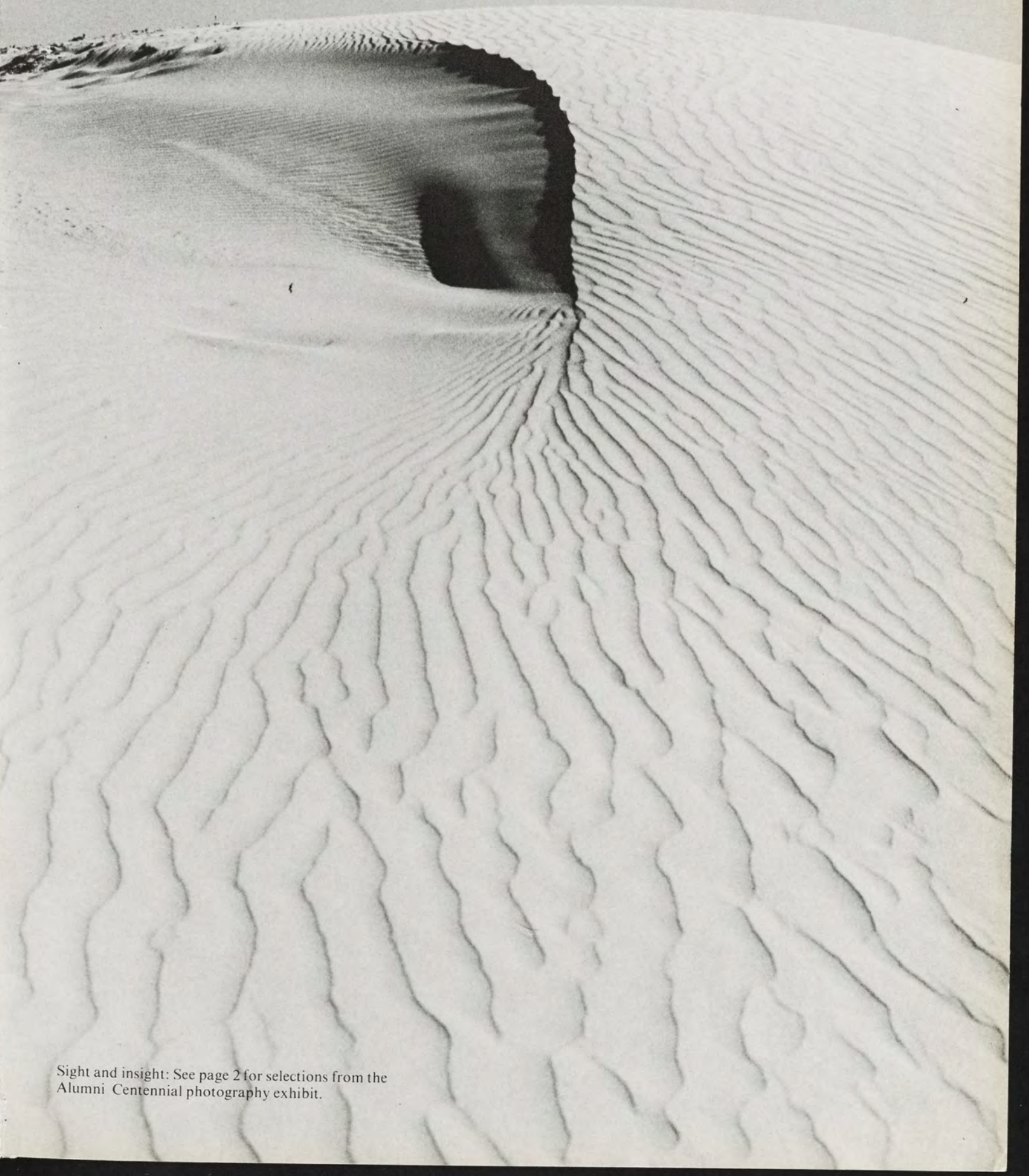
Swarthmore College Bulletin

January, 1982



Sight and insight: See page 2 for selections from the Alumni Centennial photography exhibit.

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Cover: Photo by Walter H. Pinkus '65. In this romantic landscape the receding pattern of windswept sand directs our eyes from the nearly flat foreground to the recessed area in the background. The use of flat patterning to imply depth turns this barren landscape into a dynamic composition. (See page 2.)

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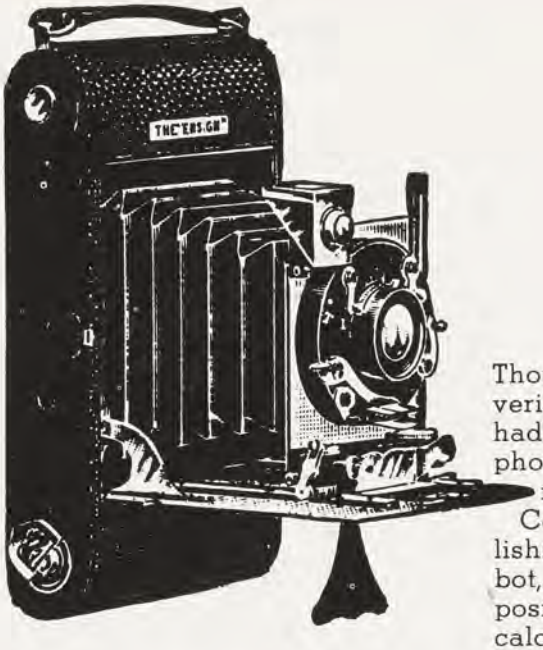


Since 1839, when the details of how to make a daguerreotype were revealed to the public in a joint meeting of the Academies of Sciences and Fine Arts in Paris, photography has been regarded uncertainly: on the one hand, as a "scientific," mechanical recording process; on the other, as an artistic medium comparable to, though differing from, painting or printmaking.

Of course, photography *is* used frequently as a record-maker—in police mug shots, for example, or in views of the rings of Saturn sent back by Voyager. Throughout its history the mechanical aspects have always received emphasis; photography's course is marked by a series of sometimes accidental technical improvements whose economical value has often been realized by the same patent process applied to other inventions.

Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre's process produced an image on a polished silver-surfaced copper plate, hence Oliver Wendell Holmes' characterization of the daguerreotype as "the mirror with a memory." It required long exposures in bright sunlight, initially twenty minutes which was later reduced to two or three, so that the sitters' faces often have pained scowls, or they are posed "thoughtfully" with hand to downcast brow. Though of miraculous detail and verisimilitude, the daguerreotype had one major shortcoming: Each photo, arrested on an opaque metal plate, was unique.

Concurrently, however, an Englishman, William Henry Fox Talbot, was perfecting a negative-positive process. He called this the calotype, from the Greek word for beautiful. Talbot's "film" (the surface bearing his light-sensitive chemicals and that which became his negative) was writing paper, the texture of which created a less detailed image, with characteristic graininess and strong contrasts between darks and lights. Though less popular with the public than daguerreotype, in the hands of some early practitioners in the 1840s and early 1850s such traits were exploited to aesthetic effect.

The advantages of both processes—detail and tonal variation, with the possibility of making duplicates—were jointly achieved in the wet-plate collodion process, introduced by Frederick Scott Archer in 1851. In this case the support surface was not silver-plated copper or paper, but glass, to which light-sensitive chemicals adhered because the glass was first coated with collodion. Though its product was superior, the process itself was cumbersome and potentially dangerous, since collodion was a derivative of the explosive gun-cotton. Each stage of treatment—coating the plate with collodion, making it light sensitive, exposing it in the camera (by removing the lens cap and timing with a watch), and developing and fixing—had to be completed immediately. Photographers had to have with them, in addition to the awkward cameras, a heavy stock of glass plates, all

Mirror with a Memory

As an art form and as a technological tool, photography has fascinated observers and practitioners alike for a century and a half.

the various chemicals, and a darkroom. Use was thus most sensible in studios, where portraits could be produced in assembly-line fashion.

Despite difficulties, the collodion process was taken up enthusiastically by such amateurs as Julia Margaret Cameron, who, for subjects, victimized fellow Victorians like Charles Darwin and Alfred Lord Tennyson, using a glassed-in chicken hutch as her studio or "glass house"; and Lewis Carroll, who photographed the same little girls for whom he wrote *Alice in Wonderland*. The process was used also by Civil War photographers Matthew Brady, Alexander Gardner, and Timothy O'-Sullivan—though the "what's-it wagon," as the troops called the mobile darkroom, was an uncomfortably convenient battlefield target. In the 1870s and 1880s some of these intrepid photographers accompanied the surveying and railroad-building teams which opened the territories of the American Far West. Though occasionally a mule slipped off a treacherous trail, carrying its precious load of materials and finished work, breathtaking photos were brought back of scarcely-believable sites like the Grand Canyon and Yellowstone Park.

Modern photography developed in the 1880s. Gelatin dry plates, which could be prepared in advance, stored, and developed well after exposure, came into use in the early 1880s, together with cameras with improved features like better and varied lenses, adjustable diaphragms, and automatic shutters. Manufactured roll film was marketed in 1888 and color film in 1935, while the first form of the 35mm camera was introduced in 1924. Ease of use has continued to be a selling point: Just as Daguerre advertised the virtues of his invention saying "the little work it entails will greatly please the ladies," so George Eastman introduced his Kodak camera in 1888 with the slogan "You Press the Button, We do the Rest."

