

THE
NINETEEN FORTY-SEVEN
YEARBOOK



ST. JOHN'S COLLEGE
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND



The 1947 Yearbook

St. John's College *Annapolis, Md.*

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The Beginning

The past is unruly and ambiguous; when we think we have collected all the facts, and found their order, another fact pops up, which will not fit in our pattern, or another order suggests itself, upsetting the former and playing fast and loose with the lessons we have so laboriously extracted from its symmetry. We might well give up history in despair if it were not for one thing: sometimes, when confronted by the inanity of natural events, we have created events according to an artificial order of our own, according to a ritual. Then, in order to recall the past, we have only to remember the ritual, and the past is ordered; remember the ritual's meaning, and the past comes to life again.

The greatest ritual man has created is civilization; probably no one but God ever saw its pattern complete. But some few people on the Instruction Committee are said to understand that lesser ritual, the four-year course of instruction at this college; and the purpose of its opening rite, the Convocation of the College, is accessible to all.

The year began to begin when the freshmen assembled in the Great Hall and the upperclassmen assembled on the Quadrangle. The year came closer to beginning when the assembled students, with the faculty in full

academic regalia, marched from McDowell to Iglehart Hall through an avenue of trees. The monkish robes of the faculty at first seemed inappropriate to the sweltering heat of an American September. Take those things back to Oxford, we thought, and let's wear slacks and bathing suits. But finally we were impressed: this devout and resolute adherence to the ritual was a triumph of Western Civilization over the brutality of the American climate, and the avenue of trees, stately and formal, reminded us of our ancestors at Versailles, of the straight path ahead, and reinforced the sonority of the ritual.

The freshmen were introduced and welcomed by Mr. Barr into the Republic of Letters and the college community. Why all the bother? we wanted to ask; they're *here*, aren't they? But after Mr. Barr pronounced the Convocatum Est, we suddenly felt, despite the heat, that something had begun, not in a straggly, haphazard way, but in a clear-cut willful way. We had done something together, and we bravely proposed to do more. A great deal more willing would be required, but we suddenly believed, despite our usual cynicism, that this time something was going to happen. We had just celebrated the first ritual in a four-year fertility rite.

Renaissance

DEATH OF THE OCTOPUS

It takes a great deal of time for Congress to make a decision. Sometimes this characteristic does injury to the cause of justice, but more usually it provides the opportunity for making sound and lasting judgments.

For a period of nine months the college community enjoyed the questionable glory of sporadic national attention. The issue, Project 460-C, had come to mean a great deal to many groups of American citizens. Balancing on the scales of justice were two interests: one, the Naval Academy, which in broad terms represented the National Defense; and the other, St. John's College, which ultimately represented the security of individual rights.

The dictates of necessity throughout the war years had made the common good synonymous with military prerogative. So accustomed had the American mind been conditioned to this relationship that the idea of individual freedom became a strange and misunderstood concept. It was on the strength of this confusion that the Naval Academy almost won the decision.

The administration of our college, undaunted by the kind of reaction caused by the failure to acquiesce to the will of a strong government, demanded to be shown why acquisition was necessary for the national defense.

This resistance placed the question of individual rights squarely before the legislative board. The spirit of our defense brought enough pressure to bear on the Naval Affairs Committee to forestall any immediate acquisition order. In losing the first round, the Navy had lost the decision.

Isolated as we were, it was impossible for the student body to gauge accurately the trend of events in Washington. We were prone to sharp criticism utilizing the usual quips made against blundering Congressional machinery. However, for those who made immediate investigations during this strained period, it was encouraging to note the intelligent and fair thinking which was being done by our jurors.

Hardly a member of the House Naval Affairs Committee was unaware of the full details concerning Project 460-C. This awareness resolved itself into the following questions: How much longer can the Congress accept the arbitrary dictates of the War Department? Now that we are again at peace, what will be the new realignment of national interests and when should it take place?

After nine months of careful deliberation, Mr. Vinson convened the Committee to make the final judgement. An eleven to seven decision was rendered stating "That it would not only be against the interests of St. John's but also against the interests of the nation to allow the acquisition."

There was greater charm and meaning to these words than what met the eye, for these simple words expressed the prestige in which our judges deemed the dignity and importance of the individual.

Many of us here at the college made angry exclamations against the inconclusiveness of the decision. It was argued that a more final judgment should have been made—one that would have prevented any future acquisition threat. But still many more remembered that no Congress can bind another, and that no institution, regardless of its function or past greatness, can ever be the same as or more important than the common good. A precedent establishing a particular immunity to the laws would have been as dangerous as the indiscriminate application of the powers of eminent domain.

By the fall term, the anxiety of the preceding three years was non-existent. The student body had increased and our academic interests had become more intense, which soon caused us to lose awareness of the vital conflict so recently won.

AGE AND YOUTH

On October 26th, the students, faculty and alumni gathered on campus to celebrate the 250th anniversary of the founding of King William's School. This was not

a gathering to celebrate the past 250 years, but rather, in the words of Mr. Buchanan, "to affirm that St. John's is 250 years young." It was the first time that members of the old and new programs met in the common status of alumni.

All buildings were open for inspection during the day, whereupon many found that time had erased their rooms, making way for new improvements and divisions. The majority of the alumni were impressed by the changes and welcomed the transformation of the forest into playing fields.

On display in the Hall of Records were the historical documents of King William's School, including the petition for a college on the Western Shore of Maryland and the grant of that petition. Although King William's School



Liberty



"250 Years Young"

is believed by many of this community to be the first free school in the country, it was found while working on the preparation for this anniversary that a free school was established in Virginia 43 years prior to the establishment of this school.

The formal ceremonies took place in the Great Hall where the alumni presented a painting of Professor Emeritus Clarence W. Stryker to the college. Now a member of

the Board of Visitors and Governors, Mr. Stryker was Professor of History at St. John's for 28 years. Mr. Barr delivered an address of welcome to the alumni and accepted the painting on behalf of the college. Following this presentation, Mr. Barr dedicated a bronze plaque bearing the following inscription:

"This tablet was fixed on McDowell Hall in 1946 to commemorate the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the founding of King William's School.

"To this hall in 1785, in the second year of the foundation of St. John's College, came the students and masters of the school, with their books, and made one with the new college.

"This will remind men that all halls of learning are one hall."

Following the ceremonies, Mr. William Lentz '12, retiring head of the Alumni Association, presided over an alumni meeting in the Great Hall, during which Brigadier General William C. Purnell '23, Baltimore attorney, was elected President of the Alumni Association. The meeting was followed by a faculty reception for the alumni in the library, and the alumni dinner at Carvel Hall.

By the time the festivities were over, all had agreed that the "family affair" was a success. New interest was aroused in the college and especially in the New Program since the alumni had a chance to see it in session. Many were of the opinion that this anniversary also celebrated the decision that made it possible for the work of the college to continue on its present site.



Col F. P. Miller and Mr. Barr

FAMILY

Easily assuming recognition as the Event of the Year was the birth of a new "baby sister." The opening of college last fall was marked by intense interest, as well as a slight fear and perplexity perhaps, aroused by the news that the Dean and President were leaving to found a new college. Making the community his confidant, Mr. Barr soon dispelled most of the doubts, however.

Shortly after the apparently final capitulation of the Navy in its battle to secure this casual land for marching feet, various rumors circulated to the effect that St. John's would desert Annapolis for less crowded surroundings. It was not until August that the announcement of the endowment of a new college by the Old Dominion Foundation silenced these reports. The Foundation, established by Paul Mellon, son of the late Treasurer of the United States and former classmate of some present members of the college, offered four and a half million dollars to start the sister college.

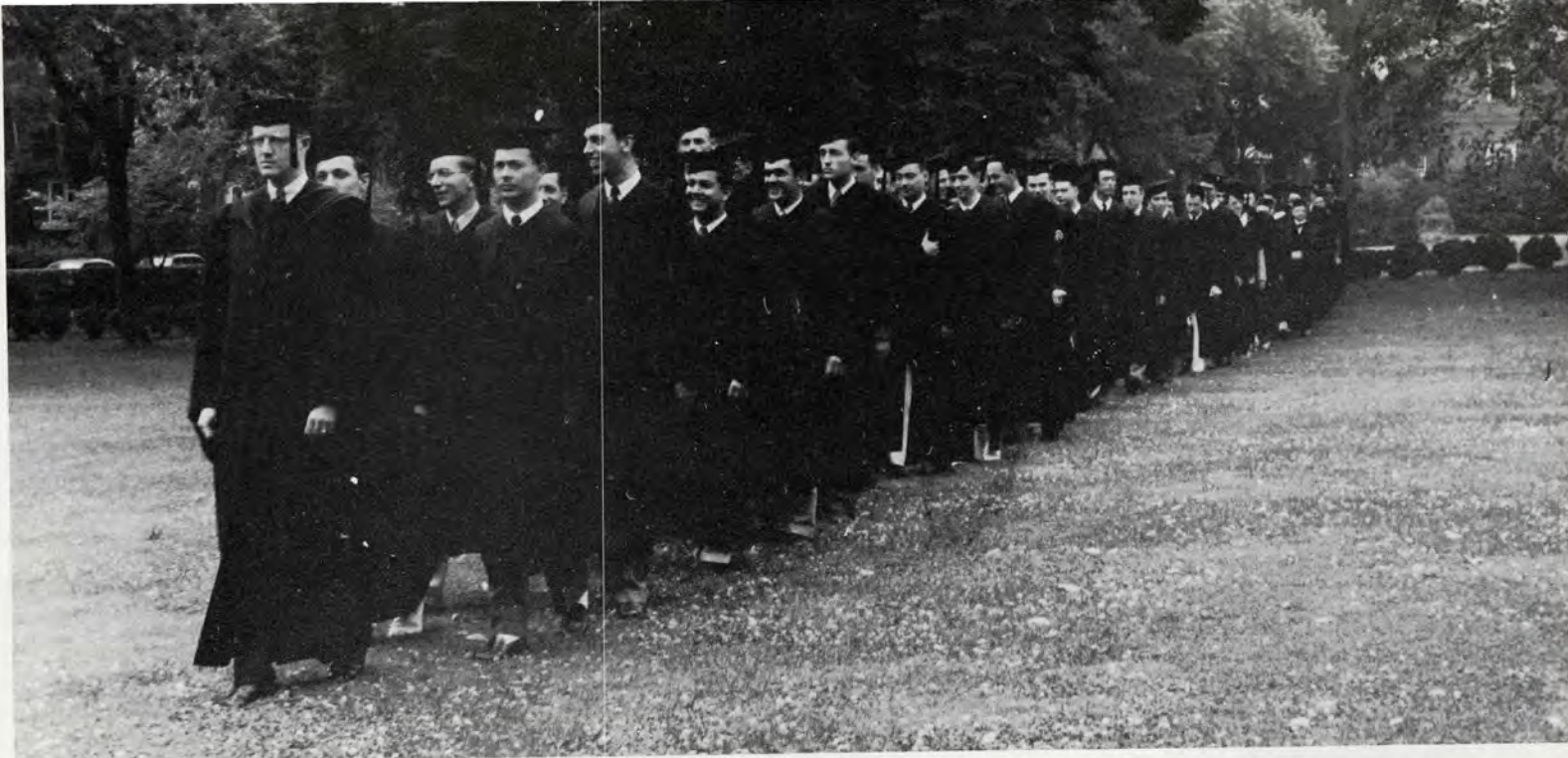
Interest remained high all fall, as the search for a location was carried on. Early in December one was decided upon, and it seems to be ideal for the purpose. The home of the new college is a seven hundred acre estate on the

western shore of Stockbridge Bowl in southwestern Massachusetts. The Bowl is famous as the site of the Berkshire Music Festival held each summer at Tanglewood, little more than a mile from the new college. The estate has a half mile of lake frontage from which it extends up to the ridge of the neighboring hills. There are eighteen buildings, including a thirty room house, and it is planned to make these serve the community until conditions allow an extensive building program to proceed.

A charter from the State of Massachusetts has been applied for, naming as incorporators Stringfellow Barr, Scott Buchanan, Mark Van Doren, and Mortimer J. Adler, among others, and it is hoped that the college will be ready to start the first Freshman class in 1948. Plans call for a student body of about three hundred and a faculty of thirty with Mr. Barr and Mr. Buchanan serving as President and Dean. In addition to the undergraduate program which will follow the St. John's program closely, there is to be an extensive adult education program and a faculty group engaged in research. So far, no formal relations have been established between the two schools, but it is expected that there will be a close alliance which may result in some sort of union later on.



"Baby Sister" (Courtesy Berkshire Evening Eagle)



The End



Rain was the signal for the beginning of the June Week festivities. For some it was a sad, synthetic festivity; for others merely another big week end; and for one group it was the end of an era.

Midst a shower of fireworks, the King William Players gave a commendable production of *The Alchemist*, followed by an informal dance in the Boat House, noteworthy for the congenial air present.

Strongly bolstered by reunionists from the class of '42, the faculty downed the Seniors in their traditional baseball encounter. As more dates appeared on the scene, the final round of parties began, with Miss Alexander's picnic supper providing solid sustenance for many. The Seniors disappeared to the Log Inn for the President's dinner and certain unfortunates spent the rest of the evening stuck in good Maryland mud. Climaxing the evening was the June Ball, nominally formal, actually possessing all the pent-up informality of a sustained period of theses, orals and don rags.

Between showers, the Seniors marched to St. Anne's Church for the Baccalaureate Service, crowded into the President's house for refreshments, and heard a student concert in the Great Hall. And on Monday the clouds parted.

The Academic Procession surprised us, circling on the wet green slope of the front campus as if engrossed in a longer, more leisurely pilgrimage than from McDowell to the Liberty Tree. The devout, black figures did not prepare us for the faces of friends. The microphone was dead, and in the back row much of what was said was inaudible. One regretted that these words alone constituted the occasion as ceremony, so that without them it was for the most part nervous and informal, difficult to take seriously, beautiful by an accident of weather and landscape.

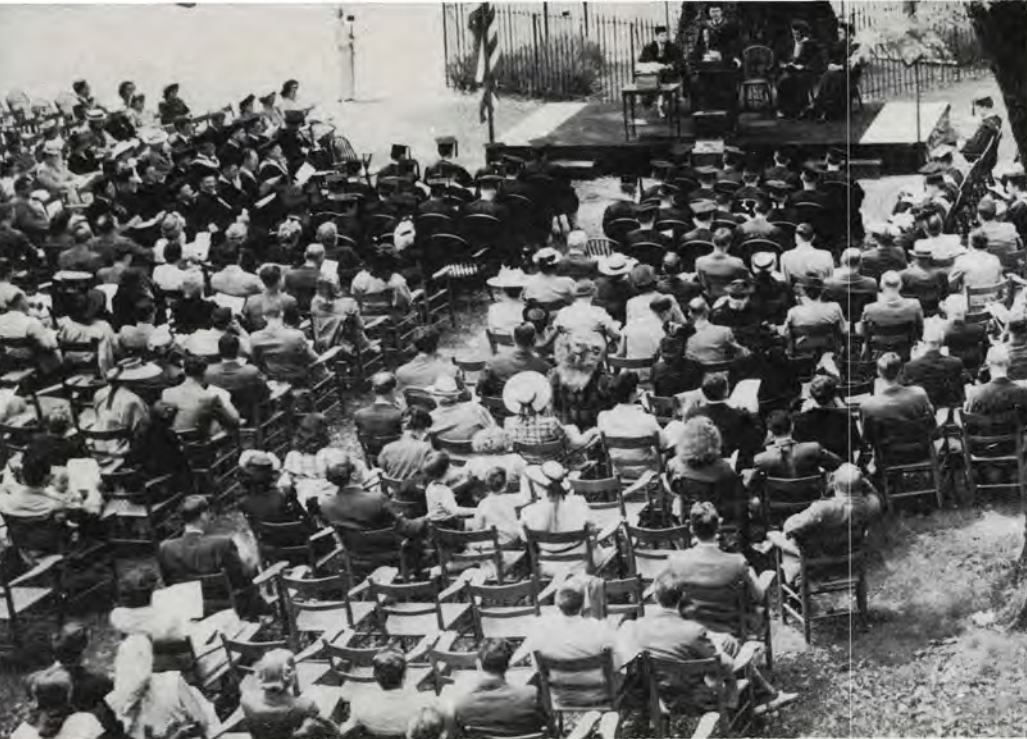
"To the member of the Senior Class who has written the best final essay, a prize of \$27.50: Tristram Joseph Campbell, Jr. Honorable mention: Charles Arthur Nelson, Warren Seymour Zeik. To the Senior who has the highest standing, a gold medal: John Scott Desjardins. To the member of the Freshman, Sophomore or Junior Class who has written the best annual essay, a prize of \$10.00: Clarence Jay Kramer. Honorable mention: Rogers Garland Albritton. For the year 1945-46: William Chester Buchanan, Jr. To the student who has prepared the most elegant solution of a mathematical problem, a prize of \$10.00: William Gideon Spohn, Jr."

