

Haverford Horizons

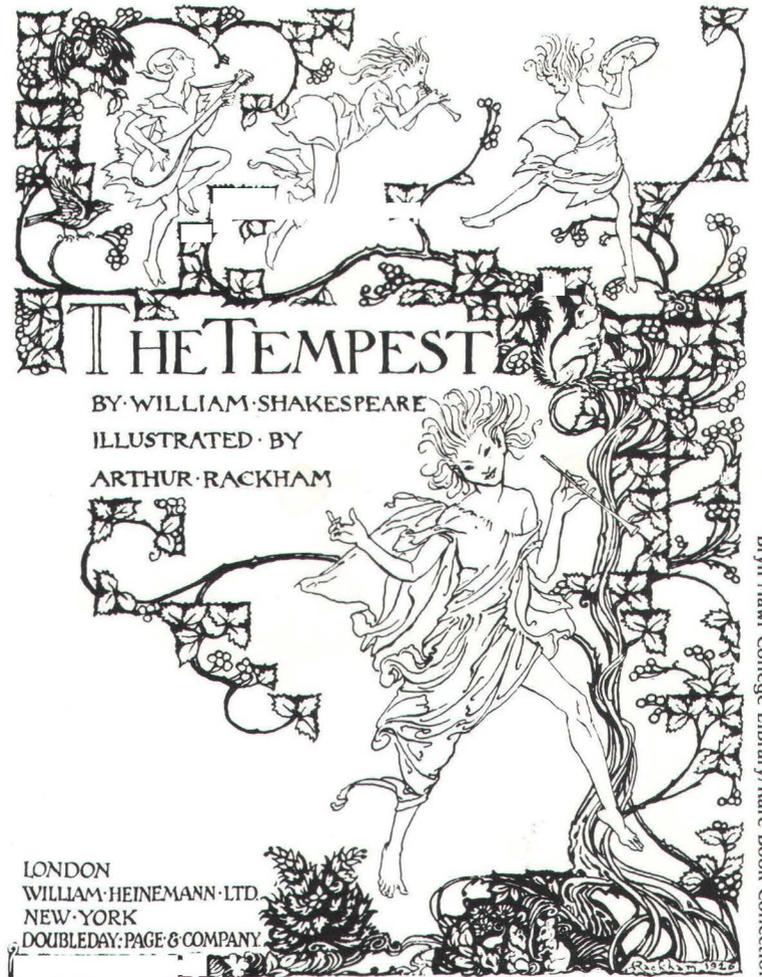
Autumn 1979



An American in Bali

It's A Real Education

Machu Picchu – and London, too!



Again this year, you have *two* chances to participate in a truly educational experience. Arrangements for our Spring and Summer Workshops Abroad are almost complete. We wanted you to know now so you can make plans to join Bryn Mawrters and Haverfordians for our fourth exciting year of Liberal Arts Workshops Abroad.

The Spring Liberal Arts Workshop Abroad

The Theatrical Arts/London –
March 7-16, 1980

Nine days in London with trips to Oxford and Stratford to enjoy the best in theater, opera, and ballet. The faculty accompanying you will be *Joseph Kramer*, associate professor and chairman of English at Bryn Mawr whose interests range from Ben Jonson to modern drama, and *Marjorie Garber*, Haverford's new professor of English who is a noted Shakespeare scholar.

The Summer Liberal Arts Workshop Abroad

Indian and Colonial South America/Peru
Ecuador, Colombia – June, 1980

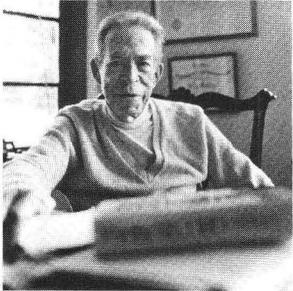
After two days of classes at Haverford, depart for two weeks of exploring these fabulous cities and sites: Lima, Cusco, Machu Picchu, Quito, Popayan, Bogata, Cartagena, and more. Your Spanish-speaking faculty will be *Ramon Garcia-Castro*, associate professor and chairman of Spanish at Haverford, and *Enrique Sacerio-Gari*, assistant professor of Spanish at Bryn Mawr College.

Join us . . . for a real education.

For more information and reservations contact the Alumni Office, Haverford College, Haverford, Pa. 19041.

Haverford Horizons

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Mary Ann Meyers
Editor

Paula Singer
Assistant Editor

Vivian A. A. Gast
Design Consultant

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When the editor of the *Washington Post* accepted the Haverford presidency in 1940, he was returning not only to his alma mater, but to the campus on which he had been born. By Felix Morley.

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A consensus exists on the value of diversity, but the problem with which the College must continue to wrestle is how best to share its limited resources with those in this country who have been historically deprived. By Mary Ann Meyers.

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Feeling the soft wood against his face, an American in Bali feels the responsibility of performing in the spirit of the mask and moving with sensitivity to the tempo of the drums. By Ronald S. Jenkins.

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Cover: Dancing the frog symbolized a change in status for Ronald S. Jenkins '76, who had gone to Bali to study theater. From an observer of the island society, he became a participant in it. Using an actual photograph as a guide, illustrator Robert Kern depicts Jenkins in costume. The story begins on page 18.



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Letters



Football fan "Over There"

To the Editor:

Your winter issue had an interesting soccer picture and an article on cricket. Maybe you could find a spare place for football sometime. This picture was mailed to me in France. In moving I lost my yearbook, but there must be a picture of our team in the gym. I . . . remember the heat [at] the University of Maryland in Baltimore [where] they outweighed us 35 lbs. to the man. My

crooked fingers don't like to write; so hope you can read this scribbling.

Lawrence M. Ramsey '17
St. Petersburg, Fla.

Editor's note: "Buck" Ramsey served as captain of Haverford's 1916 football team. It beat Swarthmore 10 to 7—and Swarthmore is rumored to have gotten the best of the University of Pennsylvania. After graduation, Ramsey served his country in World War I.

Warming an old trouper's heart

To the Editor:

I read with keen interest Paula Singer's comments about recent theatrical activities at Haverford (Autumn 1978). It's heartwarming to know that drama is alive and well, albeit still extracurricular, at the old College—and that joint productions are still being presented in collaboration with Bryn Mawr. . . . As you mention in the Spring 1979 issue, this happy alliance was officially begun in 1930, and I'm proud to have had a hand in it. I appeared in all the plays produced at Haverford during my years there (1929-1933), and served as vice president of Cap and Bells and president of the English Club. We worked very hard, and it wasn't always easy to keep up with our studies. But we managed. It was as true for me, as it was 50 years later for Steve Mindlin '80, who said: "It really is a strain to be involved in drama at Haverford. Still, I wouldn't have given it up for anything."

Philip Truex '33
Escondido, Calif

Brothers-in-law

To the Editor:

I wish to correct your listing in the "Alumni News" of the Winter 1979 *Horizons*. My wife's complete name was Mary Carr HASSETT, and we were married, as reported, last June 17. I send you this word, not out of my desire to pick at unsuspecting nits, but rather to give a fair clue to close readers and compilers of class notes. In contracting this blissful union, I have incidently made a brother-in-law of a former college roommate. He was best man at the wedding. To torment you for your omission, I will not herein name him but only say that although I had in the four years I was at Haverford a total of eight different roommates, only one of them (fine blokes each) married a BMC alum, is father to lovely twin girls, and recently performed the extraordinary academic feat of gaining tenure appointment at a large university after a very short time there. Since he never informs the alumni office

of anything he's doing, it is left to the close readers and compilers of class notes to put this sort of thing together by cross-reference and inference, hence the importance of your establishing this key link.

William O. Miles '70
Fresno, Calif.

Class of '42

To the Editor:

I see by class notes (Winter 1979) that I've been "held back" a year! Hard to say whether this compliments via making me seem younger or insults via making me seem dumber.

Actually, I graduated in June 1942 and have been a member of the Class of 1942 ever since.

I hate to be picky, but there's one more thing. Al Dorian '42 (my class) has always spelled his name with one "r."

Ed Flaccus '42
Bennington, Vt.

The editor replies: Younger—one "r." Still, *Horizons* regrets the error.

Aging

To the Editor:

We are deeply in your debt for the fine articles that you wrote about all of these decaying oldsters that cluster around the College. Your photographer is also to be thanked for an excellent set of pictures. But we were impressed with what a good job you had done with your own gifts as a writer of concise descriptions who could boil down the wanderings of each professor and turn him/her up in such vivid miniatures as you produced.

Douglas V. Steere

T. Wistar Brown
Professor of Philosophy Emeritus

To the Editor:

I was most pleased and moved to see the pictures and read the account of so many of my teachers and friends in the recent issue of *Horizons*. The new paper and format make the magazine much more attractive, too.

Putnam Barber '63
Tacoma, Wash.

To the Editor:

Thank you for . . . the winter issue of *Horizons*. I found it excellent, with unity and a theme but still with reasonable diversity. I found the article on the emeriti very interesting and I think many others will, too.

Louis Green

Professor of Astronomy Emeritus
Haverford, Pa.

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Perspective

On Being Black at Haverford

by Charles R. Lawrence III

"Hey! You're Charles Lawrence aren't you?"

I put down the trunk I was carrying into the old gym and looked out across the lawn in the direction of Founders Hall where I saw a giant of a black man coming towards me.

"Yes, sir," I called back.

He took his time; his long strides unhurried. As he approached, he pushed his hat back on his head, looked at me from head to foot and back up again and smiled a big approving smile. He shook my hand. "Welcome to Haverford, son. I heard you were coming. I'm glad you're here."

The big man was Lou Coursey, the head of the grounds crew. He'd been at Haverford for a long time. Some of my classmates' fathers remembered Lou from when they attended Haverford. Everyone liked Lou. But for me he was special; one of my own in a foreign land. For four years he kept a stern parental eye on me and Hsubie (George S. Hsu '65), the Chinese/German kid from D.C. who'd grown up surrounded by black folks and sounded more like a "blood" than I did.

Lou had known who I was because he made a habit of reviewing Bill Ambler's admissions decisions, and I was one of two American blacks in my class. At my interview Ambler had asked me who were the teachers who had most influenced my life? "My parents," I had answered. It was my parents who had taught me about Robeson, DuBois, and James Weldon Johnson. It was they who, through love and example, had taught me to be proud of myself and my people in the midst of a white world that sought to define me as inferior.

I was not a kid from the ghetto. My parents are professionals. They had seen to it that I received the integrated education that the state of Mississippi had denied them as children, and, by the time I reached Haverford, I was accustomed to my role as a token black. But now I was

alone, separated from the support of my family.

In my senior year I was asked to speak on Parents' Day. I quoted a poem which had appeared in the previous year's annual. The poet lamented the fate of a Haverford football player. "It's not easy to be a jock at Haverford" proclaimed the poem. The theme of my talk was that it wasn't easy to be anything at Haverford. Haverford denied all of us the easy refuge of belonging to an "in group" and required us to develop an independence and self-sufficiency to survive. I noted that it was not easy to be a musician, or a political activist, or an all-American "preppy," or even a Quaker. But I said nothing about how hard it was to be black. At a time when whites considered it a compliment to tell you that they "never thought of you as a Negro," it was easier for me to deny my feelings of isolation and alienation than to confront them.

At Haverford there was little overt racism. Only when I ventured beyond Haverford's gates to find the immense white wealth of the Main Line side by side with pockets of black poverty, or visited Bryn Mawr, where 50-year-old black women were called "Annie" and 18-year-old white girls "Miss Ann," was I directly confronted with the more obvious symbols of racial oppression in America. People like Paul Desjardins, Roger Lane, Doug Heath, and others were thoughtful, inspiring teachers who challenged my intellect and energy, expected much, and rejoiced when I fulfilled their expectations. But none of them could be my role model, could fully understand the pain of my silent resistance to a view of the world that did not make the battle against racism a first priority, or could see and develop in me the special gifts and skills that I would need to fight that battle.

With all its excellence and humanistic motivations, Haverford would have failed me were it not for

Ira Reid. In one ironic sense I was fortunate in my token status. For I had Ira virtually to myself. Dr. Ira De Augustine Reid, Haverford's only black professor at the time, was articulate, urbane, and a meticulous scholar. He was a tall, lean, handsome, brown-skinned man with a gorgeous intelligent brown-skinned wife. The only Haverford professor who dressed with style rather than shelter, comfort, or custom in mind, he had been the colleague of my hero W.E.B. DuBois and my father's teacher before me. He was my sternest taskmaster and my closest adult friend. For him I was more than a student. I was his future. Thank God for Ira Reid.

I do not regret my decision to go to Haverford. I remember much of the experience with great fondness and still count three or four Haverford men among my closest friends. The College's commitment to service reinforced what I had learned in my family. The academic rigors, the emphasis on self-reliance, the sheer quantity of the work, and even the racial isolation bred in me a confidence that has served me well. When I went on to the Yale Law School, I knew I had already matched wits and stamina with the best and had little to fear. Even today, when I face a serious challenge in my work I reassure myself by recalling challenges I overcame at Haverford.

In an open letter to minority students at Haverford printed in the February 1973 issue of *Horizons*, I said: "Like integration, there can be no real diversity except a diversity among equals. All of the minority students at Haverford are members of oppressed minorities throughout the world. Haverford is a part of that world, and until the College commits itself to our liberation from oppression, it cannot commit itself to diversity." I still believe this, and commend my alma mater to the continued effort to achieve that goal.

Chuck Lawrence, a member of the Class of 1965, is a 1969 graduate of the Yale Law School. Now an associate professor of law at the University of San Francisco Law School, he is spending the current term as a visiting professor at the Harvard Law School.

Campus Briefs

Student services merge

The academic and non-academic student services at Haverford have been consolidated into one office. It is being administered by David Potter '56 who retains the position of dean of the College. He now also oversees counseling, career planning, the Eighth Dimension program, health services, the recorder's office, athletics, and security.

According to President Robert Stevens, "the reorganization will provide a clearer perspective on students' needs and interests and give that perspective a stronger voice in the administration."

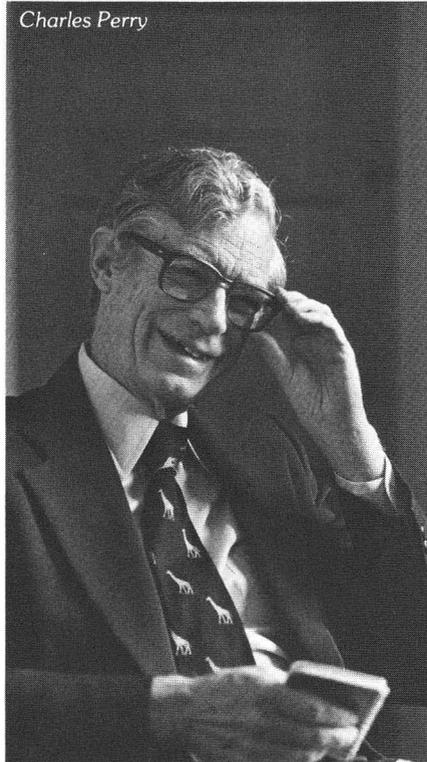
Sharing the responsibilities of the dean's office with Potter are: Adolphus Levi Williams Jr., senior associate dean; Gregory Kannerstein '63, associate dean; Karla Spurlock-Evans, associate dean and director of minority affairs; and Donna Mancini, assistant dean.

The consolidation of the offices came as a result of a year's review and evaluation of Haverford's student services by President Stevens.

A quarter-century in Annual Giving

A vivid recollection of an old man and a small boy walking toward Founders Hall is among the earliest memories of associate director of development Charles Perry '36. The tall, lean septuagenarian is Isaac Sharpless, the College's recently-retired fourth president. The fair-haired child, just four, is his grandson. The pair are on their way from the red brick house beside the woods on College Avenue to collect the morning mail in Founders Hall.

