

# THE RECORD

1967

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Haverford College  
The Record 1967

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# ARTS



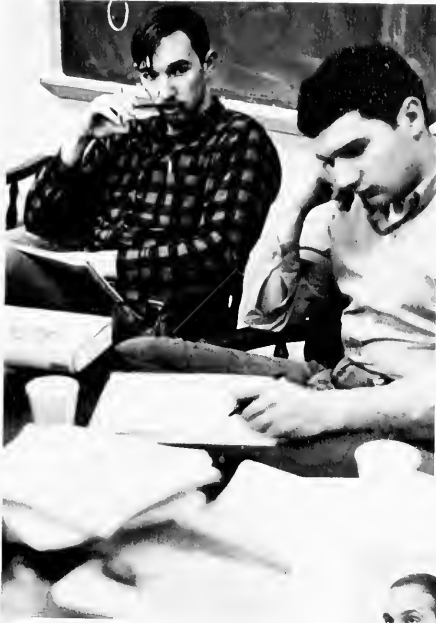




# ASTRONOMY



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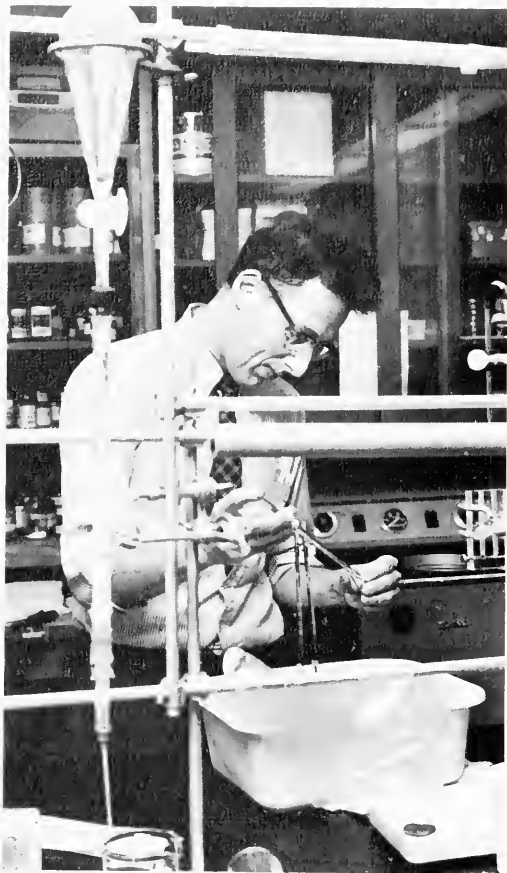


**B**









## **BIOLOGY**





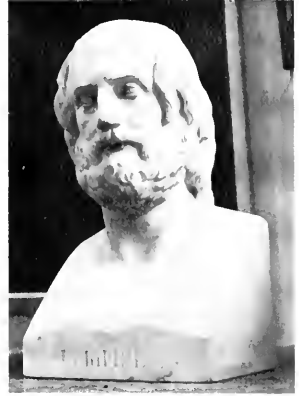


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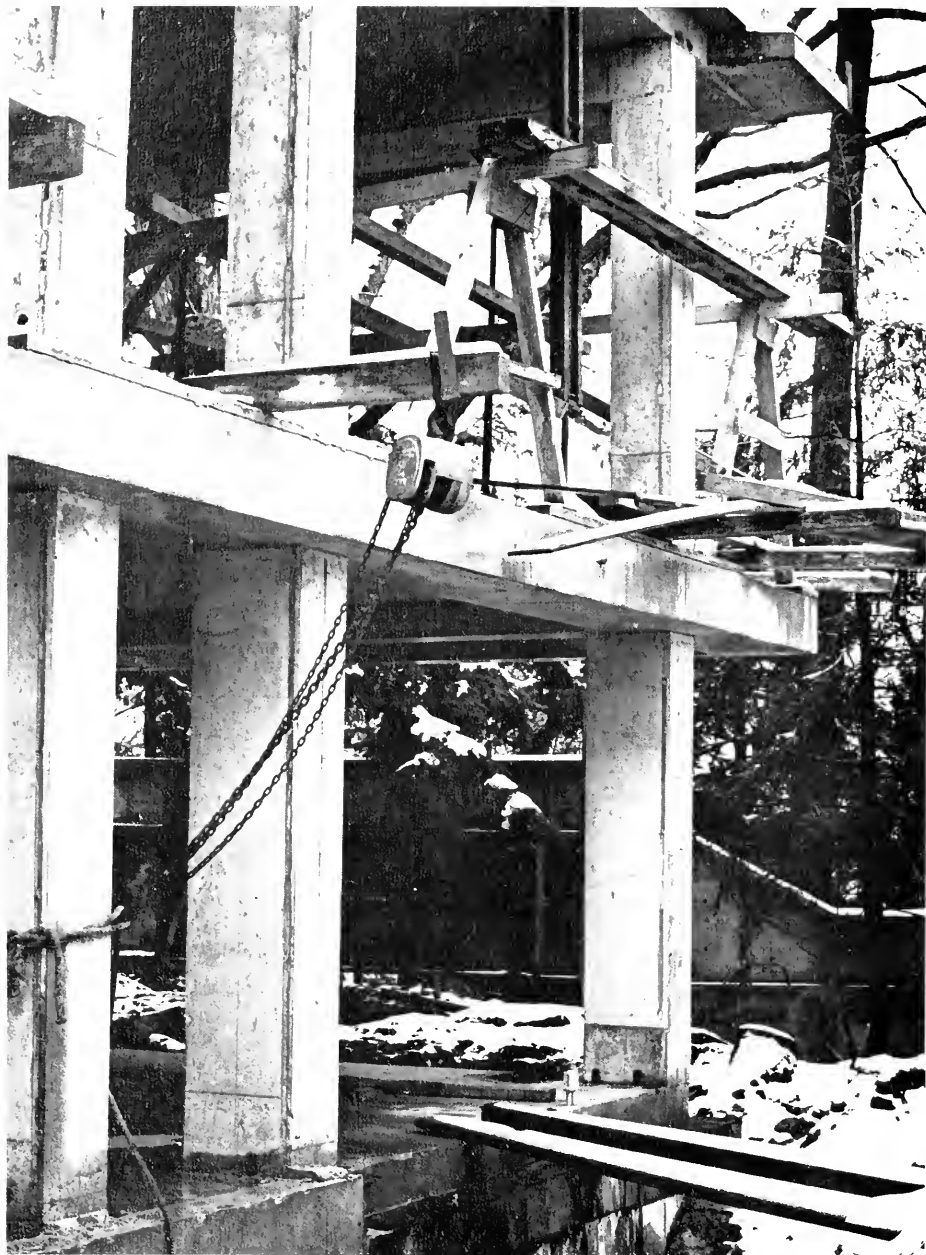
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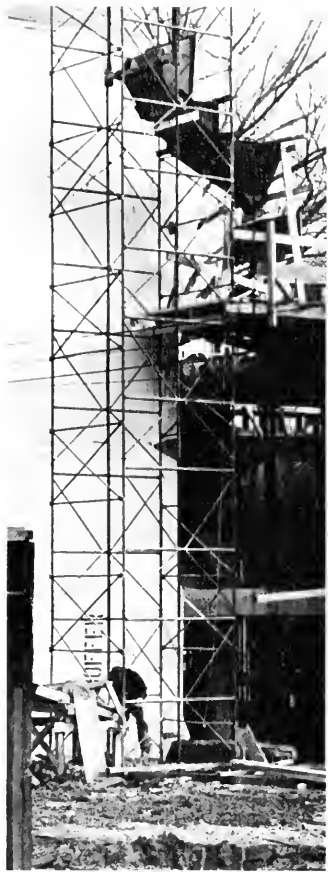


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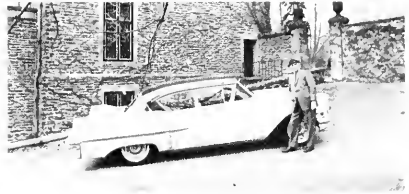


