

THE
NINETEEN FORTY-THREE
YEARBOOK



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

Foreword

IN 1941 The United States Government declared war. In the second year of this war the citizens and, more particularly, the members of St. John's College, responded to the declaration. In order to preserve the moving picture of this action for posterity, the Junior Class undertook the job of writing a book of this year. If this moving picture is cloudy, it is probably due to the stormy nature of the subject matter; an image can never exceed in clarity or beauty that from which it takes its form.

For the students who witnessed all of these things, this book can only serve as a reminder. To the other readers, it attempts a reconstruction of all that we, who witnessed, saw.



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First Term: "... a manpower problem"



McDowell

Convocation

There came a day, finally, in the middle of September, when McDowell once again looked down with a steady all-encompassing gaze on the beginning of a new school year at St. John's. For sometime people that understood the gaze had been coming back to acknowledge it and to live with it once again over them. They met others who had lived under it and were happy to be back. Examinations and discussions made them realize that much more had happened during vacation than they had thought was possible and they were now ready to continue their studies. It was doubtlessly true that many would not stay for the entire year, but such a situation was not difficult to face.

More recently other people had come to look up at McDowell for the first time and unconsciously acknowledge the gaze that others had found so reassuring. Later they were introduced inside to the classrooms, the President's office, the Dean's and Registrar's office, the Business office and to the other buildings. The time had come for the convocation.

On a bright Sunday afternoon the entire College congregated in front of McDowell and stood ready to proceed to the official opening of school. The Seniors came last; each class preceded by its junior and all were led by the College Marshall, Mr. Kieffer, and the rest of the Faculty. When the procession passed from the walk, up the steps and through McDowell, the younger classmen wit-

nessed for the first time the symbolical joining of the outside of the building that had held their attention and the inside to which they had taken a casual glance.

The procession filed to Iglehart Hall to hear President Barr outline the relations that the College, collectively and individually, holds to the time in which we find ourselves and to suggest our obligations as students in such times. He concluded with the pronouncement of, "Convocatum Est."

It was interesting to watch the new class as they mounted the platform, met the President and Dean and signed the College Register. For the first time in many years, a group of boys was entering an American college among whom were some who had left secondary schools, without graduating, to spend their younger years more profitably in higher education. For the last six years St. John's had consciously bowed to the last of the old school conventions. Now, at a time when the country stood in need of this last step and the College was well enough established to make it possible, it was a pleasure to demonstrate to a society that had forgotten that it was a great deal more the *thing*, that one uses as a basis for education, than the age at which that right thing is begun, that goes to formulate the intelligence of men.

Impressions on Returning

At the beginning of this year, we were treated to the spectacle of a lot of new faces with old clothes and some old faces with new clothes. The first group was, of course, the body of entering freshmen. They may have left their homes neatly and conservatively attired but, after little or no time at the college, they joined, almost unanimously the ranks of those campus stylists who favor the ensemble of red, green or bright plaid shirts and worn denim pants. There were variations on this theme, to be sure, but always tending toward the rude and old rather than the new and genteel. It may be added, at the risk of being called a "footnote writer," that the dirty white saddle shoe led in the choice of footwear with the unpolished brown a widely favored alternate.

Contrasting with these liberal artists were the old familiar faces of our friends who had become subjects of a new discipline since we had last seen them. They did not appear *en masse* but singly and over an interval of time. Their dress was for the most part drab and they were distinguished only by their faces and whatever bars or stripes they might have been awarded. Some of these men were: Edward "Ned" Lathrop, a Lieutenant in the Navy; Ensigns T. Lansdale Hill, Ernest Heimmuller and Joseph Hoffman; Lieutenants James

Clark and John Ainsworth; L. A. C. Edward Freeburger of the R. C. A. F.; and those mainstays of the U. S. Army, Rod Whetstone, Vernon Derr, Alex Koukly, Vernon Smith and William Brubeck. New clothes are becoming more and more popular.

The Freshman Smoker

The first illusions fell shattered around the freshmen when, at the urge of some strange message that seemed official, they were asked to gather in the Great Hall for the annual "smoker." The "smoker" as it turned out was nothing more or less than an introduction to the extracurricular activities that hang between existence and death on the St. John's campus.

The informality was shattered by the able Mr. Peebles, who acted as the master of ceremony for the occasion, and the direct result was a quick course in mythology, farfetched as it might seem, rather than the thing bargained.

The activities were represented by upperclassmen whose jobs were to introduce their organization. They were to review their origin, purpose, function and needs and were to outline briefly the plans for the coming year. The groups were represented thus: Landau, for the King William Players, Variety Show and Art Show; Barber, for the Collegian; Smedley, for the Yearbook; Cochran, for the Cotillion Club; Plunder, for the Boat Club; Prout, for the Film Club; and finally, Wolff, for his own Student Employment Bureau.

The students spoke very badly and came very close to causing a revision of the statement that concerns itself with the relation of St. John's and the spoken word.

It would seem that too little attention is given to this matter. The administration has never been able to decide whether or how it should be done and usually waits until the preceding afternoon to think about it. The students on the other hand either don't know the principles of their organizations or don't bother to illustrate the point if they do. Under such conditions, to hope for the co-operation that is sought, is unprofitable.

Impressions of Sports

As a result of the number of reserves that the College boasts, it is necessary to include, in lieu of the voluntary athletic program, a compulsory pre-military physical training course. This program is required for all members of the College, those who are not committed to the service as well as those who are. A split would have certainly resulted between those who had to take the course and those who did not if this very wise step had not been taken.

In order to facilitate the rest of the program, the course starts off with a short four-week's course in basic infantry drill. Officers-in-charge Wilcox and

Dobreer, who completed similar training during the summer at the Academy, have appointed Smedley, Thompson, Keane, Daffer, Hutchins, Lobell and Camponeschi to aid in instruction. This phase is to be followed by more interesting things. Soon an obstacle course will be built and run through. Football and soccer will give way to winter and the trainees will be exposed to the elements of self-defense, as we now know it; i.e., boxing and wrestling. This will be followed by elements of self-defense as the service would have us know it. It would seem that this later training is an attempt in the direction of a scientific approach to a process of overcoming a treacherous enemy with a minimum of ethical consideration. It might also be called a short course in the "Development and Exercise of a War Mind."

Spring should find us outside once again with the obstacle course and lacrosse stick work. Later, swimming might even find its way into the program.

Meantime the intra-mural sports, that have come to be so much a part of the St. John's program, have had to take a back seat. However, it is a back seat only if the students choose to make it so. The directors have foreseen the undesirability of an athletic program without voluntary sports and have announced a sort of piecemeal substitute. Each Saturday morning four teams that represent the four classes will meet. These games will follow the usual football-basketball-soccer-lacrosse schedule and will terminate with the track and swimming meet as in former years.

It should be an interesting research trying to find time for two hours of exercise every day. The balances are going to be hard to stabilize this year.



Officers-in-charge

Senior Exams

The entire College was pleased and the Class of '43 was relieved to hear that they would all be allowed to enter their senior year and write their senior theses. To some, this meant only the possibility of a degree, however, since there was another examination imminent for a great many of this class.

The juniors looked on in a sort of stoic silence, trying to picture themselves in the same situation and found it impossible. They came to think of those who had passed examination, on everything from Homer up, as at least near geni. They wondered also as to the possibility that the standards of judgment had been lowered and were assured that they were not.

The sophomores and freshmen read the catalogue again, saw that everything was going according to the schedule and wondered why the upperclassmen were excited. When the reaction was thus dampened the College began to settle down to the clouds again.

Freshman - Sophomore Party

The usual introduction to the social doings of a St. Johnny were offered to the freshmen by the sophomores at a beer party in Paca-Carroll basement. This is the continuation of an age-old custom that survives where other initiations have failed. It goes back to man's nature as a social animal and illustrates quite clearly the fact that men would rather be friends, if being friends means drinking together, than enemies, if being enemies insists on the belt lines, freshman rules and the usual system of college society.

It was a rather nice party; the sophomores were more inclined to drinking and joking among themselves than talking to the freshmen and the freshmen were sober sided and impatient for the seminar room, but after awhile the sophomores got happy enough to fall in all directions and things really began to move. By this time the juniors from upstairs had drifted in and the spirits began to soar. As a result babies started to cry over on Bloomsbury and their wailing coupled with the voices of the young freshmen, who were singing by this time, gave Annapolis one of its worst frights of the war.

Attendance was small at breakfast the next morning and there is talk of a rosier week-end in view.

Dance - October 10

The ambitions and hopes of Ed Cochran were rewarded on October tenth when the Cotillion Club, under his chairmanship, put on the first of the activities planned for the year. Care was taken in the decoration of the gymnasium and the attendants of the dance, with the aid of Johnny Hoist and his

Orchestra, experienced one of the best evenings in the annals of the Cotillion Club.

Unfortunately, the freshmen, not realizing their loss, stayed away in droves and the night was principally an upperclassmen's party. As is usual, among the parties of the upperclassmen, things took on a rosier hue as the time wore away and the attention to the music, so necessary for a dance, was relaxed in direct proportion. The madhouse that followed was easily predicted.

The most lasting and outstanding aspect of the dance, came in on the arm of Chairman Cochran himself. The Cotillion Board realizing the possibilities of the situation, formed an elite wolf line. The theme of bigger and better dances was so instilled into their minds that by the end of the night the outstanding aspect had become the lasting aspect and variety (a date with each of the Cotillion Board members) proved to be the spice of life for the cause of it all. The Cotillion Board then rested assured that the year would be successful.

First War Meeting

The Dean opened the Sunday war meetings with a discussion that centered around an article written by Julian Huxley, entitled "Living in a Revolution."

Combining Mr. Huxley's ideas with his own, Mr. Buchanan expressed the belief that "this war is a civil war within the community which will come out of it," and that it is a sign of the revolution in which we are living. This revolution, said Mr. Buchanan, is a rebellion against an authority which we do not know, for as soon as we know it we will cease rebelling against it. Two suggestions during the discussion period identified this unknown authority as Law and Justice, respectively.

On the whole, Mr. Buchanan made his audience look behind the scenes of the war. For those who have attempted it before, his ideas were undoubtedly highly illuminating. It remains a matter of doubt, however, whether those who thus far have been satisfied with such slogans as Imperialism or Totalitarianism to explain the causes of the war had their opinions clarified Sunday night.

Defense Courses

Along with the other things that war-time St. John's found on its hands were the new and improved, but still extra-curricular, defense courses. The Dean introduced them one night at College Meeting by using the words, "the more you have to do, the more you have time to do." He said that such things as navigation and radio would be taught, by two of the members of the student body, Lou Hedeman and Frank Pumphrey, together with the usual gas engine course under Mr. Plunder.

The enthusiasm that was aroused by the Dean's remarks was not destined to have a very long life.



Military drill

The radio course was never begun; the gas engine course was delivered a dirty blow by nature herself when the instructor became sick. The navigation course was the most successful. The number of students that enrolled for that course made it necessary for Mr. Hedeman to call in an assistant and schedule two complete courses. The sophomores and the juniors found it especially interesting to have this addition to their astronomical knowledge. Nevertheless, many of the early students of even this group fell as the others had done and only a fraction of the charter members carried the course to near completion.

Whether the Dean's remark is or is not true is not necessarily proven or disproven by the fate of these courses. But it remains as a fact of practical observation that the prefix "extra" brands a thing for exclusion when Time picks up her wings.