Batter up: Paul Gorman



Refreshments





President Kieffer Announces the Prizes

Mr. Lieb wanders fretfully in the background, festooned with cameras and meters. Babies are carried out at intervals. As Mr. Klein begins to speak, a truck rattles down King George Street.

" . . . On the threshold of a new kind of existence, a postgraduate existence, every one of you seems to me like a creature about to be cut in half. . . . One part tries to fasten itself to some protuding branch of the big tree of life which has been transplanted, so I understand, from the Garden of Eden into the sinful complexities of our civilization. The other part . . . remains attached to this shrub of ours, this little tree of genera and species, full of knots and lumps . . . How to resist that cut, how to remain whole . . . "

The diplomas are on a table at the edge of the platform, in boxes covered with orange and black paper. Archie worries about the microphone (It had been plugged into the wrong socket). A power drill starts up in the Naval Academy.

"I realize that to evoke before you the image of the platonic Academy helps neither you nor us to solve the practical problem of an adequate undergraduate curriculum and an adequate postgraduate life. But let me consider what the consequences of such a stand, the platonic stand, might be, regardless of whether you and I can make it really ours. . . . To remain whole, then, would mean first of all a sort of aloofness, a distance always kept, an invisible gown about your shoulders. . . . But not to succumb does not mean to forget, to retire to some fantastic island of contemplation . . . I have been rereading in these last days Aristotle's Nicomachean Ethics. . . . The various forms of government are treated by him in the context of an analysis of friendship. . . . Justice and all its forms are ultimately



"On the Threshold"

dependent on those ties which bind men together insofar as they are men . . . friendship in the strictest and highest sense—a sensible image of the selfknowing activity of the intellect . . . the widespread phenomenon of mutual sympathy, the basis of all political organization. . . . To remain whole is not merely to resist; it is also, I think, never to lose sight of men as friendly mirrors of our own intellectual life. We cannot wilfully break them without endangering our own image within ourselves. . . . "

Paul Gorman and Edward Abrahamson have struck up a brief, intense acquaintance which consists in hitting each other in the face with rolled-up programs. Dr. Rodler suggests that they be quiet. Edward replies severely, "Don't talk. Ssh."

"What you have acquired on this campus cannot and ought not, by its very nature, become subservient to the appalling practical automatism of our way of life. But, on the other hand, how could you relinquish the claim to direct and to determine your personal lives as well as the destiny of the greater community or communities you belong to? It seems that nothing can prevent you from accomplishing that, provided that you own the invisible gown of which the one you wear is the visible symbol, and provided that you discover in friends those sources of strength that aloofness alone cannot possibly offer."

Mr. Neustadt, smiling, calls the roll: thirty-two names. The graduates step to the platform, receive their diplomas from Mr. Kieffer, and reform their phalanx, a few furtively shifting their tassels. Mr. Kyle Smith asks the benediction. The procession goes back down the aisle, around the Liberty Tree, across the grass—white diplomas, black gowns. Families and friends drift toward McDowell and Miss Alexander's lunch. It rained last night, but the noon sunlight is clear and warm.

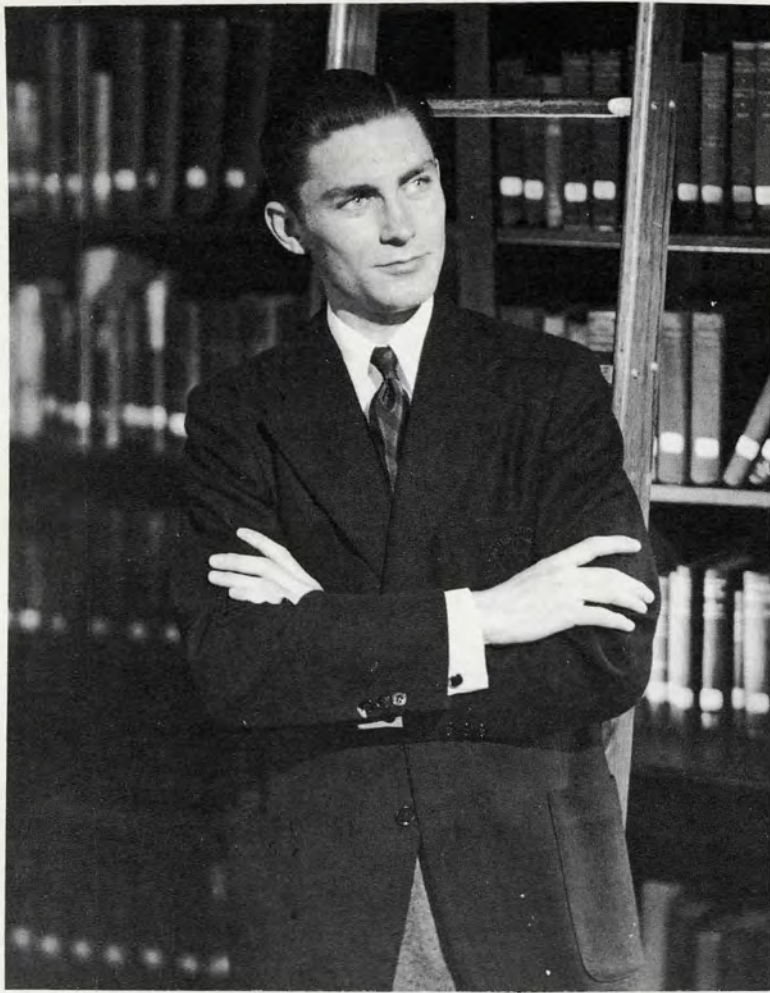
Bottoms Up



Where's Woolcott?



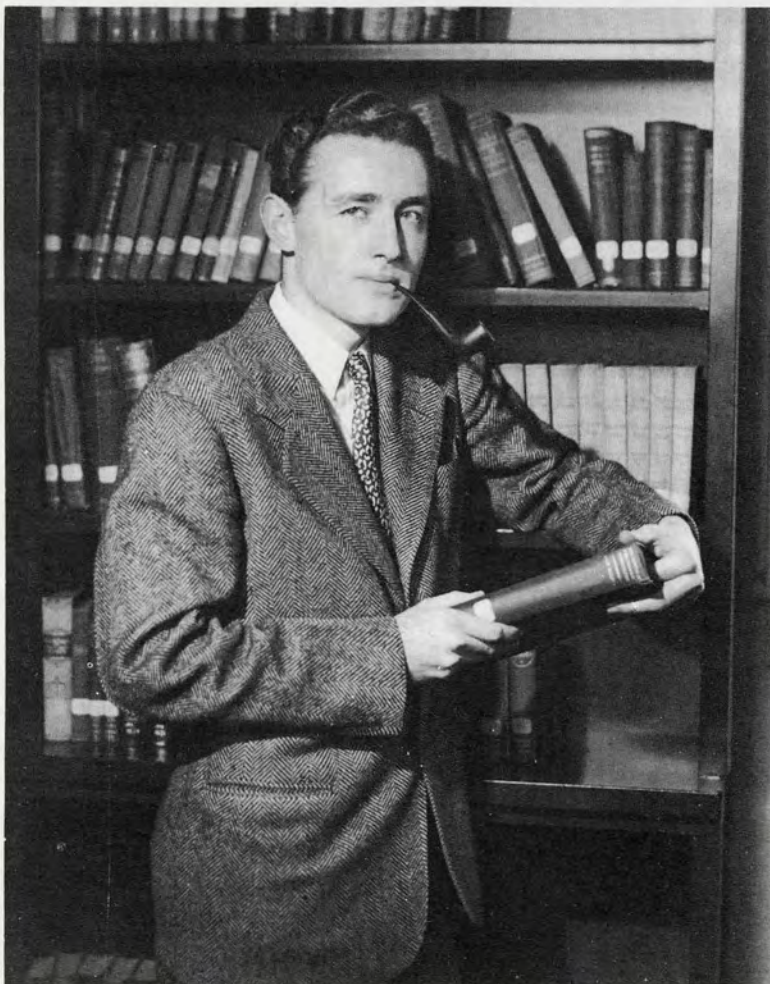
SENIORS



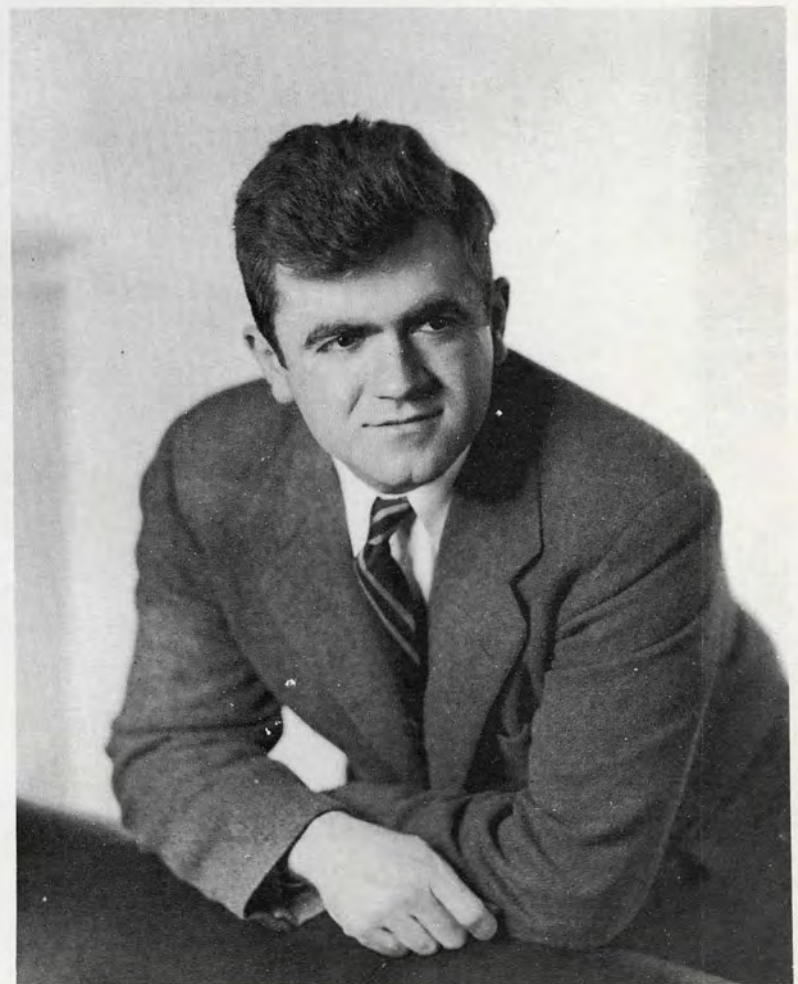
Irving Victor Abb



Stephen Gordon Benedict



Stephen Windsor Bergen



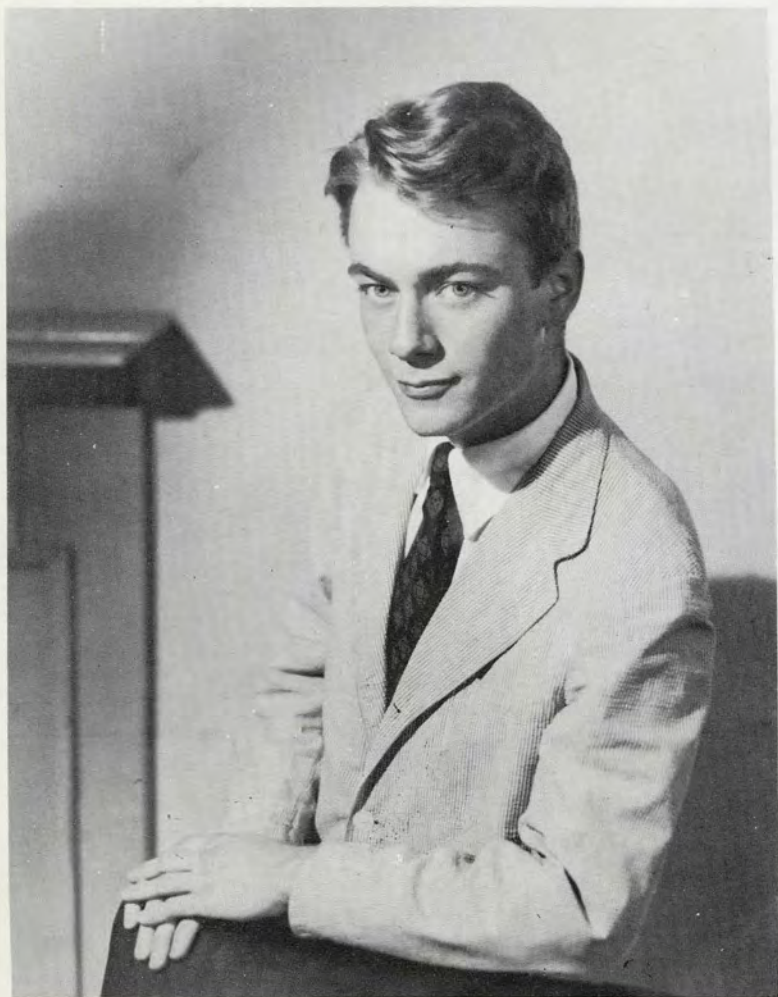
Nicholas Daniel Bonadies



Robert Frederick Garland Bunting



Tristram Joseph Campbell, Jr.