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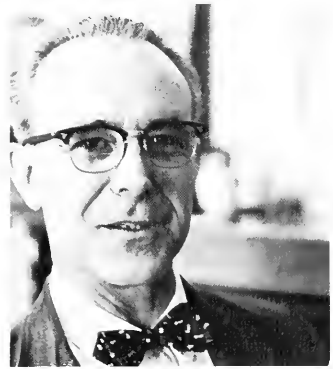


**ECONOMICS**





## ENGINEERING





**ENGLISH**







**F**

**FOUNDERS**









**FRENCH**



**GERMAN**



**G**



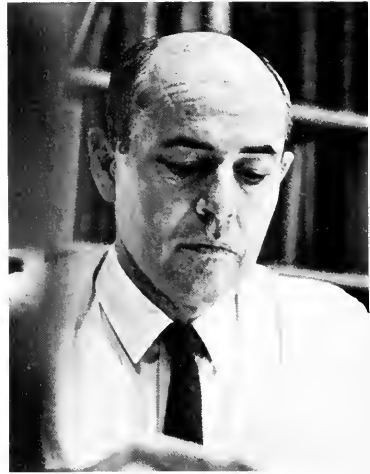


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## HISTORY







## INFIRMARY



## INTERMURALS





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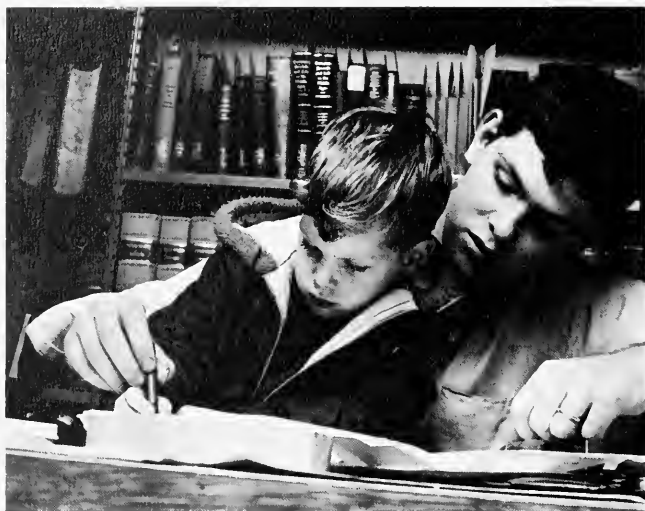


**JUNK**



**JOY**

# KIDS



# K



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## LABEFACTION





## **MATHEMATICS**









## MUSIC





**N**





## NATURE



## PHILOSOPHY

P





# PHYSICS

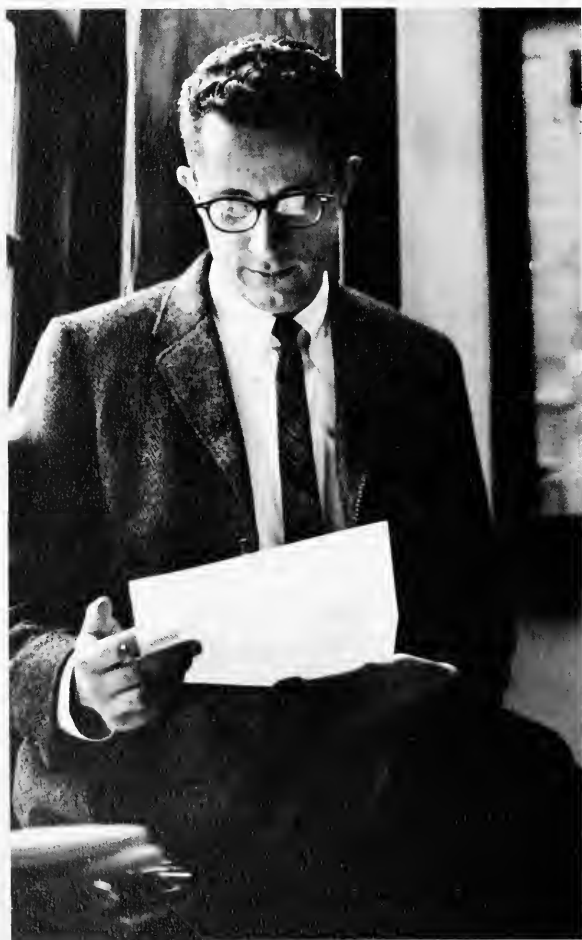


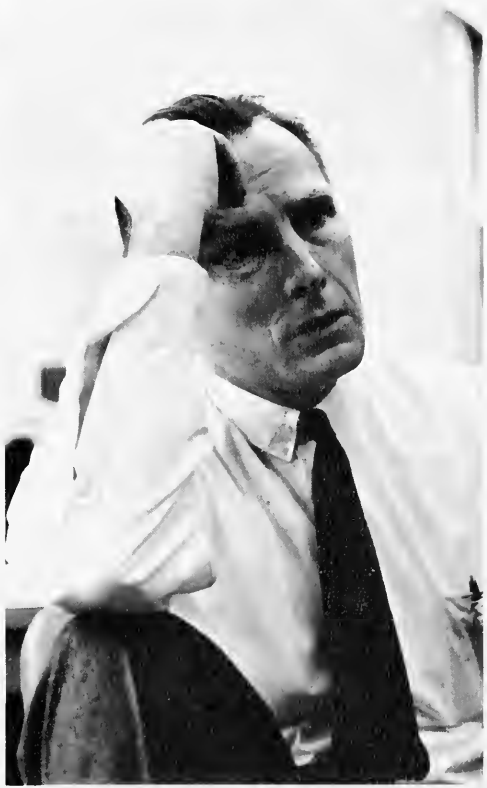


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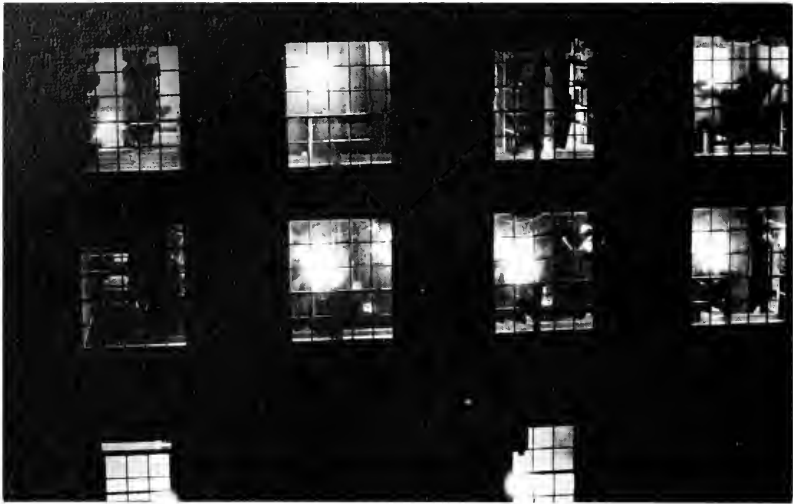


