then were toppled unceremoniously in a late-season collapse. Rob Riordan and Chris Filstrup were the architects of the Juniors' upset, while Bruce Foerster, Bob Nolte, and Stu Levitt were Senior standouts. A combined Junior-Senior team trounced the Swarthmore champs.

In soccer, Jerry Darlington and Paul Moyer, with the help of Roger Herzel in goal, led '63 to an easy win. Dan Smiley set the pace for the Junior volleyballers en route to their title.



RAYMOND W. ANDREWS

LAWRENCE HERMAN AUER

Rules Committee 1,2,3,4; Basketball 1,2,3; SPU 2,3; Glee Club 1

PUT BARBER

Drama Club (set designer) 1,2, (secretary) 2; WHRC 1; Honor System Committee 1,2,3, (chairman) 4; Collection Speakers Committee 1,2, (chairman) 3; Final Exam Committee 3; Arts Council 2; Revue (business manager) 2,3,4, (designer) 2,3,4, (editor) 4; Record (art director & managing editor) 4; News (copy editor) 2, (feature writer) 4; Cross Country (manager) 3; Committee to Revise the Code of Student Responsibility 4

BARRY BARLOW

WHRS 2,3; Drama Club 3; Caucus Club 2,3,4

WILLIAM H. BEIK

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; WHRC 3,4

TERRY BELANGER

Orchestra (Manager) 1,2, (president) 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3,4; WHRC 2, (librarian) 3,4; News 2,3,4; Record (associate editor) 4

CHARLES BERNHEIMER

Fencing 1,2, (captain) 3,4; Collection Speakers Committee 2,3, (chairman) 4; Class Secretary 4; Final Exam Committee 3,4

HERBERT H. BLUMBERG

JAMES DAVID BLUMENTHAL

Class Night 2,3,4; Drama Club 3; Curriculum Committee 4

FRANCES PORCHER BOWLES

Drama Club 1,2,3,4, (production manager) 2,3; Arts Council 1,2; Motorcycle Association 3,4; WHRC 1

JOHN CARROLL

Swimming (varsity) 2,3,4; AIESEC (treasurer) 2; Collection Speakers Committee 3; Hammer and Sickle Club 2

JOHN COLE

Golf 1,2,3, (captain) 4; Soccer 2,3,4; News 2,3; Bridge Club 1,2,3,4; Customs 2,3; Class Officer 2,3

CHARLES B. CONN, III

Football 1; Track 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 2,3, (president) 4; Glee Club 1; WHRC 2,3; Honor System Committee 4; Rules Committee 2,3; Customs Committee 2; Customs Evaluation Committee 4; Class Night Committee 2,3,4

JOHN R. COOK

Baseball 1,2,3,4; Class Night Committee 3, (treasurer) 4; Class Night 3,4; Meeting Committee 4; Social Committee 3,4

ALAN TAFT CRANE

Soccer (manager) 4; Cross Country 1,2; Swimming 3; Glee Club 1,2,3; Bridge Club 1, (president) 3,4

DAN D. CRAWFORD

Glee Club 4; Golf 3

DAVID CLAYTON DANER

Class President 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Freshman Club Manager 2; Class Night 2,3,4; Football 1,2; Cricket 3,4; Swimming 2; Intra-Mural Soccer 3,4; Record (senior editor) 4



HORACE F. DARLINGTON, JR.

Varsity Baseball 1; Varsity Basketball 2,3, (captain) 4;
J.V. Basketball 1; Big Brother-Subfreshman Guide Com-
mittee 3,4; Glee Club 1; Sophomore Weekend Dance
Committee 2; Dormatory Committee 4; Sociology Club 4

ROY DAVID

Football 1,2,3,4; Class Night 2; Arts Council 1,2,3,4;
Drama Club 2; Wrestling 4; Hoagie Man 4

G. RAYMOND DE RIS

HOWARD DESHONG

J.V. Tennis 1,2,3; Varsity Tennis (manager) 3; Varsity
Football 3; Dining Room Committee 4; Day Students'
Committee (co-chairman) 2,3; Psychology Club 2,
(vice-president) 3,4; Parking Committee 1,2,3

WILLIAM VILLEE DORWART, JR.

