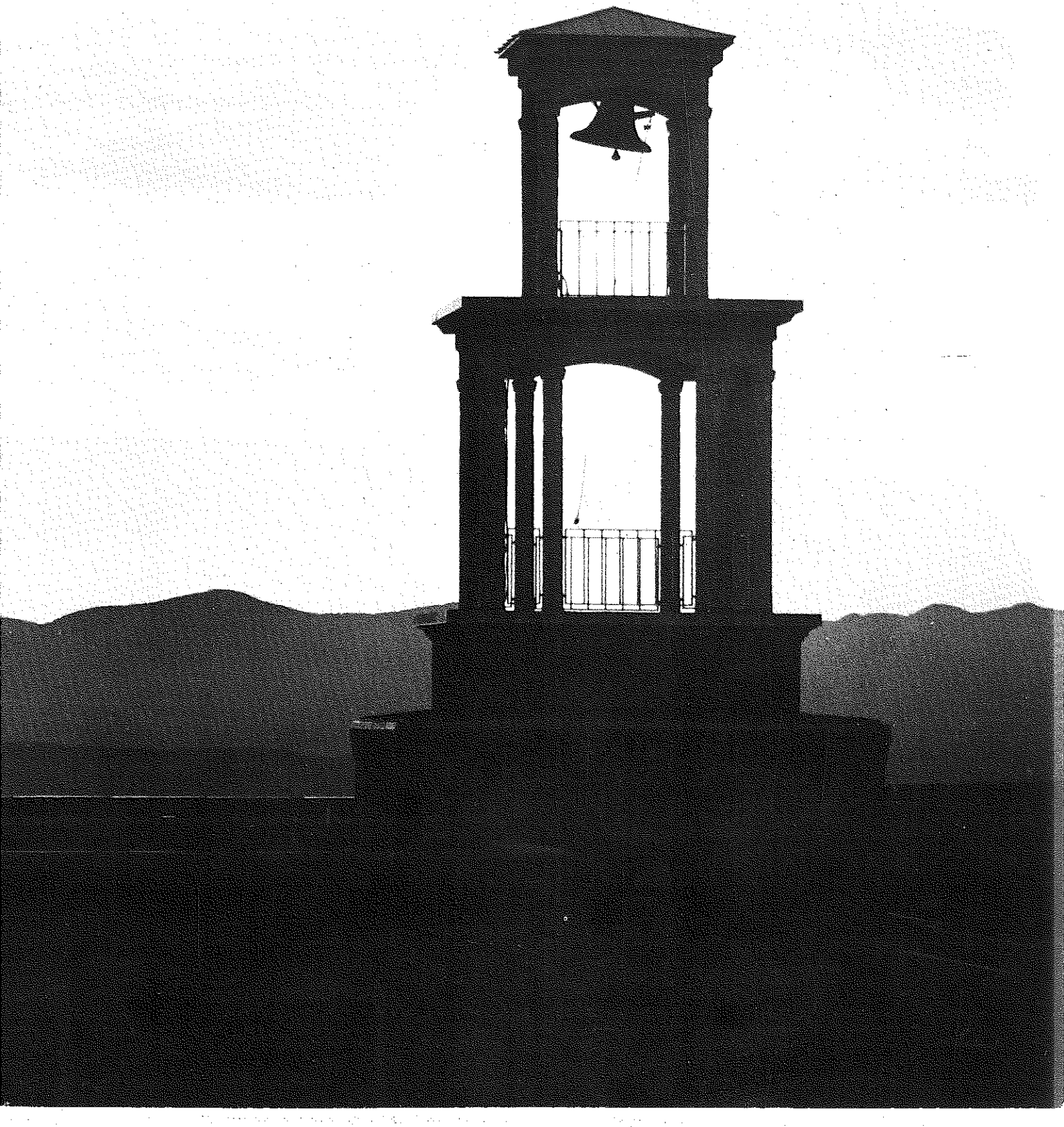
THE COLLEGE

St. John's College
Annapolis, Maryland
Santa Fe, New Mexico

July 1974



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ON THE COVER: The tower of Richard D. Weigle Hall, Santa Fe, at sunset, as seen by Tutor Ray Williamson.

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Editor's Note:

We had hoped to include Jacob Klein's lecture on the *Phaedo* in this issue. It has been crowded out and will now appear in the January issue of *The College*—the October issue being earmarked for the President's Report and campus and alumni news.

The lecture on the *Phaedo* is timeless. But the Commencement and Baccalaureate addresses given in Santa Fe and Annapolis probably gain from appearing soon after they were delivered. Perhaps they will even elicit responses from our readers.

The obituary notice on Franz Plunder also had to go in now and the Williamson account of the present generation of St. John's boatbuilders forms a suitable and seasonal companion piece. Perhaps I might add a footnote to it: When I visited those shipwrights in Edgewater just before the last Annapolis Boat Show, I heard that the chemical formula used for those fine craft gives more strength for less money and that its discoverer had his chemistry grounding in a St. John's laboratory. I feel this information should not be withheld from our readers. There seems to me to be a deep, perhaps symbolical significance in it.

B.R.v.O.

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RICHARD DANIEL WEIGLE

Celebration of an Anniversary

"It is rarely given to a man to see the fruit of his work during his lifetime," said chairman David Ginsburg of the Board of Visitors and Governors. The occasion was the Annapolis commencement exercises on May 26th, as Mr. Ginsburg presented Richard D. Weigle with the first of two volumes of letters gathered in recognition of Mr. Weigle's 25 years as president of St. John's College.

Silver anniversary celebrations started in Santa Fe on April 12th, when a surprise dinner party honoring Mr. and Mrs. Weigle was given by the faculty, students, and staff of the southwestern college. Mr. Weigle, an avid stamp collector whose specialty is Korea, received two Korean stamps in an inscribed leather desk folder. Mrs. Weigle was presented with a bracelet of Mexican silver set with lapis lazuli.

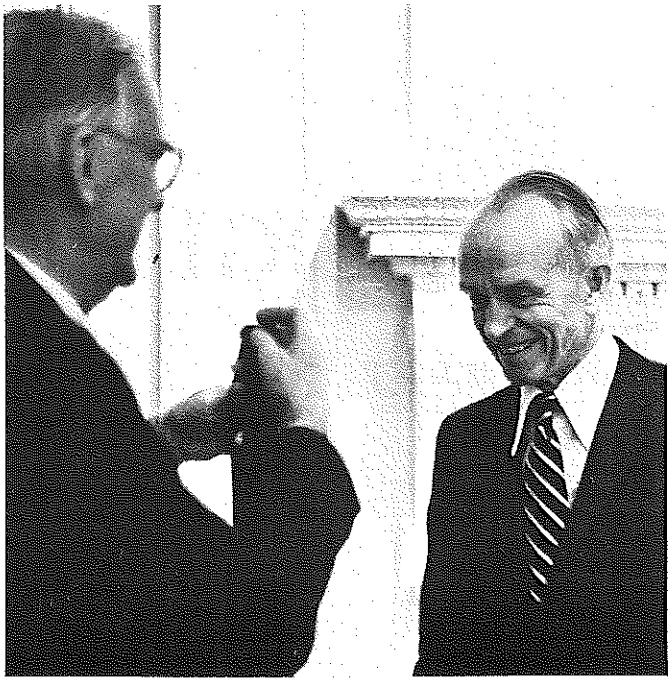
On Saturday, April 20th, the Annapolis faculty feted the Weigles with a concert by the Juilliard String Quartet, a reception, and a formal dinner. At the latter a specially-designed silver medallion was presented to Mr. Weigle. John S. Kieffer, former president and dean, in making the presentation, said: "The faculty felt on the occasion of this 25th anniversary there should be a tangible token of respect and affection, something symbolic of the relationship you have established during your 25 years as president."

The medallion depicts the problem of the duplication of the square from Plato's *Meno*, surrounded by a schematic representation of the seven liberal arts. It was created by Timothy Lloyd, a silversmith on the faculty of Carleton College in Northfield, Minn., where Mr. Weigle formerly taught.

President and Mrs. Weigle, former Board chairman Mrs. Walter Driscoll, and current Board chairman David Ginsburg with plaque to be placed on Richard D. Weigle Hall in Santa Fe.

Other speakers at the Annapolis dinner were retired tutor Ford K. Brown, retired tutor and former dean Jacob Klein, and senior tutor J. Winfree Smith.

Earlier the same day, Dean Curtis A. Wilson expressed the sentiments of the faculty in introductory remarks before the concert. "We are indebted to you . . . for bringing this college out of precarious years to its present prosperity." "We are aware of what these achievements have required and still require of you." ". . . our admiration for the energy, the intelligence, and the honesty with which you have exercised among us the act of the impos-



John S. Kieffer, former president and dean, presents the faculty medallion to President Weigle.

Silver medallion from the Annapolis faculty.

sible, including the improbable—that admiration remains undimmed. We wish to express to you our gratitude and thanks for your able leadership of this community."

Then on May 19th, during the Santa Fe commencement exercises, Mrs. Walter Driscoll, former chairman of the Board of Visitors and Governors, announced that the Tower Building, housing administrative offices, a faculty room, and part of the library, was being named Richard D. Weigle Hall.

A bronze plaque to be placed on the building will read: "Richard D. Weigle Hall, so named with affection, gratitude, and respect by the faculty and the Board of Visitors and Governors of St. John's College to honor the 18th president of the College upon 25 years of dedicated service, during which this Santa Fe campus was conceived and realized."

The Annapolis graduation exercises on May 26th saw not only the gift of the volume of letters, but the naming of Mr. Weigle as the College's first Distinguished Service Fellow. Dr. Thomas B. Turner '21, a member of the Board of Visitors and Governors for most of the 25 years being celebrated, read the following from the scroll which he presented to Mr. Weigle:

> The Board of Visitors and Governors of St. John's College, upon recommendation of the Faculty, hereby appoints Richard Daniel Weigle a Distinguished Service Fellow of St. John's College, upon his completion of twenty-five years of service. It thus recognizes his successful leadership of the College out of precarious years into its present well-being. His courage and faith in the College have conquered circumstance and disappointment and have made the future bright. He has cherished the College's program at home and has propagated it abroad. He has added local luster to the name of the College with his constructive civic activities. This incredibly busy man has yet found time to teach, for he has always thought of himself as a teacher. He is a splendid presiding officer. He has the practical wisdom to make clear-cut decisions and to reconcile contrary opinions. Materially, he is a good provider and an imaginative builder. He had level-headed vision of a second St. John's College, and with his tireless energy and his skill in affairs he brought it to reality. He may be proud of his accomplishments, as St. John's College is proud of him.

Letters of congratulations were read from Maryland's Governor Marvin Mandel and the Chamber of Commerce of Greater Annapolis, on whose board Mr. Weigle has served for many years. Mrs. Barbara Neustadt, an alderman on the Annapolis City Council, read a resolution honoring Mr. Weigle which had been passed by the Council. [See April issue.]

Commencement Address

by Eva Brann

St. Johns College, Annapolis

Members of the Graduating Class of 1974,

Today, the same day on which you cease to be transient members of the College, is the day on which you join us as its permanent members. Our polity provides for it to be so, and our common studies confirm the communion.

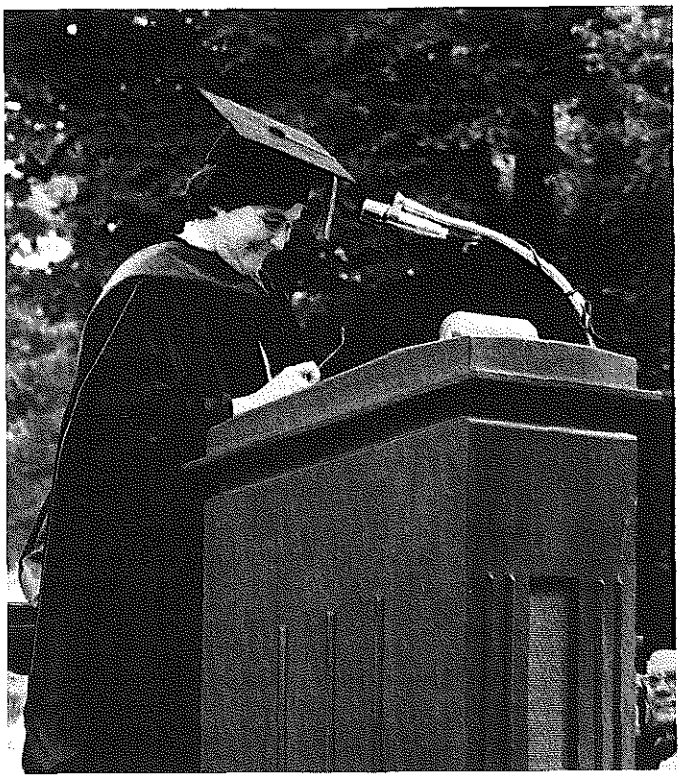
Therefore I would like to speak to you today as members-at-large of the College, who are about to disperse into the world after having achieved a preliminary completion of our program of study. People who have been nourished in this way by a community are called, in Latin, its "alumni;" and I would like to speak to you as alumni. I mean I would like to speak as reasonably educated persons do talk to each other in the world at large, namely not *about* books but *through* books—by means of learning, but not, I hope, learnedly. I shall not say "Aristotle says in his *Nicomachean Ethics*" or "Jefferson says in the *Declaration of Independence*," but I shall rather, in a small and backsliding way, directly imitate Jefferson, who in writing the *Declaration* drew on shelves of theory and yet, as he reports, "turned to neither book nor pamphlet while writing it." And this distinction between thinking more *through* books than *about* them is the maximum concession I can make to the otherwise obtuse separation of "life" and "study."

