

The Undergraduate



NOVEMBER hours were at hand, but the wary undergraduate, still looking for a reprieve, came happily upon a storm of "student protests" that buoyed his spirits momentarily before the inevitable academic plunge. The subject was the annual autumn puzzler: How to distribute the precious few pieces of cardboard that entitle their holders to space between the goal lines in Harvard Stadium come Saturday afternoon. For once, however, the H.A.A.'s Bill Bingham could dodge the tempest; this time it was the undergraduate himself who had started the cauldron bubbling. Friday morning before the Holy Cross game the College had read in its morning *Crimson* that the long-neglected rule barring women from the so-called "cheering section" in the Stadium would be enforced with a will the next day. The decision had not come down *ex machina* from the Athletic Association; it had been suggested the day before by a Student Council ticket committee, headed by Patrick D. Dailey, '50.

Presumably Dailey and associates thought they had student support for their enterprise, but when ushers and police tried to drive a tenacious female from the sacrosanct stands after the half, the following afternoon, the Council committeemen must have wished they were ostriches on Bailey's Beach. Students booed, yelled, chanted "We Want Bingham," then nursed their opinions into a Monday-morning explosion. Dipping swiftly into its bag of tricks, the Council came up with an almost-hackneyed solution: a poll. Mr. Bingham said he didn't care where the girls sat, the *Crimson* trumpeted editorially for feminine equality, and the by-now-wearied undergraduates voted four-to-one to mix sexes in the future. It was too late for the decision to catch the ticket allotment for any but the Yale game this year. Pending approval by the Athletic Committee, the new system will go for the Bowl on November 22 and for all of next year's contests.

with the ballot, the student representatives went right to the people this year to find out how to distribute the \$17,000 they have budgeted from their Service Fund for charity donations. Secretary Marshall's plan and the accompanying rise in American concern over Europe were reflected in the results of the vote, which earmarked 37.25 percent of the total—more than for either national or local charity—for foreign aid. Last year the arbitrary Council division of the fund kept more than 90 percent inside the United States, although a later supplementary drive added to European relief.

The Red Cross received one-fifth of the ballots. The March of Dimes and the Tuberculosis Fund drew 10 percent each, the Cancer Fund 17, and the Community Chest another 20.

Stumbling just a little over the academic hurdles, the undergraduate representatives pecked away at their other problems. The Hygiene Department began to gird its loins to face investigation by a University-wide committee with members from the Law and Business Schools as well as from the Council. Inspection of the Department's books was the first item on the docket, said the Committee, with an eye toward proving true or false the rumor that "half the Department's yearly expenditures go to cases of a psychiatric nature." The end of the malodorous

parking bonanza also seemed in sight when the Council won approval from Vice-President Edward Reynolds, '15, for turning the Soldiers Field parking lot into an overnight haven for student cars. All that was needed to clinch the solution, before the first snow fall drove the problem southward, was one more poll!

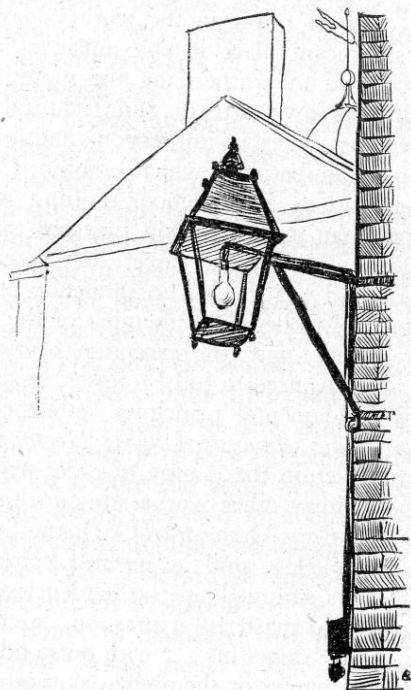
Along with the fuss and the flurry, fickle Indifference made its inevitable appearance. Those who sing annual woe at the support which the College gives its teams had their wailing day this year at the rally before the Holy Cross game. It may have been post-Virginia depression; perhaps just bad timing. Whatever it was, not even all the Band remembered to go. Fearful of a similar disappointment the next week, Varsity Football Manager John B. Judkins, '47, cancelled the Dartmouth rally, thereby setting the keynote for what turned out to be a weekend with a thrilling football game, mounds of gin-soaked olives, but not much in the way of extra-curricular battling.