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Track 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1

PETER ARMES EDDY

Varsity Soccer 4; J.V. Soccer 2,3; Class Night 3,4;
Track 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1

STEPHEN ETTINGER

Chess Team (captain) 1,2,3,4; Cross-country 2,3; Honor
System Committee 4; Record (circulation manager) 2;
Glee Club 1,2; Final Exam Committee 3,4

ROBERT HILGER EZERMAN

WHPC (technical director) 2; J.V. Soccer 1,2,3; Serv-
ice Fund Committee 4; Class Night Committee 4; Sail-
ing 3; Basketball (manager) 4



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News 1,2,3; Glee Club 1; J.V. Soccer 1,2; Wrestling 1,2,3, (co-captain) 4; Drama Club

STEVEN FLANDERS

Orchestra 1,2,3,4; Chamber Music (BMC) 1; International Relations Club 4

BRUCE SOMERNDIKE FOERSTER

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Baseball 1,2; Social Committee 2,3,4;

Customs Committee 3; Customs Evaluation Committee 3

JOSEPH E. FRANKLIN, JR.

Wrestling 1, (manager) 4; Social Committee 1,2,3,4; WHRC 3,4; Sailing 1,2,3

JAMES F. GEDDES, JR.

LOREN GHIGLIONE

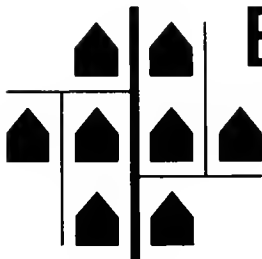
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JEFFREY WOOD GRAMBS

News 3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Cross Country 1,2

DAVID HALL

WHRC 2,3,4; Track 2,3; News 2; Glee Club 1,2

WAYNE HAMMAKER

Glee Club 1,2,3,4; Octet 3,4; Customs Committee 2; Class Night Committee 3,4; Brass Choir 3,4; Orchestra 4

EDWIN M. HARTMAN

Track 1,2,3,4; Cross-country 1,2,3, (captain) 4; News 1, 2, (sports editor) 3; Glee Club 1,2; Philosophy Club 3, 4; Founders Club 3, (secretary) 4; Meeting Committee Chairman 4

ROGER W. HERZEL

Class Night 2, (librettist-director) 3,4; Tri-College Show (librettist) 2; Arts Night 4; Bryn Mawr 1,2,3,4; Mononucleosis 2; Honor System Committee 2; News 1,2, (feature editor) 3

JOHN FREDERICK HEUSS

Wrestling Manager 2,3; Cross Country Manager 1,2; Baseball Manager 3; WHRC 1,2,3; Customs Committee 2; Record (business manager) 4

KIRK L. HILLIARD, JR.

News 3,4; Glee Club 1; Spanish Club 1,2; WHRC 3

ALFRED J. HILTEBEITEL

SIDNEY HOLLANDER

Civil Rights Committee (co-chairman) 2

GEORGE W. HOUSTON

News (advertising manager) 2, (managing editor) 3, (business manager) 4; Student Faculty Relations Committee 2,3; Used Book Store 2,3,4

JOHN D. HOUSTON, II

Glee Club 1,2; Dining Hall Committee 3,4; Bridge Club 1,2,3,4; Cross Country (manager) 4; Squash 3,4; Chess Club 1

DAVID HUNT

Record (associate editor) 4; News 2,3, (contributor) 4; J.V. Soccer 1,2,3; Golf 3,4; Bridge Club 2,3,4; Honors Collection Speaker 4; Curriculum Committee 2

JOHN P. JOHNSON

News 1,2,3,4; Tennis (manager) 3; WHRC 3,4

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Varsity Baseball 3,4; J.V. Basketball 1,2; Varsity Basketball 3,4; News 1,2, (sports editor) 3,4; News Bureau 2,3; Record (sports editor) 4

WILLIAM S. KELLEY

Track 1,2,3,4; Chemistry Club 2,3,4

ROGER L. KOHN

Dormitory Committee 3,4; WHRC (technical director) 3

PETER HAL LARY

Drama Club 2, (president) 3,4; French Club (president) 1,2

GEOFF LAWN

Glee Club 1,2,3; Tri-College Co-ordinating Committee 3,4; German Club 1,2, (secretary) 3,4; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; Varsity Fencing Manager 1; Chemistry Club 3,4; Intramural Softball (umpire) 3; Young Friends 1,2