Nearly everything I have to say is the consequence of having gone to the same school to which you have gone—only longer, and of having studied the same books you have studied—only more often. But there has been this difference: For me the college is what I fervently hope some spot in the world will someday similarly become for you: home, a precious place in a setting of wider and wider rings; an old school engaged in a timeless activity, set in the midst of a city with a modestly splendid past, lying in a region which appeared to its first discoverers as an earthly paradise, a region in turn contained in an old, enormous, sturdy republic. And although this perspective of a universe is, of course, obscured by all sorts of ugly overlays, there are gleams enough from the golden background.

Before I actually begin I must also tell you that it is more than an honor, it is a piece of good fortune for me that you asked me to speak to you. In fact, hoping you might (since I have been altogether a senior tutor this year) I had already begun to make notes before you did. The reason was, that I have found certain opinions, derived, as I said, largely from life at the college, steadily shaping up into principles. You have probably yourselves experienced that condition in which almost all your reflections, inquiries, and conversations lead to the same conclusions. The course this settling-in of opinion usually runs is expressed by Lewis Carroll in *The Hunting of the Snark* by the notorious "rule of three": "What I tell you three times is true." When we have told ourselves the same thing thrice, the internal saying assumes the status of a conviction, and then it is a true boon to be allowed to formulate it publicly.

I think it is appropriate to put forth these convictions as axioms. Axioms, as you will remember from your first days here with Euclid, are, literally, "propositions worthy of acceptance." Mine are on the brink of seeming self-evident to me, while they may seem arbitrary to you. All that is also in the word. But my axioms are neither quite independent nor very complete, and so they form no formal axiom system. At most they all fit consistently and comfortably into one picture. Insofar as they have any strength they are most questionable. So it is only because I know that even the best-intentioned innovations are an embarrassment at ceremonies that I refrain from calling for our usual question period afterwards. Let us reserve today for the rites of leave-taking and commencing. I will hold myself responsible to you by correspondence or conversation at a later time.

I shall call my first axiom the axiom of *hierarchy*. It seems to me axiomatic that all largeness of sympathy, all delight in variety, all inclusive sentiment, has as its condition a firmly felt hierarchy of worth. Not only does the indiscriminate acceptance dispensed by those who are without such an inner hierarchy usually make its objects



Eva Brann delivers the Annapolis commencement address.

feel as if they were being accosted, but such general permissiveness regularly goes with particular lovelessness.

For him, on the other hand, who has a secret and silent table of goods and has established in his heart what is first and what second, even what is late and last will have its place, and so its worth. A chapter in a book by Dionysius the Areopagite, appropriately called *Hierarchies*, illustrates my meaning exactly. He explains that *all* the ranks of angels—princedoms, powers and dominions, down to the least-illuminated little angel—may equally be called "heavenly powers," because however low a rank an angel may hold, it is still a rank in the other world, in heaven. Why should not something similar hold for earth?

It seems to me that all good communities, and this college among them, ought to and do contain such hierarchies, but I also think that they should remain tacit and unproclaimed because of my second axiom, the axiom of *mediocrity*.

This axiom can be put most forcefully as a vigorous denial of the following passage from *Beyond Good and Evil*. Nietzsche observes that nothing has a future but what he calls the "morality of mediocrity," of which he says:

> But it is hard to preach this morality of mediocrity—for it can, after all, never admit what it is and what it wants! It must speak of measure and dignity and duty and neighbourly love—it will be hard put to it, *to hide the irony!*—

Here is a paragraph to poison all political life! For it admits that the civic virtues are to be found among ordinary people and then invites us to expose the meanness of these virtues and to look on the people with raised eyebrows.

My axiom says, in contradiction, that mediocrity of this sort, ordinary, plodding, decent humanity, is not only to be readily admitted in ourselves but to be cherished in others, that it is not the opposite of excellence, but the ground from which excellence grows and the end for which it goes to work. The true opposite of the mediocrity is the monster, that peculiar willing aberration from ordinary humanity called an "intellectual." This program was never intended to develop that monster within us but rather our common humanity.

Let my third axiom be called the axiom of *resistance*. If the final test of our humanity is what we seek out, the next to final test is certainly what we say "no" to. The axiom maintains that it is necessary to say "no" to most things that present themselves to us.

There is an unforgettable anecdote in Plato's *Republic*. A man sees a pile of corpses lying near the gallows. He feels in himself an intense struggle of lust and aversion. Finally he runs over and forcing open his eyes, shouts at them: "Gape then, you wretches, and gorge yourselves on this lovely view." My axiom says that as often as possible the man should win and the eyes lose this battle.

But not only bloody sights, rather all sorts of innocuous sightseeing come under the axiom of resistance as well. I do not need, or better, I need *not* to eye, to touch, to try everything. There are dozens of "experiences," for example, so-called "other cultures," to which I mean to remain unsensitized and unexposed; there are dozens of dreadful problems I mean to do nothing about. The object of so resisting the world's impingement is that when I do look I may really see and when I do care I may really act. In rigorously excluding all sight-seeing our program is meant to prepare us for truly receptive travel.

My fourth axiom says that a disciplined *conformity* is a necessary condition of diversity, and that a certain exclusiveness is required to ensure general access to good places. For if nothing is allowed to acquire flavor by stewing in its own juice, how can there be a number of pungently different things? And if nothing is allowed to coagulate and to take shape in peace, how can there be anything to which entrance is desirable? A graduate of this college long ago sent me a post card from Florence which I use as a book mark; so it has lain with Homer and Hegel. I take it from book to book because it is a picture of the shape and situation of such a desirable place: it is a Vasari fresco of a siege of Florence. The city, all in golden brown, crowded with domes and towers and tightly encircled by a wall, lies among the wide green hills over which the tents of the transient invader are scattered. The picture reminds me that to wish for flavor in life and to invade or liberate all its pockets is self-defeating. To want the

side effects, the aroma, of strong locales and to refuse to stew in the pot is a fast way to atomize the world. There is a wonderfully pungent Elizabethan sentence in Sir Thomas Browne's *Religio Medici* which perfectly makes my point. He says:

> For heads that are disposed unto schism and complexionally propense to innovation are naturally indisposed for a community, nor will ever be confined unto the order or economy of one body; and therefore when they separate from others, they . . . do subdivide and mince themselves almost into atoms.

This college has demanded a disciplined conformity precisely to keep its integrity and to prevent us from mincing ourselves into atoms.

My fifth axiom is an attack on the spectre called *The Future*. It advises us against looking ahead to this future in setting our ends. The future is altogether non-being, and anyone who attempts to look to it, as does that new tribe of secular prophets who call themselves "futurologists," only succeeds in locking himself into a cage of contemperaneity; for such planning is never anything but a magnified projection of one aspect of the present onto the blessedly empty screen of things to be. Our reference should rather be to what is back of us, to the past (though not the very recent past which is usually very *passé*). I will let Robert Frost speak for me in some lines from "The Black Cottage":

> . . . why abandon a belief
> Merely because it ceases to be true.
> Cling to it long enough, and not a doubt
> It will turn true again, for so it goes.
> Most of the change we think we see in life
> Is due to truths being in and out of favor.
> As I sit here, and oftentimes, I wish
> I could be monarch of a desert land
> I could devote and dedicate forever
> To the truth we keep coming back and back to.

I think you have been for four years citizens of such a "desert" land, remote from fashion.

My sixth is an axiom of *conservation*. It is partly permissive. It permits us to seize high or low adventure whenever it comes our way, on the condition that we maintain a small steady feeling of guilt. It says that all manner of excursions are allowable as long as we conserve a nagging remembrance that they are only diversions from some long-range labor or some life-long study. For example, two gentlemen in this very class set sail one day in the middle of the term. Of course, as generally happens to those in positive pursuit of peril, they were becalmed, but that is additional. When they returned, I looked grave as was my duty, but I saw that they had not for a moment succeeded in forgetting their proper business. And I also knew I would have done the same, in imitation of my hero Odysseus. That first exemplar of all such mindful adventurers preserves his longing for his rocky home through ten years of travel. He has his pleasure and his passion

on the way, but he preserves his purpose, and that makes all his excursions lie on a secret highway home. (I know that what I have told you just now is true because a member of your class said the same in his senior essay.)

The axiom of conservation also has a prescriptive side: It is required to choose recreations which have enough real relish in them to prevent that sinful and wasteful sadness the theologians call "acedia." Its secular version is an unresisting proneness to be bored with good things, with classical styles, with naive truths, with old orders. One of its symptoms is frantic and unsatisfying innovation—unsatisfying, for if anything is axiomatic it is that the search for mere novelty unfailingly turns up something obsolete.

I do not think we have quite enough recreation of that conserving sort in this school. I wish we were nearer to the Forest of Arden—but then again, perhaps not.

I will call my penultimate axiom the axiom of *parochialism*.

I think the world once had centers, places like Athens, Jerusalem, Paris and—I say it with a smile—Boston, where a tradition was cherished and advanced. But it seems to me that Yeats was simply right two generations ago when he said in the "Second Coming" that:

> Things fall apart, the center cannot hold,

though I think that he and all the soothsayers are wrong in expecting, as they do half-eagerly, a monstrous apocalypse. Our fate seems to me to be much more modest. We must proudly acknowledge that we are "out of it," whatever "it" may pretend to be, and that we are thrown upon ourselves in the effort to preserve our civilization. By "we" I mean all the little loci of the spirit: little circles of firm friends, little law offices, newspapers, workshops, little cities and lively little schools. These must hold the forts in the provinces against all the new barbarisms which so often come out of the large and wealthy conglomerations and establishments. Within such empires people are apparently constrained to turn the small sound ideas which come to all of us into large vapid conceptual

engines, and the vestiges of right feeling we all preserve into fashionably sophisticated techniques.

My axiom says that it is mainly little places—this college among them—which permit the modesty of pace needed for long thoughts, and the conditions of closeness under which human beings begin to stand out and become distinct in their first and second nature. These places are the veritable harbors of refuge and recovery for civilization.

And now the final axiom, which I must call the axiom of the *republic* and which is the necessary complement to the parochial axiom.

For the soil and seed-bed of all these small, saving places is the continent-wide republic of which most of us are citizens. My axiom says that one must never, never, assist in the demolition of any actual republic and least of all of this one, for it is a going good which is infinitely more valuable than any possible perfection. By an "actual republic" I mean not only a government which in the last analysis obeys the formal definition of the term "republic," namely "a government of laws rather than men," but something both wider and more substantial—a large public realm peopled by conscious citizens who are steadfastly committed to the preservation and interpretation of common traditions and common scriptures.

Such a republic can be wrecked in several ways. It can be wrecked by crude means—by indifference, obtuseness or crookedness. Or it can be wrecked in sophisticated ways, and my axiom is especially concerned with two of the latter.

One of these is the reckless habit of gleefully exposing the public traditions, a habit easily distinguishable from the mournful compulsion to set the record straight. It is what Burke, that most expressive of conservatives, calls the "barbarous philosophy" of those who, as he says in his *Reflections on the Revolution in France*:

> [dissolve] all the pleasing illusions which make power gentle and obedience liberal . . . In the groves of their academy, at the end of every visto you see nothing but the gallows. Nothing is left which engages the affections on the part of the commonwealth.

The half-intended outcome, contained or rampant depending on the health of the republic, is terror. In this country we feel it for the most part only in that vanishingly mild form in which debate based on consensus gives way to the mere reactions characteristic of "confrontation."

The second way is the thoughtless routine of aggressively "questioning" the "whole system" of laws, a routine quite separable from the labor of reflection and reform. It is this tendency which Lincoln, that most genuine of republicans, opposes when he urges in his speech called "On the Perpetuation of our Political Institutions," which you have recently read,

> [that reverence for the laws be] taught in all schools, in seminaries and in colleges; let it be written in primers, spelling books; and in Almanacs . . .

The safety of our freedom, he says, lies in such a "political religion." The laws of this republic, intended from the beginning to preserve the plurality of its communities, ought to be to us almost as scripture.

My point in ending in this rather grand way is, just as I said, that the condition of possibility of small communities where one may find human happiness—among which I count this school—is the larger polity. But the American republic is *only* the condition of their possibility, and not at all the guarantee of their existence; in fact, I find it conceivable that we ourselves may be overwhelmed by adversity within it. But that would be its great shame and its great loss, because this education, this *liberal* education, in turn nourishes the soil in which all its practices are rooted. For brevity's sake I will simply assert here what I firmly believe I could make convincing to you, given time: I would point to the free and equal discussion of the seminar, to the deliberate absence of authoritative experts, to the essentially communal character of our concerns, as a proof that this program is first and last an imitation of and an initiation into the life of a *citizen*. That is why at your last dinner the Dean toasts the Republic, and why some of our most gratifying graduates are civil servants.

These are my axioms, which I offer to you as worthy of belief. It would take much additional thought and exposition to turn them back into mere propositions worthy of reasoned assent. Nonetheless you will have seen by now into what intellectual world they all fit: all are addressed to the establishment and conservation of that sort of vivid but stable public world which we might as well call by the Greek name of "cosmos."