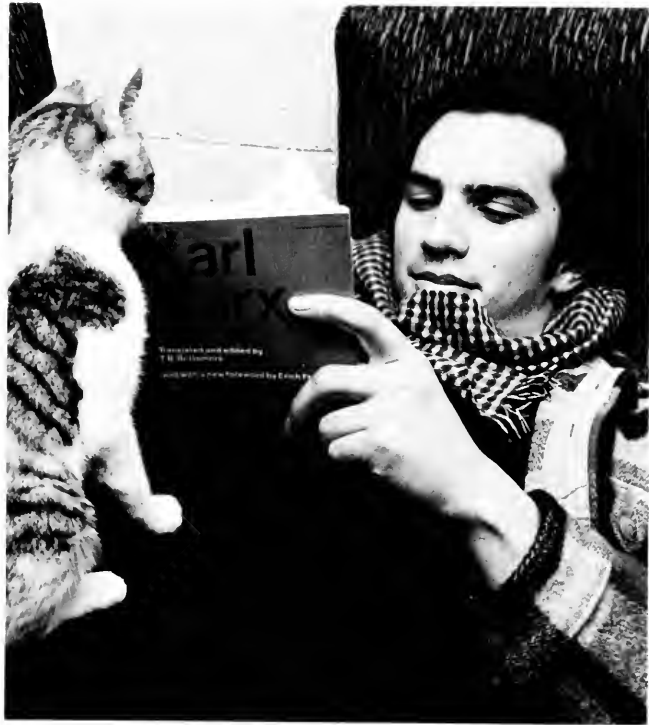
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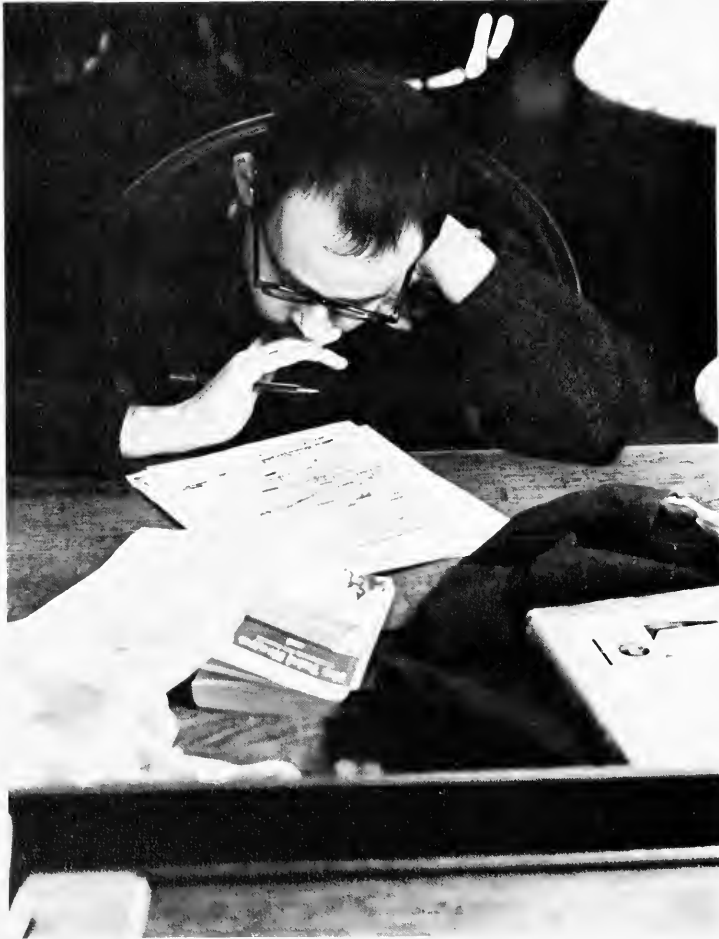
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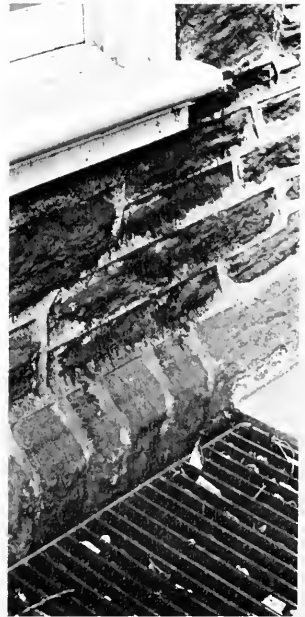
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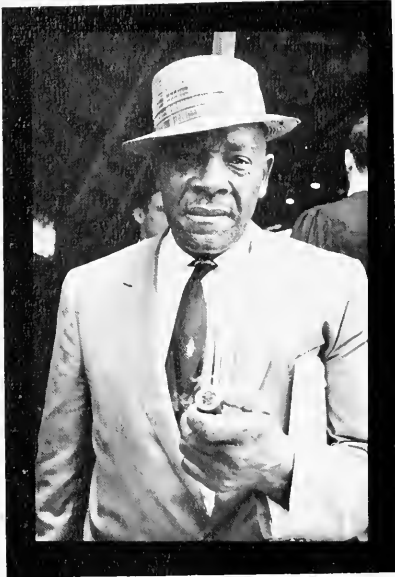
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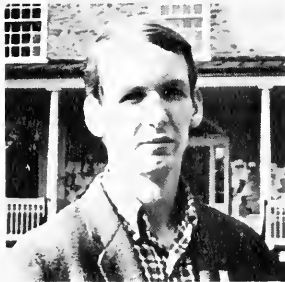
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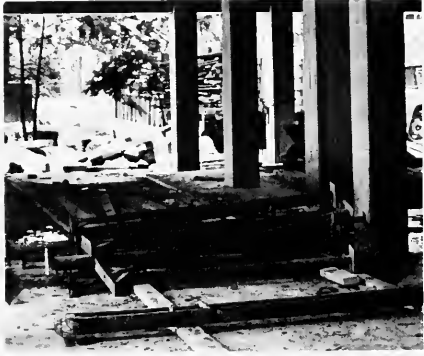


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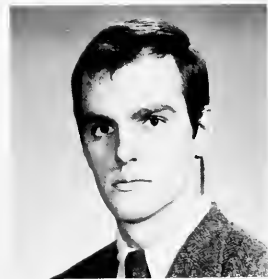




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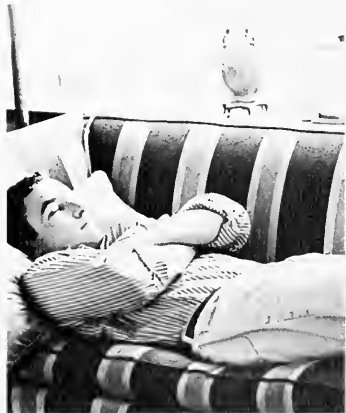




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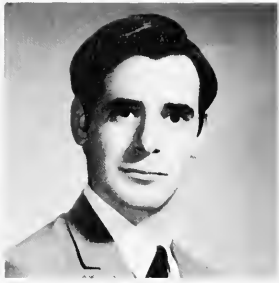


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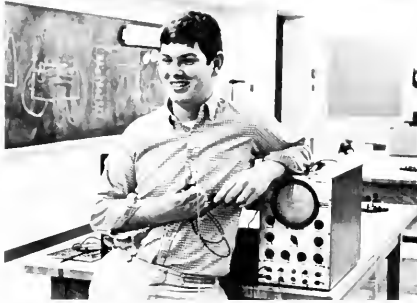


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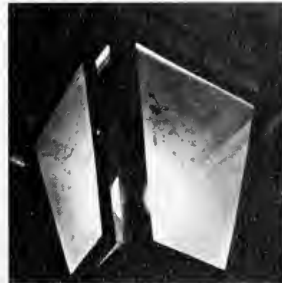
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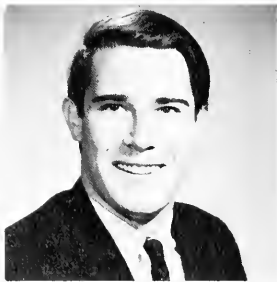
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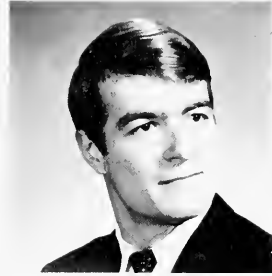
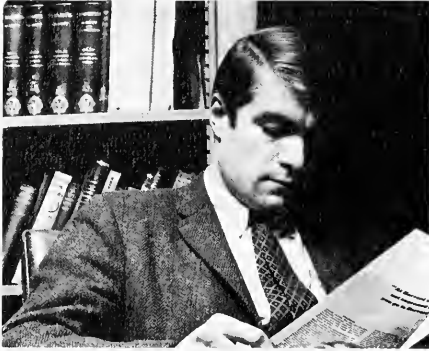
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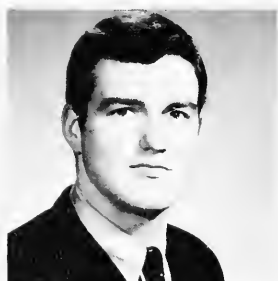