Expecting a return to the pre-war tempo which once dyed the Yard a deep Green every fall, the *Crimson* had sent a pair of spies up to Hanover to uncover the plots. Disguised as representatives of a specially-created New York syndicate, the North American Photographic Service ("NAPS Spans the Continent"), a *Crimson* reporter and photographer fooled Dartmouth for two days but failed to come up with much in the way of secret information. Everyone was just too busy to lug paint cans around this year.

Three hundred of the would-be Dartmouth rooters stayed home to fight the forest fires that were sweeping New England, and they were joined a little later by a number of Harvard undergraduates. One hundred men from the Houses were rushed to Fitchburg, Massachusetts, where they "battled all night on a two-mile front." The proximity of the flames to Cambridge was demonstrated by the smoky pall that overhung the area over the weekend.

At the week's end a little rain discouraged the flames, and a brisk north wind drove the last balms of summer before it. The Square's heavily-stocked clothiers, whose trade had slowed to almost nothing during the out-of-season warmth, breathed easier; and all in all, the autumn dampness, the chill in the air, made the random gusts of leaves seem more at home.

—J. ANTHONY LEWIS, '48



The gridiron was only part of the Council polling picture. Always adept

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AFTER the Yale game it's a long, slow slide to Christmas. Even the usual stimulation of academia is absent. Hour exams are past for all but a few, and finals seem almost out of sight beyond the mist of fourteen eagerly awaited days of Christmas leisure. The heart of the fall has gone with football, which died one morning in the last week of November. The Yale game past, the gridiron cold—all's dead, it seems, or waiting.

Despite the traditional falling-off afterwards, football went out with a bang in 1947. The reason: New Haven. Yes, New Haven was back in the Twenties for Saturday, November 22, back into muddles of people and parties and swaying trolleys and shouts and furs and girls and more people. Most of the war-trained undergraduates had never seen anything like the full Bowl, the wondrous and universal gothic, or the sleek and polished femininity. Just what was left back home was not clear. Rallies and exhortations and pleadings had had their effect. By Friday night the streets of the Elm City resounded with the tread of soles fresh arrived from Cambridge; next morning even the *Crimson* had moved down for the day, with a copy featuring a New Haven dateline.

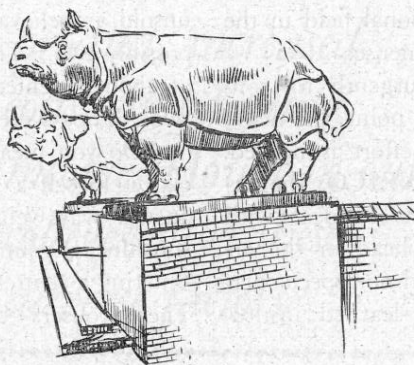
A few mumbles about the poor refereeing of the Yale game were followed by the election of the new captain. Other and not less demanding sports began to reappear in the headlines. The Student Council passed out its umpteenth poll of the young year, this one about as significant as anything on the College's political scene in recent months. The issue was whether or not Harvard's undergraduate body should affiliate itself with the National Student Association, a new student organization set up at Madison, Wisconsin, last September. Harvard had had representatives at the constitutional convocation, but ratification by the student body was necessary for membership. After a two-day turmoil, during which the Council found itself accused of mismanagement and incompetence in the

conduct of the balloting, the N.S.A. won a sweeping victory, 1,957 to 575, and restored sweetness and light to the ever-beleaguered Council.

One sharp blow the students' representatives had been plotting for weeks finally found its mark when the University agreed to set up the long-promised overnight parking lot across the river. After January 1 undergraduates will be able to desert garages which are charging as much as \$30 a month, and the Soldiers Field parking lot next to the Stadium will be available for a monthly charge of only \$3.50. It's not a short walk to the Houses from there, but more than 200 undergraduates (polled by the Council) seemed to think they wouldn't mind the exercise.