So, then, in the light of such axioms as these what, finally, must I wish for you? It goes without saying that I wish you happy lives, if only because it is next to impossible to maintain a friendship with anyone whose life contains too little felicity.

But it is to no purpose for me to wish anything concerning your private happiness. Our intimate affairs are so enigmatically compounded of being forever at the mercy of mere luck and of invariably getting exactly what we asked for that in this quarter wishing is quite futile. I am therefore thrown for wishing on the public part of your happiness, with which the college was in any case most directly concerned. With respect to this part I do know what to wish. It is what I said in the beginning. I wish that you may find or form for yourselves a spot, a place, so shapely, so much what it was meant to be, that it becomes for you a continual incitement to virtuous activity and a never-ceasing source of satisfying reflection.

In sum, I wish you may go far—just so far from here that when you have found your place you may sometimes think of yourselves as virtually home again, with us.

Eva Brann is a frequent contributor to this magazine. She has been a member of the Annapolis faculty since 1957.

Ideals and Action

by David Ginsburg

St. Johns College, Santa Fe

President Weigle, members of the Board and faculty, graduates and parents, students and friends:

Historians often record the early thirties in America as a time of anxiety and suffering, everywhere characterized by joblessness, hunger, and fear. However, for me, Washington in those days was a place of joy and high intellectual excitement. Roosevelt had drawn to the city dedicated men with untrammeled minds. Younger acolytes, like myself, were proud to work with them. We hesitantly criticized their programs and endlessly wrote and re-wrote our own; we debated among ourselves and listened to others; talked with any newspaper man or Congressman who'd listen; discussed, far into the night, what could and should be done; when midnight came there was an unwritten rule that we'd go—or someone would go—for sandwiches and coffee; and thereafter we'd work a little more, sometimes until three or four in the morning.

I recall only one serious lapse from this state of grace. We had worked late, gone out for food and talk, and were returning to the office when someone noticed that at the old Belasco Theatre, then located across from the White House on Lafayette Square, Hedy Lamarr was playing in a film called "Ecstasy." Hedy in her ecstasy was more powerful than patriotism. Courageously, we sacrificed work for art and in that midnight show I saw—and relished—my first streaker.

During those days, too, I first learned of St. John's College. Curiously, I am indebted for the introduction to the Federal Government's Department of Agriculture. The extension service of the Department ran a Graduate School for government employees and in its catalogue, one day, I read an announcement that a weekly two-hour evening class would be given by a Tutor from St. John's College in Annapolis. Over two semesters we read together Harvey's *Motion of the Heart and Blood;* Machiavelli's *Prince* and *Discourses;* Hobbes's *Leviathan,* the *Federalist Papers* and other greats far more familiar to you, unhappily, than to me.

A generation later I came to know Robert Goldwin and President Weigle, attended two series of Washington seminars on the *Republic* and on Goldwin's favorite—Locke's *Second Treatise of Government,* met Eva Brann, Jacob Klein and a few other of your tutors in Annapolis and Santa Fe; joined your Board of Visitors and Governors and so came here today.

A few weeks ago a sensitive Washington columnist, Tom Braden, published a piece that began with these words:

> "There was something wrong with the education of those who surrounded President Nixon during the Watergate crimes, and I wonder whether our college and university presidents are giving any thought to the question of what it is.
>
> "It would be sad to think that ten or twenty years from now a future President would again surround himself with such bright young men, so well dressed, so well graduated and so ill-prepared to face questions of right and wrong."

Since religious faith has become a lessened force in the lives of most of us, we are left with reason as the central guide for public morality. How important then, Braden says, are the educational system and "the great books which posed the great moral problems."

For all of us the Bible is one of the Great Books—for me, the greatest—and the Great Books, collectively, the new Bible. Yet I suppose there isn't a man or woman in this graduating class who hasn't often asked, sometimes near despair: Does this rigid curriculum make sense? How does this endless discussion and analysis of ancient themes serve in the world in which I must live? Aren't we all captives of an intriguing idea—captives in an ivory tower?

How many of your classmates who came here with you four years ago, are not here today because of difficulty and disillusionment with the curriculum and, at times, with what must have seemed an impossible volume of work?

About 300,000 words of recently published Presidential conversations help to lay these doubts to rest. In the public

"Does this rigid curriculum make sense?"

domain there is now an edited record of dialogue among the men who held the highest power and the highest offices of trust in the Republic. All had been educated and trained by some of the great colleges and universities of the nation. Call the roll—Yale, Columbia, Brown, University of Southern California, and UCLA, Williams, Duke and others—in the East, in the West, and in the South. None endowed these men with a capacity for moral questioning, with a commitment to intellectual integrity, with a sense of what's important in the history of our own country, with an understanding that even great ends cannot justify violent and disreputable means.

Less than two weeks ago the Omaha *World-Herald* commented:

> "Involved here is not question of Democrat or Republican, liberal or conservative, or of a company of his enemies out to 'get' the President. This is a matter of right or wrong, telling the truth or not telling the truth."

A day later the Chicago *Tribune* commented more specifically:

> "It is a lack of concern for morality, a lack of concern for high principle, a lack of commitment to the high ideals of public office that make the transcripts a sickening exposure of the man and his advisers."

There was not one noble man in the White House. None, not one, had the courage or the wisdom to say these steps must not be taken because they are evil and violate our history and tradition.

I may be naive but I think it would have made a difference if at least a few of these men had had what this College, uniquely, provides as a liberal education—an understanding of the source books and the seminal ideas that illuminate the recurring and intractable questions of government and personal life that confront free men. These books and ideas, as the catalogue now states with headline force, "have great relevance to the contemporary problems with which we have to deal."

Three decent men left the Administration, after confrontation, by dismissal or resignation; all the others, including the Vice-President, were forced from office by disclosure or indictment; meanwhile the investigation of the President continues and the threat of impeachment hangs over the land like a thick black cloud. Nothing that Sophocles wrote will ever touch your generation more deeply than the tragedy unfolding in Washington.

I don't know what went wrong. In its most fundamental sense I believe what happened was a failure of education. For years many colleges and universities acted as if the idea of a liberal education was obsolete, refusing to provide a curriculum or a teaching discipline that in an orderly way sought to transmit to each generation what was important in the accumulated thought of our civilization. Lacking standards we lost our way and our capacity for outrage.

There were other factors. What was moral erosion we described as moral change and healthy moral growth. We accepted activism at the expense of understanding and scholarship. We insisted on immediate and practical relevancy and thereby undercut the study of the arts and humanities—losing our grasp of the great ideas of justice, truth and freedom. Some educational institutions grew too large; many helplessly subordinated education to politics. And almost all undergraduate colleges were enlisted in support of the professional schools. Specialization thus came much too soon for most undergraduates. We didn't give them time enough to learn what was fundamental, before teaching them what was practical.

I think my own profession—the law—has suffered most. As the *Wall Street Journal* said last week, "a dozen lawyers have been caught up in the Watergate scandals, and the legal profession has now been jolted by the White House tape transcripts, which suggest the country's best known lawyer—President Nixon—and two of his lawyer-assistants cynically considered exploiting the law enforcement system for political purposes."

At a recent meeting at the Harvard Law School we were told that many members of the faculty were now making a conscious effort to underscore ethical problems in their teaching. One would have thought by the time a student entered law school he would have had ample preparation in moral questions.

Schools of business administration and government are also beginning to leaven their teaching with the yeast of ethics.

"There was not one noble man in the White House."

The truth seems to be that moral failure in Washington has begun to sensitize much of the rest of the country to the moral problems that have concerned you so deeply for the past four years.

If now you choose business as your life's work, I believe you'll find that there is a new and growing respect in that community for decency, and for those who inquire, challenge and propose improvements. Thoughtful businessmen recognize that they are facing problems today for which the precedents have no ready answers.

If, instead, you choose further training in a profession —in law, business, medicine, research and teaching, engineering, the ministry—you'll find that the structure of professional learning will fit comfortably on the founda-

tions you have obtained here. The skills you have acquired —to read searchingly, to write clearly, to speak precisely, to think logically and to ask the hard questions—are the best possible preparation for professional training. Moreover, a changing society is imposing new problems and unprecedented strains on the professions as well as on business. They, too, need rational minds that can cope with ultimate questions as well as the special learning.

". . . wise action must be shaped by ideals."

Some of you, I hope, will seek employment in public service and to you I give special encouragement. For four years, under the guidance of dedicated tutors, you have been engaged in a continuing and intense conversation with the wisest men our civilization has produced. At the same time a unique, two-hundred-year experiment in the government of the most powerful, free, and democratic society in the world is being subjected to new and terrible strains.

As I see it, our basic institutions have demonstrated great flexibility and strength and have performed admirably; our need is for men and women who understand and respect the sources of these institutions.

Never before in my lifetime have we had so many young and able men and women in the House and Senate; it is the Executive Branch now that needs fresh blood and wise support. I urge you not to let the scandals of a single administration dissuade you from government service if you are otherwise drawn to it.

I drove over a bridge the other day that crosses the Charles River, leading to Harvard Square in Cambridge. A quotation from Solomon on the dedication stone somehow brought to mind this graduation: "The multitude of the wise," it said, "is the welfare of the world." We have had something less than a multitude of the wise in Washington lately; our government needs help especially —in my prejudiced view—from those who have been educated as you have been educated.

This conclusion—and recommendation—is grounded on the judgment that a classical liberal education for those who can absorb it is the best predicate for the role of citizen. Not everyone agrees. Some feel that you may, indeed, have been deluded and possibly even disabled by your concentration on the great issues addressed here —justice, freedom, truth. Do those issues really have practical and continuing meaning in government and otherwise in your own lives?

My answer is that they do—but only if we are willing to accept a continued tension between life and learning. What finally appalled the country about the published transcripts is the total absence of any such tension in the remarks of the President and his advisors.

But neither are generalized declarations of high principle enough. Living problems cannot be solved with formulas. I do not believe there is any absolute truth or even any absolute ideal of conduct. Nor do I believe that virtue is its own reward; the only satisfying reward for effort is achievement which generally is a product of compromise. Certainly in government accommodation is essential; all we can ask is to achieve what is attainable, and clearly understand what we have failed to achieve.

I agree with the Jesuit priest who lives at the Watergate and works for Mr. Nixon, who said the other day that we don't want a saint in the White House. I think it's also a fact that we never had one there.

The Federal electoral process is not a New England town meeting, and the truth is that a New England town meeting never met the Athenian ideal. What is essential is to understand the tap roots of our society and to create social and governmental institutions that can be nurtured

"Some of you, I hope, will seek employment in public service, and to you I give special encouragement."

by these roots. No nation ever lived according to Plato's *Republic;* every nation can, however, profit from some of its teachings. The wise profit more.

Whoever sits in the Oval Office in the White House must wrestle with real problems that can't be answered by Platonic absolutes or Aristotelian rationality; how deal with a Mayor Daley? a Governor Wallace? a Jimmy Hoffa? a Major Calley? How cope with a Nasser? a Brezhnev? How should the Administration act after the Bay of Pigs? after the U-2 incident?

There are things in the Watergate papers which accord with the tactical processes in which all politicians must and do engage. The question is how do we prevent the classical ideal from sinking into life itself and being engulfed by it.

Abraham Lincoln, surely one of our greatest and most beloved Presidents, was also one of our most tactical politicians. How could so moral a man tolerate slavery? Yet Lincoln refused to end slavery, not because he believed in it but because of what he regarded as his larger responsibility—the preservation of the Union. The Emancipation Proclamation was tactically timed to weaken the South after the War began, not to serve justice or freedom.

Woodrow Wilson rejected the Lodge Reservations out of high principle and failed to secure Senate approval of the Versailles Treaty. What did he achieve?

John F. Kennedy made some horrendous judicial appointments in the South in order to secure the enact-

ment of the Civil Rights Acts by the Congress. Was he wrong?

Robert Hutchins is a man of the highest moral standards—so high that he could not relate those standards to necessary behavior. Many once saw Hutchins as a potential philosopher-king; unhappily, philosophy may have disabled him from being a king. One wonders whether Adlai Stevenson, too, would have been comfortable and effective making the often unpleasant, half-satisfying decisions that the wise exercise of political power requires.

There must, I believe, be a tension in the resolution of issues between learned principles and life requirements. A liberal education points the direction for action; only a larger wisdom enables effective action to be taken.

In 1951 Judge Learned Hand, a man whose integrity was respected by the entire nation, was invited to testify before the Senate Committee on Labor and Public Welfare. The subject, then as now, was the low state of public morals and what Congress could do about it. At one point Senator Fulbright, a member of the subcommittee, pressed Judge Hand to explain why the profession of politics had suffered so precipitious a decline in the esteem of the people. He first asked whether this had been true in the early days of the Republic. Here is Judge Hand's reply:

> "I just do not know. I do not know enough about history. We believe, and I think properly, that when the men who met in 1787 to make a Constitution made the best political document ever made, they did it very largely because they were great compromisers. Do not forget that. They did put in the Bill of Rights afterwards; but the thing that made it stick was that they were great compromisers as to the immediate issues which were before them."

What Judge Hand was saying, I think, is that greatness in politics (I think this is true in diplomacy as well) requires men not to draw too sharp a line; not to press for confrontation; to find ways, instead, to accommodate differences.

