

Commencement '76

The News

Bryn Mawr
and Haverford
Colleges

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Marshall, Mathias to address grads

Monday Tuesday

Professor Dorothy Nepper Marshall of the University of Massachusetts and Secretary of Transportation William T. Coleman, Jr., are the speakers at Bryn Mawr College's 91st Convocation and Commencement, respectively, May 9 and May 10. Lovida Harden Coleman, a Quaker Trustee of the College, will open the Convocation.

Dorothy Marshall was Dean of Bryn Mawr College from 1946 to 1970, and twice served as Acting President. A noted scholar of Latin America, she taught courses in Spanish language and literature, and Latin American politics and economics. Marshall was instrumental in developing an interdepartmental program in Hispanic and Hispanic-American Studies at Bryn Mawr.

In recognition of Marshall's contribution to Hispanic studies at Bryn Mawr, the recipient of the Dorothy Nepper Marshall Professorship, in Hispanic and Hispanic-American studies, will be announced at Commencement. The Professorship is planned to rotate among the departments contributing to Hispanic and Hispanic-American studies at Bryn Mawr.

In 1971 Marshall became one of the first two women trustees of the Ford Foundation, where she is a consultant on Latin America. She is also a Director of Bryn Mawr College, a Trustee of Holy Cross College, and a past president of the International Institute in Spain. Currently Marshall is Commonwealth Professor of the University of Massachusetts; she has also been Dean of Faculties, Provost and Vice-Chancellor for Academic Affairs of the Boston campus. She received her Ph.D. from Bryn Mawr in 1944, and was awarded several honorary degrees and fellowships.

William Coleman became the nation's fourth Secretary of Transportation on March 7, 1975, when he entered office following a distinguished career in law, business and public service that included advisory or consultant positions to four former Presidents.

Coleman was the senior partner in the Philadelphia law firm of Dilworth, Paxson, Kalish, Levy & Coleman. His law career began in 1947 when he was law secretary to Judge Herbert F. Goodrich of the U.S. Court of Appeals for the Third

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U.S. Senator Charles ("Mac") Mathias (R-Md.) will address Haverford's 138th commencement Tuesday.

A 1944 Haverford graduate, Mathias is considered by many, in Sen. Mike Mansfield's words, "the conscience of the Senate." A strong advocate of campaign finance reform, during his successful 1974 re-election campaign the Maryland Republican accepted no cash gifts and no gifts of more than \$100 from individuals, whether donated directly or through political organizations.

Mathias currently is a member of the Senate Select Committee to Study Intelligence Activities. He also sits on the Appropriations, Judiciary and District of Columbia Committees.

Mathias received an honorary Doctor of Laws Degree from Haverford in 1971. He was cited then as a "lawmaker with the con-



DOROTHY MARSHALL

science, courage and skill to fashion new and independent paths to solve old problems, (and) promising builder of a just society."

"What is right and what is wrong is not a question for calculation or manipulation," Mathias wrote in an op-ed article in the N.Y. Times during the Watergate affair. "To



CHARLES MATHIAS

seek to do what is right is not a novel experience for Americans. It is an old custom that could be revived for the bicentennial."

Upon leaving Haverford, Mathias enlisted in the Navy and served in the Pacific. A native of Frederick, Md., Mathias was city attorney of Frederick and

assistant attorney general of Maryland before entering state government as a Republican delegate. He served four two-year terms in the House of Representatives before his election to the Senate in 1968.

Throughout his 25-year career, Mathias has stood out among politicians for his high intellectual and ethical standards. To Mathias, this has meant supporting such projects as congressional reform, civil liberties and U.S. disengagement from Southeast Asia.

Mathias said that his years at Haverford were central to his development, which led to work in public service. "The intense study and intimate relationships between students and faculty were important in my case," he says of his undergraduate college experience. "In a larger environment I might have been driven back into myself and become a very introverted person. The sense of community

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Thieves break into Slater office, Remove safe containing \$1,700

by Eric Harrison

Burglars removed a safe containing more than \$1700 from the offices of ARA Services in Rockefeller basement in a break-in Mayday weekend.

The theft took place some time between 6 p.m. Sunday and 8 a.m. Monday, according to Assistant ARA Manager Mike Radvak.

Nothing was stolen except the safe.

Entry was gained to the office by breaking open the outer door to the office. Part of the lock was broken off. The door to the inner office where the safe was kept had been left open. The office has no alarm system.

"How they moved it was a mystery," Radvak said, pointing

out that the safe weighed close to 1,000 pounds.

"It wasn't wheeled out on its own wheels," said ARA Manager Angelo Nicolaou, who noted that the only marks on the floor were near the spot on which the safe had been. He added that an object of that weight would have left marks on the floor where it had been moved.

Radvak conjectures that the thieves wheeled the safe out of the office and down a short corridor to the exterior door to the ARA facilities in the basement of Rockefeller and onto a truck. "A

truck had to pull that one away," he said.

The safe contained the petty cash fund and the cash receipts from meals served to Mayday visitors. "We had more guests on Mayday than we expected," Nicolaou said. "We got hit hard." He listed the total cash lost at \$1728.

Both Lower Merion Police and ARA security investigators examined the scene of the break-in.

Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds Thomas Trucks was not available for comment, but Assistant Superintendent Tim Pierson told The News that Bryn Mawr Security had turned the matter over to the police.

According to Capt. Falcone of the Lower Merion Police Department, apparently no one in Rockefeller either saw or heard the

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"It is upsetting to come in and find that somebody wheeled-off your safe," commented ARA manager Angelo Nicolaou.

Signers

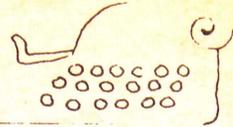
Haverford's collection of autographs of the signers of the Declaration of Independence will be on exhibit Monday and Tuesday. An inferior, duplicate set was sold last fall for \$120,000.

The autographed letters will be on display in the Sharpless Gallery of Magill Library, from 1:30 to 4 p.m. Monday and Tuesday. The autographs will also be exhibited several times this summer.

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ROUNDING OUT THE NEWS



\$21 Million

Bryn Mawr's \$21 million campaign is now at the \$20.3 million mark, "which is good," according to President Harris Wofford. An anonymous alumna pledged \$106,000, bringing the endowment of the Katharine E. McBride Fund for Faculty Appointments to \$1 million. The Katharine McBride Fund enables the College to pay transportation costs for overseas professors so that they can teach at Bryn Mawr. The Campaign officially ends July 4, but Wofford says "I have a very strong hope that we will make the \$21 million on the alumnae weekend, May 21." A special alumnae weekend will be held then to celebrate the end of the campaign; Haverford will probably launch its new fund-raising drive that weekend.

Pre-Med

More than sixty Haverford seniors will enter medical and law schools next fall. As of May 5, twenty of twenty-four seniors who applied to med schools had been accepted; five others plan to apply for admission in the fall of 1977. Forty-one class of '76ers will be going to law school. One senior is still waiting to hear from the law schools to which he applied, but according to Dean Al Williams, "My guess is that in a week or two we will have 100 percent into law school."

Musical Chairs

Margaret Healy and Ellen Reisner will join the President's Office at Bryn Mawr next year as John Briscoe and Nanette Jones leave their posts as Assistants to the President.

Briscoe is leaving to run for State Legislator, while Jones will become the Director of Resources at the Bryn Mawr School, a Boston secondary school originally founded as a "feeder" school to the College. Healy leaves the post of Dean of Rosemont College, where she is also a trustee. She received a doctorate in philosophy from Bryn Mawr in 1966. She was an instructor in philosophy and warden of Pembroke West from 1964 to 1966. Her new duties will include many of those Briscoe fulfills, principally institutional financial investigations.