Sports

When the intra-mural athletics were shifted to the back seat in favor of the military athletics, the inevitable happened. The back seat turned into a trailer and now after several rainy Saturdays the trailer has been lost. So far the football schedule is as follows:

Team	W.	L.	Pts.	Op.
Juniors	3	0	31	0
Frosh	1	2	2	8
Sophs	1	2	3	12
Seniors	0	3	0	16

There is news of returning to a system of athletics that will be played after drill.

Collegian

In October, the first Collegian, edited by Barton Barber and staffed by Peter Wolff, John Smedley, Peter Weiss, Henry Mack, George Brunn, Rogers Albritton and Jack Landau, came out. Its format was changed (the upperclassmen half expected this, given the metamorphoses of the '42 Collegian) and was a folded sheet with technically four pages. Its material was organized around the calendar of the week and succeeded in doing an excellent job of the reporting of the events of the previous week. In doing this it was fulfilling at least a large part of its function. Primarily, it is giving the opportunity to write articles in an objective style to those with the ability and the time. It is, secondarily, giving an intelligent way of getting a look at all that is happening behind McDowell, to the interested outside. And it may prove, finally, to be the most successful way by which the College can keep in touch with its members leaving for the service. If the Collegian fulfills these purposes in any genuine sense, then another story on the "Written Word at St. John's" will have been begun.

Obstacle Course

The fate of the members of the College was sealed the day that the first crude timber was unloaded on

the back campus. For many days before Archie and Dave Dobreer had been using the tape, looking at strange geometrical figures and laughing in the faces of the victims to be. One day the obstacle course was begun.

Three hurdles, in quick—too quick—succession, spaced at the wrong distances, started the course off. A wall, to be hurdled, in the middle of things to roll under, was next. But not satisfied with the little things of life, a second wall was added. This particular wall had the uncanny property of being longer from the bottom to the top than it was from the top to the bottom. The transition was made by means of ropes. Here nature came into her own once more, however. It was only necessary to leave the wall and run naturally, or try to, in order to get through the zigzag fence. Some of the less fortunate hit on the off beat and all but crowded the local 4-Fs out of the infirmary. The maze of hand-walks, tunnels, pens, log-crossings, graves without mounds, mounds without graves and houses that rolled and were rolled completely exhausted the imagination of the creators and the bodies of the users. The hurdle, that completed the course, was added only for the sake of decoration.

Halloween Dance

The Halloween Dance will live long in memory. It was the first "ol' cloes" dance of the year and was, as its predecessors had been, a three-ring circus. The gymnasium was decorated for fighting and exercise, with the Halloween touches added by Landau in the forms of (1) Banquo's Ghost and (2) huge masks at the opposite ends of the hall. These were not without effect either. The Negro Band, glancing over its shoulder and seeing the Ghost, led off with a tremendous, continuous, devil-take-the-hindmost effort that would have frightened real shades back to their corners in Hell. Needless

to say the St. Johnnies stood up well under the strain.

Somewhere in the middle of the evening, the Cotillion Club went Hellzapoppin on us and announced a contest for the best costume present. The prizes were taken collectively by: Richard, Louise and Punch Hutchins in the forms of: Explorer, Native Princess and Rare Animal, respectively. The main prize, a live chicken, was presented by the chaperons, Mr. and Mrs. Hammond.

One thing can be said quite soberly, however. The Cotillion Board is fulfilling a function, regardless of what that function might be, with an efficiency that has not been known in the years of the present College members. The student body further seem to appreciate the attempts made to do a hard job well.

Coffee Shop Opening

Tonight the great event took place. Whether it was all a part of a scheme of the Dean's to turn the school into a big cooperative or whether it was merely an attempt of the College to get out of the red as far as the Coffee Shop was concerned we don't profess to know. We can only report that tonight ownership and managership of the Coffee Shop passed into the hands of that astute business man, brilliant cook, and charming host, Philip Camponeschi.

Even while Mr. Strauss was still patiently lecturing upstairs, coming events began to cast their shadows. First unbelieving and then amused we heard the unmistakable strains of *le jazz hot* emanating from downstairs and very definitely penetrating into the Great Hall. Now this hall is perhaps not as far removed from entertainment and dancing as some might think, for it used to serve once upon a time as a ballroom. We suspect, however, that it was accustomed to hear only minuets and waltzes in its time, and today therefore it assumed the



Halloween dance

haughty air which only the lover of classical music is able to sustain when he hears "that trash." But the Dean, alert as always, quickly prevented the revolution from breaking out an hour early.

The first discovery which old patrons of the Coffee Shop made when they wandered downstairs after the lecture was that it had changed its name. Alas, Coffee Shop had become "Moish Yussels." How this name came to be, we dare not even guess, but it must have been conceived in one of Camponeschi's grimmer moods. The second discovery was the juke box, that machine whose effects we have already briefly mentioned. The third and fourth discoveries were practically simultaneous; namely the free beer which soon flowed freely and the girls (four girls, four) who soon were freely danced with.

Words fail us. It was magnificent. Perhaps there were not enough girls to give everybody that co-ed feeling, but then there was plenty of beer. Undoubtedly, Leroy's and Louise's jitterbugging was in some sense the climax of the night. Everyone felt the uniqueness of the occasion. Hostesses graciously provided by the management, beer until you were sick, prices slashed to the bone (well, 20% anyhow), noise from the juke box without your own effort—truly St. John's was undergoing a revolution. Indeed, so well had the management recognized the nature of its customers that the hostesses (four hostesses, four) ran out before the beer did. The merriment did not stop then, however. Only occasionally arguments were raised against having a juke box in our halls. After careful research work we have been able to generalize them into four main ones, corresponding to each of the four years. Freshmen—St. John's in a way is a restitution of the Academy of Plato. Plato did not have a juke box. Therefore, etc. Sophomores—It is repugnant to the intellect. Juniors—The community is based on a social contract. The contract did not call for a juke box. Therefore, it must be removed if we don't want to return to the state of nature. Seniors—No opinion.

Time however passed on. The girls disappeared, the prices were raised, the juke box became mute from a lack of nickels, and free beer was but a fond memory. We are not to be shaken easily out of our habits.

Parties

Something very acute and very strange is taking place on campus as is evidenced by the tendency to forget the external world in an escape to alcohol at the slightest provocation. Parties spring up like mushrooms on the ground that is overshadowed by the draft board. And the awaited touch is inevitably marked by a last fling. Not unconnected are the parties that are given for those of the service who return to show themselves as products of a nation at war. There are also the parties in general



Freshman party

that don't belong to either of these two classes that constitute the real problem. The Dean remarked this almost irrational attitude and spoke about the books and balances and their disruption. Nevertheless, it still remains a problem or at least the manifestation of a problem.

It would seem that the uncertainty of the future is ruling us in this way; that we are not inwardly convinced of the importance of the place that we hold here. This is a difficult statement to make and it is not at all pleasing after made. To say that we cannot bring our training to bear on the contingent circumstance, calls for a re-examination of the way in which our jobs have been done. On the other hand, it may be the perfectly normal shock of battle to well trained but unseasoned troops. Our years progress should begin to develop this picture to a recognizable point.

The Chicago Expedition

After nine days of the first term had passed and the freshmen were beginning to distinguish the library from the gymnasium, two eminent juniors packed up their belongings and left the campus, almost fully convinced that what they wanted was not here. At the moment of departure, they seemed about to either turn back or to be joined by one or more of their fellows. Neither of these things happened however, and the intrepid two were next heard of from the university of a large well-known mid-western city.

There was a long period of little or no news. Then, shortly after some friends whom they had left behind had shipped off their material wealth, the college experienced, with widely varying reactions, the sudden reappearance of one of the two. He brought back some interesting information concerning the mechanism of education where his com-

panion had been convinced of the integrity of his choice. He himself was just as convinced of the advisability of seeking readmittance in spite of the by then well organized military drill.

The Dean, after having deliberated carefully, authorized reinstatement of the homecomer who required very little time to become again a "St. Johnny," one of those people who are all alike and all different.

The Student War Meeting

Typical of the St. John's spirit, one of the war meetings took on a slightly different note. Four of the student body jumped head long into the question, "Should Liberal Arts Colleges Remain Open in War."

The first talk was on "The Functions of Liberal Arts Colleges in Wartime." Mr. Witwer stated that the primary function of a Liberal Arts Course was to give students a working grammar which would enable them to make right decisions; in other words, to teach students to think and give them a foundation for their decisions. But since man's decisions are always relative, something like Christian Faith is needed to act upon one's decisions. Mr. Witwer was not quite clear as to whether it was the duty of the college to give this faith or not.

Mr. Mack had difficulty in defining the conditions which would answer his topic question: "When Should Liberal Arts Colleges Close?" He felt that students would leave college to fill the increasing manpower shortage unless convinced that their Liberal Arts Colleges were accomplishing two functions which justify their existence in wartime. Though it followed from Mr. Witwer's talk that better men make better soldiers and officers, Mr. Mack couldn't see why two years of officer training and field experience wouldn't produce a better officer than would two years of Liberal Arts training. Secondly, Mr. Mack doubted whether we are getting an understanding of the world which will be necessary to citizenship in the post-war world and he wondered why we couldn't get it after the war as well. Though he admitted that the colleges might be performing these two functions successfully, he charged educators with the responsibility to convince students of the fact.

Though it might or might not be wise for colleges to remain open, Mr. Nelson explained some of the arguments which might lead the individual student to enlist. He contended that though the soldier whose sole motive was to avenge Pearl Harbor might fight as well as the citizen whose purpose was based on a deeper understanding of the conflict involved in this war, it was better for the citizen with noble motives to fight. Mr. Nelson suggested that there were further reasons which might lead a student to remain in college. Even were there no such reasons, Mr. Nelson defended the existence

of the Liberal Arts College in wartime; for, he argued, without it there would soon be no soldiers with generous motives based on any real understanding of the war.

Mr. Goldsmith believed that the war is only one phase of a social revolution. Education will be of paramount importance after the war, if the revolution is to result in an international situation just enough to give prospect of anything more than a twenty-year peace. Though we must not minimize the necessity of our winning the war, colleges must remain open, lest men forget for what they are fighting, and the world be lost again in confusion.

Thanksgiving

Thanksgiving fell this year on its traditional date, November twenty-sixth, and was although no less a holiday, much less a vacation time. The College stayed in session; students were expected to attend classes and some of the juniors even spent the afternoon in dissection.

At 1:10 sharp, a large majority of the students and faculty assembled in Randall Hall to hear the Reverend Smith introduce the holiday meal with the simple but eloquent Latin grace used on previous solemn occasions. Everyone then "fell to" and began to enjoy the abundance of good food and the pleasant conversation of his dinner companions.

In the middle of dessert, the Dean represented as pinch-hitting for Mr. Barr, gave an address, the principles of which he claimed to have been dictated by our President himself. It began with Mr. Peebles favorite translation of the grace but was essentially a list of the things for which we should



Miss Alexander



Navy on campus

all be thankful. The list included the plans and donations for the new buildings which could not be built on account of the priorities; the luxurious rye crop on the new playing field that could not be played upon; the College airplane, which was doomed not to fly because of government regulations; the new bench outside of Randall for us to sit on in cold weather and the fine tutorials that were rapidly losing both students and tutors.

After this degree of humor, the Dean described what, in his opinion, was really our great blessing. A sober audience agreed, that the sort of community spirit we have, of men learning together, would not perish under the attacks of distant separation or brief lapse of time.