Because of its mechanical aspects the camera always has been regarded by some as automatic and objective, its results independent of the skill or creativity of the photographer. Baudelaire excoriated the camera as an instrument of mindless realism, blaming it for "the impoverishment of French artistic genius." Yet anyone who has been disappointed with newly developed prints or slides knows that photography *isn't* altogether predictable, no matter what camera is used. Luck is useful and sophisticated equipment helps, but knowing *when* to push the button and *at what* to have the camera pointed, from what distance and angle, and under what lighting conditions, are all decisions to be made by the photographer, who may also manipulate other aspects such as relative focus, film type, paper, and possibly darkroom procedures. A final key area of choice, often overlooked, involves identifying which shots to preserve and reproduce from the many similar exposures that may have been made on a roll of film.

These decisions, involving the treatment of given motifs and conditions in the physical world, may seem more circumscribed than those of the painter or draftsman who can freely alter the raw material of nature or give visual form to entirely imaginary subjects. But it is at such points that the aesthetic dimension enters photography and qualifies it as an art. The writings and work of modern masters like Alfred Stieglitz, Edward Weston, Ansel Adams, and Henri Cartier-Bresson all reflect acute consciousness of the increasingly broad range of choices given the photographer. Even seemingly dispassionate documentary photographers have the opportunity to editorialize, as did Lewis Hine, who photographed child laborers at the beginning of the century in order to bring about reforms, or Walker Evans and Dorothea Lange, who worked with the Farm Security Administration in order to demonstrate the necessity for social activism in new government programs in the 1930s.

Official legitimization has come as major art museums, such as the Philadelphia Museum of Art, the Metropolitan, the Museum of Modern Art, the Chicago Art Institute, and the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris, have established photography sections, with both historical and contemporary material, and as photography has been incorporated into academic curricula. At Swarthmore photography had long been pursued informally in an extracurricular club before Ford Venture Funds made it possible to equip a darkroom for classroom use and to institute a studio arts photography course in 1977. □

BY CONSTANCE CAIN HUNGERFORD

Ms. Hungerford, associate professor of art history and chairman of the Department of Art, teaches a course on the origins and development of photography as a form of artistic expression and cultural communication.

AN ALUMNI PORTFOLIO

The art of seeing involves the sensing of light reflected in a variety of intensities from a variety of forms. Perception occurs with the interpretation of the light messages through information stored from past experiences and learning. Perception, thus, implies not only sight but insight, the recognition of meaning, relevance, and value as it relates to the individual. Most of us have experienced the sensation of having a written word lose its associative meaning and appear strange, an abstraction, a mere squiggle. The meaning, as culturally defined, is what constitutes perception. The squiggle is what we experienced "seeing."

Although we realize conceptually that a tree is seen differently through the eyes of another person, it is quite a different experience when we are confronted with that fact in a graphic medium. This, at base, is the power of photography.

An individual's unique vision, conveyed through the photographic composition, becomes the perception within the viewer's mind, and an expansion of his or her understanding and appreciation of life.

This portfolio, a selection of photographs from the recent alumni exhibition celebrating the centennial of the Alumni Association, is presented with the understanding that the photographers all shared a collective experience called Swarthmore, and with the recognition that this experience helped define their individual perceptions.

Introduction and notes on the individual photographs by Brian A. Meunier, assistant professor of art.

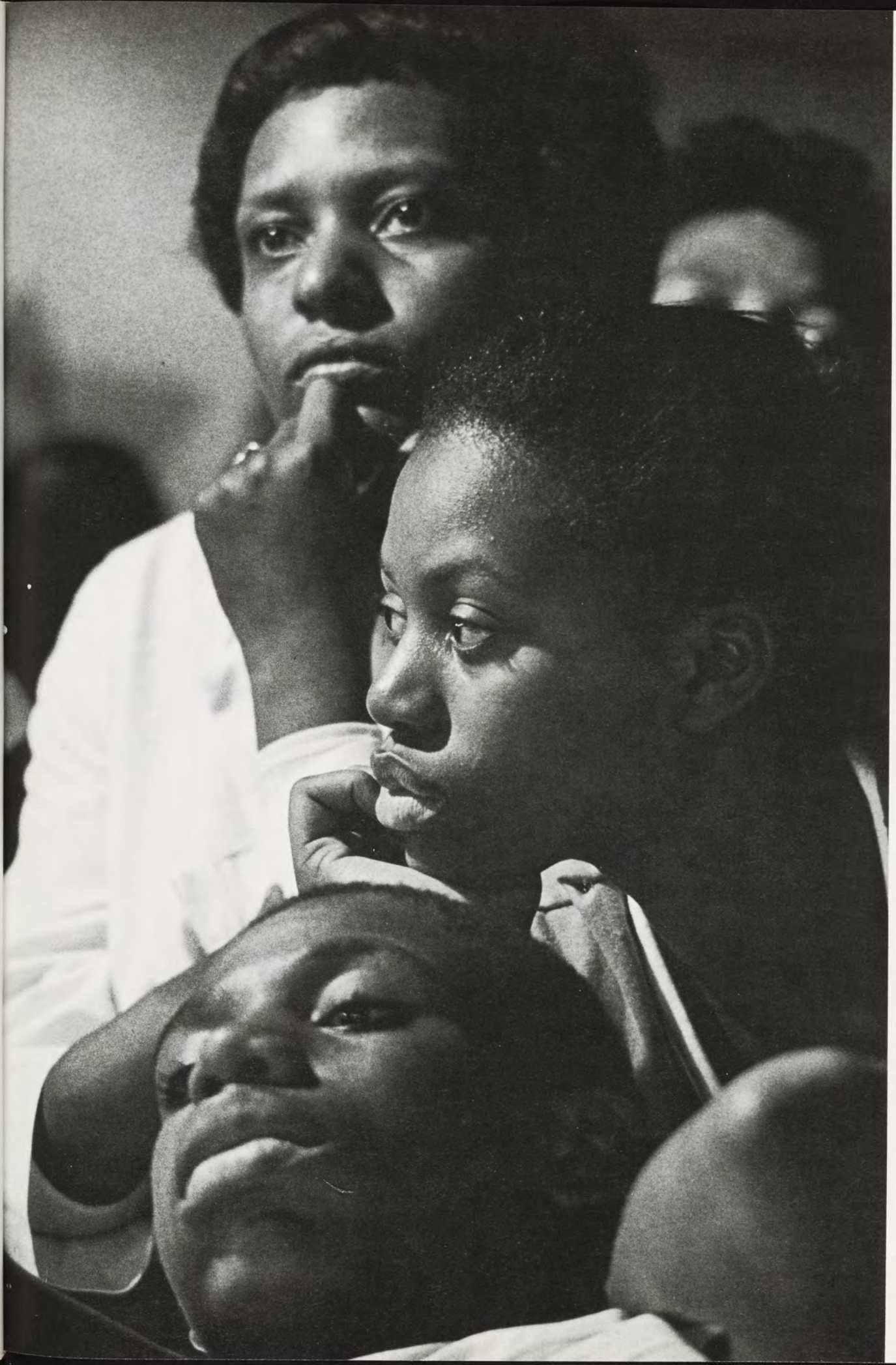
Caroline Carlson '59: Bottom right: By using a shallow depth of field, the photographer separates the figure in the immediate foreground from the urban background. This sharp focus forces us into direct confrontation with the pain of this world-weary survivor. Bottom left: Photographed in low direct lighting, this image is a richly tonal statement on adult indoctrination of the innocent. In the photograph on page 2, the gnarled hands are emphasized through framing and shallow focus. Using an over-the-shoulder perspective, the photographer evokes a sense of the familiar. The tools, as extensions of the hands, become icons of a livelihood.

Paula Herman Gross '62: Within this serene composition, with its accomplished sense of formal balance, spring and winter are juxtaposed. The flowers, in silhouette against the window, mirror in tonality the shadow they cast. Another contrast occurs between the shadow thrown on the ground by an unseen winter tree and the shadow cast on the table by the spring blossoms.

Grant Heilman '41: Right: We are first drawn to the horizontally shadowed row of sheep in the foreground. Our eyes then move over the individually shadowed heads toward the shepherd amid the flock. The cloud of dust neutralizes the tones in the center of the print while those at the periphery remain more intense, thus giving the image, printed in natural colors, a curious hand-tinted effect. Above: The high contrast and unrelenting overall white ground in this print almost eliminate perception of depth. If it were not for the crisp and granular texture of the new-fallen snow and the shadow cast by this lone survivor, this print would seem to be a drawing.