Chuck Perry, who will retire in June after 25 years as a Haverford administrator, is the son of Isaac Sharpless's fifth child and fourth daughter. An uncle and two aunts were born on the second floor of Founders; his mother came into the



Charles Perry

Walter Holt

world after her parents had moved into the College Avenue house. The stroll remembered by Perry occurred in 1919, more than 30 years after Sharpless first took the College's reins into his hands, and that May visit with his grandson will be the last they are to have before his death.

The boy's home was in Westerly, Rhode Island, where his father was a grain merchant. After attending local schools, he came as a boarder to Westtown School. He graduated in 1932, and that fall entered Haverford. As an undergraduate, he was active in the Liberal Club, a social action organization which supported disarmament and brought Norman Thomas to speak on campus. He also sang with the Glee Club and was on the track team.

An English major, Perry says he was "greatly influenced by the Shakespearean scholar Leslie Hotson and by Bill Reitzel '22, who guided his students through a maze of 19th-century political writing." One course he wanted to take, but didn't, was the

only course in music offered by the College. "At that time it was restricted to juniors and seniors in good standing," he recalls, "but somehow I managed to flunk a course my sophomore year, so was required to put music off to my last year at Haverford. As it turned out, Alfred Swan took a sabbatical in 1935-36, and I still feel cheated." Perry has, however, pursued his musical interests in the years since, and he counts as a high point of his life his participation, by invitation, in a performance of Mozart's Requiem given by the Bryn Mawr-Haverford Chorus in 1970.

The associate director of development received his bachelor's degree in 1936. He then obtained training in Washington in the nascent field of social security administration. A highlight of his residence in the nation's capital was sitting in the Supreme Court chamber between Alice Brandeis, wife of Justice Louis Brandeis, and Elinor Morgenthau, wife of Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau, and hearing Justice Benjamin Cardozo hand down the decision upholding the Social Security Act.

In 1937 Perry went back to Rhode Island to work with the state's Unemployment Compensation Board and its employment service. At 7:30 a.m. on January 3, 1938, he recorded the first claim for unemployment benefits ever made in Rhode Island, and, possibly, the entire nation.

As a conscientious objector, Perry expected to be drafted into the Civilian Public Service (CPS) after the outbreak of World War II. For six months in 1943, however, he returned to the Haverford campus to be trained for relief and reconstruction work abroad, then, when involvement of conscientious objectors in such a program was outlawed by Congress, he was indeed inducted into the CPS. During the next three years, he worked for the Forest Service in New Hampshire, participated in a soil conservation project in Maryland, and worked as an attendant in Philadelphia State Hospital, a mental institution.

After the war Perry enrolled in the Bryn Mawr School of Social Work and, simultaneously, began to work for the Friends Neighborhood Guild in Philadelphia. He earned his master's degree in 1948, and, until 1953, continued his community ser-

vice work in the inner city. For a year he worked at the University of Pennsylvania's Albert M. Greenfield Center for Human Relations before answering a call from his alma mater to help with a three-year fund-raising campaign based on annual giving. It had been conceived and initiated by Lester Haworth, the College's first vice president for development, who died suddenly in 1954, and it was then that Haverford turned to Chuck Perry.

The associate director of development was named to his present post in 1958. He worked on the capital campaign of 1960-63, and as staff person for the Philadelphia teams shared responsibility for the campaign's successful alumni phase, which exceeded its goal of \$1,600,000. Haverford's annual giving program was halted during this period, and the difficult task of starting it up again fell to Perry in 1963-64. He has continued to direct it ever since, seeking support from an alumni body which has turned out to be one of the most generous in the nation as measured by percent of participation.

Perry is married to Eleanor Butler, who is the librarian at the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. They share an active interest in various Quaker activities, including the Friends Conference on Religion and Psychology and the Marriage Enrichment Program of the Friends' General Conference. They have three sons, and one is a member of Haverford Class of 1974. He is now a banker in Rhode Island. Another son is active in the Movement for A New Society in Philadelphia and in promoting peace in Northern Ireland. The Perrys' youngest son has a position in the business office of the University of Pennsylvania.

At 65, Chuck Perry looks back on the quarter-century he has spent on the development office, with all its difficulties and frustrations, as "a chance to observe and enjoy some fascinating aspects of human nature. These include," he says, "a special Haverfordian dry wit, amazing dedication, and the varied motivations of people who do not want to give away their money." He looks forward to a continuing association with the College. By inheritance and choice, Haverford is an indelible part of his life.

In the library

Milton D. Ream has been appointed librarian/bibliographer of the Quaker Collection, replacing Barbara Curtis who retired this past summer.

A 1960 graduate of Northwestern State College in Oklahoma, Ream studied Quakerism at Woodbrooke College in Birmingham, England. He has taught in public high schools in Kansas and at Florence State College in Alabama. From 1968 to 1970, he was an archivist at the National Archives in Washington. He received a master's degree in library science from the University of Oklahoma in 1977, and before coming to Haverford he was a cataloging librarian with the Oklahoma City public schools.

The newest member of the library staff has been active in many Friends' organizations and is currently chairman of the Associated Committee of Friends on Indian Affairs and the Youth Activities Committee of the Nebraska Yearly Meeting.

The collection of books, manuscripts, and memorabilia with which he works is one of the largest repositories in America for materials about the Society of Friends. It is especially strong in 17th-century imprints and, in addition, contains unusual collections both of Quaker fiction and books on mysticism.

Scholarship for senior

John F. Hoffmeyer '80 has been awarded a Beinecke Memorial Scholarship by the Sperry and Hutchinson Company. The scholarship will provide tuition, room, board, and books during Hoffmeyer's last year at Haverford and for two years of graduate school. A philosophy major, he intends to go on to seminary and pursue graduate studies in philosophy and theology.

New fare

If the way to a student's heart is through his or her stomach, then Haverford aims to please. A new food service has taken over the cooking in the Dining Center. M. W. Wood, an Allentown, Pennsylvania-based com-

pany, moved on campus this summer, replacing the College's long-time caterer, ARA.

The reason for the change, according to business manager Stephen Wolf, was that "students were becoming bored with the menus." He also pointed out that "the high turnover of Dining Center managers led to inconsistencies in food and service."

The Wood firm has placed Edward Myzel in charge of dining services at Haverford.

Painting inventory

From the corridors of Morris Infirmary to Founders Hall basement, the two women searched the walls of every building on campus for original paintings. After many months of scrutinizing canvases for time-worn signatures and dates, Martha (Patti) Gummere and Gertrude (Trudy) Brett produced a complete inventory of art work in the College's collections.

It all started when the Smithsonian Institution contacted librarian Edwin Bronner with a request that Haverford inventory any American paintings in its possession executed before 1914. Bronner sought the help of two Haverford neighbors for this project, recruiting Gummere (wife of John F. Gummere '22, secretary of the Haverford Corporation) and Brett (the daughter of Archibald MacIntosh, emeritus vice president and director of admissions). The two dedicated volunteers combed the campus and came up with a descriptive list of 39 oil paintings, pastels, and lithographs, most of which had been gifts from College donors. "The reason we didn't find more painting," Gummere explains, "is that until the turn of the century, Quakers thought that dabbling in the arts was a waste of time."

Bronner then asked the women to expand their inventory to include *all* the art work on Haverford's walls. Their final list yielded almost 200 more pieces of original art and reproductions.

Counted among the artists were such notable alumni as illustrator Maxfield Parrish '92 and New Mexico painter Peter Hurd '26. Parrish's "Early Autumn: *continued on page 22*

Memoirs of A Wartime President

by Felix Morley

It was on my forty-sixth birthday, January 6, 1940, that I first heard on good authority that I would probably be offered the presidency of Haverford College. I knew immediately that it would be a singularly difficult choice. . . .

Offsetting love for my work was the sentimental appeal of Haverford. There I had been born and as a student had seen horizons expand. There my parents' ashes were buried and there the war might even bring some advantage, by shaking stereotypes and deepening Quaker concerns. For the editorial page it would be quite the other way. With or without overt censorship, nothing sharply critical of governmental policy, no matter how short-sighted or deceptive, would be possible once hostilities were joined. It would be all too close to intellectual prostitution.

Other factors went into the wavering balance. The then dignified position of college president, or so I fondly thought, would give me leisure to do political writing more significant and enduring than anonymous editorials. It was suggested that I should also take the title of William Penn Professor of Government and it would be fun to do some teaching of upperclassmen along the tutorial lines I had enjoyed so much at Oxford. For all the family the campus atmosphere would be healthier than that of wartime Washington, where excitement was easily mistaken for enjoyment. And I felt some uncertainty as to my future at the *Post*. Mr. [Eugene] Meyer was now well

into his sixty-fifth year. Daughter Katherine was clearly in line for the succession, but my relations with her prospective husband were wholly unpredictable.

Somewhat surprising, in view of my journalistic repute, was the advice I received in favor of the shift. Both my brothers were for it, though they shrewdly predicted that I would not remain more than a few years at Haverford. . . . Dr. [Harold G.] Moulton, of the Brookings, advised the change when I said I would not be expected to concentrate on fund raising. President Cloyd Heck Marvin, of George Washington University, was enthusiastic, impressive both because he had already invited me to accept an honorary D. Litt. and because his only son was headed for Haverford in the fall. Especially influential was an unannounced visit by my old friend and much respected philosophy professor, Rufus Jones. He urged me to return to Haverford "not because thee is a good Quaker but because some further exposure to Quakerism will do thee good." I was indeed already keenly aware that my life was deficient in spiritual values and that I had need of them. . . .

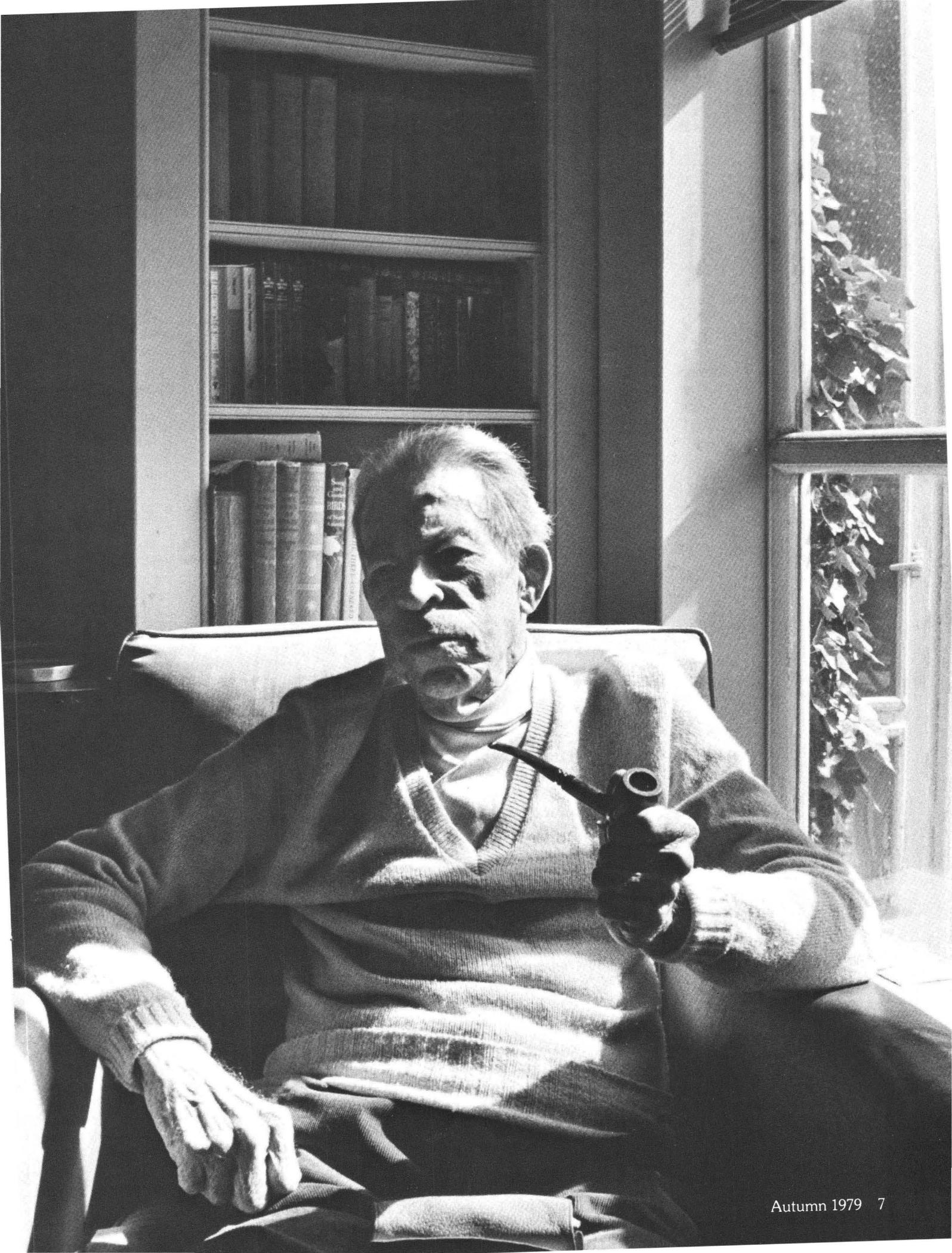
Haverford, in 1940, differed little from the institution where I had graduated, in 1915. During that quarter-century the undergraduate enrollment had increased somewhat, to around 350, and the faculty in proportion. There were a couple of new dormitories, a new engineering laboratory, and the library was being en-

larged. Otherwise the campus seemed almost identical with that which I had known, first as a small child and then as a student. But while I felt no personal urge to make great changes, I could uneasily foresee that they would surely come during my third incarnation at the College. The hurricane into which the government was heading would make that certain. . . .

The board [members] . . . were a superior group of successful Quakers, most of them still living semipatrician lives in the wealthy suburbs of Philadelphia but by no means unaware of the political and social turmoil that threatened. . . . All were graduates of Haverford and all, at this time, were members of the Society of Friends. Their general political outlook was Republican and mildly pacifist. It was a group with which I merged easily and I felt fortunate in the quality of my supervisors.

Of the faculty, three had been teaching when I was an undergraduate, illustrative of the permanence then characteristic of small colleges. Haverford had, on the whole, a distinguished group of professors but with a few weak spots. Since appointments were then primarily a presidential prerogative, a survey of the teaching staff was indirectly an

From the book For the Record by Felix Morley '15. Copyright 1979 by Felix Morley. Published by Regnery/Gateway, Inc.



indication of Dr. [William Wistar] Comfort's administrative ability. He had clearly been uninterested in the field of civil government and it seemed a first responsibility to bolster this department. Even before coming to the campus I had arranged the appointment of my Geneva friend, Ben Gerig, to teach the traditional and attempted organization of international relations. And I had decided to offer a course myself in "The Development of Political Ideas." This . . . elective . . . was made a seminar, meeting at the president's house one night a week and then habitually exceeding the scheduled two hours of discussion, followed by cokes, cocoa, and crackers. It gave me opportunity to know this sample of the student body well and I was impressed by their intelligence and work capacity.

That Haverford students were a superior breed was largely due to the insight and discrimination of Archibald MacIntosh, a virile graduate of Highland extraction, who was the director of admissions. I soon realized that "Mac" not only ran his key assignment supremely well, but was also a shrewd and well-posted observer on every aspect of campus life. On all major policy problems the new president consulted with this able lieutenant, whose wife Margaret, of impeccable Quaker background, was equally helpful to [my wife] Isabel as we settled in. There was a very competent superintendent of buildings and grounds. The remainder of the small administrative staff was less remarkable and before long some changes were needed to establish adequate financial controls. . . .