What started out last year as a notable example of the University's capacity and willingness to tolerate any and all within its confines struck some rough edges in the middle of last week. Last year the Administration had allowed the formation of a Harvard-Youth-for-Democracy called "red" or at least "radical" by foes and friends. Provost Buck defended the action in a note which pointed out that the peculiar virtue of democracy is the ability to permit all opinions.

But organizations right or left have to abide by the rules set up by the Dean's office to regulate undergraduate publications. One of these is that each publication bearing the name of Harvard or issued by any organization which uses such a name has to be registered with the Dean's office to prevent the public black eye which sometimes accompanies even the best of undergraduate intentions. It seems the HYD innocently went ahead and pub-



lished a magazine, *The New Student*, without consulting Associate Dean Robert B. Watson, '37, in charge of undergraduate extracurricular activities. To repair the damage the sponsorship was changed to that of American-Youth-for-Democracy, a national communist-sponsored organization of which the HYD is the stepchild, so that the first issue could be sold on time pending official approval. Final disposition of the case awaits a meeting of the Faculty Committee on Student Activities.

The hierarchy of the College found itself in as puzzling, if not as serious, a pickle later in the week. The fire department dealt the blow this time—a hit on the side, but a palpable hit nonetheless. A Cambridge inspector, prompted by someone or something as yet unknown, took occasion to examine the question of locked doors on lecture rooms. Certain of the lecturers in the University, it seems, lock the doors of their classrooms at precisely seven minutes past the hour—the official starting time for every lecture—to keep out the stragglers, separate the sheep from the goats, or what have you. Perhaps the goats complained, but one morning the lecturers were informed that they were breaking the law unless they provided emergency exits. When last heard from, they were appealing the verdict—and keeping the doors closed in the meantime.

Sanders Theater, central item in part of the War Memorial struggle, offered another battleground as this issue of the BULLETIN went to press. The Harvard (née Veterans' Theater Workshop) fought the battles of 15th century England over the tired boards of Sanders as its long-promised production of "Henry IV, Part One" arrived. Probably the most ambitious serious theatrical effort at the College in recent years, the play in the hands of the H.T.W. was given all its pageantry, with an enormous and very competent cast, colorful costumes and music, and some frighteningly realistic sword-play. John Holabird, '42, who did the sets for the young theatre group's successful "Saint Joan" last spring, split the Sanders stage ingeniously into several independent areas where Falstaff, Hotspur, and King Henry himself could operate in rapid succession. Albert Marre, 1 Law, directed, and Jerome T. Kilty, '50, drew unanimous praise from College and Boston critics in the role of the stout Sir John.

—J. ANTHONY LEWIS, '48

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WHAT would in most years be a significant but expected horror turned up for the undergraduate this January as a double-barreled nuisance. Examinations were only half the painful story in 1948, for this was the Year of the Great Snow. The walk between the Houses and New Lecture Hall or Mallinckrodt was no longer a walk: it became a snow-bound trail broken out daily by sleepy-eyed students as they fought their way unhappily toward that 9:15 appointment with blue books, attendance slips, and proctors.

Snow falls in a great many places, and it has been falling heavily in a great many places this year. But snow anywhere is not snow in Cambridge. No one knows what, but something there surely is that turns Cantabrigian snow to ice as it hits the ground, ripples it into lovely waves and pools on the streets and sidewalks, piles it in front of walks and driveways. A national magazine of large circulation praised Cambridge's escape to good government in a recent article; it is to be assumed, ergo, that good government has nothing to do with good snow removal. Not that the authorities didn't make a valiant try. Summoning up all their rather meager equipment, they tore into the Christmas vacation remnants with gusto early in January. Just as they reached the outlying streets, however, snow number two descended. Practice made that one easier to attack, but a third fall arrived before the first two had disappeared. The last blow came on Saturday night, January 24, when twelve final inches seemed to drive even the bulldozers home in despair. Undaunted, the city continued to demand pennies for its parking meters, most of which were surrounded completely by crystalline mounds. Not enough cars were on the streets to bring in much income in any case.

Examinations brought with them the usual paralysis: roommates nobody had seen for six weeks wandered in and read a book for eighteen hours without moving; the notices of meetings and activities which usually crowd the bulletin boards declined to one announcement of a student art exhibit; Houses

were lighted all night for ten days. In Widener's Reading Room books hitherto stacked in neat rows on the shelves suddenly were jumbled and mostly non-existent. Stories about benzedrine and its ill effects, the usual advice by the medical department that "twelve hours of sleep before an exam is worth more than twelve hours of any kind of studying," fables about the people who slept through their exams—all buzzed about the undergraduate's ears.