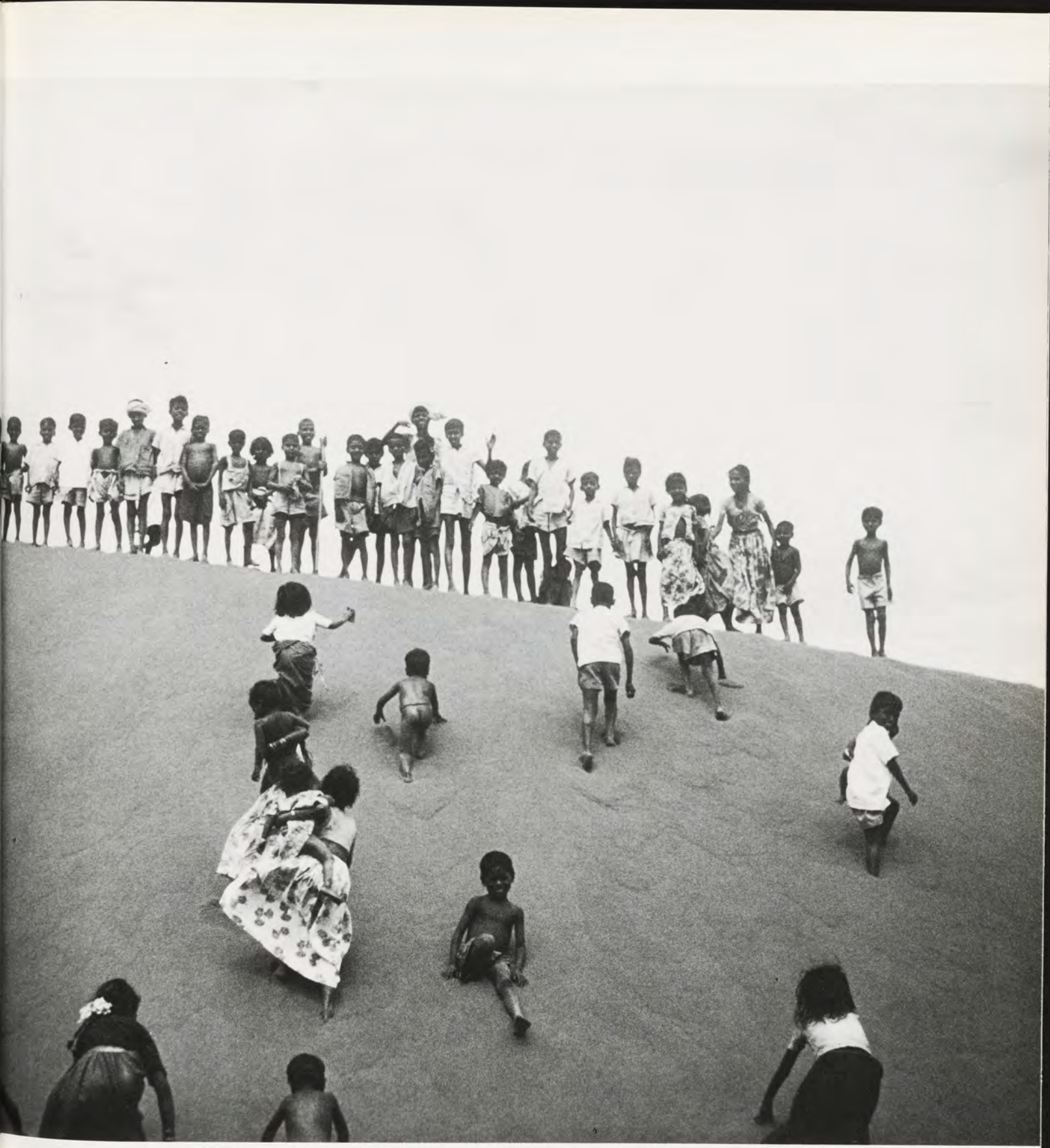
Leandré K. Jackson '75: Developed in sepia-tone, this photograph has the quality of an old print and evokes a sense of nostalgia for things and times past. The foggy atmosphere, through which the bleachers appear as if in a vision, adds to the sensation that one is seeing through a memory.

Bruce W. Reedy '68: Although in postures of physical intimacy, each member of this family seems to be in a separate world and consumed by private thought. Vertically aligned, they gaze, nonetheless, in different directions. Using low directional lighting, the photographer has created a pensive portrait of a family as a unit and as individuals.



Carol L. Thompson '52: In brilliant sunlight the umbrella's shadow functions as a reverse spotlight. The photographer, by setting her light meter for the shadowed area, caused the rest of the pavement to fade to flat white, emphasizing the detailed pavement within the shadow. Through manipulation of light, the artist draws us immediately into the girl's private world beneath the umbrella.

David L. Camp '70: The uniformity of sand and sky in this photograph creates a flattened plane on which the children seem to be climbing up to a frieze. The figures, aligned laterally at the juncture of sand and sky, reinforce our reading of the hillside as a two-dimensional plane. With fence-like legs, the children appear to be poised in triumph after their climb.



Carolyn Shields Fabricant '61: Like the trees in the photograph at right, this portrait draws upon the qualities of age and dignity. The use of angled lighting enabled the photographer to model and emphasize the woman's physical features. There is a sense of proud determination in the subject's pursed lips which contrasts with a certain vulnerability in her eyes. This sensitive portrait conveys the shock of a question.

Joseph C. Bender '39: In this photograph of an overgrown country lane the trees have a hard, firm quality produced by high contrast tonality while the grass remains soft and pliant. Through the manipulation of light, the photographer emphasizes texture and creates a composition which is both dynamic and subtle. The picture of the snail on page 3 is another careful and thoughtful nature study by this photographer.

Bruce Cratsley '66: This image would appear to be completely abstract were it not for the recognizable silhouette of a leg and high-heeled shoe. The leg, as a literal object, insinuates real space and forces the viewer to search for other clues. Intentionally ambiguous, this photograph exists somewhere between light-as-phenomenon and the perceptual interpretation of that phenomenon.

The exhibition of photographs by alumni, from which these samples were selected, was on view in McCabe Library from October 23 through November 25, 1981. In addition to the photographers represented here, the following alumni showed works in the exhibit: Joslyn Barritt '78; Bradley Fisk, Jr. '48; David K. Veleta '80; and Sally A. Warren '65.

"The grayest of all virtues," although hard to achieve, may be the highest benefit that education can confer.

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF BEING REASONABLE

By Brand Blandshard, Hon. '47

In the sixty years since I began teaching philosophy, three questions have cropped up incessantly. The first is: Why study philosophy at all? The second is: What is the end we ought to pursue in education? The third is: Among the virtues that make a good citizen, a good person, a good life, which is the most important? And it grows clearer to me that the answers to all these questions, different as they are, are the same. Why study philosophy? To reach truth, of course. But when you consider for how many centuries philosophers have been pursuing the truth, and how widely they still differ, what are your chances of capturing that truth? Not high, one must agree. Is the study therefore wasted? Not at all. For if you pursue the truth seriously, and fail to get it, as you may, you come out with a mind invaluably honed and whetted, and that in itself is prize enough. What is the end of education? Not knowledge, or skill, or financial security, good as these are, but something far rarer, the habitually reasonable mind. What is the most valuable of the virtues? It is that in us which makes us most likely to be right in thought and act, and that seems to be the use of one's reason. Indeed, I am inclined to think that to be right is always to be reasonable and to be reasonable is to be right. So all three answers are the same. What we seem to need above all is the rational temper, the habitual attempt, at least, to be reasonable. So my text is a beatitude that Matthew somehow missed: Blessed are the reasonable.

The first thing that has to be said about this text is that we are in revolt against it. Reasonableness as the end of an education or a life? How dull! Reasonableness is the grayest of all virtues. What we like is dash, not drabness. Perhaps because of our frontier history, our heroes are people who live dangerously; we like the bold, the defiant people who raise our pulse-rates—the Daniel Boones, the Andrew Jacksons, the John Wayne and Humphrey Bogart types; we have been called the Latin branch of the Anglo-Saxon race. Reasonableness would put a brake on all this, and we don't like brakes, or even 55-mile-an-hour speed limits. Looking back at the sixties and seventies, would you say that quiet and thoughtful rationality was more conspicuous by its presence or by its absence? Think of the violence issuing in a stream from that box in the corner of our living room. Think of the paperbacks on display in our drugstores and airports. Think of the eerie silence of our inner cities at night, when people are afraid to walk their own streets. Think of what we put up with in the name of music, painting, and poetry. Think of how hard it is for any of us to see straight about race, or the rights of women, or abortion. These problems will never be solved by the appeal to force, or to nationalism, or to prejudice, however ancient; the only relevant appeal is the appeal to reason, the determined attempt on both sides to see and act reasonably.

But now what does one mean by reasonableness? Not intelligence. That would help, no doubt, but I recall the outburst of President Gideonse of Brooklyn College that "some of the biggest swine in history have been great intellects." Nor is it breadth of knowledge, for it is possible to be monumentally learned and yet to lack common sense. No, the reasonableness of which I speak is a settled disposition to guide one's belief and conduct by the evidence. It is a bent of the will to order one's thought by the relevant facts, to order one's practice in the light of the values involved, to make reflective judgment the compass of one's belief and decision.

Such reasonableness, unlike intelligence, is an acquired, not an innate, characteristic. In this respect it is like knowledge. But the knowledge attained as an undergraduate has mostly vanished by the time one gets one's diploma attesting how great it is. If you are like me, facts do not stay with you, while habits, for good or evil, do. And reasonableness, as I have defined it, may become a habit. It is a habit that, once acquired, can be kept permanently and applied in any field. Indeed, if you man-

age in this fostering place to acquire it, you will have achieved the highest benefit that education can confer.

There are many things that education can do for a person. It can render him an expert technician in electrical engineering or bone surgery; it can make him a leading authority in the chronological stratification of vowel contraction in Greek. I do not deprecate such knowledge. But a super-mole or a super-magpie does not necessarily possess an educated mind. What we expect of such a mind is a distinctive temper, a readiness to look before leaping, indeed to look at all sides of an issue and attach due weight to each, to see things not through rose-tinted or black-tinted or distorting or magnifying lenses, but as they are. In short, what we want from education is the reasonable mind.