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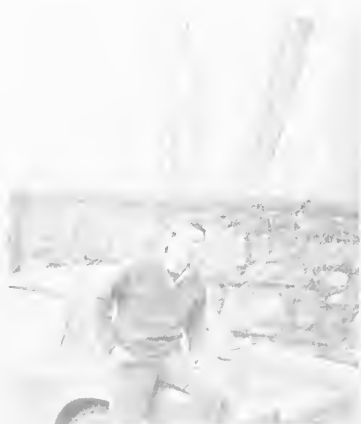




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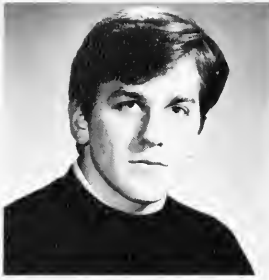
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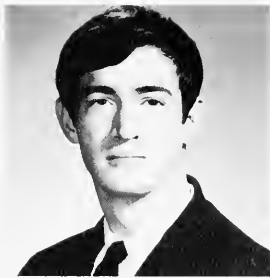
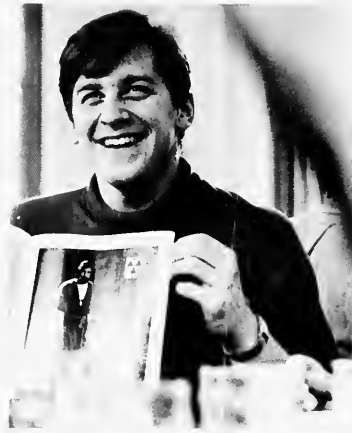
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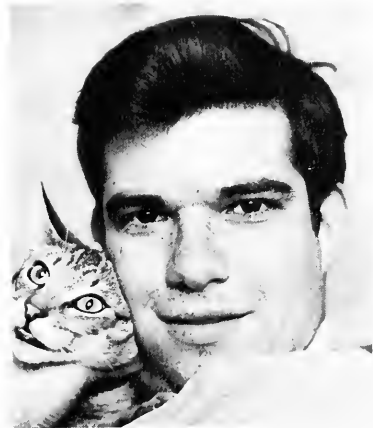
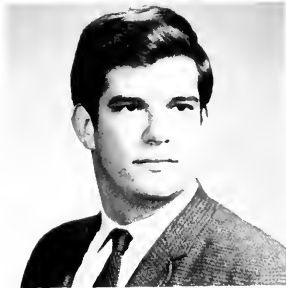




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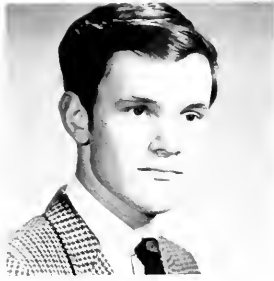
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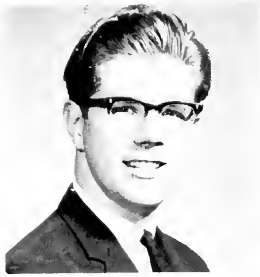
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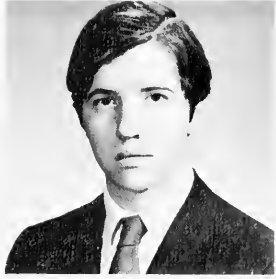


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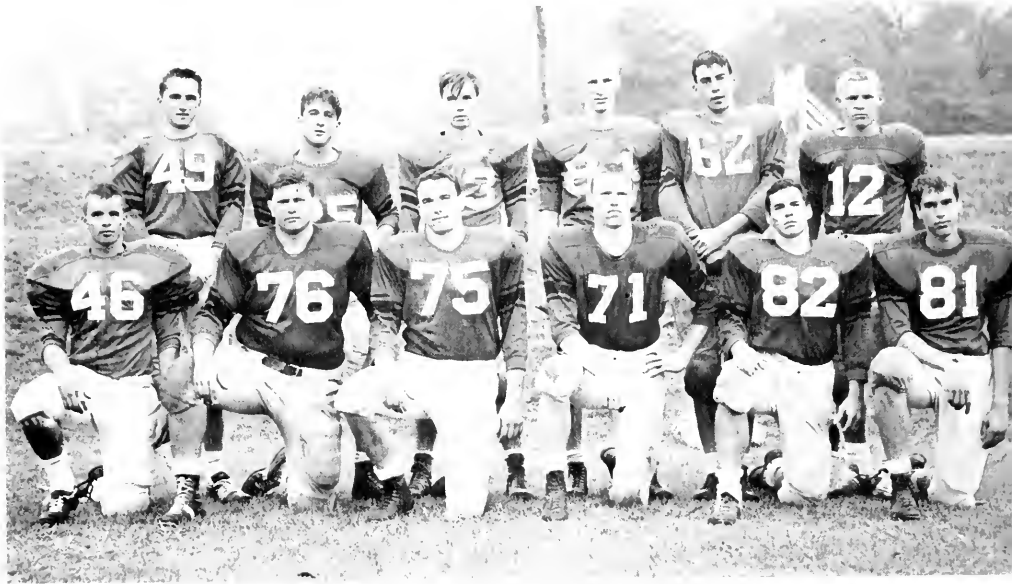
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## SPORTS

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93  
467  
of 3

## FOUR YEARS MADE A DIFFERENCE.

You think of Mike Bratman as a freshman: awkward. He had a rocker-step, the 'Bratman Shuffle' they used to call it, in which the back remained ramrod stiff while the legs kind of shook to and fro, wobbling at the knees. But he worked, practiced for hours, and drank Nutrament, and ran the cross-country course, and before you knew it he was a junior scoring fifteen points a game. Beautiful. Of Sturge Poorman, thirteen goals in six games. He'd move down the field, striding long, smooth steps along the right sideline, cut to the middle, feint, cut again, and take a corner pass from Jarocki, and boom! — into the far end of the goal. And then he'd do it again, only this time with his head. Thirteen goals in six games. Of Steve Gold; November 27, 1963, Wednesday, Clothier Field, postponed game, one-thousand people in the stands, most people at home for Thanksgiving with papers to write, and anyway the Dunkel ratings favored Swarthmore by a couple of thousand points. Gold was this big, nearly crew-cut freshman who got hurt a lot. It was the second period, Swarthmore's Lillie faded back to punt on his own twenty-five, when in charged Gold from the right side of the line, and Lillie dropped to kick but old Gold blocked the thing, and Al Letts, a psych major who wanted to go to Divinity School, picked it up and ran, really ran twenty odd yards for the T.D., and from then on it was all over. Of Koteen and Meiklejohn in a doubles-match; David was relatively hairless then, and Doug's knees were O.K., and they moved like a precision watch, always together, always at the right spot. Incredible speed; Koteen, with a dead pan look and slight bags under his eyes, darting back and forth making impossible saves, all with that half-awake, dead pan look. Of Tommy Trapnell on the hurdles; his right leg taped from the ankle up to the knee, still looking a little flabby, as if he was just about to begin training.

Only it was the end of the season, and Breuninger was in the background shouting 'Drive, Trapnell, drive!' and Trapnell's arms were all over the place, up around his head, flung behind his back, down by his waist, and still he won:



Of Donald Dean Urie, yessir Don Urie, one-hundred and ninety pounds, blond crewcut. Special K profile, broad sloping shoulders, tree-trunk legs, and fast. He stuck it out, all the way, four years. Said his coach: "I'd have to say that Don was the best athlete this school has had in recent years." And he was.

Thursday afternoon, November, a light snow on the ground. The gym is crowded, the little rickety stands full.

Aladjem is one referee; he wears a T-shirt with blue trim and the word NOBLES across the left breast; Rick Brown is the other; he wears a blue T-shirt, bermudas, and low-cut Converse with strips of tape across the back. Post-backs against Senior B: a hard game, lots of yelling; Leader and Koteen race down the court on a fast break, Koteen dribbles to the middle, dead pan look, behind-the-back-pass to Watts and whomp! Lloyd Hardy, his white gym shorts hiked three inches above his navel, hits Watts and not the ball. Whomp. Aladjem blows his whistle.