Reisner was Executive Director

of the Bryn Mawr Alumnae Association from 1966 to the present. She received a M.A. from Bryn Mawr in 1933. Reisner was also warden of Merion and manager of the Bookshop from 1933 to 1937. She will be Bryn Mawr's Coordinator of Special Visitors, taking over many of Jones' duties.

TV Coleman

President John Coleman sold the TV rights to his recent book "Blue-Collar Journal" to General Electric, Coleman told The News last week. The dramatization of his summer 1973 experiences as short-order cook and garbageman should be aired in October, 1976.

It has not been decided who will play the role of Coleman. "It could turn around and make me look like an absolute ass," Coleman, who has not seen the script admitted, "which I'm obviously not!"

New Dean

Diane Balestri, an assistant professor of English at Bryn Mawr this year, will become Junior Class Dean, replacing Jane Hedley, who is rejoining the English department faculty full-time.

Balestri was graduated from Wellesly in 1965, and received her Ph.D. from Yale in 1970. From 1971-1974 she was an Assistant Professor at Albertus Magnus College, Conn.

Balestri taught Freshman Composition this year, and will do so again next year. She is married to Charles Balestri, a member of the English faculty at Swarthmore.

JoAnne Vanin will be Dean of the Freshman Class, will Rebecca Leach will be Sophomore Class Dean. Patricia Onderdonk Pruett will continue as Senior Class Dean.

New Students

The Bryn Mawr faculty approved a change in the Faculty Rules at their April 28 meeting, establishing a new category of students and allowing non-degree students to take undergraduate courses on a fee basis.

The faculty approved a second classification of "undergraduate" student, the Part-Time Degree Candidate. Some women may now be accepted as degree candidates

even though they are able to take only two or three courses each semester.

Students may also come to Bryn Mawr for a few courses only, rather than for the degree. The Committee on Admissions, which brought the proposal to the Faculty, characterized this type of student as one who might be "updating career training, preparing to switch to a new career, or following up a special interest developed elsewhere." The proposal, as approved, defines two classes of non-degree students, Post-baccalaureate and the Special Students.

The new program takes its inspiration from Radcliffe, where 300 special students bring \$450,000 to the college. Bryn Mawr hopes to duplicate Radcliffe's success in allowing non-traditional students to take courses, thus bringing in more tuition money, but not adding to the cost of teaching the courses.

The Committee noted, however, that the faculty would be taking on extra work with the new students, stating in its report "that a time of extraordinary demands upon the College as a whole must also be a time of extraordinary effort for us individually."

Book Fair

The Bryn Mawr Libraries, together with the Friends of the Library, will host an antiquarian's Book Fair and Auction in the Great Hall next weekend for the benefit of the 21 Million Campaign.

150 lots of books will be sold, among them, Holinshed's *Chronicles*, 1587, Priscianus' *Opera*, 1497, and first editions of *Boswell's Life of Samuel Johnson* and *Huckleberry Finn*. The books to be sold are duplicate volumes from the Bryn Mawr Libraries. In addition, twenty-two book dealers will pay a fee to exhibit their wares at the fair, and buyers and spectators will be charged an entrance fee. Tanis, Director of Libraries, hopes that the event will raise more than \$7,500 for the Campaign.

H'ford Schedule

- 9-10 a.m. Champagne Brunch for Haverford seniors in the Dining Center.
 1:30 p.m. Commencement Rehearsal featuring the all-star cast of Professors Bernstein, Lane, Miller and Spielman. All H'ford seniors are expected to attend. In the Field House.
 2-6 p.m. Fine Arts Department exhibit of seniors' work in the Comfort Gallery.
 5-6 p.m. Cookout dinner in front of the Dining Center.
 8-9 p.m. An informal session with commencement speaker Sen. Charles Mathias, in Stokes Auditorium.
 9 p.m. Reception in the Dining Center. Refreshments, entertainment, and a chance for seniors, their parents, faculty, staff and administration members and friends to commingle.
 10:30 p.m. Fine Arts Department exhibit of seniors' work will open again, after the reception.

Tuesday, May 11

- 9:30 p.m. Meeting for Worship in the Meeting house.
 10:45 p.m. Academic procession forms in the old gym.
 11 a.m. Commencement Ceremonies in front of Roberts (if rain, in the Field House).
 12:30-2:30 p.m. Buffet Luncheon in the Dining Center. Free by ticket to Haverford Seniors and their parents; additional tickets go for \$3.75 a shot.

BMC Schedule

Sunday, May 9

- 1:40 p.m. Assemble for procession — Taylor Steps.
 2-3 p.m. Convocation — Tent.
 3-5 p.m. Garden Party — Wyndham Green (if rain, Thomas).

Monday, May 10

- 9:30 a.m. Assemble for Procession — Taylor Steps.
 10 a.m. Academic Procession and Conferring of Degrees, Merion Green.



RON JENKINS

Mathias speaks to H'ford

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might have edged me toward a feeling for a political bent."

Haverford's commencement will open at 9:30 a.m. with a meeting for worship in the Haverford Friends Meeting House, on Buck Lane near the campus. Following the procession, Jonathan Rhoads, president of the Corporation of Haverford College, will open the commencement ceremony at 11 a.m. in front of

Roberts with a reading from the Scriptures. Haverford President John Coleman will greet the audience on behalf of the College.

Following Mathias' address, Haverford history professor Roger Lane will present the 208 members of the senior class for the awarding of degrees. Coleman will then announce the names of recipients of honorary degrees and conclude the ceremonies with brief remarks to the graduating class of 1976.

Marshall speaks at BMC

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Circuit, and then law clerk for the late Supreme Court Justice Felix Frankfurter.

An ardent defender of civil rights, Coleman was one of the authors of the legal brief that persuaded the Supreme Court in 1954 to outlaw segregation in public schools. In 1965, he was retained by former Governor Scranton of Pennsylvania to assist in removing racial restrictions at Girard College in Philadelphia. He has served as a member of the national legal committee, director, member of the executive committee and president of the NAACP Legal

Defense and Educational Fund. He has also served as a board member and president of the Earl Warren Legal Training Program.

In addition, Coleman was senior consultant and assistant counsel to the President's Commission on the Assassination of President Kennedy in 1964. He was a member of the U.S. delegation to the 24th session of the United Nations General Assembly in 1969, and has held numerous other professional and public positions.

ARA robbed

(Continued from Page 1)

break-in occur. "No one is aware or saw anyone who contributed to the loss," Falcone said. There are no suspects in the case.

Nicolaou and Radvak theorized that the break-in involved people who were in the office before and knew the location of the safe, and who perhaps also knew that there had been high cash sales for Mayday.

Radvak said that Seiler's of New England, which takes over the food contract from ARA as of June 1, has been notified of the theft. "What they do is up to them," he said.

The Mayday weekend incident was the second major theft to take place in the food service offices since ARA has occupied them. On February 13, 1975, an armed man entered the office and forced an ARA employee to open the safe. He escaped with some \$1200 after tying up the employee.

"It is upsetting to come in and find that somebody wheeled off your safe," Nicolaou commented.

Senior Collection Speech

'The place where I almost lost it all'

by Mike Nardone, '76

I had a real problem writing this senior collection speech. After all, I was following in the footsteps of some great speakers: Rick Schall, Dave Kahn, Fang Davison, and Moose Goonshaw. And I didn't know exactly how to go about it. Should I try to be funny? But how could I do that? After you've been funny for four years, it's hard to condense all of that into 25 minutes. Or, should I try to be

profound? I decided that that wouldn't work. I haven't been profound for four years at Haverford, so why should I start now? Or, maybe I should be entertaining. But then I thought, why should I be entertaining all you guys? I'm the one frying down here on stage in Stokes. Finally, I decided I would give a presentation more characteristic of the Class of '76. I decided I would be boring.