"Living problems cannot be solved with formulas."

My central concern today has been to suggest that wise action must be shaped by ideals. The recent record of action devoid of ideals, by men to whom we have entrusted the power of the State, has traumatized the country. But neither can a modern, democratic, industrial society —unlike perhaps the society of the Middle Ages in Europe —survive indifference, withdrawal or inaction allegedly to preserve the purity of ideals. The reality is that the worse things are, the more we have to do; we can affirm ourselves and test our ideals only in action.

A phrase from a speech by Justice Oliver Wendell Holmes lingers in my mind: "Man," he said, "is born a persistent idealist, for he is born to act. To act is to affirm the worth of an end, and to persist in affirming the worth of an end is to make an ideal."

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Two Writings in the Sand

by Michael Ossorgin

Santa Fe Baccalaureate Address

Members of the Class of 1974:

Eighteen years ago, when you were very, very young, and I was a freshman tutor in Annapolis, I heard an elder, wise tutor, a senior colleague, Mr. Simon Kaplan, say, "Deep down, our Western heritage grows from two living roots: a little Plato and a little Bible."

Through all my years at St. John's, I remembered what he said, and came to see what he meant, perhaps not exactly in the same places where he saw it himself. I shall share with you in speech what I caught a glimpse of in these eighteen years.

At the living roots of our heritage, I found the age-old enigma as to 'where we are, where we have been, and where we are ultimately going.' From these roots I found our ultimate horizon opening up at two particular look-outs, one in Athens and one in Jerusalem; and as it began to open up, I caught a glimpse of something serenely and quietly radiant with an imperishable radiance.

Be my guests in speech, as I am your guest at your service, your Baccalaureate service.

Now, with all the courage, tact, and humility I can muster, I shall face the enigma at our living roots, and the ultimate horizon opening from them, by glancing at two writings in the sand: one in Athens, and one in Jerusalem; or, one by Socrates in the *Meno*, in the episode with the slave boy, and one by Christ Jesus in the Temple in Jerusalem, when he is being tested on a point in the Law, in the case of the woman taken in adultery.

I must immediately remind myself and caution you that traditionally only kings and prophets were expected to face the age-old enigma and the ultimate horizon opening from it. This appears to have been their most characteristic preoccupation as public figures, as kings and prophets. It has not always been a popular preoccupation with the average citizens—witness Socrates' and Christ's deaths in their times, as common criminals against their political communities. Witness Lincoln's assassination in the times much closer to our own.

Yet their visions have persisted through generations and continue to do their work within our heritage, in our times, including our St. John's program, owing chiefly to three very simple reasons that have to do with the way we are or are capable of being, at our learning best. Let me try to identify these reasons for you.

First of all, I believe that we are capable at times of being summoned to face this radical enigma of the ages in our ongoing lives, as to where we are, where we have been, and where we are ultimately going.

Secondly, I believe that in facing this enigma we are both equipped and capable of proceeding by whatever paths are avilable to us, to whatever best points of lookout are available to us, from which to catch a glimpse for ourselves of our ultimate horizon opening up, and then, perhaps, at that precise moment discern 'Plato coming back,' as Whitehead puts it, or 'Christ coming back' as Dostoievski has it.

And finally, I believe that with these two abilities of ours fully engaged and realized, we discover a third one and its full realization: the ability truly to stand in wonder as we catch a glimpse of our ultimate horizon opening up before us, and disclosing an imperishable radiance within our heritage.

Without these three abilities of ours and of our predecessors, which I tried to identify, whatever their origin may be in us, without their full engagement and realization I do not see how on earth anyone can enter into full inheritance of his living heritage and pass it on to his children; I do not see how on earth what Socrates saw in Athens, what Christ saw in Jerusalem, what Lincoln saw in Gettysburg, could have lived in our tradition of learning, through generations of students and teachers.

And yet I know that when we are summoned to face the enigma in the midst of our ongoing life, we begin to rise to the level of the citizens in Athens and in Jerusalem, who, in their public life and on their public stages, were always cognizant of their kings and prophets, and were

always willing to learn from the confrontations and conversations between their kings and their prophets, whose job is was to keep in touch with their own destinies and those of their flock, and hence whose job it was to discern our common ultimate horizon.

We ourselves no longer seem to have kings and prophets in our public life, on our public stages, for they have been replaced by our best-selling stars and superstars, or various leading committees, and they are not of quite the same breed as kings and prophets of the old. Yet if we but carefully reread the Gettysburg Address, or our other founding scripts by our founding fathers, we see the same phenomenon occurring. They too, like kings and prophets of the old, came to face the age old enigma and to discern our common ultimate horizon.

Now I shall proceed to my first lookout in a prison cell in Athens at the end of the *Phaedo*. I don't arrive there emptyheaded, for on my way I found out a few things. The path I took is the one prescribed by Socrates to Glaucon and to all fit guardians, rulers, princes, kings, of good cities, the path of arithmetic, geometry, astronomy, and music. From the outset I come across a handful of findings:

First, I saw that I was deviating from the path of the poets and the historians who comprehend with the arts of the trivium our ever-changing temporal horizons within our ongoing lives. Instead, on the path of the quadrivium, I began to peer at the abiding aspects of this our common, visible, and tangible world, ever-present to our lives here in Santa Fe, and in Gettysburg, and in Athens, and in Jerusalem, and everywhere on this our earth, where the sun rises and sets, day follows night, seasons follow seasons, years follow years, man generates man, generations succeed generations without visible gaps, cities rise and fall, students enroll and graduate—all this under the grand processional of stars and planets that mark our times and seasons on this our earth in our ongoing life.

Still, with my quadrivial skills, like any student from the time of Pythagoras to our day, I had my doubts as to whether this ever-present visible and tangible universe of ours, where everything is countable, has magnitude, has bodies at a standstill and in motion, or finally, is motion, whether the world itself, and in its own right, independently from our skills, is truly mathematical.

My doubts were somewhat dispelled when I came across my next finding on this path, a Pythagorean Lyre. For here in the strings stretched on a frame, you have 'bodies' of a certain magnitude at a standstill. You strike them, and the strings, these bodies, are set in motion; their motion produces musical sounds and harmonies, and in producing these sounds, these vibrating strings literally begin to count in whole natural numbers in arithmetic progression 1, 2, 3, 4 . . . ; in counting, they literally begin to divide the magnitude, the length of the strings according to whole number ratio: 1:2, 2:3, 3:4 . . .; and according to a harmonic progression: 1, 1/2, 1/3, 1/4, 1/5 . . . . Here at the Lyre, the visible and tangible world speaks back to us, as it spoke to the Pythagoreans, in a full voice with each and every aspect it has, as considered separately and together in the sisterhood of the quadrivial disciplines.

Again at the Lyre, I come upon the next finding of abiding significance. Namely, when I take the simplest, the first, and the most harmonious of all intervals, the octave, and try to find its precise middle, where the octave is divided into two equal halves, into two equal, symmetrical intervals, I find nothing for the ears to hear, so to speak, and everything for the eyes to see, to see in a figure, in a geometrical figure, in a square. I find with the Pythagoreans in the middle of the octave the square root of two, and the universe at this point becomes speechless, loses its voice, its harmony, becomes voiceless, becomes squared away, as we might say, away from the Pythagorean Lyre, into a Pythagorean Script, in figures at a standstill, voiceless, speechless, motionless, but visible and intelligible, and eventually programmable into our computers.

It is here in the Pythagorean Script that something written takes precedence over something voiced, down to the letters of the alphabet that are visible to us on the pages of Euclidean geometry, next to points, lines, figures, solids. It's their position on the page to our eye that counts, not the sound that goes with them in the spoken word.

I picture the Pythagorean Script as executed according to three most elementary rules of writing which are all too familiar to us as the first three Euclidean postulates:

"To draw a straight line from any point to any point;"

"To produce a finite straight line continuously in a straight line;"

"To describe a circle with any center and distance."

At this point I begin to perceive Socrates in the *Meno* drawing squares in the sand with his finger for the slave boy to show Meno that the boy is truly capable of learning geometry through re-collection, or re-cognition. Ultimately it turns out to be a finding of abiding significance, namely, that the soul as given even to a slave boy has seen all, has perceived our common ultimate horizon, and is capable of orienting itself within it with deeply grasped geometrical principles and skills by starting to trace and measure distances and shapes of things, and drawing maps in answer to the question, the age-old enigma, where we are, where we have been, and where we are ultimately going. For the question 'where' is essentially a geometrical and astronomical question.

And it is here, at what I called the Pythagorean Script, that I find a distinction that Socrates makes in the *Republic*, a distinction between things written, and I repeat, written, not spoken, in small letters—deep in our souls, and in Big Letters—deep in our cities.

Both big and small letters begin to appear to me as the ruler or 'ruling principles' implied in the three Euclidean postulates, deeply imbedded in the souls even of slave

boys, and in our cities in the Big Book of the Laws and Constitutions of the land, in the hands of its *rulers*: kings, princes, guardians, custodians of its constitution and the propositions on which it is founded, like 'all men are created equal.' "Equal" is also the predicate of all propositions in the first four books of Euclid.

At this point, I observe Socrates in the *Meno*, after he has drawn squares for a small boy, a slave boy, beginning to talk to a big man, a public figure in the city Athens, to Anytus, the very man who eventually throws the Big Book at him, the Book written in Big Letters that ends Socrates' life of philosophical pursuits.

I am now at the threshold of the prison cell in Athens, in the *Phaedo*, to which I was going in the first place. And it is here on this threshold that for the first time I catch a glimpse of the awesome appearance of man as 'a truly rational and a truly political animal.'

I call him awesome, because he appears faceless and heartless (and bloodless), divested of precisely that which mostly manifests his humanity to our naked eyes, namely his face and his heart. For under the law of the land, we stand not so much with our feet, legs, arms, bodies, faces, or even hearts; we stand under the law mostly with our heads, counted as equal, discrete, and homogeneous units like units in arithmetic, without faces and without hearts, hence without blush, or tears, or smiles.

I call his appearance awesome also because, as a truly rational and political animal, he appears self-sufficient, godlike, empowered with the sovereign and awesome power of providing for himself like nobody's business, the lofty and proud master of his own destiny, dazzling in his arrogance and brilliance.

Finally, I call his appearance awesome because he reminds me a little of Cain who, in the Book of Genesis, is walking out of the presence of God with a mark on him left by God at his request for his preservation, a mark which I am ready to read as arithmetical 'one,' the origin of all arithmetical units; and then I see Cain on his own become the founder of the first city in the Bible, a prosperous city, where arts and crafts begin to flourish; and I begin to understand his prophetic words to God: "From Thy face I shall be hidden, and I shall be a fugitive and a wanderer on this earth."

Now I am ready to step into the prison cell in the *Phaedo* and to see beyond this awesome appearance of 'a truly rational and political animal' who bears a sign on his forehead of the original arithmetical 'one,' and I shall come into the presence of the man whose name is Socrates.

I am ready to catch a glimpse as to how Socrates has fulfilled the Pythagorean Script—from A to Ω, from the middle of the octave in the Pythagorean Lyre to the point of division at the Pythagorean Ruler, the division between the written letters, Big and small. Furthermore I am ready to say how he has fulfilled the Script from his head to his toe, at his heart, a complete philosopher in the Pythagorean sense, and a complete man in any sense of the word.

In the beginning of the *Phaedo* I notice that Socrates has been composing music, setting to music the words of Aesop and a hymn to Apollo, the god of light, the lyre, and the bow. I shall consider this his lyric song, his song at the lyre, the Pythagorean Lyre, his swan song, the swan song of philosophy to what is going on in our ongoing lives in our ever-changing horizons, divested of genuine philosophical pursuits.

At the end of the *Phaedo*, Socrates does what the Big Book in Big Letters thrown at him prescribed him to do: he drinks the cup of poison to end his sentenced life according to the prescribed sentence, keeping in touch with the ruling principles deeply embedded in the life of the city, his city of Athens. As the poison prescribed and taken voluntarily works its way from his feet to his heart, he keeps also in touch in speech with the twelve youths, with the ruling principles deeply embedded in their souls engaged on the course of studies, on the way to the wholeness of their and his philosophical lives and vision of our ultimate horizon.

Now I finally come to what is at his heart and at the heart of classical philosophy:

an image and a trust;
an icon and an act of faith,

(trust and faith translating the same Greek word πίστις which appears on the divided line in the *Republic*), I come to Socrates' own last and lasting image, Socrates' own last and lasting act of trust, his last testament to the twelve youths in his schooling, the cover on his face—his own icon, the eyes gazing upward—his own act of trust, made visible to them and to us.

The cover on his face, his mask, his irony: as transparent as the clearest pool of water, and as reflective and reflecting as the calm surface of the same clearest water in the same reflecting pool.

The cover, the blindfold on his face, is transparent to the blinded eyes it covers, eyes in a fixed, motionless upward gaze.

The cover reflects at the same time the very source that blinds the eyes from above the cover, the awesome, blinding rays of the invisible Good gazed at, at the last moment of a life committed to the love of learning in order to understand our ultimate horizon at the source of its illumination, to which he himself gives the name of the Good.