To the undergraduate examination time this year seemed to have become more than an unpleasant few days. More and more pale-faced midnight scholars were beginning to think about the philosophy of education that permitted—really encouraged—men to suspend all forms of intellectual activity and other business for a week or more and cram the mind full of facts and viewpoints that could safely and soon be dismissed on the way back through the Yard one day at 12.15 or 5.15 o'clock. Veterans were perhaps more aware than the younger men, now rapidly becoming a majority again, that in many courses a final grade depended more on the ability to write an essay than to know any particular facts in a final examination; that directed reading for a day before the final was often likely to bring better results than a scholarly approach which does not follow the lecturer's emphasis. No one has found a really adequate substitute for examinations—though some courses are using term papers instead—but the undergraduate is certainly aware of the flaws in the system as it stands.



Other, lesser events of the end-of-term doldrums followed the usual pattern of undergraduate news: Council and Dramatics. The Council was desperately trying to regain lost ground on one of its pet issues, parking. After finally winning permission before Christmas vacation to use the Soldiers Field parking lot as an overnight spot for student cars, the Council had been unable to gather more than a few men interested in the project. Further attempts after vacation having proved futile, the officials of the Council parking committee prepared to make a last stand at registration day for the spring term, Monday, February 2.

The Council's international affairs experts, on the other side of the picture, could smile. Their Salzburg Seminar last summer had been so successful that nine other American colleges were preparing to copy the program. Over the weekend before registration, representatives of these nine institutions, which included Yale, Chicago, Stanford, and Massachusetts Institute of Technology, met with Harvard's Salzburg directors in Cambridge, together with men from the State Department, the Carnegie Foundation, and the Corporation. They discussed the financial and psychological problems of the experiment and considered means of making the Seminar permanent.

The Harvard Theater Workshop, presumably resting on its "Henry IV, Part One" laurels, got back into the headlines when it recorded a shortened and expurgated version of the Shakespearean drama to be broadcast over local station WHDH under the auspices of the Lowell Institute. Professor Theodore Spencer introduced the series on Monday, January 26, with a short talk, and the performance itself was aired in three sections on Monday, Thursday, and Friday evenings, February 2, 5, and 6.

Notes on the Harvard Tradition: An Apathy League has been formed (unofficially) in the College. Its platform: "Boredom is a Fundamental Right." The president of the society, who prefers to remain anonymous, announced that the Apathy League passively opposes everything, including passive resistance. "I'm in office for life," he concluded. "I'm too apathetic to resign, and even if I did, the members would be too lazy to accept my resignation."

—J. ANTHONY LEWIS, '48

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SPRING before March is hardly logical. To the winter-weary undergraduate, though, anything less than a blizzard was hopeful this year and a whole week without snow in the middle of February, combined with a positively stifling thaw, was delightful. That the Yard turned to mud, the Cambridge streets to puddles, and sidewalks to sandy wastes didn't seem to matter amidst the pleasures of the unexpected balm.

Just as the undergraduate prepared to flee Cambridge for the long Washington's Birthday weekend, something that was less like a cold front than an infiltration of chill crept in. Over the weekend a new gloss of white was added to the dingy heaps of Cantabrigian snow—beautifying, perhaps, but also remindful of the time of year. The undergraduate put his muffler back on, clamped down the windows, and set his eyes grimly for March 28, first day of the *spring* recess.

The *Lampoon*, which traditionally goes into its annual eruption in spring, seemed to have been fooled by the warm spell. On the 20th of the month, with the thaw in full flood, its editors whipped up what was one of their neatest initiations in recent history. This time anyone could get in on the fun: no locked doors or midnight mysteries. To do it up right, programs were passed out in the Yard late in the morning; the festivities themselves didn't start until after lunch, when a free-beer-hungry crowd gathered outside the Lampy's Bow St. aviary. Once the fun started, it moved gradually up Linden St., across Massachusetts Ave., and into the Yard. Here the "animal show" which had been announced in the programs began, only to be interrupted in the expected manner by Yard police chief Alvin Randall. Assisted by a fellow member of the force, Chief Randall made a few additions to his Bursar's Card collection before the crowd faded away, but no more disciplinary action than usual was planned by College officials.