John Scott Desjardins



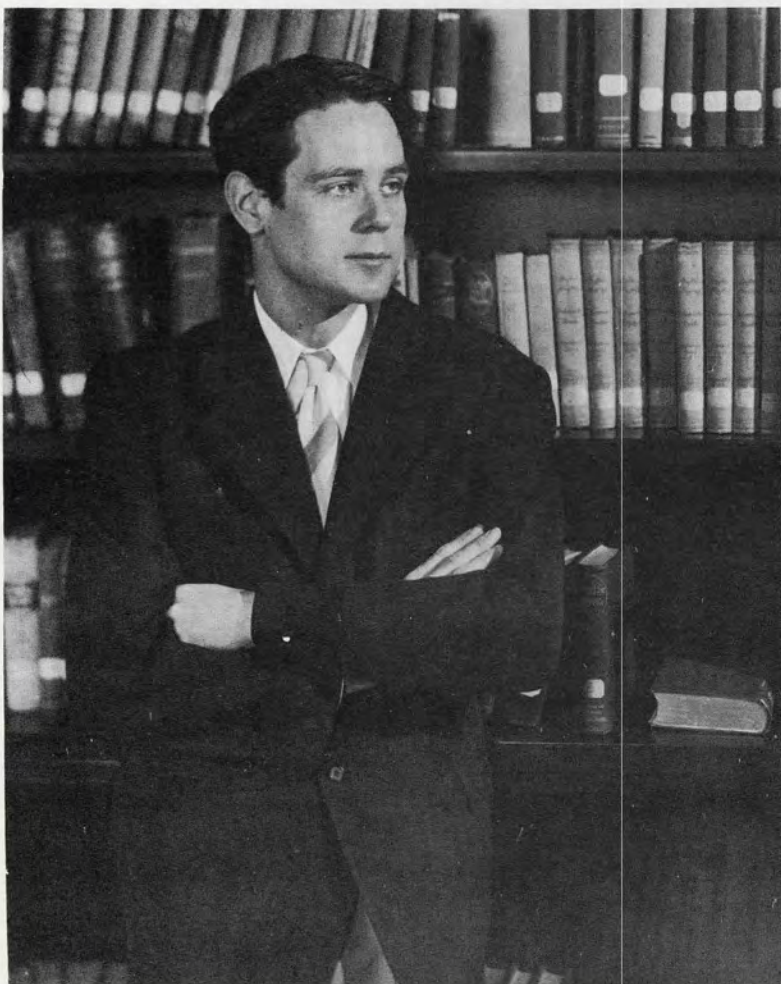
William Paul Elliott



Edward Maurice Godschalk



Allen Abbey Goldstein



John Gormly



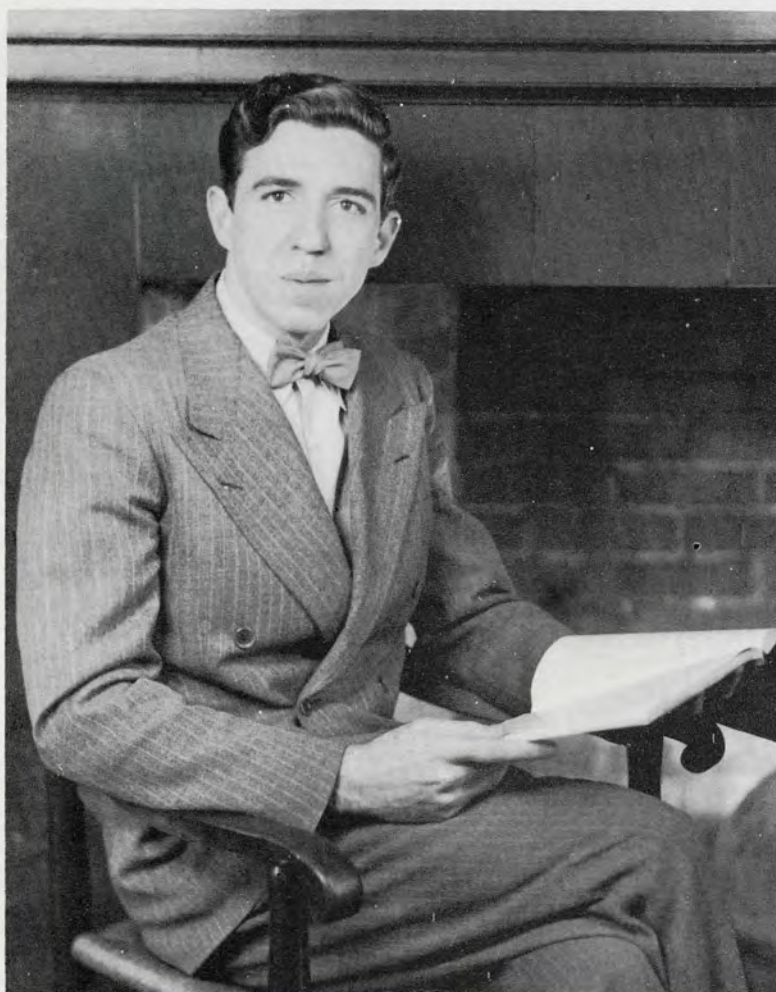
Carl Schlee Hammen



William Edwin Harris



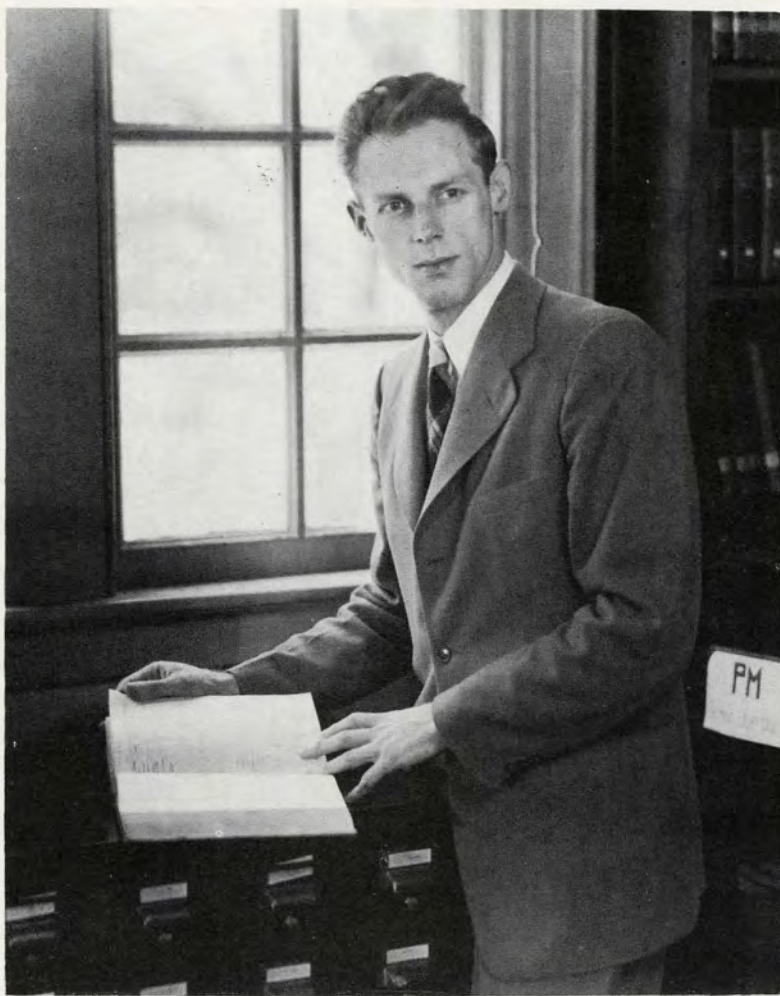
Joseph Francis Hollywood, Jr.



Joseph Ignatius Killorin, Jr.