In offering me appointment the board of managers had made clear a desire that I bring the College into the limelight and, reciprocally, alert the campus dispassionately to the momentous events currently evolving. Under this formula the former editor had accepted an offer to write a weekly commentary for the Philadelphia *Bulletin*, which would also be published by the *Washington Star*. Preparation of these articles required occasional consultation with my sources in Washington. A plethora of speaking engagements, not all in the Philadelphia area, increased the travel load even when using airplanes. There were meetings with

alumni groups in various cities; courtesy visits to schools which were regular feeders to the College; calls on foundations which were furnishing, or might be expected to furnish, grants of one kind or another. Equally important was the securing of objective but competent speakers for student assemblies and participation in the social life of the campus and community. All this would be overwhelming if not carefully organized and even so some activities had to give. By contrast with my predecessor I knew that I would be deficient in not taking leadership in the Haverford Friends Meeting, which was then compulsory every Thursday morning ("Fifth Day") for the entire student body. Not being assertively religious I felt that this would hypocritical. Moreover, Dr. Comfort was still very active in the Meeting and I recognized that if I would succeed where my forerunner had fallen short, I must also to some extent fail where that one had been outstanding. . . .

It was not easy to preserve an atmosphere of placidity while steering the College through the highly emotional welter of daily developments. . . . After the French surrender . . . public opinion was ceasing to be neutral, dividing bitterly on the now central issue of whether the United States should, or should not, get into shooting war. Pacifism was the more resented because most who favored fighting were fearful of saying so outright.

In the student body, happily, there was relatively little unrest. Undergraduates in good standing were still fairly well assured of draft deferment and the overhanging shadows encouraged concentration on academic studies. The College trustees were "dovish" almost to a man, though the ornithological distinction from "hawks" was not then popularized. But among the faculty, somewhat to my surprise, there was an active minority favoring American military intervention in Europe. This I attributed in part to the ardent pro-war attitude of the *New Republic* and the *Nation*, allegedly "liberal" weeklies with much influence in the academic world. . . .

During my first year at Haverford I had learned a good deal about

the administration of independent American colleges in general, aside from that of my own. I had monthly conferences with Marion Park of Bryn Mawr and John Nason of Swarthmore on cooperative measures which could be taken by these neighboring Quaker institutions, with similar backgrounds, standards, and ideals. I met informally but fairly frequently with other presidents in the eastern Pennsylvania area. And I talked shop with the executives on more distant campuses whenever there was occasion to visit. Football games provided an exceptional opportunity to discuss mutual problems. The team was pleased when their prey traveled to watch them play. Then I would generally stay overnight, to explore with my counterpart issues which the approach of war was making increasingly sinister.

There were several general weaknesses which would be sure to surface if, as, and when the United States became more actively involved in the hostilities. War could be good business for a newspaper. Dramatic headlines bring readers and readers bring advertising. For a college it was the opposite. Conscription takes fees-paying students but leaves underemployed teachers to be compensated; increased taxation and patriotic demands tend to reduce bequests and gifts; and no institution is so subject to inflation as a private college, where it is very difficult to cut overhead, almost impossible to increase the economic productivity of instruction, and where higher charges may price the independent unit out of the market because of the subsidized rates at competing public universities.

To confront these challenges I felt that Haverford must become better integrated, in the old-fashioned general sense of the word. Its special application to racial and sexual mixture was not as yet in common use. As I saw the problem there were six distinct and disparate elements in the College organism: the trustees; administration; faculty; students; alumni; and the community where the institution functioned. Among these groups there was at best partial coordination and sometimes no working relationship. This came home to me as I checked over the

changes in the College catalog needed after my first year of incumbency. It was there stated that the consumption or possession of alcoholic beverages on the campus was strictly prohibited. Actually there was very little drinking but I had noted that several of the faculty enjoyed a social cocktail, as I did myself. For undergraduates the prohibition could not be enforced without an arbitrary and intolerable dormitory search. Nevertheless, suggestion that this archaic statute be eliminated was overruled by the managers, some of whom served vintage wines at their own tables. Because the College had been dry when they were students, it was pretended that it so remained.

Few of the faculty were really known to the trustees, and vice versa. On ceremonial occasions, such as commencement day, there was intermingling and the picturesque game of cricket, with many veteran players active in the Philadelphia area, was at Haverford a catalytic agent of more than traditional value. In the old days nearly all of the teachers had been Quakers, with the religious affiliation a valuable binding force. But by 1940 most of the younger teachers, and nearly 90 percent of the students, had no connection with the Society of Friends. There were no joint committees of faculty and board. Neither party had any but the most general knowledge of the other's problems. . . . [But in 1941] the faculty, on its own initiative, was empowered to elect two non-voting members of the board of managers who, in person or by deputy, attended all its meetings. Simultaneously I established an advisory Academic Council, composed of two elected representatives from each of three divisions of the curriculum, which met with me or my administrative lieutenant, Archibald MacIntosh, both regularly and on call. This became, in effect, an executive committee for the unwieldy and inefficient faculty meetings, where hours were invariably wasted on trivialities, or consumed by professors anxious to dilate on personal rather than corporate concerns.

The student body was well organized and, in accordance with Quaker tradition, had for many years exercised a large measure of self-

government under its own elected Student Council. In some respects I felt that this independence was carried rather far. There were, for instance, practically no regulations governing the presence of girls in dormitories, as President Park of Bryn Mawr drew sharply to my attention at the first three-college meeting. It was at least theoretically possible for a Haverford student to entertain a Bryn Mawr girl in his bedroom all night without violating any firm College regulation, regardless of what else might give. Meeting with the Student Council I endeavored to arrange a compromise, whereby that body would eliminate hard liquor in return for a liberal ruling on nocturnal females. The boys were hard bargainers, loath to give up any acquired privilege and insistent that the overall "honor pledge" taken by every student sufficed for all disciplinary problems. But eventually regulations satisfactory to neighboring Bryn Mawr were adopted and, as a part of the agreement, a representative of the Student Council was invited to attend all meetings of the president's advisory committee. I wanted to go further and have an elected student made a non-voting member of the board of managers. This was rejected. It would be 20 years before that reform became a common college practice.

Relations of the general alumni body to the College were also unsatisfactory, although there were well-organized chapters in Boston, New York, Wilmington, Baltimore, Washington, Pittsburgh, and Chicago, that in Philadelphia being naturally the largest and most closely in touch. Visiting these groups, I found them eager to know more about the basic problems and policies of the College, on which they drew most of their information either from undergraduate sons or from the *Haverford News*. This very good weekly student newspaper was properly averse to serving as an administration mouthpiece. To provide this need, and to establish "annual giving" as a recognized alumni function, two coordinated steps were necessary. There should be a resident alumni secretary with an office on the campus, which was soon arranged, and there should be a College publication with a deeper outlook than that of the

undergraduate newspaper, more interesting and forward-looking than the president's rather stereotyped annual report. Thus the *Haverford Review* was born, early in my second year of office, and has continued as the College alumni magazine, under one name or another, to the present day. . . .

The relations of the College with its neighborhood seemed to require more cultivation than this. Adjacent Ardmore was on the fringe of Philadelphia's industrial development and I felt that Haverford should be less aloof from the circulation of modern commerce than it had been in my undergraduate days. Faculty wives were active in organizations ranging from the Needlework Guild to the League of Women Voters. A few of the professors belonged to civic associations and even dabbled in local politics. However, the Friends Meeting turned a rather austere face toward local problems. On the whole, the Quaker characteristic of withdrawal was dominant.

If war were coming, this isolation would soon become impossible. Without losing its Quaker identification, the College could be steered into the mainstream of American life, where it would in any case be swept if the totalitarian drift continued. Moreover, Haverford was no longer merely a Quaker institution. It derived no financial support from the Society of Friends as such. The lovely campus was primarily a private preserve for those privileged to teach and study there. The future of small independent colleges, I believed, would depend largely on their success in bringing cultural and intellectual leadership to their neighborhoods. They must be communal rather than parochial in the religious sense of the word. Haverford had drifted some distance from its original Quaker moorings, as had the new president himself. But in so doing it had become Ivy League rather than democratic. There were no Negroes, few Jews or Romans, and scarcely any proletarians in the enrollment. It was a WASP institution—White, Anglo-Saxon, Protestant—quite wealthy and somewhat smug. The way the social tide was running, this made it vulnerable.

Before coming to the campus I

had thought of one way in which this situation might be modified. A long-time friend was John L. Lewis, the colorful and courageous leader of the then well-organized United Mine Workers union. Lunching with this labor boss, after accepting the Haverford appointment, I suggested that the U.M.W. might establish a couple of competitive scholarships open to ambitious sons of anthracite miners in the eastern Pennsylvania coal fields. John L., whose schoolteacher wife had deeply interested him in education, was quite taken by the idea. It would probably have come to fruition except that [board chairman] Morris Leeds, when I discussed the plan with him, feared that it might be a too dramatic step for the incoming president to initiate immediately. So the idea was laid aside, to be lost with much else when the war clouds broke. . . .

When news [came] of Pearl Harbor . . . I summoned a special assembly of students, faculty, and all other College employees. The war on which the nation was embarked, I predicted, would be a long and arduous conflict, even though the overwhelming power of the United States insured an eventual victory of sorts. None could at the moment foresee the national requirements but, as these became clear, all would doubtless be called upon to participate. Hopefully this would include non-military openings for those with pacifist convictions. In any case it could be a tragic mistake to desert the College prematurely and parents would probably give the same advice. I emphasized that the function of Haverford had always been to train for moral and civic leadership. Both would be essential in the period of upheaval likely to follow the fighting and I urged the students to project their lives against a long-range rather than a merely immediate future.

Although opposed to American entry, I had seen the war coming and well before Pearl Harbor was clear in my mind as to the course the College should pursue. No matter how strong the pacifist conviction, Haverford could not successfully oppose the authoritarian pressures which protracted hostilities foreshadowed. Nor, after the almost unanimous declaration of war by Congress, was it

democratically justifiable for any tax-exempt institution to withdraw from the common effort. Haverford should participate and I must utilize my Washington contacts to make the contribution as constructive as possible. After Quaker Meeting on December 14, I was told by Lydia Sharpless, widow of my own undergraduate president, that: "Thee seems to have been specially trained for thy present task." But how to put this training into effect? . . .

The immediate academic issue was the advisability of putting men's colleges on a three-year basis. If this were done there was some reason to believe the military would defer conscription of students until graduation, unless manpower needs became acute. The change would probably maintain enrollment, since additional pressures for matriculation might well balance the number of undergraduates leaving as volunteers. It would also quiet faculty restiveness, which could become serious if the draft age were lowered to 18 and professors saw their classes cut to such immaturity, plus a few physically unfit.

An accelerated program did not seem unduly revolutionary to me. There was obvious waste in the leisurely four-year course and good reasons for the long summer vacation had disappeared when farm families ceased to provide a significant number of students. To an economical mind it was shocking to contemplate the overhead in holding expensive plant idle for a quarter of the year. Many teachers, however, did not see it that way. They had come to regard the mid-June to mid-September holiday as a normal prerogative, reasoning that this freedom from campus responsibility was needed for recuperation and research. Why this abnormal leisure should be more essential for a teacher than for a doctor, lawyer, or other professional worker was an evaded question. With more justification it was argued that teacher remuneration was geared to a nine-month working year.

Since conscripted youths would not get summer leave of absence, a hard-fought war was obviously the time to confront this curious educational anomaly. But I realized that I must proceed cautiously in the mat-

ter. So, at first, I merely requested my Academic Council to make a thorough study of the suitability of acceleration for Haverford, and then went off to attend the annual dinner for college presidents graciously provided by the University Club of New York, where the subject would be thoroughly discussed. Here Father [Robert I.] Gannon, of Fordham, suggested that "boiled ivy" would be a suitable campus diet for the emergency. And here, at breakfast with my friend Gordon Chalmers, president of Kenyon College, I received a suggestion which would become a landmark in Haverford history.

The Quaker College, of course, had no ROTC and I was as opposed as any doctrinaire sectarian to such infringement on a liberal arts curriculum. But it was evident that more professional military units would be quickly installed in all the larger educational institutions and the great majority of my fellow executives, seeing financial salvation in this, were already beating tracks to the Pentagon to get consideration. Chalmers, a former Rhodes Scholar, told me he had heard there might be a few pre-meteorology units established at small colleges with a high reputation for their instruction in mathematics and physics. Haverford filled that bill, and it would also seem an appropriate service since these would not be combat troops but trainees as weather officers, with later openings into commercial aviation and other civilian jobs. Would Haverford cooperate, Chalmers asked, in getting this undertaking on the road?

The question posed a quandary. A unit of this character would not only ease the financial problem but would also satisfy that majority of the Haverford faculty whose patriotism was already palpably inflamed. On the other hand it was doubtful that the board of managers would sanction such a break with Quaker tradition. I had a particular difficulty in the almost fanatical pacifism of my predecessor and knew that I must consult with Morris Leeds on the issue. So I told Chalmers I could at the moment cooperate only informally but would immediately write to my friend Colonel Herman Beukema, at West Point, who certainly would be on the inside of the development. . . .

A great help in the prevalent confusion was the way the newly-organized Academic Council shaped up. I could talk with this small group confidentially, leaving it to the representatives to clear specific problems with the professors who had elected them. Archibald MacIntosh could chair these meetings competently and, at the end of January, 1942, I obtained permission from the board to name him vice president, giving Mac control of all operations during my absences from the campus. These were becoming frequent as the managers were anxious to have the College utilized more for what they vaguely called "civilian activities," little realizing how closely these would be merged with the military in the waging of total war. The imaginary separation was demonstrated at a meeting of the financial committee, when Du Pont was sold because of its concentration on munitions while P.R.R., which transported what Du Pont made, was held in the faith then extended to that railroad.

Nevertheless, in the weeks following Pearl Harbor, I made many visits to Washington to seek opportunities for peaceful service by the College. One idea was to have conscientious objectors man the rapidly enlarging Employment Service Offices, in which project Secretary of Labor [Frances] Perkins encouraged me. On a limited basis this worked out but disclosed a rivalry between John Studebaker, commissioner of education, and Paul V. McNutt, heading the new War Manpower Commission, as to who should have the greater share of non-military campus control. I had to work with both and assisted solution by having both express their ideas at Haverford in commencement addresses, with the result that McNutt made me a consultant. In Washington I was also able, through Tom Woodward, to enlist the cooperation of the Maritime Commission, making it easy for undergraduates to enter the new hazardous merchant shipping service.

By then the accelerated academic program had been arranged. To the normal two-semester college year was added an intensive nine-week summer term, into which every course offered in the curriculum would be condensed. Provision for review work was made in the regular

semesters, which were also lengthened by curtailment of the Christmas and spring vacations. No student was forced to accelerate, but those who so wished could abbreviate the four-year course to two and two-thirds years under the new trimester system. It was hard on the faculty but they responded nobly, and about two-thirds of the student body, including a number of the incoming freshmen, chose the speed-up program. A difficulty was that the new arrangement, when fully under way, would mean three graduation exercises annually, one at the conclusion of every term. But this enabled me to bring to the campus more speakers of prominence. . .

With the draft reduced to age 18, attrition of the student body began to be serious and many of the faculty were also vulnerable under the upper limit of 45. Now there was much correspondence with local boards which were for the most part very cooperative when good reasons for deferment or alternative service could be advanced. Perhaps 10 percent of those called raised conscientious objection and in each such case I examined the dissenter personally before underwriting his claim. I felt sure that the presence of a military unit on the campus would ease this collaboration with the draft authorities, but that was a development which could not tactfully be hurried. Some of the faculty could have been spared but they were seldom the ones who yearned to shoulder arms. A resignation which I regretted was that of Ben Gerig, who left to accept a State Department post. As a replacement I was fortunate in enlisting the cooperation of Dr. Edmund H. Stinnes, eldest son of the famous German industrialist Hugo Stinnes, then living at Haverford as a refugee from Nazi rule. This required a lengthy F.B.I. clearance and of course aroused criticism. But it proved one of the happiest possible appointments since Edmund had both a knack with young people and unsurpassed knowledge of world economics and politics. I also engaged William Henry Chamberlin, a thoroughly seasoned journalist and a Haverford alumnus of my own era, to give a weekly lecture on the shifting international scene, and myself

offered a series of eight lectures on the development of American foreign policy. These were eventually developed into a short book on *The Foreign Policy of the United States*, published by Alfred A. Knopf in 1951.