On Thanksgiving night, some seminars were interrupted to hear Mr. Barr battle over the radio with two prominent figures in United States education. We contend that it is more than prejudice which led us to think he won. Miss Alexander supplied us with a party in the dining hall, beginning at 10:30 and lasting until everybody had had his fill of hot dogs and cocoa. It was an extraordinary day.

Kirkpatrick

On the tenth and eleventh of the month Ralph Kirkpatrick, his clavichord and his harpsichord, paid the college their long announced visit. As the first item on his two-day program, Mr. Kirkpatrick gave an informal clavichord recital on Tuesday afternoon. He made a few introductory remarks, commenting on the various effects produced when we say the same thing through different mediums.

Further he gave consideration to the unique properties of the clavichord which allow it to produce effects like those of no other instrument, the most important of which, beyond the instrument's limited size and dynamics, seems to be that a player can still maintain control of a string after striking it, thus producing a kind of tremolo.

He then played some little preludes and fugues and some two-part inventions. To illustrate his previous remarks on the effects of different mediums, Mr. Kirkpatrick also played some of these on the harpsichord. This instrument, though lacking the delicacy of the former, presents greater variety of pitch and dynamics. The recital was brought to a close with one of the French suites, again on the clavichord.

That evening at nine o'clock, Mr. Kirkpatrick held a seminar on the Goldberg Variations in McDowell. He said the primary aim of an early eighteenth century composer was not to be original but to do a job better than anyone else could; and in the light of this he analyzed the variations. Finally the group retired to Humphreys to sing the ground base on which all the variations are imposed. They also sang some folk songs of the "quadlebet."

The Goldberg Variations again served as subject matter in Wednesday's formal harpsichord recital. The variations were played twice, so that, apart from the appearance of small cats and the rustling of music paper, students and visitors could follow the explication with comparative ease.

Movie - Dance

The Cotillion Board came through again with another improvement that has resulted in making the movie-dance, admittedly originated as a fill-in between formals, almost rival the larger dances. A small number of films, well spaced has kept the public interested and active.

On this particular occasion the "Ghost Goes West" was the presentation and with such a beginning the dance could hardly go wrong. To insure doubly against slip up, however, the managers, keeping the cafe style, checked table cloths and candles that were introduced last year, added wooden bowls and popcorn. This was not a kindly act, done from the heart's depths or for the sake of goodness, however, but rather, out of a certain financial need, to step up the Coca-Cola business that was also installed.

The music was especially good both from the listeners as well as the dancer's point of view. It was provided from the collection of Dave Dobreer, complete with Negro stylist and Dixieland arrangements plus the more popular numbers, that still retain good musical taste, of the usual orchestras. It was so good in fact that it even stoppd the bridge game that had sprung up, as usual, in the back of the room. The dance committee has won again.

Auction

With the idol of the book store and campus gone to join her sometimes-sea-faring husband, it was somewhat of a pleasant surprise to hear of an auction. This was to be the second such doing of the store; the first having been held last year with Al Poppitti as the man with the gavel. On this occasion Lou Hedeman took over.

The crowd was packed into the front room of the book store, whether to buy or to wait for the refreshments was not immediately evident. Lou began like an old hand at the game and soon had the crowd in a gay reckless mood ready to snap at the bargains. The books went quickly with the auctioneer always maintaining a pace fast enough to interest the crowd and slow enough to allow competition.

Picking up the books at random, inspecting them and asking for an appropriate price, he would then begin the backward-forward motion that is necessary to the auctioneer; here urging, there reluctant; now displeased and uncompromising, then happy to get rid of his goods. Thus the afternoon was spent with an intermission out for the delights of the refreshments.

When it was all over, the College was alive with talk of the bargains and is looking forward to the third auction in the book store.

Sports

Basketball has been making headway despite the stir that is going on around it and threatening to crowd it out. The Juniors are ahead in both winnings and points and the other teams will be well burdened to shake them from their place next term. The Seniors have shown their usual good form but lack of interest and unity has kept them out of the running. Sophomores are completely hopeless but there is life among the Freshmen. Individual points have something to say about this:

INDIVIDUAL	GAMES	AVERAGE SCORE
Krol	5	21
Witwer	3	18
Van Doren	3	19
Usilton	3	15
Bauder	5	13

And team standings:

TEAM	W.	L.	PTS.	OPP.
Juniors	5	0	299	103
Seniors	2	1	128	115
Soph BCD	2	2	171	159
Soph AEF	1	1	64	75
Frosh DEF	0	3	84	104
Frosh ABC	0	3	66	202

Intramurals have again come into their own with the beginning of the basketball season. It was able



Intramurals

to do this when the time for intramurals was shifted from the Saturday morning schedule to a time just after the drill period. This seems a bit more logical. The immediate balance of the military athletic by a voluntary game is all that is needed to relieve the psychological tension.

Christmas Week-end

Sometime near the beginning of the end of November, the words "Variety Show" were muttered for the first time since the beginning of school. Within a week they were being heard over and over again. Even the Collegian heard and advertised for everything, from musicians, to carpenters and chorus girls, to interested bystanders, to help put the thing over. It was soon common knowledge that it would be called "It's All Yours" or "A Priorities of 1943" and would be, as usual, a "speciality in libel and slander."

After the usual all night rehearsals and last week rush for songs, props, and admission fees, the whole thing blossomed forth and was received with unusual enthusiasm by a very amused audience. It was held in Humphrey Hall, on Saturday, before the Christmas Dance and was found to be shorter than its predecessors. As usual, it took its material from the life as it is lived at St. John's. This life was expressed in terms of pictures rather than in terms of a pattern or possible pattern as it has been known to have been done.

Lights out—Cigarette butts in the dark—Lights on. The entire audience has caught the "Seven Sleepers" with their "pants off"; the entire audience had caught St. John's behind stage and had found a new place. The new problems of the Dean's and President's office took on a new light and the Navy came in only to tear its hair and rush out again. The mad gyrations of the formal lecture and the athletic program were kicked around. Faculty members came back from the wars and went on fighting, while the newer members blithely composed madrigals and discovered new root formations above the din. Even the Cotillion Club came in for a short speech. The switchboard, running at full speed, cleaned up on all the gossip and set the College aright again. The most powerful of all the blows was that dealt by the Queen Anne Players with the never-to-be-forgotten presentation of "Oedipus Rex," analysis by Mr. Albrittonov. This is the epitome for the Variety Shows for any single, isolated part of a program. A magnificent list of the "Great Books" closed the show quite properly, honors to Mayer.

The most interesting thing about the entire show was noted on the program. It was: "Communially written and directed." Aside from a very definite English, even Gilbert-Sullivanian, trend, there is no distinct hand recognizable in the whole of the production. This has always meant a special and

spontaneous humor that has been the mark of the Variety Club. It has always had the habit, furthermore, of testing man's rationality as well as his risibility.

The dance that followed was louder and funnier by reason of what had gone on before.

College Meeting - First Term

Once a week at St. John's the College indulges in a reflective operation: instead of teaching, learning and studying, the College turns around and looks on itself. For a brief half hour in College Meeting the Leviathan does not merely proceed in its purposeful way but regards itself in relation to the outside world. Because this was such an important year and especially because the tempo of events increased steadily toward the latter part of the school year, College meetings assumed a role that grew steadily in importance as the year went on.

Aside from routine announcements which are hardly worth perpetuating, the first term meetings had most of their time devoted to the various reserves in which students could then enlist—until a sudden, though not unexpected, end was put to these enlistments on the very last day of the term. At the same time concern became apparent, both on the part of the faculty and the student body about a college's position in war. Was not remaining in college in times like these a waste? Was not enlisting in reserves a modified form of draft dodging? While everybody had to solve this problem for himself, the Dean gave some sound advice. Going to college in wartime is also a duty, certainly for members of the reserve forces, but also for those who are not yet in the Army. What is needed is a clear understanding of the work in college, what the education of men means to a country at war. Frequently, the kind of double life which each student led on the drill field and in the class room was employed as an illustration of the similar position which a college finds itself in during war—abiding by what the country's needs prescribe yet not losing its own initiative or resourcefulness. Not that the use of this analogy made drill any more popular—although the majority of the student body recognized its necessity and took it in its stride. There was even a lengthy written document by Mr. Hammond on the subject which in addition to the obvious reason—namely that the Army, Navy, and Marine Corps require such training for their reservists—produced at least one other one to justify drill, i.e., that pre-military training brings about a regular catharsis relieving the tension which any educational institution is subject to in wartime. At any rate the first term seemed to show a more than usual concern about the duties of a student and citizen in wartime. Very real reminders of the fact that we are at war were occasional mentions that someone had left, again, for the armed services. As yet the rate of withdrawals from College was a mere trickle compared with what was to come. And thus we went away for Christmas vacation.

Second Term: "... a house divided"

College in Session

We returned from the—ah, so brief—Christmas vacation with a Christmas card which the Dean had sent us—a letter which explained just what the recent announcements about manpower meant to us. It should make us relatively happy, the Dean thought, for it meant that the Navy and Marine reserves would not be called until after June 30, and that the Army reserves would at least finish this, the second term. While the happiness which this provided was of course only partial, since after all this definitely meant that most students would be leaving soon, yet it was a great relief to most to be able to substitute reliable information for fantastic rumors. As far as possible the College settled back into its routine.

New Year's Dance

The most important thing about the dance that was given almost as soon as we got back from the vacation, was the intermission. The dance itself was quiet and sociable and really very nice, but that was before the Variety Show party. At the stroke of twelve-thirty, people, all sorts of people (but mostly those whose talents had shown forth in the show, and even those whose talents had not shown forth), began to file off toward the Stone-Chase combination. There had been news of a party in the wind. Things went along very sociably for a while and then the climax came. Neeka—that's what he was being called by this time—took to the piano. He dashed up and down the board a few times, like only a Russian can, and finally broke forth with a French song that amused all who understood and even those who did not. (Telepathy is here to stay.) Gipsy ballads and Russian ballads and in fact, ballads from every corner of Neeka's



New Year's dance

globe-trotting repertoire came forth and gleamed. It was the most of fun. Somewhere near the end the crowd drifted back to the dance to see the same people with the same fixed smiles. They were happy in knowing that their own smiles were real and caused by the remembrance of a strange man at play.

New New Program

The customary introductory announcement by the Dean at the beginning of one College Meeting was somewhat more spiced than usual. It concerned the recent posting of a list of "24 distinguished gentlemen" who are to have conferences with Mr. Buchanan. That these people, who are to explain either their excessive number of absences or the unusual reports about them in Don Rags, have to be called in to meet the Dean is indicative of the fact that our war jitters have been increased, rather than steadied, by the recent Stimson-Knox announcement. Not enough people, Mr. Buchanan said, are availing themselves of the opportunities which the College offers its students because of the war; for instance, the War Meetings in the Library Sunday nights, where we can learn and talk about the war; nor are we presenting our problems to the faculty, which is anxious to be of help.

Then the news which everybody had expected to break for sometime was announced by Mr. Barr: The New Program was abolished and the New New Program took its place. Yielding to the pressure of events, there is going to be a summer term for St. John's this year. Not yielding to any pressure, although perhaps urged by them, but rather following an old intention of the administration's, the College will next year admit 15-year-olds as freshmen. This, together with the summer term, will allow such freshmen to complete the program in three years, graduating when they are 18—or just before they are drafted. This will allow the school to remain open for the duration and to provide a liberal education for all such who want it. Incidental changes that will be introduced also are that Greek will be taught for four terms, but no other language at all. The language tutorial in the remaining two years will be devoted, as it always was meant to be, to the close reading of some of the books. Laboratory procedure is also likely to be changed; mainly because of the great turnover in the faculty, it is going to be taught in subjects, rather than happening along as heretofore. An accidental welcome change brought about by all this is that drill will no longer be necessary, although perhaps a few minutes of calisthenics will be retained. All in all, this seems to be a relatively happy solution of all our thorny wartime problems.