With blinded eyes, wide open, motionless, the mouth open wide, breathless, speechless, the heart, the whole man, his whole body at a standstill in the stillness of a geometrical solid, in the final act of trust of a lifetime committed to understanding, an icon in itself visible to all of the very fulfillment of the Pythagorean Script from A to Ω, from head to toe, written both in the Big and the small letters in the stillness of the whole man, at his heart at a standstill, at the center of his humanity made

visible and palpable to all.

Here I pause in wonder, as the ultimate horizon is opening up to philosophy treading in the footsteps of Socrates to his ultimate lookout point in the end of the *Phaedo*, and at the end of his life, as preserved to us in the writings of Plato.

Now from 'a little Plato' to 'a little Bible.' I take a very short cut. I shall proceed directly to the second writing in the sand by the one often addressed publicly as teacher by his contemporaries, whose name is Jesus, the name still often heard from our lips, when we feel strongly about something and at the same time feel free with our language.

I find this a remarkable phenomenon, namely, that we occasionally feel free to express what's in our hearts with his name. It seems to reveal, in spite of our intentions, that at heart we are not indifferent to him, but rather touched by him one way or another. And that I find as something to wonder at after all these centuries.

The writing in the sand takes place in Jerusalem, in the Temple that traces its origin to King Solomon. Matthew, the writer of the first gospel, also traces the genealogy of Jesus, his bloodline, to exactly the same source, King Solomon, without hesitating to spell it all out as follows: "David was the father of Solomon by the wife of Uriah," that is to say, by another man's wife, whose name is Bathsheba. I find this an astonishing prelude to Jesus being in this Temple in Jerusalem, as he faces one particular woman caught in adultery.

Now I am ready to consider the writing in the earth that he does with his finger in the Temple in Jerusalem, John, Chapter VIII, 1-11:

> "Jesus went to the Mount of Olives and early in the morning he came again into the temple, and all the people came unto Him and having sat down He was teaching them. And the scribes and Pharisees brought to him a woman taken in adultery, and when they had set her in the midst, they said to him, "Teacher, this woman was taken in the very act of committing adultery. Now Moses in the Law commanded us, that such should be stoned, but you, what do you say?" This they said tempting him, that they might have to accuse him. But Jesus, having stooped down, with his finger wrote on the ground. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said to them, "He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her." And again having stooped down he wrote on the ground. And they which heard it and by their own conscience being convicted, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest until the last; and Jesus was left alone and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself and saw none but the woman, he said to her: "Woman, where are your accusers? Has no man condemned you?" She said, "No man, Sir." And Jesus said to her, "Neither do I condemn you; go and sin no more."

Members of the Class of 1974, it appears to me that what Jesus was writing with his finger on the ground, on the piece of the promised land, of the Holy Land, were 'the two commandments' as he calls them, 'on which,' according to him, 'all the Law hangs and the Prophets also': 'the first and the greatest commandment,' and 'the second *like it*.' (Matthew 22:34 . . . , Mark 12:28 . . . , Luke 10:25 . . .)

When he stoops down the first time, he writes with his finger what appears to be the first of the two commandments:

> "Thou shalt love the lord thy God
> with all thy heart, and with all
> thy soul, and with all thy
> intelligence."

At this point the woman's accusers still persist with their questioning and testing him in the name of God and his servant Moses, who came down from the mountain into the desert wtih the stone tablets and the Law engraved on them. So Jesus, in keeping with the spirit of the first of the two commandments, says to them: "He that is without sin among you let him cast the first stone."

Then he stoops down again, for the second time, and writes what appears to be the second of the two commandments:

> "Thou shalt love thy neighbor
> as thyself."

At this point each man present begins to look into himself, and, each having looked into himself, they all leave, not as they came, for they came loudly and together, but they leave quietly and one by one, starting at the eldest and the wisest unto the last. Then Jesus, noticing that they are all gone, and that he is left alone with the woman, addresses her in the spirit of the two commandments, each illuminating the other at his heart: first he says, "Neither do I condemn you," and then, "Go and sin no more."

And so it appears that with his finger Jesus transposes the Law engraved in the tablets from the stone into the earth, the same earth on which he stooped down, on which the woman stood, on which the custodians of the Law of the Land, her accusers and his testers, stood, namely their common Holy Land in this their Holy Temple.

In doing so he leaves in their hands nothing but stones with which to stone the woman or him or both. And yet the custodians of the Law were able to look into themselves and read the Law as written deeply in their hearts before God, the giver of both their Land and their Law. Thus Jesus with his humanity has restored the woman and her accusers to their humanity, uplifting it gracefully to the Law before God, the Mosaic Law of the Holy Land on which he stoops down, writes, and rises, on which they all stand and walk.

At this point I catch a glimpse of a remarkable reversal within our ultimate horizon.

At my first lookout point *in the prison cell* in Athens, what I saw was stretched from the Lyre into the Script. What I see here at my second lookout point *in the Temple* in Jerusalem is stretched from the Script into the Lyre in the reverse order of abiding consequences. Before taking a look at the consequences, I notice that prison and temple are also two images, two radically different icons of the human body with a view to what is simply good: the first from Athens, the second from Jerusalem. And now to the consequences, of the reversal between the Script and the Lyre.

Jesus, by his own account, came to fulfill the Law and the Prophets. The Law, to begin with, is the Script engraved in the stone tablets, and the Lyre is in the hands of the Prophets composing, writing, and singing their songs before God, and recovering the spirit, or the breath, of the Law to the breath and the heartbeat of human life.

Already in the Book of Samuel we see bands of Prophets coming down from high places with lyres, or psalteries, in their hands. King David was especially skilled at the lyre or psaltery. By far the largest number of the Psalms in the Psalter is attributed to him, by the inscriptions that mark them in the Psalter, which is Israel's hymn book. Many of the Psalms carry the musical and the liturgical directions for their use in the worship in this Temple. King David is also credited with organizing this worship and the cantors.

Now in the story of Jesus, the woman, and her accusers, at the precise moment of humanity restored and gracefully uplifted to the Law in this Temple I see King David coming back with the Psalm 51—which bears this remarkable inscription for all times and for all generations:

> "To the choirmaster
> Psalm of David when the Prophet Nathan
> came to him because he had been with
> Bathsheba."

Likewise, when Jesus' own hour comes for which he came to fulfill the Law and to be crucified, he begins on the cross another song of King David's, Psalm 22:1,

> "My God, my God, why hast Thou
> forsaken me?"

In the end he alters Psalm 31:5,

> "Father, unto Thy hands
> I commend my spirit."

and with these words he breathes his last.

Thus it appears that where Jesus goes, in touch with his own destiny, fulfilling the Law, he recognizes in public that King David was there before him, with the lyre and the song, singing the way of his and his people's destiny before God as preserved and kept alive in the liturgical tradition of the Temple. And that's what I call 'Biblical recollection,' deeply embedded within our heritage, within our ultimate horizon.

I gave you a sample of such Biblical recollection in the simple case where two people, in touch with their respective destinies, meet and fully recognize each other even across generations or whatever else that might separate them within their common ultimate horizon. And when this happens, I see the stiffnecked, redblooded people becoming radiant with imperishable radiance—in their Temple, in their homes, in their schools, on their streets, in their ongoing lives: from the Script into the Lyre.

And from this point of lookout in the Temple in Jerusalem, I perceive in the prison cell in Athens something similar occurring, something I failed to see when I first got there: Socrates and the jailer *recognizing* each other and saying to those around, what a good man the other is.

Members of the Class of 1974, this is the end of my speech. With it I tried to uncover for you a touch of faith, a touch of holiness at the living roots of our heritage, in this place of your choosing, the Church of the Holy Faith. With the speech I also tried to point towards the imperishable radiance within our ultimate horizon, as I came to catch a glimpse of it. See for yourselves in your own ways, at your own lookouts.

And now, instead of the customary prayer, I should like to pass on to you another verse from the Book of Psalms:

> "This is the day that the Lord has made,
> let us be glad and rejoice in it." (Ps. 118:24)

Thank you.

Michael Ossorgin has been a member of the St. John's faculty since 1956, and has been a tutor in Santa Fe since 1966. He attended the Lycée Russe and the Conservatoire Russe à Paris, and holds the L.Th. degree from the Institut de Théologie Orthodoxe, Paris.

Franz Plunder

Franz Plunder, left, and students at work on a "Plunder" sailboat in the early 1940's.

Bregenz, Austria
23 April 1974

Franz Plunder, Artist-in-Residence at St. John's College from 1940 to 1944, died two months ago, on the day after his eighty-third birthday, in this small Austrian town where he was born. My wife and I are visiting his widow. I am writing this at a table in Franz's favorite coffee-house. Recollections of him become very vivid here. The woodwork of the booth where we are sitting might almost be his handwork.

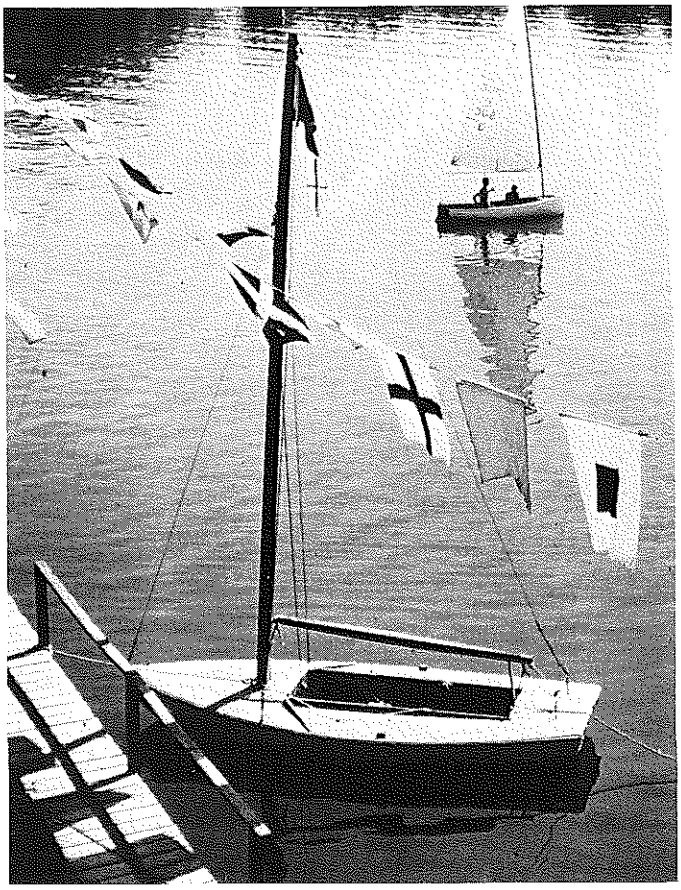
To those of us who knew Franz at St. John's it is hard to imagine him as an octogenarian. To us he seemed somehow timeless, from the first an heroic figure, a man, perhaps, of another age or another world and stronger than any of us. As Homer says of Odysseus, "A green old age was his." And it is chiefly as a latter-day Odysseus that we seem at first to remember him, the nearest incarnation of Odysseus we are ever likely to meet.

Franz first came to St. John's in 1940 as Artist-in-Residence to teach sculpture, but it was as a builder of boats and a sailor that he caught our imagination. My own first memory of him is of an evening in the King William Room when he showed us slides and told us the story of a boat with an unpronounceable name that he had built here on the Lake of Constance and sailed with his wife, Olga, down the Danube, through the Black Sea, and out among the Greek Islands on the Aegean.

Later we heard a doubtful legend about how with his own hands he had built a boat (with the same unpronounceable name) and, with three companions, had sailed across the Atlantic from Hamburg to New York. This legend turned out to be true, and so did others like it.

He came to us as Odysseus, but it was chiefly as Daedalus that he lived and worked with us. He had been trained in both sculpture and boat designing. He had practiced successfully in both of these fields in Europe and America. When he came to St. John's, the intention was that he should provide interested students with instruction in the fine arts as disciplines complementary to the liberal arts. This was the beginning, but Franz's own interest in boats and that of many students and tutors soon produced a shop in which he directed the building of many fine boats, both privately and for the College fleet. I once found later generations of students referring to the College boats as "the plunders" without guessing where this strange name had come from. The "plunders" have been replaced now by a fleet of dinghies, but there are many other reliques of Franz's handwork on the Annapolis campus, chiefly the fine walnut study tables on which thirty years of student papers have been written, and the octagonal table in the Coffee Shop which has been the focus and catalyst of conversations beyond numbering. Objects like these that combine beauty with strength and usefulness have a peculiar dignity that reflects the spirit of their maker, and these pieces might bear the motto the old builders used, "F.P. *me fecit*."

by William A. Darkey



A "Plunder" at the college pier.