If seeing things as they are seems an easy business, let it be added that no one has yet achieved it, and probably no one ever will. Freud, it is said, contributed more to psychology than any other man since Aristotle, and what he contributed was chiefly an insight into the ways in which thought veers and shifts under the control of hidden desires. "Many of us," says F. L. Lucas, "having read our Freud, have grown more skeptical than ever, seeing reason no longer as a searchlight, but usually as a gust-swept candle guttering amid the winds and night of the unconscious." Nor is it the thought of ignorant people alone that gutters in the winds of prejudice. I once heard that wise man Dean Woodbridge of Columbia say that he had almost given up hope for the League of Nations because of his experience at Columbia faculty meetings.

Why is it so hard to be reasonable? "Things are what they are, and will be what they will be; why then," asked Bishop Butler, "should we seek to deceive ourselves?" That is a fascinating and important question, but the general answer to it does not seem difficult. That answer is that we are all divided personalities, like the two girls of whom one said to the other, "I feel rather schizophrenic today; I hope you don't mind." "Oh no," said the other; "that makes four of us." We are lovers of truth, but also lovers of much else; and it is hard to keep the competing loves from interfering with each other.

On the one hand, we all want to know. A. E. Housman said that the love of truth is the faintest of human passions, but it remains a passion nevertheless, and not even the most bewildered freshman or blasé senior is without it. Every one of us would like to understand better the world we live in. How many people, if offered as a gift a full understanding of Einstein or the best cure for inflation, would turn it down? We might not be willing to walk a mile for it, as we would with such abandon for a Camel, but we might well say, with Dr. Johnson, that there is nothing we would not rather know than not know. This interest in truth may flicker feebly in a strumming hippie or rise to the passion of a life as in Spinoza, but it is present to a degree in everyone.

On the other hand, along with this interest in truth each of us has (or perhaps we should say is) a set of other interests and impulses—impulses to love, to fight, to seek company, to imitate, to run from danger, to eat, to drink, to be merry, and many more. These impulses tend to organize around a certain idea, such as the excellence of one's self or one's group, and to respond positively to whatever supports it and negatively to whatever threatens it. These clusters of impulses are called sentiments. Take the sentiment of self-love. Each of us, if normal, wishes to go on living, to succeed, to have influence, to be thought well of, by ourselves and by others. Whatever furthers this self-love we tend to like—people who approve of or admire us, games or work that we are good at, doctors who have pulled us through, teachers who have encouraged us, places where we have been happy and made good. On the other hand, whatever blocks this self-love we tend to dislike—persons who criticize us, or make us feel stupid or gauche, studies in which we are incompetent, rivals who sneer at us, hostesses who ignore us, neighbors who say that we treat our car, or lawn, or dog shabbily. We all seem to recognize some part of Archie Bunker in ourselves.

And just as the thought of our self is a node around which the forces of feeling gather, so also is the thought of the group to which we belong. We are all members of such groups: first our family, then perhaps our church, our party, our country, and our race. We identify ourselves with them; their success is our success; anyone who is against them is against us. There are, to be sure, people who rise above this, even as regards blood ties. It is told of Lord North that while standing once in the back of a theater and exchanging impressions with a stranger, he was asked: "Who is that plain-looking woman yonder?" "That, sir," he replied, "is my wife." "Oh no," said his companion hastily, "I mean the woman next to her." "That, sir, is my daughter. And let me tell you, sire, we are considered to be three of the ugliest people in London." But that is a level of unresentment that for most of us would be up in the clouds.

We can now see a little more clearly perhaps why it is so hard to be reasonable. On any given subject there is just one true view. That view may be hidden away beneath mounds of ambiguous and conflicting evidence which only a committed seeker after truth would have the determination to sift and clear away. Yet our whole nonrational self may press upon us a simpler view of its own that unifies our nature behind it, that satisfies our sentiments regarding ourselves and our group, that cuts off the restlessness of doubt and the strain of reflective effort, that gives us the serene inner peace of being right, that has in fact only one thing against it: that it may be, and probably is, wrong.

What our intelligence wants is, of course, the truth. What the rest of our nature asks from our intelligence is not what is true but what will satisfy. By that we mean what will appease our impulsive and emotional nature, our longing to be liked, our desire to see our future secure, our character respected, our faith vindicated, our party shown to be the party of sober sense, our nation triumphant. When one considers how hidden and barricaded the truth commonly is, how definite it is, allowing no alternative, how feeble is our passion for it, and how overwhelming the tendencies in us to look for it through distorting prisms, the wonder is not that most of us are irrational but that some of us are as rational as we are.

Are we hopelessly caught in this net of desires? Some people say we are, at least so soon as we leave the ground of palpable fact. Freud thought all religious belief sprang from the desire for security. Marx thought the defenses of capitalism commonly offered were rationalizations of class interest. Even William James suggested that what philosophers were doing was engineering the universe along the lines of their temperamental needs, coming out as rationalists if they were tender-minded, empiricists if they were tough-minded. Have you ever noticed newspaper pic-

tures of golfers making their final putts on the green, and how they twist themselves into fantastic shapes as a means of helping the ball into the cup? James thought that philosophers were putters on the green of life, trying by a little English to make the nature of things answer to their wishes.

MacNeille Dixon, in his Gifford lectures on *The Human Situation,* has put the case boldly: "There never yet was a philosopher, whatever they may have said, no, nor man of science, whose conclusions ran counter to the dearest wishes of his heart, who summed up against them, or condemned his hopes to death. How honestly Darwin confessed the lurking presence of the desire to prove his theory true! 'I remember well the time when the thought of the eye made me cold all over. . . . The sight of a feather in a peacock's tail, when I gaze at it, makes me sick.'"

Here I think we must demur. The mention of Darwin was an unfortunate one for Professor Dixon's case, for that great man is one of the finest examples on record of the honest and objective mind. He did, to be sure, want to find his theory true, but his statement of it, when at last he gave it to the world, carried conviction precisely because he was so fully aware of its difficulties; he had kept a journal of them over the years, and had answered them decisively before most of his critics had thought of them. "I have steadily endeavored," he wrote, "to keep my mind free, so as to give up any hypothesis however much beloved as soon as the facts are shown to be opposed to it." Furthermore, it is perfectly possible to sum up against one's desires. Darwin's friend Huxley admitted that the thought of death as extinction was hateful to him, but he accepted it because he believed the evidence required it. On the other hand, Professor C. D. Broad, one of the most distinguished minds of this century, concluded, on the evidence of psychical research, that he probably would survive death, though in such a form that he accepted his own survival with depression.

No doubt none of us is free from unreasonable hopes and fears. But unless our thought can to some extent work loose from them, what is the point of philosophizing, even about this? Freud did not think that his theory of the id was itself a mere distortion by that id, or Marx that his theory of class determination was itself a by-product of his class, or James that his empiricism was merely congenial to his temperament rather than true. And if thought is the puppet of feeling, what is the point of education? Educated malice and misanthropy are more dangerous than the blundering kind; think of Satan, and Iago, and Stalin. Surely the whole venture of education assumes that thought can be freed from slavery to feeling and desire, and can achieve some mastery over them.

If seeing things as they are seems an easy business, let it be added that no one has yet achieved it, and probably no one ever will.

If this impersonal reasonableness is hard in thought, it is even harder in practical life, because it calls for a magnanimity beyond the range of most of us. But even so, it has been achieved in high degree. There is a story of how some tale-bearer came to Lincoln one day with a report of Secretary Stanton's having said angrily, about a recent action of the President, that he had acted like a fool. The tale-bearer no doubt expected an explosion. Instead Lincoln remarked thoughtfully that if Mr. Stanton had said that, he was probably right, since he generally was. Most men, when they hear criticism of what they have said or done, consume more energy in resenting the malice that they think inspired it than in considering whether it is true. So it is surprising to learn that there are people who feel little or nothing of such resentment. It was said of Mirabeau that he found it difficult to forgive the insults and meanness done to him, for the reason that he had forgotten all about them. It was my privilege many years ago to hear two British statesmen who stood temperamentally at opposite poles—Mr. Lloyd George, a mercurial, emotional, eloquent Celt, known as "the Welsh wizard," and Mr. Asquith, a man so incapable of being carried away from his proud moorings in judicial reasonableness, so genuinely impersonal and unvindictive, that he was called "the last of the Romans." Lloyd George appealed to my youth. With the passage of the years, Asquith has replaced him in my gallery of admirations.

I was saying something like this to a historian colleague when he protested that I was not seeing things in perspective. We academics may admire quiet detachment, but it is not the reasonable people, he said, who have been the powers and movers in history. Asquith after all was turned out in favor of Lloyd George when a man was needed who would win the war. As Whitehead circumspectly puts it, "a certain element of excess seems to be a necessary element in all greatness," or as Leo Durocher would put it in Anglo-Saxon, "nice guys finish last." The people who have turned the current of events have more often been flaming, dogmatic, one-eyed zealots and geniuses than reasonable men—Genghis Khan, Mohammed, Martin Luther and John Knox, Napoleon, Hitler, Stalin, Mao Tse Tung. How far would Hitler have gone if he had been a reasonable man?

The answer is, first, that he might never have been heard of, and second, that it might have been better for the world if none of these zealots had been heard of. Secondly, the mere fact of changing history, without regard to whether the change is for good or bad, is no ground for hero-worship. You may question my including such a hero as Luther in a list of zealots. He was something of a hero to me until I read him. Then I began to think there was sub-

stance in Goethe's judgment, as echoed by the historian Froude, that Luther "threw back the intelligence of mankind for centuries by calling in the passions of the mob to decide questions which ought to have been left to thinkers." If a leader does decide things by passion, he may be either a blessing or a curse. Thirdly, the notion that reasonable men must turn out to be Hamlets when given the reins of power is untrue. Marcus Aurelius and Masaryk were good governors in spite of being philosophers; Turgot and Jefferson left the impress of their wisdom on their countries. Fourthly, men of reflection have often gained men of action as their adjutants. It has been pointed out that the intellectual yeast of the four great revolutions of modern times came out of philosophers' studies. Behind the American Revolution lay John Locke; behind the French, Rousseau and Voltaire; behind the Russian and Chinese the thought of a poverty-stricken exile, spinning his webs with intelligence and hatred in the British Museum. The partial failure of the last two revolutions springs largely from the fact that, in the philosophies they embodied, reason was so liberally mixed with and neutralized by hatred.