So, before the country had been six months at war, Haverford's president was endeavoring to chart its course for the very troublesome postwar period which my dominant pessimism foresaw. All aspects of government, I knew, would be more important than ever before. Consequently there should be more direct training for governmental participation by the type of men that Haverford nurtured. My friend Samuel Harrell, of Indianapolis, headed a small Foundation for Education in American Citizenship and with its assistance a "Government House" was established in one of the fine old residences on College Lane. Here students interested in Civil Service appointment would be encouraged to live and mingle their ideas. Through my Washington contacts I built up here a specialized library of government reports and, as part of the remodeling, [my wife] Isabel supervised the provision of a small guest suite for visiting functionaries, an important amenity which the College had heretofore lacked. . . .

On June 4 and 5 [1942], around Midway Atoll, the Japanese navy sustained its first serious setback at American hands. This gave a brighter tone to the Haverford commencement, held in pleasantly normal manner on June 6. Dr. Studebaker came up from Washington to give the address. He delighted me by saying that while some feared the government would take over the colleges, much of his time, as commissioner of education, was spent in fending off college presidents who hoped that he would do exactly that. Haverford, he said helpfully, was a notable exception to that rule and he pointed to two of the new graduates, who were going to Afghanistan to teach in a college at Kabul, as illustrations of what imaginative service could do privately in the general interest. . . .

A further excerpt from For the Record will appear in the Winter 1980 Horizons.

Minorities at Haverford

“There’s bound to be tension
if you’re determined
to get an education
without sacrificing your identity”

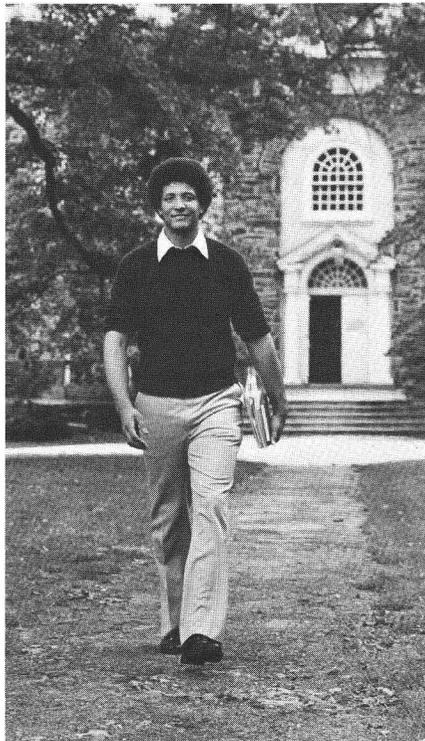
by Mary Ann Meyers

The tall brown youth wore his hair in a closely-cropped Afro and he had deliberately chosen bell-bottom jeans in contrast to the straight-cut corduroys favored by many Haverford students. Loping across Founders lawn, he might have been on his way to class, or to the campus radio station where he has hosted a talk show, or to a meeting—of the Students’ Council, the Minority Coalition, or the Black Students’ League.

Vernon Lawrence Francis '81 is a political activist; he sings, plays the piano, and after taking his degree in political science, plans a career in either journalism or the law. An elder sister and brother preceded him to college, one younger brother is presently an undergraduate at the University of New Orleans, and another is still in high school.

Vern’s father, who attended Xavier University of Louisiana for one year, is a postal worker. His mother, who has a B.A. from Xavier, teaches music in the Orleans Parish school system. The family, which traces its ancestry back to American slaves and the Creole descendants of early Gulf states’ settlers, has lived in New Orleans for four generations.

The Haverford junior was raised a Roman Catholic and attended St. Augustine’s, an independent secondary school, all black and all male, which is run by the Josephite Brothers.



Vernon L. Francis '81

Walter Holt

ers. There he won the Purple Knight Award given to the outstanding senior, served as captain of the debate team and an officer of the student government, took part in plays, and sang with the chorus. A high score on the Scholastic Aptitude Test won him a National Achievement Scholarship and brought him to the attention of the College.

Vern had never heard of Haverford. But when Bette Williams, a former admissions officer who is black, visited his high school, he liked what she told him. He wanted to at-

tend a small, liberal arts college, and he was impressed with Haverford’s emphasis on community contributions as well as scholarship. Williams’s reference to its record of preparing pre-law and pre-med students for first-rate professional schools struck the chord of a dream. Literature from hundreds of colleges across the United States was sent to Vern. But even before receiving a prestigious Magill-Rhoads Scholarship, he had made his choice, and on September 3, 1977, he boarded a Delta jet and flew 1,500 miles to Philadelphia.

Assigned to Gummere Hall, it was the first time he had had a room of his own. “The upper-middle class values manifested at Haverford can be very seductive,” Vern says. “It’s easy to lose your social conscience, and there’s a real danger of forgetting where you came from. Most students here don’t recognize a black heritage as something of value. There’s bound to be tension if you’re determined to get an education without sacrificing your identity.”

Before coming to Haverford, Vern always had lived in black neighborhoods. At the College, he found there were 10 other blacks and five Hispanics in his class of 253. On a campus of 892 students, 31, or 3.5 percent, were black and 19, or 2.1 percent, were Hispanic. Counting a dozen Asian students, Haverford’s minority population in the fall of 1977

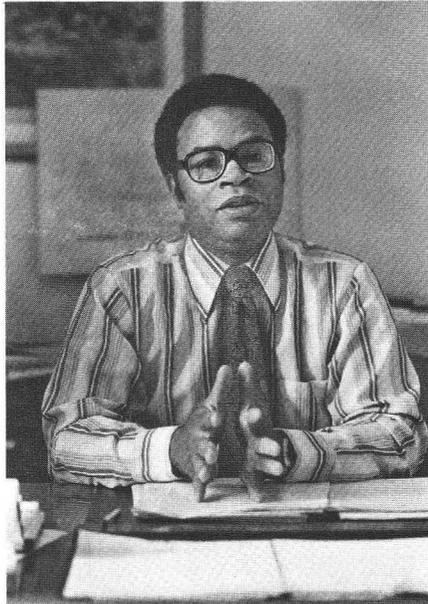
amounted to about seven percent of the student body. But as a southerner, Vern says he was a "minority within a minority." Race, class, and geography set him apart.

During the past two years, he has sometimes felt alienated, often frustrated. "There were many times," he says, "when it seemed that the black part of my personality was being stifled. Kids, who thought they were paying me a compliment, would say, 'You're a perfect example of assimilation,' and they'd ask: 'What problems could you have? What do you want?' Then I'd just go off and look at the wall and scream: 'God! White people!'"

Still Vern's collegiate experience has been a good one overall. He has done well in his courses; he has made new friends—black and white. His suitemates in Comfort this term include a surgeon's son from Shaker Heights, a Georgian, and a Brooklyn-born Irishman.

But at meal time, Vern is likely to be found "touching base" with other black and Hispanic students in the Dining Center. His freshman year he got in the habit of sitting at "the table," an institution which dates from the late 60s and has assumed particular significance in times of crisis. Some whites have viewed it as a threatening separatist "statement," but to blacks, especially new students, it is a place promising comfort and reassurance—or just "respite," as Vern says, "from discussions of diversity." And since rearrangement of the campus dining rooms last year, the table is no longer one but many clusters of minority students eating together, but not excluding anyone else who wishes to join them.

The least integrated activities at Haverford probably are parties. Vern prefers those at the Black Culture Center to those in Founders Great Hall. "I don't enjoy drinking beer," he says. "I loathe Genesee Cream Ale. I can't dance to punk rock like Dire Straits or Kiss." He explains that "people don't stand around getting drunk at black parties." They may sip wine or a mixed drink, but what they "get high on," says Richard Logan '82, "is music." Hands clap and feet move to a disco beat, as dancers respond to the pulsating sound of Peaches and Herb, Sister Sledge, and Parliament. There is a feeling of solidarity.



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Associate director of development
Bernard Henderson

But associate director of development Bernard Henderson, a black man who is an accomplished cellist with an undergraduate degree in music, believes that the tendency of Haverford students to differentiate between black and white "sound" reflects their manipulation by the recording industry. "Without labels," he says, "music transcends cultures. I don't think you can take an art form and define it as the sole possession of a particular ethnic group. And the problem with marketing music as 'black' or 'white' is that what should and can be a vehicle for integration becomes a barrier between people."

Sports is an example of another activity that would seem to be a means of bringing students from different backgrounds together, but which, on occasion, has served to separate them. Ralph Boyd '79, a black alumnus from upstate New York who is assistant director of admissions, says he felt very close to his lacrosse teammates. He lived with them and counts these white men among his best friends. But Ralph is one of the few blacks to have ever played lacrosse at Haverford, and with the exception of basketball, according to baseball coach and associate dean Gregory Kannerstein '63, College teams are mostly made up of white players. "Haverford's last [1971] football team had about a dozen blacks," Kannerstein recalls, but notes that during 1978-79 season, "no black students came out for soccer, baseball,

or tennis, and only a few for wrestling and track."

The significance that young blacks attach to basketball is reflected not only by their presence on the varsity but also on intramural teams. About a third of Haverford's students play on the 30 squads, and for the past several years one has been made up predominantly of minority players. "A lot of dissatisfaction with student officiating in the league that had no racial basis surfaced during the spring playoffs," Kannerstein says. Nevertheless, the game appears to have been perceived by some participants as a contest between blacks and whites. And an undercurrent of racial tension may have been expressed more openly on the court than it usually is at Haverford.

Incidents of overt conflict between different ethnic groups are rare at the College. "When one does occur, it jumps off the wall at you," concludes Bernie Henderson. "I expect more from Haverford morally and ethically than from other institutions," says Ralph Boyd. "My criticism of some of the things that have happened or failed to happen here are grounded in my high expectations of the College."

But an indication that racism has no more been eliminated from the campus than from the larger society which sends people to learn and teach there is found in occasional graffiti (the word "black" replaced by the word "nigger" on a poster advertising the movie *Black Girl*) and name calling ("Spic, you're here on a free ride."), and is more subtly reflected in requests that black students, faculty, and administrators produce identification showing they "belong" at the College.

It is a practice in dormitories to ask unknown persons for IDs, but students report that black freshmen are far more likely to be "carded" than their white classmates. After seven years residence on the campus, senior associate dean Adolphus Levi Williams Jr. is still occasionally stopped by the township police when jogging along the nature trail. Bernie Henderson was asked for his ID on entering Founders Hall the night after a telethon, but his white companions were not questioned. And Haverford's guards called for rein-

forcements from township police because they failed to identify the husband of minority affairs director Karla Spurlock-Evans when he opened the door of his campus home to answer questions about a parked car.

Off campus, Spurlock-Evans says, it is frequently necessary for black Haverfordians to "wear their 'badge,' that is, proclaim their affiliation with the College community to protect themselves from slights." The minority affairs director learned this lesson when a local banker questioned her ability to understand the difference between gross and net income, and she further notes that she often feels "invisible" in Main Line shops. "It is as if people were saying: 'I see you, but I don't want to acknowledge that you live here.'"

Edward T. Rewoliński, an assistant professor of religion, observes that it is "tough to decide what is racism and what is just stupidity" in an upper middle-class suburb where until recently the only blacks many people knew were cleaning women and groundskeepers. Neither he nor his minority colleagues voice any complaints about the way they have been treated by other College faculty and administrators, but despite cordial personal relationships, Asoka Gangadean, a dark-skinned Indian professor of philosophy, explains that "there is a characteristic alienation that minority persons experience, suffer, and endure."

Perceived by "all as foreign and many as 'colored,'" Gangadean says his experience suggests the existence of an "implicit assumption on the part of whites that non-whites cannot perform at expected levels. In the classroom," he notes, "the onus seems to be on me to prove myself." Al Williams says he finds it "galling that discussions on increasing minority faculty are always prefaced with the word 'qualified,' although blacks at Haverford have always been up front about the fact that they aren't interested in diversity at the price of quality. But some whites," he adds, "seem to think diversity and excellence are mutually exclusive."

The College's new targeting procedures have in fact succeeded in bringing first-rate young blacks to the campus. The structure of such searches, however,



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Minority affairs director Karla Spurlock-Evans

has made it difficult for these men and women, as for their colleagues elsewhere, to accept appointment. Appreciative of the College's "serious effort to introduce different persons, views, and ways of learning into college life," assistant professor of fine arts William E. Williams says "it still makes me feel uncomfortable that I'm here because of 'diversity.'" Bernie Henderson says "I didn't want to come to Haverford to help it improve its image, and I only accepted when I was assured that my selection was based upon merit."

Minority candidates probably undergo what one described as "super scrutiny." Precisely because the search mechanism can involve inviting particular minority persons to apply for openings, the College goes out of its way to make certain that the final criterion for selection is the universalistic one of excellence. In 1977 a Committee on Administrative Hiring (CAH) was established to oversee administrative personnel searches and a College Committee of Faculty Appointments (CCFA) was created and charged with carrying out a five-year plan for achieving a significant minority presence—described as eight to 10 minority persons out of a faculty of 70.

As Haverford begins the 1979-80 academic year, more than 20 percent of the administrative positions listed in the College catalog are filled by black persons as compared with just over 4 percent 10 years ago. Then

the only minority persons holding regular faculty appointments were two Asians; today six minority persons—four blacks, one Hispanic, and one Asian—hold regular full-time or regular part-time posts. Among the 54 Haverford professors with tenure, there is one black, one Hispanic, and one Asian. Of the 42 interim appointments made by the College this year, two went to blacks, two to Hispanics, and four to Asians, bringing the total number of current faculty of minority status to nearly 11 percent.

Both Ed Rewoliński, a graduate of Marquette University who holds a Ph.D. in religion from Harvard, and photographer Willie Williams, a Hamilton alumnus with an M.F.A. from Yale, were given tenure-track appointments last year after having initially come to the campus on an interim basis, and this year another black man, Jerome Williams '73 who is completing a doctorate in Spanish at Yale, was awarded a regular part-time position. But Haverford continues to be frustrated in its attempt to lure senior-level black scholars to the College.

Former provost Thomas D'Andrea points out that "a number of minority persons prominent in academic life have been approached during the past two years to see if they were interested in coming to Haverford, and if they didn't give us a firm 'no,'" he continues, "we pursued them, even to the point of having the president call when he was traveling in their vicinity." The College was particularly hopeful of making a senior-level minority appointment in English and of bringing a young black biologist to the campus, but in both cases the candidates finally declined Haverford's offers.

"The reasons usually given," D'Andrea says, "are our lack of graduate students and, especially in the case of senior scholars, a disinclination to move. These people probably have been approached by a good many institutions," he adds, "and they've thought through the prospect of pulling up stakes and decided they prefer to stay where they are." Indicating an added dimension of the problem, acting provost Colin MacKay points out that there are "very few minority scientists." A year's search by his own department

produced no viable black or Hispanic candidates for a chemistry professorship.

The value of minority appointments is at least as great for white students who may not believe that, for example, black economists exist, as for minority students in need of role models. Both, moreover, benefit from the systematic presentation of a black perspective in the humanities and the social sciences.

The latter, of course, can be found in classrooms presided over by white professors. For years historian Roger Lane has devoted a third of the first semester of his introductory American history course to slavery, and assigned books by black authors. But the course Rewoliński plans to give next term on liberation theology will be a new offering at Haverford. "Still," he says, "the hardest question about diversity has to do with what it means in curricular terms. It should involve exposing students to views they wouldn't otherwise have—different ways of perceiving and doing."

Speaking of the value of diversity in the context of "Haverford's mission," Asoka Gangadean observes that "liberal education is concerned with self-knowledge, and it is in confronting genuine others," he says, "that we come to know ourselves." Far then from being a threat to a small group of scholars and students with shared goals, he suggests that "diversity may be a condition of community."

