

the garnet letter



WASHINGTON LETTER

October, 1942.

Dear G. L.:

The Washington legend, via the New Yorker, any amount of newsprint, and that very effective means of communication now fallen into official disrepute—the word of mouth, has become so fabulous that we feel a Swarthmore chapter should be compiled for the record. Not that we would have our alma mater repudiate her habit of unobtrusive Quaker gray and claim to be making any special splash in the Washington picture. But for our private information there's no harm in noting that a considerable portion of the overcrowding of Washington buses is due to the influx of Swarthmoreans. Just what they all do in addition to riding buses is a little more difficult to ascertain. No complete and accurate record would remain so for more than a day: there are regular departures for army and navy posts, and almost daily new arrivals; job-changing is as fast as a good game of puss-in-the-corner, and only experts at hide-and-seek can keep track of locations and addresses. But even a laggard record is impressive and full of variety, and will doubtless be a surprise to those of us who have known Washington chiefly as a good week-end from Swarthmore. In other days we danced at Wardman Park, swam at the Shoreham, browsed over seafood at Hogate's, chinned with the Halls or the Browns or any of the other hospitable Washingtonians. Now a Friday-night arrival makes for the nearest phone-booth to telephone all available class-mates and ex-faculty about jobs and more jobs.

To begin with news of the faculty, some of them are doing the week-end in reverse: Clair Wilcox and Richard Crutchfield now take their week-ends off from OPA and Program Surveys, respectively, to teach seminars at Swarthmore. Then there are others who don't even have that doubtful relaxation: Pat Malin, who exports and imports for the OPA; Bob MacLeod—recently shifted from Program Surveys to something horribly secret in OSS; Howard Jenkins in the Navy Department; Brooke Worth in the Army Medicine; Bryce Woods in the State Department. Sam Aspinall, who resigned from our chemistry department last fall, is travelling far and wide for the NDRC, but keeps his address—and his wife (Jane Klaer Aspinall)—in Washington.

In terms of competition for the valued services of Swarthmore-trained assistants, Mr. Leon Henderson and his cohorts at OPA win hands down over all the other agencies. At last counting, which we're sure is incomplete, their score went over twenty. Among those present, including the doughty Mr. Henderson and the above-mentioned faculty-on-leave, are Bill Blaisdell, Ellis Bishop, Hugh McDiarmid, John Nixon, Jim Perkins, Kermit Gordon, Tom Reynolds, Frank Gutches, Weldon Welfling, Emanuel Scoll, Irving Schwartz, William Rossmore, Nora Booth, Mayo Goodwin, Helen Van-Tuyl, Elizabeth Goodrich Kalkstein, Mary Weintraub. In reporting on this roster, Nora Booth, who is in the personnel office and ought to know, claims that the Swarthmore record is clean and creditable: no cases of mental, moral or financial delinquency yet reported.

In numbers the local contingent in WPB probably comes next. Joe Coppock, with commendable consistency, has done a bit of production on the home front (David MacKenzie Coppock, born in July), while busying himself with the very important matter of getting off vital shipments to our allies. Frances Reinhold Fussell's job sports the mysterious and alluring title of "Stock Piles and Shipping." Then there

are Ben Moore, Dick Lippincott, Paul Strayer, Peter Nehemkis, Ralph Fisher, and Walter Timmis—all with labels impressive and unrememberable.

One staunch little nucleus of Swarthmoreans is at a loss as to how to identify itself. Theda Ostrander Henle, Betty Earll, Dorwin Cartwright, Pat Alban Shepherd, and Richard Crutchfield, are all engaged in a fascinating sleuth-organization known as the Division of Program Surveys. This unit was conceived, reared, and nourished in the Department of Agriculture, but now draws its paychecks from OWI. Psychologists always were devious in their ways, so we'd best let it go at that—as they do (so long as the paychecks keep coming).

In shifting to the secretive ranks of OSS, Bob MacLeod has joined the company of Helen (Mata Hari) Crosby and Helen (Lupescu) Fisher. And if we're wrong in casting this aura of glamour over their activities, it's only because they're so loyally close-mouthed that we jump to natural conclusions. For further information you may try Bea Beach MacLeod, Dagny Hoff—who rooms with Crosby and otherwise does occupational therapy at Walter Reed, and Pat Malin, who was Helen Fisher's boss in her European years: but none of them can tell you anything because they don't know either!

A couple of other good secret-keepers are Frank Porter and Richard Storr, both civilian employees—Frank with the Army Signal Corps and Dick with the Navy. Their respective wives, Mary Ellen Herrick and Virginia Vawter, are now among the suburban housewives of Virginia. They doubtless rub noses in the A. & P. with Bobby Weiss Cartwright, Barbara Jenkins Blaisdell, Dotty Shoemaker McDiarmid, Gertrude Gilmore Lafore, Patty Robison Bishop, Renie Lewis Hill (when she isn't otherwise engaged with her job at Psychological Warfare), and probably a host of others. Jim Hill is a gentleman of importance with the BEW; and Libby Thomson, star boarder with Renie and Jim, maintains the family perspective by holding down a non-government job in a law office.

A glance at the list of represented agencies indicates that Swarthmore has done its best to cover the available territory in friendly and impartial fashion. Tom McCabe has been given a leave of absence from his post as Deputy Lend Lease Administrator, but he has been such a vital part of war-time Washington that we still consider him one of us. With Mary Fairbanks at Civil Service, Jacqueline Parsons at FCC, Ed Macy at FHA, Syl Garrett at WLB, Mary Ryan and Jimmy Crider at OEM, Frank Blumenthal and Russell Shepherd at AMA, Mary Rice and Mary Painter brooding over problems of Alien Property, and Justine Garwood librarying at OWI, we come close to exhausting even the governmental alphabet.