BERNARD LEDERBERG

ANDREAS P. LEHNER

Drama Club 1,2, (secretary) 3,4; Madrigal Singers 3,4; Class Night 1; WHRC 1

DAVID LEONARD

Young Friends Committee of North America (publicity director) 1,2, (conference co-ordinator) 3,4; Swimming Team (captain) 2,3,4; Young Friends 1, (chairman) 2,3,4; Meeting Committee 2, (chairman) 3; Founders Club 3,4; J.V. Soccer 1; WHRC (treasurer) 1; International Club (treasurer) 1

WILLIAM G. LEVI

Glee Club 1,2,3, (president) 4; WHRC 1,2,3; Orchestra 4; Octet 3, (director) 4

STUART L. LEVITT

Basketball 1,2,3,4; Track 1,2,3, (co-captain) 4; Varsity Club 2,3,4

JOHN MARGOLIS

News 1, (associate editor) 2, (managing editor) 3; Customs Committee 2,3, (chairman) 4; Customs Evaluation Committee 1,2, (chairman) 3; Students Council 4; Founders Club 3,4

JOHN S. McCONAGHY, JR.

Glee Club 1, (accompanist) 2,3; Chemistry Club 2,3, (secretary-treasurer) 4; Class Night 2,3,4; Golf 3

WILLIAM HARRISON MECHLING, III

Fencing 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2

ROBERT FREDERICK MILLER

Tennis 1,3; Cross Country 2,3; Glee Club 1; Madrigals 2; Brass Choir 1

PAUL R. MOYER

Glee Club 1,2,3; Big Brother Committee 1,2,3,4; Final Exam Committee 3

K. THOMAS NOELL

Customs Evaluation Committee 1; Meeting Committee 2; Squash 3,4; WHRC 2

ROBERT W. NOLTE

Class Night 2,3,4; Drama Club 3; Honor System Committee 4; Art Series Committee 4

HANS PETER NORBERG

WHRC 1,2,3, (business manager) 4; Rules Committee 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Class Treasurer 4



ERNEST T. NORTHRUP

Varsity Football 2,3,4; Track 2,3,4; WHRC 2,3,4

WILLIAM H. PHILLIPS

FRANK H. POLLARD

Track 1,2,3, (co-captain) 4; Cross Country 2,3,4; Bridge Club 1,2,3,4; Varsity Club 2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2

CHARLES WILLIAM POWERS

News (sports editor) 2,3; Track 1,2,3,4; Honor System Committee 4; Philosophy Club 2,3,4; Record 3; Basketball 2,3; Dining Room Committee (chairman) 4; Social Committee 3; Varsity Club 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1

EDWARD SPENCER QUILL

Varsity Tennis 1,2,3, (captain) 4; J.V. Soccer 1,2; Varsity Soccer 3; Dining Room Committee 3; Dorm Committee 3

ARNOLD H. QUINT

Big Brother Sub-Freshman Guide Committee 2,3, (chairman) 4; Economics Department (assistant) 3

WILLIAM G. RIGGAN

Art Series (chairman) 4; Class Night 2, (co-best actor) 3,4; Varsity Baseball 2,3,4; J.V. Soccer 1,2

JOHN ROBERTS

Glee Club 1, (secretary) 2,3,4; German Club 2; Drama Club 1,2; Class Treasurer 1

TIMOTHY L. ROSE

Student Council 1,2, (treasurer) 3, (president) 4; Varsity Soccer 3, (co-captain) 4; Founders Club; Glee Club 1,2,3; WHRC 1,2; Parent's Day Committee 2,4

ROBERT L. RUBERG

Haverford News 1,2,3, (sports editor) 4; J.V. Basketball 1,2; Varsity Basketball 3,4; Student-Faculty Relations Committee 3, (chairman) 4; News Bureau 3,4