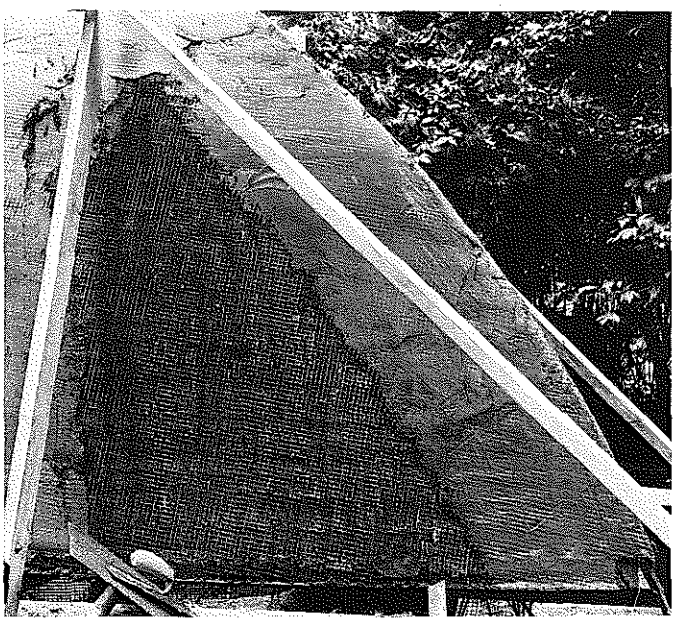
But the figure of Daedalus, the builder, is not really adequate for recalling Franz. Odysseus is certainly better. Like Odysseus, Franz hated war and things military from the bottom of his soul, yet he too was forced by the necessity of his time to become a soldier in two world wars, first as a young man with the Austrian army in 1914, and again in 1944 when he left St. John's to serve with the United States Military Intelligence against the Nazis who had overrun his homeland. He and Olga finally returned to Bregenz to stay in 1957. There Franz built another boat, the tenth and last of that same unpronounceable name, and they sailed her daily on the Lake. And he made a few last works of sculpture.

Franz seemed to us, when we were students, to be above all a romantic adventurer. Sooner or later, though, we discovered that, like all adventurers worth our interest—like Odysseus, for instance—he was also an adventurer of ideas, because adventure, after all, is the approach to the meaning of things, and requires the qualities of honesty and courage and resourcefulness and curiosity and thoughtfulness and humor and love of life that Franz possessed so fully. He was a gifted dreamer; therefore he also became a storyteller. In 1950 he wrote a novel in which he attempted to approach the meaning of his life as an artist in a world of wars. Again, quite at the end of his life, he had the courage and the curiosity to explore his lifetime in an autobiographical memoir which he published under the title, *Sowitasgoht*, the unpronounceable name of each of his ten boats, and Austrian dialect for "as far as it goes."

Thinking of Franz this week here in Bregenz it has become clear to me that all of us who knew him and worked with him and shared his friendship recognized without quite articulating it to ourselves that he had a relation to us much more important than that of the builder and the sailor. Quite simply, we knew directly that he was one of the great teachers who have passed through St. John's. This is why it is entirely fitting that the College remember him here at length and, as it were, officially.

Those of us who worked with him or for him building boats or tables, or who learned from him to sail or model clay or take an engine apart learned other and far more important things as well—though we learned these things too. It is not easy to say what those more important lessons were. We greatly admired him for his strength and honesty and courage, and his workmanlike love of beautiful things. His example and his teaching made us understand how strength and firmness can go with kindness and gentleness. And we tried hard to deserve his respect. These are signs of the great teacher Franz Plunder was.

William A. Darkey, a graduate of St. John's in the class of 1942, was dean of the College in Santa Fe from 1968 to 1973. Now a tutor on the western campus, Mr. Darkey has been on sabbatical leave this year.



Section of hull showing mesh and cement covering.

Plastering Day

by Ray & Abigail Williamson

"Sunday is plastering day. We start at 7:00 a.m. If you want to gain valuable experience in this critical phase of ferro-cement boat building, your pay for assisting will be $10.00 for the morning."

Kent Guida

We were only a few minutes late as we parked in the clearing, but already the sound of an unmuffled gasoline engine broke the early morning calm. Walking rapidly down the pine and holly shaded dirt road to Jake and Martha Bauer's back yard, we wondered what crucial steps we might have missed. As we approached we could see the ready-to-be-plastered hull on one side of the yard. It lay keel up, beneath the trees, looking like a great grounded whale. On the other side of the yard the cement mixing operation was being arranged. Only a few workers were on hand.

We found Jake Bauer and Kent Guida, partners in this new ferro-cement boat building venture, and exchanged information over the unmitigated racket of the cement mixer. Declining the $10.00 fee, we explained our self-appointed mission as photographer-documentarians. "Fine." No, we hadn't missed anything; many more people were expected; the plasterers were going to be late; there was time to poke around.

Of first interest, of course, was the hull—some 39 feet of shapely wire mesh. Ferro-cement boat building is a highly individual art. No two builders will adopt the same methods to cope with the risks and problems which the material presents. Jake and Kent had chosen to mold and support the steel and cement hull on a temporary wooden framework. The framework was composed of several sturdy frames, braced across the beam and secured to two "strongbacks," 3" x 12" beams, running the length of the hull. To the outside of the "station frames" were nailed 1" x 3" cedar planks running bow to stern with a one inch gap between them. The entire wooden frame was covered with builder's plastic stapled to the planking. This would insure a smooth interior surface as well as facilitate removal of the framework when the hull was completed.

The foundation of the hull itself began with three layers of ½" welded wire mesh which were stapled to the planking. Next, ¼" steel reinforcing rods were bent to shape and stapled down. Finally, 3 more layers of mesh were tied to the rods and a little judicious pounding was administered here and there to fair out the smooth, sleek lines. By this time about 800 man hours had gone into

Right after graduation in 1971, Kent Guida (B. A. 1971) and Jake Bauer, husband of Martha Bauer (B. A. 1973) formed a partnership to build ferro-cement boats. The first two years were typical of a fledgling craft business—long hours of hard work, frustration, set-backs and snail-like but steady progress. As they begin their fourth year, they each still put in backbreaking twelve-hour days, but they have the satisfaction of being the oldest ferro-cement boat building business in the United States. They have demonstrated to the boating community that they can build boats of high durability, beauty and quality, and their company, Ferro-Boat Builders, Inc. of Edgewater, Maryland, now has a comfortable backlog of orders and a bright future.

In the three years they have been in business, they have built 13 sailboats which range from 10 to 55 feet in length. Their most popular design so far is the 20 foot FLICKA, designed by Bruce Bingham for cruising. Gaff rigged, this small cutter boasts 6'1" headroom, berths for four, and a complete galley. They are now beginning work on their most ambitious project to date, a 94 foot Sambuk Dhow designed by Tom Colvin.

We had the pleasure of being on hand in October, 1971 to record the cement plastering of their first hull. This article is an account of that first plastering day. Their construction techniques have changed radically since then, so much so that it now takes a third of the time to plaster a much stronger hull, but the excitement of seeing a smooth hull emerge in a short time from a framework of reinforcing rod and wire is still a major part of the fun on "plastering day."

the seating of the hull. And now she stood ready for plastering, a one day make-or-break effort.

The weather was perfect for plastering. The sky was overcast, the air was moist and the temperature was in the 60's. (Had it been hotter, or colder, or dryer or sunny, the mortar might have set up too quickly, too soon after application. This would have resulted in uneven curing in the initial stages, causing a weaker "sectioned" effect instead of the "solid-unit" construction desired.) If the men and machines were as favorably disposed as the weather today, by nightfall we should have produced an extraordinarily strong hull, the beginnings of a graceful Tahiti ketch.

By 8:30 a.m. all of the plasterers had arrived and the first batch of cement was being tested for consistency. Without a doubt, this step is the most critical because the quality of the mix is basic to every ensuing operation. Every ingredient must be carefully weighed to insure the proper balance. First the exact amount of water is poured into the mixer; too much and the mortar would flow, too little and it would not penetrate the mesh thoroughly. Then come the additives: chromic oxide to reduce galvanic action, pozzolan (fly ash) to increase the percentage of fine aggregates in the mix and aid workability, and last, pozzolith, a black oily substance, to reduce the amount of water needed. Finally, a fine grade of sand and Portland cement are added and the mixer is run for the proper length of time.

The first batch of mortar being of the right consistency, the plasterers began on the gunwales and worked upward toward the keel. They applied the cement by constant troweling, while men inside the hull pushed electric vibrators against the framework. The vibrations help the cement to penetrate the six layers of wire mesh and force air pockets to surface and break. The men inside the hull are able to watch the mortar fill the spaces between the rods and mesh through the one inch gaps between the cedar planking. If they see an area that needs more cement, they push stiff wires through the mesh, thereby signaling the exact spot to the plasterers above.

Except for the plasterers, most of the friends and hired help were new to ferro-cement techniques, so it took awhile for them to master the necessary skills. After about an hour, however, the entire crew had developed a working rhythm which was both beautiful to watch and highly efficient. The cement was kept in constant flow from mixer to wheelbarrow, from wheelbarrow to hod carrier, from hod carrier to trowel, from trowel to hull and then down into and through countless holes and crannies of the wire mesh. As the rhythm continued, there was a slight tendency for the tempo to increase among the transporting crew, but Kent and Jake saw to it that the pace remained leisurely enough not to rush the coordination of the plasterers and vibrator-observers. The cement wouldn't set for several hours, there was no need to hurry.

By 10:00 a.m. the plasterers had finished one side of the keel and had started down that side of the hull. At about 10:30 a.m., the rhythm began to disintegrate rapidly, as when you drop a crumb into a line of marching ants. People stopped working and began to talk. A bad batch—too much water. They dumped out the bad mortar, scraped, washed and dried the mixer. Jake's wife, Martha, brought coffee around. A new batch was mixed, tested and accepted. Back to work. Twenty minutes gone, followed by ten more slow ones before the rhythm was re-established.

Batch mixers and plasterers at work on 39-foot hull.

During the delay and conversation on the bad batch we met many of the participants—a very diverse group of men and women. Many were building their own boats, or planned to, and were here for the experience. Others were friends who had watched the boat come up from the beginning and were here to help on the great day. Mr. Bert Thoms, an Annapolis Tutor who has quite a bit of boat building experience, was running the cement mixer. (He confessed that they had probably not emptied out all the wash-out water between batches—hence the excess.) Wives and girlfriends ran errands and sifted sand. Others of us stood back out of the way, gossiping, kibbitzing, taking pictures and lending other invaluable assistance.

There seemed to be as many building techniques as there were people. One man, a naval architect, was building a pipe frame ferro-cement boat in his backyard. He had a stack of color snapshots which he exhibited, new-father fashion. A neighbor dropped in and stayed to lend a hand. He was building a "foam sandwich" fiberglass boat in his back yard and was highly skeptical of this cement operation. Bits and pieces of advice and commiseration floated among the tales of frustration and success. One could have written a minor handbook of "do's and don't's" if he had listened carefully enough.

The day progressed. Lunch was hardly noticeable as work continued smoothly down to the first gunwale. There were a few changes made in the transportation route and the plasterers began on the second side of the keel.

Having watched the outside process for some time (we marveled particularly at the skill of the plasterers) we ventured into the cramped space beneath the hull. A different world! Outside there was order and sense, a visible purpose and sequence. Inside was cacophony and chaos!

The 39′ x 11′ x 10′ space was crisscrossed by various beams and support members and was festooned with electric cords. The pounding of the vibrators echoed around the ever enclosing hull making communication impossible except by sign language. The six men inside related more to the unseen plasterers above than to their fellow inmates. Each man concentrated intently on his small portion of the hull. This mood of isolation stood in sharp contrast to the comraderie of the outside crew.

Flicka, a 20-foot gaff-rigged cutter, under sail.

All this gave the interior operation a strange, disconnected appearance. While we watched and photographed the dim interior, the plasterers and their interior co-workers worked down the second side of the hull. Gradually the natural daylight seeping through the gaps decreased and was replaced with the warm glow of incandescent lamps. By the time we re-emerged from beneath the hull most of the initial plastering was complete. It was now 2:00 p.m.

The task that remained was to smooth and finish the exterior surface—a time-consuming job for which experienced plasterers are necessary. The better the finish coat, the easier the last stages of fairing out the hull. All the wire mesh must be covered to prevent rust and any low spots must be filled in.

The unskilled laborers now had time to relax and join the rest of us who came to watch. A sense of real satisfaction filled us all. From a little distance the hull looked finished. Only Jake, Martha and Kent, who had gone through this process before, working for other boat builders, knew fully how many more hours of labor would be required that day before they could claim a rest.

It was now the job of the plasterers to apply a "skim coat" over the initial coat. This final layer of mortar is that which gives the boat its smooth, finished surface.

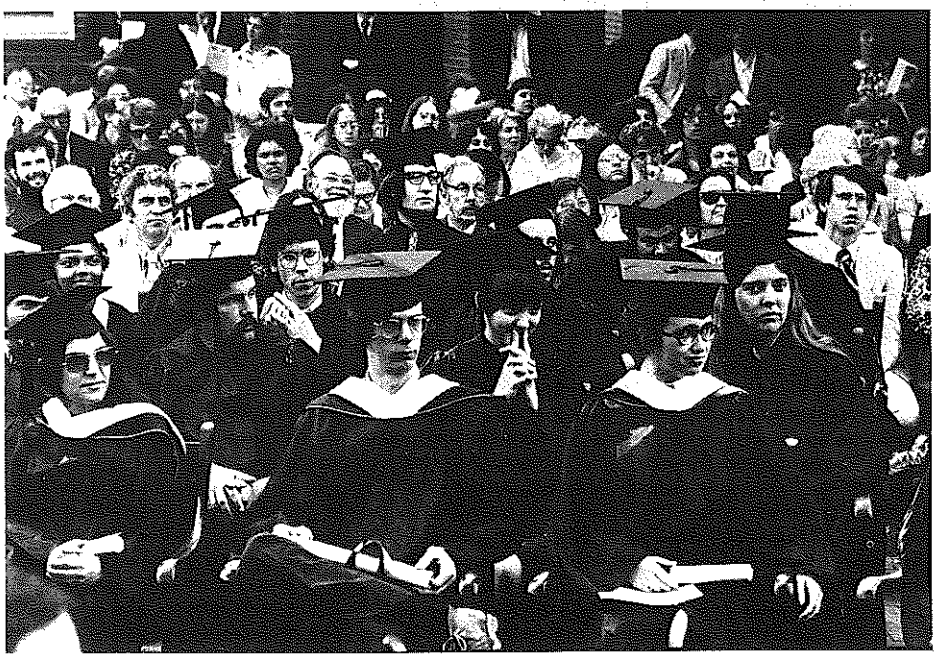
The job for which they had been hired now finished, and the big excitement over, most of the workers began to drift away. The cement mixer would be quiet for a long period while the skim coat was applied. We too had to leave for a few hours. While we were gone the surface would be floated—a process of rubbing the skim coat with a piece of wood to bring the rough particles of sand to the surface and allow the entrapped excess water to leach out. After the mortar was sufficiently hard, it would be troweled and smoothed to produce a hard finish.