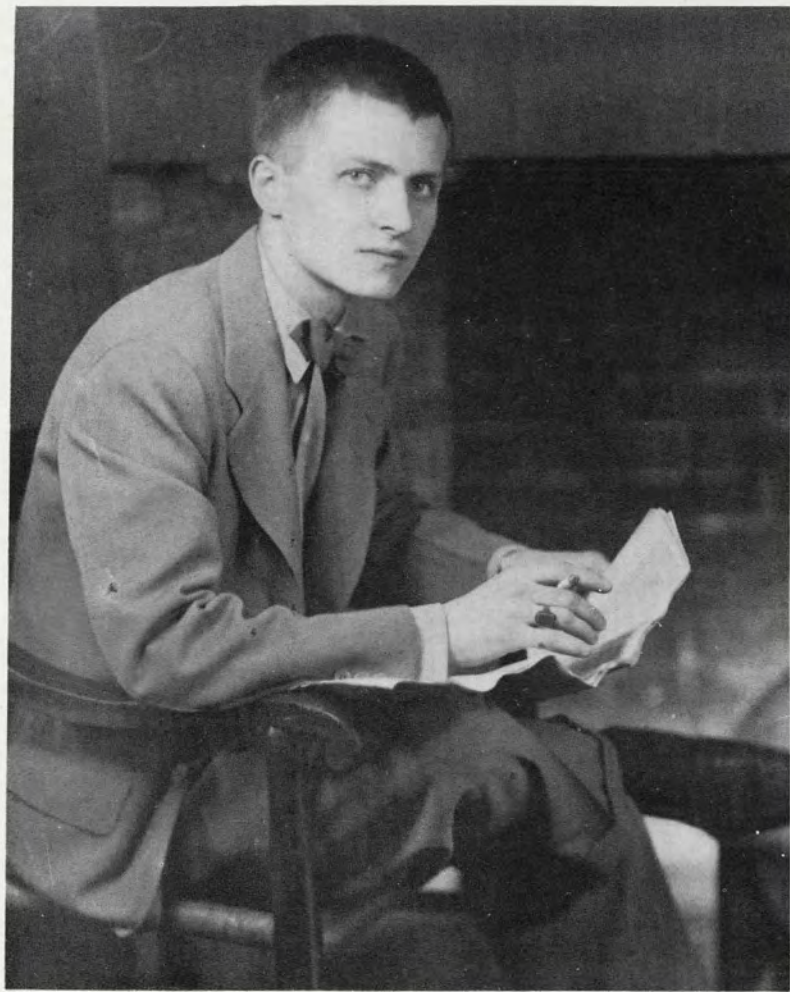
Richard Eagleston Jameson



Casimir Thaddeus Krol



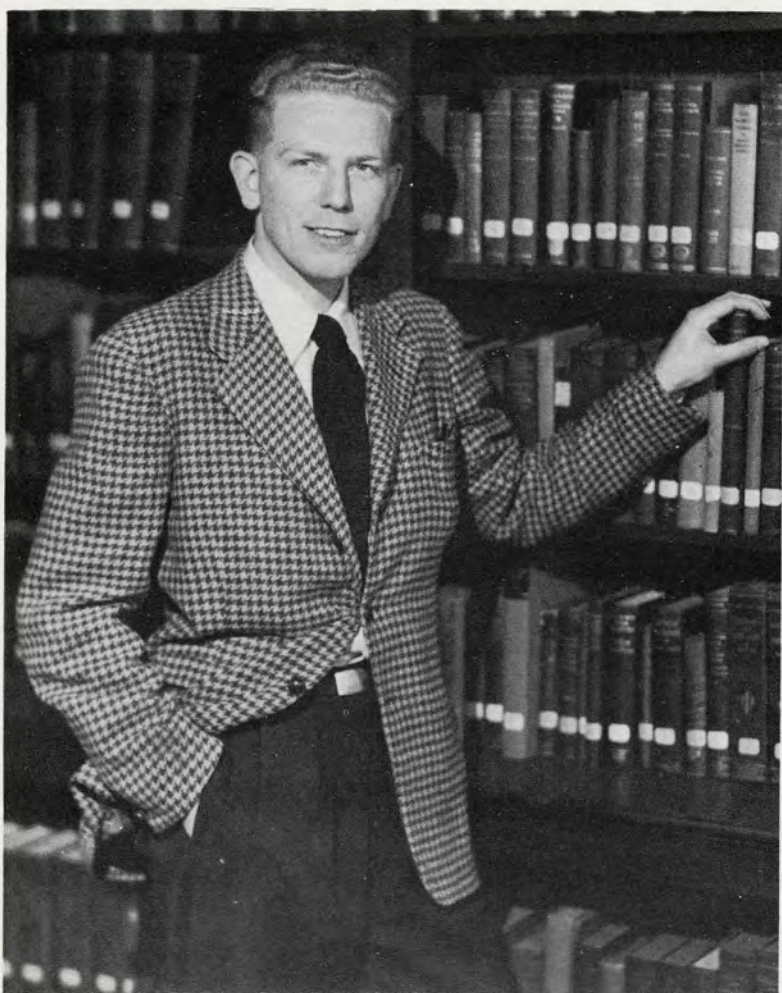
Henry Resolved Mack



Robert Wilson Mueller



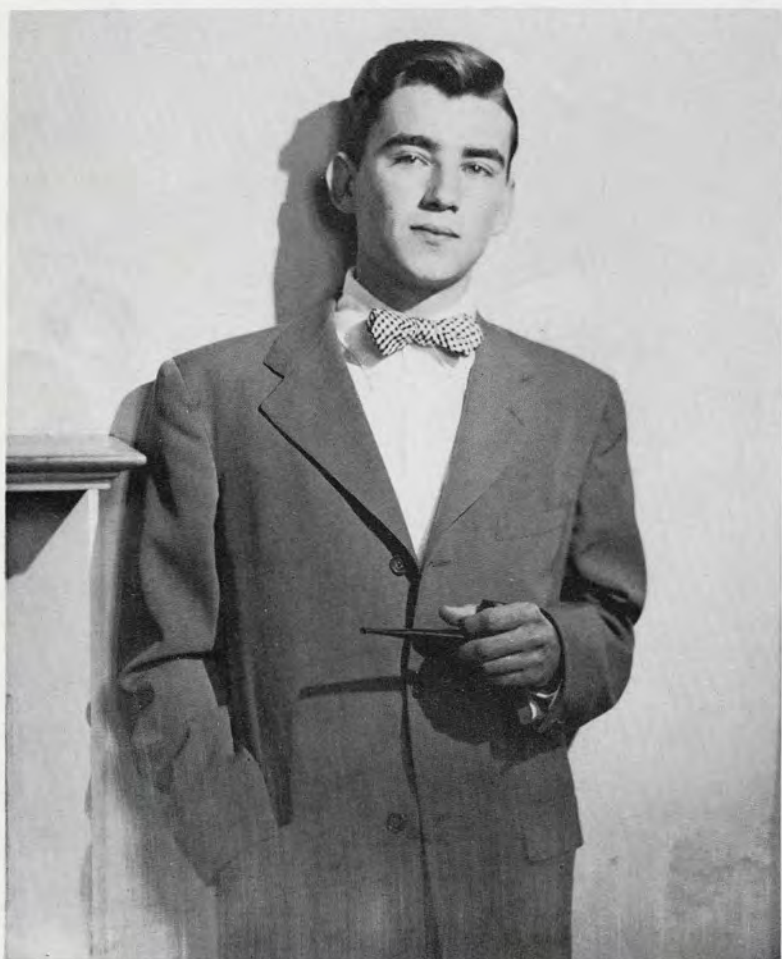
John Mathew Morgan



Charles Arthur Nelson



John Newton Lindsay Opie



Rowell Anton von Magius Schleicher



James Willard Sharp



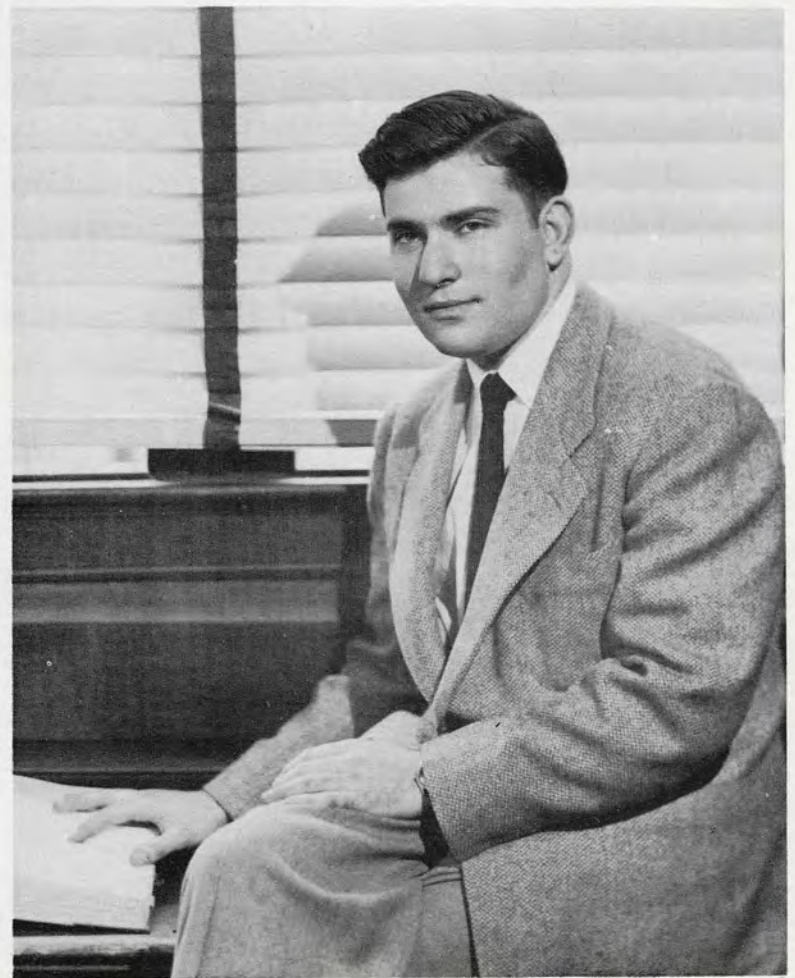
Haven Ely Simmons



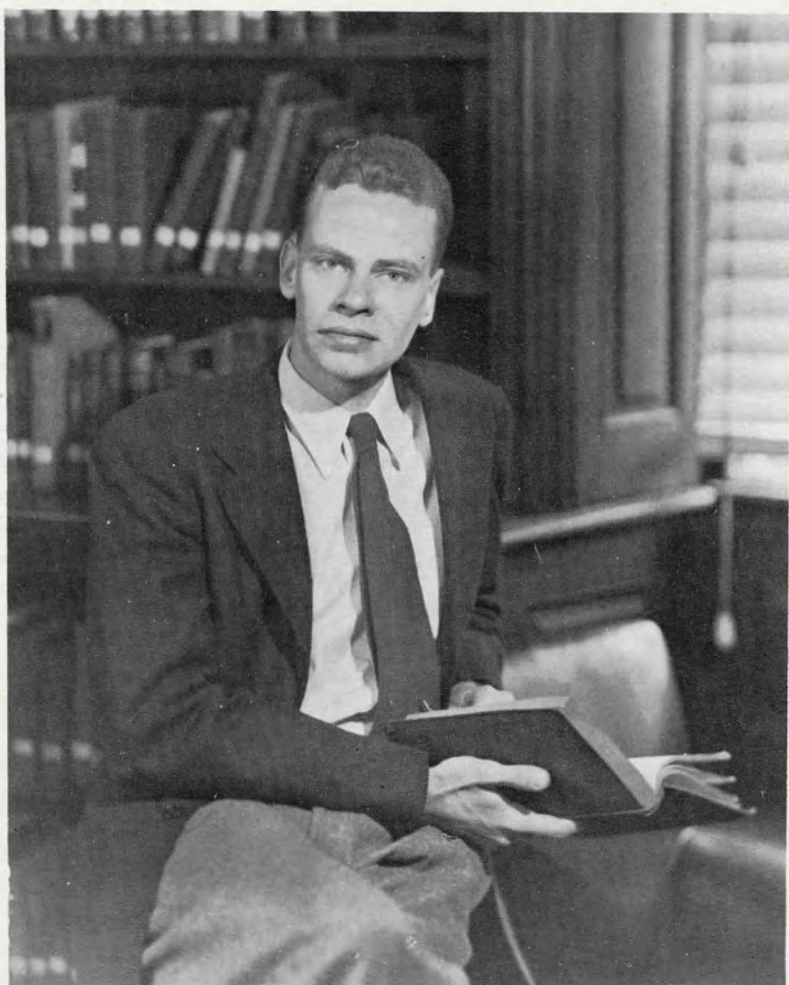
William Gideon Spohn, Jr.



Herbert Willard Stern



Eugene Victor Thau



Charles Lincoln Van Doren



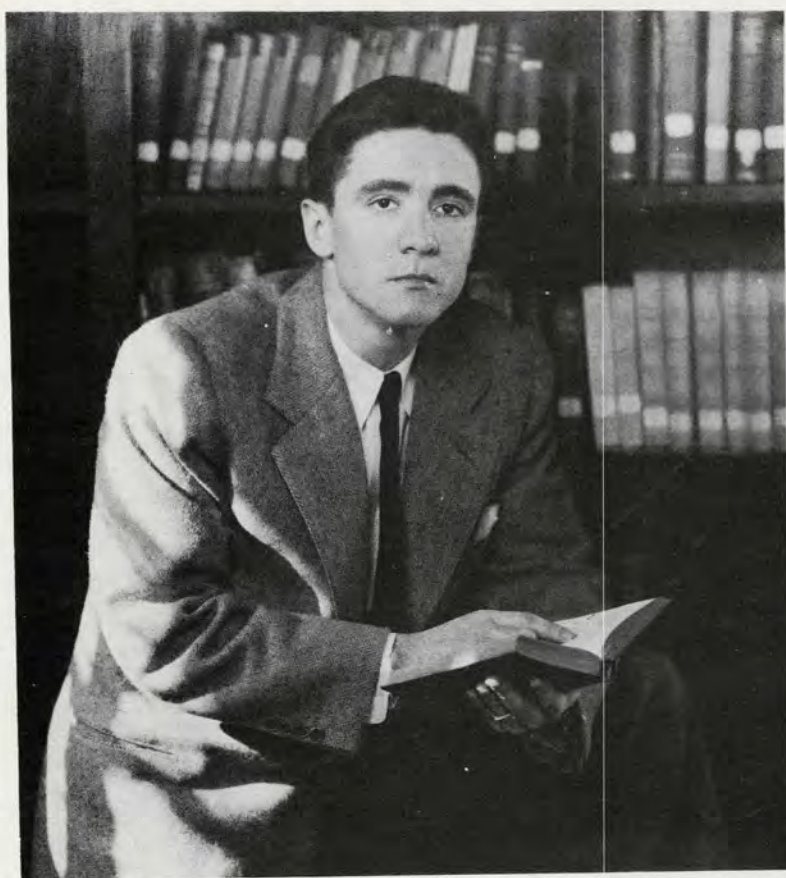
John Van Doren



Robert Russell Weiss



Andrew Shreffler Witwer, Jr.



Warren Seymour Zeik



Senior Juniors: Pedro and Pam

The Senior Class was not peculiarly unusual, but it was, like all three returning classes, composed in the beginning of the year of a heterogeneous group of students who had matriculated as much as four years apart.

Most of the veterans in the class came from the class of 1944, of which only seven had remained to graduate on schedule. During this several-year absence, both they and the college had changed.

Perhaps the severest test was given to those who returned to face the enabling examinations. Not a trial to be regarded with levity and contempt under more favorable circumstances, they assumed a most awful aspect after the lapse of time and the coincident lapse of memory. The fact that all who dared the test were successful was perhaps a new source of confidence to every other veteran on campus.

There were obvious differences between the veterans and the non-veterans. The vets were more restrained, had more family obligations and financial problems, worried more about what they would do after graduation, and in general, looked, acted and were older than their fellows. Paramount in their consideration of the future was the thought that they could no longer afford to make a wrong choice.

The Seniors who were not taken into the service by no means showed great buoyancy as an effect of their good fortune. It was rather the reverse, and at St. John's, like other colleges (We are more like them than is usually ad-

mitted), the veterans returning to take up their interrupted education brought with them a powerful enthusiasm for work, the effect of desire in hungry men. The non-veteran remnants of a long withering vigil at the college during the Lean Years turned to gaze in amazement at the springy step with which the returned made their way to nine o'clock classes, and the incredible eagerness that reached annoying proportions in seminar. Much healthy naivety which was once considered the ideal attitude of a loyal New Programmer was lost forever by the tired survivors of a five-term Junior Year, summer sessions with Aquinas in real sweat and a Freshman Year so far back in early youth that its events and peculiar happenings were blurred.

All in all the non-veterans were right, and the veterans soon conformed. The Senior Year depends for its success upon students merging sufficiently with the Germanic Soul to attain that lofty attitude popularly called *Weltschmerz*. There is no room for gaiety here, only an occasional wry smile at the contortions of Herr Professor Hegel or the versified banalities of the Weimar Bard. However, with all their seriousness where classwork and study were concerned, the veterans seemed to find as much time as anyone for extra-curricular activities and relaxation. Their contribution to the athletic program was particularly notable in a situation that has caused many to mourn the near death of athletics on the campus.

By the end of the year it was evident that the veterans had made the grade in their return to civilian life and the



Alice In Wonderland

pursuit of the liberal arts. Most of them walked forward to receive their long awaited degree confident in the knowledge that they had given their best and that the past year or more had been worthily spent.

Graduates marched somberly down from Mc Dowell Hall to the Liberty Tree on Commencement Monday to the customary accompaniment of roaring Greyhound buses and screeching truck brakes. There was an unusual and heartening assurance in the way the Seniors accepted their diplomas, in contrast to the apologetic manner lately in vogue; this was no doubt due to the solidity of numbers rather than to any consciousness of superiority in the performance of the liberating arts.

The graduating Seniors formed a group twice the size of the largest previous class awarded bachelorhood in the arts since the inauguration of the New Program. While most graduates to date have faced the compulsion of war service upon completion of four years here, the Class of '47 matriculates into a world desperately striving to be normal with little actual gunfire anywhere in the world, and more concern with construction than obliteration. The actions of these graduates in the next ten to twenty years will afford the critics as well as the warm friends of St. John's the first sizeable test of the validity of the liberal education so uniquely at work here on this green campus.

Day of Reckoning



The Juniors

The historians of pre-war Junior classes have had a simpler task than we have. The members of their class arrived at St. John's all in a bunch, all at one time. They were convoked together, subjected together to the trivium and the quadrivium, to Plato, Aristotle, Thomas . . . meanwhile the bunch became an articulated, coherent group, and by the time the Junior year began, the class had developed a distinct personality and unity—or if no unity, at least a clearly defined disunity. The historian could then pass off his own personal history as a class history, with no great loss of objectivity. He was writing of a simple, not a composite body, and was as well qualified to speak for it as another.

But our Junior class is not simple and coherent, either in its origin or its history. Some of its members matriculated in 1939, some as late as 1944. Some have not been away at war, while others have, some for so long that while they were away, new Freshmen entered, went off to war, and beat them back into their own class. To write the entire history of such a class would be to write a separate history of each Freshman class now represented in it, and in the end, separate histories of each one of us who went away. The Yearbook would not hold such a collection, and it would be better to reduce this complexity to a single image.

The image was suggested by Mrs. Kaplan, who once compared St. John's to the hospital in Thomas Mann's *The Magic Mountain*. "Suggestive" is a grossly inadequate word for the similarities between the Magic Mountain and St. John's.

Both are situated in the rare air of the mountains, high above the flatlands. The college community and the Magic Mountain community are both composed of sick people and doctors, and one is never sure whether or not the doctors are sick too. Hans Castorp, the "hero" of Mann's novel, came to the Magic Mountain to visit his cousin, a patient. He planned to stay two weeks, for he was well, of course, not a patient; but the doctors found that he too was sick, or likely to be if he returned to the flatlands, and he stayed for seven years. During those years, days, weeks and months merged into a timeless background for the unchronological changes in the soul. Clocks were forgotten, and the sense of objective, astronomical time was only poorly preserved by the rigidly formal routine of the treatments. The real time, the time that told was the subjective time of the soul. Its epochs were marked by a relapse, a sudden gain of health and joy, a dangerous excitement; its eras by calmness or despair.

Over all, the master of the Magic Mountain, the magician himself, was the resident psychiatrist. He knew all and told nothing. The patients were fascinated, and many of them horrified by him. They felt that he held the key to life, and they tried to decipher his cryptic statements. Meanwhile they learned. Just *what* they learned they could not say, but when Hans Castorp was called away from the Magic Mountain to the Great War, he was ready. We saw him last in battle, and Mann does not tell us what happened to him or to the Magic Mountain. But now we know, for Hans has returned from the war in the flatlands.



The Junior Class

The magician has gone, and in his place Hans finds a new doctor, a good, hardworking, enthusiastic young doctor, but admittedly no magician. For though he still practices spells and incantations, magic is being replaced by sound medical practice. And for the patients (let us drop the veil), for the members of the Junior class, time has become objective again. We no longer measure time by insights or melancholy; in '48 we graduate, that is, we'd better make sure we do; and so a little less attention to the Good, if you please; good marks will mean more to a future employer. We are no longer sick; an earthquake has tumbled the Magic Mountain almost to the level of the flatlands, and the history of the Junior class is basically the history of each Junior's reaction to the earthquake. Many protested, for example, when the changes in the laboratory and math tutorials were announced, but most even of these accepted the change, for the earthquake was our own as well as the Mountain's, and we know better now what the flatlands require of us. A few, whose lungs cried for rare air, suffocated or danced wildly on the roof. A few others, some among the new inmates, seemed never to have known of the Mountain's former height. So we are all well now. No more acedia, no more divine madness. We want training, not treatment.

But how heavy the air of the flatlands is.

Postscript by the Research Department:

There were fifty-six Juniors. They may be divided in various ways. Six are married, fifty more or less unmarried. Or thirty nine veterans and seventeen non-veterans. Or by classes: Nineteen were originally members of the class of 1945; the majority of the veterans fall in this group. The next largest is the class of 1948, these who have been here continuously: sixteen members. Two present Juniors date back to the class of 1943; the rest scatter among 1944, 1946, 1947.

The majority of the class, of course, is from the East; eighteen from Maryland, nine from New York—oops, five from California, and so on. Only seven of those listed as resident in Maryland were born here; on the other hand no one born here seems to be listed as a resident elsewhere, pointing the somewhat sinister moral that Many Come to Maryland But None Go Hence, and suggesting a competitive analogy which it would be unbecoming in a research department to develop. Whereas thirteen came to be in New York, of whom only seven live there yet, (one for each of the Seven L..... A...). Four Juniors were born out of the U.S., in Letchworth and London, England, in Toronto, Canada, and in Bantry, Ireland (our balladeer).

Among the fathers of Juniors we have six teachers, one college president, four lawyers, two engineers, and so on: advertising man, clothier, banker, insurance, fireman, physician, army officer, salesman, auto dealer, manufacturer, with a slight edge, it seems, to the middle and upper lower income groups. The major distribution of religious affiliations runs: eighteen—None, thirteen—Episcopalian, ten—Jewish, four—Catholic. Finally, the oldest Junior was born on March 4, 1918, the youngest on February 9, 1930. Nine are twenty-four, seven twenty-three, seven nineteen, six twenty-five, etc. Eight, including the Research Department, were born in August, seven in October, at least three in every month—twenty eight in the second half of the month, twenty-six in the first half and two on the fence, on the fifteenth. Magic Mountain, indeed.



The Juniors Head for Chow: Whetstone, Dobreer, Parslow and Bauder
Biologists in Embryo: Albritton, Kaplan and Gilbert
Harmony at the Junior-Senior Party

The Sophomores

Because of its multifold genesis, the Sophomore class might be accused of being many and not one. This was perhaps most true in the first part of the year, where returning veterans in many cases knew students of the upper classes, with whom they had once studied, better than their present colleagues.