J. DOUGLAS RUFF

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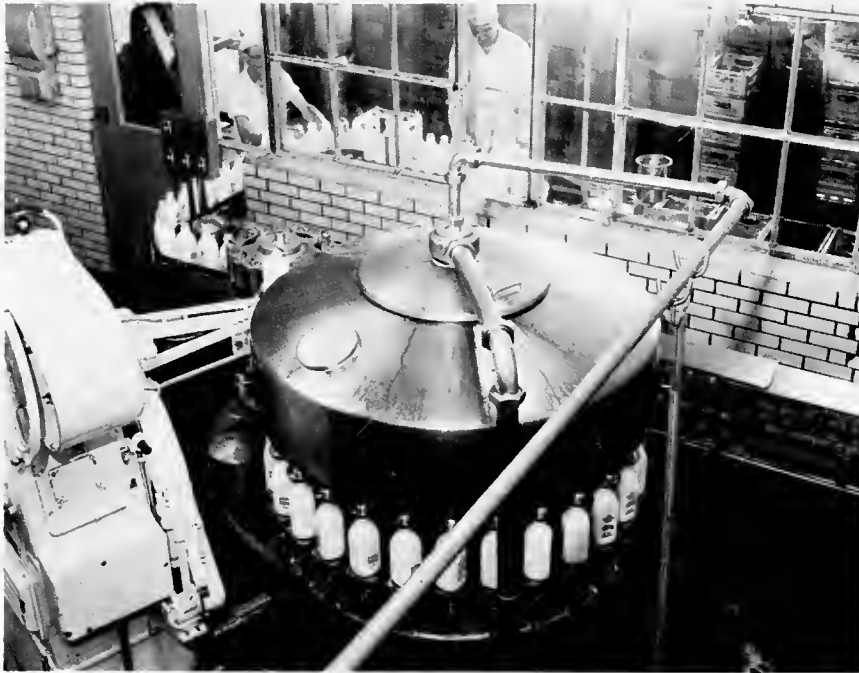
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THOMAS M. SCHWEITZER
 Arts Council 4; Psychology Club 2,3; German Club 1,2

STEPHEN J. SHAFER
 Orchestra 1; J.V. Football 1; J.V. Baseball 1; Class Night 1,2; Class Dance (chairman) 2

BILL SHERMER
 Varsity Football 2,3; J.V. Football 1; J.V. Wrestling 2; Varsity Wrestling 1; Day Students Committee 2

ANDREW SIEGEL
 Varsity Baseball 2; Glee Club 1,2; J.V. Baseball 1; J.V. Soccer 1,2; J.V. Basketball 1; Class Night 2

GEORGE P. SMITH
 Student Christian Movement 1,2,3,4; Glee Club 1,2,3; Cricket 1,2,3,4; Swimming 2,3,4; Customs Committee 4

KENT G. SMITH
 Students' Council 1,2; Class President 1; J.V. Baseball 1; Varsity Baseball 2,3; (captain) 4; J.V. Basketball 1,2; Varsity Basketball 3,4; Final Exam Committee (chairman) 3,4; Honor System Committee 4; Service Fund 1,2; Customs Committee 3; Record (senior editor) 4; Glee Club 1; Caucus Club 1,2; Varsity Club 3,4; Class Night 1

STEVE SMITH
 Student Peace Union 3,4; News 1,2,3

FRANK J. STANLEY, III
 Varsity Tennis 1,2,3; (co-captain) 4; Squash; Varsity Club 1,2; (secretary-treasurer) 3,4; Sociology Club (xenophobic activist)

JOSEPH H. TAYLOR, JR.
 Soccer 3; (co-captain) 4; J.V. Basketball 1,2; Class Secretary 3; Class Vice President 4; Varsity Club 3,4; Bridge Club 2,3,4

CHARLES A. THRALL
 S.P.U. 2,3,4; Civil Rights 1,2,3; Meeting Committee 3,4; Caucus Club 1,2

RICHARD W. UNGER
 WHRC 1,2,3,4; Football Manager 3,4; Glee Club 1

ROSS VAN DENBERGH
 Glee Club 1

ANTHONY F. VINCENT
 French Club 1,2,3,4; German Club 2,3; Glee Club 1

ANTHONY J. WALTON
 Customs Committee 2,3,4; Customs Evaluation Committee 1,2,3; Glee Club 1,2,3; Student Advisor 3,4; J.V. Baseball 1; News 3