Student War Meeting

Herodotus, Thucydides, Tacitus, Gibbon, and Hegel, in the persons of five undergraduates, gave their interpretations of the modern world at war. Any attempt to turn the light of an historian's understanding on ages other than those he has treated requires an understanding of the historian's principles of interpretation. But there exists a close relationship between the historical principles of a particular historian and the pattern of events in the period he treats. One can therefore gain insights into the present war by studying Thucydides' History of the Peloponnesian War only in so far as the two periods are analogous. For these reasons a large burden of explanation fell upon each of the speakers for every statement he made.

In brief, dramatic form Sam Sheinkman presented several views that Herodotus might have offered on the present war. All who have read Herodotus know how difficult it is to find there any general principles of historical interpretation.

Mr. Guy found two premises which Thucydides would have held today. First, that the future always resembles the past, and second, that this war bears many remarkable resemblances to the Peloponnesian war. In drawing analogies between the two wars, Mr. Guy met several difficulties, which in turn suggested problems for us today. Mr. Guy equated democratic Athens with Germany. The destruction of Nazi airpower would be equivalent to the destruction of Athenian seapower. But the culture and ideas of government in Athens were not destroyed by military defeat. For us this might mean that conquering Germany will not destroy totalitarianism, nor save democracy.

Mr. Scolnik's delivery gave one the impression that he was receiving suggestions from Tacitus as he spoke. The remarks he thus received were distinctively Tacitian. He labeled Tacitus a practical man, a realist in the way we understood realism before St. John's. Tacitus would call international law a fiction. Somewhere Mr. Scolnik found an article Tacitus had written, entitled "Why orators of today lack the eloquence of the last century." Both found the answer in a contemporary lack of liberal education.

Mr. Sachs first asked whether Gibbon would have treated our times. He stated that Gibbon wrote only about periods of rise or decline. Nowhere in the world today could Mr. Sachs find a decline of any thing worthwhile, and only in Germany a rise, that of the fascist state. But Gibbon treats of a period only after it has reached a peak, and this the fascist state has not and may not reach. Mr. Sachs would make no predictions for Gibbon. For there is for Gibbon no casualty in history but human passion and human circumstance, and from these follows no technique of prediction.

For Hegel freedom is impossible without the state.



Class time

There are degrees of freedom for the individual in different states. In Germany, Japan, and Italy "One is Free." In the near East and China "Some are Free." There the individual, though not enslaved as in the fascist states, still has no say in government and is helpless economically. Russia, though outwardly appearing to say "Only One is Free," in reality says "All are Free." The United States is beginning to say that none is free until all the world is free.

Boxing Eliminations

Saturday, February 6th, found the College on its toes to witness the best set of boxing eliminations that have been seen for some time. The program started off with a fast hard fight between Alex Morse and Harold Hyden. Both boys shifted well and carried themselves as if they knew the game, Hyden, a little faster, got off to an advantage in the first round. Morse fought back a losing fight gallantly. The referee, Whitey Bauder, stopped the match in the last round, giving the decision to Hyden by technical knockout.

Hammen and Spohn next took the ring. Hammen, the doughty contender of last year's champ, Jim Raley, and Spohn, a newcomer to the ring. They both fought at 148 pounds and the match was enjoyed as much by the contenders as it was by the audience. It was a very well-balanced fight, given to slugging at times rather than boxing. Hammen wore his adversary down and took the judges decision after Spohn carried the fight the full distance.

Finally, the second half of the 145 pound eliminations climbed into the ring; Prout, never having



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fought, and Woodward, never having not fought. The fight progressed relatively coolly and calmly and was, where the other bouts were not, a boxing match. However, the experience and speed of Woodward out-pointed the reach and general cussedness of Prout continuously. The last round was finally pushed into a slugging session and the Michigan Mauler took the judges' decision from the Maryland Martyr.

War and the College

One of the most important phases of the war has been in keeping a "war conscious" home front behind our fighting forces. It has been, indeed, necessary to have Air Raid Wardens, Red Cross Units and the other emergency corps, for the evident practical reason. However, this practical side has its psychological counterpart.

The part that St. John's has played in these corps is interesting in terms of the "Town and Gown" relation that faces every college located in a small town. Because of its facilities it has been able to have one of the towns most important Red Cross Centers located in its gymnasium. Some of the students were able to man this center, having taken a first aid course last year, by attending refresher courses held periodically throughout the year.

Probably more important, is the part that has been played by the administrative officers and faculty members. They have become leaders in various Civilian Defense Courses and have made the College a center, in a very real sense, for important defense work in Annapolis.

Aside from these, the mere fact that the conditions for an emergency exist urges the College to act for its own safety on campus. The assignment of Air Raid Shelters to the various houses; the Air Raid Practices for McDowell and the appointment of Air Raid Wardens, are all steps to put the plant in as desirable a position as possible, as regards any more or less passive part that our community might be forced to play.

But more important than any of these is a more lasting aspect. There is no way of having men commit themselves to civil responsibility like that in which the possibility of death is involved. Recognition of one's place as a member of a "Leviathan" is possible as early as kindergarten but an extra lesson in it never "makes Jack a dull boy."

Boxing Finals

The climax of the intramurals fell again on a dance night as it had in previous years. In the afternoon, two of the fights that were not able to be held at night were presented.

In the 127-pound class, Atterbury met Bonham. Jerry's superior condition made him a favorite with those who were not familiar with Bonham's native ability. Both boys fought well but Bonham drew favor to his side with a hard right cross in the first round. Still bleeding a little from this blow, Jerry met his opponent half way in the second round. When the fight became one sided, however, the referee, Bauder, stopped the bout in favor of Bonham.

The next fight came as somewhat of a surprise to the audience when Joe Blocher climbed through the ropes to shake hands with Hendrickson. The fight was the height of good sportsmanship and should stand as model for any intramural engagements. Blocher put up a splendid fight but weakened in the third to allow the championship to fall to Hendrickson by the decision of the judges.

All the trimmings were brought out for the rest of the fights at 7:00. Dobreer and Bauder together with Referee Pastrana made up the judges' stand, with Krol as the official timekeeper. The first bout announced by Ring Master Dauber was that which took place between Champion Levering and, second-time contender, Hyden. Levering lacked the speed and relentlessness of attack that had marked his former match. He managed to retain his crown, however, by a T.K.O. in the last round.

The contest between Hamman and Woodward had the distinction of being the only one that had gone completely through the semi-final stage. Hamman got off to a fine start by delivering blows to his opponent's stomach. In the second round, Woodward, who had been fighting under the handicap of a sprained knee, was forced to withdraw from the contest. It was a good fight and should have proven more interesting had it continued. There is little doubt that the fateful decision was just.

Finally the most awaited fight of the year was ready to go, the match between Armstrong and Cochran. It was again because of Armstrong's surety of attack and experience that championed Cochran's superior condition. The fight lasted three fast rounds. Cochran, lacking his initiative of the first two rounds, finally fell behind in points and the match and the program ended with the announcement of Champion Bert Armstrong's fourth consecutive victory.

Sports

The basketball program has been gaining momentum. Frosh and Soph teams are becoming more interested and more integrated and the juniors and seniors are losing some of their unity and psychological advantage. Scores make this clear. Last term the average ratio of winner to loser was 57 to 26. Now that ratio is 38 to 28.

Evidence of this improvement can be seen from the results of some of the games:

Frosh ABC	24	Soph BCD	23
Frosh DEF	36	Frosh ABC	17
Seniors	37	Soph AEF	36

Nor were the juniors without their tough games this term:

Juniors	40	Frosh ABC	28
Juniors	50	Seniors	42

In all, the standings are much more interesting this term:

TEAM	W.	L.	PTS.	OPP.
Juniors	4	0	167	117
Frosh DEF	1	1	62	58
Seniors	1	1	79	86
Soph BCD	1	2	111	110
Frosh ABC	1	3	83	149
Soph AEF	0	1	36	37

Valentine Dance

The night of February 13th remains a blot on any man's memory who happened to be in the gymnasium after 10 o'clock. The Cotillion Board was unhappy because their weren't enough paying customers. The stag line was unhappy because all the pretty girls stayed at home. The varied and sundry girls were unhappy because the stag line was singing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling." The band was unhappy because somebody requested Spanish music. The chaperons were unhappy because they were chaperons, and Goldsmith was unhappy because Terry said there was no more gin. Everybody, thinking that he was the only unhappy person, took the occasion to fight, swamp the band stand, run around the floor, pull down decorations and in general have a wonderful time.

It was essentially a freshman-senior affair with sophomores as cheer leaders and juniors walking

around aimlessly, not unlike the Souls without hope in the *Inferno*, unrecognized by the seniors, ignoring the cheer leaders and still unable to tell the freshmen from the high school boys. In short, it was nothing with which either St. John's or St. Valentine can ever be proud of having had connections.

Indoor Activities

Since St. John's is situated in a climate which may be described, although rather inaccurately, as temperate, there can be no winter sports in the strict sense of the term, that is, skating, skiing, etc. This together with the fact that some people would rather exercise indoors than out, regardless of the weather, accounts for the existence of the gymnasium and more particularly, its heavy use this year.

And, to become almost painfully particular, its heavy use during this winter season is what this article has been meaning to talk about all the time. The gymnasium was more than heavily used this season; it was pampered. On account of the military athletic program, everyone without a legitimate excuse, and the grounds for legitimacy were few, visited the gym at least three times a week. This is probably the most attention that it has received in the memory of the contemporary students. Nor is this attention the gym's only claim to distinction as a part of the College. It is due largely to the national emergency, to be sure but nevertheless it is true, that its floors are cleaned and polished not by brushes and rags but by the bodies of liberal artists.



Music corner

Dave Dobreer and Bob Wilcox spent part of their time during summer vacation at the Academy learning things that were calculated to toughen and strengthen our bodies. One of the first things was the art of blocking and tackling in football, taught to us in the Fall. From then on things began to get more and more lethal and less and less gentle. For several weeks the drill period would begin with a set of calisthenics, either barked or muttered at us, depending on the orator of the day. Then, after a brief but rather lucid lecture on the several efficient means of giving and avoiding blows, we would spend a major part of the period attempting to put these principles into practice and watching our classmates fail also. But it was all very interesting and no doubt did strengthen and toughen our bodies.

Next, several sections turned to wrestling and were ably instructed by Frank Pumphrey and Ed Taylor. The best methods of attack and defense were demonstrated and practiced in all positions. Finally, the zenith or nadir, depending on the point of view, was reached by a select group of juniors. This was commando fighting or hand-to-hand fighting; in it no holds are barred and the object is to kill or maim your opponent. The students were shown the most vulnerable parts of the body and were carefully cautioned not to regard the techniques as parlor games nor to develop them by home study. It is fairly certain that there have been some additional insights into Hobb's state of nature and Sherman's famous remark.

