

"Some things never change."

"Magill Walk will always lead from the railroad tracks to Parrish Hall, you'll always need a key to climb Clothier tower on bright spring days, the Crum will always be beautiful in the winter, more beautiful in the spring, and mosquito-infested in September. The food in the dining hall will never really be good enough, Swarthmore students will always play stretch in the spring. The basketball team will always lose."

So wrote Dave Cohen for HALCYON 1968. He was right. But some things change—and this year the chorus might well have been: "Most things change." The year of the reports was left behind; the Superweek of 1967 was a one shot deal. The year of real implementation was at hand—only six seminars, pass-fail here and there, and a ravenna stashed away somewhere in the closet. A noble attempt to broaden our lives—with both urban sociology and 14th century monestaries.

Yes, some things change. That peaceful transition was background, though. The freshmen and sophomores viewed it as a given thing—for the rest of us, it was only half an education worth of small change. It was only qualitative, and chameleon-like when it pleased. Seminars still had indefinite reading lists, the librarians still acted like frustrated Prussian bureaucrats, PE was still there (although, if you were a boy and wore a beard, you were magnanimously extended the privilege of going out and sweating for an athletic team,) and the papers were just as long as ever.

We came back in the fall to find a department of Art History, to see the Knack, to throw a frisbee, to register and listen to the gods of Olympus being invoked at the meeting of honors students. All that was routine. But we came to participate in a change and a process. We would not leave the same Swarthmore.

President Smith had officially retired. We watched, at a distance, as a committee was set up to choose his replacement. We watched more closely, and participated, when it finally came

time to discuss the Student Life Report. "Funny," we thought, "that the faculty and administration should be dealing ultimately with **our** report." The faculty members **we** knew all said they didn't **want** the final say. The administration said it only cared about "institutional interests." (What the hell are those, anyway?) Funny that it took a year longer to get to this report than it did to get to the other two.

All that, of course, was but of mild interest. We rolled over and yawned lightly at those on other campuses who were so depraved as to view such mundane issues as cause for dismay. We, the first generation (and the last) of the all-Hargadon Swarthmore, the generation that finally learned that ML 4 wasn't all that important, were concerned to sit back and play "real" politics. We backed Joe Clark with words, time, money. He lost. We were beaten in Chicago before we came, some of us; all of us were beaten in November (except the 15 out of 1024 of us, who in a campus poll voted for Nixon.) It wasn't that we loved Humphrey, and his politics of joy—not in the face of Vietnam, poverty, and all; we just hated Nixon and Wallace. That's all.

This WE sounds monolithic, doesn't it? It **was**, for a while, as we watched the "beard rule" go, the "pet rule" go and come back, the question of student observers come—and go—rejected.

The year ended. Students had observed faculty meetings—after a fashion. The Student Life Report was approved—after a fashion; to our satisfaction—after a fashion. (Dorm autonomy? Drinking? So what?) The Board of Managers rejected a faculty resolution for the first time in memory, and we had pulled together. SAC had walked out on itself. Ashton was male, and Wharton F was female. A task force had been set up to study governance of the college. The University City Science Center had been "conquered." The faculty had rejected our conclave. The basketball team had lost—except to Haverford—and we had taken the Hood Trophy. Collection was now optional, WSRN was hoping to go FM, and Cutting Collection had been evicted from Bond by, of all people, the Debating Society.

A normal year, full of normal, progressive changes. We were ready to go home. We were advised at graduation (if we attended) that "wholesale advice is for bishops and the like... laughter is the best advice to contribute." Most of us went home.

All that was not what changed Swarthmore.

Swarthmore changed because we all changed. We changed in our own ways. Some of us were radicalized, some "dropped out," some moderated. We squabbled, bickered, fought, met and hashed. Some of us sat in the Admissions Office, thought, wrote statements. Most of us were fighting for something, somewhere, in January, 1969. We had our own "crisis." Some thought of it only as a learning experience; others wanted real-world results.

The roots were deep—dating over all of Swarthmore's "liberal" history, and fastened in her "standards." The Admissions Policy Committee and SASS gradually came at each other over a period of three months. Then the take-over, the faculty action, the abrupt end. Both sides were victorious, in a qualitative sense. 31 blacks were included in the class of 1973. SASS had won some of the recognition it sought. No "standards" were relaxed. The Black Studies program survived. We learned what it takes to precipitate a crisis; we learned what a crisis precipitates.

We were tense, confused, even blind at times. But now we at least knew we always **had** been tense, confused, and blind at times. We knew more of what we had **not** understood. Of course there were doom-sayers, but there were few. We had confronted each other and ourselves, and we had all won.

There were, from the beginning, things that set this crisis apart from all others. No threats, guns, breakdown of communication. No hostility, backbiting, withdrawal. No punishment, or any need for it. And very little bitterness in the end. A crisis uniquely Swarthmore.

Maybe it would have been different had the death of Courtney Smith not been what ended it. Some of the irritants remain.

Some of the causes linger; most of the protagonists are gone. Clint Etheridge of SASS, Ellen Schall of Student Council have graduated. Courtney Smith has been replaced by Robert Cross. Dean of Women Barbara Lange has resigned ("a generation gap") and moved to the vocational office; a younger Barbara Townsend moves in. Dean of Admissions Frederick A. Hargadon, the "center" of the crisis, has resigned and will go to be Dean of Admissions at Stanford, where he will have a newer atmosphere, more room to maneuver, but hardly fewer problems. Dean of the College Susan P. Cobbs has retired. The president and three of four deans are gone; in their place, a new crew. Dr. Cross, Charles Gilbert as provost, new deans, a black assistant dean of admissions, a black counsellor. A reflection of changes in the community; a new administration to preside over the changes to come.

The days of giants are gone. Not be- cause there are no more giants, but because the giants are different. Crum parties and Swarthmore songs die slowly; new traditions move in.

"Swarthmore still has beards and blue jeans, but the people wearing them are a little different. Swarthmore will continue to have an Honors Program, but probably now the people it produces will be a little different. Swarthmore will continue to have its traditions, and they too will be a little different. And probably every spring people will play stretch in front of the library."