MICHAEL WEBER
 Glee Club 1,2; Drama Club 1; Final Exam Committee 3

MIKE WERNER
 Students Council 4; Orchestra 1,3,4; Class Night 1,3,4; Chess Club 1; (champion) 3,4; Corporation Scholarship 1,2

ROBERT A. WHITE
 Orchestra 1,2,4; Spanish Club 1,2,4; Glee Club 1,2; Class Night 2

MICHAEL WICHURA
 Orchestra 1,2,3,4; Curriculum Committee 4

LINDSLEY WILLIAMS
 Student Affairs Co-ordinator 4; Customs Committee 4; Student Affairs Co-ordinator 4; Customs Committee 4; Dormitory Committee 2,3; (chairman) 4; Dining Room Committee 2,3; WHRC 1; (production manager) 3; Customs Evaluation Committee 2; Varsity Club 2,3,4; Soccer (trainer) 2,3,4; Cross-country (assistant man-



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ager) 2; Basketball (trainer) 4; Track (manager) 1,2; (trainer) 3,4 The Seed 1,2,3,4; Class Night Committee 4

JOHN S. WOOD
 Glee Club 1,2,3; Schutz Singers 3; Madrigal Singers 4; Dining Room Committee 2; Customs Evaluation Committee 1

FREDERICK ROBERT WORTH, III
 Spanish Club 1,2; vice president) 4; Glee Club 1,2; J.V. Fencing 1; Class Night 2; Madrigal Singers 4

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Mr. and Mrs. Frederick G. Auer
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—10—

Don Sonnenborn and Ellen Silberblatt

—11—

What is wrong with this picture?

Dave Felsen

—12—

Denny Rich

—13—

Prof. Frank Quinn teaching a joint Haverford-Bryn Mawr class in the Library garden.

—15—

Hugh Borton (President)

—16—

I Barclay Bollas (Information), William Sheppard (Alumni), Charles Perry (Development) II Walter Baker (V.P., Development)

—18—

William E. Cadbury (Dean)

—19—

James Lyons (Dean of Students)

—20—

Aldo Caselli (Comptroller), with unidentified student.

—21—

Marilyn Curran, Miriam Nugent, Mary Glynn

—23—

Archibald MacIntosh (Vice-President):

—32-33—

I: Douglas Heath, Bradford Cook, George Heise, Edwin Bronner, William Ambler, William Reese, Walter Baker, Robert Williamson, Harry Pfund, Sydney Perloe, Irving Finger, Howard Comfort, John Davison, William Sheppard, Robert Walter, Cletus Oakley, Wallace Brewster, William Davidon, Howard Teaf, Ernest Prudente, Philip Beil, Paul Hare, John Chesick, Vernon Ingraham, Brooks II: William Docherty, Archibald MacIntosh, Aryeh Kosman, Alfred Diamant, John Spielman, Fay Selove (behind Margaret Mathies), Thomas Benham, Ralph Sargent, Theodor Hertz, Forrest Comfort, Alfred Satterthwaite, Robert Butman, III: Ottomar Rudolph, James Lyons, Gerhard Spiegler, Manule Asensio, Clayton Holmes, Frank Quinn, Hugh Borton, George Kennedy, Wesley Thompson, Elizabeth Zen, Marcel Gutwirth, English Showalter.

—34—

Prof. Wallace T. MacCaffrey (History)
Prof. Howard Teaf (Economics), Ray Andrews, at Faculty-Student Soccer Game
Prof. Edgar Rose (English)
Prof. Alfred Diamant (Political Science)

—36—

Prof. Alfred Satterthwaite (English)
Prof. Edwin B. Bronner (History, Curator Quaker Collection):
Portrait: Rufus Jones
Prof. George Kennedy (Classics)

—37—

Prof. Marcel Gutwirth (Romance Languages)
Professor Fay Selove (Physics), Professor Paul Desjardins (Philosophy)

—38—

Mrs. Tracy Kosman, Isaac Kosman, Joshua Kosman, Prof. Aryeh Kosman
Prof. Bradford Cook (Romance Languages), at Faculty-Student Soccer Game