Senior Paper - Writing Month

April has ceased to be the cruelest month. Instead of having fine weather during which to combine thesis-writing with sailing, tennis and swimming, the seniors were forced into the sole relaxation of the movies by the inclemency of the seasons, both physical and political. For February was chosen for thesis-month because of the large-scale Army Reserve activities of some seniors, and February is well known in Annapolis for its icy conditions, conditions which effectively deprived the seniors of basking, boating and bathing and forced them to write their papers. The labour pains of the seniors were many and varied: some had the *yellow bile* of the movies, some the *phlegm* of the hopeless gaze, others the *blood* of the battles, and yet others the *black bile* of love. A little more about this *black bile*, which produced the most obvious and perhaps even the most lasting results of the month for at least four seniors. The month was spent by two in the delights of consummation and two in the agonies of betrothal. The more intellectual results of the month will shortly be seen by the faculty in McDowell 24 and by the general public at graduation, if any.



Senior at play

The Last of Basketball

The February slump swept everything in sight this year. It even hit sports and the juniors at that. The Frosh DEF team, who was showing a great deal of fight under the leadership of Van Doren, dropped out of sight and Van Doren's place among the high scorers has been taken by a senior.

The juniors managed to find competition in four of their five games:

Juniors.....52	Frosh ABC24
Juniors.....46	Soph BCD29
Juniors.....61	Frosh ABC31
Juniors.....67	Frosh DEF28

Of the remaining games the seniors played and won two, Frosh ABC, one:

Seniors38	Soph BCD25
Seniors33	Frosh DEF30
Frosh ABC37	Frosh DEF28

The high individual scores suffered as well:

INDIVIDUAL	GAMES	AVERAGE PTS.
Krol	4	18
Bauder	3	17
Slafkosky	2	15
Kramer	3	9
Dobreer	4	8

Thus the basketball season came to a close, no race for the finish, no championship game. Just an end.

Concert

Last Sunday the College Community Orchestra and Chorus gave us their first performance of the year. The orchestra's part consisted in the First Symphony and the Six Contra Dances of Beethoven and a concerto of Vivaldi. The chorus sang two numbers by the perennial Bach—later some English madrigals and a motet by Vitoria.

The Beethoven Symphony, the most important thing the orchestra has taken on itself so far, came off well, especially the first and last movements. But the second movement did not feel so very sure of itself, while the third was played somewhat slower than we are used to hear it. This was excusable if one considered the limitations of this organization and the demands which Beethoven's *molto vivace* makes upon the players. Praise must go to the orchestra and conductor for the way they did the last movement.

The chorus then sang "Sheep and Lambs May Safely Graze" from a Bach cantata. This was followed by "Lord of Our Life" sung a cappella. Singing Bach chorals a cappella is a rather dubious business. This was illustrated Sunday. Without the accompaniment which Bach intended for his chorals they sound a little thin, as if they were trying to ape the earlier choral tradition but couldn't quite manage it. But this is not to criticize the performance of the chorus on this number, but only to cite a limitation which was imposed on this performance.

The orchestra continued with the Vivaldi Concerto for strings in D minor. The first movement was well enough played but had that characteristic



Concert practice

dryness which is often associated with this kind of music. Better was the slow movement with the arpeggios of the piano adding much. The third movement is better known to most people as the finale to Bach's D minor Concerto. The Orchestra played it with as fine a spirit as they did the finale of the symphony.

The motet, "Jesu dulcis memoria," opened the last group of numbers by the chorus. This piece had a deep-running gravity which the chorus was able to convey well. Three English madrigals followed, "April Is In My Mistress Face," by that near great author Sir Thomas Morley (the book—*A Plane and Easie Introduction to Practical Musik*), Dowland's "Weep You No More Sad Fountains," and Farmer's "Fair Phyllis I Saw Walking All Alone." The Morley number was done with goodly drive and passion, but Dowland's fountains had no reason to stop weeping. The chorus obviously did not spend enough time on this piece. Then "Fair Phyllis" brought things aright again; it's too bad that the encore had "to make like the B-19."

Beethoven's Six Contra Dances, which Mr. Nabokov candidly described as being much the same thing as a Virginia Reel, at times approached even a Charleston.

Film Club

The "Love of Jeanne Ney" completed the series of nine showings that the Film Club presented very successfully this year. It was preceded by others, such as "Broken Blossoms," "The Italian Straw Hat," "The Passions of Joan of Arc," and "Intolerance," that were able to confirm the Catalogue statement that proclaims it the exponent of the "cinematic" arts at St. John's.

It should be part of one's education, especially now, to be able to recognize the power in the rhetoric of the camera. Hollywood has tended to have us forget this and it is only by the special contacts such as that afforded by the Film Club that this knowledge is kept actively alive. This is reason enough to keep the Film Club going.

E. R. C. Fling

By a special arrangement by the Cotillion Board, it was possible to have all the farewell parties for the Enlisted Reserve and the Air Corps in common. The common ground was the E. R. C. Fling. Decorations, using a color scheme obviously enough of red, white and blue, were very ingenious with a rather interesting touch being added by a column of streamers in the middle of the floor.

By far the most important milestone in the doings of the Cotillion Club was passed at this time. In the place of the usual insipid punch bowl, there was to be found, mixer and ice. For those who did not want to imbibe or did not carry their own, there



E. R. C. fling

was punch as well. The result was that there were gentlemen and fun in place of madness.

Something strange has taken place during the year. The braces that were thought necessary for the safety of the gym were not needed at all and it was not the influence of the mixer alone. The completely sane and obviously happy way in which the boys that expected to leave took their last look at their civilian liberties, spoke well for the attitude that they held in leaving. It is the thing to expect if the Catalogue is brought into the picture, but earlier days had taught us to expect something different. Maybe it is enough to say, "The truth will out."

Pseudo-Graduation

The end of the term brought with it a special College meeting as a parting gesture to the many students in the Army Reserve who would not return for the last term. While the College would have liked to hand each of them a diploma, it gave them instead a copy of Robert Bridges' *The Spirit of Man*, an anthology of world literature. The list of those leaving and those already gone was indeed impressive by its sheer size—59 in all. All those leaving repeated the Ephebic oath—which the Athenian youth once took before going off to war. It was most appropriate and impressive and we will here reprint it:

"I will not disgrace the arms of my country, and I will not desert my comrades in the ranks. By myself and with my fellows I will defend what is sacred, whether private or public. I will hand on my country not lessened but greater and nobler than it was handed down to me. I will hearken diligently to those duly charged with judging, and I will obey the established laws and whatever others the people with common consent establish. And if anyone attempts to overthrow the laws, or not obey them, I will not stand idly by, but by myself and with all my comrades I will defend

the law. And I will honor the religion of my fathers. The gods be witness of these things."

Mr. Barr had some words of encouragement for those leaving, urging them to be students at war, i.e., good soldiers and to return to their studies after the war. While war is paradoxical, we must keep our minds clear and not forget that we are rational beings when we return. Nevertheless, we left with mixed feelings. Many will not be with us for the last term.

Athletic Banquet

To the victor belonged the spoils of the second term's athletic banquet. A lot had happened, many of the victors were not able to be present and many of the spoils were absent as well. This was due, as usual to the wartime priority lists and what not.

The victors: Junior Team; football, Dobreer, Levering, Raley, Cochran, Krol, Freeman, Prout and Bauder; basketball, Witwer, Clendaniel, Dobreer, Vogelhut, Cochran and Bauder. The boxing champs, Bonham, Levering, Hammen, Hendrickson, and Armstrong were all the honor members of the banquet.

As at all good athletic banquets, there arose a problem, the problem of the Armstrong plaque. Bert, four-time winner of the 165-lb. boxing championship, was entitled to the plaque. If this plaque were given away the record as far as the Office wall is concerned would be incomplete. It seemed more advisable then to offer a trophy or another plaque as a substitute.

To the man that had done the most for the intramural sports an award from an anonymous source was given. This went without second thought to the director of the sports part of the exercise pro-



Liberty

gram, Dave Dobreer. A beautiful volume of Shakespeare was awarded.

In closing the day, Mr. Barr talked of the intramural spirit and its correlation with the program.

Alice in Wonderland

Part of the scheme that the administration put to work to add more meaning to the last days of the Army Reserve, was the assignment of "Alice in Wonderland" for all four classes. It was a new experience to hear the dining hall and Coffee Shop going at full speed with everybody on the same subject. Even at the Farewell Dinner the same was true. Then at 8:00 the Seminars began to take form. Suddenly at 9:00 (just after the last seminar had gotten a form), the air raid siren blared forth. Down came Alice to scamper to her rabbit-hole and wait for the chance to go again. (The caterpillar had told her that this was going to happen.)

At one of the rabbit-holes, representatives of the three classes met again . . . but oh, so much smarter. The freshman declared that the whole book was self-evident; that it meant just what it said. The sophomore had it all figured out too, to him it was obviously a mathematical work. The junior looked a little starry-eyed. It was the most beautiful poetry that he had ever found. The senior found the whole thing simply unspeakable. That is, the senior was on vacation and not able to speak.

But the air raid was finally over and a pack of cards isn't really a state so they adjourned for treacle in the Coffee Shop.

Archie's Improvements

Everyone was glad to hear the Dean announce the appointment of Mr. Archie McCourt, the local Scotch philosopher, as the successor to Mr. Buckley, in the capacity of director of buildings and grounds. Archie has long been one of the campus wonders and usually spends part of his time reciting the Greek alphabet for the freshmen, the Summa Theological for the sophomores, Calvin's Institutes for the juniors, and the Bible for everyone including the seniors.

Almost immediately after the appointment the physical appearance of the College began to be transfigured by reason of the improvements that were started.

One of the most important, now completed, is the touch that has been added to Humphrey Hall. The portico that once covered the steps leading up to the front door was torn away and in its place stands a white hand rail much more suited to saving the appearances of an already somewhat dubious looking building.

Outside of Randall, the bench has reappeared. It is a very nice substitute for the old bench that was torn down last year. Even in its simplicity, it can never rival the uniqueness of that which it attempts to replace.

Something should be said, too, about the stones that turned into plants. History has recorded the opposite and many other peculiar things, but never just this thing. When the College looked out one

morning and saw the workers frantically digging a trench along College Avenue, all thoughts turned to black Navy thoughts and the boys were ready once again to fight for the *black and orange*. At this point the College truck came into sight, bearing life not death so that everyone turned over and went happily back to sleep.

Senior Oral Exams.

The seniors this year had one advantage over their predecessors. They had their oral exams in the vacation time and were thus spared the Persian trappings of the Great Hall. Only a few hardy souls managed to find their way up into McDowell 24 and there was a release from the tension of last year in the surroundings, which corresponded and augmented the newer, more kindly policy of the examiners. Papers were treated as dissertations rather than theses and candidates were asked to expound rather than to defend. The result was that, on the whole, the examinations produced more, both for the edification of the audience and the student's knowledge of his paper.

The one thing that previous seniors had over this class was the composition of the examining panel. This year the whole instruction committee took part, although only three had been assigned to actually read the paper, and all too often Mr. Barr would be on the point of closing the examination when a voice from the candidate's right hand would say: "Just a minute please, there's just one thing I'd like to ask" . . . and the unlucky examinee would find himself confronted by Mr. Buchanan.

On the whole, though, a good time was had by all, and although the seniors are not at all sure they would like to go through it again, they acknowledge the use of the exams, and hope that they were good guinea pigs for future examinations.



Archie

Third Term: Commencement

Air Corps Returns

The house that was divided, re-lived for a time after vacation. The boys of the Air Corps, in the midst of going away to war, were given notice that their orders to report had been rescinded. Many, however, had already left for a short visit to their homes before reporting for duty. It was useless for them to even think of returning to school and trying to return to work when their future was so uncertain. Of those who were close enough to return and did, it can be said that they readapted themselves very well and were reported to have picked up their work just where they had left off. Possibly it is better to say that they picked up their work where they had supposedly left off. When they were finally called they could congratulate themselves on their versatility and offer their condolences to those who were left behind.