We have seen, so far, that the reasonable temper is difficult, but that it is not impossible, and that it is much needed in high places. May I now go on to say that it is needed everywhere today. "The irrational," says F. L. Lucas, "now in politics, now in poetry, has been the sinister opium of our tormented and demented century." Resistance to this epidemic virus of the mind is perhaps particularly needed among Americans. Our constitution gives us a wide latitude of freedom, and the Supreme Court has confirmed it in a notable series of decisions, such as the one refusing to gag even pornography.

Such freedom is precious, but it is bought at a price. It gives the stage and screen, fiction and journalism and advertising, carte blanche to be vacuously sensational if they want to be. And they commonly do want to be. They tend to settle to the level of the greatest dollar return, and that is the Dead Sea level of what will excite without exciting reflection. We might, of course, try official censorship. Russia has adopted that, even insisting that artists and scientists toe an ideological line, and turning violators into unpersons. But that kind of protection we do not want. We are taking the high and difficult course—the only course consistent with our tradition of freedom—of leaving censorship to the reasonableness of the individual mind.

Such freedom will be used differently by the classic and the romantic. The romantic thinks of the control of impulse as an infringement of his freedom; the classic thinks of it as an indispensable means to freedom. "In all things," said Dostoyevsky, "I go to the uttermost extreme; my life long, I have never been acquainted with moderation." "Those who restrain desire," said William Blake, "do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained." There speaks the pure romantic. The classic would point out that both Blake and Dostoyevsky were probably mad—though the romantic might reply that he would be quite happy to be mad if he could be Blake or Dostoyevsky.

In the talk about the reasonable temper as imposing a yoke or a straitjacket upon the life of feeling, there is much misunderstanding. Reason does tell the angry or jealous or fearful man that if he lets all holds go and gives feeling its head he will pay the price, but control is not repression, it is prudence; it is the purchase of a larger good by a smaller present sacrifice. Burke said: "It is ordained in the eternal constitution of things that men of intemperate minds cannot be free." Plato reminded us that life is like a chariot race in which the driver, reason, is in charge of two spirited horses, our appetites and our emotions. It is only if, through an expert use of bits and reins, the driver can make these run together that he will ever manage to stay the course and avoid an Indianapolis speedway pile-up. Neither horse can win freedom by running ahead, or hanging back, or tripping up the other, for that might involve the whole enterprise in ruin, and other drivers too. Slavery, Plato insisted, lay not in the dominance of reason over impulse, which was really freedom, but in impulse over reason, which was anarchy.

I hope it begins to appear why I place so high a value on the gray virtue of reasonableness. It is not an intellectual virtue only; it is a spirit and temper that irradiates practice, permeates feeling and filters down into one's taste and talk. Because it is so impalpable, it may be thought that reasonableness is rather like personal charm, something pleasant to find in anyone, but elusive, inimitable, hardly to be pursued or even talked about, a blessing if one has it, unattainable if not. Why not leave it at that?

Because we cannot afford to. The best things in life are impalpable things, and if the reasonable temper is, as I have suggested, the finest product of education, it ought to be recognized and consciously pursued. To be sure, there are no courses in it or examinations on it; and many of us academics would flunk miserably if there were. Formal education helps us toward it, but it is not by itself enough.

What more is necessary? The most important thing, probably, is genuine admiration for it. If a quality of character comes to seem so important that one identifies one's self-respect with having it, one will get it. The Stoics felt that way about bearing pain; Christians have felt that way about kindliness to others; soldiers have traditionally felt that way about their honor; French aristocrats of the old regime felt that way about chivalry. Is it an impractical dream to think that the respect men have felt for hardihood, for kindliness, for honor, they might come to feel for the reasonable mind?

My hope is that in our academic communities, at least, this respect for the reasonable temper may come to prevail. Breadth of knowledge is good; research is good; increasing specialism is inevitable. But these are obvious and relatively easy goods. "The great aim of education," said Adam Smith bluntly, "is to direct vanity to proper objects," and if there is anything a man can be vain of without danger, it is the reasonable spirit, since it is a vanity that corrects itself. The reasonable temper! It is the check against the old Adam in ourselves; it is the ultimate resource of the community against bigotry and injustice. Those who have it are not likely to be the most conspicuous members of their community, or the most dramatic, or picturesque, or exciting—only the most likely to be right.

Brand Blanshard, Hon '47, professor of philosophy at Swarthmore from 1925 to 1944, has been honored with the appearance of The Philosophy of Brand Blanshard *in the Library of Living Philosophers published by Open Court. Since the series was established in 1939 only fifteen philosophers have been selected for inclusion, among them John Dewey, under whom Blanshard studied, and G. E. Moore, who was visiting professor at Swarthmore in 1943. A contributor to the Blanshard volume is W. T. Jones '31, professor of philosophy at California Institute of Technology.*

A Balancing Act

When the mind and the hand cannot work together, the heart is divided as well.

By Gary Greenberg '81

Since May, 1980, I have lived in the woods in Connecticut in a small cabin which I built. My major source of income has been the sale of firewood and timber which I cut from the land I live on. It often seems that my education is irrelevant to this life, that my ability to think is a superfluous commodity in a world which has little room for the unnecessary. There are no questions of philosophy or logic in the woods: The tree falls, and whether or not it makes a sound is hardly debatable. The sudden silence of the woods after the falling is undeniable; the interruption of its life, as the silence ripples across it, is complete.

My friend Willy would not be comfortable with questions of logic. he is, however, clearly at home atop his 1952 Farmall tractor, its front wheels off the ground, steering it with the brakes. His well-wron face is almost lost to view as oil smoke pours out over his task—to drag a cord of wood up the hill and to the landing. A log fetches up on a stump, and the front wheels leap even higher into the air, then crash down again, throwing Willy up and down in his metal seat in a mimic of the tractor's bounce. Looking back, pausing only long enough to shift gears, he backs over the chain hitched to the wood, catches it between the lugs of the tire, and now a sprocket gear lifts chain and log over the obstacles. He shifts again, the tractor growls forward up the hill, its load intact, the rhythm unbroken. These mishaps and recoveries are routine, and throughout Willy displays his marvelous dexterity, his thorough knowledge of his job and its tools.

Another friend, Cap, reigns over Dick and Dan, his two-ton team of oxen. From the moment he coaxes them out of the school bus in which they travel until they lumber back up the ramp, they are perfectly obedient to his commands, heeding him with the speed that only a bull can have, speed which is mostly just the movement of an enormous mass at a steady pace in one direction. With six or seven tons of sawlog behind them, they pound through brush and over stumps and around boulders until something grabs a log and stops them short. Then Cap flicks his whip lightly, bids them pull harder or backs them off or swings them right or left, maneuvering them in the turning radius of a compact car. Then, they are free, without its being clear

why, and they start back up the hill, the oxen barely straining, Cap talking gently to them in their private language. They are a team of dancers, the *pas de trois* as graceful as Willy and his tractor.

It is difficult to convey with words the grace of a beat-up tractor or of two bulls, but it is there. And watching them on a cold October morning in the New England woods, I hardly miss the questions I might have asked as a student, or that I find myself asking later—when I'm doing the dishes or walking alone in the woods, or in a moment of clumsiness when a tree falls wrong. But for now, watching the men, the tractor, and the oxen on a cold October morning in the New England woods, their dance is enough. The activity of mind I am accustomed to seems out of place among people whose elegance is largely the result of *not* stopping to think and manifested in an ability to get things done with whatever is at hand. Cap's ten-year-old son can rig a chain faster than I can figure out the physics of the matter in my head to arrive at the same rigging. I will spend half a day trying to decide which trees in a certain area to drop, wondering whether this one or that one is not too beautiful, too old or too young, home to too many squirrels to cut down. I can think myself into or out of doing anything. I am left always uncertain, even after the trees are down, always able to conjure up the other side of the issue. "All the saws of books" are of no hlep, and I am often on the brink of a paralysis that perhaps only a varsity thinker can know: To know how to think, but not how to stop thinking and just get things done without at the same time forgetting that I can think.

Willy has cancer, most likely brought on by his twenty-odd years as an asbestos worker at a local defense plant. Perhaps some pondering would have prevented this, allowed him to see that the job was hardly a trade-off for health. It might have encouraged him at least to give up smoking, if not the job, when the hazard of asbestos was discovered. Now he has a scar from ear to ear and a new larynx which gives him a voice like rough sandpaper. And soon I may have to miss him.

I am capable with both hands and mind. It is the dexterity to unite them which I lack.

All around me woodlands have been cut off, "liquidated" in the industry parlance. Loggers will gladly cut every tree over fourteen inches in diameter in a woodlot leaving little to look at or to serve as a wildlife habitat, and nothing to log, for years after. As wood heat becomes more and more popular, blind harvesting of fuelwood depletes the resource even further. The attitude about firewood is becoming like the attitude about oil: Take as much as fast and as cheaply as possible. So chunks of wood too large or too small to bother with sit in woodlots where they rot, white oak and ash of sawlog quality are cut for fuel, and next year's timber is burned this winter.