As the year progressed, the Sophomores discovered that among the forced companions of seminar and tutorial, an understanding was born which yielded a spirit of warm comradeship. Deep common experience, although it did not obliterate the old friendships, served to weld the class into a unity of spirit in which all of the several members, veterans and non-vets, new friends and old, were joined.

Of necessity, the Sophomores were sophomoric, and, by their natures, confused during the early portion of the year. Gradually they improved in dialectic and became more critical of themselves and their tutors (Some were not overjoyed

at the tutors they had drawn). Virgil, Apollonius and Latin grammar soon caused the realization that real labor was required to keep up with the schedule. The first labs were drawing ones, and helped the morale not one bit. The reading of the Bible started the theological year in earnest. Against the backdrop of Roman civilization, the Christian culture gradually rose. To some it was boring, but to most it was highly interesting, whether considered historically or faithfully.

This was the setting for "Sophomore slump", an annual event, black and melancholic in its appearance. Confused by the first year, the Sophomores furiously debated new schemes of things, which only resulted in more confusion. Added to this was the realization on the part of many that they hadn't learned a thing in the first year, or so they thought. Greek and Latin lost their appeal and thoughts turned to the prospect of learning how to earn a living.



The Sophomore Class



The Henry Morgan Club



Harris Grapples With St. Thomas

There was no longer any drama in learning how to read a book. Dean Neustadt, in a college meeting, compared the slump to winter, and its shuffling off, to spring. In the middle of the second term the rebirth commenced and the Sophomores left the "dark night of the soul" for "pastures new."

The seminar reading and discussion was stirring and forced stands on questions which had previously been shunned. Seemingly solid mental foundations became dangerous quagmires for some, while others gained new and stronger footholds. Still others were interested but not too concerned. An element of humor was preserved, however, despite the threatening morass of Thomistic definitions, new words, distinctions, general and particular senses and so forth.

All was not work, however. The Sophomores went to dances, participated in sports, and tripped to the great metropolises for week-ends. Dick Harris, long John Wallace and short Jake Brooks were mainstays of the Sophomore team that won the football championship. After a slump in basketball, the Sophs came back behind the accurate pitching of Skip Sherman to take a close second in baseball.

Socially, the class was fairly evenly divided between men about town and conservatives. A sleek blue Buick convertible usually made the trek from Washington to brighten up the dances with its charming contents. The fine arts and the Shakespearean productions in New York got their share of attention, and records were a popular form of recreation.

It was a sad, joyful, illuminating year. An essential phase of development had been passed, and the Sophomores could now sense the goals and means for which they strove; and most of them were ready to come back for more.



Baer Makes a Point

The Freshmen

The largest Freshman class since the pre-war era was a fitting sign of a return to peace and the quest for higher learning. Many of the class of 1950 were veterans, and their serious approach to their studies caused many an upper-classman to wonder whether St. John's had completely gone to the dogs.

Age variation followed the pattern of previous classes, ranging from the middle teens to the early thirties, so that it was not unusual to see one Freshman surveying the dismal sight of his fast receding hairline, while another was hopefully feeling the new growth of fuzz on his chin. Nor was it unusual to eye a pretty girl on campus only to have the pleasant fellow with whom you were talking introduce her as his wife and then proceed to tell you about his wonderful baby. With the large number of new tutors this year, a further complication was presented by the embarrassing mistaking of Freshmen for tutors and the reverse.

For many of the new students the adjustment to the

rigors of the St. John's community were slower than they might have been. Getting back to the routine of studying was a rough job. The paradox of complete freedom and yet an intense feeling of regimentation was frightening at times.

In other ways, however, the Freshmen shared many of the first impressions that others had experienced before them. Certainly no one but an undersized pygmy could possibly have stayed at St. John's for more than 48 hours without cussing the simple mind that designed the walk which goes past the Hall of Records. And who in the world was "Winkie"?

What provided material for many of the first bull sessions were declarations of "Why I came to St. John's". Of course, it was not long before many were rephrasing the statement to read: "Why the hell did I come to St. John's?" At any rate, after just a few weeks of school, most were convinced that the catalogue (which, incidentally, was the most quoted material until St. John's gospel) was far more



The Freshman Class



Spring Fever



One Man Track Team: Herrod

honest than they had ever dreamed it could be. Yes, it was nice to talk to people who knew St. John's didn't have a great basketball team or who weren't convinced that the place was a monastery in disguise (despite affirmation by some Sophomores). It was also comfortable to learn how to answer: "But Winslow, what on earth will you *be* when you are graduated from that—that, military academy, is it?" Standard procedure: (1) flip the muffler over your shoulder, (2) snort, (3) raise an eyebrow, (4) reply indignantly: "*Be?* I don't intend to *be* anything!"

Those first weeks with Homer and Plato made the Freshmen realize that, rather than be concerned with stimulating a heretofore dull imagination, it was now necessary to put forth a real effort to prevent it from running rampant. Scott Buchanan's: "You don't have ideas; they have you" provided a wonderful paradigm to encourage Freshman minds to go berserk. One fellow ended up with: "You don't go through St. John's; it goes through you."

What about the fever the student who were here before the war tell about? People still talk in the coffee shop after seminar but there were few sessions which lasted past 11:30. Did the war somehow kill it or was there something intrinsic in the new students that had so definitely changed the atmosphere? When these questions were put to Mr. Neustadt, he said simply: "The revolution is over."

It didn't take long to figure out that Friday night lectures were designed exclusively for evil Freshmen who had actually been heard admitting that they knew something. After a lecture on a subject something like: "Kant, Tolstoi, Ptolemy, Cantor, and what they meant to Thomas, Descartes, Hegel and God", one has the most peculiar feeling from the neck up.

On the athletic field, the Freshmen were not impressive, although a small group managed to present a good showing. Both in football and basketball, the Freshman team started off strong, but crumpled under the strain later on. The softball team was up against strong competition and never got started, and only Ralph Herrod turned out to represent the class in the track meet, nevertheless managing to give his team third place on his individual showing. Johnny Williams was another bright light, winning the individual titles in fencing and tennis.

The Freshmen were confused, as all Freshmen have been, but they learned one thing: glibly accept the myth that "everything becomes clear in the fourth year" or go stark, raving mad.



Concerto: Sanborn and Jan



Ernest Abrahamson



Charles Alba



Ulrich Allers



Robert Bart



George Bingley



Ford Brown



Leonard Eslick



President John S. Kieffer

Faculty and

Eleven new tutors evidenced the return of St. John's to an even greater period of activity than that of the pre-war era, as the largest faculty in the history of the college took over the task of guiding the largest student body since the New Program began.

Early in the year, the college was informed of the prospective departure of President Barr and Dean Buchanan (The latter was already gone on leave of absence). By Christmas the change was complete: Mr. Kieffer, familiarly known to many of the students as "Big John", became the new president, and Mr. Neustadt took over as acting dean.



Carlos Fraker



Charlotte Fletcher



Kent Campbell



Archibald McCourt



Elizabeth Hopkins



Atwood Garis



Wilbur Gorham



William Harper



William Hatfield



Joseph Horrell



Simon Kaplan



Jacob Klein



Jack Landau



Claude Leffel



Francis Mason

Administration

There was criticism of the new tutors, just as there has always been (Low foreheads became for the first time a handicap to attaining a B. A.), but most of the new tutors passed the test and were accepted into the college community. There was fear on the part of some that the laboratory was being loaded with men who were in a scientific rut, and that the firm moorings of analogy between the laboratory and the rest of the program were being slowly cast adrift. However, the new emphasis on laboratory and mathematics has made it clear that these lab specialists are now an integral part of the program; and it appears to be a matter of good fortune, not necessity, that a tutor is both a technician and a philosopher.



Acting Dean John O. Neustadt



Bernard Peebles



Franz Plunder



Marian Alexander



Edward Lathrop



J. Winfree Smith



Miriam Strange



Harvey Poe



Frederick Santee



Richard Scofield



W. Kyle Smith



Lawrence Townsend



Raymond Wilburn

Sports

Returning to the scene of great intramural sports activities of the past, many of the St. John's veterans were struck this year by the absence of the "old spirit" on the back campus. Many of the new students and those who had stayed during the lean years were equally struck by the amazement of their eager comrades. Between the two a kind of mean was developed, which, although far from satisfactory, may be a step toward the restoration of a comprehensive athletic program.

Gone from the roster were soccer, lacrosse, volleyball, swimming, boxing and wrestling. Only softball, football and basketball remained for regular team competition, with the track meet run on a class team basis. The reasons for the decrease in activity were several: during the war, lack of interest from the smaller student body had curtailed many sports; in lacrosse, there were few students who had played the game before coming to St. John's and the old system of learning from upper classmen had died out in 1942; but the biggest reason was an apparent change in the student body. The incoming veterans were serious about their studies and many of them preferred to indulge in individual sports at odd times rather than engage in regularly scheduled activities. Many, too, were confined by obligations of family and jobs.

The surprising fact was that the best showing was made by a handful of Juniors who frequently sacrificed their only available afternoons to engage in team sports, while the two underclasses had to be combined into class teams numbering in the sixties and seventies before they could field a complete team. In 26 games the nine men from Junior 3 ran up a total of 20 wins in every sport to take the baseball championship and the individual title with little difficulty.

Good turnouts were registered in individual sports,

with the individual title going to Steve Benedict, who took the badminton championship and shared the tennis doubles title with Andy Wüwer.

An ambitious eight-team league was the hope of Mr. Lathrop as the fall season commenced, but it was soon apparent that forfeits were going to outnumber games competed. Inasmuch as the St. John's athletic program is not designed to produce champions by forfeit, but to allow and encourage the participation of as many students as possible, the number of teams was cut to five and another attempt was made. There was sporadic criticism of the new arrangement, since it called for combinations of students who sometimes never saw each other except for the occasions when they participated in team sports, but no other workable combinations could be found to replace the awkward setup, and throughout the year, the new plan proved reasonably satisfactory.

By this time, the rains descended and fall softball was cancelled, but a fifteen game football schedule was completed with only five forfeits. Capitalizing on their newly created numerical strength together with a height and weight advantage over most of their opponents, the Sophomores passed their biggest test by downing a tricky Junior 3 team and then held a slim lead in the standings to take the title by virtue of a tie in their second meeting with the Juniors. Dick Harris and Bob Marshall were strong factors in the Sophomore offense, while John "Zilch" Wallace, Alan Gargle and Paul Evans contributed to the strong defense which limited their opponents to 32 points in five competed games.

Runners-up for the football championship were the iron men from Junior 3, who dropped only the one game to the Sophomores, but were unable to make the grade in their second meeting and lost out by the ill-fated tie.



Bounds Goes Around End for the Juniors



The Sophomore Champs Try a Pass

Final football standings:

	W	L	T	Pts.	O.P.	Ave.
Sophomores	5	0	3	70	32	.813
Junior 3	5	1	2	120	47	.750
Freshmen	3	3	2	65	55	.500
Junior-Senior 2B	1	5	0	19	78	.167
Junior-Senior 1A	0	5	1	30	92	.083

As winter closed in, the sports arena shifted from the football field into the gym, where a 28-game basketball schedule provided both exercise and thrills. Junior 3, paced by the high scoring trio of Matteson, Bounds and Gallup, moved into an early lead with victories over each of its opponents in the first round. Three teams remained in the running, however, until the final week, when Junior-Senior 1A bumped their 2B rivals out of the running and then met Junior 3 in the final game for the championship.

The Juniors stepped out fast in the title contest as Terry tallied four times in the first quarter before the Junior-Seniors could get their bearings. In the second frame, Ray Cave turned on the heat to bring the score up to a 16-16 tie at half time. In the second half, the Junior-Seniors, paced by Earl Bauder, Rowell Schleicher and Cave, pulled into a three-point lead, lost it once, but regained it in the final minutes as Schleicher dropped in the winning basket with two men hanging around his waist. The final score read 29-28, with the game and the championship going to the Junior-Seniors.

Individual scoring leaders:

	Team	Games	Pts.
Dick Matteson	Junior 3	12	242
Ray Cave	Junior-Senior 1A	13	186
Rowell Schleicher	Junior-Senior 1A	13	174
Cas Krol	Junior-Senior 1A	16	117
Don Bounds	Junior 3	11	102
Wes Gallup	Junior 3	12	97
John Wallace	Sophomores	12	88
Bob Thomas	Freshmen	9	81
Dave Weinstein	Sophomores	11	78
Charles Van Doren	Junior-Senior 2B	6	71

Final basketball standings:

	W	L	Ave.	Pts.	O.P.
Junior-Senior 1A	9	2	.818	541	373
Junior 3	8	4	.667	540	432
Junior-Senior 2B	5	5	.500	417	501
Freshmen	4	7	.363	437	544
Sophomores	2	10	.167	417	502

For the first time since the abandonment of inter-collegiate athletics, the college itself turned out a basketball team of its own, despite the fact that it played under the blue and white colors of Eddie Leonard's Sportsman's Center and was sponsored by Mr. Leonard. Playing in the Capitol City Basketball League, the team turned in a record of five wins and nine losses, a commendable feat considering the limited practice time available.



The Playoff

Jim Frame was high scorer for the team with 172 points and he and Phil Camponeschi, captain of the team, were nominated for the all-league second team. Other outstanding players on the team were Dick Matteson, "Whitey" Bauder and Wes Gallup.

Beside supplying a further outlet for those students who were either ineligible for intramurals or else couldn't get their fill of basketball in the intramural program, the Sportsman's Center team also provided an excellent opportunity for bettering relations between the college and the city.

In softball, it was Junior 3 again that got the lead early in the season. With Bounds, Leffel and Matteson sharing the pitching honors, the Juniors bowled over three of their opponents with little difficulty. Against the Sophomores, the Juniors had rougher going, but succeeded in taking the game by a 16 to 15 score, scoring eight of the runs in the last two innings.

In their second encounter with the Sophomores, Junior 3 again trailed early in the game and a sixth inning rally failed to do the trick as the Sophs scored an 8 to 6 upset. The defeat of the Juniors put Junior-Senior 1A into the running for the title since they had only dropped one game



Benedict Goes Up

also. When the two teams met in the second round, Junior-Senior 1A was after the title, and, behind the pitching of Hal Freeman, held the Juniors scoreless for six innings while putting across four runs. Junior 3 stuck to the tradition of coming from behind, however, and tallied the necessary four runs in the seventh inning to carry the game into an overtime. Scoring was even for two innings, but in the tenth frame, the Juniors came to bat trailing by one run and proceeded to hit Terry and Leffel across the plate for the tying and winning runs, giving Junior 3 their first championship of the year, and also assuring them of the over-all team title. In the final game of the season, the Sophomores handed Junior-Senior 1A another defeat to take second place in both the baseball and the team championship.

