

THE  
NINETEEN FORTY-TWO  
YEARBOOK



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND



# *This Yearbook*

*A demonstration of the printed beauty  
and power of Vibratone - the  
most modern of the Graphic  
Arts processes*



Produced By  
H. G. ROEBUCK & SON  
119-121 West Mulberry Street  
Baltimore, Maryland



## F O R E W O R D

**A**T the beginning of this year, the staff of the *Yearbook* decided that it should be what its name implied—a book of the year. That is, it should be a record of events as they happened, not as they should have been; nor should it encroach upon the grounds of the college catalogue. The present format was the rather unique result of this conviction. It is more or less of a diary form, yet unfortunately lacking the oneness of character and the continuity which a real diary usually possesses.

There has been no strong editorial hand exercised in its creation. Perhaps the manifold moods of its many authors will rise from the pages and tell you something of the manifold moods of St. John's College during this past year. If they do, then perhaps you can someday feel again the happiness that you can recall having known, once upon a time . . .







St. John's College

# Yearbook

Annapolis, Md.

## Contents for Year 1942

Diary of the Year . . . . .	6
June Week . . . . .	30
Commencement . . . . .	32
Senior Class . . . . .	34
Undergraduates . . . . .	36
Faculty . . . . .	40
Addenda . . . . .	42

Editor: John Louis Hedeman; Business Manager and Director of Photography, Claude S. Leffel, Jr., Assignment Editor, Ollie Thompson, Jr.; Athletic Editor: Alexander Slafkosky; Staff members: Thomas Owings, Henry Mack, Vernon Smith, Herbert Stern, John Smedley, Eugene Blank, Thaddeus Prout, Adrian Mayer, Robert Hunter, Francis Mason, Jr;  
Special Photographers, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Irwin.

The Yearbook is published by the Junior Class of St. John's College: Stringfellow Barr, President; Scott Buchanan, Dean; Raymond Wilburn, Assistant to the Dean; James S. Martin, Assistant to the President; Kent Campbell, Treasurer; Seward and Mondé, C.P.A., Auditors; Miriam Strange, Registrar; Lulu V. Ebaugh, Librarian; Margaret Matthews, Assistant Librarian; Marian Alexander, Dietician; Dr. J. Oliver Purvis, College Physician; T. Lansdale Hill, Jr., Director of Athletics.

### BOARD OF VISITORS AND GOVERNORS

Chairman, Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General U. S. Public Health Service; Vice-Chairman, Francis Pickens Miller; Secretary, Richard F. Cleveland; Dr. Amos F. Hutchins; Mr. Edwin Warfield; Mr. Paul L. Banfield; Mr. Robert O. Bonnell; Dr. Robert M. Hutchins; Mr. Stringfellow Barr; Mr. Clarence W. Stryker, Mr. Colby M. Chester, Mr. Harold F. Linder, Dr. Scott Buchanan, Mr. Beardsley Ruml, Mr. Hervey Allen, Dr. William J. French, Mr. Henry F. Sturdy.





THE first and most extraordinary sight that greeted the returning natives to St. John's this year was the one of Pinkney and Randall Halls. In and out of them popped electricians, plumbers, carpenters and all their ilk, busily rehabilitating the two houses. Inevitably, the work had been delayed, and the Freshmen sat in

their single rooms (the most remarkable of Pinkney's new trimmings), but they were not alone. The spirit of progress pursued them, and day after day they memorized Greek to the sound of hammers, or bathed to the tune of electric planes. They did not complain, nor did their elders in Randall have cause to: their new home was almost complete; linoleum floors, new solid doors and two to a room was the order there; their main objection was the frequency with which complete strangers were ushered in to see the new paint and plaster, with only a "Pardon me," to show for it.



Twenty-two returning Seniors struggled through comprehensive examinations in language, mathematics and laboratory.

The Freshmen — all sixty-eight of them — have been puttering about the campus for a couple of days now, and the rest of the College has been surveying them with some interest. The usual formalities of registration have been carried out with customary lack of aplomb; the newcomers do not know where anything is. One of the Juniors has taken advantage of this — he either has misdirected those seeking knowledge, or asked them for directions; when, of course, they say they do not know, he accuses them of being "mean upper classmen!", and wanders off, hurt. The effect on the Freshmen is unknown. One new thing that they have gone through that the upper classes did not: little lectures by the heads of the various departments on the purposes of his branch of the curriculum; these talks were very well done by Messrs. Barr, Buchanan, Taliaferro, Comenetz, Kelly and Klein. The effect on the Freshmen is unknown. The traditional Freshman Smoker was converted this year into a seminar on student activities, after the various heads had given their respective briefs on their activities. Mr. Martin led the discussion and sought to discover some form or principle which guided the various groups: a principle compatible with the curriculum itself. During this pregnant hour the Freshmen sat and listened

with considerable quiet to their first seminar. The effect on the Freshmen is unknown. Every class is supposed to have a character of its own, and the rest of the school reserves judgement.

The School Session was formally begun on Sunday, October the fourth, with Convocation. President Barr made his customary address and the Freshmen signed the College Register. With the war as a threatening background, President Barr stressed the importance of the task facing the liberal artist today. Theoretically the formal opening of the School Year, it is to Freshmen that Convocation makes the greatest impression. They are inducted into a new community, perhaps the most self conscious group of would-be liberal artists in the world. With naive eagerness and confidence they begin their plunge into the seven liberal arts. Few of them will quickly forget the ominous address, President Barr's hot and flushed bowing, the awkward task of signing the Register and the heat. The upperclassmen are sure to remember the heat.





The new lecturer's rostrum in the Gymnasium was mounted by Dean Scott Buchanan on the night of October 10, and he forth-with lectured on "The Liberal Arts." To recount what he said is impossible; but this poem by Mark Van Doren was his text:

#### THE SEVEN SLEEPERS

The liberal arts lie eastward of this shore.  
Choppy the waves at first. Then the long swells  
And the being lost. Oh, centuries of salt  
Till the surf booms again, and comes more land.

Not even there, except that old men point  
At passes up the mountains. Over which,  
Oh, centuries of soil, with olive trees  
For twisted shade, and helicons for sound.

Then eastward seas, boned with peninsulas.  
Then orient, the islands; and at last,  
The cave, the seven sleepers. Who will rise  
And sing to you in numbers till you know

White magic. Which remember. Do you hear?  
Oh, universe of sand that you must cross,  
And animal the night. But do not rest.  
The centuries are stars, and stud the way.

The opening two weeks at a college are usually ones of pain and torture for Freshmen, who, in addition to orienting themselves to a new habitat, must undergo the ordeals that the whims of the upperclassmen dictate — but not at this college, and certainly not this year. The upper classes were torn asunder by their varying attitudes towards the thirty-year-old institution of making the Freshmen "shoot the cannon," and as a result could agree on no forms of hazing at all. These classes had all had the experience of dedicating themselves to the abolition of this inhuman form of sport, as Freshmen, and then continuing to foster it when they became Sophomores — all until the present Sophomore class, that is. They still felt that "hazing" was con-

trary to the principles that all free men should cherish, and as such, was a definite evil. The Juniors and Seniors, regretting the death of something they had come to know and respect, wondered naively what was evil in the nature of hazing. At a riotous meeting of the upperclassmen, all arguments resolved into the statement that hazing was not bad, provided some end could be discovered for it; but there the shoe pinched. The Sophomores expressed their belief that its proper function was the meeting of the newcomers and old boys on common terms of understanding; the others, that hazing was a symbol of the acceptance of the Freshmen into the old society, just as Convocation symbolizes their entrance into the curricular society. There was also talk of keeping a tradition because it was one; no talk of impressing new men with the power of the old. No agreement whatever could be reached in spite of eloquence that would have put Daniel Webster in his place, and there was even talk of a schism in the college; at all events, the cannon has seen its last shot fired.





Oct. 11  
to  
Oct. 23

And the College begins functioning normally and leisurely.



Money may be held in a fine contempt by the true philosopher, but even he will have to admit that it has the virtue of making things happen. After a successful season on the church steps, President Barr was able not only to remodel Pinkey and Randall Halls in a very satisfactory manner, but also to provide new furniture for the remaining dormitories.

Mr. Plunder, an old hand at the fine art of boat and furniture making, had spent the summer designing and building new desks and beds for all the dormitories—all out of

solid walnut. Within two weeks after the beginning of the school term, everyone had his new furniture. The desks when swept clean of all intellectual material made excellent bars. The beds were designed without head or foot and thus made excellent day beds; they gave as it were, a range of two-hundred and seventy degrees of attack.

The only black side to this cheerful picture was the fact that in Randall Hall, where they still placed two in a room, they placed double-decker beds. Now a double-decker bed may be a salutary thing for a scholar, but a gentleman wants no part of it. It is not necessary to go into the metaphysics behind this statement, for the argument is obvious to everyone. So it was only a matter of time until some worthy gentleman fell out of an upper berth. The student who fell was a sophomore, as might have been expected, but considering the soul-shaking awe of the event, the damage was slight.



This week was notable for the starts of the chorus and the Nabokov Symphony Orchestra. The former had its premiere taken up chiefly with the election of three officers; a president to circularise recalcitrant members with postcards, a secretary to collect, if possible, the sum of two dollars per annum from each member, and a librarian to look after the scores. However, time was found to read some *a capella* Bach, which was sung encouragingly, and upon conclusion a vociferous welcome was given to the courageous feminine section of the group, recruited from faculty families and the town in general.

The orchestra was composed of town, gown and Academy, and had previously met at a sketchy policy meeting. All hands got well into Haydn's Second Symphony before the evening



was over, and were heard by most of the college, of whom only a few were in the hall. With an eye toward a future concert, the group eagerly performed with various degrees of skill. Notable features were the lack of strings, and the excellence of brass, most of whom were from the Academy band, and one of whom was heard to remark: 'It's nice to play softly again', although those to windward of this gentlemen could not hear themselves think, much less play. The orchestra is the most welcome addition to the campus this year, and it is only to be hoped that the tremendous enthusiasm generated by their conductor will permeate to the members, as indeed it did this evening, throughout the year.

Both of these budding organizations are signs that the College is considering a different musical program this year. Instead of merely giving some rather involved laboratory exercises to the students, and letting all the played music in the College consist of six concerts a year and some "canned" music on records the whole college now listens to concerts about once a month, and is making far more music than it ever did. The apparent wisdom of this move is borne out by the number of listeners at the aforesaid rehearsal, and less demand for gramophone music in recorded concerts.



After two weeks of more or less agonizing doubt, the Seniors realized the fruits of three years of more or less hard work. For on the bulletin board in McDowell there appeared the list of those fortunate persons who had absorbed enough in three years to pass the enabling exams. Some of the Seniors had done some extensive worrying — one confessed to losing at least fourteen pounds — but as it turned out, most of it was unwarranted. All but three would be given degrees upon the successful completion of this year's work. The Seniors took the good news with decorous and austere calmness; no wild parties and glorious drunks. In fact they waited until the night of the Cotillion Board's first dance to celebrate with a mild party.

More visible interest was shown by the lower undergraduates and this was an interest not to be attributed to altruism. From his first day as a Freshman, the enabling exams loom as the great obstacle in the path of every St. Johnny, and, having formed his private opinion of the Senior class as to intelligence and ability through rumor, dinner table conversation, arguments on the athletic field and so on, he thinks himself able to calculate his own chances of success by knowing which Seniors made the grade and which did not. It is a simple process of analogy which anyone can do. Consequently, when the lower classman reads the list of eligible young Seniors, he immediately deduces that he will pass the exam with flying colors. And it logically follows that he need not study Ptolemy or Newton too assiduously, and so another dubious case is born.

whose instruction he will be held responsible. The athletic department seems to be confident that by teaching students the rudiments of the various sports before the actual seasons begin, a spirit of enthusiasm will be stirred up.

Blazers will be awarded in the same manner that they were awarded last year. This year, however, the blazers will be of a finer material, and will be emblazoned with a more attractive college insignia. Mr. Hill expressed hope of his bringing into existence a Blazer Club on St. John's campus. This group would function in a manner similar to the Collegiate Varsity Clubs. Besides bearing the tag of an honorary society the Blazer Club would perform the duties of a constructive criticism board. (There is always enough destructive criticism without such a board.)

In order to work the sports crescendo up to a mid-season climax a Sports Carnival is planned for February 7, 1942. The wrestling and boxing tournament finals will take place on this day. A basketball tussle between the Alumni and a selected student aggregation will top the affair. If, by chance, the squash and badminton tournaments will have progressed sufficiently their finals will also come off on this day.

The athletic director's hope for an increased student participation seems justified as one looks over the hardy group of newcomers who are adjusting themselves to the environs of our little campus. Our neophytes, having just passed through the wide open portals of our Academy, will soon realize (we hope) along



Our new athletic director, Mr. T. Lansdale Hill, embarking on his maiden voyage (would that it proves fruitful) showed great hope for large scale participation in athletics as he outlined his plans for the coming school year. He stressed the fact that the athletic department's main objective is to enable students to take part in whatever sports they want to. In order to foster this principal objective the athletic assistants, Messrs. Bauder, Brubeck, Dobrer, and Washburn will be on hand to lend their services as instructors in individual and team sports. In fact Mr. Hill has assigned each assistant a specific number of seminars for

with the older philosophers and sophists of St. John's the value of gymnastics. Surely Plato's Republic together with the whole Greek Tradition will foment a genuine go-to-it-iveness which will answer the athletic department's prayers. Perhaps even some of the more athletically unenergetic older members of our community will help instill this desired spirit of competition by their participation. Unless we give whole hearted co-operation to the athletic program Mr. Hill's youthful enthusiastic vigour and planning will turn out to be nothing more than a budding rose which never had a chance to blossom.



Oct. 24  
to  
Nov. 10

## A lot of people had intellectual awakenings during this period . . . Or did they?

In its usual manner the Cotillion Board took charge of the gym, opening the informal social season at St. John's with a Movie-Dance on Nov. 8.

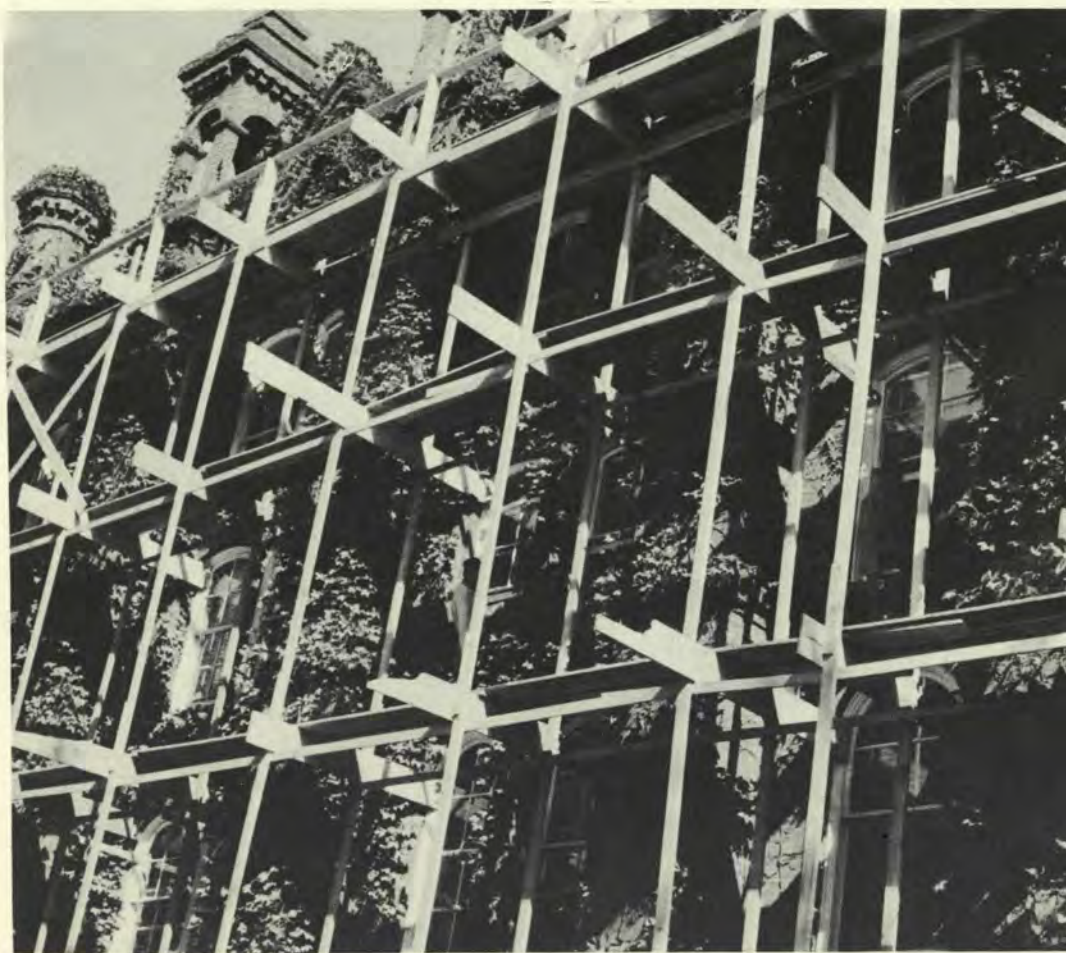
Tables were scattered, cafe style, about the gym. A movie, dance music recordings, and case of cokes supplied the entertainment. Little preparation was necessary for the occasion and less than a dozen Collegians bothered to bring drags.