Perhaps my ability to discuss Nagarjuna's dialectic or the fall of the Ancien Régime are not so absurdly and sadly skew to this world as they appear. I lack a dexterity which I need, and I have one which often, for lack of the other, seems frustratingly superfluous and clumsy. Yet the process I know—how to think—could well be used in this thoroughly practical and often shortsighted world. This is an irony I run into every day: Willy and Cap know the processes and can teach me about rigging this line or dropping that tree, but I feel incapable of talking with them about the aesthetic or moral or ecological considerations of working the woods. Nor can I find a way to talk to them about local attitudes toward women or minorities or nuclear power or anything else. For they know how to get things done, and I am green and struggling. My dexterity is a foreign language in this country, and I stumble over it often.

I grew up in a frame house, read books and newspapers, threw away paper towels and cardboard boxes. I never knew that it takes twenty or thirty good-sized trees to provide lumber for one 300-square-foot house. I never saw the connection between my backyard and my front door. People here often build their houses with their own trees. They can see and comprehend the connection; they know what must be done. I went to schools in which only shop students got their hands dirty, while at college, students exercised their minds for a life of clean-handed mental dexterity. At college, leaves were raked, lawns mowed, meals served, dorms cleaned, linens changed, toilets unclogged, and buildings painted exclusively by people who were "dirty-handed." I had a manual job off-campus (as a caretaker on a Delaware County farm), and I often wished to integrate the school work and the job, the academy and the real world, but my instinct was overridden by the ingrained dichotomy. It was hard to miss a class because a pipe had burst and the basement was filling up with water; it was difficult to interrupt the work of writing a paper to mow the lawn. My mind was engaged at school; my hands were occupied at the farm, and so my heart was divided. And now, with mind and hands in the same place, it is still divided: The dichotomy lives on, and I stumble through my inability to reconcile the two worlds, despite some talent in and a strong attraction to both.

I think there must be a way to live practically and simply, yet wisely, without a blind emphasis on efficiency, a way to get things done without needing to shut off my moral or aesthetic or intellectual capacities. I wonder if I could have been better prepard for this in college by taking part in the practical operation of the institution as I took part in its classrooms. I think I might have felt more of an affinity with a place I helped to maintain and with people whose help I needed in order to get things done, than I did for a place where everything was done for me and I had no work to do with other students except head work. Maybe exercising my mind while trimming the ivy with other students would have softened the lines between my worlds and eased their integration. For I see that I am capable with both hands and mind. It is the dexterity to unite them which I lack. And sometimes, as on this cool morning, anticipating a day's work with my hands, I wonder why it is so hard to do this dance.

THE COLLEGE

Clockwise from top: Capron, Willis, Buttenwieser, Edley, Sarnoff, Spock, and Lang.

Eugene M. Lang and Richard B. Willis elected to head Board of Managers

Eugene M. Lang '38 has been appointed the new chairman of Swarthmore's Board of Managers. He succeeds Charles C. Price '34, professor emeritus of chemistry at the University of Pennsylvania, who will continue as a term member of the Board. In a Minute of Thanks, the Board praised Mr. Price's leadership in terms befitting his nautical interests: "When the wind has been still and the motor wouldn't work we have all been happy to pick up an oar and row. For we have been confident either that the captain knew where we were going, or that he would allow us to deliberate to consensus. That is why we have worked so well together for the College. As Charlie steps away from the tiller after five years of successful chairmanship, we see Swarthmore under full sail with a favoring wind, and we thank him for it."

Richard B. Willis '33 will be the new vice-chairman, replacing J. Lawrence Shane '56. Shane will continue his association with the Board as chairman of the Investment Committee and as a member of the Finance and Trusts Administration Committee. Other new members of the Board are: Ann Lubin Buttenwieser '57, Alexander M. Capron '66, Christopher F. Edley, Jr. '73, Rosita Sarnoff '64, William T. Spock '51, and Jan Tarble.

Eugene M. Lang is founder and president of Refac Technology Development Corporation. He has served as an advisor to the United States Department of Commerce since 1956 and has been a member of trade missions to France, India, Japan, the Phillipines, Burma, Australia, and New Zealand.

In 1963 he received a citation from President John F. Kennedy for significantly aiding the export expansion program in America.

He helped launch the first black entrepreneur program in the New York City area and was chairman of the board of The Circle in the Square Theatre from 1972 to 1978. A member of the President's Advisory Committee on Science and Innovation from 1978–80, he is currently national vice-chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and a trustee of the Metropolitan Opera Association and the New School for Social Research.

As chairman of The Program for Swarthmore and donor of the largest single gift ever made to the College, Lang led The Program to a successful conclusion six months ahead of schedule and $6 million over its original goal. He was awarded an Honorary Doctor of Laws degree by the College in June, 1981.

Richard B. Willis, who devoted nearly two decades to serving on the Board of Managers, is retired as vice-president of the Provident National Bank in Philadelphia. He joined the Board in 1962, serving as treasurer and chairman of the Finance and Trust Administration Committee from 1962 to 1973. He also has served on the Nominating Committee, the Trusts Committee, and, most recently, as a member of the Development Committee.

Willis began his career at Provident National Bank in 1937. He was director of investment research and an economist before being named vice-president in 1965.

He holds the professional designation of Chartered Financial Analyst and is a member of the Financial Analysts Society and the National Association of Business Economists.

Willis is a trustee of the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting. He is active also in the governance of Foulkeways at Gwynedd, a Quaker retirement community, and is

Harold and Esther Mertz, with Louis Haber '82, celebrate the opening of the new dormitory.

Mertz Residence Hall: "A special kind of habitat"

If you were to ask Harold '26 and Esther Mertz who were the most important people at the dedication of Swarthmore's newest dormitory, Mertz Residence Hall, you would get a resounding "the students who are going to live there!"

Officially dedicated in ceremonies held on campus September 26, the new building was made possible by a gift of $3 million from the Mertzes in 1979 as part of a contribution to The Program for Swarthmore.

In remarks made following a private luncheon given by the College's Board of Managers, Mertz said, "Esther and I don't believe very much in bricks and mortar. What we believe in is people. We hope that this dormitory will be a special kind of habitat, a special kind of environment. We hope that it will create time, extra time, for every student who lives there. Extra time to study and learn . . . to think and establish lifelong values. Time perhaps to sit quietly and envision the great exciting world that lies outside the windows, beyond the campus, and which beckons."

The new dormitory, 39,400 square feet in size, has less total floor space than the three old dormitories it has replaced: Mary Lyon III, Palmer, and Pittenger. But the square footage in Mertz is far more efficient in terms of space utilization and energy conservation, and has room for 140 beds, more than the number in the other three dorms combined.

Mertz Hall contains seventy single rooms and thirty-five double rooms on three floors, in varying configurations. Some of the single rooms have connecting doors, and some of the doubles are arranged in "quads" complete with sitting rooms.

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currently serving as president of its board.

Ann Lubin Buttenwieser is currently director of the Centennial Waterfront Project for the Columbia University Graduate School of Architecture and Planning. She is also co-teacher of "New York Neighborhood History," a course for the university's planning and historic preservation program, and is past assistant to the chairman of the Division of Urban Planning.

Recently appointed by Governor Carey of New York to the Westway Park Advisory Committee, Mrs. Buttenwieser is co-founder and director of The Parks Council, Inc. She is also a member of the West Side Waterfront Park Committee of the New York chapter of the American Planning Association.

Named Outstanding Young Woman in 1966 by the Outstanding Young Women of America, she holds a master of science degree in urban planning and a master of philosophy degree from Columbia University. She is at present completing work on her doctoral dissertation in urban planning, also at Columbia.

Mrs. Buttenwieser was a member of the Alumni Council from 1976 to 1979. She is currently serving as co-chairperson (with Jeremy J. Stone '57) of 25th Reunion activities for her class.

Christopher F. Edley, Jr., is an assistant professor of law at Harvard University. He graduated from the College in three years with High Honors in mathematics. During his undergraduate years, he was active in Student Council, the Swarthmore Afro-American Students' Society, and Upward Bound.

After graduation, Edley entered the joint J.D. and Master of Public Policy programs at Harvard Law School and the Kennedy School respectively. In 1975 he took a leave of absence to work on former President Jimmy Carter's election campaign. In that same year, he was elected to the Harvard Law Review, considered to be the highest honor a law student can attain.

In the spring of 1978 he became assistant director of the White House Domestic Policy staff, and in the fall of 1979 he took the position of special assistant to the Secretary of Health and Human Services, Patricia Harris. In 1980 he was appointed associate chief of staff at the White House.

Edley's involvement in government has not diminished his involvement with Swarthmore. In 1975 he was elected to the Alumni Council, and he has been energetic in organizing activities of black alumni on campus.

William T. Spock is executive vice-president of Penn Mutual Life Insurance Company. After graduating with a degree in physics and mathematics, and following military service, Spock joined Penn Mutual's actuarial department in 1953. His responsibilities increased as he took on important executive positions at the firm, and he is now the executive vice-president, directing the company's individual, group, and pension insurance businesses and related corporate services.