Final Baseball standings:

	W	L	Ave.
Junior 3	7	1	.875
Sophomores	4	2	.667
Junior-Senior 1A	5	3	.625
Freshmen	1	5	.167
Junior-Senior 2B	0	6	.000



Home Run King: Derr



Bounds at Bat for the Champs



A Close One for Terry



Fly Out: Clark to Nelson

Final team standings:

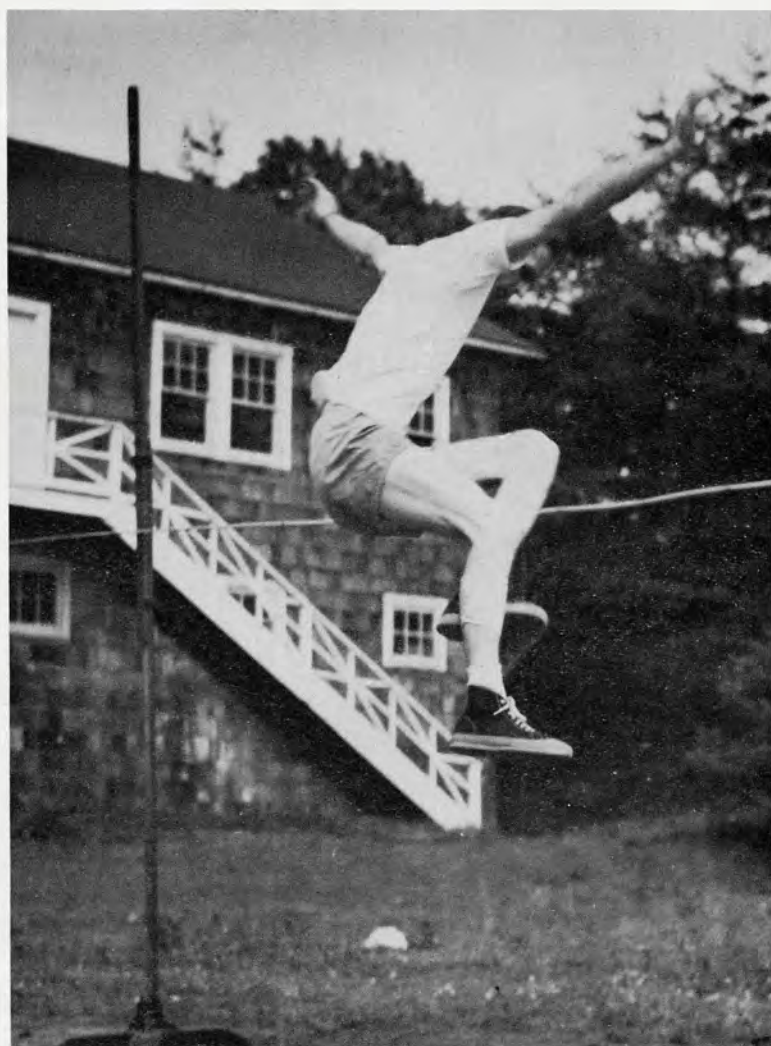
	Points
Junior 3	26
Sophomores	20
Junior-Senior 1A	18
Freshmen	14
Junior-Senior 2B	12

The track meet, formerly an exciting climax to the athletic season, was just one more disappointment to Mr. Lathrop and the few supporters of the old intramural program. Seventeen men turned out for the meet, run on a class competition basis, rather than by regular seminar teams. Although the participants were few, competition was not lacking, and the Juniors and Seniors ran neck and neck for eight events. Three places in the broad jump made the difference, however, as the Juniors took the title 50 to 43 over the Seniors. Trailing far behind were the Freshmen with 9 and the Sophomores with 8.

Don Bounds, of the Juniors, wrested the individual title from two-time champ Cas Krol, registering $22\frac{1}{2}$ points to Krol's 22. In third place was Carl Mammen with 13 points, followed by Ralph Herrod, lone Freshman entry, with 9 points, and Vernon Derr of the Juniors, with 7.

The individual winners:

100 yard dash: Don Bounds, Junior, 11.0.
 220 yard dash: Don Bounds, Junior, 25.9.
 440 yard dash: Don Bounds, Junior, 60.8.
 880 yard run: Carl Hammen, Senior, 2.22.
 Mile run: Carl Hammen, Senior, 5:45.5.
 Shot put: Cas Krol, Senior, 34'5".
 Discus: Cas Krol: Senior, 114'3".
 Javelin: Cas Krol, Senior, 158'8".
 High Jump: Cas Krol: Senior, 5'2".
 Broad jump: George Trimble: Junior, 17'3".



An Easy One for Krol



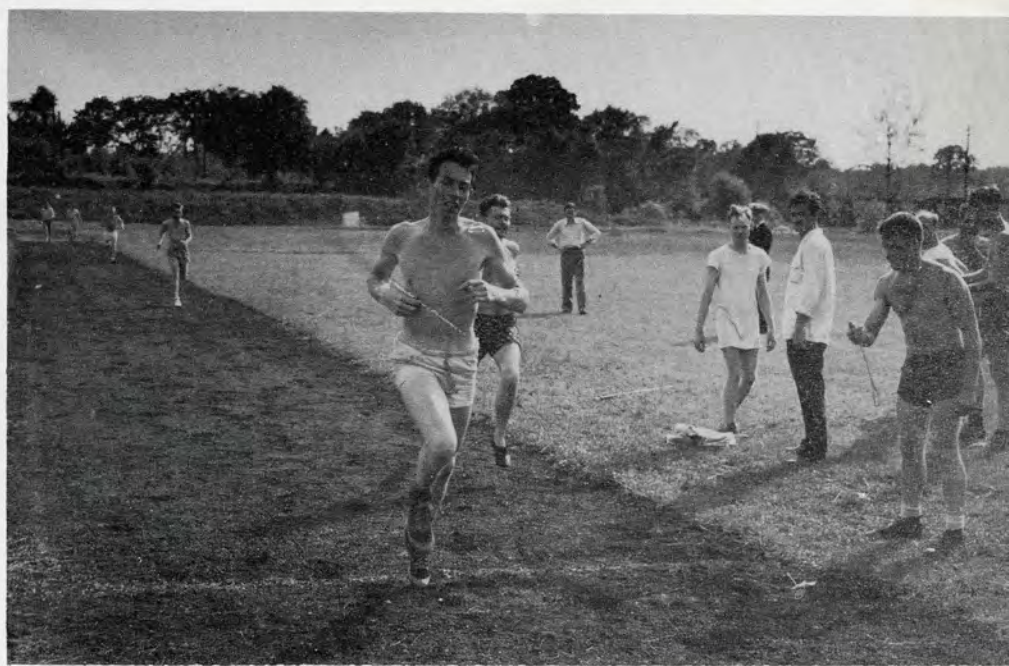
Ned Hits Trouble



Trimble Wins the Hard Way



Bounds Takes the 100 . . .



And the 440

After Mr. Lathrop had made his unsuccessful attempt to operate on an eight team basis, the reorganized arrangement was based on two factors: wealth of talent and prospective participants. The Freshmen, numbering in the eighties, and the Sophomores, in the seventies, were made into single class teams because of a series of forfeits under the earlier arrangement which called for two teams from each class. The Juniors were divided into three groups and the Seniors into two, out of which was created two Junior-Senior combinations numbering in the thirties, and one Junior outfit which had less than 20 men.

Despite the uneven arrangement, competition turned out to be fairly even, and no championship was decided until the final game. The interesting fact, however, is that Junior 3, with the smallest group to choose from and with only eight regular players, was able to walk away with the final title. Members of the team which took the softball championship and was runner-up in both football and basketball were Don Bounds, Dick Matteson, Wes Gallup, Vernon Derr, Rod Whetstone, Bill Ross, Wheaton Smith, Steve Terry and Ted Clark, together with Claude Leffel, who set an example for the tutors.

It is unfortunate to note that before the war, the average team was composed of 20 members, and yet more sizeable schedules embracing twice as many sports were completed with vigorous competition and relatively few forfeits. The major portion of the blame for this unequal comparison rests upon the students themselves for their overwhelming lack of interest in team sports; a relatively minor and yet nevertheless annoying portion remains for the overcrowded conditions at the college which force the use of the gymnasium for a multitude of activities other than athletic. Certainly the patience with which Mr. Lathrop has witnessed the use of the gym for lectures, concerts, stage productions, dances, movies and piano practice has been, if not perfect, remarkable.

Competition in individual sports was, in many cases, sharp. In squash Charlie Van Doren defeated brother Johnny in the semi-finals, and Bud Witwer downed Steve Benedict. By mutual agreement, the two finalists were to decide the title on the basis of winning three out of five games for three out of five times. In two months the required games were finally completed and Van Doren emerged with his second squash title.

Steve Benedict held on to the badminton title by defeating Dick Matteson in the championship bout. Fencing returned once more to the athletic program and received an enthusiastic turnout. In the final match, John Williams took the title by outpointing Chet Hewitt. Sailing was also restored to the schedule, with Johnny Gilbert topping the field of entries to gain the championship.

Witwer and Benedict paired up for the first time in the tennis doubles, and went ahead to take the title over the field of eight entries. In the final match, against Ray Cave and Bob Wilson, the contest was unusually close and eventually turned into an endurance contest, with the final point scored just ten minutes before seminar time. In the tennis singles, John Williams emerged from the Freshman class to upset three-time title holder Witwer in the championship game.

The individual blazer award went to Steve Benedict, winner of two individual titles and a participant in both team and individual sports.



Doubles Champs: Benedict and Witwer

Among the sports not on the schedule, only swimming died without a fight, inasmuch as the waters of College Creek went to war and will never return in good health. A canvass of representative students caused Mr. Lathrop to eliminate plans for soccer and volleyball. A handful of men turned out for lacrosse scrimmages, but not enough to provide regular competition. Efforts to stimulate boxing and wrestling met with only feeble response and they too were dropped.

Although an ample budget for the athletic department was allotted by the college to handle the increased enrollment, Mr. Lathrop found that four assistants could handle the job. Dave Dobreer and Phil Camponeschi, both returned from service, took up their old jobs, and were joined by Freshman Jim Frame. Early in the year Whitey Bauder resigned and was replaced by Bill Goldsmith. Credit is due to the athletic staff, not only for an efficient job of officiating, but for their work in promoting and encouraging the intramural program.

The usual meeting of representatives of each seminar to discuss the awarding of the blazer to the outstanding member of the athletic department was attended by only two students; consequently the formal recognition usually given the athletic assistants was missing. Since this is the only way in which assistants may win blazers now that they are ineligible for team sports, this small neglect on the part of the student body is particularly regrettable, an omission which words in the Yearbook can do little to rectify.





The Alchemist

The Play's The Thing

Two great plays and a couple of polity charters have occupied the year for the King William Players. At the end of the first term: Webster's dark elaborate melodrama *The Duchess of Malfi*, then playing on Broadway in a version whittled to the measure of Elizabeth Bergner's talents and vanity. Miss Bergner, we are told, felt it necessary to apologize for Webster by reading before the show, (from a scroll) a guarantee of his merits taken from the Encyclopaedia Britannica. The KWP just plunged in, and the audience of St. Johnnies and Annapolitans seemed to enjoy it hugely. This in spite of the added difficulty imposed on a difficult play by the acoustical properties of the gymnasium, amateur diction, and (it must be confessed) several lines delivered chockingly into the backdrop. Fortunately, sad plays are easier to do, up to a certain point, than funny ones, and an amateur, part-time group is unlikely to get beyond that point. Thus, although it cannot be said that the KWP's final reading of the *Duchess* was marked by

a high style, it went off with considerable passion and managed to communicate much of the play's beauty and horror. The production's visual style, on the other hand, was surprising in an amateur job—impressively staged and costumed, the action trapped in contracting areas of light, the larger movement on the stage properly angular and claustrophobic.

Early in the year the KWP applied for and received a charter from the student polity. Toward the end of the second term it occurred to a public spirited student that this charter did not follow the exact specification of the bylaws, and the court was petitioned to revoke it. It was duly revoked, recast, and repassed, not without some storm and stress. Under the new charter, Rogers Albritton was elected president for the year, and Jack Landau, a dark horse, made faculty adviser and elected to direct a third-term play, Ben Jonson's *The Alchemist*.



"Did Adam, Sir, Write in High Dutch?"



"Art Can Beget Bees, Hornets, Wasps"



"A Wench Is A Rare Bait"

A complicated, feverish, pitiless comedy, *The Alchemist* is a far more difficult play than the *Duchess* to put into presentable shape. Donald Kirkley, writing in the Baltimore Sun for June 15, reviewed the KWP production as follows:

"Ben Jonson's comedy, *The Alchemist*, is something which few professional troupes would care to tackle. The King William Players of St. John's College at Annapolis did it a week or so ago, and thought nothing of it . . . What's more, they had a pretty big audience for the play, as college audiences go. The Navy boys on the other side of the tracks were whooping it up for June Week, too, with dances and so forth; but there were several hundred youngish people sitting in the St. John's gymnasium . . . chuckling over an Elizabethan play . . . The play, as a glance into your library will remind you, is full of long, involved speeches full of jaw-breaking phrases, quotations from the Latin, smatterings of imitation Spanish, incantations and so forth. Nor is it a simple matter to speak even the simpler Jonsonian sentences trippingly and distinctly. Add to this the fact that the play calls for a great deal of

clowning, periods of hectic action, and a few displays of fireworks. When we think of the chances for first-night bumbles here, the performance given by the King William players was amazing. These young men and women tore into Ben Jonson with zeal and cheerfulness as if it were not a museum piece but an exercise in fun. It goes without saying that all faltered from time to time, but by and large they made the play come alive, creaky plot, artificial talk and all. Some of the incidental tricks and horseplay were worthy of a professional production and the degree of teamwork was remarkable. We have spent far less enjoyable evenings in the theaters of Broadway these last few seasons. Equally interesting was the reaction of the audience, which followed the action attentively, responded to the fine points of the acting and caught the subtler turns of Jonson's humor. It occurs to us that St. John's is turning out audiences for the better sort of professional play. We went to see the *Alchemist* because there has been so much talk lately about the true drama taking refuge in the colleges. On the strength of this performance, there seems to be something in it."



"He Shall Be Thrown in a Down Bed"



"All Arts, Sir, Have Had Their Adversaries"



"Cozen Her Of All Thou Cans't, My Dolly"



Wine, Women and Song

The internal organization of the Dance Committee was, to the outside observer, one of the St. John's Mysteries. No longer the smooth functioning Cotillion Club of the past, the present organization bore the outward facade of a body which suffered severely from the usual lack of co-operation, was not too efficiently run, and which was peculiarly meticulous about details. Of course, dances are not exempt from the inflationary tide, and the fact that one was required to dig deep in his jeans for admission, should not reflect on the efficiency of the organization; but the policy that any orchestra, no matter how good or bad, is better than a phonograph, is one that has caused red ink in budget books before.

Complaints about the Dance Committee were few, however, the criterion for a good dance depending as much

on the observer and his company as on the quality of the orchestra and decorations. For the most part, the dances were well received. Comment on the removal of the tables was favorable, most of the students feeling that they encouraged too many people to sit at them all night and consequently to leave the floor not only danceable, but barren.

The increased enrollment no doubt contributed to greater participation in the dances, although many of the new and returned students appeared to look scornfully upon such trivia as dances and consequently shunned them, while others who came tended to bring an atmosphere of age and sobriety that conflicted uncomfortably with those who came simply to relax and enjoy themselves, and didn't care who knew it.

Lighting in the gym continued to be conspicuously absent, a condition good or bad depending on the nature of one's date. There were more girls and the stag line served to keep the girls circulating without completely monopolizing them. And the music was reasonably good and at times excellent.

For the June Week informal, the Boat House was once more put to use, again proving itself one of the best locations for warm weather dancing. With the porch available for "sitting it out", the dance floor was sufficiently full to look occupied but empty enough to allow elbow room, beside which the smaller room provided an increased feeling of informality that is too frequently lost in the cavernous gloom of the gymnasium.



Swing and Sweet



Fifth Column: Hammen



Out of This World



Smile Please



Geometry

Words and Music

A summary of the year's musical activity might be divided, somewhat disproportionately, into the theoretical and the practical. Concerning the former, let us record that Mr. Klein devoted two sentences to music in his lecture on the quadrivium. Also that our new music director, Carlos Fraker, started a class for "those interested in music," but it seemed to be not elementary enough for the uninitiated, most of the sophisticated showed no interest, it met at an awkward hour, and it did not last. So we pass on to the productive aspect.