Spring, late afternoon, the sky is reddish-blue. Fred Szydluk walks over the small island between New Dorm and Leeds. Baseball practice is over, and he carries his glove in his left hand, two bats in his right hand. He is sweating and his nose is red and beefy. From the rear, heading toward the tunnel, he looks about thirty—tired, a veteran. His feet point in slightly as he walks; and when he takes a step he throws his shoulder into it. In a few minutes the tree shadows over him and he is gone.

Wrestling practice in a sweaty, steam-filled toom, Fritz Hartman blows his whistle every ten seconds. Around him, spread out in a circle, stand his wrestlers. Whistle; push-ups. Whistle; leg-raises. Whistle; sit-ups.



Whistle; toe-touches. Whistle; push-ups. Whistle; leg-raises. Nobody talks except Fritz. A lot of grunts, but no talking. Whistle; sit-ups.

And of course Juvie, He is lifting weights; he wears tight blue sweatpants, high black wrestling sneakers, and his face is bright red. He does some presses, a vein popping up and down on his forehead, and he grunts. He says that everything is turning to paunch, slipping off his chest and shoulders and onto his stomach. He says that he's been smoking too damn much, that's what'll do it, the smoking. Every time.

November, a week before the Swarthmore game, soccer practice. The floodlights yellow the field. Jimmy Mills stands behind the far goal, his hands stuffed into his pockets, his face rough and red and leathery. Amos Chang down field on the left, Servetnick to his right. Doug Meiklejohn keeps shouting from the far goal. Jack Lester, in a peeler and white shorts, runs along the sidelines with a clipboard.

Dick Morsch, dressed in white pants and a white T-shirt, turns on the whirlpool. Silas Little lies on one of the training tables doing sit-ups. He raises his knees as he jerks upward, placing his head between his legs and slowly reclining. He is talking to Grunfield as he moves; the latter, wearing only a jockstrap, turns the knob on the vitamin jar and reaches out for two of the little orange football-like pellets.



From the shadows you can hear Mack-innon's accent; Meiklejohn shouts and Mills points a finger at Rick Smith. Jack blows his whistle and they begin to run laps. All you can see, beneath the glare of the floodlights, is Oulahan churning into the darkness.

January, basketball season, indoor track practice. Six-fifteen on the clock in the training room.

At the far end of the room, toward the shower stalls, Jeff Stevenson sings an old "Shep and the Limelighters" song, probably 1958. He sings in a high voice, punctuated by the clatter of shower water. Bratman sits on the bench next to the foot-powder; he is putting on his socks—first powder, feet cushioning in the white foam, then slowly the socks.



Rick Brown kids him about it; Bratman began the procedure at six o'clock. Gorchov mumbles: he can't find his underpants. Brown chuckles.

And you remember them, the small things, the incidents, the unexpected words. Bobby Primack making a jump-shot from the key, with a red bandana tied around his forehead, and his hair flying up and out. Jimmy Mackinnon taking one tremendous swipe of his leg and rocketing the ball down field, right to F. John Thompson's head.

Vance Senecal winning the javelin toss, then running into the gym to play one-on-one with Aladjem. Pete Batzell, his legs pumping high and seemingly at a forty-five degree angle, spurting ninety yards for a touchdown against Dickinson. Bruce Iacobucci. Who? Iacobucci, a thin, long-armed freshman with dark hair and shadowed eyes, jumping high in the air, one arm outstretched over the rim for the tap-in. The beginning of a legend.

Herb Frey, hair neatly in place, with a tight blue suit and narrow tie, racing into the locker room after a 107-75 loss to Muhlenberg, and telling Ernie that he can protest the game because it's physically impossible for a basketball to hang suspended on the back rim of the basket. Physically impossible. Intramural football, and Laird Blackwell rising ten feet in the air to grab a Rick Brown pass. Favis leading the charge on defense.



The Swarthmore game, with Hitchner fouling out, and Michael running the length of the court to shake his hand, and then running back to shoot a foul shot. A sunlit spring afternoon; Bobby Singley coming off a third place in the hurdles to run second in the mile relay. Batzell before him, Lanson after, and Singley all the while running in that thick-calved, knee-touching, bouncing stride. Punzak, gone now, to a monastery and then to Divinity School, but somehow you can still hear him in the stands, an orange-topped head with glasses rolling down his nose, sitting next to the now Mrs. Felsen and shouting intricately disguised obscenities at the ref.

He was a master. The Punzak touch. Beautiful. Terry Little breaking Gros-holz's two-mile record; a strong, compact runner, with the assurance of a winner, he moved that day in measured strides. And in the background, a bearded philosopher, an athlete himself, murmuring 'man is he strong, I didn't realize he was so strong, man is he strong.' And Lemon McMillian, with those long, loping one-handers; impossible, but he made them. And 'We want Sinc! We want Sinc!' First from the back row, then through the stands, then over the field house. We want Sinc. You remember them all; they crop up in the back of your mind, shelved away in one of the dimmer sections, and you cannot help but remember.



Ernie. Thick, almost but not quite barrel chested, long arms with hands, immense hands, dangling at the knees. He wears a white peeler and grey sweat-pants a little tight around the seat. He laughs. He demonstrates: soft set-shots, cross-body blocks, squeeze bunts,



He tells the Ernie Beek legend for the two-hundredth time, and still you laugh, and still his voice is tinged with admiration. He runs; you don't believe he is that fast, but he is, he still is. They say he is a coach, O.K. that's what they say, but he is more than that. He is a teacher; you feel it, riding in the back seat of his big, green, bumpy jeep, watching him demonstrate body-building, listening to him talk about the necessity of practice. You feel it in his manner, in his desire to win. And he yells during those games, on the bench he soaks in perspiration, and tells you to put your hands up on defense, c'mon, Skipper, play ball. He wants to win and many times he doesn't. But that's part of him, the fact that he wants to and often doesn't. He is interested in the kids who play under him, and in those who don't. And when he talks to you, and when it sounds like penny philosophy, it is and he means it. There is little to say about the man; you have to feel it. He is a teacher.

Bill Docherty. He retired this past year, or resigned, it isn't really that important. A start at Temple, from '34 to '37, and a coach at Haverford for twenty-eight years, he believes in this school and in the kids who make it. He wasn't a great coach, and although defeat hurt him deeply, he never made excuses. He is above excuses.



His football troubles weren't hard to perceive, the won-lost record told the story; but through it all he kept his interest in and admiration for his players. He worked for this school; for nine years he chaired the Academic Standing Committee, and during the Korea conflict he served as armed forces advisor to Haverford students. And he will continue to work for Haverford, helping to successfully integrate its academic and athletic philosophies. He is a gentleman and he will be remembered.

Evening, winter evening. A slight film of frost blankets the grass; out beyond the trees, on the soccer field, someone tosses a football into the darkness. The sky is rapidly blackening, and the outline of the stands rests barely visible. There is no shouting, no pounding of cleats. The locker room must be crowded, the showers running.

And you remember them, the small things, the incidents, the unexpected words. Four years made a difference.





EDUCATION AT HAVERFORD

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1967 is a year of "graduation" not only for this year's seniors, but also for the administration of Hugh Borton. President Borton's retirement, as well as the departures within the past few years of "Mac", Dean Cadbury and other members of the Borton regime, signify this year as one of "commencement" of a new era in the history of Haverford College. In this contest it is appropriate to attempt an appraisal of the crucial decade that the school has just completed, and, with an eye to the future, to evaluate the Borton era in relation to the College's professed aim, "not more learned but imbued with a better learning."

President Borton's inaugural address in October of 1957 marked the keynote and the major emphasis of his tenure: the gradual expansion of the College. Borton's address defended such a plan in terms of what he considered to be "two of the most pressing of the practical problems" confronting modern education: how to educate an increased student population, and how to secure the service of enough outstanding professors to accomplish this.