Most had seen the movie, "Lives of a Bengal Lancer", which was once a million dollar spectacle. But when friction in the projector became too great, a sudden invasion of the screen by microscopic protozoans was a feature peculiar to the St. John's showing.

Dancing was slow to start, but an influx of feminine company soon brought with it a fierce tide of cutting in. Though not composed of the latest hits, the music was a good selection. The enjoyment was cut short at one, and all looked forward to the next Movie-Dance.

Rather mild excitement has been caused this week by the word spreading that the Variety Club is solemnly contemplating a show sometime in December. We have it on authority that Messrs. Hoyes, Mason, Waranch, Hedeman, Beisser, et al., have gathered in one spot long enough to discuss the title. It turned out to be "Rational Defense". With a title like that, at a time like this, almost anything can happen. Maybe it will. It did last year.

On Friday night, immediately after Mr. Barr's lecture, a beer party was held in the recreation room of Carroll-Paca House. The affair, sponsored by the Freshmen with the Sophomores as guests of honor, was proclaimed by the merry-makers, in between hiccougs and gurgles, to be a great success. This assertion was quickly proved by the rapidity with which both drinks and eats disappeared. The unfortunate guests who arrived late were doomed to disappointment. It was only a matter of minutes before all cans were emptied and the bottles drained. The outcome of this affair further strengthened the time-honored statement that St. Johnnies can hold their liquor as well as any one else.



Over the howls of protests coming from the more aesthetically minded brethen, the aspiring chimneys and pinnacles of Pinkney Hall were removed under the theory that in their state of decay, they menaced the life and limb of all who came below them.

### THE FRESHMEN MEET PLATO

And the rains of confusion fall upon them. Being wary, however, of their introduction to Homer a few wore their rubbers to seminar. The remainder, need it be said, were thoroughly wetted.

Willing to accept Plato's word as law, the Freshmen soon realized their individualism and emerged from the deluge wearing their own rational criticism as swimming trunks. But enveloped in their new found power of thought, too soon did they dash off in numerous vicious circles led by this wonderful joy of reasoning.

And there is precisely where we find the Freshmen; beings who were happy as a tool of Plato, are now splashing in confusion while exploring the corners of the circles they create. Why can't they realize they are happier now knowing the facts about Plato than when they assumed bliss in their ignorance?

Following the dialogues, a Freshman wonders when the time will come when he, too, can, as do the seminar leaders, read into them interpretations. He wants to know when he can say a hiccoug, or a character's lack of shoes, or the stroking of someone's head of hair is the answer to what's playing at the circle tonight.

Then ensues always the question of practicality of the dialogues. Is the insight developed able to serve as the discretion necessary in reading weather forecasts? — and do the analytic powers so sharpened make a coke last twice as long?





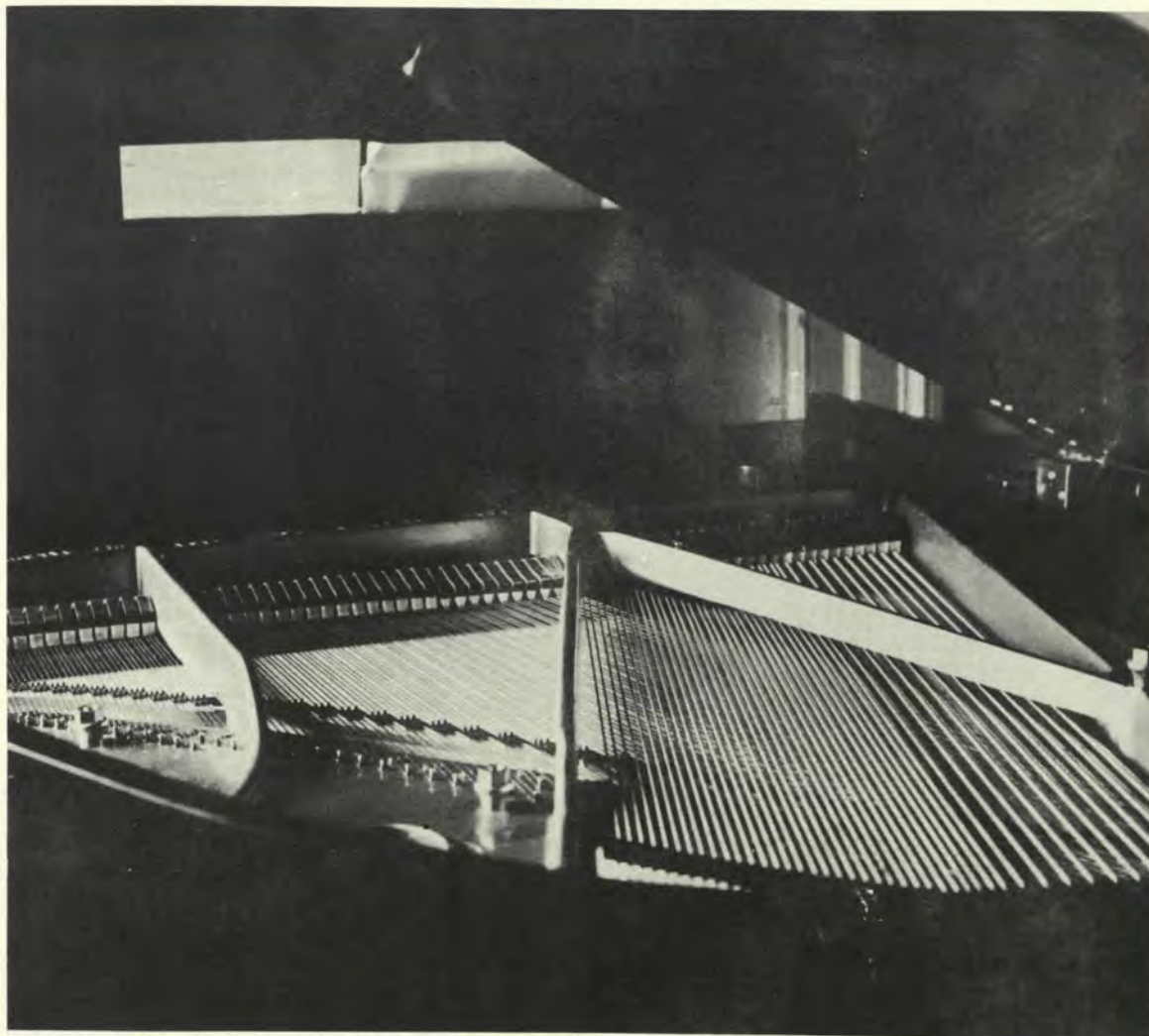
The night of Oct. 25 marked the beginning of the official social season at the College, as the Cotillion Board, under the chairmanship of Scott Abbott, gave its first dance. Iglehart Hall was magically transformed in one afternoon into a crepe-papered and punkin-hung ballroom, tuxes were removed from moth-balls, and the Baltimore *Modernairs* took to the bandstand to supply music. Ostensibly a run-of-the-mill dance, this one was notable for the Faculty turn-out, and the fact that the orchestra was good and able to play congas, which produced two of the wierdest dances that had ever been seen hereabouts, but that amused everyone. Worthy of mention also were the playing, inevitably, of Tschaiakowsky's Concerto in B Flat Minor, and the fact that the Modernairs, much to their credit, did not play *Daddy*.

Mr. Firkusny was the lecturer. Music was his theme and he spoke so feelingly about it that the cathedral-like tone of Bach, the impish, child-like Mozart, or the tearing, volcanic Beethoven, could be heard as sensibly as if they were playing in the gym. Ending the lecture with a turn to two modern composers, he captured the nocturnal mood of Debussy and the wild jollity of Stravinsky as deftly as he had presented the previous ones. He was sure of his subject and said what he wanted to say clearly and forcibly but not dogmatically.

In introducing the lecturer, Mr. Nabokov said something to the effect that music is intelligible and can be understood. And there is no doubt that if something is intelligible and is understood, there is a sense of enjoyment that goes with the understanding action. That feeling was prevalent almost as soon as the lecture began; even the musically illiterate, so to speak, found the hour and a half more alive and had more pleasure than they thought they would.

Opposition to the *Collegian* seems to have sprung up in considerable force lately, though no one can say why. Back in the dying days of the session that ended last June, the paper was reborn in its present form, with a couple of good theories to back it up. That group of persons who seemed to care about such things decided that the traditional style of campus news-organ, containing a minimum of news and maximum of good corny creative stuff, played no determinate role at St. John's. The campus was too small to produce much news, and any there was could be spread by word of mouth; the creative writing was uniformly bad. The basic necessity for a college paper here was evidenced in the college Calendar, which, mimeographed each week, did a good and necessary job. To put this out in printed form, adding only a brief comment on such coming events as required it, and adding a record of events of the past week, was deemed a sound, economical and utilitarian basis for any literary rashes that might break out. Some persons also felt that creative writing was only temporarily dormant

here, and might revive someday in the bosom of the new *Collegian*. Happy as such thoughts might have been, the poor *Collegian* has already seen its best days, the days when its comments on movies were fresh and spicy, when its wit extended to lecturers and dances and college meetings alike, and was appreciated. The reviews are now the subjects for extremely caustic comment; the policy of saying something about everything has categorized many an article as useless. Combined with the unending monotony of format, these things have made the college apathetic or antagonistic toward the *Collegian*. What is really the trouble, it has been suggested, is that this is a talking and not a writing campus. More than likely, both the anonymous editors and the few readers are tired.





Nov. 11  
to  
Dec. 7

Nearly everyone got outdoors as Indian Summer lingered on; but pity those poor unfortunates in lab!



Unlike the freshmen classes of the past two years the class of '45 has been well represented afield in both football and softball. Of all the Freshmen combinations Frosh gh has aroused special attention for their splendid play.

Despite the gameliness of the majority of our Freshmen the honors for Fall Sports were garnered by the Seniors and Soph ab. Both came through with unscathed schedules within their respective divisions in softball and football. In the play-offs the Seniors represented the Orange Division; the Sophs, the Black. It seems that the struggle for the athletic supremacy at St. John's is headed for another nip and tuck rivalry between the

Movies have always had a way of making those people who wish to waste time feel as though their time is not being wasted. The Cotillion Board discovered this sometime in the past several years, and has been making attempts ever since to convince students that they should waste Saturday nights in coming to its Movie Dances. It was a good idea; however, they made at least one mistake, namely, by admitting to the show those who come not to waste time, but to gain something from it. The Cotillion Board, with a special psychology of its own, was not interested in showing films from this latter point of view, and from this attitude, as efficient cause, stemmed the St. John's College Film Club.

It was on the fateful day of December 7 that the Film Club first put their new idea into action with the showing of the classical French film, *Carnival in Flanders*, in the Great Hall. After a material encouragement at this show, the organization cut the admission charge and moved to the larger space of Iglehart Hall. Under this arrangement they swung into full action with a program of ten major pictures of foreign production. Strangely enough they convinced the public that their movies were not of the time-wasting status, that they had education behind their entertainment, and they have shown themselves to be correct. One thing more has been proven: there is both life and hope among the intelligentsia. Speculation about the future of the Film Club has not been very wide-spread at all: it seems to have been accepted by everyone as a fixed institution.

Sophomores and the Seniors as it has been for the two years previous — Paca supplying the opposition in 1939-40, and the dauntless Soph AB's last year; for the present Soph ab team took the Seniors over the hurdles by an 18-4 count in softball, while the Seniors managed to eke out a 6-2 victory over their Black Division rivals in football. Whetstone pitching one of the finest games of the season limited the powerful Seniors to four safe blows, while his mates hammered away eighteen safeties.







The juniors were studying the blood system, via dead cats, which is a closed system in medical vernacular, (without a head it's open) and that is why they are now having a beer down at Jimmy the Greek's: to fill up the vacuity. Since they were not as good anatomists as Aristotle (so reads the lab sheet), who did not know what beer is, and who, and this is highly probable, never saw a cat since Greece didn't have any alleys, and that's where cats are born, since it was only with the coming of the Roman aqueducts that cats came to life, the juniors can rest on their own laurels.

Anyway, the year before as sophomores, they had cut up the rabbit, so a cat was just another rabbit, in a sense. With scissor and scalpel the skin was slit, getting a little entangled in the fur, pushed aside, and the arteries and veins were there — under the fat. Plucking and sniping, sniping and plucking . . . gently so as not to cut a vein or artery, and the system was uncovered. For five labs the cats lay on their backs without a murmur, not minding the embalming fluid, but the Juniors' noses were oh so softly tickled.



On November the twenty-third, Dean Buchanan discussed Herodotus with Mark Van Doren and Professor Nevins of Columbia University on "Invitation to Learning", radio's only approximation to the Seminar. During the discussion, most of the usual things were said about the History of Herodotus, including the problem of the long and frequent digressions that Herodotus so often makes. Mr. Van Doren suggested that for him at any rate, these digressions were the most interesting part of the History. Mr. Buchanan explained this apparent paradox by comparing the History to a Greek Tragedy, in which the theme, the real idea, is carried by the chorus. The action merely exemplifies this theme. Thus in Herodotus, the real thing being talked about is these digressions. The History Professor from Columbia never seemed to get the point. No one can understand OUR DEAN who is not familiar with the Greek Tragedies.

Question of the weekend: How many St. Johnnies in Manhattan contemplated sending the Dean a wire of the following sort: "Dear Deanie, Caught the wrong train for Baltimore. By mere chance have landed in New York. Will be home as soon as possible." Let the Dean's memorable statement be written in the blood of all those non-conformists who wandered onto foreign soil for the entire weekend: "The Governor of Maryland did not proclaim the Friday following Thanksgiving a legal holiday." The weekend abroad left highways littered with the bitter remains of St. Johnnies' holiday spirits.

Of those who remained tied to the apron strings of the Hundred Books: Only the corridors of the dorms were sprayed with the hulks of many a good man. The main choice seemed to be whether it was more enjoyable to talk turkey on foreign ground or more patriotic and justified to toss in a tutorial between the holiday and the weekend. Neither those who went to the Great White Way to see the lights or those who stayed to see the light were convinced their choice was the choice.

Precision timing seemed the key to a successful weekend of the fellows who caught the wrong train, for all too many of them bounced and staggered and drooled in between the 9.00 and the 9.05 bell that Monday morning.

The sophomore year is usually regarded among undergraduates as the most boring year of the New Program. It is heavy with theology and Sophomores are still of the modern world in spite of Plato and Aristotle. But there is one exception in the sophomore curriculum and that is astronomy. The story of the progress of astronomy, beginning with Ptolemy, is truly an exciting one. And so almost every sunny day before Christmas a few of the otherwise armchair astronomers may be seen back of Macdowell determining the altitude of the sun on a quadrant very similar to that used by Ptolemy two thousand years ago. This simple little device is calculated to instill within the student a healthy respect for those great scientists who discovered such great things.





Dec. 7  
to  
Dec. 19

This is it.

At the report of war Sunday, December 7, students crowded about a few radios to listen to the unbelievable news of Japan's spectacular attacks upon our far-flung possessions. For a day these patriots forgot college, proposing enlistments and imagining subsequent conflicts. But as this first excitement subsided, the thought of Congress declaring war lured many Freshmen away from their tutorials Monday. Back in time for a promising college meeting, most of the student body assembled in the Great Hall, expectant of pleas from the President and Dean to remain, until June at least.

Instead Mr. Barr told the group that it is only a very few that can ever take part in the adventurous tactics of a war, in which most were just then imagining themselves. In short, enlist or do your work here; but, strangely enough, perhaps your duty is here.