In this vein, I brought along some home movies to give you all a brief glimpse into my past. (At this point, home movies of Mike as a baby were shown. Real classics: Christening, fawning parents, a bath) It all started for me in Ridgefield Park, N. J. on April 11, 1954. Mom was a Saladino from Jersey City and Pop was a Nardone from Hoboken. Those were happy, carefree years. What spunk and vitality! Although I attended St. Francis grammar school in Ridgefield Park, I wasn't to stay in the pits of New Jersey. I attended high school at Regis in New York. Thus began four years of growth in sophistication. I started as a freshman who read the Daily News and wound up a devout reader of the N.Y. Times. I even learned how to make the commuter fold.

What potential Mike had! He applied to all the big Ivies — Princeton, Harvard, Yale. Why, then, did he go to Haverford?

Was it the academic reputation

of Haverford College? You know, those small discussion sections you've read so much about; the guarantee of a job that a Haverford education provides you?

Or, was it the Quaker sense of community?

Or finally, was it the combination of the "best of both worlds" at Bryn Mawr-Haverford? The strong academics of Bryn Mawr and all the benefits of coeducation that it provides?

No, 'fraid not. I came to Haverford College because it was the only school that accepted me.

Thus began four years at Haverford College. If asked how I would characterize my four years here, I think I would have to say that Haverford is probably the place where I came closest to losing it all.

Take, for example, that first weekend at Haverford. Oh, those were tough times. I was so done that the best thing I could do that first Friday was to drink half a gallon of Gallo chianti. Needless to say, I was terribly wasted. Thus when four of the people on my hall decided to go to the movies to see "A Clockwork Orange" I decided to join them. It was only 8:30 and there was plenty of night left. So began a long trip to the Ardmore theatre. Luckily, I had already seen "Clockwork Orange" before, because I was obviously not meant to see a movie this night. Instead, I

spent what seemed like years in the bathroom stall puking my guts out. After a while I decided it was time to leave. However, I can honestly state that I do not remember anything that happened in-between the time I left Ardmore theatre and the moment that I woke up lying down next to the duckpond, propped up by a tree. It was at this point that I met Joe Shekuro and Dave Glaser for the first time. They were driving by in a car and they tried to convince me that I was at Swarthmore. But I was not one to be fooled. Eventually, I did make it back to Gummere. This sojourn, I think, was a portent of things to come.

Besides this experience where I lost it all, I also took off quite a few pounds at Haverford College. I came to Haverford a 245-pounder and I will leave having shed 80 of those pounds.

I must also say that I came pretty close to losing my sanity at Haverford. Not only has the schoolwork been grueling, but how can you remain sane in a suite made up of Setzer, Krift, Shekuro, Butler, and Rubin?

And finally, this speech is an example of how I've been robbed of my creativity and imagination.

But, through it all, I'm not bitter. I hold no grudges against the administration. The bureaucracy at Haverford keeps them aloof

enough so that no friction can develop. And I have had some good times here and made some good friends. In addition to my illustrious suite mates, whenever I've been able to penetrate the ozone I've enjoyed trying to relate to the lobsters. The POOH policy which allows pets to run pretty much on their own gave me the opportunity to become friends with the very finicky small dogs. And, then of course, there's the ever bitter Steve Harper and Steve Klein, not to mention the "consciously cool" members of 12 Lloyd.

Luckily, though, I should be graduating soon. I will not lose it all. Instead, with my Haverford diploma, I, Mike Nardone will face the world. Despite the possible insecurities of being a senior, I have new-found confidence. After all, if I don't know what to do with my life, there's always law school, med school, or business school. And, there's always in the background an ever present voice that says: don't be afraid of the world, if you got through Haverford, you can get through anything.

Announcements — Since I was chosen as the Collection speaker, it is my honor to announce the senior class gift. All the seniors have pooled their resources and come up with a sizable sum of money. We are going to use this money to set up a fund to provide one lucky senior with the opportunity to go to Haverford for four more years. Winners will be those students who according to the senior class are most deserving of four more years. This year's winners: a tie, Dave Hackett and Eddie Harcastle.

Clothes furnished and provided by Sammy Marshall.
Grand Finale: juggling an apple and two balls and eating the apple.



BARB McDEVITT

MIKE NARDONE



PAM PEGLAU AND CONQUEST



RUSTY KING

May Day Speech

'The data is coming'

by Barbara McDevitt, '76

Graduating seniors often wonder what use their Liberal Arts education will be since they come out with relatively few skills in any particular area. Let me allay that impression by telling you what I've learned in my four years here: **Freshman Year** I learned how to handle awkward situations, or "What to do when the Data Comes In..."

I was a naive freshman, from an all-girls Catholic High School, sent to do busy work at the Bryn Mawr Computer Center for a sociology project. I was assisted by a willing and able Bryn Mawr senior. We entered the information, then she disappeared saying she'd be back when the data started coming in, in about a half hour. Five minutes later, the machine erupted, spewing forth clouds of data sheets up and into the room. In a panic, I dashed out to search for my senior mentor and it occurred to me that

she might be in the ladies room: I threw open the door and there on the floor

Much to my wondering eyes did appear

My senior atop of another, I fear.

I stood there a second with my mouth all agape,

Said, "The data is coming," and made my escape.

Sophomore Year I really learned what it meant to be pre-med under the kind and gentle guidance of such considerate professors as Dashing Jay Young.

Pred-Med at Bryn Mawr meant PRE-MEDITATED SUICIDE, unless your nose is naturally brown.

Second semester, during Hell Week, I learned the five art of S and M, and how to torture the freshmen with ice cream and flowers.

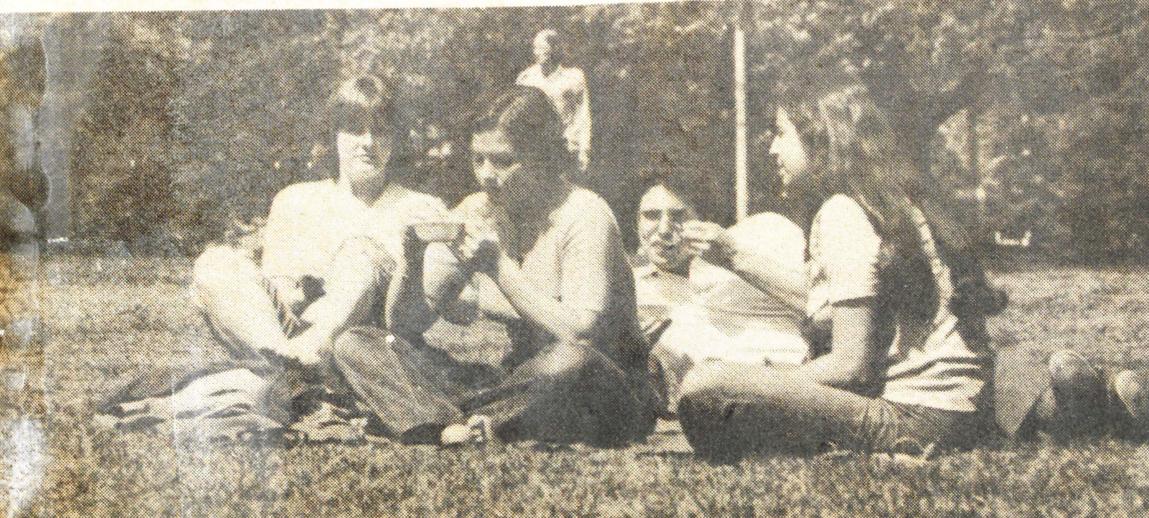
Junior Year I learned how to cope with the problems of Bryn Mawr —

I moved to Haverford. Haverford men, and I use the term loosely, may have problems of their own, particularly in the height and weight department, but after two years in a nunnery, I kicked the habit. No longer did I bear comments echoing from Taylor tower like:

"I prefer books to men because I never met a book that didn't like me!"