It is noteworthy that in his address President Borton stated categorically that "If such an institution refuses to enlarge its student body,

it will be neglecting its responsibility to the society of which it is a part and from which it cannot be isolated in our present age." While recognizing the "also compelling truth that mere emphasis on expansion might destroy the unique "quality" that has been the hallmark of a Haverford education, the fact remains that, from its beginning, the present Administration has never seriously questioned the virtues of expansion. In all the debate concerning the College's expansion, the question has never been of the absolute merits of expansion, but rather, what is the best amount of expansion.

One may well question whether the most grievous error of the College's expansion has been in abandoning the 450 enrollment mark. After all, Amherst, Williams and the other quality men's schools that we are often compared with have long since lifted their enrollments over 1000, leaving Haverford in a position of uniqueness. It would seem that in a democracy such as ours, where diversity is extolled as a virtue, that an argument could well be made that a vital role exists both for the "multiversity" and for a men's school of under 500 enrollment whose emphasis on the individual gives an opportunity for an entirely



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different type of educational experience. By abdicating our unique position and moving to a more "competitive" one, Haverford may have also abdicated its valid role.

This question, however, is no longer our proper concern. Expansion is the announced goal of the College, and we must instead question only whether this program has been administered in such a way that the Haverford of 1967 preserves the virtues of concern for the individual and the quality of his education that represent the tradition of Haverford. The contention of this essay is that, despite its good intentions and some definite achievements the Administration has given us a Haverford that has lost sight of its goals and has wandered from the tradition. This sense of a "loss" pervades all aspects of College life, and *in toto* represents a radical transformation in the Haverford experience.

The major emphasis of the last ten years has been on academic expansion, and this is as it should be. Likewise, it is in the realm of academics that the most positive gains have been made. Paradoxically, as it will be demonstrated later in this essay, these gains have been largely negated by set-backs in other phases of academics and, more important, other aspects of the total Haverford environment.

Achievements by the College in the academic world during the past ten years are



legion. We can point to the impressive number of graduates who each year win important fellowships, and the consistently high percentage who are accepted at leading graduate schools. This in large part is due to an equally consistent excellence in the abilities and backgrounds of the entering freshmen. It is also due to the efforts of a faculty so devoted to the task of teaching that they ignore the lure of research, larger departments and higher pay elsewhere. Another very positive effect of expansion on academics is evident in the fine new facilities for the sciences offered by Stokes and the reconditioned Sharpless. Yet, even here the ambivalence of the expansion program is evident. While the sciences flourish in their new surroundings, the humanities and social sciences must be content with the expansion of the library.

Co-operation with Bryn Mawr has, for the first time, become an integral part of the College's educational policy. The success of the federated departments of economics and the development of joint departments in areas such as Non-Western studies can only result in the most efficient use of the resources of both schools. Likewise, the expansion of the curriculum that has resulted from cooperation and a larger faculty has increased the educational alternatives open to the student.

Yet, despite the impressive achievements, doubts persist. Traditionally, the single most effective tool for inculcating the student with the school's ideals was the ability of any teacher to make personal contact with every student. Yet, the past few years have witnessed spiraling enrollments in some courses. In some introductory lecture courses this can be seen as a virtue; in demanding upper-level courses the necessary rapport of student and professor is impaired, if not destroyed. Some professors have overcome the problem through their own personal magnetism, but in most classes the growing numbers simply fills the room with a soporific dullness.



As a result of the growing formal inhibitions to classroom communication, academic life at Haverford has assumed a more individualistic character. Serious intellectual achievement shifts further away from the dynamics of the class to the safer and more sedate atmosphere of the library researched paper. Achievement appears in the guise of academics rather than in the form of dialogue. While stimulating dialogue is preserved in some departments and some classes, individualism seems the tendency and trend.

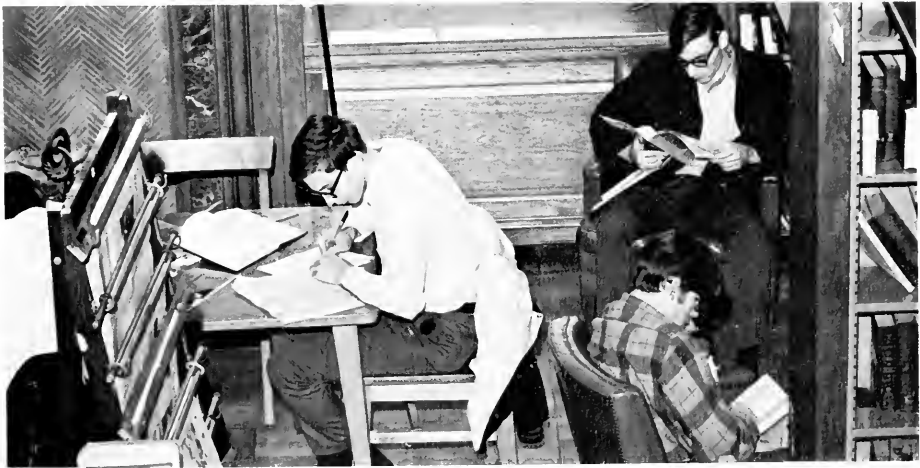
Today academic achievement often is measured in terms of purely written and often just objective testing procedures. The failure of the College appears not in any inadequate system of measuring academic achievement, but rather in the increasingly frequent lack of personal stimulation resulting from increased enrollment.

The resulting individualism has always been disastrous for intellectual achievement. Solipsism and systems often go together, seminal perhaps for the critical work of others but stultifying for the author of such lonely works. Yet this is increasingly the criterion of a Haverford education.

The breakdown in communication is the greatest threat to the student who has come to Haverford for a "better learning", not simply as a necessary step on the road to graduate training. The true scholar may in fact thrive on a diet of research work, though he will have missed the essence of a Haverford education; the man who desires the stimulation of a diversified liberal arts education as preparation for a life as an active and participating citizen will find himself crushed by this change.

For such a student, dialogue with the professor is often the only aspect of his education in which he is called on to examine what he learns critically, and lack of this confrontation may cause him to dismiss its relevance to his later life. For the non-pedant, ideas have validity only if they are "living", and "living" ideas are found not in books, but in active exchange of ideas.

Another disillusioning aspect of this subtle decay of student-faculty communication is the increasing trend on the part of the student to identify achievement with a grade. When rote learning of facts and emphasis on research replaces a concern for assimilation of ideas, this is natural. But such an attitude is fostered



even more by the faculty and Administration's glee with the annual figures on Wilsons, Fulbrights and other fellowships. It has become increasingly evident over the past decade that what Haverford really wants to "imbue" its students with is the technical proficiency and academic professionalism that is hypothetically valued by the graduate schools. One may still question, however, whether a graduate school might really value a man more who has been "imbued" with a love and respect for learning and its application, rather than a thin veneer of competency.

When the student's emphasis on grades is combined with increased enrollment without proportionate growth of the faculty, "concern for the individual" can only continue to decline. For several years this has been the most consistent subject of complaint by both faculty and students. Other causes of discontent with the expansion plan are more subtle and therefore often hard to isolate and correct; the failure proportionally to increase the faculty is glaringly obvious and the most easily correctable flaw in the expansion scheme.

Another question that remains to be answered about the effect of expansion on Haverford academic life is whether the feeling that we are a unified "community" remains. Haverford has in the past surpassed other institutions of learning not only in the quality of the men attracted to the College in order both to teach and to learn but also in the very breadth of the dynamics of learning provided. The sense of community for the entire college has in the past pervaded not only the social but also the academic sphere. Consequently, no discipline has surpassed or could afford to ignore any other course of study. The demand that a Haverford education be an education in the liberal arts remains an illustrative and formative cliché of the attitude which has informed the college in the past. Obviously, no proponent of expansion sees the fragmentation of the Haverford community as a proper goal. The fact remains that just such a fragmentation may occur. That the student-teacher ratio will hopefully right itself in the future has little bearing on the quality of education at Haver-

**"BUT IF WE ARE TO BE SAVED FROM OUR OWN DESTRUCTION, IF WE ARE TO FACE THE FUTURE WITH FAITH AND COURAGE, WE MUST BASE OUR INDIVIDUAL PHILOSOPHY AND EVEN OUR ATTITUDE AND ACTION TOWARD THE REST OF THE WORLD ON THE SIMPLE BELIEF IN THE FUNDAMENTAL WORTH OF EVERY INDIVIDUAL."**

**—President Hugh Borton,  
Inaugural Address,  
October 26, 1957.**





ford now. Trends set in the next few years of expansion towards an isolated individualism and academic as well as social division may not be easily reversed. The present atmosphere of Haverford as an academic community is charged with the tensions of change and readjustment. The tools for intellectual excellence remain present, but their availability and their own ability to act on the student as an incentive and spur has begun to decline. The next few years will be decisive.