But as the College approaches the 150th anniversary of its founding, there seems to be a consensus on campus that though Haverford has begun to examine the relationship between minority students and the structure of the College, it has a long way to go in implementing diversity—even taking account of the considerable distance traveled in recent years. The curriculum is not, in Vern Francis's phrase, "dealing adequately with black experience," nor, indeed, drawing adequately upon it. A quarter of a century after the Supreme Court decision in *Brown vs. Board of Education of Topeka*, the College still has but one tenured black professor: in 1954 it was the sociologist Ira Reid; today it is economist Vernon Dixon. And in 25 years, the percentage of blacks in



Walter Holt

Professor of philosophy Asoka Gangadean

the student body has increased only marginally from 2.4 to 3.5 percent. Still Haverford has succeeded in bringing significantly more Hispanic and Asian students to the campus, and hopes to attract more blacks.

Student initiative has been catalytic, and every step which has been taken in the process of institutionalizing diversity during the past seven years has followed from it. In 1972, the 10th anniversary of James Meredith's registration at the University of Mississippi, Haverford had a larger black enrollment than at any time in its history. A major reason was aggressive recruiting in a period when comparatively few colleges were making the effort, and the result was enough black students (close to 50) to feel *group* alienation and enough to confront Haverford with *group* demands for redress of their grievances.

A Black Students' League had been formed in the fall of 1968 when the arrival of 18 black and Hispanic freshmen all at once tripled the undergraduate minority population. In addition, there were about a dozen black college graduates on campus who were enrolled in a year-long post-baccalaureate program, which had been started in 1966 and would continue through 1969. These young men called upon Haverford to establish a Black Cultural Center, and in the summer of 1970 the Coach House, a faculty residence, was con-

verted into a social center for minority students.

But in addition to a meeting place of their own, Haverford's black students asked for people and programs to represent and reflect their interests. That was the substance of the requests which emerged from the boycott of 1972 when for several weeks in February members of the Black Students' League stayed away from all College activities except jobs and classes.

Because the attrition rate of minority students was then high, they asked for funds to enable those in academic trouble to attend summer school. To ease the transition from high school to college for minorities with less than the best preparation, they requested the initiation of a summer program for incoming students. They called for a minority counselor, a minority admissions officer, more minority faculty. And they sought the establishment of an elective course and a lecture program as a means of exposing the community to the intellectual and cultural achievements of their people.

Funds were found to finance summer courses for upperclassmen and incoming freshmen, two Spanish professors were hired, and Al Williams, by then holding a law degree from the University of Virginia, returned as an administrator to the campus where he had been a post-baccalaureate student. He served as part-time minority recruiter, part-time summer program director, part-time lecturer, and unofficial counselor to minority students.

In 1973 Williams was named dean of student affairs and another black person was hired as a part-time admissions officer with the added responsibility of coordinating several programs related to minority students. Discussions about diversity continued, and in 1977 an enlarged student group, the Minority Coalition, again confronted the College for its lack of action.

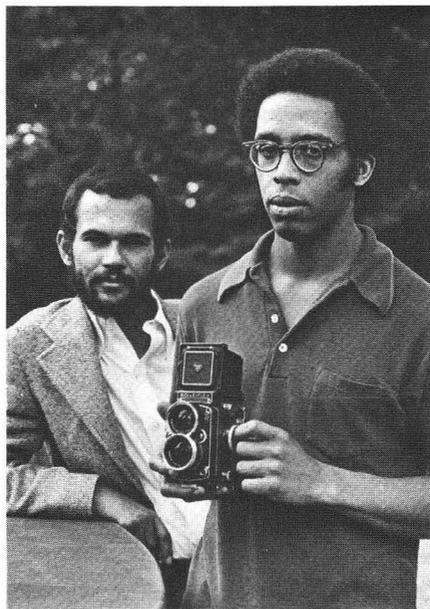
The issues the students raised were the same as their predecessors had raised five years earlier. Challenged, in effect, to prove its commitment to diversity, Haverford agreed to establish an Office of Minority Affairs and hired a director. It also appointed a full-time minority recruiter and established its committees

on administrative and faculty hiring.

The latter grew out of recommendations made by an ad hoc committee on Minority Group Concerns chaired by Asoka Gangadean. As approved by the faculty, they called for placing all new openings within a general pool and inviting departments to compete for them both on the basis of curricular needs and on the basis of candidates who could add to diversity. But introducing the new policy into an already complex faculty appointment system has taken time. And in the spring of 1978 frustration at the pace of change was expressed in memoranda written by Dixon and Williams and in the Minority Coalition's request that the board of managers "take over the direct responsibility of diversifying Haverford" (*Horizons*, Spring 1978). For awhile, the Coalition refused to participate actively in the work of either the CAH or CCFA, but early in 1979 it granted its representatives on these committees the right to use their own discretion in determining their role. In the meantime, the managers strongly reaffirmed the College's commitment to diversity and created a special board committee to monitor its implementation. Chaired by Samuel Foley Jr. '73, the committee is also charged with developing ways to achieve more rapid progress in the process of increasing minority representation on campus.

During the past two years, a minority presence has been more keenly felt not only by virtue of administrative and faculty appointments but as a result of a series of visitors sponsored by the Office of Minority Affairs. Spurlock-Evans has brought jazz groups, dance and theater troupes, poets and politicians, sociologists and historians, clergymen and civil rights activists—all black or Hispanic and all addressing themselves to the concerns of minority people. A minority culture week has been reconstituted as an annual spring event, and the Minority Affairs Office also has revived a summer program to help incoming students strengthen their academic skills.

Spurlock-Evans estimates that she spends "nearly two-thirds" of her time in "personnel-related work and general consciousness-raising." She



Edward T. Rewoliński (left), assistant professor of religion, and William E. Williams, assistant professor of fine arts

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regrets that "only about a quarter" of her time is spent in student contact, but notes that "one person cannot substitute for a missing community." Since September, however, she has had some help from Spanish instructor Jerry Williams, who is serving as master of Spanish House, where seven Hispanic students are living this term.

On the very day last spring when a search committee recommended Williams's appointment to Academic Council, a group calling itself Students for Democratic Education (SDE) charged the College with failure to meet its "expressed commitment to greater recruitment of minority students and faculty," and presented President Stevens with a list of "non-negotiable demands."

The demands echoed a proposal which sociologist Mark Gould had submitted to the faculty a year earlier. His plan, which was rejected by the administration, called for the admission of 200 "working-class students" over a period of five years to form "a constant group within a student body of 1000." Its members, including a significant number of minority students, were to be selected on the basis of intellectual potential, not the mastery of academic skills ordinarily required for admission to Haverford. To make the curriculum more accessible to these young people, Gould called for its restructuring.

What the SDE demanded was the admission of a freshman class made up of 20 percent minority students. By 1980, it said, "25 percent of the Haverford student body must be drawn from the poor and working class." Presuming a "redistribution of existing aid and/or added funding," SDE further called for financial aid for targeted students on the basis of need, and it said the institution of curricular reform "to accommodate all students" was imperative.

The next day the Minority Coalition announced support for the SDE demands conditional upon inclusion of certain other concerns in any negotiating process. Specifically, they raised additional issues related to the need to expand the Minority Affairs Office; incorporation of the Eighth Dimension Program (*Horizons*, Winter 1979) into the curriculum as a first step in enriching it through inclusion of a social service component; dissolution of CCFA if six minority faculty do not have tenure-track positions by next spring; and divestment of all College investments in multinational corporations doing business in South Africa.

President Stevens replied to the SDE that "non-negotiable demands" were not in the Haverford spirit, but its concern with increasing diversity was "in the very best traditions of the College." He went on to explain that Haverford could not increase dramatically the number of working-class students because that would not be financially feasible for an increasingly tuition-dependent private institution. Indeed, as vice president Stephen Cary '37 pointed out, "Haverford will be fortunate if it is able to maintain the current level of student aid."

Stevens, however, encouraged the protesting students to work with the development office to search for incremental funds for minority scholarships and with the admissions office to search for more minority students. That they are doing so is perhaps the most important immediate result of last spring's confrontation. But the College also has obtained a \$5,000 grant from the Dolfinger-McMahon Foundation which, with money from the contingency fund, will make it possible to continue the Eighth Dimension program for an additional year. As an

experiment, moreover, the faculty has agreed to offer sophomores the option of taking a third semester of physical education or doing volunteer work under Eighth Dimension.

The program's director, the Rev. Muhammad Kenyatta, has been appointed as a lecturer in the humanities, and is giving a freshman seminar on "Race, Poverty, and Protest" this term.

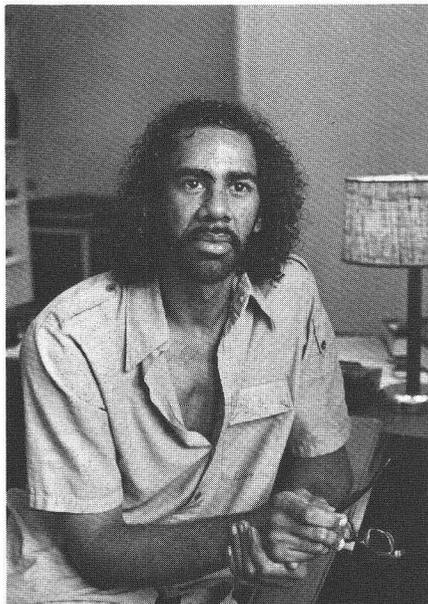
In a significant educational policy move, the faculty has approved changes in the offerings of the chemistry and biology departments to provide a sequence of courses for students with weaker science preparation.

Plans are under way to establish a Visiting Scholar Program in honor of the late Ira Reid. It would bring a distinguished minority professor to the campus for one semester each year.

And, finally, discussions of diversity are continuing under both student and faculty auspices. For the first time a Students' Council Committee, as opposed to a minority group committee, has been formed to consider the "implementation of diversity." It is sponsoring a series of workshops, and a faculty group, first convened last semester by philosophy professor Gangadean, is meeting to try to clarify its thinking on diversity and to develop a coherent diversity policy.

Agreement on the meaning of diversity, beyond the term's descriptive reference to the coexistence of unlike groups in a common social system, still eludes the Haverford community. There is a growing tendency, however, to use the word normatively to express an educational ideal. A consensus exists on the value of diversity—and the procedures of the admissions office are predicated on its worth.

Admissions director William W. Ambler '45 notes that Haverford has come to believe that "the richness of the educational experience it can offer students depends in part on the differences in background and outlook the students bring to Haverford." Over the past several years, therefore, the priorities of his office, "have shifted toward recruiting more minorities." Two of Ambler's three associates are black, and with the



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Adolphus L. Williams Jr., senior associate dean of the College

help of students, faculty, and alumni, they are determined, as assistant director of admissions Joseph Mason '79 says, "to develop a constituency they can rely on for information about qualified minority candidates. Black churches," he notes, "are an important target," but the admissions office also plans "to step up its visits to schools with large minority populations."

Throughout most of the 70s, the general trend in applications from blacks, Hispanics, and Asians has been up, and the number of minority students in the freshman class increased each year from 1971 through 1978. The jump between 1977 and last year was from 17 to 35 students, and this year the number of minority freshmen has dropped back to 25. That's 10.3 percent of the total, which is a slight increase from two years ago when Vern Francis was a freshman and minority students made up 6.7 percent of the Class of 1982.

There are eight blacks, six Hispanics, and 11 Asians in Haverford's sesquicentennial class. The matriculants represent about half of the minority students admitted, and a majority of those the College "lost" went to Ivy League universities.

"Until now," Bill Ambler points out, "one of Haverford's greatest disadvantages in attracting minority students has been its lack of full coeducation. Forty percent more black women than black men take the Scholastic Aptitude Test," he

says, which is a statistic indicating that the pool from which the College can draw the Class of 1984 will be significantly larger than any pool from which it has drawn past classes. But it is undoubtedly still going to be a small pool, as only 17 percent of the high school students who took the SATs in 1977-78, for example, were minority persons.

In socio-economic terms, most of Haverford's present minority students are "marginally middle class," according to Joe Mason, who adds that they "almost always come from strongly motivated families." Often they are part of the first generation to go to college, and the pressure on them to succeed can be enormous.

Not the least of their concerns is the cost of their education. Some worry about the strain on modest family budgets, others about the debt they are incurring—and will continue to incur if they go on to graduate or professional school. But there does seem to be a consensus among minority students that the College's financial aid policy is generous. Up to the present, Haverford has been able to meet the financial need of every student admitted through a combination of scholarships, loans, and jobs, and in 1978-79 about three-quarters of the minority students were receiving some form of assistance.

Although the current capital campaign has a goal of \$4 million in endowment to support scholarships, more than two-thirds of the financial aid budget must still come from general revenue, and this year 13 percent of the whole College budget is being devoted to student assistance. For the first time, the College this year is spending more on scholarships and loans than it is receiving in total endowment income. The problem with which it must continue to wrestle is how best to share limited resources with those who have been historically deprived.

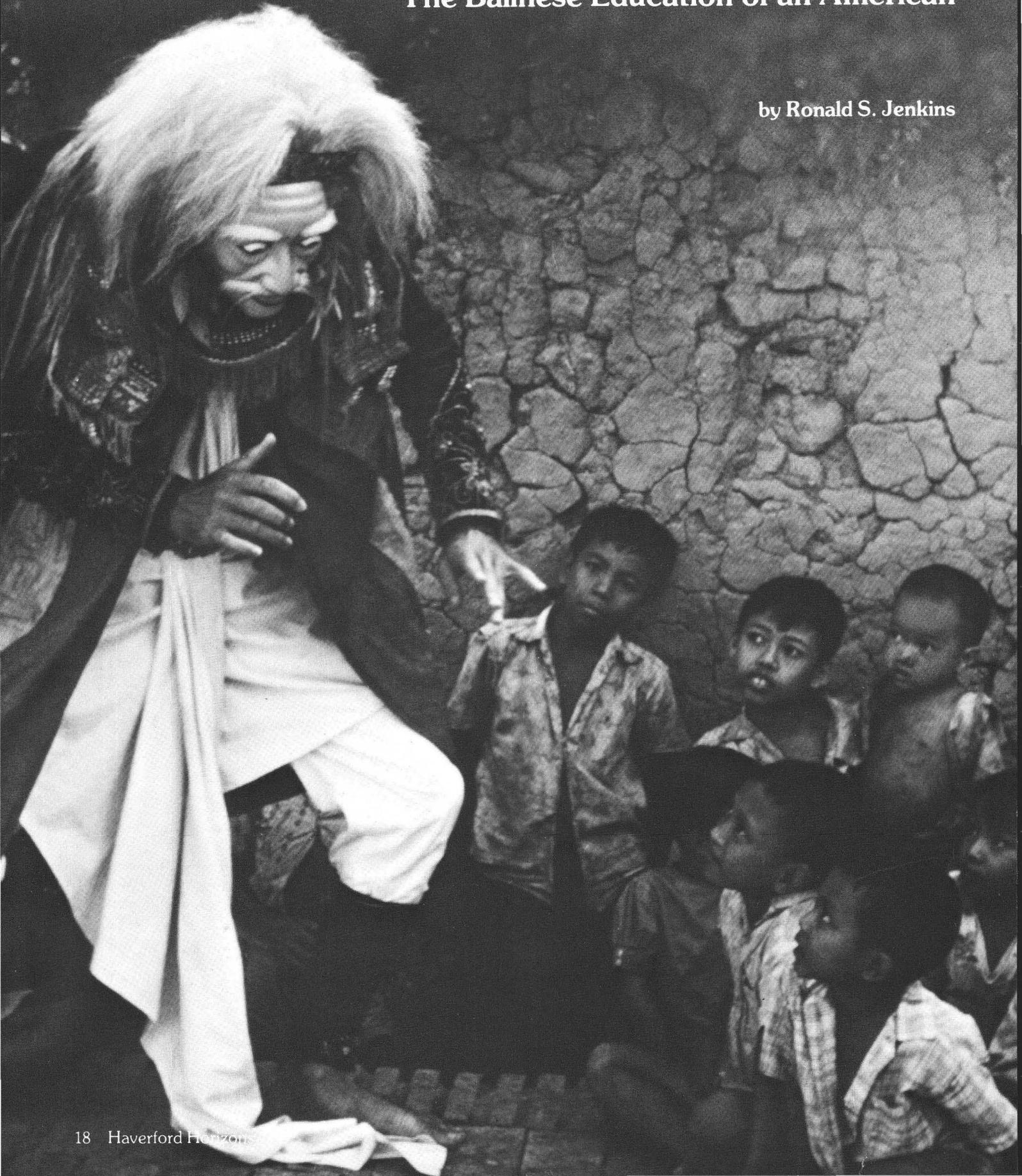
The importance of bringing a significant number of minority students to the campus is linked to Haverford's role as a gatekeeping institution, whose graduates go on to the nation's best graduate and professional schools. "My appeal to the College," says Joe Mason, "is to commit itself to preparing black as well as white leaders."