Senior Year we learned how to be independent women and make our own decisions. The first thing I was taught was how to pretend I was picking a commencement speaker:

- 1) Preliminary meetings
- 2) Nominations
- 3) Balloting among the senior class
- 4) Then Dean McPherson picks a commencement speaker for you.



JILL HALEY, JUDY GRANGER, LARRY MILLER, ANNE JUNGK



MAY DAY STREAK, 1975

Editorial

Watching the antics of the bi-College community these last four years has been interesting indeed, though trying to imagine what these two institutions will be like in 1001 A.D., the year of our 25th reunion, is rather like trying to predict the weather without so much as an almanac.

When the Class of '76 were mere runny-nosed freshmen, Bryn Mawrters could not even fulfill their divisional requirements with Haverford courses. Now the issue of the day is cross-majoring. When we were freshmen, Haverford was seriously considering coeducation, now...but then, if nothing could be depended upon to remain stable in these changing times we'd be even more hopelessly neurotic than we are now.

There have been some slight changes for the better, however, and while they're not earthshattering ones, we think they show some potential for extending our education beyond the classroom, an experience which is unfortunately lacking at present. At the college where one of us (Riemer) was once shocked to learn, during those impressionable days of Freshman Week 1972, that your average Mawrter-on-the-street had never heard of N.O.W. (the National Organization of Women), there is now the Social Action Caucus. They may never cure all the ills of society, but it's nice to know that at least some of us have the energy and the optimism to care. And at the college where Greg Tobin once wrote an article entitled "Gays at H'ford: 'Organizing Might Cause a Lot of Fear'" (The News, Oct. 12, 1973), there is now the Gay People's Alliance, and any frightened heterosexuals are hiding their dismay in the closet.

There have even been some improvements in that sorely-criticized organ of campus communication, The News. Bryn Mawr coverage has continued at last year's level, and Bryn Mawr editors and reporters are no longer an extinct species. News editors no longer talk about an opinion article written by a Bryn Mawrter as if it were a flight to Mars — it happens fairly regularly, although we do think the opinions pages of The News could be utilized for discussions of cooperations, cross-majoring, et al more often. But letters about Hell Week are fine too.

By and large, however, the 'seventies, as has often been said, have been sleepy years, especially, it often seems, at Bryn Mawr-Haverford. But we hope we see some signs of change — signs that succeeding classes will look up from their books long enough to say, "A pretty campus isn't enough. Let's make things better here."

Barbara Riemer

Barbara Riemer, Marcus Levitt,
editors-in-chief

Alice Taylor, managing editor

Training in Survival

by Bill Guthe, '76

Having been a cross-major here, I now feel I can survive any other disorienting circumstances. It's rough to explain, not simply say, where you went to college. Sometimes I wasn't sure myself, and enrolled for a course at the Hot Shoppes. Dave Crommet compared it to Junior Year Abroad at Senior Collection; but I feel more like a vanishing species.

One benefit of straddling both schools is the vantage point of distance: I could enjoy Haverford without being completely caught up in it. My feelings are reflected in a letter written by Thomas Kelly in 1938, and quoted by Douglas Steere in *A Testament of Devotion*: "I am more happy here at Haverford than anybody has right to be, in this vale of tears and trouble (!) It is just about as ideal as one could ever wish for — yet with very human shortcomings."

The ideals and the 'very human' faults are hard for me to sort out, for the school's dreams and its stumblings were both parts of one experience, an experience I found rewarding, though sometimes frustrating.

There is an honesty in allowing yourself and the school to have ideals and to acknowledge faults. As we catch ourselves slipping from our goals, Haverford slips, too. Of course, no two people would agree on ideals; but if two 'very human' Haverfordians come together honestly, then some ideal has been reached just by accepting each other.

This honesty is hard to come by anywhere, but it can and does happen at Haverford. The misunderstandings and problems are as much a part of the education as all the books in Western Civ. After four years, I owe Haverford a lot more than just money.

Years conveying images

by Pat De Fusco, '76

How does one put together four years of the Bryn Mawr-Haverford experience for an article in the graduation issue of The News? The ideal, I guess, is to be witty and sarcastic, but in a gently nostalgic sort of way. Four years of being a Bryn Mawr pre-med have diminished my ability to be any of the above except perhaps in rare circumstances, although I may be being presumptuous in asserting my former ability to be so. So, in the absence of both a suitable tone and a particular theme, the only other option is a very self-conscious stream of consciousness collage of reminiscences.

Four years...sometimes the time has dragged by, especially in classes where the hour seemed interminably long, when the drone of the clock mingled with that in the room to intensify time and its slow passage...Yet when my mind returns to freshman year and the time I spent in a Denhigh slit with baby Bio and a rowdy crew of compatriots, the sense of passed time is very real...Four years...each one conveying images of certain special people, certain special events and certain special traumas...Looking back, everything seems to assume a cyclical pattern...The time and circumstances may be different

for any two given experiences, but more often than not, the gut feelings evoked, the worries and the pain have all been experienced before...The strange part is that age and experience seem neither to increase wisdom nor sharpen pragmatic skills.

Yet enough of such probing introspection. Time does pass, people do change, events do recur. Each set of circumstances is unique yet similar threads connect each and all. Time effaces much and memories are very individual.

So, what do I ramble about next? Do I say what a great and invaluable experience it's all been? Do I fondly enumerate friends and events (these latter spanning the gamut from certain bars to long nights in front of certain inordinately obstinate pieces of Biology equipment)? Do I say that after considering all the positive and negatives, the balance still tips in favor of the former? You may read in what you like. A chronicle of personal experiences is a bore and I shy from sentimentality now as if it were an offer of "four more years." The intensity of life here does not lend itself to qualitative assessment, especially as graduation gets nearer. With this lesson of procrastination well learned, it's on to bigger and better things; hopefully with an appropriate mixture of insanity and sobriety.

Pulling apart

by Andrew Silk, '76

We miss the confusion in the catharsis of commencement. Much of the year has been spent pulling apart from each other. Almost guiltily we discover our differing needs for money, work, books.

The choices we make are not individual. The philosophy student who decides to 'stick with it' threatens his colleague who is not exactly sure why he wants to be a lawyer. The threat, however, is reciprocal: compared to law school, graduate work in academics is an indulgence, an inability to confront 'the world.'

The student who has been able to seize the reality of graduation is made uncomfortable around those who are floundering, uncertain of interests, jobs, commitments. Those who are nervous and depressed remind others of the fragility of their own choices. Whereas before we were all "College Students," we now try out different labels — sales representative, intellectual, corporate lawyer, administrator, and see which might stick.

The final year stratification at Haverford and Bryn Mawr is, I think, more difficult than at larger places. Elsewhere, one expects that the divisions outside the campus will correspond to similar ones inside. We try, rightly or wrongly, to obscure that. Few special interests are allowed to dominate — the 'full-time' actors, athletes, writers usually leave or are frustrated. Personal identity and academic involvement are frequently synonymous. The intellectual test becomes the critical one — not merely for grades, but almost for one's individual worth. You are as good as you think.

It is a shock then to realize that with graduation this common identity evaporates. One impulse is to try and sustain it, the other to hang it up with the diploma; whichever we follow is seen as a weakness.