The Haverford academic community does not exist in a void. While the student matures intellectually he also must mature emotionally

and socially. He begins to see his life in the wider context of modern society, with all its complexity and problems. His surroundings, both animate and inanimate, also play an important role in this evolution. Thus, to adequately prepare the student intellectually, the modern college must prepare the "total man". In this area the evidence is often more subjective than in the realm of academics, where one can speak in terms of numbers of fellowships, College Board scores and so on. Here, students can often only speak of the way things "feel" and it may be hard to articulate specific complaints. Yet, complaints about his

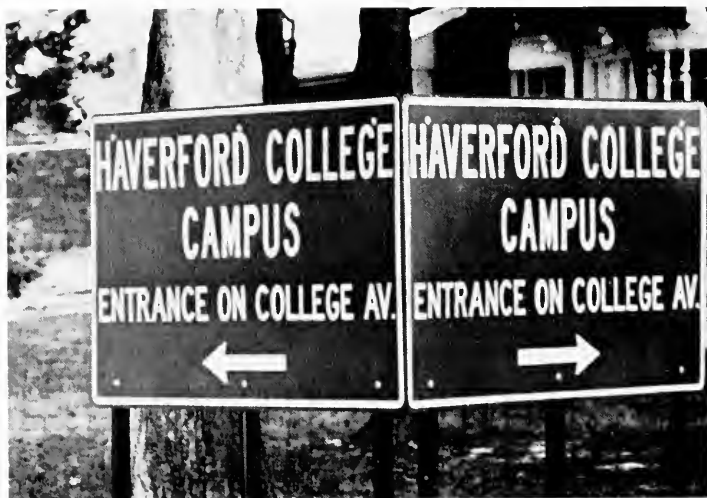


environment may be as important to the student as his academics, and may exercise a marked effect on his intellectual progress. How has the expansion program affected this vital area?

One of the professed elements of the College's educational philosophy is a recognition of "the importance of personal ideals and moral values." While the more strictly educational goals can be isolated, it is often difficult to decide what the College means when it talks

about moral development. Morals are not especially popular today, and the College has not been very verbal on this subject in recent years.

Since Haverford claims to be a Quaker college, a look at Quaker traditions may help to shed light on the question. Quakers have always stressed individual development, rather than any rigid code of behavior. Their emphasis has long been on developing an individual sense of conscience. This involved



developing a sense of one's own fundamental values and their implications, as well as cultivating a critical faculty for considering both one's experiences in light of these values and one's values in light of experience. As a result, the Quakers have no dogma of any kind, and have always seen education as a means for increasing one's ability freely to seek the truth.

Part of Quaker education has traditionally been an emphasis on the individual's role in society. Quakers have never been men to renounce the world. While great believers in individualism and freedom, they are quick to point out that freedom is not a purely negative freedom from restraint, and that it involves heavy social responsibilities.

When Haverford College has been pressed to express a philosophy of education, its ideas have always tried to include this ideal. But what does the College really do to put these ideals into effect? It is true that Haverford, relative to the rest of our world, offers an intellectually sympathetic environment to individual development if the individual can find time off from his chores to take advantage of it. Unfortunately, at best a sympathetic

environment can only be a passive factor in individual development. It is the external stimulus that is often needed that Haverford often fails to produce.

While Haverford produces excellent technocrats and academicians, many of these individuals go through the "Haverford experience" seemingly untouched by any moral development. Yet, what valid argument can be made for the College's continued existence if this is the case. A college of under 1,000 is inefficient for producing technocrats, and we have previously questioned the validity of turning out academicians. Part of Haverford's unique contribution to education has been this attention to moral development, and if it is to retain a valid function in the educational process, Haverford must remain true to these professed ideals. When the college does stress moral development, it usually stresses the independence and responsibility of the individual alone. It seems to be assumed students are fully developed and should now take on all possible responsibilities. As a result we probably have more student committees and students on faculty committees per capita than any other college in the country. In this tangle

of student-administrative relations, where the center of power has been lost, the whole Quaker emphasis on individual development seems to have been lost. When one thinks about repeated comments from the Administration that if students do not like the situation, they should make suggestions, the scene takes on qualities of the theater of the absurd, with the blind leading the deaf and dumb.

Instead of confronting the student with and working from a series of ideals, the pattern has been to stumble down the path of least resistance. Much of the discontent at Haverford seems to come from this policy of the Administration of abdicating its role of leadership

and substituting individual responsibility where the ability to accept such responsibility has often not been demonstrated. Quite naturally, students have reacted to this by demanding more responsibility, since the Administration has taught them to expect this.

What is lacking seems to be the outside stimulus to moral development referred to above. Personal re-examination and criticism are very painful. This can rarely be expected of the freshman, and when his critical faculty does develop, will naturally tend to be directed towards defending his ideas, rather than examining them. Failure to meet the rigorous academic demands or interaction with classmates may provoke this introspection, but it is not guar-



anteed. Furthermore, if self-examination is undirected, it is not always a very constructive process. Confronted with a failure that he is unable to understand, a student may simply fall apart. The cases of this are legion.

What is required is that the College confront the student with certain moral and ethical standards, and that the Administration take a positive position in the development of character. Deliberate confrontation with the ideals of others and critical examination of personal values in their light should occur at some period in every student's education. While the College should never try to force any beliefs on anyone, it is extremely naive to assume

that students are not going to have considerable difficulty in defining their role in society. The Quaker involvement with social issues must be made manifest in the College community, and it must be made clear that the present feeling that the College's duties end in aiding a student to find a particular area of academic specialization is a misconception. This tacit assumption that there is no need to gear education to aid young men to develop values and learn to look at themselves critically ignores all the active elements in the Quaker tradition of education. As it stands now, the de facto policy of the College appears essentially nihilistic. All energies are devoted to

expansion and the chief justification is that it is necessary for the physical survival of the College. But of what value is the physical survival of the College if the goals and aims behind it are lost?

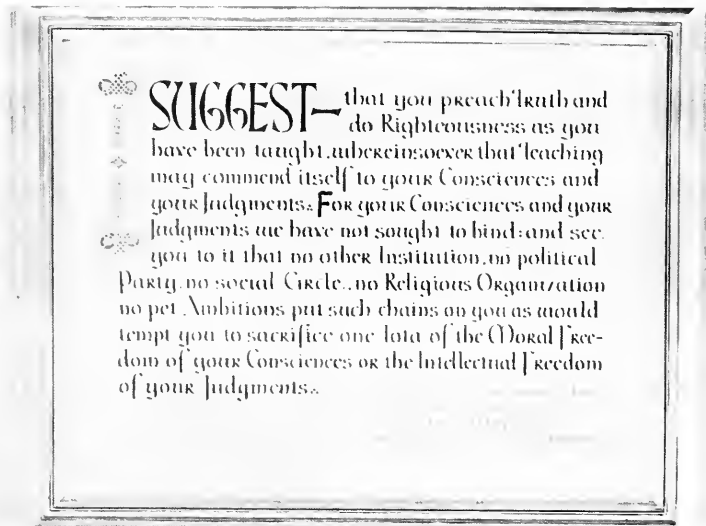
Another area greatly affected by expansion is that of personal relations. Here again that College has always stressed the sense of "community". And, as has been the case with student-faculty relations, the quality and quantity of relations with other students has been affected adversely by expansion. Due to the construction of South Dorm and Leeds there now exist two living complexes, each essentially independent of the other, with Lloyd and Barclay containing freshmen and sophomores, and the upperclassmen isolated in the other complex. This situation will only be aggravated by the construction of the North Dorms, which will simply create a third group. Naturally interaction between the various classes has been reduced by this enforced segregation. Due to the construction of the curriculum, upperclassmen rarely meet the

lowerclassmen in the academic sphere. Now, their contacts are limited to the dining room.