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Dancing the Frog

The Balinese Education of an American

by Ronald S. Jenkins



Frogs flourish in the wet rice fields of Bali. Their sounds and rhythms are mimicked with vivid comic precision by clowns in the temple dramas. Continuity between performance and everyday events is a powerful element in Balinese community life. The links are reflected in numerous forms other than dancing frogs, but it was the frogs I noticed first.

I arrived in Bali for a year of theater research not knowing how I would proceed. Having been a circus clown in the United States I was attracted by the comic characters in the Balinese temple dramas. Eventually I moved into a small village, attended numerous performances, and became a regular follower of a Topeng masked dancer named Made Djimat.

Although I did not know it at the time, my presence as a spectator of Balinese temple dramas was the first step along the way to my becoming part of the dance. I was perceived simply as a tourist, but the relationship between theater and village life is so intimate that the mere presence of a Westerner is enough to change the quality of a performance. Comic allusions to tourists are often woven into the improvised dialogues. Sometimes a tourist character is burlesqued by one of the dancers wearing the mask of a grotesquely oversized wooden nose. Just as the hardships, love affairs, and ethical dilemmas of the local villagers find their way into the Balinese dramas, the bumbling tourists are also given their place.

As I became more involved in village life, my role in village performances increased proportionally. I moved from being a tourist to being a student of dance. Made Djimat accepted me as he would have accepted a Balinese child who expressed sincere interest and respect for his art. He taught me with the same physical teaching methods that are used for all children in Bali. Initially I was grabbed from behind and moved through dance choreographies by having my limbs forcibly molded into the proper shapes. My teacher was patient. I was an awkward student, not nearly as supple as the Balinese boys and girls who know the movements before studying the dance as a result of having

watched performances all their lives.

But it would be difficult for a Western adult ever to master perfectly Balinese dance techniques. I certainly never even came close. When Djimat invited me to dance with him at an upcoming temple ceremony, I considered it an honor based not on my technical skills but on my relationship with Djimat, his family, and his musicians. After my lessons, I had often played with his children, teaching them how to float away on imaginary kite strings in mime. Djimat knew that I was a clown in my country. Though he was reluctant to teach me comic character movements, he enjoyed improvising comic walks and situations with me after our formal lessons were finished. His children would sit on the dusty ground in the family courtyard and watch our ridiculous antics with delight.

Evening music rehearsals provided another opportunity for me to become acquainted with the people of the village. Many of Djimat's neighbors played in his gamelan orchestra. Though Topeng performances are improvised, the music groups meet frequently to practice the basic rhythm patterns and melodies associated with each character. Actually the rehearsals are an excuse for gossip, drinking, and generally having a good time. Spirits are high and there is much joking.

In this situation I was again treated much the same as a Balinese child. My questions were not taken very seriously. I had not yet learned that few direct questions are ever answered in Bali. Indirection, and especially indirection through laughter, are the accepted modes of transmitting important information. After a period of stupidly asking one

blunt question after another, I finally adopted the Balinese style of acquiring knowledge and began developing my understanding of Topeng by listening to casual conversations and joking with the performers.

Anecdotes about local individuals shared at these informal rehearsals would often become part of the clowns' improvisations in the next temple drama. Spontaneous outbursts of comic dancing were also part of the evening sessions. Djimat could never resist the music's invitation to dance. One moment he would caricature a glutton, the next a vain woman. Again these were good-natured mockeries that might appear in a later performance as a form of moral lesson. "When the people laugh at something, they will not be so quick to do it themselves," was the way one dancer summarized the effects of the drama's satires on the village audience.

The first time that Djimat allowed me to dance at a rehearsal wearing one of his masks marked a turning point in my relationship with the musicians in his group. To wear a Topeng mask was not taken lightly. The masks are charged with the potency of the ancestral and divine archetypes they symbolize. Djimat's masks had belonged to his father. They were kept in a special place in the family temple where offerings were made to them every morning. I could rarely take any of them home to practice because Djimat's dreams were troubled when all the masks were not "sleeping together."

The night I was to dance the mask of the old man in rehearsal, the musicians showed their support by joking with me more than usual. They told me I looked older. Feeling the soft wood against my face, I felt the responsibility of dancing with integrity to the spirit of the mask. There was also the responsibility of dancing with sensitivity to the music. The drummers would pick up any shifts of my movements and translate them into rhythm changes. I in turn responded to their tempo and mood. Everything was improvised around basic patterns of movement and melody. To make it work we had to become accustomed and responsive to each other's rhythms and stylistic idiosyncracies.

A 1976 graduate of the College, Ron Jenkins studied theater in Bali under grants from the Thomas J. Watson Foundation and the Institute for Intercultural Studies established by Margaret Mead. In May he received a master's degree in education and theater from Harvard University and is currently directing the theater program for the Harvard Summer School. He also serves as director of the Mudhead Masks, a theater company.

The character of the old man suited me because it lent itself to comic digressions. The character is past his prime, plagued by fleas, and barely able to lift himself out of his chair. But he is driven by a noble desire to dance with dignity in spite of his afflictions. Dancing this mask I could rely on comedy and dramatic timing to overcome my weak movement technique. The first night I remember feigning a near-fall and reaching out to the children's heads to regain my balance. They squealed while the musicians laughed and picked up my broken rhythms. When I took off the mask there were murmurs of approval laced with constructively critical suggestions. "Don't lift your legs so high." "Keep your elbows closer to your chest." Djimat took the mask from me and placed its lips next to his ears as if he were listening to it. "I hear good things," he said. "While you danced I saw good things. Do it like that when the people are watching and seeing you will make them happy."

It had rained during the rehearsal. When it ended most of the men went out to the rice fields to catch eels. One of the older musicians who had never talked to me individually stayed to talk with me about my dance. Later Djimat took me to a corner of his courtyard where he was planning to build a new temple. He told me how excited he would be when it was finished and he could use it as a place to have dance performances. I could dance there too, he said. As he told me more of his plans for the space, he began dancing to show me what things would be like. He lifted up his sarong as if it were a Topeng costume, too carried away with his dreams to notice that he had on no underwear. He continued pounding out rhythms in the mud with his bare bottom shining in the moonlight until his wife walked by and laughingly swatted at him with her broom.

Personal moments like these were not irrelevant to learning about Balinese drama. Watching Djimat dance spontaneously or observing how respectfully he treated his masks taught me much about the connections between Balinese clowns and gods. Eventually I came to understand that many village conflicts are aired with comic perspec-

tive in the temple dramas. It was an important mechanism for restoring equilibrium to the community. In these informal rehearsals I was witnessing the rudimentary stages of this process. One evening the conversation turned to the wasteful inefficiency of government projects. Several weeks later a clown in performance joked: "The government big-shots are not as smart as me. They need fancy stones and big machines to build a road. All I need is the ground under my feet."

Not only was I observing this process, but I found myself gradually becoming a part of it. After dancing the mask in rehearsal I found the men more responsive to me as a person. I was invited to their homes. Stories that I told them began to appear as the basis of jokes in the performances I attended. It was their way of including me in them even when I didn't dance a part. Instead of being joked about as a tourist, I was being incorporated into the performance on the same individual level of reference as their families and friends.

When I had attended performances in which Djimat was dancing, I was always invited to eat with the musicians and dancers. After they had finished their ritual meal and began to make preparation for the dance, however, I had always excused myself to find a place in the audience. Now, when I arrived with Djimat as a performer, the pattern changed. I stayed with him and the other dancers all through the pre-performance preparation.

There is no physical warm-up for the Balinese performers. The warm-up consists instead of a two-to-four hour period during which they acclimate themselves to the village, the temple, and their hosts. It is a time filled with gossip, joking, and drinking. Only in the last few minutes before performance do the dancers become introspective as they make offerings to their gods and prepare themselves to receive the spirits of the masks they will perform.

When they perform in a village other than their home, the social warm-up gives the performers a chance to learn which topical issues are on the minds of their audience. These issues are woven into the improvised clown banterings, creating a

bond of identification between the performers and their gods by the religious rituals and offerings that immediately precede the dancing. Holy water is sprinkled over the masks and costumes as sacred mantras are murmured by the dancers.

Linked closely to both the spiritual and mundane worlds, the performers become a liaison between the villagers and their gods. Jokes about commonplace human problems are made in the context of stories about mythic divinities and heroes. Wearing half-masks that make them characters of both flesh and fantasy, the Topeng clowns are the epitome of this blending of domains. They are in both worlds at once, and shift easily from quoting ancient religious texts to recounting hilariously obscene jokes.

The performance becomes a vortex of history, myth, religion, morals, and topical events. To juggle these elements successfully in his improvisations is the goal of a good performer. It is especially important for the clowns. "We want to do more than just make people laugh. If a person doesn't understand the way of the gods, the laughter by itself is empty."

These obligations of the performer to his community and gods were clear to me before I danced with Djimat in the temples. I could think of little else during the eating, costuming, and offerings that preceded my first dance. Once I passed the threshold of the curtains, I concentrated only on bending my body to the power of the music, the audience, and the mask of the old man. Each of these elements is such a powerful performance force that the real skill of the dancer lies in how well he can sensitize his movements to their demands rather than in his individual virtuosity.

Making the mask come alive requires subtle control of neck muscle movements. The music dictates rhythms. And the audience participates in a myriad of unpredictable ways. During that first dance my performing space was invaded by a barking dog, a procession of chanting women, and a large duck. The duck was in the arms of an older woman who could not restrain it from voicing its cacophonous responses to my dance. I responded to

its quacking with some duck-like movements of my own. The interaction between myself and the duck went on for several minutes and was probably the highlight of the performance.

Removing my mask behind the curtain I looked to it for some reassurance similar to the kind Djimat had heard in our rehearsal, but the spirit of the old man was in no mood to cater to my insecurities. I did get some smiling words of praise from an old man in the flesh who had enjoyed my dancing. I had noticed him before the performance inching his way to the temple courtyard with the help of a tall black cane. He told me that he had been a dancer in his youth, and his encouragement warmed me almost as much as if the mask itself had spoken.

This first public performance marked another turning point in my relations with the people of Djimat's village. I became known to a wider circle of people. Women vendors in the marketplace would comment on my performance, and the prices I was charged for fruit and vegetables began dropping.

The mask of the old man is a full mask that does not speak. Djimat invited me to dance it on several other occasions, and I expected it to be the only one I would ever dance in performance. One evening, though, in a particularly raucous drama Djimat surprised me by giving me one of his speaking clown masks and sending me out to improvise with the other clowns already before the audience. If I had had time to consider the offer I probably would have refused, but carried away with the excitement and high energy generated by the performance, I took the mask and came out bellowing.

Much of the effectiveness of Balinese clowns' comedy comes from their breaking the graceful rhythms of song and movement established by the serious characters. I could never have been integrated into Balinese performance as a serious dancer, but with lack of grace as one of my specialties I was able to improve my first and later speaking clown roles with much success. Supplementing my limited vocabulary with a series of well-timed expressive grunts, I resorted to the

simplest of slapstick techniques and was surprised to find the audience responding as if I had done something very clever.

The story was a complicated satire of Djimat's extra-marital affairs in which he enjoyed the cathartic pleasure of murdering his mistress and beating his wife. The performance took place in his family temple with "Mother Djimat" watching and the audience roaring with laughter at the thinly-veiled parodies. My character was a gruff-voiced buffoon who kept chasing Djimat around in circles asking him to explain himself. I was a cross between Caliban and the cookie monster. The voice I used was imitated frequently throughout the village over the next week.

Again the change in my performance roles resulted in a new intimacy with the villagers. People who had kept their distance because of my being a foreigner began to talk with me more freely. An important change also occurred in my relationships with the maskmakers.

I had bought several masks when I first arrived in Bali—all of which lacked life. Carved for tourist shops, they looked good on the wall, but dancing with them was impossible. When performing in the temples, therefore, I had borrowed Djimat's masks. But then the maskmakers who had seen me dance, or heard of me from their friends, began carving masks especially for me!

When the carver knows that a mask will be performed in the temples, he devotes considerably more time and care to its creation. As he works, he thinks about the setting in which the mask will be used, the archetypal character it expresses, and the individual dancer who will perform it.

I sat and talked with several maskmakers and their families while my masks were being carved. Knowing me informally gave them a better sense of what kind of person would be dancing their creation, and resulted in slight changes of line and nuance during the carving process. One maskmaker made a special clown character for me based on his viewing of my comic improvisations. Usually the clown masks are variations on a stock set of characters, but this particular caricature of dull-witted laziness was created espe-

cially for me. It was a dubious honor, which pleased me enormously.

Just as the maskmaker takes the dancer into consideration when he carves, the dancer is expected to think of the maskmaker before he dances. One carver likened the process of creating a masked character to the birth of a baby. The carver is the father who gives the mask (seed) to the dancer who is the mother. The period of meditation during which the dancer studies the spirit and lines of the mask is analogous to the baby's gestation in the womb. A good dancer will try to develop a relationship with each mask that enables him to make his movements truly reflective of the character that the carver has etched into the wood. When a harmony is achieved between the physical features of the mask and the archetype it represents, the dancer's movements will bring the mask to life, and he will be said to have "taksu." Without the bond of "taksu" between himself and the mask, the dancer's movements will be dead. Performers without "taksu" are disparagingly called "carpenters," because they don't put a soul into their masks; they just push around the wood.

By the time of my last performance I felt I had developed an intimate understanding of my masks. There were over a dozen that I had danced several times. I slept with them hung in a special place over my bed and had them blessed by temple priests along with the masks of Djimat. I had come to be especially fond of my frog mask and decided to make my last appearance in a story revolving around a heartbroken frog who is sad that he has to leave Bali.

Up until this last show, I had sat in with the dancers as they orally outlined the scenarios for the dramas about 15 minutes before each performance. But I had rarely made any suggestions of my own on how to adapt the plot to a particular audience. Now, knowing it would be my last performance with them, Djimat and the other dancers were receptive to my wish to incorporate the frog into the story that night. As I sketched my ideas, they began chuckling, realizing without my having to tell them that I was using the performance as a way of saying

goodbye and thanking them for what they had taught me. After 10 months, I had finally learned the Balinese style of indirection.

The woman whose family I lived with had often joked with me about frogs. I knew she would be happy to hear that I was dancing the frog mask in my last performance. When I told her, she responded by asking who would dance the part of the frog's girlfriend. In the traditional Balinese frog story, as in the German fairy tale, there is a princess who loves the frog, and my best friend was disappointed that there were no plans in my performance for the frog to have a romance. As the performance was also a going-away present for her and her family, I tried to please her by asking Djimat to dance the role of the frog's girlfriend in one of his comic female impersonation masks. He agreed, but one of the other dancers surprised me during the performance of my romantic scene with Djimat by coming out in another female mask, claiming to be my forgotten first wife from America.