—39—

Prof. Douglas Heath (Psychology)
Prof. Paul Hare (Psychology),
Professor Douglas Heath (Psychology), Professor Margaret Mathies (Biology)

—40—

Prof. Eugene Smolensky (Economics)
Prof. Robert Walter (Chemistry)
Prof. English Showalter (French)

—41—

Prof. John Spanier (Political Science)
Mrs. Madelyn Gutwirth (Romance Languages)
Prof. John Ashmead (English)

—95—

B. Dov Lederberg (treading on thin ice?)
Joe Schulze (standing on *tabula firma?*)

—98—

David Leonard, John D. Margolis, Edwin Hartman, Loren Ghiglione

—99—

Dr. William Reese

—100—

—101—

I Inui, Morris, Ward, Scoll, Bazelon, Roberts, Brookes, Smith, Toan, Pancoast, Falls, Baik, Bates, Wood, Macmillan II Major, Whittington, Woodward, Crooks, Coblentz, Cobet, Sargent, Mack, Sifferlan, Polster, Salazar, Peterson, Macan, Bundy, Liem, Belanger, Leppik, Olton III Levi, Zapp, Jacobs, Friedman, Nichols, Johnston, Dr. Reese, Rosso, Watson, Gruen, Ruppenthal, Glass Dean, Williams, Hammaker, Dott

- 102—
Don Reinfeld
- 103—
Ginger McShane
T. Belanger, N. Pearlstine
- 104—
Pete Scherer, Larry Mick, Tim Sterrett, Neil MacMillan, Griff Smith, Dave Olton, Barry Seagren, Robert Graves, Paul Becker, T. Belanger, J. Heuss, J. Major, S. Gillam, R. de Ris, P. Barber, M. Nelson
Kerry Berland, Bill Schafer
- 105—
Terry Belanger and Norm Pearlstine
- 106—
George Houston, David Hunt, Loren Ghiglione, Griff Smith, Jerry Schwertfeger, John Cooper, Tony Rosner
- 107—
- 108—
Dick Wertime, Alan Williamson, Pat Barber, Paul Hopper, Dov Lederberg
- 109—
Dick Unger
- 110—
I Doug Spaeth, Spencer Quill, Danny Hogenauer, Dave Busey II, John Cole, Roy David, Chuck Conn, Pete Eddy, Dan Smiley, Joe Taylor, Al Crane, Tillman Saylor, Jerry Darlington, Kent Smith, Geoffrey Lawn, Rick Carson III, Lindsey Williams, Fred Weil
- 111—
Reed Carson, Steve Ettinger, Steve Johnson, Ernst Hartner, Mike Punzak, Bob Toan
- 112—
John Cole, Al Crane, Spencer Quill, Mike Werner, Joe Taylor, Dave Hunt
- 114—
Tony Vincent, John Kabat
- 115—
Robert Hillman, W. Geoffrey Lawn, James MacRae, David Yaffe, Fred Weil, Justus Cobet, Ronald Schwarz, William Lyon, Doyle Davis
- 116—
Robert White, Micomona Espantosa, Fred Worth, Jorge Salazar, Michael Rainey, William Dean, Robert Schack, Jonathan Chace, Eugene Sarver, Trasnochita Cachandeo, Chris Filstrup
- 117—
Larry Auer, John Darnell, Kerry Berland, Rod Fritchley, George Smith, Russ Stetler, Dave Leonard, Bob Perisho, Al Sifferlen, Dave Elliott, John Watson, Bob Woodward, Jon Wheeler
- 118—
I Jerry Schwertfeger, Carolyn Wade, Tem Horowitz, John Hoover, Sandy Blackly II, Carol Schrier, Pam Goold, Roian Fleck, Munson Hicks, Jane Robbins, Peter Lary, Terry Van Brunt, Andy Lehner I, John Hoover, Sandy Blachley, Howard Bush, Peter Larry II, Andy Lehner
- 119-120—
Taylor Grant
Lloyd Lee, Robert Munger, David Lerner, Peter Moskowitz, Peter Lary, John Hoover, Munson Hicks, John Pierce
- 121—
Rev. William Coffin (Yale Chaplain, Freedom Rider) speaking in collection.
- 122—
Taylor Grant speaking in collection
_____, Bill Levi, Murray Levin, Allan Williamson, Joe Schulz, Bob Nolte, John Zapp, Gary Mitchell, Ed Hartman, _____, Jay Schamberg, Jeff Lawn, John Aird, Russ Stetler, Lew Birmingham, Bob Toan, Bob Gillingham, Bob Gallway, Pete Moskowitz, Clay Stites, Dan Forkin
- 123—
I Kohn, Kelley, Kannerstein, J. Johnson, J. Houston, G. Houston, Hollander, Hilliard, Spiegel, Stavis, Stone, Thrall, Van Denbergh, Vincent, Walton, Weber, Werner II, Gillam, Gilbert, Ghiglione, Geddes, Franklin, Foerster, Fasoldt, Flanders, Ezerman, Riggan, Rose, Ruberg, Ruff, Schulze, Schweitzer, Schwentker, Shafer, Shermer III, David, Darlington, Daneker, Crawford, Conn, McConaghy, Mechling, Miller, Moyer, Nolte, Norberg, Northrup IV, Beik, Barlow, Andrews, Lary, Lawn, Lederberg, Levi, Levitt, Lipez, Raach.
- 128—
(clockwise) Jack Williams, Art Wood, Rob Manoff, Roy Gutman, Harrison Spencer, Monroe Sonnenborn, Tim Rose, Rick Bazelon, John Margolis, Don Sonnenborn, Mike Werner
- 132—
Chevy Chase, Munson Hicks, Bryan Kurtz, Harold Walker
- 133—
Tom Brown, Harrison Spencer, Howard Pancoast, John Rosso, Mike Stept, Bob Gallway, Bob Baskerville, Chuck Lawrence, Dick Morris
- 134—
Chris Jacobs, Rob Riordan, George Sargent, ? ?
- 135—
Will Riggan and miscellaneous monks.