The Dean spoke to a much smaller audience, those who were conscientiously worried about the right and wrong of war, and he said that theirs would be a painful quest and that they would never be able to quite resolve it with the history of man.

But the President and Dean had both been through one war as students, and they seemed less worried about the rash heroism of students than with the relations of this community with the public. In wartime particularly, the aloof and seemingly careless attitude of a community such as St. John's irks the people in that larger community which surrounds it. It is therefore the problem of each student to adjust himself to those outside our walls.

For the most part, students, thinking things over, found that a year or even two or three in the army did not appeal to them and went back to their seminars to discuss these same problems, in the light of ages past.



The gala weekend of the Christmas Ball began with the Variety Club's presentation of "Rational Defense". The gymnasium was comfortably filled with faculty members, students and dates, town residents, a few representatives of our Army and Navy, and Mortimer Adler.

"Rational Defense," as last year's "That's Your Problem", was for the most part a satire on the faculty. This time it seems that part of the faculty are called to the Draft Board. Captain Strohmeier, with some timely advice from the Devil, forces the group into National Defense positions. In some obscure way Dean Buchanan is made head of the O. P. M. and Mr. Taliaferro is made head of S. P. A. B. These two Characters, greatly confused by Washington red-tape, are still only interested in St. John's College. Mr. Taliaferro, for example, is only concerned with securing three planetariums for the College. In the end Mr. Barr gets them released and they joyfully return to their boys. In the meantime, all sorts of wonderful things are hap-



pening. Songs are sung for no relevant reason at all, beautiful "girls" kick, stomp, grind, and dance to the delight of everyone, a town crier marches back and forth, there is an unexplainable Devil and an anaemic Angel, absurd radio communiques are made, and in the absence of the Dean, the College runs amok.

Not too well hung together, the Show did not compare with last year's production. The Choruses, however, showed distinct improvement, thanks in part to Glenn Fearnow's daring and colorful costumes. Worthy also of note was Lou Hedeman's physical representations of the Taliaferric mentality, Al Poppiti's devil, Francis Mason as Mr. Peebles, Russ Levering as a female, Jack Landau's settings, and the all-around stars, Jimmy Waranch and Adrian Mayer.

Unfortunately it seems that the Variety Club was deliberately pulling its punches. The Japs had succeeded in doing more than bombing Hell out of Pearl Harbor.

With the arrival of more and stiffer breezes off the Bay St. Johnnies moved their athletic contests indoors. Naturally basketball received most of the emphasis with badminton, squash,



boxing, and wrestling drawing their share. Basketball, more than any other sport, always seems to take hold of St. John's with a firm grip. A keener interest is usually the result of its introduction than is that of any other winter sport. This statement ought not to be limited to winter sports since in reality basketball receives much more participation than does any other sport. Perhaps this can be accounted for by the fact that less men are required to form a team.

Thus far most seminars have been represented in the hardwood tussles scheduled for the past two weeks. However, a few of our seminar groups suffer on account of a lackadaisicalness prevalent among so many of our ill-formed classmates. Any number of *poor* excuses are showered upon any enthusiastic group leader who endeavors to get a team together. Surely these excuse experts are the ones who can use exercise the most; yet, they look upon it as a waste of time.



On the Friday night of December the tenth, the members of the St. John's community gathered to hear an Aristotelian version of Plato's *Dialogues*. The word "Aristotelian" is significant here, as the lecture was given by Mortimer J. Adler of Chicago. Mr. Adler began by saying that there was nothing disgraceful in the fact that Aristotle knew more than Plato; after all, Plato was Aristotle's teacher and a good student always surpassed his teacher. After he had made it clear (by the above devious means), that Plato is to be best understood by applying to him the scientific method of Aristotle, Mr. Adler centered his attention on Plato's *Phaedrus*. The ordering of the goods, from pleasure to wisdom to the mixture and so on to God, was the main problem to be settled during the evening. Whether it was or not is left to each student. At any rate, the general impression seemed to be that Plato was a man who had done a very bad job on a subject that Aristotle had covered very clearly. To understand the delightful Platonic *Dialogues*, all one has to do is to rewrite them in the dry, hair-splitting manner of Aristotle. As usual Mr. Adler left his audience with a greater problem than he solved, and thus made a fitting introduction to his lectures to follow.

The Christmas Vesper service held at Iglehart Hall on Sunday afternoon, December 14, gave the St. John's Community Chorus an opportunity to demonstrate for the first time this year, their ability and progress under the direction of Mr. Nicholas Nabokov.

The group, composed of St. Johnnies and residents of Annapolis, was accompanied by a chamber group from the community orchestra, also directed by Mr. Nabokov.

Probably the best received of the selections offered was Francesco Rossello's *Adoramus Te*, rendered *a capella*. The swelling crescendo of this music never fails to thrill the listener. The feature of the service was the Cantata, *Nach dir, Her, verlanget mich*, a difficult piece of choral music by the immortal J. S. Bach. This was well presented, the outstanding difficulty being the absence of highly trained voices for the solo parts.

The remainder of the program included two Gregorian chants, *Magnificat*, and *Nunc Dimittis*, the choral, *From East to West*, also by Bach, *In Dulci Jubilo*, and *Adeste Fidelis*.

On December the thirteenth the Cotillion Board presented its annual Christmas Cotillion and it was, without qualifications, their best presentation this season.

Iglehart Hall was appropriately decorated to remind its occupants that Christmas was almost nigh. Red, white, and green streamers arched to form the ceiling decorations and an attractive Christmas tree, placed at the end of the hall opposing the orchestra, stood in silent splendor.

Those who came to dance their cares away to the strains of Tommy Rogers' orchestra consisted of a well represented student body, a few "locals", one Midshipman, and the chaperons Mrs. Lathrop, Mr. and Mrs. Gorman, and Mr. and Mrs. Kelly. The orchestra was well received and Tommy Rogers should certainly be slated to furnish the June Week music if he is only responsible for a quarter of the "good cheer" seen in the group. Also worth noting is that the general "lightness" which prevails at all the cotillions was even "lighter" at this one.

Vacation — and some impatient ones left a little early for reasons undivulged. But it came, as it was bound to come, and by rail, car, and bus we left for wherever we were going. Not all, however, some traveled by way of the thumb; and a few remained here to work, to study. But those who were going home intended to work, at least a little, for there was this to be caught up with and that to do — in a word, their intentions were good. And the intentions were still good when they came back, but as for work done, that is another story.

This one was different from previous ones though. The country at war, the twenty-year-old draft law passed, with these in mind quite a few felt that these two weeks should be enjoyable, that they would be. One was uncertain, but the present



was with us, at our disposal even if the future seemed too immanent. So we wished each other Merry Christmases and left. The days flew; the first day, again the usual schedule, the next, the next, and vacation existed only in bull sessions.

We forgot to wish each other a Happy New Year.



MISS CONSTANCE SULLIVAN dazzled the audience for the second concert of the year, capably assisted in performance if not in charm by Paul Meyer at the piano. The program featured songs by C. P. E. Bach, Schubert, Wolf, Hindemith, Debussy, Poulenc, Tchaikowsky, and Nabokov, bringing to a pleasant conclusion the first week of a new semester.



produced music hot and low, and followed the time-honored custom of stepping down during intermission, allowing their instruments to be used by the more enterprising dancers.

Mr. and Mrs. Nabokov and Mr. Martin chaperoned the dance as well as the Senior party before it. Although Mr. Nabokov's Austrian uniform was not compatible with the attire of his fellow merry-makers, Mr. Nabokov was certainly compatible with the students. A tricky European step which he demonstrated met with great approval.

Emerging from a rather odorous four-week period with the inner workings of the rabbit, the Sophomores again returned to the third floor of the laboratory and their first love, the drawing board. Two weeks of comic sections paved the way for perspective projection, a Taliaferro brainchild reaching a thrilling climax in:

1. a vast fusion of line, both pro- and con-, representing the magnificent rotunda of a temple surpassed by few in actual existence, or
2. a vast confusion of lines, representing the magnificent rotunda of a temple surpassed by few in actual existence.

Some years ago, Mr. Nabokov invented music for the choruses in Sophocles' "Oedipus Rex," and he has directed its presentation at at least one other college. Plans are underway to give it here, but can the following misprint in the *Collegian* be an omen?

Tuesday, Feb. 3.

8:00 P.M. Meeting—Cast of Dedipus Rex. Great Hall.

On the second Sunday evening of the new year forty people met in the King William Room of the library to hear Mr. Plunder speak in the first of a series of lecture and discussion meetings on the progress of the war.

From beneath the artistic portrait of the College's armored founder, the gray-headed sculptor recounted his life as a German warrior in 1914. He pictured vividly all the feelings of nervous excitement and disgust which the young soldier finds when first he faces death and kills men like himself. Few Freshmen had realized that the friendly-eyed Mr. Plunder was a former shock troop commander, awarded recognitions and medals many times for distinguished action with his men, once even for "successful action against orders." Even before he cut short his story in the Germany Army, his adventures seemed too many for anyone to live through and tell about.

Though Mr. Plunder spoke ostensibly to students as prospective soldiers, the group contained an equal portion of more elderly Annapolitans. Before the question period was over, enough queries and answering assertions of a debatable nature were made, that subject matter for weeks to come was assured.

On January the seventeenth the first dance of 1942 was held in Iglehart Hall and appropriately called the Rag-Picker's Dance. The new year may be theoretically only a bud, but theory is wrong as usual, for this is one of the new year's blossoms.

The Pickers were the usual group, but no one but an insider could have known it—the dancers were attired in everything from banners and red shirts down to license plates and pajamas. The orchestra was a new variety, consisting of four blacks who



At all events, Mr. Peebles continues to scurry about bearing the original Greek, and the chorus to rehearse. *Poor Richard* could doubtless add a moral to all this.

The defense course in radio began on February 3, 1942. Original enrollment was fifty members, but this figure is falling steadily. Under the supervision of C. R. Baumgartner classes of ten meet one afternoon or evening a week for a three-hour session allocated as follows:



Beginning with an hour of code practice, both sending and receiving, the students make use of a machine which automatically sends out code at variable speeds. For sending practice, booths have been set up with keys and oscillators installed. The second hour is occupied with a lecture on the theory of radio. This covers such things as: determination of amperage, voltage, and resistance by Ohm's Law; condenser action, inductance, vacuum tubes, etc. Practical work in construction, trouble-shooting and technique take up the remaining hour.

Forced to move from the Lawes House, their original location, the radio boys took refuge in a more or less primitive manner on the first floor of Humphrey's. The conditions found there were so primitive, in fact, that everyone grew discouraged, until the school administration informed them that a large space in one of the sheds under construction was ear-marked for the radio course.

Peace of mind restored by this welcome news, the boys are blissfully tapping out their dit-dah, dit-dah, hoping to qualify for their amateur licenses at an early date.

The official declarations of war by this country against the Axis nations served to arouse the motivating forces of the American people. Thus St. John's, being an American community within an American community, was moved to take active steps toward the fulfillment of its obligations for the preparedness of the nation.

Meeting with a discouraging lethargy and lack of cooperation from the local civilian defense organizations, the school was compelled to act upon its own initiative.

Dean Buchanan relegated to Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds Bulkeley, the task of organizing precautions against air raids. He lost no time in assigning a corps of air raid wardens and their assistants, and for issuing instructions for procedure in case of a raid alarm. At a college meeting in January, he gave in detail instructions for dealing with the latest war fad, the incendiary bomb.

With characteristic efficiency and awareness the administration installed courses in radio and first aid; purchased a plane for instruction in airplane repair work; and negotiated with Commander Weems for a course in his system of aerial aviation.

At this time serious consideration is being given to a plan whereby St. Johnnies would be put into uniforms, either as a unit of the State Guard, or a school uniform not associated with any armed force. According to Dean Buchanan, a certain amount of military discipline is absolutely essential to insure proper training with which to meet emergencies. The effect of either plan would be to give us an instinctive ability to perform the necessary tasks for prevention of panic in the community in case of an attack.



The title of the Progress of the War series talk on February 1 was *The Young Man's War*; and as such, the speakers were so many students who gave in so many words their dictums of and about the war. As Mr. Gorman said in the beginning, since we, the youngsters, comparatively speaking, the soldiers and soldiers to be, are as much involved and concerned in the war as the older generation, it is only fitting that we be heard.

The students, Lou Hedeman, Burt Armstrong and Claude Leffel then gave their talks. The first viewed and sought to understand the war through his reason, the second through his beliefs, the third through his individuality. The talk was good, heartening, leaving a feeling of well-being, awareness that we who are young have still blood and spirit despite the massive armies, the regimentation, the catastrophes that loom ahead. The ensuing discussion went off on several tangents, some slightly speculative; and the session ended on one of the latter themes. It was an enjoyable Sunday evening; a damn sight better than sitting in the stuffy Circle or Republic theatres.





The promised Sports Carnival finally appears, together with various other informalities.



WITH wrestling on the schedule this year, Home-Coming week-end had a strenuous beginning. First on the list was the 125 pound match between Alex Koukly and Al Ohta, won by the latter with an early fall. In the second match, lasting the full six minutes, Ernie Friess won over Vernon Smith by a decision. Stocky, 155 pound Earl Hendrickson had little trouble throwing Orsell Meredith in the next bout, which was followed by a four-minute overtime match between Johnny Owens and Burt Armstrong. Closely matched, both boys wrestled well, but the fight was awarded to Owens on points scored. Vernon Derr threw Frank Pumphrey in the unlimited class.

Leading off for the boxing tournament the next day was diminutive Alex Koukly, attempting once more to gain the 125 pound title from Champion Rod Whetstone. Showing greater endurance than his taller rival, Koukly succeeded in ousting the champ and winning the bout. With the 135 pound crown left open by ineligible champion Heinmuller, Herb Stern and Russ Levering resumed hostilities begun last year, with the latter, in an all-out attempt to avenge his last year's defeat, hitting hard and fast, to win by a technical knockout in the first round. In the 145 pound class Jimmy Raley nearly lost the title to hard, well-conditioned Carl Hammen in an evenly matched bout that saw Hammen lead the way until well in the second round. In the last round, how-

ever, Raley landed blows practically as he wished, to successfully retain the championship. Using his greater height to good advantage, John Eustice, winning by a decision, also kept his 155 pound laurels from falling into the hands of scrappy Earl Hendrickson. The next fight also saw a stubborn challenger fighting hard to gain the 165 pound title. Ed Cochran, hit repeatedly by more experienced Burt Armstrong, nevertheless gave the champion some close calls until the fight was discontinued in the third round and awarded to Armstrong by a technical knockout. Wrestlers Vernon Derr and Frank Pumphrey, the former at 190 pounds and the latter at 205, proved they could also box in the final bout of the day. Derr outpointed his rival to take the title.

In the evening an alumni basketball team, sparked by the brilliant playing of Gus Skordas, took on the St. Johnnies and proved they could still keep the youngsters in hand. Handicapped by the absence of Bauder and Jacobsen, the first team of St. John's, composed of Bob John, Steve Terry, Al Slafkosky, Ernie Heinmuller and Don Ruhl, was unable to score in the first quarter, and it wasn't until Ed Kramer sunk a basket for the second team that the Johnnies started to roll. Already, however, the score was piling up against them and, at the end of the first quarter, read: Alumni 12, St. John's 4. With Ohta and Hoffman sinking shots for St. John's, a closer score resulted in the second period, but the Alumni still lead at half time, 27-16. Harder fighting and closer guarding in the third period gave a slight edge to the students, bringing the score up to 34-26, in favor of the Alumni. The final period brought fast playing from both sides, with the trio of Skordas, Danny Hill and Nelson Shawn once more increasing the Alumni lead to make the final score 46-32. Lineup:

ST. JOHN'S 32		Hoffman	6
John	3	Brubeck	4
Terry	0	Kramer	4
Slafkosky	4	Dobreer	0
Heinmuller	2	Gallup	0
D. Ruhl	2	Ohta	7







ALUMNI 46		Shawn .....	9
		Tindall .....	2
Skordas .....	22	Vayne .....	2
W. Ruhl .....	0	Miller .....	0
Hill .....	10	Rowe .....	0

Following the basketball game, with just time to get dressed and perhaps attend a very exclusive party given by the Seniors, came the dance, with music by Gus Krometas and his Modernaires. All were enjoying themselves, one musically minded individual even going to the extent of breaking the snare drum during intermission to show his happiness. The age of chivalry also lived again: a certain gallant individual, having previously requested a friend to take care of his date while he attended to some other pressing business, decided he liked his own date better than the "pressing business". By this time, however, his friend was carrying on a pleasant courtship with the maiden in question, whereupon our knight challenged his rival to a duel, named the day and method of destruction, and departed with his beloved. In the thrilling duel which occurred later, no blood was drawn due to the inadequacy of modern methods, and the contest was finally settled verbally to the satisfaction of none concerned. Altogether, one of the best week-ends of the year was enjoyed by everyone.