There were other surprises during the performance. Djimat initiated a scene in which I was supposed to be his dance teacher, reversing our real life roles and producing some very bizarre dances. I sighted a maskmaker from another village who had come to watch me dance one of his creations, so knowing it was his birthday, I mentioned his name in a joke. I also made fun of the woman who had cooked for me during most of my stay, including her in the performance as an expression of my appreciation.

The entire dance was laced with this sort of innuendo and comic reference. The audience and the performers were part of each other's lives and their relationships were threaded into the fabric of the comedy. For the first time I was consciously helping to shape the Topeng drama into a form that included the people and things that were important to me. I even taught Djimat an old circus gag about the mock death of a clown that the crowd enjoyed immensely.

All night the audience responded warmly as I hopped in the dust of the temple courtyard in my frog costume. When the frog began to cry that he would miss all the

good friends and teachers he had loved so much in Bali, they all knew I was speaking about them. Formal handshakes and farewells would have meant nothing. But communicating through the mask of a giant green frog enabled me to express my feelings in the context of a performance language that the villagers understood perfectly.

I had passed through the roles of tourist, student, performer, and clown. Now I was a frog, a storyteller, whose performance mirrored the complexities of all my previous statuses. The Balinese audience comprehended and accepted these connections as they accept all links between performance and everyday life. They took no special notice. They offered no explanatory analyses. There was no need. They simply drank their palm wine, ate their rice cakes, and laughed.

Campus Briefs *continued*

"White Birch" was painted in 1936, and in this rural landscape, the artist captures in oil the brilliant azure skies and cooper-colored foliage of the season. The sensitive study of Hurd's classmate Hugh Borton was completed in 1967 at the end of Borton's 10-year term as Haverford's president.

An unexpected legacy

Several years ago, Charles E. Rankin '39, a Chester, Pennsylvania, attorney, was asked to set up a scholarship program under the provisions of the will of Marion C. Bartow, a Chester resident. The trust she established upon her death was to provide funds to educate graduates of public high schools in Delaware County who could not otherwise afford four years in college.

To divide the scholarship equally among three area colleges and offer applicants a wide range of academic and vocational opportunities, Rankin selected Haverford, along with Widener University and the Williamson Trade School. Because of his consideration, the College receives \$6,000 to \$8,000 annually for six years to finance the education of a local student.

Minorities *continued*

It is not just a matter of educating future doctors and lawyers, scientists and scholars, executives and statesmen, who happen to be minority persons. Ghebreselassie Mehreteab '72, a leader of the student boycott, acted in the best Haverford tradition when he subsequently used his organizational ability in behalf of welfare recipients in Chester, Pennsylvania, and of residents of a northwest Philadelphia neighborhood, who put together a grass-roots program to improve their community. Across the country, Charles R. Lawrence III '65, an associate professor of law at the University of San Francisco Law School, uses his legal knowledge as an advocate of the poor and a spokesman for minority admissions programs in a way that reflects the ideals of the College.

Lawrence has taken special interest in the Bakke Case (*The Bakke Case: The Politics of Inequality*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1979), which has emerged during the past several years as a symbol of the majority's unwillingness to relinquish privilege for the sake of the minority's equality. The resentment felt by the 33-year-old engineer denied admission to the University of California Medical School at Davis is also felt at some level by some white Haverford students. Competition—for grades, slots in graduate and professional schools, jobs, and careers—is a source of racial tension on campus.

Still no single group owns the future in which Vern Francis seeks a place. And if white students now at Haverford are one day to assume policy-making positions in a multiracial world, "nothing could be worse," as Ed Rewoliński says, "than for them to have to draw on a very narrow corridor of experience and perception."

No person's culture or way of life is so rich that it may not be further enriched by contact with other points of view. But sustaining a commitment to diversity takes more than good will. It requires creativity on the part of the College, and, on the part of its individual members, it requires the imaginative effort to walk in another's sandals.

Cricket at Lord's

To the Editor:

I so enjoyed your article on cricket in *Horizons* [Winter 1979] that I want to share two experiences. In 1929 Bert Cooper from Australia, who loved and played cricket, took his wife—Marguerite Strawbridge Cooper—to a game at Lord's. When the maiden over play was made, she said, "Bert, dear, wasn't that a virgin over?" Two Englishmen in front of her took their pipes out of their mouths and turned to look. I wondered if it came out in *Punch*.

Then years later my nephew, half English as his mother married Ian MacDonald, was married to the daughter of the secretary of Lord's, Ronald Aird, and the reception was held in Lord's, where women had never been. On the steamer on our return, the lady next to me on the deck chairs exclaimed, "Did you ever! See this—'Ladies in Lord's.' Whatever are we coming to?" I did not tell her I was one of them.

Emlen was a lover of cricket, too, and went to England with dear old Christy.

So you can see what joy you brought back and what memories.

Lydia B. Stokes
Moorestown, N.J.

And in Annapolis

To the Editor:

Readers who enjoyed the article "King Cricket Lives" in the Winter 1979 *Horizons* may be interested in learning of the recent establishment of the Annapolis Cricket Club which involved two Haverford captains on the founding committee.

I had long thought of starting a cricket club in Annapolis, not only because the town had the necessary ambiance, but to save an hour's drive to play for either the Maryland Cricket Club in Baltimore or the British Commonwealth Club in Washington—for which I had played at various times during residency in those two cities. My summer 1978 tour of England and Wales with the Merion Cricket Club confirmed that desire.

A coincidental meeting at a soccer match with a Royal Navy exchange officer at the Naval Academy started the process. Research showed that cricket had been played by the gentlemen of Anne Arundel County in the 1750s and we decided to involve both the historic-minded citizenry and the Naval Academy in our efforts.

Newspaper stories soon brought a committee of six which labored through the winter on bylaws, preparation of an

explanatory clinic at the Naval Academy, development of a schedule, finding financial backing, etc. I called on Bob Alley '79, current Haverford captain, for assistance in finding equipment.

The club "took." Six midshipmen with keen enthusiasm joined; one had learned cricket in Jamaica where he had lived 'til age 12; another in San Diego. From elsewhere emerged 20 more players—from experienced Britisher to novice American.

Matches were scheduled to coincide with the local observance of historic events: Annapolis Heritage Weekend or Historic Preservation Week, and Academy events such as Homecoming. We plan to play at Haverford and Merion in the fall as well as at historic Williamsburg. The cricket pitch, on the Academy's Farragut Field, cannot match the intimacy of Haverford's Cope Field, but it does nicely with sailboats on the Severn River as a background.

One highlight of the spring season was a match between the Academy "mids," bolstered by Alley and several other younger club members, and midshipmen from the British Training ship, *HMS Intrepid*. A fine example of the internationality of cricket, and hopefully a harbinger of things to come.

Another facet of note is the interest of St. Mary's College in establishing the sport there—near the site of Maryland's founding. We played an exhibition there with good response. St. Mary's College, a small liberal arts college within the state college system, sees Haverford, Swarthmore, and Bryn Mawr as models to emulate. And perhaps cricket, which "draws out the best in a man," will assist in that emulation.

R. Allen Irvine '56
Captain of the 1956 XI
Annapolis, Md.

Wrong hat

To the Editor:

What's the difference between a Puritan and a Quaker? Did they wear the same hats?

I'm embarrassed that the Development Office (or somebody) fobbed off on you a cartoon depicting an alpine-scaling Puritan striving to reach a \$20 million summit. I presume the artist thought he was drawing a Quaker.

But the early Quakers, nuisance all, wore flat-crowned, broad-brimmed hats—not those tall, narrow conical things (with silver buckles) affected by the upright citizens of Boston. Wouldn't Penn treating with the Indians look silly in one of those?

I'm not sure it's worth the trouble to remonstrate. I have a feeling most people prefer to think Quakers were grimly

"puritanical" and wore tall, pointy hats. Why spoil the fun?

But we modern Quakers like to remember that their hats were important to our forebears. Wearing them and ostentatiously refusing to doff them, as others did, was a way of saying "We are all equal before God." And when they acted out this "testimony" before a judge, they ended up in the hoosegow.

There's another difference between Quakers and Puritans: Quakers did not hang Puritans on Boston Common in order to protect the purity of their religion. Quite the contrary.

So you see that although Quakers had flat hats, they made their point.

Charles Perry '36

Associate Director of Development

To the Editor:

Inside of the cover of the spring issue of *Horizons* there is a cartoon of a man in an Irish leprechaun hat. If it isn't an Irish leprechaun hat, then it is a hat of one of the despised Puritans from New England. It is clearly not a Quaker hat. One assumes that "the Haverford Quaker" wears a Quaker hat.

We have in the Quaker Collection a set of dime novels called the "Old Broadbrim Series" which was followed by "Young Broadbrim Series." The modern equivalent of a Quaker broadbrim would be an Amish hat.

Just to make you feel better, the *News* made the same mistake on one occasion two years ago and I wrote a similar letter to the editor at that time.

Edwin B. Bronner

Librarian and Professor of History

Coeducation

To the Editor:

Reading Mary Ann Meyers' article, "Women at Haverford," gave me the uneasy feeling I used to get when reading articles about U.S. involvement in Vietnam. It felt like self-justification after the fact.

Is it my imagination, or do I actually remember a long dispute involving one John Coleman—a discussion during which alumni were polled about coeducation at Haverford, and which culminated in Coleman's resignation because he felt he, as a proponent of coeducation, could not administrate with credibility when his proposals had been thwarted?

Wouldn't it have been more accurate to state simply that the conflict over possible coeducation finally caused some minds to change, so that conservative traditions could give way to progress and thus also solve some financial problems?

Keith Brinton '64
Ossining, N.Y.

1986

Haverford Award Winner: Robert G. Schwartz '71

He Speaks for Children

by Paula Singer



Paula Singer

At first glance the law office looks like a kindergarten. Its walls are painted in intensely cheerful colors: bold sunshine yellow, turquoise blue, and spring green. Whimsical posters are tacked to bulletin boards. But what immediately catches a visitor's eye is the wood and wire fence. It is attached at waist level to the walls of the reception room and suspended like a canopy from the ceiling.

Robert G. Schwartz, a founder of the Juvenile Law Center of Philadelphia (JLC), explains that the dramatic motif is meant to create a non-institutional atmosphere. He says a young client tells him that it brings to mind "a dune fence at the beach—sky above, sea ahead, and sand underneath."

At age 30, Schwartz is the youngest alumnus yet to receive the Haverford Award. In 1975, fresh out of Temple University Law School, he and three other classmates estab-

lished the JLC to provide free legal services to youths under 18 years of age. Their non-profit public interest law center is committed to improving the status and treatment of young people through legal assistance and representation, litigation, and community education. Now one of eight staff members, Schwartz, in addition to handling cases, serves as a fundraiser, public speaker, and an administrator of the center.

"In roughly four years we've created a nationally-known juvenile law center," Schwartz says, "but we couldn't have done it without all the help we received along the way." He uses his office as an example. "It owes its innovative design and decoration to a center-city architectural firm that donated its services."

But the JLC had much humbler beginnings. The young lawyers opened up their practice in a cardiologist's office on Chestnut Street. It belonged to the husband of one of

the founders and consisted of an examining area and a waiting room. "Between the doctor's patients and our clients, it sometimes got pretty crowded," Schwartz says, "but the use of rent-free space and telephone was the key to our getting off the ground." In 1976, the JLC, having received trickles of funding from the government, foundations, and private contributors, moved into its present Walnut-Street quarters.

Schwartz is quick to point out that the idea of the center didn't spring simply from its founders' burning desire to defend the rights of juveniles. "The four of us were service-oriented," he explains, "and we recognized two vulnerable populations that needed representation—older Americans and children. Both groups have always had financial and physical difficulty in obtaining legal services. Since we had already received a few referrals from the Juvenile Justice Center in town [a community education and lobbying group], we decided to concentrate on juveniles."

Although since 1967, children in delinquency cases have been entitled to counsel by public defenders and the private bar, until the JLC was created there were no legal services available to represent children directly. And what distinguishes the center's approach is its advocacy of the child's point of view. "We insist that youngsters make the initial contact with us if they can," Schwartz says. "We won't represent parents, except in cases of mentally-retarded juveniles, because of the potential conflict of interest."

At the outset, the JLC offered its clients both social services and legal help. Soon confronted with an impossible range of responsibilities—crisis intervention for runaways, day-to-day case work, and community education, the young lawyers realized that they had to make a choice about what they wanted to be.

"It was an inevitable process of definition," Schwartz explains. "We had to decide what our priorities were and how best to allocate our scarce resources." What resulted was a shift away from providing social work assistance and a re-emphasis on being a law office.

The types of cases that are handled by the JLC vary widely.

They include child abuse, school suspension or expulsion, special education proceedings for exceptional children, delinquency, status offenses (runaways, truants, and incorrigibles), child support, custody, foster placement, adoption, mental health, and mental retardation. Schwartz thinks that the majority involve teenage parents, handicapped school children, foster-care disputes, and children in detention facilities.

But no matter what the nature of the situation is, the common denominator is that the JLC serves as a voice for its often inarticulate young clients. "We strive to fill gaps in services to children and to avoid duplicating the efforts of other groups," Schwartz says. At the same time, the JLC attempts to advance its clients' interests by commenting on legislation, and toward this end, the Haverford alumnus spends time on the road, speaking to various groups concerned with children.

JLC personnel also have testified on the regulations governing detention facilities. Schwartz and his colleagues hope to restrict the use of disgrace, isolation, and abuse as disciplinary measures in what are euphemistically called "Youth Study Centers," and, in one instance, the Commonwealth responded by drafting new regulations for the type of discipline permitted in these facilities.

Because many juveniles get involved with the law repeatedly, the JLC has had to limit how much time its staff can devote to a single case. But Schwartz admits that he has been to court with one youth at least 30 times over two years for actual charges or related issues.

How can the center, with its small staff and budget, handle cases that drag on endlessly? "It's a problem," Schwartz agrees. "We used to stick it out. Now, to protect ourselves, we tell the client at the outset that we're taking his or her case for a specific reason."

An idealist at heart, he has enjoyed being "on retainer" with his clients, even though there isn't one. "But the truth is," he says, "we're too small to follow cases for a long period of time. By doing so we would neglect others who need our help."

Yet the JLC lawyers don't simply drop a case when it has been legally resolved. For at least one year

afterward, the staff monitors many cases to determine whether the child's mental, physical, and educational needs are being met.

"We continue to work on issues that we want to affect," says Schwartz, listing the areas where the JLC has already had some impact: improving confinement conditions in detention facilities, pushing school districts to properly place children with mental or physical handicaps in special classes, and improving the foster-care situation.

In the latter area, Schwartz has been using a grant from the Edna McConnell Clark Foundation to examine visitation procedures, the feasibility of reuniting families, and the need for impartial review of foster care.

As the result of his investigations, he urges that at the outset of placement, parents, children, placement agencies, and foster families reach a clear understanding of expectations and goals, for he has found they are all involved in a very trying and tender situation.

Though Schwartz has devoted a great deal of time to representing children, he still stresses that his work was not predestined in any way. "Sure, I worked in a day camp during high-school summers," says the attorney who now advises Haverford pre-law students, "but so did a lot of other teenagers." He also had contact with children as a baseball umpire, an avocation he continues to pursue, and as a referee for basketball games.

At Haverford, the Bronx-born Schwartz wrote for the *News*, played the trombone in the orchestra, and played junior varsity baseball. He also helped found the *Lame Ducks*, the bi-college ice hockey club. Concentrating his studies on sociology, psychology, and philosophy, Schwartz was active in the anti-Vietnam war movement both on and off-campus.

He feels that Quakerism had an enormous influence on his life: "Much of my time at Haverford was spent working to understand non-violence and conflict resolution." In essence, the young lawyer-to-be learned that it is important to deal with hostility and turn it to one's advantage.