Consciously or unconsciously we begin to make choices largely determined by our demands for security. We laugh nervously at those who graduated last year and are twisting in the corporate uniforms they have reluctantly put on. (It was with a tinge of nausea that I heard a recent alumnus tell me, "We are all conservatives now.")

Even while still in the dorms, we can watch this transformation taking place as people realize how much they want to be comfortable.

It is these people who may look back at Haverford and Bryn Mawr with the most nostalgia — those great four years of intellectual challenge and culture which stand out from a life of more mundane concerns which followed.

Others, more restless, will attempt to keep the sensibility of the student — not sure of whether they would know if they had 'made it,' or whether they want to 'make-it.' For them, college will become part of an evolution of interests and choices, perhaps more important, perhaps less, than any other four year period in their life.

Part of the anxiety of graduating is due to a myth — that we are supposed to come from high school confused, decide in college what we want to do, and after graduation go ahead and do it. When this doesn't happen, we or the college has failed.

It is in response to this myth that we try so hard at the end to connect college to all that surrounds it, and rebel so strongly if we don't find the links. Instead, what should emerge from liberal educations is an appreciation of the tentativeness of it all. That the choices we make and the meanings we assign to them are inherently ambiguous and are constantly redefined.



PAT DEFUSCO



SENIOR MAY DAY PROCESSION



CHARLOTTE MILLER, ELLEN GRITZ, WENDY BRACHMAN, ELEANORE KARNES, MEG STOLEE

Liberal arts or vocational scholarship?

by Lydia Spitzer, '76

For a long time I have been wanting to say something about my feelings on leaving Bryn Mawr, and about Bryn Mawr in general. I've talked to a lot of other people, trying to clarify my own thoughts, and still have mixed and complex reactions to this school. I think, however, that the fact that I have often been unhappy here obliges me to examine the reasons for this, and try to help others who, as I, look on Bryn Mawr College as falling painfully short of the excellence to which it makes such determined claims.

One is thrown very much back on oneself here. Whenever I have been tempted to voice anything that sounded like a complaint, I have been told by members of the faculty or administration to stop feeling sorry for myself and work harder. Others I have talked to have fared the same. "You are not here to be coddled; the world will not coddle you," one is told, sternly. I do not find either of these assertions particularly pertinent to the academic situation. Are we here for an education in liberal arts or a vocational training in scholarship? To my mind, the former is not best imparted by putting a student in front of deep water and commanding her to jump. Yet I have heard hair-raising reports of professors who pride themselves on doing just that — and why? So that only those who are fittest to survive anyway will stay afloat? And what of those that sink for one reason or another? If they are generally unsuited to such unencouraging and damned unfriendly attitudes must they sink and be marked as second-rate citizens because of it? This is a good way of turning out faithful reproductions of the M. Carey Thomas legend (which everyone here seems to admire inordinately): the competitive, aggressive, self-assertive types who will probably make great professors and scholars but not necessarily good teachers; it has very little to do, though, with liberal arts, and those who do not fit the type too often have little recourse, compensation, or consolation. I have heard too many stories of students being manipulated in class by professors who feel the students are basically unimportant, or even wish they would drop dead so they (the professors) could get on with their important research, to be greatly proud of being a member of the same community.

I do not wish to be purely condemnatory, although I feel there is much to condemn. I have had courses in which the atmosphere was one of shared exploration: the professors in these courses felt they had as much to learn as to teach, and those were truly exhilarating courses. That is the nature of a liberal arts education, not the stagnating and self-centered arrogance one finds too often here: even were such exhibited by only one professor, that would be one too many. After all, if Bryn Mawr expects excellence from its students, shall we not have the reciprocal right to demand

excellence from our college? Have we not the right to be outraged and indignant when professors lie to students about who is doing honors, or when seniors are given, for their orals, topics about which their professors know they know nothing, or when even one professor confronts students with contempt or boredom? Have we not the right to complain about being treated in such a way as to make us permanently subject to strong doubts about our own self-worth? Especially when these are neither necessary nor productive methods of education?

Even in writing this letter I feel that I am laying myself dangerously open to the same charges of self-pity that I have met with all along. Luckily, however, I have somehow learned — or perhaps chosen — to trust myself, and to know that when I feel it would be counterproductive for me to try to become another M. Carey Thomas, that does not mean I have any less rights to the benefits of life than anyone else. However, it does mean that I have less rights to the benefits of Bryn Mawr, and it is with the realization that insofar as this place is so confoundingly hide-bound I do not belong here, that I write this letter. The Admissions Office may boast that it makes no mistakes, but that merely proves my point. By admitting a diversified student body, but failing (or

being unable) to offer a suitably diversified program, this college automatically dooms a certain percentage of the student body to four difficult and often painful years. Education with tears merely for the sake of those tears is not my idea of a liberal arts education.

So I am glad to be leaving Bryn Mawr, glad and triumphant, though my triumph is not one for which Bryn Mawr will officially congratulate me. I feel I have earned my diploma; I have served out my time. I have not learned much of what I want to learn, but I have acquired an interesting perspective on things, one which will help me to get my own liberal arts education now, despite Bryn Mawr's efforts. To those who have still more time to serve, I offer sympathy and very warm encouragement. Have faith in yourselves, even if you are scarcely allowed to do so. You are worthy people, and when you learn that, you will have armed yourselves with the strongest weapon you can wield in this world. And soon, you too will be free, "Free," as Matthew Arnold says in "The Scholar Gypsy:"

"... from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings."
Ave atque Vale.



IQBAL ZAIDI



FRESHMAN SHOW



MARCUS LEVITT, BARBARA RIEMER

The class that made headlines

by Marcus Levitt, '76

Four years and many exams ago... Ambler and Vermey brought forth on these campi the largest frosh classes heretofore seen in the bi-College community (492 of us!). An action-packed year: the end of football at Haverford, the \$21 Million Campaign launched, "Maximum Density Housing" invented, the U. S. armed forces out of Vietnam and Nixon back into the White House for four years... or so he thought. The freshman class distinguishes itself on the stage with the freshman show "Grim Fairy Tales" and sweeps best actor and actress at Class Nite, with Groucho Maas as Harris Wooffer and Louise Blair as Dean McFussing. Tuition is raised, quorum is not reached, the dorm exchange is upped to 150 after students protest the arbitrary 130 figure. At the start of the year, four BMC frosh are living in the infirmary; at the end, one hundred H'ford frosh are roomless in the draw. Remember the march on Spiegler's house and the Roberts' sit-in? Saga signs a joint contract. The BMC faculty okays fulfilling divisionals at Haverford, and the coeducation-cooperation debate buzzes on campus. On April 27, 1973, The News calls for Nixon's impeachment, "even if it means four years of Spiro Agnew!"

Sophomore Year

Coleman's return after summer stint as garbageman sparks a year of pranks. In early October, one out of every four H'ford

students has his toothbrush stolen... Energy Crisis slows the country down to 55 mph. 76ers lead the way to \$490 worth of damages in the Great Barclay Water Fight during exam week. In January, the Board of Managers declares, "Expansion, Yes; Coed, No" for H'ford. On campus the new issue is, which is funnier, Donna Nelson and Dave Crommet as best actors in Class Nite, or the new H'ford "dimension point" system. Roddy Bell and Merion go single-sex. Tuition is raised, "Zubrow Wins Big" (could he win any other way?), and students go to D.C. to protest Indochina mess. King Lear and May Day are struck (streaked?). Haverford controversy over the Honor Code, Bryn Mawr dorms are cold. So, what else is new?

Junior Year

The bi-College medical services shack up together, Ford pardons Nixon, and Mimi Panich tells Haverford to drop into a crack. Ananda Cousins expelled, a conscientious objector to the Code.