Coolidge String Quartet

Part of the very interesting music program that was planned by Mr. Nabokov this year included the Coolidge String Quartet. The men that make up this quartet have been recognized for some time as great names in America. Recently, it is said, they have been occupied with research among the more obscure pieces, written by the great composers, that have accumulated in various musical libraries. Their performance at St. John's was not the result, directly at least, of this research, however.



College creek

Their selection started off with Haydn's 4th. Next came something strange, American (the way Europeans think of America) and very amusing (even if incomprehensible) by Piston and the program ended with the Quartet in F Major, Opus 155, by Beethoven.

Their performance was enjoyed and, in so far as this was true made an interesting lecture. It has been said, and quite truthfully, that these men have not the degree of perfection that is possessed by the Budapest String Quartet, but this does not stop our music-conscious community from asking for more.

PETITION

For some years past the student body has found that, during the spring term, regular classes together with annual essays require too much work for anyone to manage properly. This year, again, the same situation prevails.

Therefore, we, the undersigned, request the administration to suspend classes for a week, during which we can happily devote ourselves to term papers.

JUNIORS

Robert Bunting
Edward Cochran
Ahmed Ertegun
Edward Godschalk
William Horsey
James Huber
Arthur Hyman
Jack Landau
Thad Prout
Haven Simmons
Robert Snower
Jack Spencer
Robert Wilcox
Peter Wolff

Orsell Meredith
Edward Mullinix
Erich Nussbaum
Benton Perry
Harold Pfeiffer
William Schaefer
Gene Thornton

FRESHMEN

Charles Baldwin
George Daffer
Alvin Fross
Samuel Harrington
Allen Harvey
Ben Henson
Barney Hill
Leon Israel
Tom Lyne
Sandy MacDonald
Ellis Manning
E. McNamara
Leonard Mudd
Robert Mueller
R. F. Novak
James Sharp
Samuel Sheinkman
Bruce Sinkey
Charles Van Doren
John Wakefield
Peter Weiss
Henry Wensel
John Woodward

SOPHOMORES

Barton Barber
Steven Bergen
Robert Bonham
Harold Boulden
George Brunn
Robert Campbell
Duane Furbush
William Goldsmith
Earl Hendrikson
Solomon Kadis
Donald Kaplan
George Long
Henry Mack
John Mack
Mike Manley

College Meeting Last Week

Last Thursday the College was called together for an extraordinary College meeting. It was precipitated by a situation which has been apparent to

most of us for some time, but which the Dean recognized especially clearly when he returned to St. John's after a week's absence.

The school is presently in a crisis, which can briefly be described as general deterioration of morale. The Dean tried to locate its causes by recounting in detail the story of this year and to a certain extent the history of the entire duration of the New Program. It was clear that this time it was not the old boogies—the Navy or State Legislature, etc., which threatened the College—it was rather a kind of search after the Fifth Column which the Dean engaged in.

The war has not left the school untouched. We opened in September with 173 students, we have now (last Thursday) 108. One of the conditions which made it possible for us to open in September were the various reserve corps. They allowed many students to remain here for at least part of the year, but they also proved perilous to the College. For students in the reserves were under the authority of the government—and this authority thus moved into the College itself. Everyone realized that the administration was no longer the sole authority in the school, and this tended to sabotage the efforts of the College as a learning institution.

Perhaps the greatest single factor in the complex situation of a College at war, was in our case the drill.

If we wanted our students to have the privilege of joining the reserve corps, we had to accept with it the burden of drill. We could not have the one without the other. We chose to accept both privilege and responsibility, and thus it became necessary to have compulsory military drill for all members of the reserve corps. At the same time it seemed advisable to require attendance at drill of all other students as well, especially since many of them would soon be called by the draft as a result of the lowering of the draft age. For the morale of the College it was essential that there should be no small group of students who would separate themselves from the community and the war because they wanted to, and on account of special circumstances, were able to.

As a result, it was naturally harder to study this year. For a long time, the entire community seemed uncertain whether to go on studying or be overrun by the effects of the war. Finally studies won out for most of us, but those for whom they didn't were advised to leave College to go into the Army or war work.

Drill was not the only problem. The change in faculty members contributed a good deal to the feeling of crisis. For some years after the New Program first came here we built up a competent



Face lifting

faculty. Then, with the war, this carefully saved "capital" was stolen from us, and we had to replace it. We did so carefully and deliberately, doubling up classes at times rather than getting any kind of replacement. Although students may at times feel that their teachers do not know their stuff, the important thing is that everyone is learning.

Here were the reactions of many students to these problems: They did not attend drill, they did not obey orders, they goldbricked. At the same time, they neglected classes, and their activities in the community life got out of hand.

All these reactions were caused by the criss-crossing of disciplines. Students thought that they should understand what went on during drill, and that they should be martial in their spare time. But it is often impossible to understand drill, until after you have done it; and while understanding of it may help you, attend even if you don't understand it.

This then was the point of the Dean's speech, a point which he made quite sharply: You must attend drill. You must behave in your community life in a decent manner that will allow the College to stay open. If you cannot do both of these things, please leave. You may be a dangerous individual. On the other hand, you still have freedom with respect to your work. You can make your own decisions about its importance and whether you ought to go to class. It was in order to keep these freedoms, that the other compulsions had to be introduced.

Concert

Sunday's concert by the Peabody Conservatory Orchestra under the direction of Stanley Chapple fulfilled a need that many of us have felt for a symphony concert. Unfortunately the program was not thoroughly satisfying in that some of the works chosen for performance were of a difficulty not beyond the capabilities of our own orchestra. The chief objection to the program was the Haydn C Major Symphony which was not particularly exciting as Haydn symphonies go. We had hoped that with the coming of a large, well-trained orchestra we could have some orchestral works of the nineteenth century. Owing to a loss in personnel the orchestra was unable to render a Dvorak symphony as it had intended.

The remainder of the program was, with one exception, new to most of us. The exception was Mozart's Magic Flute Overture which was given a nice even treatment, particularly in the slow introductory passage.

The Beecham arrangement of Handel's "Faithful Shepherd" gave ample opportunity for the orchestra to display its breadth of tone, which it did with the exception of the violins. They played, not as one instrument, but as two dozen violins.

"Les Illuminations" by Benjamin Britton, based on a poem by Rimbaud, was the most interesting work on the program. The unusual orchestration for strings gave the impression of other instruments in the ensemble besides the strings. Mr. Chapple's analysis of the work, which he gave before playing it, should make interesting speculative material for St. John's students of esthetics. Miss Elsa Elya deserves a great deal of praise for a sympathetic treatment of a very difficult vocal part. The orchestra got the better of her in spots but her singing was good otherwise. Incidentally, we were honored with the second concert performance of this work by a young English composer.

Now that a relation between the conservatory and the college has been established it can and will prove a valuable asset to our musical life here.

Boats and Boating

Back in the days when St. Johnnies had time to sail and did so, after a long learning process, it is said that they were able to gain some recognition by virtue of their seamanship. This year St. John's again gained recognition in virtue of the way her boats were handled.

Early this year and late one day, three of our would-be sailors went out for a little sail in two of the College dinghies. At sundown they were about to return from beyond the Severn. Fortunately enough, the wind picked up and they could hope to make their landing before dark. Somehow though, the wind picked up more than their experience with such things would allow for and one boat was sunk. The survivors were picked up by the Navy.

Later in the spring, two freshmen set out in a gale that would have frightened Sinbad. Going with the wind was wonderful. Coming back . . . well, it's hard to say. They were picked up by the Navy.

There is no defeating the freshman, however. The next day (Sinbad would have been twice as frightened), they set out again to pick up the first boat. The rocks and wind did not recognize the undefeatable freshmen and they were towed in by the Navy.

Then came the climax, the ultimate recognition. It was just after a rather windy lecture by Mr. Adler and just after the entire College had read at the conclusion of the Dean's report of Mr. Klein's lecture,

"I, the shipwrecked sailor of the sub,
Bid you set sail"



Eggs



Sitting it out

that one of the freshmen set forth, at 9:00 one night, in a seventy-mile-hour wind. He wanted to learn to row, it seems. Twenty-four hours later, he returned from a short but effective visit to the Eastern Shore. (The seventy-mile wind had been blowing in that direction.)

All this should not be without effect. There is talk that the boathouse is to be burned and that Homer is to be taken off the list.

Eggs

The annual Easter Egg Roll last Sunday established itself as a St. John's tradition—by running for two consecutive years. Doubts that the second time might prove an anticlimax seemed to have been pretty well dispelled by an enthusiastic faculty. Not only did they find their eggs but they also rolled them up the greater portion of the front green, Mr. Stanley being acknowledged victor in this invigorating contest of high-powered intellectuals.

The faculty were given various first sentences of Great Books and had to find an egg with a picture corresponding to that particular book and they enjoyed varying success. Mr. Barr was among the first to find his egg ("Gulliver's Travels") but the Dean had trouble with "Tom Jones" and had to be given several broad hints. The Scofields compiled the best team record with two eggs apiece (Leonardo, Rousseau and Locke, Aquinas). Approximately ten children ran amuck throughout the entire proceedings, pausing only to listen to the resonant strains of a recorded quartet playing Rondos by Susato, a XVIth Century Dutch composer. All in

all the roll was a success from the weather to the children's candies.

Track and Swimming Meet

It is a foregone theory of intramural athletics that it is only necessary to find a little competition in order to get the most out of sports. The juniors and the freshmen found this especially true in the track meet that was held in the last term.

Henson and John, of the freshman team, threw the junior calculations into chaos and threw the freshmen team ahead when in the shotput and the discus they took the first two places. The juniors were able to come back in the relays and the javelin to account for themselves, however. The rest of the day saw the juniors slowly creeping ahead to lead finally: 62 points to the Frosh's 46 and the Soph's 8.

The day's most accomplished feat was the 220 dash with Spencer doing the honors. A close second was Horsey's beautiful high jumping. Individual honors went to Henson of the Frosh and Prout of the juniors with 18 points each. Second place was smothered by Hammen and Spencer both of the junior team with 13 points each.

Bad weather took the edge off the interest in the swimming meet and competition was lacking when it was finally run off. The Frosh team turned out in full strength but the soph and junior teams made very poor showing. The day ended happily, therefore, for the freshmen who were able to win first place in all the relays and places in all the other events. Final tally gave them a 54-point lead to win over the 19 points of the juniors and the 18 points of the sophomores.

Individual winner was Israel with 13 points; second place went to Nussbaum of the Sophs with 11 points.

War Meeting

If you haven't heard it already the joke about the Sunday night meetings is: "Whose turn to talk about cartels is it tonight?" In an unconscious way that makes an accurate mot, for the question of cartels has been examined this year by people who could least inaccurately be described as political historians, lawyers, economists and philosophers, who spoke without overemphasizing the truth in any one interpretation. That this danger has been avoided is to the credit of the group in charge of the meeting.

It isn't difficult to imagine the absurdities which could have been put forth to stop our thinking about the problem of collectivization of industries on an international scale on any other than one level. An economist alone could say: the maldistribution of technological skills and potential outlets for them has resulted in the situation which cartels are aiming to cure. Their method is objection-

able to anyone wanting economic democracy, therefore cartels must be stopped. A lawyer could plea for good laws which would make it possible to prosecute the offending corporations who are unfairly competing with smaller groups. Combining the bad features of the advertisements and learned articles in the current periodicals one would think that the growth of cartels is due to the swinging of the pendulum of history from nationalism to internationalism, that we are becoming international minded with the aid of those wonderful maps published in *Time*, *Life*, and *Fortune*, because after all the isolationists in this country never realized that you could fly over the North Pole to Yakutsk like Wendell Willkie.