When we returned shortly before dark, the plasterers were just getting into their cars to leave. Kent, Jake, Martha and several others were still working, spreading a large plastic tarpaulin over the hull. We helped them pull it tight and set up the steam generators under the hull. The "steam bath" would hasten the curing of the mortar and ensure a positive control over the temperature during the initial curing process. A fero-cement hull does not reach full strength for many months, but the initial cure is very important in reaching the ultimate strength such material is capable of. While they got the steam generators running, Kent Guida explained that they would raise the temperature of the hull by 30° or 40°F per hour and finally hold it at about 130°F for twelve hours. Then the steam generators would be cut off and the hull would be allowed to cool slowly to the temperature of the surrounding air. At that point the hull would have reached 95% of its maximum strength. For this particular hull, that would be between 12,000 and 13,000 lbs. per square inch.

When this last step was completed, Jake and Kent would be able to really relax. But for now, a full and satisfying day was about over. Although there was a long way to go before this hull could be completely outfitted and launched, they had successfully passed the test of this most important day. When we finally left, several hours after sunset, they were discussing their next contract for a 34 foot Colvin designed cruising ketch.

Abigail Williamson is studying for the M.S. degree in Social Work at the University of Maryland's School of Social Work and Community Planning. Her husband, a tutor and assistant dean in Annapolis, joined the St. John's faculty in 1969.

COMMENCEMENTS



Santa Fe Commencement

David Ginsburg, Washington, D. C., attorney and chairman of the Board of Visitors and Governors, addressed the seventh commencement on St. John's southwestern campus on Sunday, May 19. Twenty-seven seniors received the B.A. degree during the commencement ceremonies.

Magna Cum Laude: James Boyd Hamilton, Alejandro Medina, Steven Dahl Thomas.

Cum Laude: Roberta Anne Marie Faulhaber, David Fayon Gross, Thomas Brownlie Jelliffe, Elliot Marseille, Christina Lee Pierce.

Rite: Sally Robinson Bell, Virginia Ann Boyle, Janet Ruth Braziel, Lynne Canchester, Brian Walker Dineen, Larry Roscoe Dutton, Mary Margaret Geoghegan, Elizabeth Lateiner Goldwin, Catherine Anne Gordon, Deborah Lynn Hathaway, Jon Hoffman Hunner, Eleanor Adraine King, David Beveridge Maclaine, Paul Andrew McEncroe, Alex Sten Poulsen, Mary Jane Shoemaker, Stephen Arnold Slusher, Rachel Lynn Trueblood, Celia Margaret Yerger.

Awards and Prizes

During the Santa Fe Commencement exercises, the following prizes and other awards were presented:

Silver Medal from the Board of Visitors and Governors—David Fayon Gross. Thomas J. Watson Foundation Fellowship—David Fayon Gross. The Duane L. Peterson Scholarship—Boyd Cooke Pratt.

The Bromwell Ault Memorial Scholarships—Class of 1975: Mark Paul Habrel, Rani Irene Kalita, Boyd Cooke Pratt, Richard Martin Skaug, Jonathan Morgan Teague, William Ernest Unbehaun, Denis Yaro. Class of 1976: Christian Burks, Susan Lanier Gavahan, Gregory John Gillette, Michael Alan Gross, Glenda Kay Holladay, Bridgett Houston.

The St. John's College Community Scholarships—Class of 1975: Giselle Susanne Minoli and David Palmer Birnbaum. Class of 1976: Inger Birgitte Aarnas, John Francis Martinez, Mark Laird Copper, Betsy Innes Davenport, Matthew Gale Krane, Barbara Lynn Skaug. Class of 1977: Marlene Benjamin and Arlene Margie Blackwell.

The Senator Millard E. Tydings Memorial Prize for public speaking—James Boyd Hamilton and Alejandro Medina.

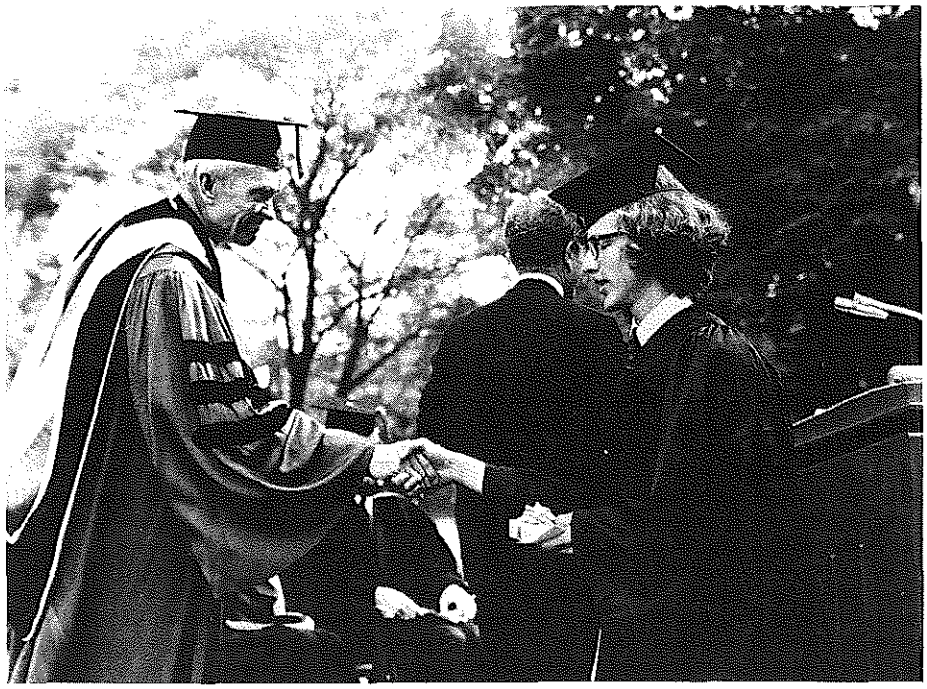
Best Senior Class Essay—James Boyd Hamilton. Best Junior Class Essay—Boyd Cooke Pratt. Best Sophomore Class Essay—Gregory Reinhold Winter. Best Freshman Class Essay—Mary Lisa Laucks and Jonathan Paul Tyman.

Best English poem—Russell Wayne Mayfield. Best English translation of a French poem—Russell Wayne Mayfield. Best musical composition—Matthew Gale Krane. Best junior-senior mathematics paper—Thomas J. Myers. Best freshman-sophomore mathematics paper—George Michael Filz. Best essay related to the laboratory program—Christian Burks.

Annapolis Commencement

At commencement exercises in Annapolis on May 26th, sixty-three seniors received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. Eight of these degrees were awarded *magna cum laude*, and 17 were *cum laude*.

Magna Cum Laude: Michael Adam Blaustein, Chester Winslow Burke, Bruce Michael Dolego, Michael Crerar



Chester W. Burke is congratulated by President Weigle after receiving the Silver Medal in Annapolis.

Jordan, Claire Zoë Kurs Kronsberg, Nelson Lund, Charles Curtis Post, Jeffrey Ivan Victoroff.

Cum Laude: Deborah Ruth Bowers, Roger Chapman Burk, Janet Lee Christhilf, Jonathan Miles Diggory, Thomas Joseph Dolan, Jr., Richard Allen Ferguson, Samuel Theodore Goldberg, Barbara Elizabeth Goyette, Gerard Thomas Kapolka, Antonio Luis Marino López, Philip Gary Mattera, Wilfred Mark McClay, Robert William Noble, Donnel O'Flynn, Michael Gary Parks, Deborah Jane Ross, Lee David Zlotoff.

Rite: Douglas Earl Anthony, Ileana Chrysanthy Basil, Robert Michael Benton, Erica Ferne Chaney, Donna Anne Demac, Diana Echeverría, Jack Morgan Ehn, Jr., Leslie Epstein, Jay Lester Gottlieb, Geoffrey Walton Harris, Donald Fisher Harrison, Jr., Charles Edward Heal, Paul Monroe Heylman, María Evelína Kayanan, Steven Leslie Key, Valerie Jean Kozel, James Scott LeVan, John Larkin Lincoln, V, Virginia Evelyn McKemie, Christine McNesby, Edward Doran Myers, Virginia Newlin, Susan Elizabeth Pigman, Patricia Margaret Pittis, Andrew Bartlett Reed, Eric Louis Rosenblatt, Jane Shaw Sheret, Lester Stephen Silver, Paul Emery Szabo, Wesley Makoto Uemura, Eric Vatikiotis-Bateson, Susan Amanda Vowels, Theodore George Wolff, George Arthur Wright, Karen Elizabeth Zimmer. As of the Class of 1972, Richard Alan O'Neill; as of the Class of 1971, Thomas Nelson Day; as of the Class of 1969, Barbara Rosalie Mordes.

Awards and Prizes

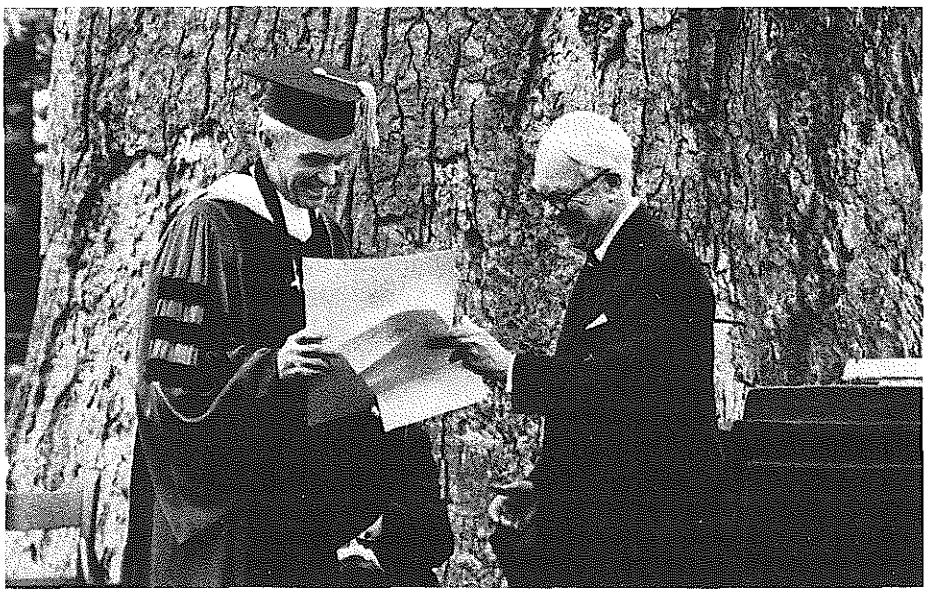
Silver Medal from the Board of Visitors and Governors—Chester Winslow Burke. The Duane L. Peterson scholarship of $1,250 to a Junior—Michael Gerard Dink. The Sen. Millard E. Tydings award for excellence in speaking—Robert William Noble.