The story of the chorus is a sad one, and quickly told. Its arrival was prophesied in autumn, it burst feebly into flower for a few cold weeks in winter, it died with the coming-on of spring. The average attendance was six, and under Mr. Fraker's direction, they learned some plainchant, some faux bourdon, a madrigal.

The concert season started off on a very high plane, which it left abruptly and to which it made no attempt to return. Schneider and Kirkpatrick, singly and in duet, formally and informally, gave us a week of music—chiefly from the eighteenth century—which added, if possible, to the excellent reputation which their previous visits have won from us. To say more without saying much more would be difficult, and it is only a wish that this tribute achieve eloquence by its brevity.

Towards the middle of the last term Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Collins, an unprofessorial teacher and his wife, came up from Virginia one Sunday afternoon for an informal concert of folk songs, ballads and Elizabethan songs. Mr. Fletcher played the guitar and talked cheerfully and well about the music, and Mrs. Fletcher sang in a high sweet voice, untrained but of great elegance. The concert was almost completely unpublicized, but perhaps forty people were there, happily quiet and attentive in the late afternoon sunlight slanting through the King William Room. The songs, most of them unfamiliar, were very lovely, particularly a group of contemporary settings of Shakespearean lyrics.

The remaining formal concerts can be accounted for briefly. Miss Agnes Sundgren sang pleasantly for an afternoon, the most unusual feature of which was "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man", done in the Great Hall, and in native Norwegian costume. Of Mr. Foldes and his piano recital, we can only say that he has no idea how to plan a program, that his technique for producing a forte might be more appropriate, though not less effectual, in a blacksmithy, and that we resented having to listen to him, for the greater part of an evening, whack out inconsequential, noisy modern works, then an interminable, bang-up end-

piece by Kodaly.

Chiefly at the instigation of Mr. Abrahamson, an attempt was made toward bringing our own music-making into the communal life. This took the form of two chamber music concerts. The superabundance of pianists (Abrahamson, Fraker, Benedict, Ablow and Buchanan) were combined with Goldstein's flute and Mrs. Benac's violin to give an interesting program of Mozart, Bach and Hindemith. It was an amateur performance, but in the best sense of that word, and the audience gave them a hearing that was neither cold nor uncritical. June Week, the Van Doren boys and Benedict did a Mozart trio on a program which also included more songs from Miss Sundgren, Debussy Preludes by Carlos Fraker, and the Beethoven Piano Quartet. This was considered a very well spent evening.

As for recorded concerts, there were none. The college seemed unable either to repair or to replace its phonograph. Students helped themselves to the record collection, no effort being made toward an equitable distribution or an account of who was responsible for what.

The year was certainly not conspicuously successful musically, but certainly an improvement over the preceding two; with faint suggestions of hope for greater expectations in the following one.



Music Room

Lectures at St. John's have always been a peculiar species. This year, more than any in our memory, has made us aware of it. According to the catalogue a formal lecture should be a "sustained and artistic exposition of a subject matter". More explicitly, one expects the lecturer to have a mastery of his subject that will allow him to be of genuine interest, and sufficient rhetorical ability to make a proper presentation. Certainly the latter of the two qualifications, while least important in appearance, is the necessary minimum for effective lecturing.

Unfortunately the majority of the lectures we must now consider failed in one or both of these fundamental respects. A yearbook, if it is to be more than a class memento, as we think it should, must represent the college to its members critically, in an exposition of the values of the year as it appeared to at least some of their contemporaries. In these times, and in what follows, it will do well to remember that the administration is a part of the college.

Perhaps Dr. Loewald's lecture on psychoanalysis, the last event of our year, may be regarded as containing all the characteristics which have vitiated the lecture series. The lecturer began with a description of the basic elements of Freudian psychology which was, in the opinion of most, unintelligible to anyone totally unfamiliar with the subject matter, and boring and controversial to those who had read Freud. On this as a base the lecturer proceeded to contrive an essentially unilluminating description of the psychoanalytic technique, and a series of general remarks about related subjects which only escape the sophomoric through the speaker's excessively professorial manner. Aside from whatever merits such a lecture might have, its informative value is obviously small.

We may now turn to that on which we can more graciously comment. First considering those lectures, which for one reason or another appeared to us to succeed in some great measure: we remember that Mr. Buchanan presented the art of analogy and a warning against a premature metaphysics. Mr. Strauss gave two lectures; the earlier, *Jerusalem and Athens*, being a sustained argument of a kind one seldom hears, recalled greater lectures, but none in which both form and matter have been more skillfully presented. In his second lecture, Mr. Strauss presented a provocative if not altogether lucid explanation of the Strange Cast of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Rousseau emerged as a more subtle and fruitful subject than some Junior seminars had found him, in a lecture that, while not so noteworthy as his first, reaffirmed Mr. Strauss' excellence.

Mr. J. W. Smith manfully attacked the problems of faith and reason; and succeeded in stating in terms of doctrine and philosophy the question *credo, quare cogito?* and its reverse.

Mr. Klein offered some of us in his first lecture a chance to reminisce. In his second he explored the mind of Hegel with a rhetoric as murky as his subject.

Mr. Weedon perhaps stands out in our memories for his proponentship of creative reading.

Other moments may be recalled. The Dean gave us a Homeric image, neatly packaged. Mr. John Kieffer considered two important questions with all the solemnity they deserved. Messrs. Barr and Van Doren, possibly regrettably, saw to it that we were provided with a proper recognition of literature and history. Mr. Brown amused us, and Jack Landau carried through on brief notice a final, and we think decisive, attack against what for him has been the St. John's problem.

Our mathematician Edward Kasner allowed us to renew our acquaintance with an old friend, Mud Balls and Pennies. We were, and have been for some years, slightly puzzled as to what fascination this charade has for the administration. The scholarship and literary finish of Leonard Eslick's lecture on St. John of the Cross redeemed in part the somewhat unsuitable subject. A member of the Instruction Committee, Raymond Wilburn, presented a comparison of classical and modern logic.

Helen and the "gusty, trench slashed, Dardan plain" crept one night into the gymnasium. Coherence and form can perhaps be dispensed with in the face of such a contagious enthusiasm.

Two of our regular lecturers, Mr. Adler and Mr. Meiklejohn, made no appearance this year and were regrettably missed by some. Other occasional lecturers of the past also failed to return and were missed the more due to the caliber of some of their substitutes. The absent regulars were lamented for their diction and volume as much as anything else. It is rather difficult to review in detail a series of lectures many of which were not heard or untranslatable beyond the fourth row. At the same time, it is probable that no one except Freshmen with last names starting with A, B, or C is in a position to authoritatively dispute a criticism of the lecture program.

The question period seemed to some of us, burdened with the memory of the past, somehow tenuous and vaguely unsatisfactory. Rarely was a lecturer's argument clarified. Often the speaker appeared unaware or uncertain of his particular function on those occasions.

Other lectures might be mentioned. But we must forbear, for fear that in a happy book we dwell too long on our poverty.

Sunday evening meetings were, with few exceptions, *tete-a-tete*. A very spotty series, lack of publicity and promotion and student lethargy contributed to making the meetings no great success. Mr. Marquis Childs and Nicholas Nabokov were among the more successful speakers; a seminar on students on the G. I. Bill of Rights and a forum on the Truman Doctrine provided variety. Part of the problem that faced the committee which arranged the series was the difficulty of securing attractive speakers on short notice. With plans for next year's series being made well ahead of time, we can hope that the Sunday Evening Meetings may again be come as important and useful a function as they have been in the past.

Press, Politics and Scripture

Everyone must have noticed that the Collegian came out this year as regularly as clockwork into which someone has thrown a handful of sand, and some people have wondered why. Actually no one threw sand, but then there was no clockwork. Printers, who are supposed to be a sort of clockwork, were not interested, and when they took on the paper as a favor they guaranteed nothing. A staff, which is also a sort of clockwork, hardly existed. A hurried meeting in the coffee-shop or somebody's room to read proof and paste up the issue was the only kind of organization the Collegian had, and a hollow laugh greeted all who were so naive as to ask when the next meeting or issue would be. Writers were also required, and most of us agree with Socrates, who regarded writing as a stiff and debased kind of talking. Fortunately the Collegian had Bill Goldsmith as editor. Goldsmith is a mainspring of no little tension, and when his expanded wheels whirled, even the press rolled, and an issue appeared.

The failures have been noted: irregularity, a ponderous, pontifical tone, a chronic lack of imaginative writing. Perhaps the accomplishments should also be reviewed. First, the issues were bigger and denser than they were during the paper's wartime nadir. Second, the Fine Arts columnists gave up previewing the local movies and tried, at least, to do something about the fine arts at a liberal arts college. Third, the precedent was set for reproducing works of graphic art. Fourth, a number of new talents were discovered. And finally—somehow this seems most important—humor hopped up on the lecture platform and thumbed its nose, sometimes at us, but sometimes just for fun.

In sum, the Collegian seems to us to have been one of the brighter spots of the year. We can scarcely remember when it has been more actively read and discussed, more looked forward to, and more a useful part of the community. Its failures were artistic; its enthusiasm and genuine interest made up in large part for its literary shortcomings. Further, the criticism and new ideas that the year produced suggest that the Collegian will go on improving. A forum of interested critics met during the year to discuss specific suggestions for improving and broadening the scope of the paper. Informally, the critical process was continuous. The Collegian has definitely become more than a broadside of crushing one



The Yearbook Staff

line movie reviews.

The Yearbook during the war years suffered from the manpower shortage just as did every other campus activity. This year, however, another blight nearly caused the death of the college annual: failure of man's native instinct for self-perpetuation. It was not until the middle of the year that a frantic plea on the bulletin board brought to light the fact that the Yearbook staff was completely nonexistent.

For several days the notice was greeted with shrugged shoulders and averted eyes, but eventually an editor was located. An initial meeting met with a fair degree of response and students cheerfully took home assignments which they promptly forgot. Unfortunate experiences with professional photographers led to the adoption of an all-student photography staff, headed by Bill Lieb, in an attempt to produce greater informality and closer working relations between the editorial and pictorial branches.

Over a thousand photographs were taken to balance the lack of professional experience with an ample choice of informal pictures, resulting in occasional disasters and a few unusual illustrations. Even more damaging, however, was the usual dearth of cooperation on the part of the subjects, which caused the staff to resign itself to the fact that a representative group means anything from ten to fifty per cent of the entire body.

Despite the handicaps, the Yearbook functioned reasonably well in a non-existent sort of way, and considerable literary talent was reluctantly unearthed.

Despite hopes to the contrary, the Student Polity failed to come out of its swaddling clothes this year. A grand and glorious future lies before it, but for the time being, the Polity has been confined to such subjects as the repair of broken toilet seats, and, more loftily, the granting or revoking of organization charters.

It has been the belief of the Administration that eventually the Polity will grow into long trousers, at which time the Polity, that is, the students, will be able to govern themselves actually. More specifically, the plan which has been considered is to give the Polity the responsibility which the Administration now holds of handling the purse strings by which campus organizations are sustained or killed. As long as discussion centers about the need for student government, however, and as long as meetings can gather no more than a handful of the membership, swaddling clothes will be in order and the student body will kill itself by failure to recognize and meet the real issues confronting it.

Chris Hovde and Tim Anderson, as Moderator and Secretary respectively, produced virtues that were probably invaluable to the Polity at this stage of its growth — to wit, patience and persistence. Throughout a long and often discouraging debate on the quorum issue, they led the faithful with a determination that the Polity should function, whether as a mass meeting or as a job for the few who were willing to accept their responsibilities. Faced with the impossibility of operating with existing quorum bylaws and large scale indifference, the Polity seems to have at least clarified one point. If political action by the entire community is impossible, political action by the responsible few is desirable and, by the end of the year, was operating.

Only uniquely veterans activity on the campus is the Americans Veterans Committee, whose membership includes a good percentage of the veterans in school. Founded in 1946, the local chapter has expanded its activities this year and has made initial strides toward broadening its membership to include town veterans.

A mass meeting was held at the Armory, in February, where beer and an AVC guest speaker from Washington drew an interested crowd of several hundred non college veterans. Since that time a number of town members have been enrolled and the chapter's object is to leave a permanent town membership in Annapolis when the present veteran students move on.

A raffle at the Spring formal brought to AVC a substantial sum toward reducing its deficit and to the Nelsons

a handsome but transient liquor supply. Also, the chapter gave a beer soiree as a pre-dance function earlier in the year.

Under Chairman Philip Camponeschi AVC initiated in February a series of weekly forum radio programs with members of the organization and guest participants speaking over WASL on a variety of subjects. Membership in the Annapolis Veterans Council, with other local veterans organizations furnished an opportunity for contact with other local groups. This wasn't too fortunate since some of the other organizations felt that among the things Annapolis needed was less interest from AVC.

AVC, like the Polity, found that good will was much more prevalent than active work in the community, and the activity of the chapter must be credited largely to a small hardworking group. Politics on the national scale found the community as allergic to action as did politics on the campus level in the Polity.

Although the age of the Greeks gets wonderful coverage during the entire Freshman year, the great Hebrew stream which has poured into the Western mould is bruited over at a fairly rapid pace, primarily in the Old Testament, to which approximately three weeks of seminar time is given.

To make up for this lack of emphasis, Mr. Kaplan conducted a weekly Bible class to pore over the mystery and beauty found within the pages of Genesis and Exodus. Possessing a deep knowledge of the lives and times of the patriarchs recounted in these pages, as well as being in living touch with the "tradition of the elders" from which to draw inspiration and guidance, Mr. Kaplan's dual perspective is invaluable in linking the Hebrew insight with that of the Western civilization. The Bible stories, under his guidance, are made to yield telling commentaries on the problems of the spirit with which man wrestles today.

Conducted under a somewhat similar arrangement to Mr. Kaplan's class, Mr. Winfree Smith held a Bible Reading Class, consisting of readings from the Epistle to the Romans and the Gospel according to St. John, in which an attempt was made to reach some understanding of what was being said there, to consider the traditional interpretations, and sometimes to investigate the significance of its advent on the liberal tradition. Attendance was never large, but regular, and discussion was unhurried and unusually relevant. Those who attended were thankful for an open and sympathetic approach to the thorny problems Christianity presents to the thinking believer and unbeliever alike.

The Polity Gets an Enthusiastic Turnout



AVC





The New Era

Much has been said about the Veteran already. He was in every class, every organization, every activity. But he was not a veteran; he was merely a returned student, another St. Johnny. In one respect, however, he was unique. Except in a few rare instances, family life and college had never been attempted together before. During his time in the service, however, the Veteran had plenty of time to think, and one thing he thought about was himself. He had a job, he might not live much longer, and time was passing.

When the war was over, many of the former St. Johnnies found themselves with intellectual curiosity and half a liberal education. Many who had never been to St. John's had the former. And so they came, with their wives and their children and everything else they had acquired in their absence. Back to their books they returned, startling those who saw them with their childlike eagerness, their rabid ambition. The Dean was alarmed by the first

reports: they were studying too hard, playing too little. There was an uncomfortable suspense in the air. They were serious above all; never had so many people flooded the Assistant Dean's office to see their grades.

The suspense is not gone. The veterans have given too much time already. Two, three, four years have slipped into the unreality of the past, and time passed now cannot be time wasted. What the summer will do, no one can prophesy. Perhaps the change is permanent; perhaps it is only a fad.

Even before the end of the 1946 year, word was announced that the college would receive four former Army barracks to be used as housing for veteran students, but it was nearly Christmas before the units were ready for occupancy. Twelve fortunate families emerged from one room apartments, country homes, and communal living with in-laws to spend the vacation painting, scrubbing, varnishing and decorating their new homes.