Tuition is raised. The yearbook goes coed and a bi-College grading system is adopted. Quorum is not reached. Bryn Mawr's January Plenary admits men to SGA. Brachman and King head student governments, Levitt and Riemer edit The News, the dorm exchange is upped to 189 and Bryn Mawr dues to \$70. Haverford buys HPA. John Close wins best actor. The "Simple Meal" is begun, and regular meals are curtailed at BMC. Colloquium

occurs; Junior Show does not. The year is brought to a close by a series of scandals: a BMC admissions pamphlet allegedly descending to H'ford is squelched, Master Keys to Bryn Mawr are discovered circulating around campus, 29 percent admit to speeding during exams. Wofford contracts case of foot-in-mouth following a callous May Day address.

Senior Year

The underclassmen follow the seniors into Canada and Magill for a low-key '75-'76, highlighted by protests against Princess Pahlavi, Deep Throat ("I've had my husband up to here"), and Scoop Jackson. "Coed Pressure Up" at Haverford (again) as Bryn Mawr responds to H'ford faculty pseudo-ultimatum by a cross-majoring halt, followed by a call for renewed cooperation...

H'ford frosh picket Mary Pat after she declares that "All women hate male freshmen." McPherson and D'Andrea stop speaking to one another (a step backward in bi-College relations). Swarthmore steals The News, and the senior class steals the show with "A Touch of Class Nite." Erdman is still cold. Tuition is raised. Colloquium asks, is Bryn Mawr a feminist institution? No one answers. Gubins predicts deficits, Coleman hedges on expansion, and Magill library nets \$108,000 for bi-Centennial signatures. Swarthmore don't shine in H'ford's 75th soccer season. May Day is rained out. We graduate!



JOHN MASS, LUCILLE BLAIR

Collection Speech

Crommett confronts the H'ford experience

by Dave Crommett '76

Editors' note: The following article had to be severely edited due to space limitations. Our apologies to the author for cutting out two lengthy sections. Asterisks mark the deletions.

With your kind permission I would like to start off today on a sour note. I am sorry to do so but the present system for organizing Senior Collection demands immediate reappraisal, reform and revamping and maybe even a Gubins model. As the tradition stands, there is little I can think of that compares with the heartlessness and the tyranny of informing one that within the week he is to step before a



DAVE CROMMETT AS LEAR

throne of baying pre-professionals and, quote unquote, be funny. Others, not just the Collection Committee, have picked up this cry, and so it is thus that within the last few days Mr. Nardone and myself have been unduly subjected to harrassment and derision in the form of pointed fingers, leering, taunting gazes, and that same echoing refrain: "Hey, you'd better be funny."

This is all I have to say on that issue. I harbor no desire to cast a pall on these otherwise light-hearted and festive proceedings. But before turning to other matters, might I suggest that while Bryn Mawr re-evaluates its Hell Week tradition we might do well to take another look at Senior Collection. Certainly there are other, more wholesome ways of fomenting good will and comradery in our respective midsts. Perhaps a senior red-rover tournament or a senior disco dance in benefit of the victims of Dutch elm disease could accomplish this same purpose. The point is that Senior Collection as it stands is cruel, inhumane and fucking unQuakerly, not just to those who are made to speak but, as you are about to see, to those who come to watch it. So let's form a committee, Jack, to study the problem, and we'll get back to you.

Now, that little piece of bilious invective aside, I'd like to go on to more cheerful, insipid matters.

I entered Haverford as a transfer student in the Fall of 1973; I had actually interviewed here in the spring of 1972, as luck would have it, during the now legendary (some say mythical) Black & Puerto Rican students boycott. In the interim I spent a year working as a

messenger in my home country of Puerto Rico, paralleling Jack Coleman's own foray into the world of work. And so it was I arrived at Haverford, feeling a solidarity in philosophy with the very president of the place and assuming that some strong measures had been taken since the boycott to legitimize the college as a bastion of innovative, liberal thinking.

Lately it seems that the 70's have finally stopped being a hung-over version of the 60's and have started to take on a character of their own. Similarly, the passage of time has revealed my personal philosophy upon entering the place as hopelessly naive. In my opinion, such is also the case with Haverford's often stuttering overtures towards "diversity," that lofty, soothing term that tells us all the percentages and proportions are right, and that our positions as good up-standing liberals are upheld until the next poll comes around.

Diversity at Haverford is necessarily a two-faced stance. We set ourselves apart so as to pride ourselves on our exclusiveness, our prestige, our "park-like atmosphere" in the midst of urban blight, only to assuage our guilt by attempting to bring the "real world" back in, on our own terms.

+ + +

So much for foreign affairs.

I'd next like to talk about life, or existence, here; the Haverford experience, not just to juxtapose it with the realities of West Philly but also to plant the question of how much changing we actually do here. Do we really attain total personal growth, mature as liberal men at Haverford (see Admissions brochures for the rest) or do we just settle more firmly into our own ways? Yes, our bathroom reading habits might change from Hesse, Tolkien and Vonnegut to Penthouse and Sons of Satan. Yes, we might learn that we are not the only one who uses terms like dichotomy, diametrically opposed, frame of reference, ontological proof and Cartesian split. But in our relations with people here, do we ever move out of that first, awkward, Popsicle-Night situation, wrought with what's your name where you from what's your major?

+ + +

Yes, what will become of this year's seniors? Within the month we will be alumni, Development Office files, sentenced to a lifetime of scattered class reunions at which we watch our ranks slowly thin, wrinkles creeping across the faces, waistlines sagging, wives and children springing up like so much ragweed. Pretty morbid, huh?

Such a prospect is bound to have a telling effect on the psyche as one approaches cap & gown day. One starts doing strange, headstrong, even sentimental things. I am not sure whether these actions represent a drawing up or a sinking deeper of roots at Haverford. But in these past weeks I can tell you that I have done strange, unprecedented things.

I have gone to breakfast avidly, at one point for 12 days straight. I am a regular at Roache and O'Brien's on Tuesday and Thursday evenings and sometimes for lunch as well. I have decided to purchase a Shark Sox T-Shirt. I have written letters to Jack nominating people for the Martin Foss award. I have asked to use the old gym swimming tub. I read every word of the sports section of The News lately. I am doing my laundry in a different laundry room. I am doing my laundry. I am going to Collection for the first time — right now. I talked politics with "Dick" Hirn. I did not write in any of my friends for Honor Council. And so forth.

What will it all be like 50 years from now? Here's my idea of someone at our 50th class reunion, sitting blanketed at a major athletic event, '76 pennant in hand, speaking senilely to everyone in general

and none in particular.

"So this is the James L. Canan Red Rover Pavilion. God I remember when they used to play cricket here. They dropped it you know, when they made the laundry rooms into triples — couldn't keep the uniforms clean. God, expansion has changed everything. Hell I even remember when the Student Council president was an American Studies major, but that was before they discovered the truth about math majors.

"What's the faculty-student ratio like now? 7,000 to 1.? All football players? Well shit, how long has Quinlan been president?

"Me? Well I go back aways. I remember when that puddle you just stepped in had ducks in it. I remember when Gubinsville was called Ardmore. I'm class of 1976.

"Yeah, we had some good people in our class. Fellow by the name of Mike Nardone. He owns a vacuum cleaner factory in Bavaria. He and this fellow Setzer used to drink up a storm. Then there was this guy Crauder who ran off with a bagpipe.

"Bendix? Did you know Bendix? Had an operation huh? Intestinal by-pass? That paunch did get out of hand.

"You know today I was down at the 91 Lloyd museum. God you know those bodies are still intact? Perfectly preserved.