But the discussions we've heard this year have been sane and the speakers didn't ride every Gallup poll, and Pegler column to Utopia as did some radio discussions.

Art Show

The Spring Exhibition, which opened formally at a tea given by its sponsors last Saturday afternoon, includes works of the same sensitivity and accomplishment as those which made it the subject of general remark last year. New artists have been called upon, since many contributors have left college for the services, but the committee of judges has not changed its standards in selecting, from among the many canvasses submitted, the exceptional works on exhibit in the Junior Common Room.

It is to their unique taste that we owe the prominent place given Mr. John's works in pastel and pen and ink, most noteworthy of the compositions. These pieces betray a considerable familiarity with the rules of composition and an acquaintance with several trends in contemporary art. More remarkable still is their use of the human body, which the artist presents not so much naturalistically, particularly in the dimension of perspective, as toward the projection of feelings which cannot achieve expression in other media. *Tatiana* is the best of his work and deserves praise for the neatness of its execution, which successfully approximates that of such works as Picasso's *Guernica*.

Less delightful, to be sure, than Mr. John's contributions are the two watercolors by Roger Tilton. Their excellence resides chiefly in the technical accomplishment with which the artist presents his conventional subjects. If we consider them as exercises in the techniques of watercolor, the propriety with which the weight and body of the subjects is ignored may become more apparent.

Next to these in mastery of their medium are Robert Arner's little studies in landscape and still life. The landscape, together with its frame, is though pretending to be no more than a pattern in colors and textures, undoubtedly the finest piece

in the exhibit; the still life would serve best as a design in linoleums, with its bright reds and greens and studied flatness.

Other works in the group are less accomplished. Carl Hammen's cartoon of Mr. Bingley must be viewed close at hand; his amusing *Cat* has likewise an occasional interest. Not so Alexander Morse's studies for an oil. Here the subject is subordinated to the medium. The paint is applied with vigor, and we look forward to the mass of the finished work. Irwin Tucker's portrait of Mrs. Gorman, though unfortunately proportioned, captures its subject's repose and lightness of spirit in calm and subtle colors—the only serious piece of imitation in the show. Gene Thornton's sketch for a cigarette advertisement is in the manner of John Steuart Curry, unlike Harry Rockey's courageous landscape, which is in no way imitative. James Huber's *Head* is lifted in an attitude of scorn. Robert Mueller's construction may be included under whimsy. Giving body to the exhibition are four Chinese prints, sent by Sui Chi as a gift to the mother college, and a small case of models by Peter Kellogg-Smith.

The committee has included three works by Jack Landau, who, as director of the show, is in large part responsible for what has been done. His sets for *Lear*, though heavy with excitement as stage design, are somewhat turgid in their present form. His collage, however, is slight, perfect and delightful.



Ephebic Oath



Junior exams

Ephebic Oath

On the nineteenth of May, thirty-two students gathered in the Great Hall to receive the last rites from the College before going away to the armed forces. The ceremony, stereotyped by this time, was simple in structure and yet able to say a great deal in a very unique way. The procedure has come to be a mixture with the properties both of the formal graduation ceremony and the college meeting.

In addressing the boys, Mr. Barr talked of the new discipline and the new school that they were about to enter and reminded them of the duty that this involved. The duty to school themselves in war and the duty to accept and support the new discipline.

To those who were leaving, the school gave a scholastic certificate that officially recorded the students as one time members of the community.

The rain that fell outside at the time was not lacking in symbolism.

Missa Brevis

Mr. Nabokov, after weeks of very exciting practice, brought the St. John's Chorus, thirty-six members in all into the Great Hall to illustrate the position that Palestrina holds in polyphonic music.

The Chorus sang the Missa Brevis through, in order to introduce the audience to its subject matter. Mr. Nabokov, then lectured briefly on, (1) the musical form that is involved in polyphonic music and (2) more particularly, the niceties that Palestrina is able to work into his treatment of the Mass.

The Chorus was then called on to sing the Mass once again in order to give a fuller meaning to what had been said. This time, as opposed to their

first performance, some meaning was given. The lack of vim and spirit that is necessary for this kind of singing had been mastered; the enterances were stronger and surer and the trios and quartets that had been so unbalanced were done in excellent style.

The presentation far exceeded the expectations of the audience and though it was possible to make certain criticisms of the performance, it remains as a new record of accomplishment for amateur chorus work. Credit for this must go to Mr. Nabokov.

Junior Exams.

While the rest of the College was in the throes of, (1) parting, and (2) partying, the juniors walked around among the June Week couples as sloppy as ever with the gleam completely lacking from their eyes. They were in the throes of their enabling exams.

True to form, on the Saturday on which everything is supposed to happen, everything did. At 8:30 the juniors were awakened by the various alarms and they staggered over to eat breakfast for the first time in months. By 9:00 they were ready to be examined. The examinations were ready also and all that was required was the formal introduction. With the formalities behind them they set forth with a vengeance. Time passed quickly and except for a few intermissions during which dances, sermons and concerts were for some reason presented them, they found the exams to be taken becoming more and more scarce. By Tuesday at 5:00 the last paper of the last student was in and the juniors stopped to consider.

The language exam was a good one and very interesting; the math was good also but it tended to lay more stress on the "three body problem" than it did on the "fifth definition." The laboratory theory was cut and dried and not at all like it should have been; the lab practice was the most nearly an examination of them all.

Now the juniors were ready for June Week but the last senior only laughed as he waved his last goodbye.

Athletic Banquet

From the Great Hall and the Ephebic Oath, the boys went to Randall and the Athletic Dinner. There, after a brief address by the President, the athletic director, Earl Bauder, was called on to announce the winners of the team award in track, swimming and softball. To the first and the last of these the juniors had laid claim; the second went to the freshmen. The director then named the individual blazer awards. They were as follows:

Track.....	Henson and Prout
Swimming	Israel
Sailing	Spencer
Tennis, Singles	Slafkosky
Tennis, Doubles.....	Slafkosky and Simmons

To the members of the team leading in total points, blazers are awarded as well. The ruling, however, states that team members must play in two-thirds of the games in two-thirds of the sports. The only junior member award went to Ed Cochran.

Mr. Barr further announced awards to Dave Dobreer, Robert Wilcox and Earl Bauder for their outstanding work in the athletic program.

Finally the President paused to remark the spirit of good sportsmanship that is necessary for any intramural program that has been favored with the success that ours has known. The man that most completely represents this spirit is awarded the Crimson Blazer. This year's award went to Cas Krol.

In closing Mr. Barr was able to look back on the thing he had destroyed and forward to the thing that he has promoted. In words that he has spoken elsewhere, "athletics are for the student not the student for the athletics."

Award Announcement

A time-honored precedent was shattered when the Dean announced the winner of the John Martin Green Prize for the best essay in the junior, sophomore or freshman class. This was done just before the final lecture. Further surprise was occasioned when, at the suggestion of the committee, several other excellent papers were given honorable mention. This too had never been done before.

The announcement was as follows:

Winner: Warren Zeik, *Scepticism*

Honorable Mention:

Uno Tenore, Steven Bergen

On the Reduction of the Arts to the Aesthetics, Robert Campbell

Political Problem, Arthur Hyman

Some Thoughts on Image and Concept, Robert Snower

Are Things What They Seem, William Spohn

Perspective in Drama, Peter Wiess

Concerning Human Understanding, Peter Wolff

Saturday Doings

While the Cotillion Board wrestled with the finishing touches on the gymnasium, the seniors, all complete with white coats and the appropriate pants, went off to join the President and members of the faculty for dinner at Carvel Hall.

The time that slipped by between the sight of the last senior as he disappeared through the Carvel doorway and the first appearance at the dance is not officially known. Rumor has it that it was pleasant.

The dance that followed was enough to make the freshmen somehow know what was meant by June Week despite the fact that it was neither in June or a week long. But it left the older classmen some-

what nostalgic for some of the faces that could have made a difference in the way things went.

At intermission, however, the face of things changed a bit. Here and there and everywhere a party sprang up and the repercussions were felt at the dance at the stroke of twelve-thirty. Seniors came back from their party ready to storm the place for the last time. Juniors, not to be outdone, forgot examinations and burst into song. The sophomores did not even know that an intermission had been called and the freshmen only woke up when the seniors stumbled over them.

The gymnasium breathed a sigh of relief when it was all over; the whole College was in the best condition for what was to come.

Baccalaureate Sermon

On Sunday morning the faculty and the seniors marched from McDowell to St. Anne Church to be addressed by Reverend Winfree Smith.

Reverend Smith said, by way of introduction, that he had changed the address that he had intended giving. Instead of giving a talk, he felt it to be part of his function to deliver a sermon.

It is possible to divide any congregation of people into three groups, (1) those who call themselves Christians because they attend church, (2) those who are really Christian but find the churches so un-church like, in the real sense, that they are not able to bring themselves to attend them, and (3) those who are not Christians either because they are not able to find the Truth there or because they do not believe, for some other reason, in the Christian faith. A great many people belong to the first group, a few to the second, and many more to the last class. The St. John's Senior has faced and



Senior ball



Hellzapoppin

will face again this problem many times and this open mindedness is the first step in the right direction.

The Offeratory was sung very well by Harrison Sacer.

Reverend Smith, indeed, succeeded in doing a very important task in the best manner possible. The seniors have more to remember from this day than the heat.

Concert

The orchestra, in its second concert of the year, showed definite signs of improvement in spite of its reduced size. The augmenting of the brass and the woodwinds, not to mention the percussions, by members of the Naval Academy Band contributed to its "solidarity."

On the program were, Shubert's "Tragic" Symphony, the D Major Concerto for Piano and Orchestra of Haydn, and Glinka's Overture to "Ruman and Tudmilla." The soloist for the Haydn Concerto was Leo Smit (who the Sunday before had made his debut with the NBC Orchestra), a pianist well known to the upperclassmen.

The orchestra's part in the concert was for the most part capably executed; there were slips but excusable ones.

Mr. Smit's playing was technically clear and sharp, in fact it was almost too sharp. He played two encores, the first movement of a Scarlatti Sonata, the other being the familiar "Ritual Fire Dance" of de Falla. This must have pleased the modernist both for its rhythm and power.

As a whole, it can be said of the Orchestra that they have improved, not as much as they might have under ordinary conditions but considerably

more than was expected. Next year further improvement can be expected as the changes in personnel will be slight.

Picnics

Picnics have a habit of bringing people down to earth. This may or may not be the reason that an outdoor supper is held every year during June Week. At any rate, after the last strains of the concert had died away, the crowd melted away to various places on campus from which the picnic spot could be viewed with advantage. As soon as the food was ready, the groups began to regather and prepare for the feast.

Since we were drilled in the virtues of an orderly state, a line was formed and, at the mercy of Henry, everyone's plate and ultimately everyone's self was filled. The only thing that was possible for normal human beings was a short rest on the grass before anything more could be done.

Meantime, Randall had been cleared of all of its more practical and less aesthetic furnishings and the vice versa had been added. A row of lights against the curtain illuminated the dance (and left it dark at a certain crucial moment when the fuse was blown) and made a rather cool, quiet and lovely spot for an informal-record dance. Time went quickly and pleasantly and with plans for the next day a happy group retired from the dance at the appropriate time.