One of the many purges directed against the *Collegian* during its intermittent life finally was subdued by the determination of the *Collegian* to survive regardless of Hell, high water, or

lack of print. The latest attack having been directed against the content of the articles constituting the weekly publishings, brought with it the connotations of reorganization to give birth to a publication similar to the *Trivium* of a few years late.

This former publication consisted mostly of creative writing varying widely and interesting in origin. So was to be the *Collegian's* fate. The entirety of the conflict was essential in the misconception of the student body: that this was not the purpose of the *Collegian*, but that it was mainly a weekly program ad lib of the college doings.

Realizing this to be the fundamental issue, the staff made clear the purpose of their brain child and so diverted criticisms to constructive participation from the student body. Instead of those articles judged to be of inferior production, the *Collegian* now constitutes what totals to be a college calendar, a few articles of superior quality to the editors' minds, and free scratch paper to every member of the student body.

After weekly announcements in college meetings for two months on what the college had not been able to do for defense, a first aid course for students was announced in January.

Dr. French, the district health supervisor, told a packed group of 35 in one of McDowell's smaller classrooms that they were not going to learn how to give transfusions or set broken legs, but how to be efficient nurses' aids. This was somewhat disconcerting, but 20 of the group continued to attend the first aid classes three times weekly.



REPLACING the usual Friday night lecture, the Schola Cantorum of New York, on March 6, 1942, presented at St. John's, a variety of selections in the way of polyphonic music.

Those members of the cantorum who visited the college were a representative group of about eighty members. The full cantorum numbers several hundred.

Publicity to the effect that this group was ranked very highly in its field served to render the performances of several of the numbers a little disappointing, appearing to fall short of a high expectation.

Good training and a great deal of experience were manifest from the time Mr. Hugh Ross, director, took the stand.

A trio of Spanish songs following the opening Star Spangled Banner, left a somewhat disillusioned listener trying to convince himself that this was *the* Schola Cantorum. His perplexity was set at ease somewhat by J. S. Bach's *Jesu Meine Freude*, which with the popularity of Bach at the college, made itself welcome.

Anticipation was at a high for the portions of the C Minor Mass by Mozart. This Mass has quite a history, having lain undiscovered for 120 years after its composition.

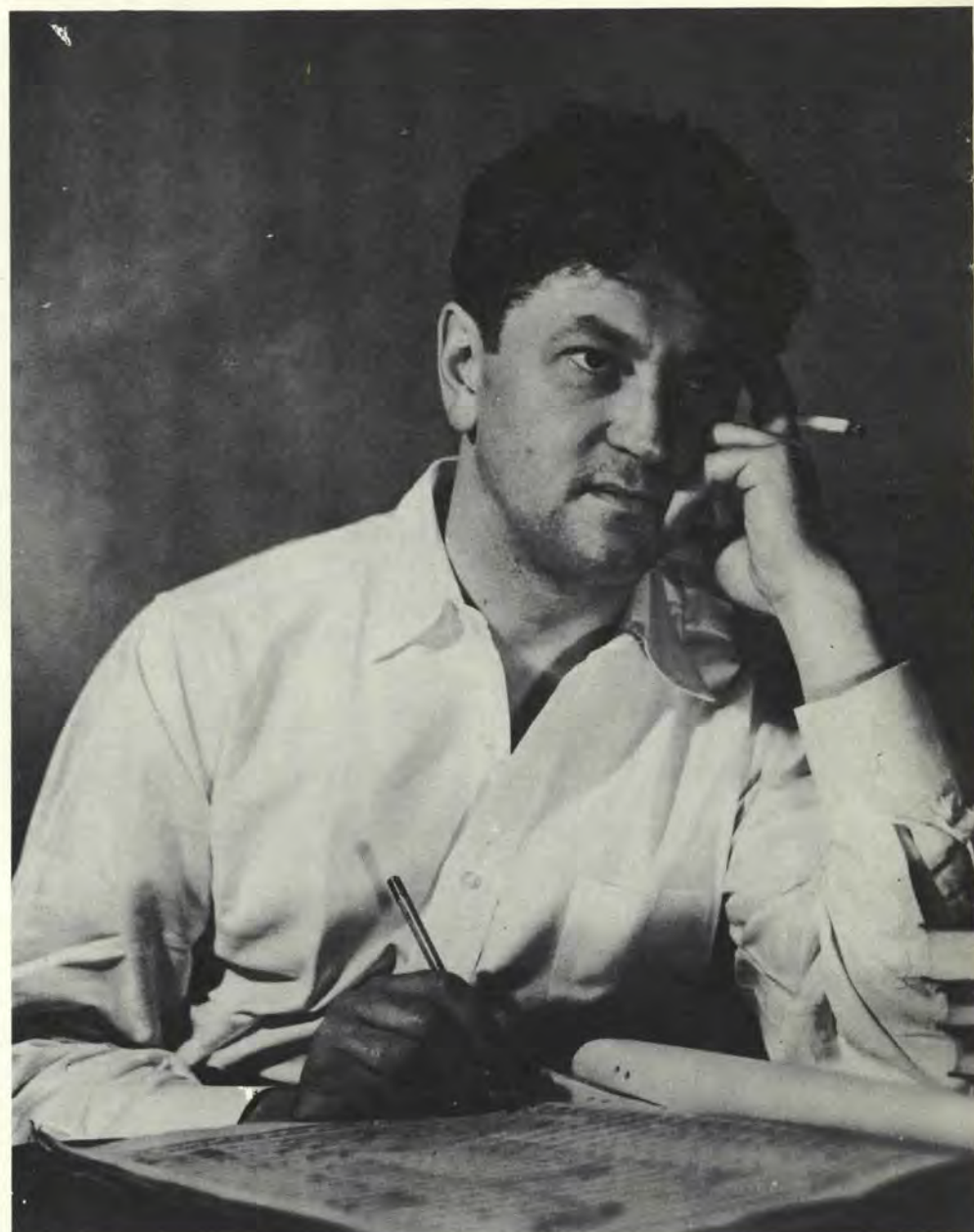
A short preparatory talk by Mr. Ross served to increase this interest by his contagious enthusiasm over the evident perfection of the progression and composition of this music. The Credo of this group was particularly good.

As the final number of the evening the cantorum vindicated itself magnificently with the coronation scene from Mousorgsky's, *Boris Godounov*.

The clashing contrast of the music instantly seized the audience and held them for the entire number. Robert Micholson as Boris was an immediate success. So well received was this offering that by dint of violent applause the cantorum was prevailed upon to repeat the last and the listener was left with a feeling that the Schola Cantorum is indeed a fine group.



"The Russians have done it again." Nicolas Nabokov, who has traced his way from the steppes of Russia to the steps of McDowell, acting as the director of music for St. John's, has done the impossible. Working with a mixture of Academicians, Annapolitans and St. Johnnies, he has produced the amazing amalgam that is the St. John's Com-



munity Orchestra. For the first time in many, many long dry years, the quiet old town on the banks of the Severn heard music, good music, capably directed and played, music that was not canned. And they loved it.

The quality of the orchestra was no accident. For untold tiring hours they had labored at rehearsals under the perspiring and unceasing directions of Mr. Nabokov. When, on March 1, the night of the concert, they launched into Haydn's Symphony No. 2 in D, they did so with a calm, powerful feeling: they had been through and through these waters before, and their pilot took them through safely again, perspiring, coaxing, wheeling, demanding and obtaining from his crew things hitherto undreamed of. Only T. S. Eliot could describe the concert itself—all we can do is cheer.





The ab seminars seem to be destined in basketball. Last year soph ab won; this year, junior ab. The two teams were not wholly the same, though, Al Slafkosky and Herb Stern being the only two left from last year's team. Junior ab defeated a combined team of Junior cd and Soph gh for the championship.

The players and their respective scorings, in a game which was hotly contested and about evenly matched, were as follows:

JUNIOR CD-SOPH GH		JUNIOR AB	
Brubeck	9	Slafkosky	10
Derr	3	Usilton	8
Ruhl	7	Kramer	9
Weber	0	Stern	3
Sasscer	0	Hedeman	0
Armstrong	3	Baltzell	2
O. Thompson	2	Abbott	0

Half time score: 18-9; final score, 32-24.

Short summary of the season leading up to the final game: Athletic Director Danny Hill had divided the teams into two leagues, the Orange and Black; two rounds were to be played, winning teams in each round to determine who was to be eligible for the decisive playoff. The Orange league's final game was between Frosh cd and Junior cd-Soph gh, but not until the Seniors, after winning the first round, momentarily withdrew their teams for manifold unknown reasons. The game was a nip and tuck affair ending with a score of 27-25. A final second shot by Danny Hill which rolled around the basket, rolled around the basket, rolled off the basket would have given the frosh another chance in overtime had it been made. Frosh cd had nominally won in the Orange league with the withdrawal of the Seniors, but they chose to fight it out anyway, and lost gamely.

The Black league's playoff was contested by Junior ab and Soph ab. The Juniors had won the first round, being undefeated; the Sophomores took the second, after beating the Juniors. The Juniors won the playoff in this league, 45-22.

The first five individual high-scorers for the season are: Al Slafkosky, Junior ab, 193; Orv Usilton, Junior ab, 190; Bob John, Frosh ef, 188; West Gallup, Frosh gh, 160; Steve Terry, Frosh gh, 155.



Most of the student body have been wondering what and when something will develop from the tree slashing and expansive digging and filling operations between the boathouse and the railroad bridge.

In June depredations of the college grounds will be continued as the sod is lifted from the playing field, and transferred to a new playing field by the creek for us next fall.

This is the beginning of an extended project which will triple the athletic playing space. A five foot sea wall will divide the new playing field from the water line. Running from St. John's Street to King George Street a terrace four feet lower than the present field will be graded and extended to the sycamores.





THE day of March 24th was a pleasant one; it had rained the day before, and persons on their way to the Gymnasium for the concert were aware of small puddles here and there that showed signs of drying up instead of freezing, as the first hints of a Spring sun became evident. Cars with more than one window down drove up before the building and the first comers appeared on the scene. Little groups formed and stood about, talking and smoking, idling the moments before Natalie Bodanya (Mrs. William Gorman) would sing her first concert for the College and townsfolk. The new photographers for the Year-book bustled about technically, preparing the ground for imminent picture-taking efforts. Five o'clock came around, and the audience grew more rapidly; Mr. Nabokov pattered about, there was moment of silence, and out stepped the artist, followed by her accompanist. The concert began.

It was, to say the least, unusual. Miss Bodanya had been running about the campus for three years,



being very jolly and un-Operatic. A small creature, very much alive and intense, she had created thereby a skeptical feeling on campus: there were those who thought she would be won-



derful, those who expected the worst; there were no neutrals. They were all wrong.

The program opened with an old Italian song called, quaintly enough, *Se tu m'ami*. Like most of the songs which followed, it had a quiet, mellow tone to it, ideal for the singer. It also had an immediate effect. That part of the audience which had been pessimistic, was partially converted; the optimists were happy, and the townsfolk were pleased. An old dowager who had scornfully put down her opera-glass after a first look raised it again and almost smiled; the students stopped smiling and listened. The program went on, with the substitution of two Irish songs; those who knew the ancestry of her husband laughed at that, too. One brittle moment: between two little songs at the end the bells in town began signalling six o'clock and caused a tense flurry of excitement as the spectators wondered if Miss Bodanya would compete, get angry or what. Instead she smiled and whispered, almost, that it was either the bells or her and she would wait: the silence was profound as the bells finished pealing. It had been a charmed afternoon, a light one, and the audience wandered away after the encore, amazed that so much melody could come from one so small. That part of the audience which had its roots in the College also had the coming dance on their minds.

The dance—it was called the Easter



Cotillion—was also a howling success. The ratio of stags to drags was lower than usual, which contributed something; the bunting that hung about the Gymnasium—getting a work-out today—was ordinary but cheerful; the punch was a little worse than usual,



AFTER THE CONCERT, Natalie Bodanya became her usual self again, as this amply proves. But she didn't hit anyone.



but no one was drinking punch. It may have been because Spring is best sensed at a dance, but there was a gaiety about the evening that, although it presaged a few hangovers, seemed also to promise that the hangovers would not be bad. As was customary, the orchestra fumbled through a conga; than which, as someone remarked, nothing is whicker. However, the entertainment was completed when Natalie wandered into the Naval Academy and seized Lawrence Tibbett by the arm, leading him back to Iglehart Hall. He took a few good looks about and proceeded to dance with every girl in sight. The intermission was passed in the Coffee Shop, as the picture shows, with Mr. Tibbett trying mightily to squelch one of the campus communists by tell-



ing what Russia was really like; but that, of course, has never yet stopped an avid Marxian. Then back to the rondelays. The various and sundry dates were jus' thrilled to *teahs*, Mr. Tibbett, and life was swell. Then unfortunately, the orchestra leader, perhaps remembering the instruments that had been damaged during intermission by over-anxious student-musicians, called Mr. T. up to the microphone and asked him to sing. If there was anything in this world that he did *not* want to do at that point it was sing; but Mr. T., with the audience completely on his side, tried to laugh off the whole thing with a few cracks about unions (which made his communist friend angry) and contracts, managing to escape; the dancers then returned to unreality. And so passed the official part of the evening's entertainment.

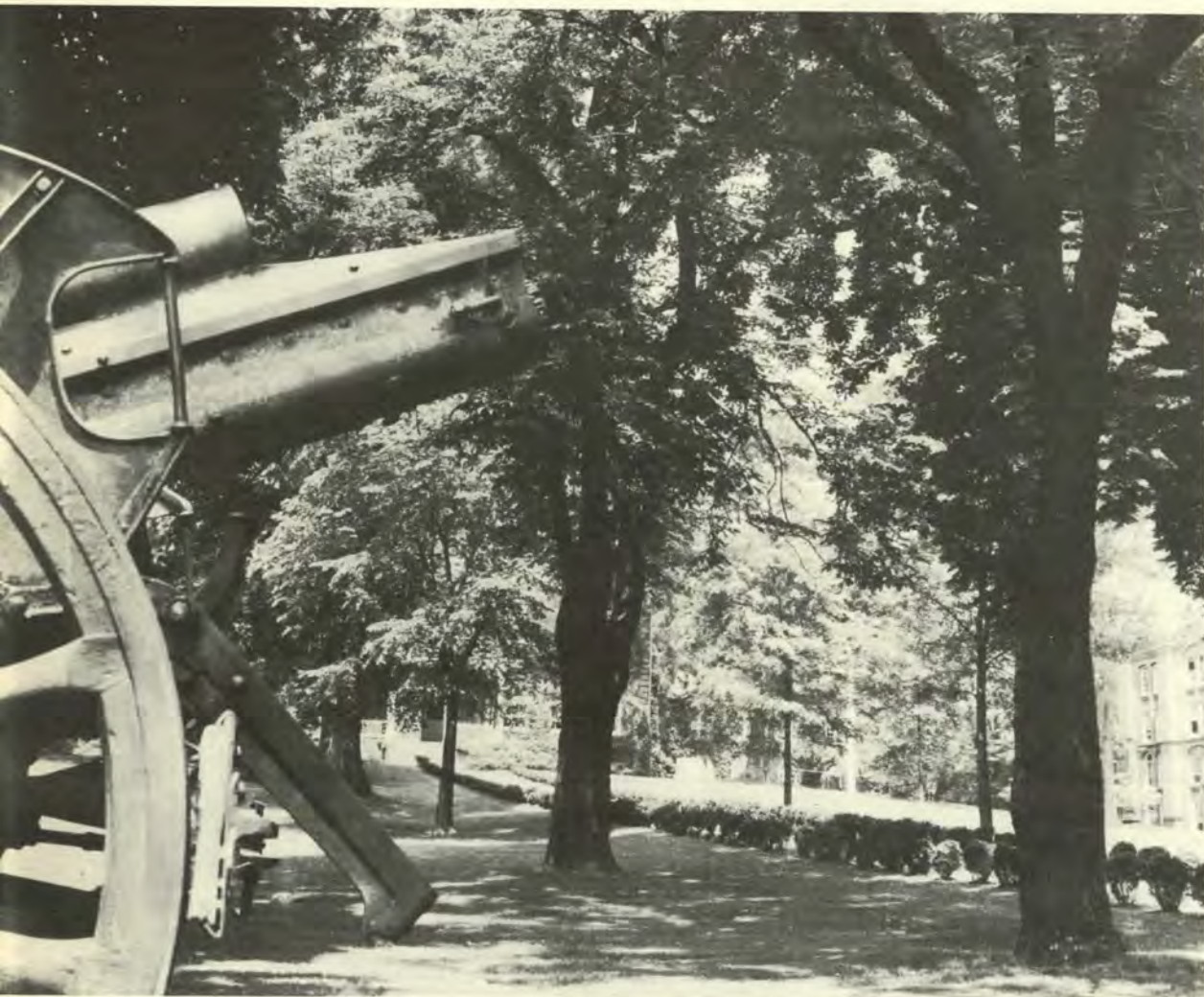
But all was not over. For when dawn poked a first ginger finger over the Eastern horizon and St. Johnnies crawled from between their sheets to greet a new day, a few of them had no sheets to crawl from: they had been standing in the local clink for four hours, charged by the local constabulary with disorderly conduct. All those who heard what had happened disagreed, but that had no influence on the inexorable progress of justice. All but one were later released, freed of guilt, and now the week-end has faded into memory. St. Augustine to the contrary notwithstanding, it is a gay one.