The big news of mid-February revolved around Arthur L. Valpey, the College's new football coach. The same

day that Mr. Valpey's name was officially announced by Athletic Director William J. Bingham, after days of tension and predictions by the papers, the undergraduate heard some other news that probably affected him much more personally. It was room rents this time, and "this time" is said ominously, because the room increases were probably, as Dean Bender said, "only the first in a series of rising costs." The boosts in the residential Houses ranged from \$15



LAMPOONERS ON THE WIDENER STEPS

to \$40, and were difficult indeed to dodge. Along with the figures went a ruling that no one can switch to a lower-priced room next fall, when the increases go into effect, unless he can show just cause.

The rent rises were greeted numbly by the individual undergraduate, but certain organizations showed resistance. The University chapter of the American Veterans Committee launched an investigation into the problem, and the Student Council quickly followed suit. Chief criticisms of the rent boosts took the line that some student opinion should have been consulted before the decision in any case—a procedure for which there is good precedent in the past history of the Dean's Office.

As the week ended, the only really happy people in the College were seniors, who would be gone before the much-feared era of lower enrollment and not-much-lower costs arrived.

Seniors and other undergraduates bent on productive vacations were thinking more and more of Europe for the summer. The undergraduate of today, not

knowing what the situation had been before the war, was amazed at the number of people who asked him if he knew any inexpensive transportation or money-making devices. Everyone seemed to be on the way. The local representatives of the National Student Association did their best to make things easy, toward the end of February, by publishing a pamphlet full of facts on travel, study, and work on the Continent over the summer.

The N.S.A. men (and women) also were doing things for the Europeans themselves. Following close on the heels of last year's Salzburg Seminar in American Civilization, which is continuing under Student Council direction, the N.S.A. organizations at Harvard and Radcliffe announced the establishment of a summer camp on the French Riviera to take care of underprivileged French children. With the idea in hand, the planners set out to collect the necessary funds.

One rapidly-becoming-habitual development kept itself in the Cambridge limelight: the theater, or rather the lack of it. The Harvard Theater Workshop, which had announced T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* as its spring production, suddenly found itself without the clever substitute for a theater with which it had provided itself. The directors had arranged to use the Germanic Museum, the large hall of which would have permitted a small audience to watch the play in distinctive if cramped surroundings. University approval having been procured, the producers thought their troubles over. But they found their contentment shattered one morning by a letter from the state fire inspector. "Insufficient exits . . ." it said, "inadequate lighting circuits." Associate Professor Charles L. Kuhn, curator of the Museum, said that the necessary changes in the hall could not be afforded, and the Workshop was out of a theater. So, presumably, were the groups which had for some time been giving lectures and recitals in the Germanic Museum Hall.

Annoyed but not forlorn, the Workshop players tried with little success to squeeze themselves into Sanders (in which, by the same fire commissioner's orders, they would be permitted to use no scenery). If they could convince the Band, Glee Club, and other groups already assigned dates in much-wanted Sanders, the Workshop members might still be able to put on their spring production. —J. ANTHONY LEWIS, '48

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ONCE upon a time Harvard had no female problem. In fact, no females. Things here, though, as everywhere, are not what they used to be. Some graduate schools started accepting women a while ago; even the Medical School fell into line in 1945. The Law and Business Schools seem to be the last masculine holdouts, and there's an unconfirmed rumor floating about that the Law School may soon succumb to the trend. This trend, such as it is, interests the undergraduate as it appears subtly in the scattered outlying dominions, but it doesn't really bother him—or the University—very much until it passes within the sanctum sanctorum of the Yard. It might have been better, if possible, to describe said sanctum in terms of the past, for the trend—and the women—are quite definitely inside the Yard.

How they got there is a matter of record. Radcliffe graduate students have for some time worked together with Harvard men in the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences, but it was only during the war that undergraduates from Harvard and Radcliffe found themselves in the same classrooms at the same time. The move, proposed by Dean Buck (now Provost) and voted by the Faculty, was intended to save the scarce time and energies of the members of the Faculty of Arts and Sciences, many of whom had formerly repeated their lectures for a female audience across the Common. Last year the Faculty, approving of the economy and simplicity achieved by the wartime measure, voted into the permanent statutes joint Harvard-Radcliffe classes in all but freshman courses.