"Me, travel? Well I get around. I go down to Rio every year to pay my respects to a couple of friends of mine. Died young they did, died young, Roberto Roca and Gene Hamilton. The natives set up a monument to them, you know. Seems they rid the country of some white powder that cut down on productivity. Right up on the hill it is, this giant shrine in the form of a nostril.

"Yup, a lot of big things got started in my class. Do you know the Turks and the Bods used to be called the Democrats and the Republicans? We had a lot of success stories. Fellow by the name of Birch is in the Guinness Book of World Records. I understand he holds some kind of procreation record. Another couple of fellas teamed up on a Wall Street Brokerage and made a bundle, Juan Williams and Tom Barlow it was. Then there was Pete Moore who sold Iowa to the Russians.

"Is that Rusty King over there? You know he always did hold a cigarette like a Nazi. Who else now. Well, Sherman, Bogen and Schreiber have run the National Enquirer for years, you know. Is that right? Marie Stefan and Janet Henry are still here? My God.

"Pardon? Me? I go back aways. I'm class of 1976.

"Pardon? Oh Yes. I do seem to remember something about Quaker roots, yeah."



JEMILA & SULTANA

A classical education

by Carol Tamm, '76

"In Praise of a Classical Education"
Time: 2 to 4 P.M., any Tuesday, spring '76.
Place: Dalton 105

Subject: De Rerum Natura

Comments: ... well, if no one has anything more to add... Lucretius thinking in a seedy sort of way... *vestigia notitiae* — the footprints of an anticipation?... sacrifices to the dogs... Venus is genitive here... a line in honor of the goddess Metrigratia... pain is when your atoms are disrupted; pleasure when they are all in place... translating that passage disrupted my atoms... *plagas* means "blows," Dennis — we'll come to that shortly... Big Bailey... why do only human *simulacra* cause the seeds to be roused in the far corners of the male body?... at the risk of straying far from the path of true reason, might I suggest that... compare Book I of the Bible... no, *puncto tempore* has got nothing to do with John Dean... here Lucretius rather neatly quashes a bit of incipient *religio*... it's a very dicey thing... ping pong bang crash pow and it's love at first sight... kinetic and katastematic... which kind of pleasure would you rather have, Alison?... if we were all Epicureans, the race would die out... "verum ubi equi atque hominis casu convenit imago" — anyone care to read it aloud?... Lucretius having fun again... language is just another of the atomic processes which compose our existence... harsh words have sharp corners — that's why you get a sore throat... that's what Mrs. Brotherson told me... the shoals of death and shores of life... and all that... women are m's, men are v's... wow!... what's *thesis*?!... some kind of intellectual decision on what to call things... thanks a lot, Carol Leigh... that's two small coffees, one large, one medium Coke, three large Tabs, two donuts and an apple for Dennis... good paper

topic... "Lucretius as a Modest Man"... maybe it's dative... just like Jane Austen... I missed that... who can tell us about Triptolemus?... let's all look at Dennis... why don't we see the side we don't see?... "golden generations of peacocks"... Bravo!... Mrs. Michels says... was Lucretius married?... did he notice?... I don't see any void... he reformed the gods... is *divinitus* always sarcastic?... do people with jaundice see everything yellow? More of that *suave mari magno* sort of thing... just because I swerve, how does that get me free will?... the parameters of pleasure... "I spit upon the Good unless it does me some good"... what's the Greek for "spit"? Lucretius is cheating right and left... don't fear death, you won't be there... history as regress... what does Bailey say?... well, how do you know if the tower's square or round?... if you double up with laughter, tears of merriment in your eyes, then all your component atoms double up with laughter, tears of merriment in their eyes... Vicki, you are straying far from the path of true reason... it wasn't Lucretius' fault he wasn't Vergil... what was Calliope the muse of, epic poetry or history?... it's probably significant... I thought it was merry-go-rounds... good paper topic: "Why Lucretius Was Not a Poet"... I see the rank wormwood, but where's the honey?... Homer was a peacock who grew up to be Ennius... he's not interested in the cure because this is the end of the world... it doesn't take divine intervention to make a man learn to love an ugly woman... look at stone under a dripping faucet... thanks, Lucrepus... is that a verb?... where's the dactyl?... that's the Epicurean spirit!... how would you end it?... that does not profit my soul... I see the path of true reason, but where's the subject?...

Degree Candidates, Class of 1976

Bryn Mawr

Anthropology

Debra Lynne Bush
Susan Yung Chao
Bette Ellen Clark
Pamela Marcia Renee de Toledo
Lisa Margo Faerman
Donna Claire Fex
Cynthia Arnold Fissel
Sara Anne George
Gail Jean Hann
Rita Jean Louard
Deborah M. Manley
Elizabeth Eileen Mertz
Jane Irene Milas
Parry Justine Mooney
Lyla J. Mussler
Elizabeth Ann Newell
Ann-Marie Elizabeth Pavlo
Barbara L. Riemer
Joan Wilmarth
Toyo Lynn Yamashita

Biology

Lanette Maria Anderson
Deborah Ann Brown
Elizabeth Halcyon Brown
Andrea Jane Capalbo
Elizabeth Jean Cobbs
Patricia Anne C. Curran
Joyce Ellen F.
Kim Guat Goh
Lisa Louise Lukens
Barbara Ellen McDevitt
Zeba Azizali Mohammed
Dorothy Mary Nicholson
Janet Ellen Rubin
Mary Louise Todd

Biology and Chemistry

Betsy Ellen Soifer
Biology and Psychology
Linda Diane Gordon

Chemistry

Joan Frances Benca
Nancy Jean Carlson
Susan Frances Connolly
Judith Granger
Wendy Maris Hurwitz
Anne Frances Jungk
Barbara Gerardine Matthews
Francesca Maria Ruggiero
Nancy Jane Singletary
Cecile Eve Soffen
Noel Ellen Taylor
Eva Anna Varadi
Maria Louise White

Chemistry and Music

Dorothy Helen Pierce
Roberta Marion Pierce

Classical Languages

Julia Hamilton Gleason II

Classical and Near Eastern Archaeology

Susan Kelly Barnes
Barbara Hall Christen
Mary Kinsman Dabney
Deborah Harriet Frishman
Rebecca Lynne Miller
Amy Craig Pershing
Rise Raylor

Classical Studies

Sharon L. Ahern

Economics

Deborah Rhene Cason
Barbara Degen
Eivire Ferdinand
Anne Fleming Gates
Alice Ann Gies
Arlene Beth Isaacson
Bonita Davis Neighbors
Ann J. Reines
Angela Rose Smith
Susan Kimball Toohey

Economics and History

Cynthia Bowens

Economics and Political Science

Amy Elise Cohn

English

Melissa Gail Albertson
Elizabeth Dorothy Holmes Bassel
Wendy Susan Brachman
Margaret Cary
Pamela Joan Ciccantelli
Sarah Gerard Conley
Marilyn Patricia Fenichel
Debra Fried
Ann Frances Gainer
Cheryl Beth Gibert
Marie Lyle Howell
Susan Lynne LeConey
Laura Ellen Lavine
Judith H. Lile
Leslie Macdonald Marshall
Laura Kim Masters
Kathleen Anne McNierney
Charlotte Anne Miller
Jill Allison Owseny
Whitney Quesenbery
Lisa Mare Sloan
Lydia Strong Spitzer
Stefanie Maria Tashjian
Judith Walker
Amy Val. Ballis Wetmore

English and History

Eileen Patricia Kavanagh

Fine Art

Rosemary Kenyon Cook
Laura Olivia Fulton
Hilarie Rose Harton Johnston
Amy Rogers Mackintosh
Donna Eva Nelson
Nina Elizabeth Olason
Marguerite Carmel Strolle
Mary Sylvia Williams