Kathy

There were disadvantages to the flimsy constructions (As one wife put it: "The walls are so thin I sometimes wonder who's love life I'm leading"), but a home was a home and there were good sides too. The atmosphere was congenial and pooling babies was no uncommon occurrence as families took turns stepping out.

By the end of the year the housing units were considered a great success and the variety of decorative talents exhibited was further tribute that every man can be a liberal artist.



One Year: Eric



Betty and Julie

Nancy



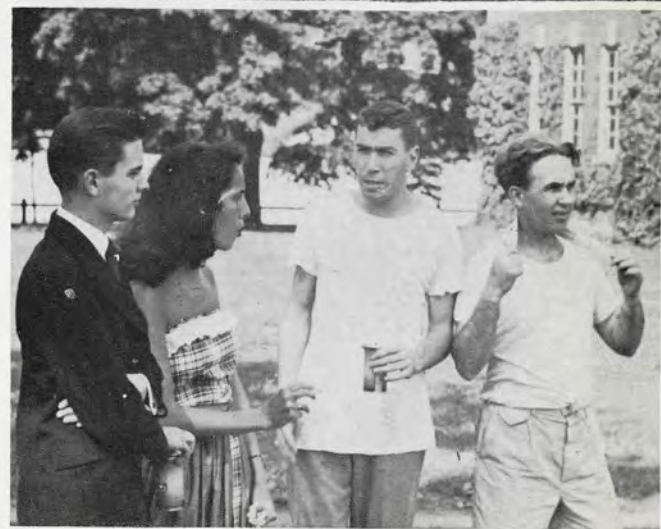
Books and Coffee

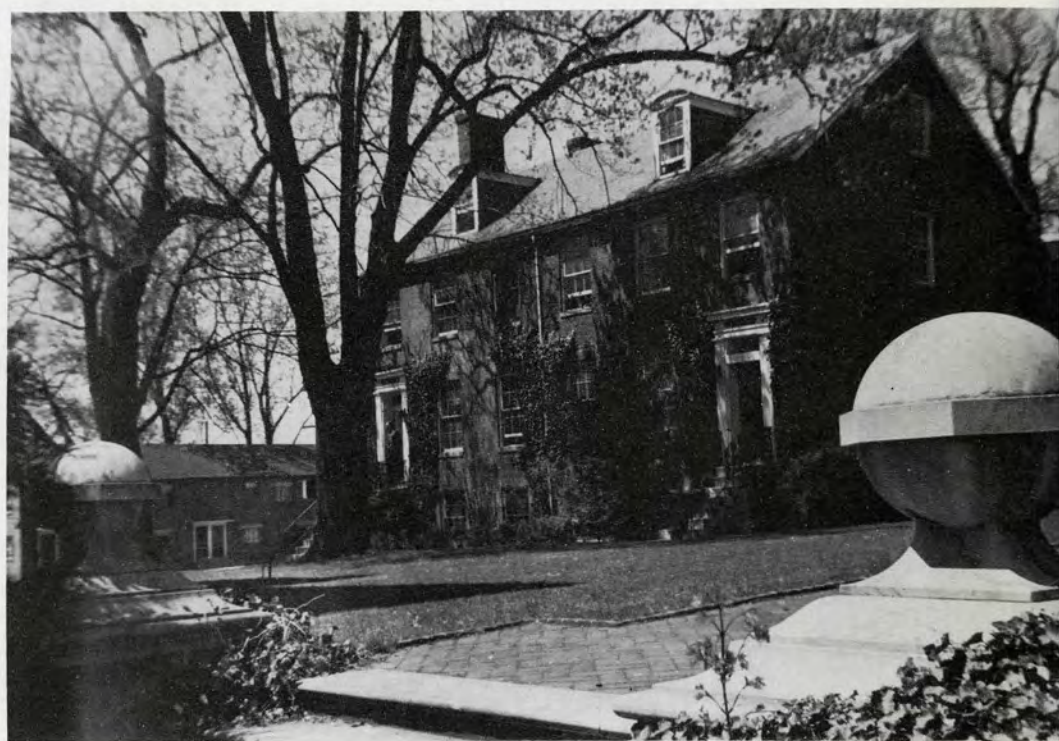


Events: The King William Players held a series of readings in the Book Store, stories by Kafka and an elegant version of Wilde's "The Importance of Being Earnest." Any attempt to advance the fine arts at St. John's deserves notice, and these readings must also be praised for their intrinsic excellence . . . Rogers Albritton parodied auctioneers at a book sale, and incidentally cleared the Book Store of a lot of old timers . . . The Freshmen gave the Sophomores a thank-you beer party in the Junior Commons Room at which there was still beer left after everyone had stopped drinking! . . . A number of exhibitions of reproductions were presented throughout the year in the Junior Commons Room; Mrs. Bingley exhibited some of her work, and the Spring Art Show opened shortly before June Week . . . Bill Brubeck's wife joined the staff of the Book Store, and LeRoy disappeared during the Spring term.

So went the year in the Basement of McDowell. The mysteries of the Senior Commons Room are impenetrable, but the daily routine of the rest is well known. In the Coffee Shop weary students woke up with LeRoy's coffee or ate late breakfast. Across the hall in the Junior Commons Room a great deal of last-minute cramming for math tutorial was evident. The Book Store was the haunt of browsers and (during the hot days) haters of heat. In the afternoon the Coffee Shop filled up with people taking a break from the lab, and in the evenings, from the Books. But things were not as they have been.

Once we went down the rabbit hole, when we entered the basement of McDowell, but now we are disenchanted. The basement has become a place where thin coffee and expensive milk are sold, where books are sometimes bought, and where we collapse between classes. Where are the mighty after-seminar conversations of former years, when the world seemed teetering on the brink of a new discovery of truth? Where are the doughty opponents who, sitting at opposite ends of a table, tilted and boxed far into the night, and the spectators who, sitting all round on the edges of their chairs, and turning their faces from one warrior to another, now dashed unscheduled into the fray, and now dropped away, exhausted by the titans' battle? Where, oh where? Lost in the limbo of time, and now we have thin coffee and milk at ten cents a bottle.





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ROWLAND A. JONES.....	67 Broadway Street, Irwin, Pennsylvania
RALPH HALL KEENEY.....	97 Lorraine Avenue, Providence, Rhode Island
PERCIVAL CLEVELAND KEITH, JR.....	Hub Hollow Road, Peapack, New Jersey
WAYNE SEFTON KERWOOD.....	Fairfax, Virginia
JACK KONIGSBERG.....	967 48th Street, Brooklyn 19, New York
CLARENCE J. KRAMER.....	777 Catawba Avenue, Muskegon, Michigan
IAN CAMPBELL LEA.....	126 Center Avenue, Lake Bluff, Illinois
WILLIAM REYNOLDS LIEB.....	Moor's End, Rancho Santa Fe, California
JOHN JAMES LOBELL.....	207 Cedarcroft Road, Baltimore 12, Maryland
THOMAS DELMAR LYNE.....	55 Bank Street, New York 14, New York
PETER KIRKHAM MACNAUGHTON.....	2873 Pershing Drive, El Paso, Texas
VINCENT WOOD MCKAY.....	320 Fifth Avenue, Montgomery, West Virginia
GORDON E. MCNAMEE.....	57 Prince George Road, Kensington, Maryland
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ELLIS WOOSTER MANNING, JR.....	Springdale, Brinklow, Maryland
ROBERT IRWIN MARSHALL.....	527 Roscoe Street, Chicago, Illinois
EDWARD HECTOR MONGEAU.....	10 Belden Street, Fall River, Massachusetts
JOSEPH PARKER MORRAY.....	2322 Commonwealth Avenue, Chicago, Illinois
ALEXANDER BEAUREGARD MORSE.....	2023 Massachusetts Avenue, N.W., Washington 6, D.C.
REINARDO PATRICK LOUIS MOURE.....	LaPlata, Maryland
DAVID BURKE REA.....	816 Elm Street, Three Rivers, Michigan
LYNN HOMER ROBINSON.....	Morrisville, New York
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JAMES PEDRO SALINAS.....	3521 Newland Road, Baltimore, Maryland
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LAWRENCE HOLT SHERMAN.....	51 Magnolia Avenue, Garden City, Long Island, New York
BRUCE HARRIS SINKEY.....	8 Alden Place, Maplewood, New Jersey
LIONEL SPENCER STARER.....	1816 Baker Avenue, Utica, New York
ERIC ALBERT TEEL.....	1714 Lindbergh Drive, Lansing, Michigan
JOHN HENRY THOMAS.....	3008 North Main Street, Racine, Wisconsin

RICHARD VAN DER VOORT	R.D.#7, Pittsburgh 2, Pennsylvania
JOHN CAMPRELL WAKEFIELD	2737 Devonshire Place, N.W., Washington, D.C.
JOHN CALVIN WALLACE	6510 Ridgewood Avenue, Chevy Chase, Maryland
GUY OLIVER WALSER, JR.	188 Candee Avenue, Sayville, New York
DAVID B. WEINSTEIN	710 Crown Street, Brooklyn, New York
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JOHN SCOTT WOODWARD	166 West Pearl Street, Coldwater, Michigan
RICHARD WESTON YOUNG	5 Sherborn Court, Winter Hill 45, Massachusetts

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ERNEST LYNN BARTLE	1900 West Clinch Avenue, Knoxville, Tennessee
FREDERICK JAMES BEARDSLEY	3207 Grayson Street, Baltimore 16, Maryland
LEOD DAW BECKER, JR.	Alfalfa Hill, Milford, New Jersey
DONALD LEWIS BREEN	Portland, Pennsylvania
ALAN BURRUSS BRINKLEY	225 Cleveland Avenue, Lynchburg, Virginia
PHILIP SHERIDAN BURNS	506 South Ogden Drive, Los Angeles 36, California
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JOHN LEWIS CASWELL, JR.	Gainesville, Virginia
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RICHARD TOWER CONGDON	22 Lewis Street, Auburn, New York
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RICHARD HOLMES DAVIS	191 East Walton Place, Chicago 11, Illinois
WILLIAM CURWEN DAVIS	908 Grandview Street, Scranton 9, Pennsylvania
EDMOND EVERETT DiTULLIO	43-06 Morgan Street, Little Neck, Long Island, New York
MATSON GLENN EWELL	630 East Avenue, Rochester 7, New York
HERBERT SELIG FEINBERG	411 Edgewood Avenue, Edgewood, Pennsylvania
EDWARD FERSHAU	235 Midwood Street, Brooklyn, New York
W. BERNARD FLEISCHMANN	3319 Winterbourne Road, Baltimore 16, Maryland
JAMES HARTWELL FRAME	1408 Polk Street, Wichita Falls, Texas
THOMAS GEORGE FROMME	309 Washington Avenue, Bellevue, Kentucky
JOHN ROBINSON GARLAND	67 Dunnell Road, Maplewood, New Jersey
CHARLES FRANCIS GENTILE	416 Clements Bridge, Barrington, New Jersey
ROBERT LAWRENCE GOLDBERG	4726 N. Central Park, Chicago 25, Illinois
ROBERT ALLEN GOLDWIN	7401 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach, Florida
THEODORE WILLIAM HENDRICKS, JR.	2614 Robb Street, Baltimore 18, Maryland
RALPH JEFFERSON HERROD	c/o St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland
HENRY BOOTH HIGMAN	Millington, Maryland
ROBERT STANLEY HODNEFIELD	114 Strand, Hermosa Beach, California
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IRWIN THOMAS HUNT	340 West 87th Street, New York, New York
ROBERT NORIKIYO IKARI	c/o Nuuanu Y.M.C.A., Honolulu 39, T.H.
MICHAEL MAX JACKSON	Box 1663, Carmel, California
HARRY HERMAN KASTE	Route 1, Newaygo, Michigan
CARROLL MONTGOMERY KEITH	Wyman Park Apartments, Baltimore, Maryland
FRANCIS WILLIAM KELSO	333 Maple Avenue, Linthicum Heights, Maryland
DAVID HENRY KUH	870 Bryant Street, Winnetka, Illinois
JEROME GABRIEL LANSNER	1693 Nelson Avenue, New York 53, New York
DONALD LUIS LEAVIN	320 Riverside Drive, New York, New York
CHARLES DAVID LEWIS, JR.	19 Washington Square North, New York 11, New York

CHARLES RANLET LINCOLN	c/o St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland
JOHN J. LOGUE	2045 North 62nd Street, Philadelphia 31, Pennsylvania
PAUL DAVID MALCHENSON	113 W. Washington Street, Hagerstown, Maryland
BURNSIDE EASTMAN MARTIN	267 Crescent Street, Northampton, Massachusetts
THOMAS JOHN MEYERS	64 Bank Street, Bridgeton, New Jersey
GEORGE BERTRAM MILLER, JR.	419 Broadway Avenue West, Watertown, New York
MICHEL MOK II	318 East 18th Street, New York, New York
CHESTER GILBERT MOORE, JR.	c/o St. John's College, Annapolis, Maryland
BEN MOSKOWITZ	772 Boulevard, Bayonne, New Jersey
JOSEPH LOUIS NADLER	800 Avenue H, Brooklyn, New York
JAMES HERBERT RIGGS, JR.	5118 Chicago Avenue, Omaha, Nebraska
EDWARD JOSEPH ROETHEL	7834 79th Lane, Glendale, Brooklyn 27, New York
JOHN WILLIAM SANBORN	15 Gilmore Street, Everett, Massachusetts
FRED ERNEST SCHUCHMAN, JR.	5457 Dunmoyle Street, Pittsburgh 17, Pennsylvania
EARL BROADUS SHORT, JR.	141 Marshall Street, Petersburg, Virginia
THOMAS KING SIMPSON	Kensington Court, Glens Falls, New York
JOHN MARQUIS SMITH	632 East 5th Street, Cherryvale, Kansas
PHILIP HARTLEY SMITH	Box 32, Woodstock, Ohio
ROBERT NORMAN SPERBER	360 Riverside Drive, New York 25, New York
JOHN STERRETT	1231 Wayne Avenue, Topeka, Kansas
DAVID CORBIN STREETT, II	712 Park Avenue, Baltimore 1, Maryland
TYLDEN WESCOTT STREETT	712 Park Avenue, Baltimore 1, Maryland
ROBERT DRAKE TAYLOR	19505 Lighthouse Pte., Grosse Ile, Michigan
GEORGE HENRY THANHARDT	Bellevue Apts. #4, LaPorte, Indiana
ROBERT ALFRED THOMAS	Route 1, Box 51, Littleton, Colorado
GEORGE EDWARD THORNTON	911 Dwight Street, Holyoke, Massachusetts
RALPH EDWARD TOMPKINS	2219 South Avenue, Niagara Falls, New York
ROBERT THEODOTE TOWNSEND	741 Miles Avenue, Billings, Montana
GEORGE USDANSKY	155 Belmont Avenue, Springfield 8, Massachusetts
LARRY KALMAN VOLIN	1871 Ingleside Terrace, N.W., Washington 10, D.C.
JOSEPH SEEDS WARHURST	781 Fifth Street, Lyndhurst, New Jersey
PETER ANTHONY WHIPPLE	305 Thackery Avenue, Catonsville, Maryland
IRWIN HERMAN WIDDER	84-51 Beverly Road, Kew Gardens, New York
JOHN LETCHER WILLIAMS	1140 40th Street, Sacramento, California
GRAHAM DeVUE WILLIFORD	Fairfield, Texas
MYRON LEE WOLBARSHT	4313 Springdale Avenue, Baltimore, Maryland
WILLIAM OREM WOLLIN	P.O.Box 904, Los Gatos, California
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