The question that remained unanswered by that vote was just how far the feminine invasion was to go, academically and otherwise. Radcliffe undergraduates shared classes with those at Harvard, but they were still severely limited in their use of Widener Library's reading room. As the Lamont Undergraduate Library began to rise, Radcliffe girls learned that they would be barred from its stacks, too. Radcliffe and Harvard students took hour exams together, but final examinations

were still discreetly separated. Most important of all, Radcliffe girls were forbidden by College rule to become members of Harvard's dramatic or political clubs, publications, or miscellaneous organizations.

Many believers in the trend wanted to see the last obstacles removed. They suggested that if Radcliffe students were to meet the same academic hurdles as Harvard scholars, the girls should have the same academic privileges. They further asked why it was necessary to keep Harvard extracurricular organizations free of feminine members who could be useful in dramatic clubs and in under-staffed organizations.

On the other side of the fence were the old guard, who would have liked to deprive Radcliffe of the gains already won. Since that Faculty vote a year ago, the silent war of discussion has been waged in all corners of the College.

Alumni who can remember the old jokes about Radcliffe may wonder where all the interest in the 'Cliffe came from. Discussion of "The Annex" in the old days used to be restricted to the Phillips Brooks House Freshman Tea, pungent comparisons with other seminaries in the vicinity of Boston, and stale quips. There are still undergraduates who know the jokes, but their fate is sealed. Harvard men seem to be taking their sisters more and more seriously—as friends as well as intellectual rivals.

Opinions differ as to why the change in attitude has taken place. Some say proximity in classrooms has brought new respect for the girls, who frequently hover near the upper grade levels (although some instructors call them "less original" thinkers!). Others claim—and doubtless with some truth—that Radcliffe undergraduates of today are distinguished less for precocity and more for looks than their predecessors. In any case, the old conception of the 'Cliffe type is rapidly disappearing. Even the *Crimson* has succumbed—has given up its "funny boxes", stopped using the word Annex, taken on a Radcliffe correspondent to cover serious news on Garden Street, and started a circulation war for female subscribers with the *Radcliffe News*!

Whether Radcliffe itself wants to become more integrated with Harvard is a question sometimes neglected in the discussions. There are obvious advantages to be gained by using Harvard's libraries and other facilities, but some people think that further combination with Harvard might cost Radcliffe its identity—an identity which President Wilbur K. Jordan and Dean Mildred Sherman have fought hard to preserve. Whatever the outcome of the struggle, which is just beginning to emerge from underground into the light of College consciousness, it seems certain that Harvard-Radcliffe relations will be on a more intelligent and mutually-interested basis than they ever have been before.

Riots, much a part of the Harvard scene before the war, returned in ambiguous guise in the last week before spring vacation. Freshman Smokers are usually expected to turn up some sort of public disturbance, but those who attended this year's—the first since 1941—were disappointed if they expected an outbreak. Cartoonist Al Capp, humorist Victor Borge, and new football coach Arthur Valpey entertained nearly 1,000 in Memorial Hall, but the squads of policemen who attended were quite unnecessary. All of which, said the *Crime*, "dulled it (the affair) into a restless and anticlimactic finale . . . [and] caused freshmen to file out even more calmly than they filed in."

The week, however, did turn up trouble where least expected. The Harvard Committee for Wallace sponsored a rally opposing Universal Military Training which attracted about 350 favorably-inclined listeners—and almost 100 vigorously opposed. This organized opposition booed and heckled the meeting almost out of existence until Professor Pitirim A. Sorokin calmed the gathering with a dramatic appeal in the name of free speech. For the next few days bitter feelings remained on all sides about the disturbance.

Winners of the traditional Boylston speaking contest were George Bluestone, '47, and Paul I. Sparer, '49, who presented selections, respectively, from Richard Wright's *Native Son* and from the Douglas side of the Lincoln-Douglas debate in Robert Sherwood's *Abe Lincoln in Illinois*.

—J. ANTHONY LEWIS, '48