It is also worth recording that the Sunday night which climaxed the week-end was the occasion for a talk in Progress of the War meeting by Colonel Betts of the Army Intelligence Service, and that his talk did much to relieve various and sundry hangovers left from Pearl Harbor.



Mar. 31  
to  
May 8

The war has finally caught up with our intellects as well as imaginations, and the effect is wonderful to behold. But the process is by no means complete, praise be.



THROUGHOUT the annals of the College during the rise of the new program, the president and the dean were thought of as eternally working hand in hand. The present crisis, however, brought to bear behind closed doors, discloses a wall of opposition between the inseparable two. In the far corner we find Barr and Neustadt collaborating (but not knowing which is to enter the ring) and in the opposite corner Scott Buchanan collaborating with Scott Buchanan.

The issue forcing the sides to their respective positions is one of militarization and disciplinary organization of a college hitherto rather liberal and in the free swing of events. Scott, determined to see militarization of the College as a free unit of the state guard for the defense of Annapolis during emergencies, to the bitter end found opposing him one Winkie Barr and one Jack, Clan Neustadt. Struggling through weeks of tooth and nail tussles with dialect and rationization in each hand, whether overpowered by numbers or exposure, Scott withdrew leaving these words ringing in the ears of his otherwise victors, "I am confident time will prove militarization to be a necessity." Thus judgment as to the victors is postponed indefinitely.

Not in vain the argument lasted long enough to spread widely over the campus and cushion the shock for what may be expected here any time and under any conditions. The student reaction, as in times before, varied its inevitable way in the various corners of the campus. The taking of orders seems a horrible sentence to pass upon any one in any manner connected with the College.

The campus cheered on, but unfortunately not for any one contender. Whoever wins, as is yet to be decided in the log of events in the far corners of the world and in the local angles, some one, two, or three are going to find themselves disappointed.

For the first lecture after the symbolic vernal equinox, the formal lecture platform was for the initial time occupied on April 3rd by the extraordinary presence of a Lady Lecturer. She was Miss Edna Lonigan, professor of economics at Brooklyn College. Mr. Barr introduced her, explaining his responsibility for her appearance. He had been impressed by Miss Lonigan's intelligence and foresight at the yearly library meetings of the National Policy Association, of which Miss Lonigan is a member; he recognized the precedent-breaking feature of the evening; he thought this was more than compensated for by Miss Lonigan's mind, her red hair and her nationality. Mr. Barr was right. Miss Lonigan's lecture on *Economics and Liberty* made economy a science that requires the liberal arts as interpreters, a fact modern economic research seems to have forgotten. Her remarks on Adam Smith's *Wealth of Nations* made Juniors anticipate the book and reminded Seniors that they should have read it more carefully. Miss Lonigan destroyed the Dorothy Thompson myth that women can only be right at the top of their voices.

Interest in the War Meetings varies with the intensity of world events. By February Pearl Harbor had been explored as a political blunder, a mishandled news policy, a sign of the unfitness of our intelligence service and generals, and a much-needed punch in the nose for the American people. Even the President and Dean could think of nothing more to say, and so, with spring vacation, War Meetings were abandoned for several weeks.

Early in April a second series was begun, and Mr. Barr, in introducing Mr. Gooch, a Liberal Artist in the intelligence service, announced that the meeting would not be reported. Despite this assurance, Mr. Gooch spent most of the evening making sure that his audience did not misinterpret his theoretical examples.

Being an authority on no aspect of the War, Mr. Klein pronounced himself fortunate in being able to say what he thought. In a Review of the Whole Situation, he made several most unusual interpretations, dividing the War into four sections, beginning with 1917. He predicted that a fifth stage would soon begin.

Though no one is sure what can be discussed next, if Mr. Klein is right in prophesying a fifth stage of the war, worthwhile discussions will again flourish in a group which started out so enthusiastically.





With spring in the air and love—well who knows where, as far as St. Johnnies are concerned, we set out on the last lap of our athletic season. During this portion of the school year we are presented with the most varied list of sports. Softball, Tennis, Lacrosse, Swimming, Sailing, and Track are more than enough for a student body such as ours. As in almost every other sport so also in softball Coach Hill has divided the school into his Orange and Black leagues. The number of students who have been reporting for softball games is certainly most encouraging. For no sport this year, perhaps with the exception of basketball, has such full-hearted support been evidenced among seminary groups. Undoubtedly Soph AB who have walked off with most laurels during the past campaign will have to take a back seat, or fight like they have never fought before, to gain the lead in softball; for such aggregations as Frosh, GH, Junior CD-Soph GH, and Junior AB have shown signs of no little power.

Our new tennis courts must have some appeal for they have been crowded ever since old sol has passed the vernal equinox. With the new crop of participating Freshmen exhibiting previously doubtful talent in their challenge matches we can be assured that the tennis tournament will prove successful. The athletic department has appointed Mr. Brubeck as the College tennis instructor for all those whose ability is not up to par, or who have never had any such chest-expanding button-poppingness in them. This move by the athletic department is of great value not only to the individuals immediately concerned, but also to the whole group of tennis minded students; for it will insure for the future a better brand of tennis for tournaments and otherwise.

Soph AB will be able to cinch the team championship for the year provided they are capable of repeating their past performances in both the Track and the Swimming Meet. Without a doubt Kas Krol will see to it that their track record is sustained; however, as far as the swimming meet is concerned the story is a trifle different. The Soph CD organization seems to have most of the potential winning power there. Nevertheless, if Soph AB can as much as settle itself into the upper bracket in the aquatic carnival their present point total is commanding to such an extent that they need fear little of being ushered out of first place.

With a bit of cooperation from the Maryland weatherman (we talk as if he had something to do with the oddities that occur in this section of our revolving, rotating, inclining sphere) our spring campaign will be definitely successful.

Lacrosse with its traditional appeal to St. Johnnies will, as all indications seem to point out, prove to be quite popular again this season. It is understood that for lacrosse Mr. Hill has divided the school into a freshman league and a league of the upper classes. This was done in order to sort of build up a freshman morale since they are all about the same dexterity as far as lacrosse is concerned. It was feared by the coach lest the prowess of the upper classes obtained by seasoning prove detrimental to freshman participation.

Early in March the Boat Club, composed mostly of prospective members, met and decided on a spring program, including a series of races with the Naval Academy and Annapolis Yacht Club, and also an intramural elimination.

First however, it was necessary to put the boats in shape. A five-hour work requirement by each person on repair brought too many down to the boat shop for the first week. But by the time the boats were ready for shellacing all but two or three workers had lost their enthusiasm.

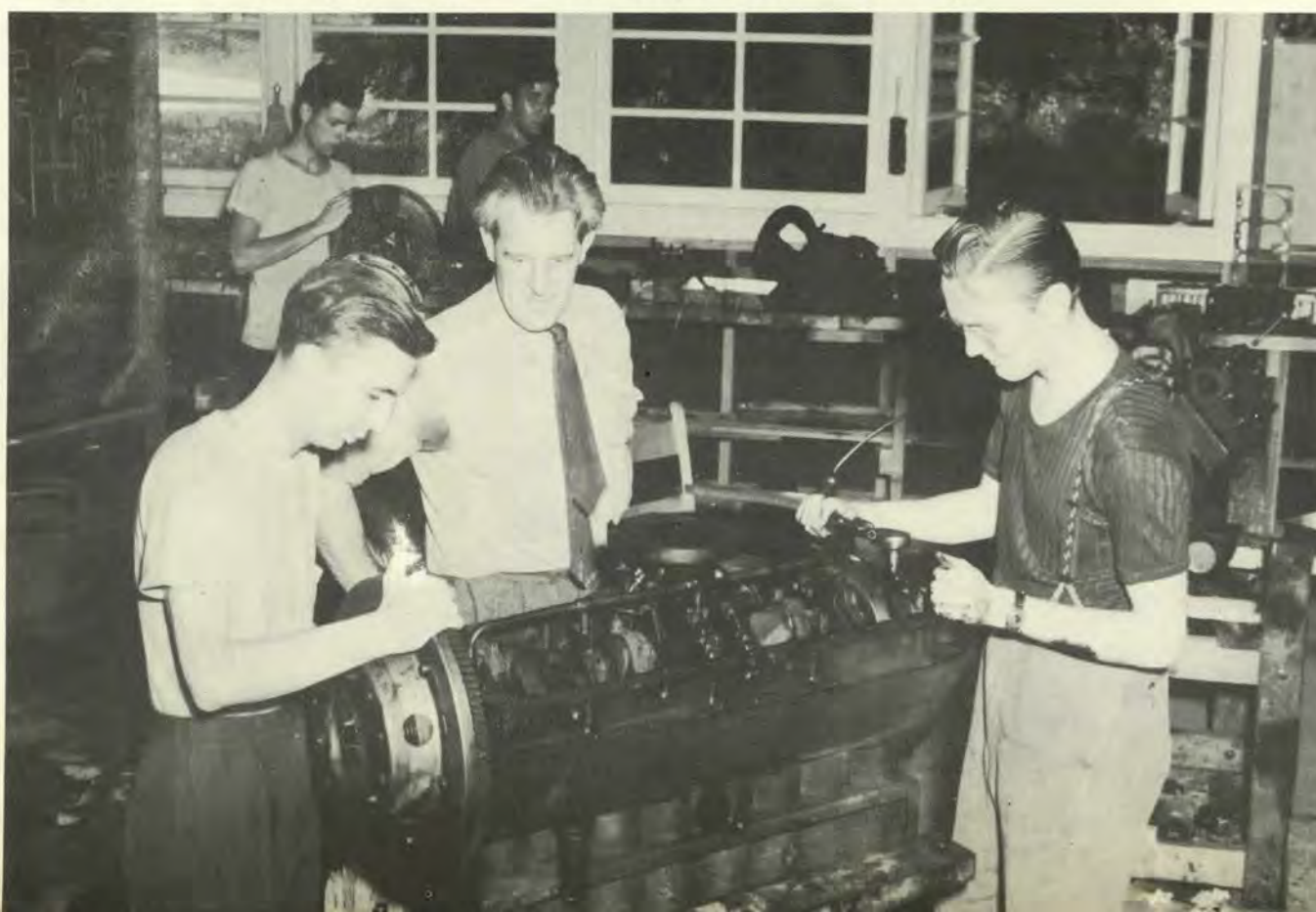
However, now that spring vacation is over, the boathouse is again a popular place with prospects of actual sailing.



At last the long-smoldering fire which Messrs. Buchanan and Barr had for an instructive course on gasoline engines has burst into flame. After December seventh, Mr. Buchanan burned much more with the desire for such a training at St. John's; for no one knew which St. Johnnie might be stranded in a tank somewhere on the battlefield, where there would be no hardware stores and mechanics for him to turn to.

In College meeting, Mr. Plunder, who had just returned from Fort Knox, Kentucky, told the college of the observations he made at the army training station at that place. The following day, March tenth, was set aside as Registration Day for students desiring to participate in the course. At the end of the day it was disclosed that approximately sixty persons took upon themselves this additional responsibility.

At the beginning of this week, April 6, work was actually started in the newly built shop. Two-hour classes are held every afternoon with the average attendance of twelve members in each class. Only now is the necessity of such a training being realized by members of the college.





May 9  
to  
May 19

This is the most Greek of our periods: art, dialectic and even gymnastic play a part. The Latin time is yet to come.

SOME three short months ago a group of the St. John's art lovers, which may be a misnomer, were sitting down in the Presto when an idea suddenly came upon them like a bolt from the blue mood they were in. Dame rumor had been scurrying about the campus for some time, bearing word about the numerous artists, of one sort and another, who practised their work at College. Led by Jack Landau, this group stopped munching their hot beef sandwiches and seized the banner with the strange device, Art Show, which they continued to carry until the Art Show ultimately became a reality. It was not without difficulties, however, that such a laudable enterprise was carried out; many events intervened and caused cancellations; in addition, there was some effort required to enlist the support of a: the Administration, b: the Business Office, c: the students, d: the artists. To Jack goes great credit for tying all of these loose ends together in a well-ordered knot.



THE CRAP GAME, by Morse

THE EXTERIOR ANGLE OF THE SQUARE, by Levine



When it finally appeared, the Art Show had a gala opening on Saturday, May 9, with a formal swinging aside of curtains that had hidden the Junior Commons, and punch (innocuous) was served to all comers. On exhibition was an astonishing amount of work, both from the quantitative and qualitative points of view, of budding geniuses whom many persons had never suspected of harboring an aesthetic idea. (Artists represented were: Alex Morse, oils; Albritton, abstracts; Thornton, pastels and a sketch; Levine, water colors; Landau, set designs; Hammen, water color; Tilton, water color; Hovde, sketch; Kellogg-Smith, models; Plunder, head of wood; and Godschalk, Hutchison, Hutchings, Lundberg, Lieb and Hedeman, photographs). Within two or three weeks, two of the paintings had been sold, and a near riot broke loose in the *Collegian*. But with the passing of time, the show now is nothing but a swell precedent.



With Mr. Hill's departure only a few days off the athletic department sponsored the annual track meet on the afternoon of May the ninth. It served as a sort of a sendoff for the athletic director while at the same time it afforded no end of fun and thrills for both the participants and the spectators. With the sun beaming and a light wind flitting off the bay the day turned out to be ideal for track. Of course the encouragement of the feminine gender helped to quite an extent when it came down to particular events.

For the first time this year, in fact for the first time since the intra-mural system was divided up into seminar groups, did a sophomore seminar other than the usually potent Soph AB squad take first place in any sport. The Sophomore CDEF combine

was the team which broke the ice. They garnered a total of  $78\frac{1}{2}$  points—a good  $22\frac{1}{2}$  points ahead of their closest rivals Soph AB who managed to total 56 tallies. The Junior-Soph combination with  $33\frac{1}{2}$  points took third place.

Kas Krol turned out a magnificent high man performance for the second straight year. He earned 26 of his teammates' 56 points winning the javelin throw, discus, and shot put with ease, and running as a member of the winning medley relay team. He also managed to run a close second in the 880. This year, however, Russ Levering gave him a run for his money. Russ took three firsts on the cinders together with a first in the broad jump and the baseball throw. Smedley ran third with a point total of 20.



On May 15 began a five-day session of final Senior oral exams. In keeping with the tradition of the New Program, the examinations were public, but this year new twists of dignity were added. Every one concerned with the examination itself wore caps and gowns, there were ushers, locked doors, dignified scraping and bowing and formal introductions. It was all very awesome to the spectators and from the appearances, very frightening to the examinee. He, after four years of intellectual badgering, had to face the dread examining committee across eight tables and twenty feet of space. He looked very lonely.