The Administration's panacea to this split is the new dining complex. While the lure of quieter, more appealing surroundings will undoubtedly result in more pleasant and relaxed conversation, it is problematical how much interaction can occur in a group of 750 students who will probably follow today's example and eat with their friends.

Yet, this is the only hope for any preservation of the sense of "community". Collection seems to have gone the way of compulsory Meeting, with disrespect for speakers and demand for its abolition increasing. Meeting, which possibly has the most potential as a forum for personal interaction, has been effectively destroyed for a large portion of the present student body because of distasteful memories of the period when it was compulsory.

Heterosexual relationships are also a source of emotional distress for the Haverford student. While he enjoys the advantages of





proximity to Bryn Mawr, these are often counterbalanced by the preponderance of girls who have the same hang-ups as he has encountered on the home campus. One potentially real advantage of expansion could be the elimination of the incestual character of relationships with Bryn Mawr. Given the limited number of girls, it is inevitable that by junior and senior years most of the girls are well known throughout the student body, having been dated by a number of Haverfordians. Due to the Haverford (and Bryn Mawr) student's propensity to talk about one's date, this often leads to character assassination and much unhappiness.

Finally, we come to the question of the physical setting. This has been alluded to previously, with regard to facilities for the physical sciences and the housing situation.

Good architecture presumably is satisfying to all concerned with it. If this attempt fails it is largely due to either a foggy conception of what good architecture calls for, or incompetence and lethargy in executing the building. Distinctive campus planning communicates itself to the observer in two ways. First of all, it conveys a sense of present adequacy. One feels assured that present needs are being met in a way that is neither haphazard nor cramped. Secondly, facilities and structures in general have a quality of abiding usefulness. While specific needs are met, they are met in a way that is plastic, and takes into account the possibility of later modification. Spaces are uncluttered and lines left as general as possible. The "good taste" so often lacking in buildings is largely the simple beauty of building adequately, doing just enough and stopping there.



In our particular situation, "good taste" in architecture can be applied to three general areas. First, there is the interior architecture of "facilities", living quarters, classrooms, dining rooms, recreation areas and so forth. Next, exterior architecture is ideally a pleasant synthesis of the necessity of accommodating interior facilities efficiently and imposing a comprehensive outward structure on them. Usually, each building that meets a specific demand will have its own unique exterior architecture. The third architecture could be termed "space" architecture. It entails the overall structure of the community, the relation each building has to every other building, and to the space surrounding it. The Chinese employed the principle of "wind and water" in this realm. This entailed divining the natural surrounding's forces, the prevalent winds and

rains, the massing of land, and so on, then fitting the building harmoniously into these. A consideration of the community that "space" architecture encloses should be added to these principles. Distance between classes, easy access to central facilities, and a feeling of unity combined with privacy should all be considered.

Looking at the realities of the Haverford campus in terms of these principles, ominous developments and trends are evident. When Leeds was first built, a student called it a "Howard Johnson's". Yet, by comparison with South Dorm, its appearance is now considered one of elegant simplicity. The hospital-like corridors, noisy rooms and the oppressively low ceilings of the singles section appear warm by contrast to the antiseptic corridors of South Dorm into the awkwardly jointed rooms. The

lack of wood in most of Leeds becomes opulent when considered in terms of the cinderblocks of the South Dorm.

This recent interior architecture in the living areas showing a marked degeneration in its reliance on cheap "luxury" features and cluttered, diminished space, is mirrored elsewhere. A look at the extensive interior renovating the College is engaged in leaves one impressed at the amount of bland floor tile, institutional doors and marproof formica tables that have been installed. Haverford's reliance on a static formula for interior decorating is as pathetic as reliance on rote recitation in scholarship. A formula can be exciting, but what is manifest is a pandering to the lowest common denominator expressed by local architects.

The banality is also manifest in the recent exterior architecture. That South Dorm can make Leeds seem exciting should have taught the Administration a lesson, but the new North Dorms, best described as "toadlike", may repeat the same change in appreciation.

There is an obvious exception to this trend: Stokes. While it is to a large extent a Swarthmore building modified for Haverford, Stokes remains a pleasing building that has achieved homogeneity with its neighbors while presenting architectural innovations in keeping with its function.

Yet Stokes (and, potentially, the Magill Library) remain the exception. By constructing small, ungainly buildings situated without regard for their sites, we necessarily consume space, and the result is that for the first time the student body is undergoing the dispersion experience previously mentioned. There are now two student bodies, tenuously federated by a dining hall. The cancerous proliferation of buildings has two dangerous consequences. It proceeds gaily and without control, with happy results such as Stokes more a matter of luck than planning. The unhappy results are loss of a coherent community, and, paradoxically, cluttering. While luxurious open spaces all over the 216-acre campus would lend themselves to construction, a few buildings misplaced in one area, such as Leeds and





South, give the impression of remarkable crowdedness.

A College that cannot drain off spring rains has little chance of building intelligently enough simply to retain a sense of "community". Living quarters for those wishing privacy should be provided, but our student body is sufficiently disparate and communications difficult enough that every architectural effort to preserve unity should be made. A College that is not sensitive enough to differentiate degrees of quality in stonework, and is penny-wise enough to by-pass superior architects, has little chance of retaining any illusion of clean "space" architecture; and after consuming all its spatial resources, will find itself facing its own ugly posterior. A College that cannot adequately prune its wooded areas, or

that does not care enough to keep rare trees tagged, cannot hope to get the most out of existing natural resources. While the present architecture conveys less satisfaction and presents less adequacy, future possibilities convey less and less excitement. Certainly the exhilarating sense of space, and comforting naturalness of our "undeveloped" areas are not adequately replaced when exchanged for faculty ranch-style houses, roads behind Barclay and cramped dorms. While other flaws in the expansion of the College may still be corrected without serious damage to the Haverford tradition, the mistakes in architecture will endure. It remains to be seen whether a reduction in class size can balance the fragmentation produced by small suites in the dorms, whether new programs in creative arts and aesthetics



can ever replace the loss of a beautiful campus.

Expansion has not been totally bad for the College. It has certainly allowed for needed additions to the faculty, necessary facilities for the science, and the diversity that must result from a larger student body. Expansion is also a fact of Haverford Life, and totally to reject it is to reject the Haverford of the future. However, a legitimate question remains as to whether expansion has in fact been handled properly by President Borton and his aides. The body of evidence, in terms of the quality of academic achievement, the quality of personal relationships, the quality of moral development, and the quality of our physical environment, indicates that good intentions have not produced good results. Perhaps the key is in the area of leadership. In all of these phases of College life, evidence of a positive role being taken by the Administration is lacking. From their willingness to give out more and more authority to students rather than present standards that will induce self-examination, to a failure to recognize the decline in communication that has resulted



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from expansion, to tardiness in formulating a master plan for campus construction, the Administration has demonstrated a laxity in asserting itself. The discontent at Berkeley over too many regulations is of a different quality from discontent at Haverford, where regulations are, at most, minimal. Perhaps the experiences of the past ten years are indicative that some control is necessary even in the Eden that is Haverford. While we extoll the emphasis the College places on the individual, we may have lost sight of the fact that one comes to Haverford to become an **Educated** individual in all phases of life. Without a positive impetus to development, supplied by the Administration and accepted by faculty and students, this

development may not take place. A Haverford education still remains of the highest quality; the danger is that some of the uniqueness of the "Haverford experience" has been lost, and the challenge to us is that we not allow it to vanish completely. We must recognize the uniqueness and realize that it is not enough, given our heritage, simply to provide a high-quality education of the type available elsewhere. *Non doctior sed meliore doctrina imbutus.*

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