His post-college work experience consisted of brief stints as a volunteer coordinator at the Main Line Peace Center; as a staff person at "The Helm," a short-lived, youth drop-in center in Ardmore; and as a part-time teacher at an alternative high school in Wynnewood. But even law school didn't affect his non-traditional approach to making a living.

It was after he graduated from Temple that Schwartz realized how valuable some of his Haverford ties were, especially in establishing his fledgling law center. "We worked pretty much as volunteers for JLC during our first six months," he explains, "initially running our office on a budget of under \$5,000."

The young attorneys' crucial grant came from the Anna H. and Elizabeth Chace Fund of the Society of Friends, which at the time was chaired by emeritus Haverford economics professor Howard Teaf. "Professor Teaf gave me a lot of guidance in the funding area and shepherded our grant application through the committee. In the spring of 1976, we received \$5,000. This was our first large grant and it established our credibility with other foundations. We were then able to obtain funds from federal sources, such as the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration, which enabled us to move to our own office and draw salaries."

A large part of the center's current budget goes to pay for clients' litigations, depositions, and pre-trial discovery expenses. Funding still remains its chief obstacle. Although the staff now receives regular paychecks, Schwartz admits that the JLC attracts only the most dedicated young lawyers.

Yet Schwartz and his co-workers at JLC continue their work, undaunted despite the prospect of their annual grants not being renewed each year. "Our role is to help get the child's position across to those who ultimately make the decisions," Schwartz says firmly. "Our job is not to ensure a final result, but to explore options and be advocates for our clients. Our endeavors enhance the possibility of facts being brought to light, and when this happens, the result, from a social point of view, is likely to be better. Without us, an effort might not be made to seek out all the evidence."

Academic Focus

Shakespeare scholar joins English faculty

A Shakespeare scholar from Yale, **Marjorie Garber**, joined the Haverford faculty this summer as a professor of English.

A 1966 graduate of Swarthmore College where she took her B.A. with highest honors, Garber earned both M.Phil. and Ph.D. degrees at Yale in 1969. She taught at the university for 10 years, rising to the rank of associate professor. In 1974, she was chosen one of Yale's 10 best teachers.

Garber has published extensively in the area of British renaissance literature, including many essays on Shakespeare, Marlowe, and Milton. In 1974, her book *Dream in Shakespeare: From Metaphor to Metamorphosis* was brought out by Yale University Press. A second book, *The Coming of Age in Shakespeare*, will be published in the near future.

Garber joins an English department which was recently evaluated by a group of outside consultants in anticipation of the retirement of four professors. The visiting scholars pointed to Haverford's opportunity to regenerate the faculty and recommended a re-examination of the curriculum. They also called on the College to give more attention to the literary needs of non-English majors; to consider another and better way of handling drama, theater and film; and to make greater use of visiting lecturers. The faculty's Educational Policy Committee is now evaluating the consultants' report.

Alumnus returns

Jerome Williams '73 has returned to the College as an instructor in Spanish. The former Haverford Spanish major is completing his Ph.D. at Yale in colonial Latin American literature. He earned an M.A. there in 1975 and an M.Phil. in 1976.

Probing the past

An unusual course is offered at Haverford each fall to adventurous junior and senior history majors. Somewhat of a cross between anthropology and archaeology, the Seminar in Historical Evidence is a cooperative effort of all the members of the history department.

"It's a course that isn't usually offered until graduate school," says Professor **Edwin Bronner**, who introduces students to the manuscript collection, "because few undergraduate colleges have access to original manuscripts and memorabilia."

Using documents and artifacts from Haverford's collections, students are asked to complete two major projects. First, each selects an artifact to examine and write about, explaining when the object was made, by whom, and for what purpose.

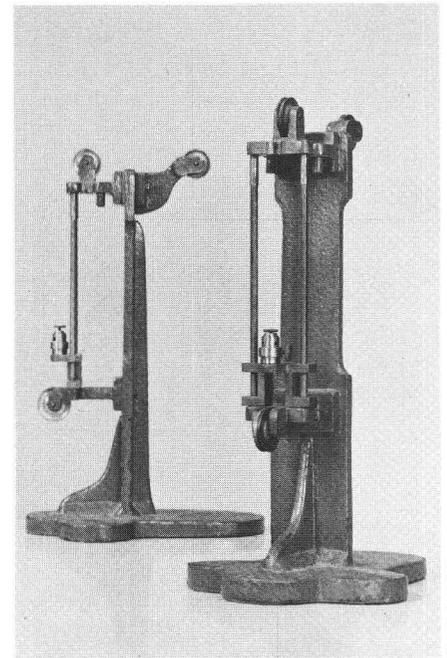
Some make unexpected discoveries. One student chose something that resembled a clothes pole with a fluted tin can on top. It turned out to be a torch light carried in a procession at Haverford in 1885.

The second assignment involves transcribing a document (sometimes written in 17th- or 18th-century script), tracing every name mentioned in the text, and identifying the author, the reason for writing it, and its relationship to history.

The point of all this painstaking research is to give students firsthand experience in the way a historian operates, like a detective conducting an investigation of the past.

Heath speaks

Professor of psychology **Douglas Heath** finds that his research on the ways that higher education can shape the lives of its recipients attracts many invitations to speak at home and abroad. During the past year, he has traveled to Athens to address the heads of



Walter Holt

Can you identify this object?

American schools in the Middle and Far East, delivered the keynote speech at the Eastern States' Academic and Student Deans' Conference in Washington, D.C., read a paper to participants in a conference on research in teacher education at the University of Texas, and delivered the opening address at the College Entrance Examination Board meeting in Syracuse, New York.

The psychology professor also gave a series of three talks at Juniata College in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, as Will Judy Lecturer for 1978-79.

Tenure awarded

The board of managers has granted tenure to associate professor of music **Tamara Brooks** and to **Mary J. Naus**, who has been promoted from assistant professor to associate professor of psychology.

Brooks is the conductor of the Haverford-Bryn Mawr orchestras and choruses. Naus specializes in the study of memory development and has published numerous articles in her field.

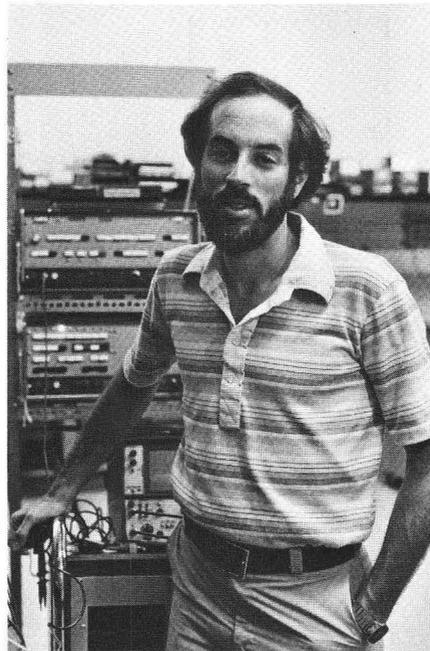
Editor Stevens

Haverford president **Robert Stevens** is one of three general editors of *The Law in Context Series*, a



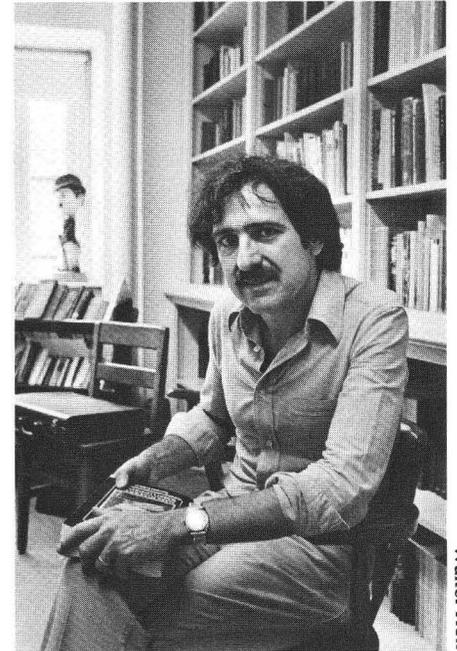
Walter Holt

Shakespeare scholar Marjorie Garber



Walter Holt

Physicist Jerry Gollub



Walter Holt

Classicist Joseph Russo

set of books which discusses the practice of law in its social and economic context. With William Twining of the University of Warwick and Christopher McCrudden of Oxford University, Stevens edited the 15 books whose subjects range from consumer law to obscenity. His own *Law and Politics* (Horizons, Winter 1979) is among the titles. They are published by Weidenfeld & Nicolson of London.

Appointed

The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania and the Association of Pennsylvania State College and University Faculties have appointed **Dietrich Kessler**, professor of biology, and **Richard Luman**, associate professor of religion, consulting members of the Distinguished Faculty Awards Program.

Published

An unusual collaboration occurred when **Joseph Russo**, professor of classics, joined forces with a Harvard psychiatrist. Russo and Bennett Simon explored assumptions about the nature of the mental activity underlying the depiction of characters in the Iliad and Odyssey. The result of their investigation was an article, "Homeric Psychology and

the Oral Epic Tradition," which has been reprinted in *Essays on the Iliad: Selected Modern Criticism*. Edited by John Wright, the book was published recently by Indiana University Press.

Russo's article, "How, and What, Does Homer Communicate? The Medium and the Message of Homeric Verse," has been reprinted in *Communication Arts in the Ancient World*, which was edited by E. A. Havelock and J. P. Hershbell and released last fall by Hastings House.

In *Vita*, a newly-released collection of largely autobiographical poems, classics professor **Daniel Gillis** chronicles his quest for his origins in Canada and Scotland. Metaphorically, his poetic sojourn in the past takes him even further, tracing his roots to Jerusalem, Greece, and Rome. Published by Westworks, the book reveals, according to Joe Russo, "a Scottish-Canadian peasant with a Jewish heart."

Solar possibilities

Although the sun's rays are already being used economically for heating, the direct conversion of sunlight to electricity by solar cells is still far too expensive to be a major source of power. To reduce the cost significantly, a long-term research program should be undertaken in the opinion of a dozen scientists and en-

gineers, including professor of physics **Jerry Gollub**.

"The panel, which was sponsored by the office of President Carter's science adviser and the Department of Energy, recommended many ways of improving federal and industrial research in this area," says Gollub. "But it also cautioned that solar cells should not be counted upon as a major source of electricity for at least 20 years.

"In the interim," he adds, "solar cells may be used on a small scale to irrigate remote areas of the world, where cost is less important than availability of power."

Also concerned with the conversion of solar energy is professor of chemistry **John P. Chesick**. One of 84 science professors in American undergraduate colleges to receive National Science Foundation Faculty Professional Development Awards last spring, he is using the grant during his year's sabbatic at California Institute of Technology to study and do research in inorganic photo chemistry.

With Harry Gray, a Cal Tech professor of chemistry, Chesick will be working on problems relating to turning the sun's rays into stored chemical energy. "Although widespread use of this process is a long way off," the Haverford chemist says, "it has the potential to be an important factor in alleviating the energy crisis."

Sports

Squash Master

by Jack Lule

He is considered one of the greatest squash players in the United States. He has captured national titles in singles and doubles competition. As a coach he has nurtured players of championship caliber. And as a father he has raised a national champion. His name is G. Diehl Mateer '50, and he is helping to bring squash to Haverford.

"Squash is a splendid sport," Mateer says. "I am happy to be a part of putting its roots down at Haverford. The game will have a great future here."

According to the champion, the roots of squash can be traced to a debtors' prison in London—an ironic beginning for a game now associated with exclusive clubs. It seems inmates would wile away the hours by hitting a rubber ball against the stone walls of the courtyard, and squash received its peculiar name from the sound of the soft ball caroming off the hard walls.

Today squash is played in the confines of a small, four-walled wooden court and racquets are used to strike the ball. The game requires not only good reflexes and speed, but concentration on body positioning and shot placement.

Mateer is known as a master of court strategy. "Diehl had more than sheer skill," author Al Molloy writes in his book, *Winning Squash*. "For example, in singles, his forehand was more lethal than his backhand, yet in doubles, because of his knowledge of position and court sense, it was suicide to give him a backhand opening up front."

Mateer has played the game since he was 14 years old, but feels he got a late start. "I had been playing tennis almost since I could walk," the Haverford alumnus recalls. "Suddenly, when I was 14, I found that racquet sports didn't die in the wintertime; I discovered squash. Now, 14 may sound like an early age to begin playing, but compared to other players I was way behind."

He made up for lost time by

playing intensively for his high school, Episcopal Academy, and at the Merion Cricket Club. The club has established a reputation for producing squash champions, and with its extensive courts and fine club players, has turned out almost three times as many as any club in the United States.

In 1946 Mateer entered Haverford where he established himself as a star on the tennis teams of 1947-50. Norman Bramall, who coached College tennis from 1927-1968, calls those squads, "the best I ever had at Haverford." Bramall recalls that Mateer "was a fine all-around player. Diehl was intelligent and had a very sharp touch," he says. "I never saw him hit a ball without a purpose."

The "number one" player for three years and captain of the squad his senior year, Mateer led Haverford to four conference championships. He says, however, that his two greatest thrills from those years were beating archrival Swarthmore four years in a row and winning the National Father and Son Tennis Tournament four times.

During winters at the College, Mateer continued his squash play at the Merion club, conveniently located two blocks from the campus. "There wasn't a squash team when I attended Haverford," he says. "So a group of us boys would go over to Merion and challenge some of the top-ranked players."

With such competition, Mateer was able to refine his skills and began playing on a national level even before graduation. He went on to establish an impressive record in squash, winning the National Amateur Singles three times, the National Open twice as an amateur; and the National Doubles Title 11 times with five different partners.

As one of the game's top-ranked players, he has watched with interest as squash has become increasingly popular in the United States. And he was pleased when Haverford began to follow the national trend.

During the summer of 1978, Mateer received a call from Matt Boyse '79, who with other Haverford students, was attempting to start a squash team at the College. "The team came about because dozens of Haverford students expressed an interest in squash," Boyse explains. And interest grew even greater when Mateer agreed to coach the team.

"It was the chance of a lifetime for most of the players," says Boyse. "Just to be on the same court with a man who has done so much in squash is an experience in itself."

The team entered into interscholastic competition in 1978-79, facing such opponents as William Penn Charter School and Swarthmore College. "It was a surprisingly strong team considering it was our first season," says Mateer. "The enthusiasm was quite high and the players worked very hard."

Practices were held every day on the Haverford School's courts across College Avenue from the campus. But the College is now exploring the feasibility of constructing its own squash courts. Naturally, Mateer is involved with the project. "The courts would get a lot of use," he says. "I believe it would take just a short while before squash becomes popular with the entire student body."

Beside coaching at Haverford, Mateer's love of squash has led him to work with students at Episcopal Academy and acquire the Radnor Racquet Club, which has six indoor tennis courts and three squash courts. And he still competes on a national level.

For Mateer, moreover, squash continues to be a family affair. Last March, three Mateers made it to the semi-finals of the National Doubles championship held in New York City. The Haverford coach was teamed with his elder son, Drew, against his younger son, Gil, and Tom Page. The latter team won the match and went on to capture the Doubles championship. Gil is presently ranked number one in the nation in amateur singles.

Diehl Mateer is optimistic about the future of the game he has played for nearly 40 years. "Squash is growing all the time and it's not anywhere near its peak," he says. "It is just great that Haverford is a part of this development."



Paula Singer

"Thank you." Haverford said it with music to alumni and friends at Appreciation Dinners held at the College in September. Entertainment was provided by a jazz ensemble consisting of psychology professor Tom D'Andrea on drums, Neal Bodner '80 on bass, David Pitt '81 on guitar, Phil Bodner (father of Neal and Mark '78) on clarinet, and Don Lehr '78 on piano. The program was billed as a "Salute to Swing"; the evening as a salute to donors who were especially generous to Haverford's 1978-79 Annual Giving.

Haverford Horizons

Haverford College
Haverford, Pennsylvania 19041