The examinations were, for the most part, well attended by the faculty, the students and an occasional outsider. To pass judgement on these affairs is not our business, but the outsiders appeared dumbfounded, the students disappointed and the faculty played with a poker face. Some of the exams were interesting, some were funny, a couple were esoteric, a few were disgraceful and a number boring. What, if anything, happened in these exams was beyond the comprehension of the student body and what they mean,

if anything, will always be a mystery as far as this series of exams is concerned. Either the final exams or something else seemed to have greatly confused the faculty for they could be seen running in and out of tutorials to and from faculty meetings, and from the number of haggard faces and missed classes, things of great import were being decided.





May 20  
to  
June 5

We've a lot of Adlerian activities to report for this period, and there's more here than meets the eye.



WE were not disappointed in the least with the success of our tennis tournament excepting insofar as a few expected upsets did not materialize together with a few which were not expected but did. It is reverses such as these that are the soul of a good tournament. It was in tennis more than in any other sport this season that our Freshmen contributed essentially. A number of top notchers carried their banner. Even though these did not reach the finals or even the semi-finals, they were thorns in everyone's sides.

For the second consecutive year Andy Witwer has garnered top honors. Bill Boericke gave him the jitters more than once in the finals, forcing him into a 10-8 in the last set. Witwer's polish and all around consistency were of great value in his triumph.

The two singles finalists got together to wade their way to the doubles crown for the second straight year. This proved to be a bit more difficult than had been expected by most of the school's tennis enthusiasts. Slafkosky and Ruhl providing the opposition in the finals had quite a command of the situation until midway in the third set when their timing and net play crumbled, permitting the more seasoned duo to take the match and championship by a 4-6, 6-4, 6-4 count.



The semi-final round doubles battle between Freshmen Lincoln-Paine and the Junior-Soph Slafkosky-Ruhl duet blossomed into a marathon affair to the tune of 7-5, 12-10, the highest counts of the whole tournament.

Our dark horse Soph CDEF seminar found itself again today (May 23) nosing out the Junior-Sophs in the annual swimming meet by a 30-28 count. Undoubtedly Jake Smedley's managerial ability had something to do with his group's success. What a

perfect example of "Don't give up the ship" determination. Jake also managed to add ten points to the number piled up by his teammates.

Vernon Smith of our most dangerous freshman seminar, GH, walked away, or perhaps swam away, with the meet's honors by earning a total of 14 points. He took the 50-yard backstroke, the 100-yard free style, and tied for first in the 50-yard free style.





Our freshmen took to softball just like ducks take to water. It seems that the Dean must have hand picked the Frosh GH group for they seem to be the big poison for the upperclassmen in every sport. In the Black softball league they ran second only to the undefeated Junior AB nucleus winning six and dropping two, one to each of the Junior sections. Soph AB undoubtedly has lost quite some vim, vigour, vitality, and consequently winning ability, toward the close of this year; for again it did no better than to run second. Perhaps we have been spoiled by the Sophs taking so many laurels early in the year. Having lost but one game Leffel's Junior-Sophs forged ahead, and stayed ahead in the Orange league by two whole games until the curtain fell.

After one play-off tussle between Junior AB and Junior CD-Soph GH was rained out the latter combination finally came back the following week to inflict the first loss on the heretofore undefeated Junior AB's. Leffel's pitching proved quite a menace and was fine enough to decide in his team's favor.

Lou Hedeman (Junior AB) with two wins and no losses led the pitcher's parade. He was followed by Slafkosky (Junior AB) and Leffel Junior CD-Soph GH) with 5-1 and 6-1 respectively.

On the night of Wednesday, May 20, the Gymnasium became Iglehart Hall, as it does on festive occasions, and witnessed such splendour as only Buckingham palace is accustomed to see. Through the doors which usually opened only for sweating athletes strode, slipped and marched Naval Academy bigwigs, Annapolitans and the Barr's party, all eager to A: contribute



apologetic bellow—and out of the wings came Nabokov. He led them through Beethoven, Mozart, Gluck and Nabokov; Mrs. Virginia Benac was splendid as soloist in the violin concerto; Natalie Bodanya sang very well with the chorus; Alex Koukly did well at the piano. The concert was a success, but let the pictures tell the rest.

And so, with the return of Mortimer Adler to the lectern in the Great Hall, the curricular year has arrived at a smash finish. "A series of lectures, like a letter," said the great man, "should end with Love," and that word was the title of his effort tonight, June 5. Needless to say, he quoted those who should be quoted, and some who shouldn't; his performance was as good as any this year; and he smiled and laughed more than in his usual wont. Oh, yes, he also said some interesting things about Love, getting entangled with theology in the process. As an ending it was good; as a start for June Week, it was wonderful.



toward Allied War Relief, B: hear the chorus and orchestra present its most ambitious concert of the year. Girls dressed in an American's idea of a Russian peasant costume harked their wares on the former basketball floor, said wares being ice cream, cake, and the Duchess of Windsor's Cook Book. The rear of the gym, behind shy curtains, held tables groaning under more goodies, including punch which was not made according to the Duchess' recipes, but which did Miss Alexander credit. Admirals, captains, city councilmen, tutors and plainer gentry fumbled for awhile, then settled snugly in their seats. The old hall gave an inaudible sigh of anticipation, the orchestra and chorus emitted a final





*AND so June Week is here at last . . . well, it's really not too gay a moment in our young lives, but we will work hard to make it so . . .*

On Saturday night the Cotillion Club trotted out for inspection the annual June Ball, and a happy affair it was. One might have asked that it be just a little cooler, but a little thing like heat has never bothered a liberal artist very much. The stars at least looked cool and tender, as did the girls; the St. Johnnies looked like what they were. At intermission time there were the proper amount of proper parties, and after the dance guys and gals flooded the Presto. Everyone seemed to be extremely happy about the whole thing.

Sunday became, perforce, the day of rest. It began for some at 11:00, when Winfree Smith delivered the Baccalaureate Sermon in St. Anne's Church. It was called "Suicide or Martyr-







dom?" and was particularly apt for this year, seeing how General Hershey is acting up. It was a good sermon, and did Mr. Smith great credit: we hope it does the graduates, too. The afternoon got off to a smashing start with the Round Table of the Air, on which our Dean, President, and their great and good friend Robert Hutchins of Chicago, mixed it up with one of the Rover boys about education and war. The program was intelligible only to St. Johnnies, but that did not matter. They were the only ones who counted, apparently. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in forgetting about the heat, and contemplating the dance that night. Held in Randall Hall, the tables had to be removed to allow said dance, so they were utilized with a picnic supper on the back campus. Everyone showed up, including the ants. The dance was dead until Mr. Nabokov came in, said, "A scene of indescribable gaiety!" bit-

terly, and caused a minor revolt to take place. Then things livened a little.

Monday brought us class day, a new institution. Mr. Hutchins told of his educational progress, and how difficult but nice it was to be educated. He was answered by Messrs. Kahn, Bomhardt and Darkey, who told of their trials, too. Mr. Kahn did nobly, told of his early disillusionment, how he saw the Dean, who said, "Stick around for a few years more and see how you like it." He did, and he did.

And so, on Monday night, arrived the Old Clothes Dance, with its unquestioned superiority to all others. For a gay farewell to College, everyone let his hair down and made a great party of it.

*Good grief, it was fun, even though we tried!*







GRADUATION DAY dawned warm and overcast. The College awoke slowly after the exertions of the Old Clothes Dance the night before and at ten-thirty no one would have dreamed that a Commencement Exercise was to come off within a half hour. But shortly before eleven, the stands and chairs under the Liberty Tree began to fill with parents, sleepy-eyed students and other interested people. Soon the Seniors could be seen scurrying about in their caps and gowns, preparing for the procession. At eleven o'clock the bell in McDowell Hall pealed out and the Procession began. Lead by College Marshal Kieffer, it marched down the walk in front of McDowell and opposite the Liberty Tree, turned at a right angle and continued to the place of ceremony. The Graduating Seniors first took their places, then the faculty and coming last and mounting the speaker's platform were Miss Strange, the Reverend Smith, Mr. Meiklejohn, Mr. Barr and Mr. Buchanan.

Following the Invocation by the Reverend Smith, Mr. Meiklejohn gave an appropriate reading from the Scriptures. Then followed the address to the graduates, given this year by President Barr. He said a number of things relevant to the occasion, but in particular he dwelt upon what a Liberal Artist should be and he assured the



Graduates that they were nearer the goal than they might have supposed. He also emphasized the integral relationship of the intellectual and the moral virtues, a relationship of great interest to the Liberal Artist and of great consequence in the life to follow in the unsettled and warring world.

Upon the completion of President Barr's address, 17 B. A. and two M. A. degrees were given. The ceremony was smooth and dignified except for the fact that several of the graduates had difficulty in keeping their caps on—a circumstance which resulted from the number of large heads among the graduates and the smallness of the caps. This cap juggling got the only laugh of the performance. It was observed that the student leaves the College just as he enters it, with a bow from Mr. Barr.



Following the Graduation Exercises and the handshaking, Miss Alexander served a luncheon in the dining hall for all that cared to come. It was served cafeteria style and judging from the length of the line, there were hundreds of people present. This was the last formal function of the College for the year 1941-1942.

Then came the exodus. A number of students and their dates had left in the morning, but a great many were still around. Without too much confusion and fuss, most of the Seniors left early. There is a sadness about graduation for obvious reasons and there are obvious reasons why this might have been an especially melancholy graduation. But the graduates had their families and the happiness of achievement with them. A great part of the undergraduate student body was not so fortunate.

It had not been a normal June Week. There was a war going on and for too many people, it was the last of St. John's College. Gone, perhaps forever, were the worn steps of McDowell, the stroll across the front campus, the mad swirl of the basketball game in the gym, the crowded lecture hall, the bull sessions in



the coffee shop and oh, so many people. Recognizing this before June Week had begun, most of the students had determined to thoroughly enjoy themselves. They had made a noble effort and they had succeeded. There had been three wonderful dances, several delightful parties, a goodly number of girls and gallons of drink. Blue Tuesday came upon them with a bang.

A number still faced the agonizing task of packing—the job of boxing and storing that personal equipage so symbolical of collegiate life. Slowly they moved out, some by car, some by train and bus, and they were bound for all parts of the country. For many, their next traveling was a military secret. Good-byes, always difficult and awkward when sincere, were doubly so now, and not a few had lumps in their throat and suspicions of tears in their eyes. For the first time many people, students and faculty alike, saw the desirability of continuing school throughout the summer. Good scholastic and psychological reasons suddenly became apparent.

It had been a trying and difficult year. It had been a year full of interest and excitement. It had been a year of new realizations and new duties, a year which had brought the country face to face with the most terrible task of its history. It had been a year that had seen important changes and additions in college policy throughout the country and St. John's had not escaped. It had been a year when the obligations of a man and a student to his country became emphasized as never before, and if the



student behind the cloistered walls of St. John's had not realized this before, he knew it now. It had been a year of difficult personal decisions and these decisions had been an active burden to almost everyone.

But if it had been a year that promised so much in the way of hardship and suffering, war and death, it had also been a year in which gaiety and pleasure were, perforce of the circumstances, valued very highly. Extra-curricular activities were flourishing as never before; for the first time, the music program was getting somewhere, dances were bigger and better than ever and students made better use of their opportunities for good fellowship.

Now it was all over. A number could hope to return, some were very uncertain and some knew that other duties, less pleasant but more pressing, would call them before the summer was over.



Late Tuesday afternoon only a smattering of students still occupied the Dormitories. A few would spend the night there and in the morning they too would be gone.

The rest is silence.





# The 1942 Bachelors of Arts

WILLIAM ALEXANDER BARR

RITE



ERNEST JEAN HEINMULLER

RITE

CHARLES ROBERT SUTTON

RITE

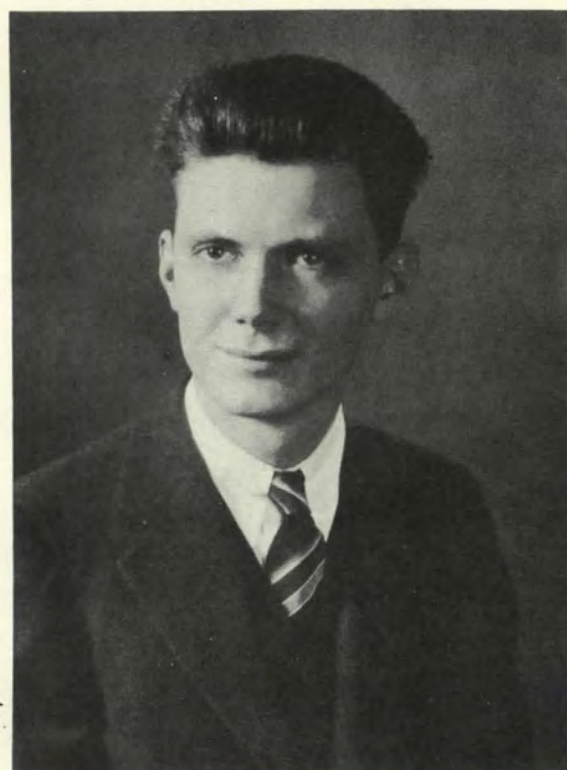
LEE MARCHANT MACE

RITE



WARREN CONKLIN BOMHARDT

CUM LAUDE



AND—

THOMAS LINWOOD CARTER

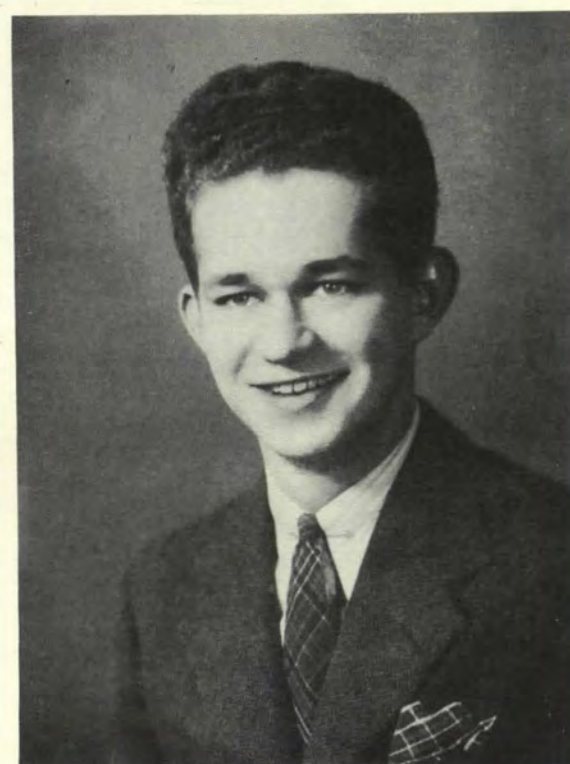
PAUL RINGGOLD COMEGYS

HIRSCH NADEL

RITE

PAUL THEODORE BEISSER, Jr.

CUM LAUDE







WALTON BOSWELL CHILDS

CUM LAUDE



JOSEPH CHRYSOSTOM HOFMANN, JR.

CUM LAUDE



ROBERT TAYLOR EVERETT, JR.

CUM LAUDE



BRYCE DuVAL JACOBSEN

CUM LAUDE

AND—

JOHN HENRY MUSSETTER, JR.

CUM LAUDE



ALBERT ANTHONY POPPITI

CUM LAUDE

JOURNET GORDON  
KAHN

MAGNA CUM LAUDE



WILLIAM ALBERT  
DARKEY, JR.

MAGNA CUM LAUDE



## The Undergraduates



ALBERT ANTHONY POPPITI.....1026 duPont St., Wilmington, Delaware  
 PAUL THEODORE BEISSER, JR.....901 S. Aeramec Ave., Clayton, Missouri  
 HIRSH NADEL.....2448 Lakeview Ave., Baltimore, Maryland  
 JOSEPH C. HOFFMAN, JR.....3610 Hudson St., Baltimore, Maryland  
 CHARLES ROBERT SUTTON.....1500 Braddish Ave., Baltimore, Maryland  
 JOHN HENERY MUSSETTER, JR.....Londonderry Farm, Germantown, Md.  
 J. W. CAMERON GRAY.....Annapolis, Maryland.  
 WALTER EMORY HUTSON, JR.....Baltimore, Maryland.  
 WILLIAM ALEXANDER BARR.....Proffit, Virginia.  
 THOMAS PARRAN, JR.....3734 Oliver St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 WILLIAM ALBERT DARKEY, JR.....619 Lynn St., Cumberland, Maryland.  
 JOHN EDGAR AINWORTH, JR.,  
 187 Pennsylvania Ave., Westminster, Maryland.  
 WARREN CONKLIN BOMHARDT.....2836 E. Baltimore St., Baltimore, Md.  
 WALTON BOSWELL CHILDS.....11 N. Potomac St., Baltimore, Maryland.  
 ROBERT TAYLOR EVERETT, JR.....123 Charles St., Annapolis, Maryland.  
 ERNEST JEAN HEINMULLER.....St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland.  
 BRYCE DUVAL JACOBSEN.....22 Aigburth Road, Towson, Maryland  
 JOURNET GORDON KAHN.....1810 N. Smallwood St., Baltimore, Maryland.  
 LEE MARCHANT MACE.....104 Prince George St., Annapolis, Maryland.