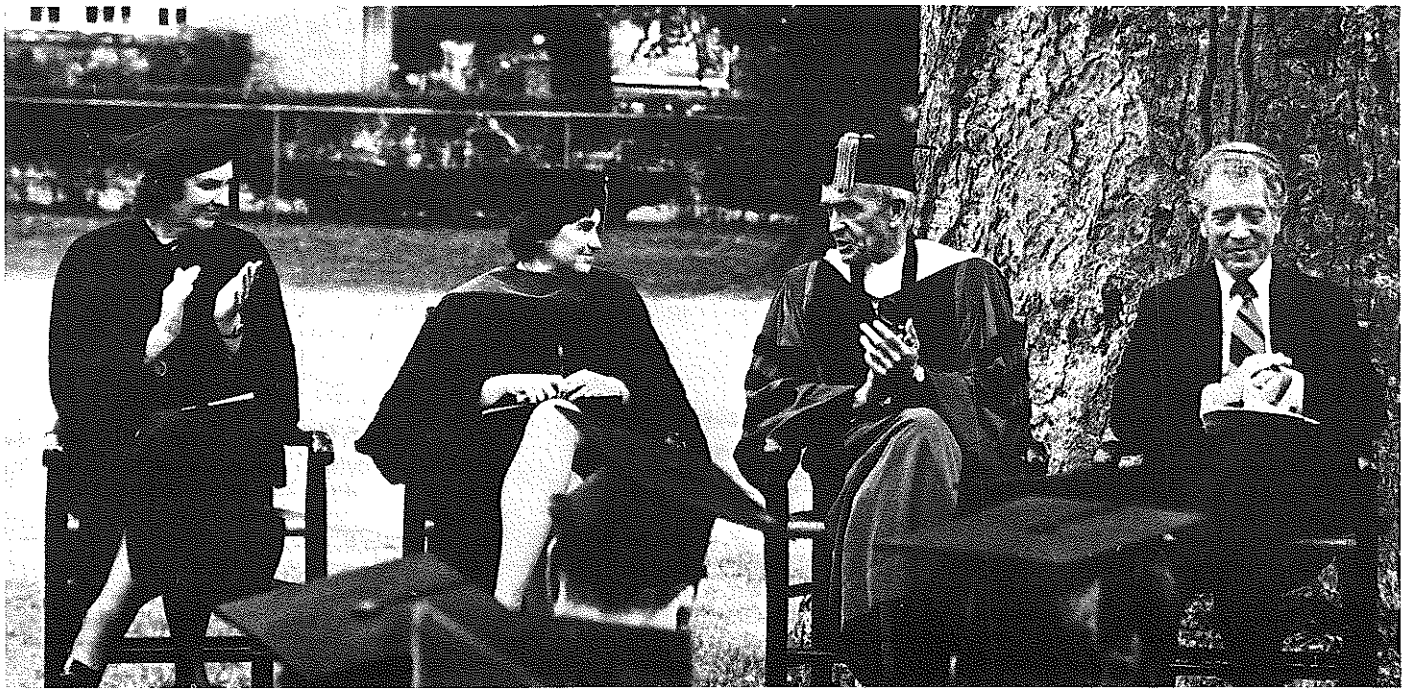
Best Senior essay—Antonio Luis Marino López. Best Junior essay—Peter T. Fox. Best Sophomore essay—Leslie Baker Graves. Best Freshman essay—Sara Maria Anastaplo.

Junior-Senior mathematics prize—Lester Stephen Silver. Freshman-Sophomore mathematics prize—William Martin Castner. Best Greek translation—Nelson Lund. Best French translation—James Scott LeVan. Best musical comment—Richard Davenport.

Scholarships of $1,000 each by the C. Markland Kelly, Jr., Memorial Foundation—Michael Gerard Dink, David Evan Clement, Vicki Louise Cass.

Dr. Thomas B. Turner presents scroll to President Weigle.





Registrar Lee Rinder, President Weigle, and Board chairman David Ginsburg applaud commencement speaker Eva Brann.

ALUMNI ACTIVITIES

Chapter News

New York Group

The high command of this group charged during the spring: Francis Mason '43, leader since the group's revival in 1968, has turned over the reins to Robert Thomas '63, while Lovejoy Reeves '67 has become vice president, Lowell Shindler '64 is the new secretary, and Steven Shore '68 is treasurer.

The Group is most anxious to hear from alumni moving to or from the New York area. This very active chapter of your Association plans a number of activities again this coming year, and wants to make sure everyone knows about them. Among these events will be a continuation of the popular seminar series. If you are new to town, or are planning to leave, call Lowell Shindler (office: 516/872-0011, home: 212/464-1722) or Steve Shore (home: 212/371-8067).

Annapolis

The Annapolis alumni—or at least 15-20 of them—have met monthly for lunch this past year. The format continues to appeal, and will be continued next year. Second Friday, September through May, 12 noon, in the Baldwin Room of Campbell Hall. Reservations are requested.

Award of Merit

Association President Bernard F. Gessner has issued a call for nominations of alumni to be considered for the 1974 Award of Merit.

First established in 1950, the Award was initially given to one alumnus each year. In 1970 the Association directors authorized an increase to not more than three awards each year. The awards are made at the discretion of the directors, and need not be made every year.

The award is made to an alumnus for "distinguished and meritorious service to the United States or to his native State or to St. John's College, or for outstanding achievement within his chosen field."

Confidential letters of nomination should be addressed to B. F. Gessner, c/o Alumni Office, St. John's College, Annapolis, Md. 21404, and should contain sufficient information about the nominee to permit thorough eval-

uation by the directors. Please mark the envelope AWARD.

Notice to Mariners

If you live in the New York City area and sailing is your 'thing,' you might be interested in an idea put forth by Steven Shore: a group of alumni chartering the 59-foot schooner "Nina" (1929 Queen's Cup winner), a grand old lady of the sea. On a week night, a 6:30 to midnight sail would cost about $20 a person, with you providing your own food and drink. If you are interested, call Steve at home, (212) 371-8067.

Everett W. Smith, Jr. '37 is inducted into the National Lacrosse Hall of Fame. Left to right: John C. Donohue '35, Smith's former teammate and coach; Everett Smith; Mrs. Smith; former Navy and St. John's lacrosse coach William H. (Dinty) Moore, III.

CLASS NOTES

1928

Louis L. Snyder continues to collect kudos for his scholarly and literary efforts; the latest was announced in April, one of the Anisfield Wolf Award prizes for his book, *The Dreyfus Case*. Professor Snyder this spring was also awarded a grant to participate in the Fulbright Exchange Program between the United States and Germany.

1935

David King Usher retired in March from The Kelly-Springfield Tire Company after a career of over 39 years. Since 1969 he has been director of training of the Cumberland, Md., firm, a subsidiary of The Goodyear Tire and Rubber Company.

1937

Dr. *Norval F. Kemp*, associate director, division of medical affairs, Perth Amboy (N.J.) General Hospital, has been designated governor-elect of the New Jersey region of the American College of Physicians.

1945

Another literary alumnus is *Robert L. Campbell*, author of *The Chasm: The Life and Death of a Great Experiment in Ghetto Education*. A writer for *Life* magazine from 1945 to 1957, Bob has most recently been concentrating on making documentary films. His new book is about two experimental school districts in New York City, one in Harlem, the other in the Ocean Hill-Brownsville district of Brooklyn. In his introduction to the book, author James Baldwin concludes: "The man who wrote this book is very honest, very loving, and his children are lucky: he must be a beautiful cat."

1955

Priscilla Bender Shore is currently serving as chairman of the Drawing Department and assistant dean of the Faculty at the Santa Barbara Art Institute, an independent accredited art school in Santa Barbara, Cal. Priscilla teaches drawing and painting, and has been exhibiting her own work.

1960

Sarah (Robinson) Munson reports that her family now includes three daughters, ages five, four, and one year, and that they now live in Arlington, Va.

1961

Harvey G. Alexander, III, head of his own film production company, is the founder of the Baltimore Film Festival.

1963

Donna (Parmalee) Bryant writes that she and *Harry*, with Adam and Alex, are now living in Crofton, Md. Harry works at the nearby Naval Research Center.

1964

William P. Banks, assistant professor of psychology at Pomona College, was awarded a $5,000 National Institutes of Mental Health grant for the 1973-74 academic year. Bill is doing research on how people perceive warm and cold temperatures. He has been a member of the Pomona faculty since 1969, has completed a year of post-doctoral study at the Institute of Human Learning, University of California, Berkeley, and recently returned to Pomona from a sabbatical leave at Stanford University.

1965

C. Grant Luckhardt received the Ph.D. degree in philosophy from Emory University in Atlanta last year.

1966

Robert E. Fields, Jr., who holds the Ph.D. degree from Cambridge University, is an inventor who set up his own company, BIO-LAB, Ltd., manufacturing inert chromatography equipment and fluid fittings. Bob plans to move his headquarters to Metuchen, N.J., while the British company will become an associate organization.

Carole (Picardo) Kelley and *Loren* '67 announced the birth in April of their second son, Glen Neil. On June 1 they moved from Italy to Rungis, France, where Loren is working for Digital Equipment France.

1967

This past May *Daniel O. Vona* attended a conference at the International School of Gravitation and Cosmology, Erice, Sicily. Dan is now a Ettore Majoranna Fellow, National Radio Astronomy Observatory, Greenbank.

1968

Thomas G. Keens (SF) has been awarded the degree of Doctor of Medicine and is currently assistant resident in pediatrics at Children's Hospital of Los Angeles.

TENTATIVE HOMECOMING SCHEDULE
1974

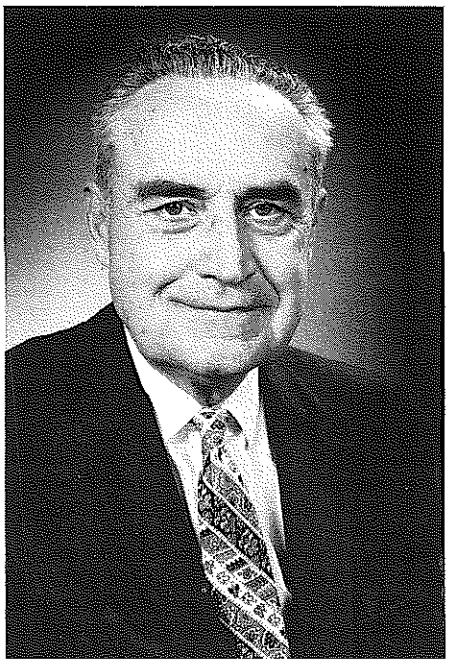
Friday, November 1:

Evening:	*Lecture,* followed by informal reception/get-together for alumni and invited guests.

Saturday, November 2:

9 a.m.-4 p.m.	*Registration,* lobby, Francis Scott Key Memorial.
10 a.m.-12 noon	*Alumni Seminars* (readings and rooms to be announced).
11 a.m.-12 noon	*Student Career Discussions,* Conversation Room. (Certain alumni will be invited to assist with this program.)
12 noon	*Luncheon* in Dining Hall with students.
1:30 p.m.	Alumni Association *Annual Meeting;* election of directors and officers; presentation of Awards of Merit; Conversation Room.
3 p.m.	*Athletics* on Back Campus; probably Alumni-Student Soccer Classic.
6-7:30 p.m.	*Cocktail Party,* Hilton Hotel; alumni and invited guests.
7:30 p.m.	*Homecoming Banquet* honoring President and Mrs. Richard D. Weigle—25th Anniversary.

Final schedule and reservation form will be mailed later in the summer.



David King Usher '35

Joseph Simonds (SF), a former Vietnam war protestor, is now an Israeli citizen-soldier with an artillery unit on the Golan Heights.

Frederick L. Wicks (SF) and *Hal Papps* (SF) are both students at the Zen Center in San Francisco. Rick urges that Eastern materials be considered for the St. John's curriculum. He thinks that Zen might be a vehicle for incorporating poetry into the broader philosophical and theological context of the curriculum. Rick has been accepted for a summer work scholarship at the Tassajara, the Zen center inland from Carmel.

1969

Joe P. Reynolds (SF), with wife Pam and son George, is concluding a year as the student intern minister for two small central North Carolina churches. On July 1 they were to return to Austin, Tex., for Joe's senior year at Austin Presbyterian Seminary.

Yeshe Tsomo (formerly Vicki Brown (SF)) is studying to be a Buddhist nun in the Tibetan tradition, and recently returned from her second trip to Nepal and India, where she had an audience with the Dalai Lama. She works as an editor of Buddhist texts for the Institute for Advanced Studies of World Religions while learning Chinese at Columbia University.

1970

Alexandra (Dane) Dor-Ner is living in Israel where her husband is a film maker for Israeli television. She graduated from the American College in Jerusalem in 1972 with a major in philosophy. Since that time she has been studying photography in Jerusalem. Her address is: Ein Karem B-59, Jerusalem, Israel; she invites any St. Johnnies visiting Israel to look her up.

1971

Perry J. Braunstein is teaching French and English to German-speaking people in Switzerland. He plans to study in Germany next year, then to take the German State examinations in order to teach in Freiburg, West Germany.

George F. Brown, Jr., (SF) is teaching music in the Basalt Public Schools in western Colorado.

Bruce Glaspel (SF) is now president of Worldwide Associates, Investment Counsel, at 235 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

1972

David Gilmore and his wife Ellen are living on Echo Lake in Mt. Desert, Me., where he is, to quote a recent card from Ellen, "happily employed as a carpenter."

1973

Roger Greene, after more than a year as an editorial assistant and then assistant editor at *Collier's Encyclopedia* in New York, plans to begin work toward an M.F.A. degree in film at the School of the Arts of Columbia University this September. Roger reports that he knows the doings of various other Johnnies, but, to avoid a public scandal, refuses to tell.

Elizabeth Unger is living at Koinonia, a religious retreat north of Baltimore, teaching pottery and running the office. She plans to attend Northeastern Law School in Boston in the fall.

In Memoriam

1909—Edward F. Carroll, Berkeley Springs, W. Va., July 24, 1973.

1917—Paul M. Chaney, Annapolis, Md., April 12, 1974.

1922—R. Ashford Finell, Richmond, Va., April 2, 1974.

1927—James R. Downs, South Londonderry, Vt., March 16, 1974.

1928—Dr. William H. Eisenbrandt, New York City, January 14, 1974.

1934—C. LeVerne Talmadge, 1969.

1937—E. Paul Mason, Jr., Baltimore, Md., May 14, 1974.

1937—Charles Schiff, Charleston, S.C., March 19, 1974.

1939—Ashley G. Ogden, Jr., Baltimore, Md., May 17, 1974.

1949—Andrew C. Dewing, Wellesley, Mass., March 23, 1974.

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