Class Day

It is the custom of the Senior Class to elect several people from its body to talk on Class Day on what has been called their "intellectual odyssey." These addresses are always in answer or in supplement, as the case might be, to an address made by someone who was educated a generation ago.

The speaker for the former generations was Mr. Walton Hamilton who began the day's addresses. Mr. Hamilton was looking forward to the day when several unwritten, one-hundred-great-books could be published. In doing this he was illustrating the possible jobs that the future held for intelligent and active men.

Mr. Mason's address was concerned with the impressions that were with him as he left St. John's. Mr. Mayer ran the gauntlet of the intellectual and social odyssey that he had lived at St. John's. He discussed the various changes that he had witnessed during his stay here, the changes in the athletic program, the changes in the academic program and the changes in himself. Mr. Ehrlich was impressed by the two divisions into which the time is divided here. Part of the time is spent in defending one's own choice in coming here and the other part of the time is spent in defending St. John's against the questions of an outsider. This is true up until the time of graduation.

The speeches were well written and delivered, there is no process as interesting as that which involves a self-examination. Class Day is made important by this fact alone.



Graduation

Graduation

Graduation day found the Seniors listening to Mr. Meiklejohn. He stated a very interesting point. Any man can live under the dogmatism of a single idea but it takes a man in the fullest sense of the word to live under the unity of two ideas. The real purpose in living is in being able to enjoy the taste and excellence that man is capable of finding in life and it is to the development of this life that one must dedicate himself for the good of mankind.

The graduates of the Class of 1943 are:

BACHELOR OF ARTS

Rite

Burton Armstrong
Carl Benjamin Blaker
Walter Lawson Cooley
Paul Ehrlich
Glenn Allen Fearnow
Robert Hunter
Ogden Worthington Kellogg-Smith
Edward Kramer
Francis Scarlett Mason, Jr.

Adrian Curtius Mayer
Alexander Leonard Slafkosky

Cum Laude

Ernest Christopher Friess, Jr.
Ollie Hammond Thompson, Jr.

Magna cum Laude

John Louis Hedeman
Claude Spencer Leffel, Jr.

Backwards

The uneasiness that could be felt at the beginning of the year continued, so it seemed, at least, up until Christmas vacation. The problems that arose from the lack of direction that most of the students felt, found expression in various ways.

The second term was spared the floundering, both because of the definition that came from the War Department and, indeed, because of the outlook of the war itself.

Finally the College came together for the last term and found itself reassured.

And now, having stayed on the job, we look expectantly to the future.



Faculty



STRINGFELLOW BARR
President



SCOTT BUCHANAN
Dean



MIRIAM STRANGE
Registrar



**Bingley
Gorman
Smith**

**Comenetz
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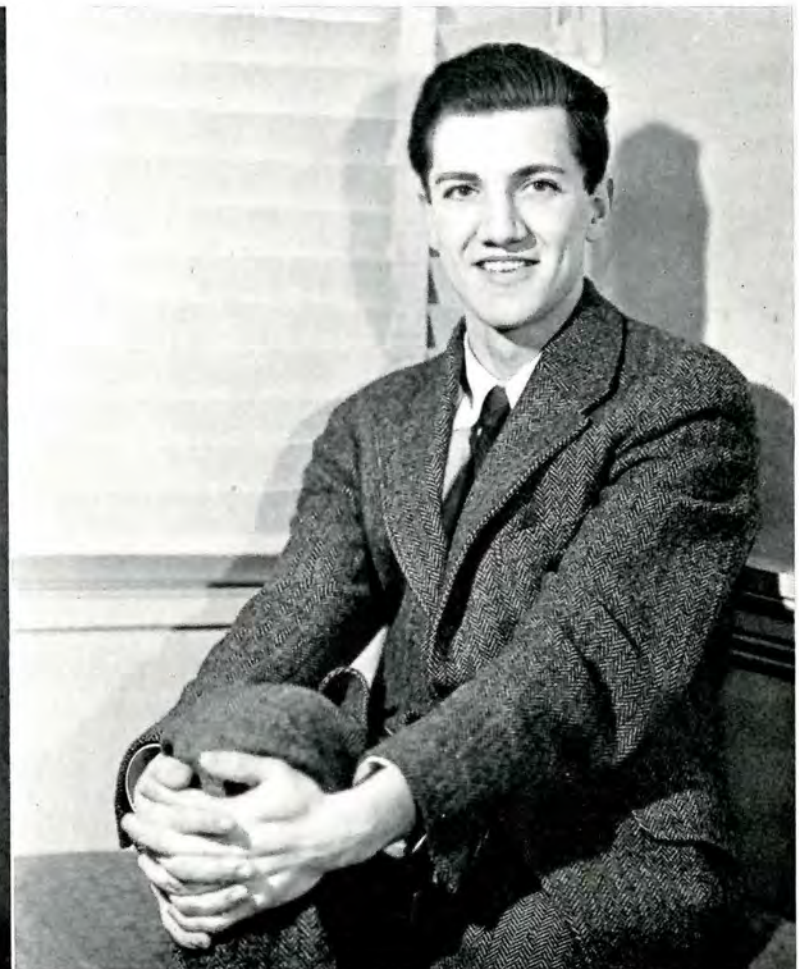
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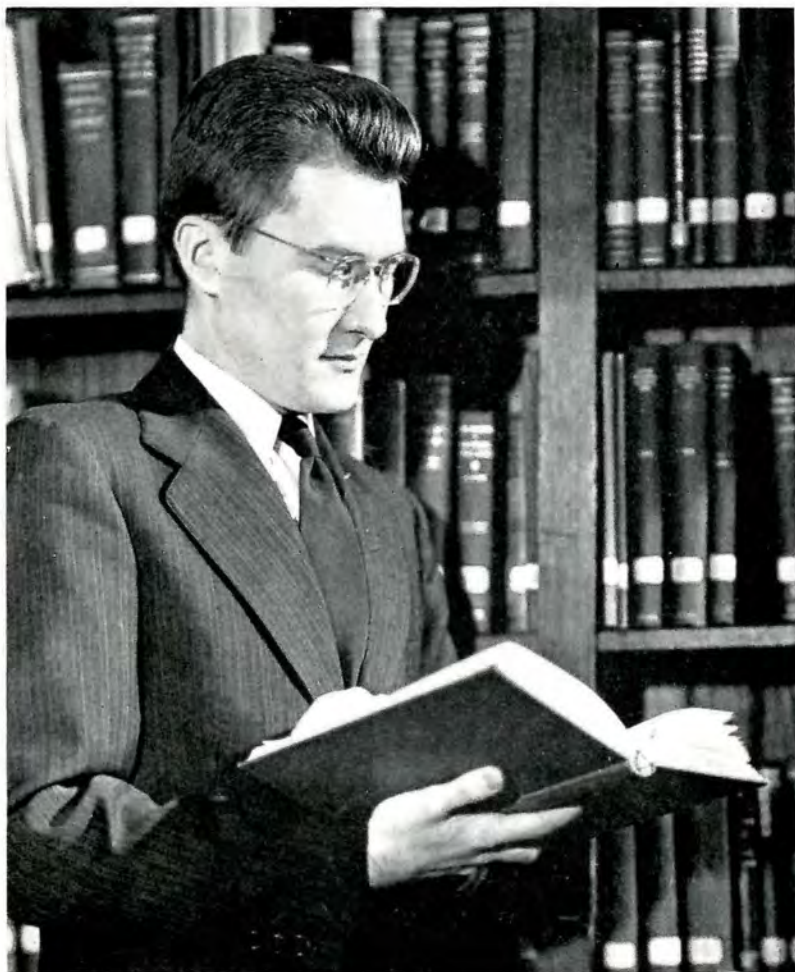
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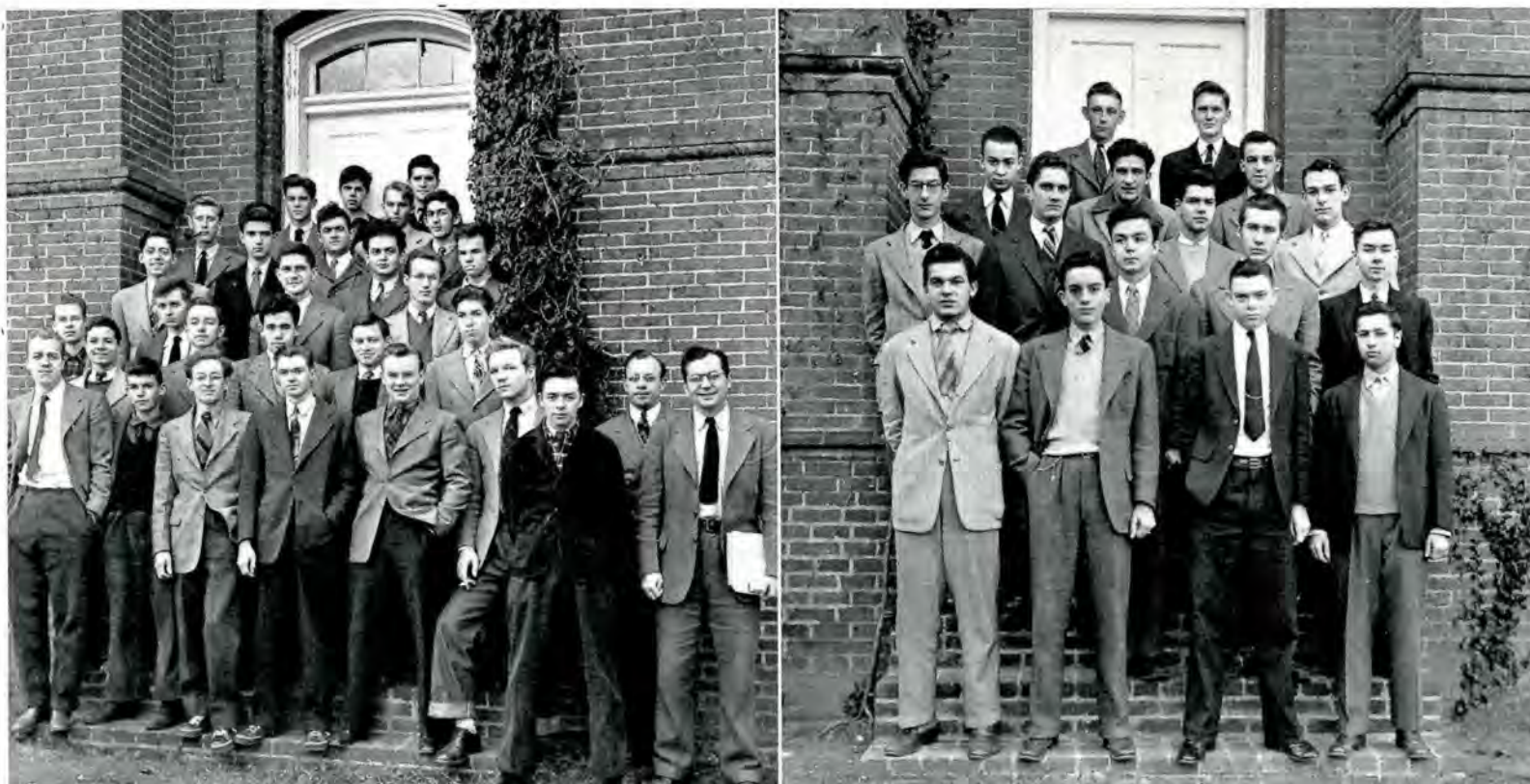


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