ALEXANDER SCOTT ABBOTT.....723 Lake Road, Oconomowoc, Wisconsin.  
 PETER HUNTINGTON JACKSON.....248 Prince George St., Annapolis, Md.  
 OLLIE HAMMOND THOMPSON, JR.....Hurlock, Maryland.  
 ALEXANDER LEONARD SLAFKOSKY.....722 Hillside Ave., Bethlehem, Pa.  
 CLAUDE SPENCER LEFFEL, JR.....Woodbine, Maryland.  
 ADRIAN CURTIUS MAYER.....29 W. 10th. St., New York, New York  
 FRANCIS S. MASON, JR.....Plymouth Meeting, Pennsylvania.  
 EDWARD KRAMER.....340 Orange Road, Montclair, New Jersey.  
 JOHN LOUIS HEDEMAN.....3315 Echodale Ave., Baltimore, Maryland.  
 ROBERT HUNTER.....Spring Hill, Mobile, Alabama.  
 GLENN ALLEN FEARNOW.....237 Cusjwa Ave., Williamsport, Maryland  
 BURTON ARMSTRONG.....Scarborough, New York.  
 RALPH LEVI BALTZELL.....Union Bridge, Maryland.  
 DAVID JEROME BEACH.....6327 Meadow Lane, Chevy Chase, Maryland  
 CARL BENJAMIN BLAKER.....Macedon Center, New York.  
 MONTE FERRIS BOURJAILLY, JR.  
 c/o Larkin Moonstone, East Palatka, Florida.  
 WALTER LAWSON COOLEY.....R.F.D. 1, Aberdeen, Maryland.  
 NORMAN THOMAS CRANDELL.....346 S. Stricker St., Baltimore, Maryland  
 ERNEST CHRISTOPHER FRIESS, JR.....Oakley, Maryland.  
 NORMAN GLYN GZOWSKI.....1100 Bishop Road, Grosse Point, Michigan.  
 THOMAS ORVILLE USILTON.....Centerville, Maryland.  
 JAMES IRA WARANCH.....736 Reservoir St., Baltimore, Maryland.  
 JOHN WEBER, JR.....4140 Pearl Road, Cleveland, Ohio.  
 DOUGLAS BUCHANAN.....248 King George St., Annapolis, Maryland.





PAUL ELMER SCHEMEL.....141 W. 29th St., Bayonne, N. J.  
 EDWARD BORN COCHRAN.....316 Puritan, Birmingham, Mich.  
 JOHN CLARENCE SOMERS, JR.....610 W. Main St., Crisfield, Md.  
 RICHARD CLARK.....Harrison St., Easton, Maryland  
 IRWIN ROBERT TUCKER.....28 W. 35th St., Bayonne, New Jersey  
 RICHARD DEVAN.....3020 43rd St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 JAMES MAURICE RALEY.....Compton, Maryland  
 DAVID DOBREER.....2237 Vineyard Avenue, Los Angeles, Cal.  
 JAMES RODNEY WHETSTONE.....1666 Detroit St., Denver, Col.  
 CALVIN RICHARD BAUMGARTNER.....2809 Grindon Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
 HOWELL COBB, JR.....400 Broad St., Albany, Ga.  
 ROBERT WILLIAM HUTCHISON.....403 Cedar St., Cedar Rapids, Iowa

ROBERT SEAVER ANDERSON.....241 Yellowstone Ave., Billings, Montana  
 EARL SECORD BAUDER, JR.....1630 Genesee St., Utica, New York  
 WILLIAM TOY SHOEMAKER BOERICKE.....110 W. Willow Grove,  
 Philadelphia, Pennsylvania  
 WILLIAM HURST BRUBECK.....346 W. 71st St., Los Angeles, Cal.  
 LINDSAY EDMONDS CLENDANIEL.....Denton, Maryland  
 VERNON ELLSWORTH DERR.....1621 E. Oliver St., Baltimore, Md.  
 JOHN STUART EUSTICE.....134 Lakeside, Royal Oak, Michigan  
 HENRY RAYMOND FREEMAN, III.....22 Linden Place, Sewickley, Pa.  
 RICHARD EDWARD HOLLE.....310 W. 99th St., New York, N. Y.  
 JOSEPH FRANCIS HOLLYWOOD, JR.....396 Burns St., Forest Hills, N. Y.  
 DAVID SMALLWOOD HOLMES.....903 N. Sheridan Road, Highland Park, Ill.  
 WILLIAM HAYWOOD HORSEY.....208 6th St., Denton, Maryland  
 RICHARD HENRY HUTCHINGS, IV.....241 W. Main St., Bay Shore, N. Y.  
 RICHARD ERNEST HUYCK.....2217 E. 3rd St., Mishawaka, Indiana  
 ARTHUR HYMAN.....705 S. Boulevard, Tampa, Florida  
 CASIMIR THADDEUS KROL.....2152 W. 18th St., Chicago, Illinois  
 GEORGE VINCENT MEEHAN, JR.....151 Cole Ave., Providence, Rhode Island  
 DONALD PAUL RUHL.....2906 Evergreen Ave., Baltimore, Maryland  
 DAVID JOHN SACHS.....1528 Broadway, Indianapolis, Indiana  
 ROBERT PERRY SNOWER.....5819 High Drive, Kansas City, Missouri

ANDREW WITWER, JR.....350 N. Raynor, Joliet, Illinois  
 WILLIAM GIDEON SPOHN, JR.....209 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.  
 CARL SCHLEE HAMMEN.....Linkwood, Maryland  
 FRED DEWEY DEARMOND, JR.....Seattle, Washington  
 JOHN DAVIS HILL.....924 Parsons St., Norman, Oklahoma  
 ALEXANDER KOUKLY.....Floral St., Chatham, New Jersey  
 GEORGE LEVINE.....71 Ocean Parkway, Brooklyn, New York  
 JOHN CALVIN SMEDLEY.....710 N. Bedford Drive, Beverly Hills, Cal.  
 THADDEUS EDMUND PROUT.....Owings, Maryland  
 EDWARD PRYOR FREEBURGER.....Edgewood, Maryland



HOWARD L. SORENSON.....616 N. Armstrong Blvd., St. James, Minn.  
 JOHN TRIMBLE SPENCER.....R.F.D. No. 4, Easton, Maryland  
 PETER CHRISTIAN WOLFF.....103 University Ave., Glen Echo, Md.

CHARLES HOYES.....4043 Windsor St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
 CHARLES RUSSELL LEVERING.....La Plata, Maryland  
 EDWARD WILLIAM BLIGH, JR.....Housatonic St., Lenox, Massachusetts  
 AHMED MUNIR ERTEGUN.....1606 23rd St., N. W., Washington, D. C.  
 SAMUEL WESLEY MARVIN, JR.....R.F.D. No. 1, Crozet, Virginia  
 ROBERT ARTHUR WILCOX.....415 E. Lake Shore Drive, Storm Lake, Iowa  
 HAVEN ELY SIMMONS.....128 22nd St. N. E., Cedar Rapids, Iowa  
 JAMES HENRY ROE.....31 Brenton Terrace, Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
 NICHOLAS DANIEL BONADIES.....41 Main St., Winstead, Massachusetts  
 ROBERT FREDERICK BUNTING.....1213 Oakhurst Place, Baltimore, Md.  
 WARREN SEYMOUR ZEIK.....806 Avenue C, Bayonne, N. J.  
 OGDEN WORTHINGTON KELLOGG-SMITH.....Chestertown, Maryland  
 JACK LANDAU.....1301 Bluff St., Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania  
 HERBERT WILLARD STERN.....45 N. 40th St., Philadelphia, Pa.  
 EDWARD URY GODSCHALK.....124 Stonehouse Road, Glen Ridge, N. J.  
 HENRY HARRISON SASSER, IV.....6409 Georgia St., Chevy Chase, Md.  
 MARTIN ZACHARIA VOGELHUT.....2108 E. Baltimore St. Baltimore, Md.  
 JAMES G. HUBER.....322 Ruby St., Lancaster, Pennsylvania







ROGERS GARLAND ALBRITTON.....518 Cumberland Ave., Chevy Chase, Md.  
 DAVID VOLK ANDREWS.....39 Henry Ave., Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
 ALVIN BARTON BARBER, JR.....R.F.D. No. 3, Bethesda, Maryland  
 OWEN BARNES.....2735 Walker St., Kansas City, Kansas  
 STEPHEN WINDSOR BERGEN.....189-20 116th Ave., St. Alban's, New York  
 EUGENE BLANK.....2424 Callow Ave., Baltimore, Maryland  
 JOSEPH PATRICK BLOCHER.....Grantsville, Maryland  
 ROBERT THOMAS BONHAM.....35B Ridge Road, Greenbelt, Maryland  
 HAROLD MILBOURNE BOULDEN.....229 W. Main St., Elkton, Maryland  
 GEORGE BRUNN.....20 W. 101 St., New York, New York  
 ROBERT LUTHER CAMPBELL, JR.....457 N. Potomac St., Hagerstown, Md.  
 THEODORE WILES CLARK.....90 Miles Ave., White Plains, New York  
 ROBERT ORVAL DAVIS.....9 5th St., Dravosburg, Pennsylvania  
 ALVIN EPSTEIN.....3104 Dobinson St., Los Angeles, California

DUANE KAYE FURBUSH.....P. O. Box 54, Palmyra, Michigan  
 C. WESTCOTT GALLUP, JR.....52 Brayton St., Englewood, New Jersey  
 KENNETH GIRARD GEHRET.....119 Intervilla Ave., West Lawn, Pa.  
 WILLIAM MICHAEL GOLDSMITH.....23 Fife St., Forest Hills, New York  
 GEORGE CALEB GREEN.....Columbia, South Carolina  
 DOUGLASS LAIRD GUY.....6321 Cedar St., Wauwatosa, Wisconsin  
 EARL JUDSON HENDRICKSON.....18 Liberty Parkway, Dundalk, Maryland  
 CHESTER PETER HEWITT.....Lawrence, New York  
 CHRISTIAN ARNESON HOVDE.....6311 Darlington Road, Pittsburgh, Pa.  
 HAROLD JULIUS HYDEN.....1128 E. 17th Place, Tulsa, Oklahoma  
 ELLISON ROY JACK.....342 Knickerbocker Ave., Rochester, N. Y.  
 ROBERT EDWIN JOHN.....130 S. Beeson Ave., Uniontown, Pa.  
 SOLOMON KADIS.....29 N. Patterson Park Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
 DONALD STEWART KAPLAN.....44 Blackhall St., New London, Conn.



MICHAEL CHRISTOPHER KEANE.....497 6th St., Brooklyn, New York  
RALPH HALL KEENEY.....97 Lorraine Ave., Providence, Rhode Island  
DONALD HARTLEY KELLOGG-SMITH.....Chestertown, Maryland  
ARTHUR DAVID KELSO, JR.,

Sycamore and Maple Roads, Linthicum Heights, Md.

LAWRENCE LESLIE LEVIN.....44 Bretton Road, West Hartford, Conn.  
WILLIAM REYNOLDS LIEB.....Bedford, New York  
JOHN LARKIN LINCOLN, IV.....2501 Calvert St., Washington, D. C.  
GEORGE E. LONG.....W. Lehigh Ave., Salisbury, Maryland  
WILLIAM MCCORMICK LUNDBERG.....435 Birch St., Winnetka, Illinois  
HENRY RESOLVED MACK.....6 Kings Highway, Dover, Delaware  
JOHN DUNCAN MACK.....48 Loring Ave., Yonkers, New York  
CHARLES FERRIS MAIKOFFSKE.....49 Martling Ave., Pleasantville, N. Y.  
MICHAEL JOSEPH MANLEY.....509 Schriver Ave., Cumberland, Md.  
FRANK B. MARSHALL, JR.....1522 Roundhill Road, Baltimore, Maryland  
ORSELL MONTGOMERY MEREDITH, JR., 2011 8th Ave., N., St. Petersburg, Fla.  
ALEXANDER BEAUREGARD MORSE,

2023 Massachusetts Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

EDWARD WINGATE MULLINIX.....Round Bay, Severna Park, Maryland  
CHARLES ARTHUR NELSON.....3111 Wisconsin Ave., Berwyn, Illinois  
ERICH NUSSBAUM.....741 Linden Ave., Elizabeth, New Jersey

ALLEN HOMAREI OHTA.....Mt. Kemble Ave., Morristown, N. J.  
JOHN WHITEFIELD OWENS, JR.....103 Goodale Road, Baltimore, Md.  
ELMER THOMAS OWINGS.....Tenth & Elm Sts., Hinsdale, Illinois  
WALTER CABOT PAINE.....325 Heath St., Chestnut Hill, Mass.  
MORRIS ALBERT PARSLow.....1605 Cooper St., Muskegon, Michigan  
BENTON BLOCH PERRY.....910 Whitelock St., Baltimore, Maryland  
HARRY FLETCHER PFEIFFER, JR.....4024 Cranston Ave, Baltimore, Md.  
BENJAMIN FRANKLIN PUMPHREY, JR.....2008 Cecil Ave., Baltimore, Md.  
WILLIAM EDWARD SCHAEFER, JR.....3408 Rosedale Road, Baltimore, Md.  
ALLEN POLK SCHOOLFIELD, JR.....702 Market St., Pocomoke, Md.  
VERNE SCHWAB.....11 S. Ridge Road, Greenbelt, Maryland.  
ROBERT JULIEN SCOLNIK.....550 Fountain Ave., Grand Rapids, Mich.  
VERNON MILAN SMITH.....609 Lennox St., Baltimore, Maryland  
GEORGE PALMER STACY, JR.....No. 3 Manor Place, Charleston, W. Va.  
EDWARD PARKINSON TAYLOR.....109 N. 4 W., Provo, Utah  
STEPHEN WAYNE TERRY, JR.....420 E. 40th St., Indianapolis, Indiana  
ROBERT TREAT THOMPSON.....3426 Morcom Ave., Oakland, California  
GENE PERKINS THORNTON.....2316 Kirkpatrick Place, Greensboro, N. C.  
ROGER TILTON.....115 E. Pedregosa St., Santa Barbara, California  
JOHN MASON WALKER.....Box 442, San Rafael, California  
GEORGE ALEXANDER WASHBURN.....759 Atkinson Ave., Detroit, Michigan