French

Florence Davidovski
Diane Broffe de Mailly
Johanna Megan Hesperheide
Madeleine Brinton Johnson
Martha Lee Mann
Eve Sara Wolfsohn

French and Italian

JoAnn DellaNeve

French Studies

Yvonne Janet Brown
Mary Walch Duquette
Maria Tatiana Komoski
Corina Carmen Mestre

French Studies and Russian

Margaret Kay Stolee

Geology

Robyn Brooking Livermore
Phoebe Northrop Rogerson
Deborah Anne Wehman

German

Deborah Mary Barry
Holly Suzanne Botka
Karen Kamilla Eberle
Eleanore Edith Karnes

Greek and History

Rebecca Ellen Brenner

Greek and Latin

Alison Cordero

Growth and Structure

Daniela Holt

Barbara Louise Walsh
Janet Ruth White

History

Susan Margaret Babcock
Julie Marie Bastian
Phyllis Elaine Bernard
Laura June Bernstein
Carol Lynn Campbell
Linda Page Carr
Frances Margaret Chisholm
Claudia Anne Cortese
Margaret Johar Dadian
Sheila Ann Griffin
Jill Elizabeth Haley
Sandra Jean Hutchinson
Carola G. Rupert
Maxine Gail Sharpe
Marilyn Jean Singer
Shauna Heen Sutliff
Susan Winter
Ann Marlin Witt

History and History of Art

Mary Eleanor McCombie

History and Russian

Linda Joan Hann

History of Art

Bayla Deborah Cohen
Claudia Craig
Ellen Lee Konowitz
Susan Mary Murray
Glynnia Prentice
Alice Jean Taylor

History of Religion

Kathering Delano Neustadt
Janet Marie Traboulsi

Italian and Political Science

Lucinda Fern Peterle

Latin

Nancy J. Brantz
Carol Leigh Cline
Lisa Lesavoy
Katharine Levinson
Catesby Spears Simpson
Carol Elizabeth Tamm
Jan Taran Trembley

Mathematics

Frances R. Levine
Jane Ann Lifton
Janet Newman
Robin Leigh Renn
Theresa Ann Travers

Music

Felicia Cassanos
Teresa Jean Colyer
Karen Ina Norton

Music and Philosophy

Mary Oliver Brown

Philosophy

Patricia Jeanne Galvin
Jane Allison Kennedy
Constance Ann Mansueto
Mary Elizabeth Meisch
Deborah Lynn Nichols
Roberta Louise Paley
Janice Kay Rosenberg

Physics

Vallorie Batchelder
Valerie Ann Rossetti

Political Science

Minday Forrest
Mira Rachel Kadin
Carolyn Ann Kawecky

Sheila Eileen McCafferty

Barbara Hadley Olsson

Brooke Linda Williams

Psychology

Alice Ann Adelson
Barbara Susan Beltman
Melanie Bertoni
Donna Lawrence Dean
Mary Jean Fleming
Nancy Elizabeth Fujii
Lenis Ann Hazlett
Annice Hubiak

Pamela Evelyn Ingel

Elisabeth Suzanne Ochs

Pamela Jane Peglau

Gerardette Marie Ritrovato

Mary Elizabeth Ryan

Cynthia Papier Swann

Noel Susan Tonneman

Cynthia Vanderbur

Sara Lynn Wallach

Carolyn Rae Wilki

Russian

Ellen Justina Gritz

Robin Laurel Meigel

Kathryn Alicia Prendergast

Dorothea E. Rees

Sociology

Constance Ann Heymann
Marsha Karen Hoffman
Paula Elisabeth Leuchs
Linnea Carol McCaffrey
Susan Reva Udelson

Spanish

Jeannette Lois Buckley
Ann Dorcas Logan

Haverford

Krifi, Thomas R.

Kuhl, Phillips Lee

Laity, James Allen

Lambert, Josiah Bartlett

Lashner, Bret Auerbach

Leff, Scott Brian

Leidman, Frank Howard

Lesnaski, David Alan

Levin, Gregg Brian

Levine, Howard Jerome

Levitt, Marcus Charles

Lew, Lindsay Harold

Lippincott, Evan Jenkins

Little, John B.

Lodge, James Mitchell

Loweth, Robert P.

Mackin, Glenn A.

Mann, Thomas N.

Margavitch, Bruce Michael

Margolis, H. Jay

Martin, Richard Guy, Jr.

Maxfield, David

Miller, Ethan Andrew

Miller, Tanfield C.

Monroe, Russell Ronald, Jr.

Moore, Peter Neville

Myers, Scott Elliot

Nardone, Michael Paul

Nash, James Lyman

Nehmer, Steven Larry

Neuman, Keith A.

Nicklin, David Evan

Norwood, Peter Carlton

O'Brien, James Joseph

Olsson, David K.

Panosian, Gary Haig

Papineau, Marc Robert

Pastor, David

Peet, Richard Cragin

Pell, Terence John

Picon, Carlos Arturo

Pine, Jeffrey Barry

Pleatman, Mark Allen

Prozeller, Bradley

Pyke, David Felton

Rabinow, Leonard James

Raciti, Michael A.

Reeve, David Cummings

Reiner, Michael Barry

Reuys, Andrew Hubert

Reynolds, William T., Jr.

Riggs, Paul D.

Robbins, Kent Harrison

Robinson, I. Christopher

Roca, Roberto P.

Rodman, David Malcolm

Romansky, Gary Paul

Ronan, Joseph Edward

Rose, John Barns

Rose, Todd Stuart

Rotberg, Michael H.

Roth, James Andrew

Rowan Arnold

Rubin, Blake Douglas

Russ, Mark J.

Sandals, Alan Mark

Sandercock, John Powers

Sappington, David Edward Michael

Sarfaty, Jared Edward

Scholnick, John Nathan

Schreiber, John Robert

Schwartz, William

Setzer, James C.

Shekiro, Joseph Michael, Jr.

Sherman, Robert Frank

Shifflet, Allen Douglas

Silk, Andrew David

Simons, Alan Erskine

Sitman, David

Smith, Arthur Jeffrey

Spitulnik, David B.

Staub, Jonathan Simon

Stauffer, Clay Wallace

Stein, Harvey A.

Stevens, John Frederick

Tarplin, Jeffrey F.

Tellem, Arn H.

Terepka, John Harris

Thomas, Joseph David

Thomforde, David Woodruff

Thompson, Warren Gerald

Tjoelker, Laurence Henry

Tomlinson, William Brierley

Unterman, Robert Todd

Verner, Douglas

Vidair, Charles Andrew

Wagner, Kurt Lewis

Wallos, Ronald Eugene

Wasserman, Steven David

Williams, Juan Antonio

Winslow, Dana Christopher

Zager, David

Zaidi, Syed Iqbal Mehdi

Zimler, Jerome Paul

International

Relations

Economics &

Russian (BMC)

Psychology

Philosophy

Chemistry

English

Philosophy

Music

Logic &

Artificial

Intelligence

Music & Sociology

& Anthropology

History & Russian

(BMC)

History

Philosophy

Mathematics

History

Philosophy

Political Science

History

History

Sociology &

Anthropology

English

Psychology

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Archaeology (BMC)

Political Science

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Psychology

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Chemistry

Psychology

Chemistry

Philosophy

English

Sociology &

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Astronomy and

Physics

Mathematics

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Biology (Swarth-

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Political Science

Chemistry

Philosophy

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Biology

Psychology

Psychology

Psychology

History

Linguistics

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Political Science

Music

Spanish