Spock is a Fellow of the Society of Actuaries and a member of the Ameri-

McCabe Memorial Fellowship to Harvard Business School

Young alumni who are interested in going to the Harvard Business School are eligible to apply for the Thomas B. McCabe, Jr., and Yvonne Motley McCabe Memorial Fellowship. This award provides a stipend of $3,000 toward the first year of study at HBS. Applications should be made to Gilmore Stott, Chairman, Swarthmore College Committee on Fellowships and Prizes, to arrive not later than March 1, 1982. In selecting the recipient, the committee follows standards comparable to those of the McCabe Achievement Awards, giving special consideration to applicants who have demonstrated superior qualities of leadership.

Application forms are available from Mr. Stott on request. Admission to the Harvard Business School is a prerequisite for being chosen for this fellowship.

can Academy of Actuaries. In 1965 he started soccer programs in Nether Providence Township and currently participates as a referee. He serves on several volunteer committees for Wallingford-Swarthmore school district and attends Swarthmore Friends Meeting.

Jan Tarble is currently working in cooperation with the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service directing annual censuses of migratory birds in the Mohave Desert in California. A member of the Audubon Society and of the Nature Conservancy, she has worked for the past ten years observing the various species of breeding birds over four sectors of the desert and is active in efforts to preserve the condor.

She attended the Liggett School in Detroit, Stanford University, and the University of California at Los Angeles, where she majored in fine arts and design.

The daughter of the late Newton E. Tarble '13, Jan Tarble holds a deep concern for education in California and looks forward to carrying on her father's interest in Swarthmore.

Two of the new Managers were nominated by the Alumni Association and are known as Alumni Managers; they are Alexander Capron and Rosita Sarnoff.

Alexander Capron is currently serving as executive director of the President's Commission for the Study of Ethical Problems in Medicine and Biomedical and Behavioral Research in Washington, D.C. He has taken a two-year leave of absence from the University of Pennsylvania Law School, where, as professor of law, he teaches a variety of courses, among them Law and the Life Sciences, Experimentation with Human Beings, and Law and Psychiatry.

After graduating from Swarthmore, where he had been president of the Student Council, editor-in-chief of the *Phoenix*, and author/director of a Hamburg Show, Capron worked as an intern with Attorney Marian Wright Edelman, Hon. '80, in the NAACP Legal Defense Fund Office. He received his LL.B. from Yale in 1969.

In addition to teaching at the University of Pennsylvania Law School, Capron has taught also at the law schools of Yale and the University of Connecticut and is currently a lecturer at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School. He is a member of the Institute of Medicine of the National Academy of Sciences and a fellow of the Institute of Society, Ethics, and the Life Sciences. For these organizations as well as the University of Pennsylvania and the U.S. Government, Capron has served on numerous committees. He has published widely and is much sought after as a consultant, particularly on matters of biomedical and behavioral research. He is a past member of the Swarthmore Alumni Council and former vice-president of the Alumni Association.

Rosita Sarnoff is the head of Rosita Sarnoff Productions, Inc., which produces material for the theatre and home video markets. The company, formed two years ago, combines her interests in TV, home video, theatre, and film.

Since her graduation, she has worked in all of these fields, following a family tradition. She is the daughter of Robert Sarnoff, former chairman of RCA Corporation and the National Broadcasting Company; her paternal grandfather, the late David Sarnoff, also was chairman of RCA and was the founder of NBC.

Ms. Sarnoff has produced documentaries for public television and has served with NBC News in London and WNET in New York City. From 1972 to 1976 she was managing editor of *The Home Video Report*, a leading trade journal. She later organized and served as general manager of Esselte Video Inc., which published directories of video programming, sold microfilm, and did consulting work in the U.S.

Recently, Rosita Sarnoff has extended her interests to the theatre where she has produced two off-Broadway plays: *Buried Child* by Sam Shepard, which won a Pulitzer Prize in 1979, and *Nightclub Cantata* by Elizabeth Swados, which ran for six months in New York in 1977 and won Drama Desk and Obie Awards. At present she is producing *Win/Lose/Draw*, scheduled to open off-Broadway this spring. She currently serves on the boards of the Hewitt School in New York and John Houseman's Acting Company, a national repertory touring company.

Looking Down on Swarthmore

An exhibition of aerial views of the College and its environs is being assembled for display in McCabe Library beginning May 3, 1982. The show, "Swarthmore From On High," will consist of photographs, maps, and U.S. Government soil and geological surveys.

Alumni who would like to submit materials for possible inclusion in the exhibit should send photographs, etc., to Professor M. Joseph Willis, Department of Engineering, Swarthmore College, Swarthmore, PA 19081. Submissions should not exceed 36 x 36 inches and should be received by April 2, 1982.

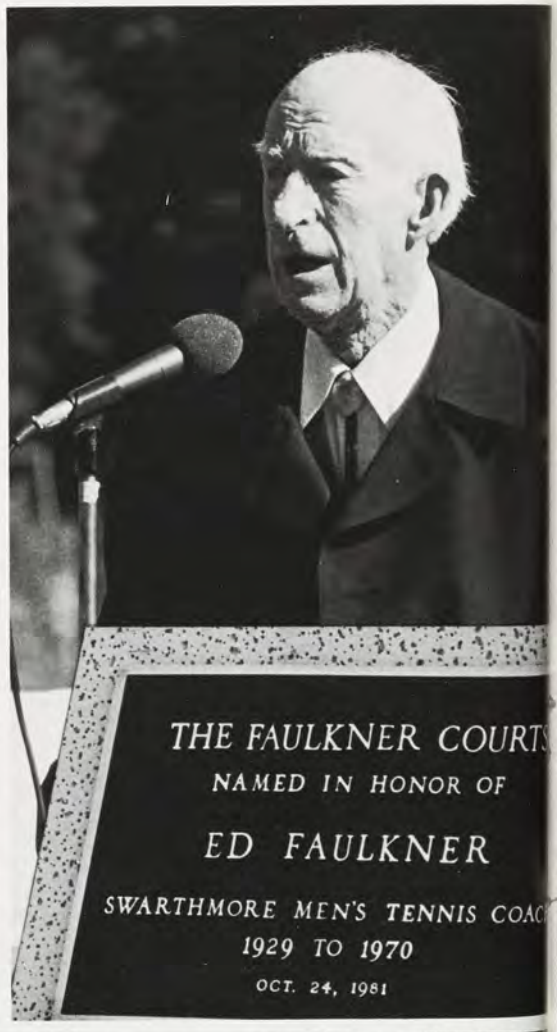
"Swarthmore From On High," sponsored by the Associates of the Swarthmore College Libraries, will remain on view through Alumni Day and possibly through the summer.

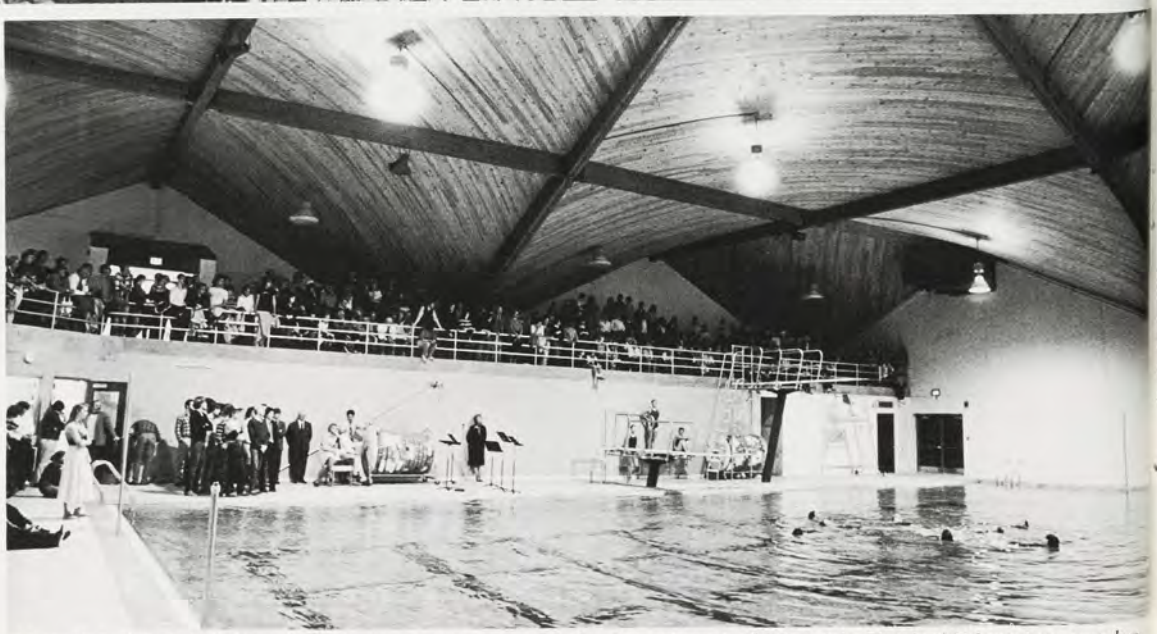
A Centennial Homecoming with a Splash

Ed Faulkner came home as guest of honor at a ceremony naming the Wharton tennis courts after him. Marian Snyder Ware '38 and Dinny Rath came home to take part in the dedication of the Ware Pool. Helen Tomlinson Gibson '41, Dick Hall '53, and Neil Austrian '61 came home (joining Barbara Wismer '82) to share their reminiscences of the Swarthmore scholar/athlete in their days.

And more than 600 alumni, parents, students, faculty, and administration came home to a True Grit party after the games and ceremonies and a buffet banquet to begin a year-long series of events celebrating one hundred years of the Swarthmore College Alumni Association.