# The Faculty



BINGLEY



BERNHARD



BROWN



SCHOFIELD



BARR and BUCHANAN

BAYLIFF

KIEFFER

TILGHMAN

COMENETZ

MARTIN







TALIAFERRO



KLEIN



GORMAN



LECKIE



HILL



STAINBACK



NEUSTADT



CARTER



NABOKOV



PEEBLES



SMITH



VAYNE



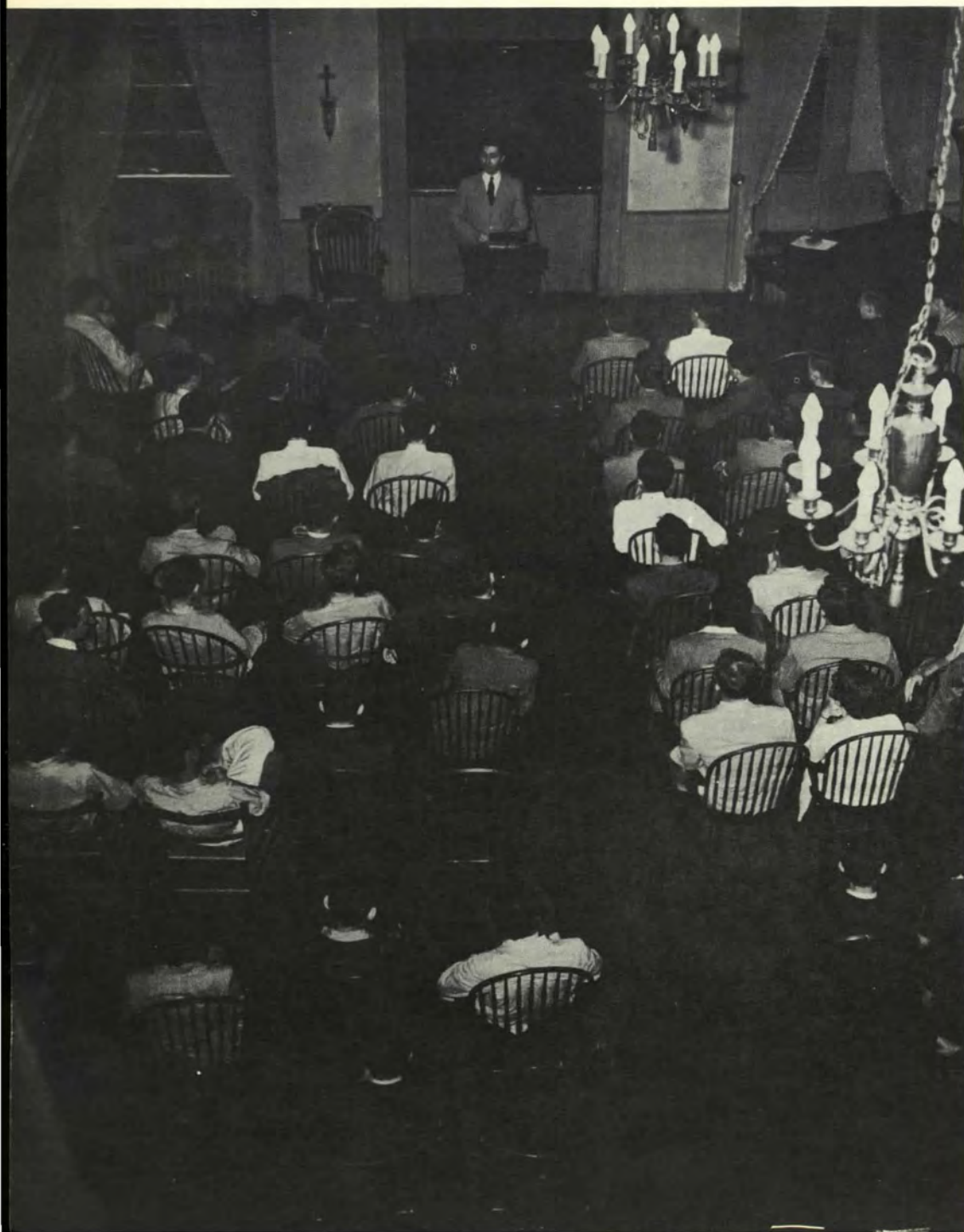
GARIS

WILBURN

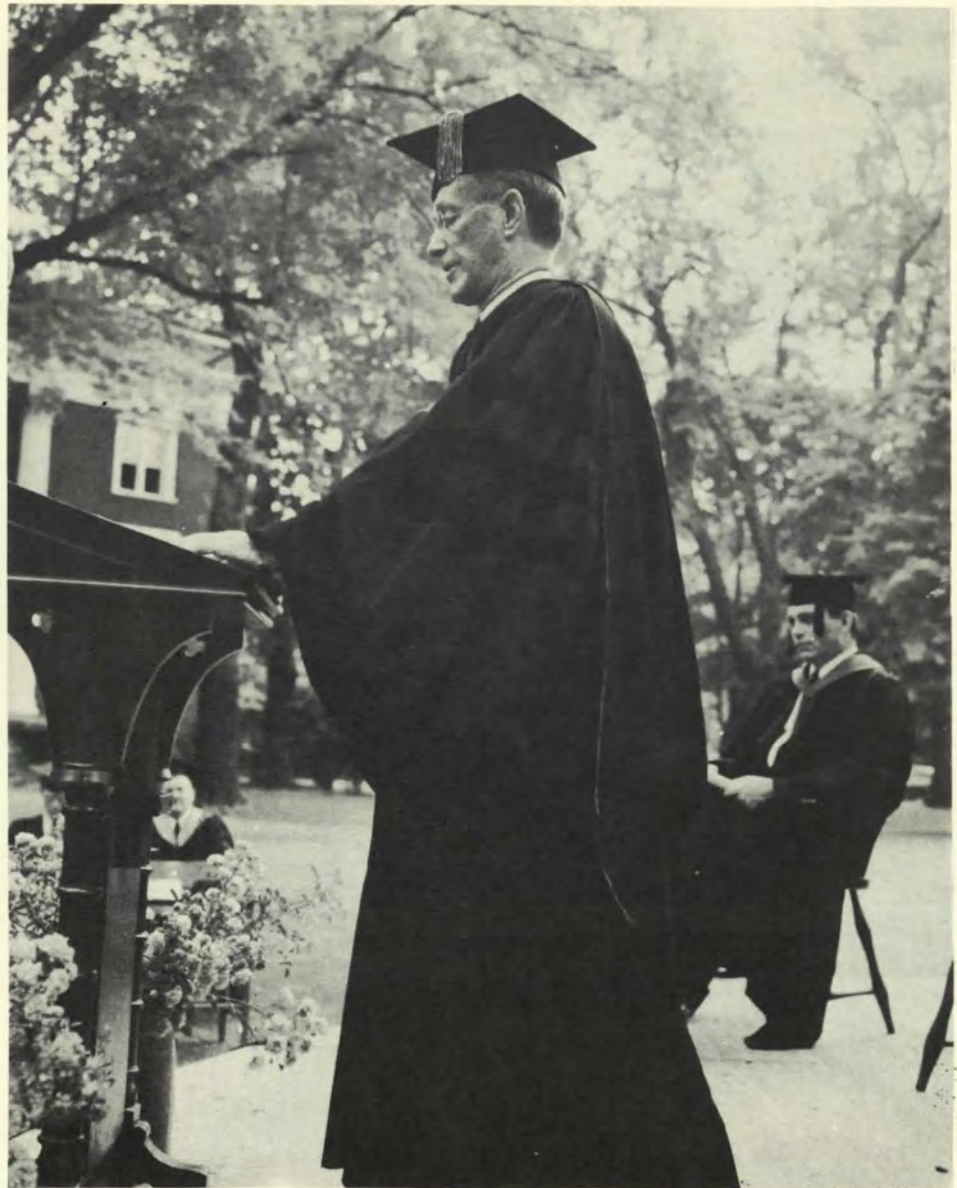
JACKSON











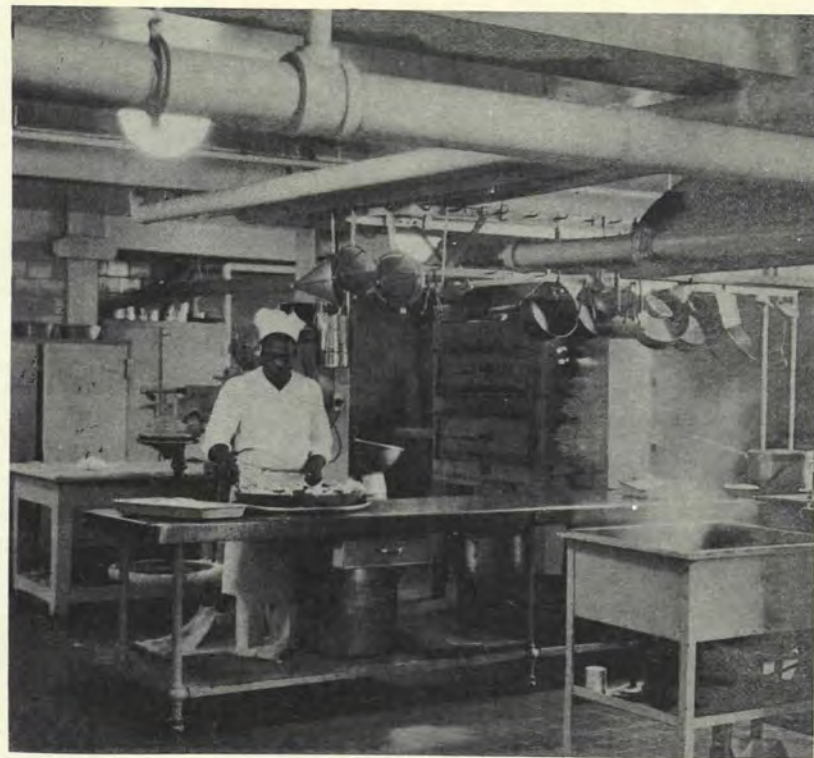
SIGMA

IOTA

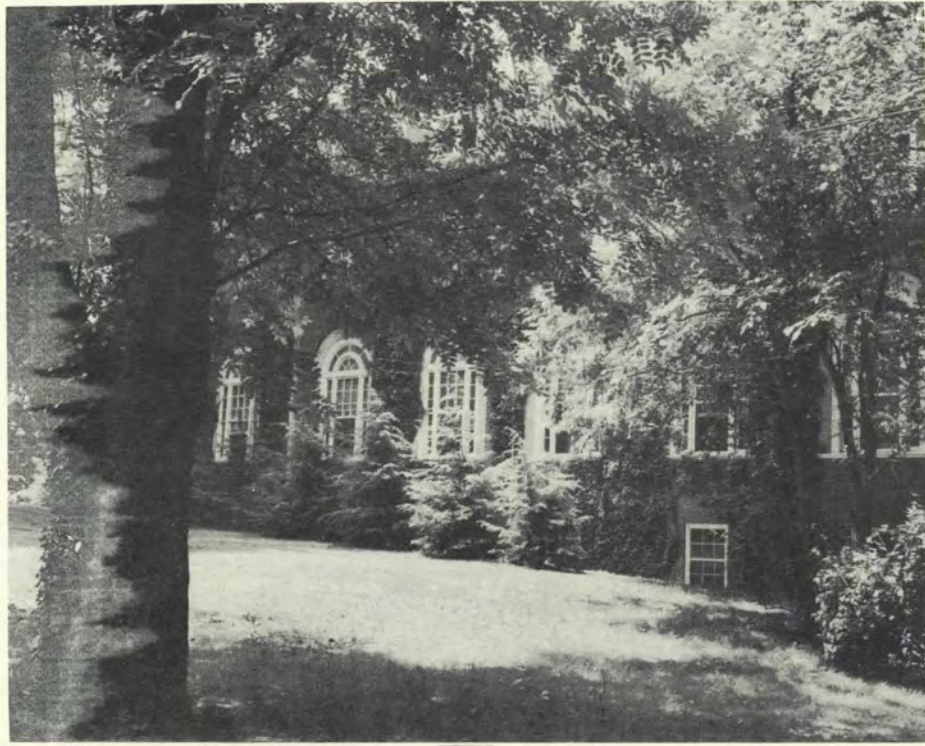
KAPPA













★ ★ ★ ★ ★

## THE ARUNDEL CORPORATION

Baltimore, Md.

★ ★ ★ ★

DREDGING                      CONSTRUCTION  
ENGINEERING

and

*Distributors of*

SAND    —    GRAVEL    —    STONE

and

COMMERCIAL SLAG

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Men who *know*—  
Choose SPORTSWEAR  
From H. K. & Co.

*Men's Furnishings — First Mezzanine*

HOCHSCHILD, KOHN & CO.

### LARGEST SELECTION OF RECORDS IN TOWN

Victor, Bluebird, Columbia  
Brunswick, Vocallion, & Decca  
*Individual Listening Booths*

RECORDS MADE FOR ALL  
OCCASIONS

Amplifiers Rented and Sold  
Sound Motion Pictures Rented  
Expert Radio Service

ALBRIGHT'S Sound Service  
Phone 4781

### SAMUEL KIRK & SON INC.

421 N. CHARLES STREET  
BALTIMORE

*Gifts in Silverware  
Men's Gold Jewelry  
Fine Wrist Watches*

ESTABLISHED 1815

## COUNTY TRUST CO.

OF MARYLAND



*Resources Exceeding*

\$19,800,000.00



MEMBER:

*The Federal Reserve System*

*The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation*

CHURCH CIRCLE  
and Gloucester St.

ANNAPOLIS  
MD.

Liberty 0832

Henry Albert & Co.

*Mechanical Engineers and  
Contractors*

5310 Park Heights Avenue  
BALTIMORE, MD.

If your hair is not be-  
coming to you — You  
should be coming to  
us.

★

Fred's Barber Shop  
ON MAIN STREET

*Compliments of*

Sears, Roebuck & Co.

8 WEST STREET

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND



M. L. ROBERTSON

***Building Contractor***

3408 CHESTNUT AVE.

BALTIMORE, - - - - - MARYLAND



*Compliments of*

**SOUTHERN DAIRIES**

Annapolis, Maryland

Phone 2688

2689



Make Full Use of Our Complete Service

Checking Accounts – Safe Deposit Boxes

Savings Accounts                      Loans

Certificates of Deposit

Foreign Exchange              Travellers' Cheques

Christmas Club                      Collections

*Member of The Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation*

**THE ANNAPOLIS  
BANKING & TRUST COMPANY**

Main Street at Church Circle

Annapolis, Md.



HERMAN NOSS' SONS  
INCORPORATED

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN  
LUMBER, WALLBOARD and INSULATING MATERIAL

MANUFACTURERS OF  
MILL WORK and SPECIAL CABINET WORK  
  
YORK, PENNSYLVANIA

★ ★ ★  
  
COMPLIMENTS  
  
OF  
  
A FRIEND  
  
★ ★ ★

TILGHMAN COMPANY

*Jewelers — Silversmiths — Stationers*

STIEFF SILVER  
HAMILTON AND ELGIN WATCHES

75 MARYLAND AVENUE  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

*Compliments of*

A FRIEND

★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Strange & White



QUALITY  
CLOTHIERS — HABERDASHERS  
155-157 MAIN STREET  
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

"TRADE WITH TRADER"

THE  
ANNAPOLIS FLOWER SHOP

68 MARYLAND AVENUE

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Telephone 3991

*Flowers delivered by wire  
in any city in the world  
within a few hours time.*

HUTZLER BROTHERS & CO.

Greets all its friends at St. John's College

AND

Congratulates the members of the Class of 1942

DIAL 9792

*Free Parking*

2 PLACES 2 EAT  
HERE AND HOME

DINE IN THE INVITING  
ATMOSPHERE OF THE

ROYAL RESTAURANT

23 WEST STREET

NEAR THE CIRCLE

ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

KENNETH G. DAVIS

ESTABLISHED

PROPRIETOR

1901

DIAL 3712

DAVIS' STATIONERY

76 MARYLAND AVENUE

ANNAPOLIS, MD.

GREETING CARDS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

FOUNTAIN PENS REPAIRED



# SEGALL-MAJESTIC STUDIOS

342 NORTH CHARLES STREET

(Ground Floor)

Vernon 5621

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS FOR THE  
St. John's College Yearbook

OUR REPUTATION IS FOUNDED ON HIGH  
QUALITY WORK IN VARIOUS TYPES OF  
PHOTOGRAPHY AND THE DESIRE TO BE  
OF GRATIFYING SERVICE TO ALL WHO  
FAVOR US WITH THEIR PATRONAGE.

Specializing in School and College Photography

## THE J. F. JOHNSON LUMBER CO.

"The Home of Good Lumber and Millwork"

PHONE: Annapolis 2337  
ANNAPOLIS, MD.

PHONE: Glen Burnie 99-100  
Plaza 0969  
GLEN BURNIE, MD.

SATISFIED CUSTOMERS OUR SUCCESS

## The Daily Record *And Why You Should Read It* EVERY DAY

It is a daily newspaper containing news of interest from all parts of the world, furnished by the United Press and other services. The news selected for this valuable paper is selected by editors trained for that particular purpose.

The DAILY RECORD also publishes each day, decisions of the federal and state courts of Maryland and many other interesting items. A wide range of commercial and financial news of the activities of the various state and municipal departments.

\$1.00 per month or \$10.00 per year

Call PLAZA 3849



PASTEURIZED MILK

Of

Laboratory Controlled Quality

Produced, Bottled and Distributed

UNDER RIGID SUPERVISION

# The Annapolis Dairy Products Company

Visitors Always Welcome

PHONE 2345

---

**Cadillac — La Salle**

**Standard Oil Esso Burner**

**Esso Fuel Oil**

## Annapolis Utilities, Inc.

Telephone 2345

89 West Street

Annapolis, Maryland

**Frigidaire  
Air Conditioning**

**Automatic  
Heating Systems**