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**COMPLIMENTS
OF
THE
CLASS
OF
1963**



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How often have you heard it? Heard the mutter, growl or the shout, "this place doesn't know what it's doing"? All too often? Yet, looking back the very vagueness and inconsistency that has prompted such complaints seems the peculiar power of Haverford. It is characteristic that no attempt to write down "goals" in order to live up to them has succeeded.

And it's because Haverford has many goals, and many tasks. The kid who's decided to be a doctor must be shown the value of philosophy. The poet with the beard must be convinced of the power of knowledge. Each Haverford student is a unique problem — and beyond the goal of meeting each problem as it appears, Haverford's goals must be inconsistent and varied.

This multiplicity of goals has its disadvantages—faculty power struggles, administrative empire building, student confusion. In the midst of it all, though, each of us has been forced to choose a path—a path that leads to our own silent peak in Darien.

Haverford has its own forms of narrow-mindedness of course, and its prejudices. But it has few sacred cows. The mooing of sacred cows is heard too often in this world, and we should be grateful for our four-year respite from that mournful sound. Haverford has taught us to recognize it. All the skill and knowledge in the world has never been able to silence it completely. (If there weren't a couple of sacred cows around, what of class night? what of the

NEWS? how would we have learned to recognize the sound of plaintive mooring?)

Well-intentioned talks about the dangers of ivory towers are all too frequent at graduation time. But Haverford is an ivory tower. And as long as the foundation is sound, builder build on. The higher our tower reaches and the whiter it gleams, the more we should rejoice at having been there once. All too soon this tower we have lived in for four years will gleam a distant and impossible city on the horizon of our memory.

Much of what we have done here has been playing with the symbols of being grown up—elections and committees and growing beards; footnotes and peace marches and subscriptions to PLAYBOY. But when one looks at the real toys of the adult world—the bombs and the bills and the paychecks and the children—one feels perhaps a little practice with blanks is in order.

It a thing that gets said seldom—probably because it's the simplest thing to say and sounds it. But the men who strive in perplexity to keep the walls of the tower true and the foundations sound deserve to hear it said once, straight out. Therefore, at the final curtain, let it be said once, straight out:

Haverford is a good college and a fine place in which to be and have been.

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finis
finis**

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