At right, former men's tennis coach Ed Faulkner addresses a crowd of well-wishers who gathered to cheer him on the refurbished Faulkner courts. Below, John and Marian Snyder Ware '38 assist at the christening of the pool bearing their name.





Above left, Virginia "Dinny" Rath, former chairman of the Department of Women's Physical Education, watches the undergraduate Swarthmore Synchronized Swimmers perform (above). Homecoming photos by Martin Natvig

Students, faculty, staff, and their friends from the Ville relish a Magill Walk mural paint-in, sponsored by the Department of Art.

Center, President Friend offers the first piece of Magill Oaks Centennial cake to Quentin Weaver, president of the Swarthmore Borough Council. Top left, Tom Whitman '82, composer of the Alumni Centennial fanfare, conducts a brass choir of fellow students through his composition.

Above, John B. Ferguson, Jr. '41, along with other alumni and undergraduates, happily receives an oak seedling provided by the Scott Horticultural Foundation. Above right, Thomas B. McCabe '15 and Jack B. Thompson '27 enjoy the Swarthmore-Ursinus soccer match.

A Centennial Homecoming
continued

The Homecoming buffet/banquet, honoring Swarthmore's scholar-athletes, drew a happy crowd, almost half of whom were students who alternated at tables with alumni through the device of garnet napkins for alumni, white for students. Marshall Beil '67, president of the Alumni Association, was master of ceremonies for a program that included speakers Neil Austrian '61, Helen Tomlinson Gibson '41, Dick Hall '53, and Barbara Wismer '82.

Marshall Beil '67

Neil Austrian '61

Dick Hall '53

Barbara Wismer '82

Helen Tomlinson Gibson '41

- **Ranked first in defense in the Middle Atlantic Conference (MAC)**
- **Ranked in the NCAA Division III top twenty for five consecutive weeks, finishing in the top twenty in the final voting**
- **Ranked fourth in team defense in NCAA Division III (and for four weeks ranked first)**
- **Ranked fourth in passing and seventh in total offense in the MAC**
- **The only team from the MAC to be ranked nationally in team defense and rushing defense**
- **Gave up only 45.8 yards rushing per game for the season—a total of 412 yards, to rank second in the entire NCAA Division III**
- **Gave up only one touchdown rushing**
- **Placed ninth in voting for the Lambert Bowl Award, given to the best Division III school on the Eastern Seaboard**

Football '81: the big turn-around

Yes, sports fans, that team is Swarthmore's notable Little Quakers—or "Earth-Quakers" as they were dubbed on campus. The team turned in a performance this fall that produced tremors which rumbled from the campus through the community and, in the last moments of the season, into the national media. This is even more remarkable when you remember the thirty-four-game losing streak of a handful of years ago.

NBC interviews Coach Tom Lapinski before the Widener game.

It wasn't that the Garnet was undefeated: The team enjoyed undefeated seasons only twice—in 1939 and 1966.

It wasn't that they won the greatest number of games in College history: The Garnet were 8-2-2 in 1901, and only 7-2 this year.

But the Little Quakers won more games this year than in any season since 1919, and they did it all as "underdogs," with only thirty-five players (frequently thirty-four because of illness), a part-time coach, part-time assistants with little experience, no football scholarships, high admission requirements for all students, and players whose primary interest in being at Swarthmore is education, not sports.

Two players, Quarterback Steve Massi '82 and Halfback Ed Meehan '84, accumulated over 1,000 yards in total defense. And Halfback Anthony (Tony) Burton '82 was a Maxwell Award recipient as a "player of the week."

As the Garnet kept winning games, stories appeared in the press with increasing frequency about the remarkable scholar-athletes whose pluck, skill, brains, and courage helped them beat teams three and four times their numerical size.

By the time the Little Quakers were preparing for the last regular season game, against Widener University on November 14th, excitement on and off the campus had reached fever pitch. Articles were appearing daily in local newspapers, and the Swarthmore team was mentioned on a CBS national television sports broadcast. In the week before the 14th, local television crews came to the College to interview the team, and posters and banners began to appear on campus as more and more students became excited about the Widener game.

The outcome of this final game would determine the winner of the MAC Southern Division, and would guarantee an invitation to the NCAA Division III national playoffs. For many years Widener, ranked number one, had received the invitation. As perennial front-runner, Widener was portrayed by the media as Goliath. Swarthmore, inevitably, was assigned the role of feisty little David.

On Thursday, two days before the game, a crew from the NBC program SportsWorld arrived on campus to prepare a feature story to be broadcast the following week. The leader of the television crew was Hilary Cosell, daughter of famed sports broadcaster Howard Cosell, whose rival program on the ABC network had also considered coming to Swarthmore.

On Friday students organized a pep rally in Tarble Social Center. Many campus armchair historians noted that this was the first such rally since the early '70s, and possibly the only rally ever held for a game that was not played against Swarthmore's traditional rival, Haverford College.

On Saturday a crowd estimated at about 9,500 turned out for the big game, filling the bleachers and the area surrounding the field. The press box, too, was overflowing—with reporters from area newspapers and announcers from

local radio station WQIQ who broadcast the entire game. The NBC Sports-World crew was on hand, and highlights of the game were filmed by the sports cable television network, ESPN. In addition, all three local television stations filmed footage for their evening news programs.

The Philadelphia *Bulletin* reported: "Swarthmore fumbled the opening kickoff and the expected rout seemed under way. Only it wasn't . . . the gritty defense held, forced a field goal, and Widener realized Little David was for real."

In the end, David did not vanquish Goliath: The Garnet lost 16-6 to the team that went on to win the Division III national championship. But it was a close, hard game, and the Little Quakers emerged with their pride shining, having proven their skill literally before the entire nation. It was David, not Goliath, who stole the show.

"We were the guys in the black hats," Widener Coach Bill Manlove said after the game. "It would have been great for Swarthmore to win. If they hadn't been playing us, I'd have been rooting for them, too!"

What they said:

"Swarthmore is one of the last strongholds of true amateurism."

COACH TOM LAPINSKI

". . . when you see a school like Swarthmore turn a losing program into a winning program, turn apathy into excitement, it's especially satisfying. They don't go out and buy football players at Swarthmore.

"The young men who play the game there are concerned, above all, with getting an education. This is amateur college football, not the high-powered, professionalized entertainment that flashes onto our TV screens each Saturday afternoon to get us warmed up for

the NFL on Sunday.

"They don't charge admission for football games at Swarthmore. The entire football budget—covering everything from coaches' salaries to equipment, traveling, recruiting—is $35,000. Head coach Tom Lapinski and his three assistants are all part-time. Yet the sport, so near extinction at Swarthmore in the '70s, is flourishing."

FRANK DOLSON, SPORTS COLUMNIST,
PHILADELPHIA *INQUIRER*

". . . we try to be competitive in everything we do. It's nice to have three Nobel Prize winners in a small alumni body, and it's nice to have very good women's field hockey and lacrosse teams. It's also nice to have a very good football team."

PRESIDENT THEODORE FRIEND

"The most amazing part of the story is that Lapinski turned things around . . . despite these obstacles: a squad of only thirty-four players, or 35 when starting linebacker Greg Shortell gets out of the hospital this week. Lapinski uses fourteen players on defense, each can play two, three, or even four positions;

A part-time [coach's] salary of less than $7,000; his part-time assistants make less than $1,500 each;

An equipment budget of $7,500. Players are expected to pay half the cost of their football shoes. New uniforms are bought piecemeal;

A recruiting budget consisting of 'stamps, envelopes and a part-time secretary';

A game field on which aluminum goalposts were only recently installed;

A meal budget that allows each player $4 for dinner after road games. Most of the time the team rushes back to eat at the campus cafeteria, which closes at 7 p.m."

GAIL SHISTER, SPORTS WRITER,
PHILADELPHIA *INQUIRER*

"I don't think the team is out there to win or to kill, to eat somebody or to mash someone to the ground. They're showing something very Quaker—that everyone has a special light, has something special to offer. And that a thirty-four-man football team, where everyone is special and everyone is important, can do what a big-ten university team can do."

NAN WEINSTOCK '84,
PHOENIX SPORTS EDITOR

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Swarthmore College Bulletin

If that's Buzz and Mary Lo Eberle, it must be a Swarthmore Alumni College Abroad

Buzz and Mary Lo Broomell Eberle, both in the Class of '40, are really getting around.

They've been to Athens, Delphi, Istanbul, Mykonos, Delos, County Kerry, the Shetlands, and the Orkneys. And many other places.

This spring they are going to Egypt and Crete, again with a Swarthmore Alumni College Abroad. They say, "There's something special about seeing the world with Swarthmoreans and being caught up in Helen North's infectious enthusiasm. It's delightful to be 'en famille.'"

Join the Eberles in Egypt and then proceed to Kenya! Sign up below.

South of Suez on the yacht "Argonaut"
March 4 to 14
Postlude in Kenya
March 14 to 23
(Postlude in Crete fully subscribed)

Professor Helen North of the Classics Department will lead this 1982 Swarthmore Alumni College Abroad, which includes a seven-day cruise on the Red Sea to visit such fabled places as the Valley of the Kings, Luxor, and the rose-red city of ancient Petra (registration limited to 150), and ten days on land in Kenya (registration limited to 40). Use the accompanying form to request a brochure containing complete information about these trips.

Alumni Office
Swarthmore College
Swarthmore, PA 19081

☐ Sign me up for Egypt and Kenya.
☐ Send me the details of the trip.

Name _____ Class _____

Address _____

Telephone _____