The prospect of trying to investigate what service men are at present stationed here, and why, is too appalling even to consider. Bob Lafore has a Virginia address; Guy Henle has been seen in uniform hereabouts all summer; Bill Carroll was stationed at Walter Reed on a nutrition study but seems to have gone on. Captain Bob Kintner, Army Intelligence, maintains a Washington address but hasn't been seen for some time.

To the less temporary (we still hope) phases of Washington activity we have a number of distinguished contributors. The brothers Pearson, Drew and Leon, continue to cover all fronts with the well known Washington Merry-go-round, and manage to keep an ear flapping for any bits of Swarthmorean

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The Fall Homecoming — November 21st

Dear Alumni:

Another Haverford Game and two more top notch Americans are scheduled for our reunion this Fall.

We have invited as guests:

Hon. John J. McCloy, the Assistant Secretary of War — "Jack McCloy," to the Army—and

Hon. Thomas B. McCabe, former Deputy Lend Lease Administrator, now on leave of absence — our own "Tom" to Swarthmoreans.

McCloy and McCabe — what a team! The names alone make the Axis tremble. They have promised to come to Swarthmore that Saturday, barring only possible preempting demands of the Nation on their time.

McCLOY

I had drafted an introduction of McCloy to you for this letter, which I thought was good. It was written in journalistic style—not legal—which is difficult for me. It really told something about this great New York lawyer whom Howard Cooper Johnson godfathered at an early age and sent to Chauncey Shortlidge's School at Concordville, and who almost came to Swarthmore, but who made the mistake of going to Amherst instead.

Tom McCabe read what I had prepared and wrote me as follows:

"After reading the draft of your notice for the Garnet Letter, I have come to the conclusion that Henry Luce has made a mistake in not having you as editor of *Time*."

I was basking in this flattery and dreaming of fame as editor of *Time*, and of spending some of Henry Luce's money, when a red hot wire from McCloy came in reading as follows:

"Your material absolutely out of question. In many cases totally inaccurate and embarrassing here. Please say Assistant Secretary of War and no more."

So there you are. My lips are sealed on his accomplishments in the War Department and his reputation in Washington. If you do not know them, the only solution will be to attend the Fall Homecoming, meet him, and form your own conclusions.

McCabe added a rider to my manuscript which McCloy has not yet had a chance to censor, which reads as follows:

"He is considered one of the most human and friendly men in Washington and is a great asset in promoting better relationships among the various governmental departments."

That is pretty stuffy compared with what I had written, but it is all that I can give you now.



A. P. NEWS PHOTO
JOHN J. McCLOY

McCABE

If ever there was a man who could juggle more balls in the air at once than Tom can, I have still to meet him. And yet it is not juggling. It is common sense, character, genuine ability and hard work. Until recently Tom has been Acting Lend Lease Administrator in Washington while at the same time carrying on his duties as Chairman of the Board of the Federal Reserve Bank of Philadelphia and President (on leave of absence) of the world-wide organization of the Scott Paper Company. He has won the admiration and confidence of official Washington with a rare capacity for self effacement and whole hearted devotion to public service. His career in the business world is well known to all of us.

Tom graduated from Swarthmore in 1915. His record as an undergraduate was enviable, president of his class, varsity football player, member of student Executive Committee, and all the rest. The Halcyon said of him:

"I work eight hours, I sleep eight hours, that leaves eight hours for love."

Well, Jean was worth it and he still has had much left over for his Alma Mater. His most recent generosity in the gift last Spring of that exquisite Arthur Hoyt Scott Memorial auditorium was one of the most notable additions to the campus of Swarthmore College.

Just a personal word in conclusion to each of you. This is my second and final year as Alumni President. Few experiences have given me more enjoyment. I have become acquainted with you more intimately than I could have in any other way. It will be a great pleasure to see you on November 21st.* Swarthmore means more to all of us as each succeeding year rolls by.

Sincerely yours,

AMOS J. PEASLEE

President, the Alumni Association



THOMAS B. McCABE, '15

*Reservation Card for Buffet Supper and Meeting enclosed—return by November 16th

. . . from the President

FOR THE first time in its history Swarthmore College has had a summer session—not just a conventional and abbreviated summer term, but a full semester of fourteen weeks. It was hot, and everything became sticky, and the mosquitoes came out in greater numbers than the oldest inhabitant could ever remember before. Many of the seniors are now half way through their last year and will receive their degrees in February. Last year's sophomores have attained half the wisdom of juniors; last year's freshmen are now half-baked sophomores. Even a goodly number of incoming freshmen are well on their Swarthmore way.



Half the student body returned for the summer semester. (If you can think of a better name for it, let me know. I balk at 'trimester,' and both 'summer session' and 'summer term' smack of the old-fashioned playing at study for a few weeks to relieve the tedium of the summer months.) The other half are returning to college as I write this letter. That means that we have eight classes instead of four. If we admit a third freshman group in February, it will take no one less than an insurance man to figure out the class and status of the members of the student body. I'm thinking of investing in a slide rule for the deans. Nor is it easy to set up a curriculum of courses. There was a time when some subjects came in the freshman year, others in the junior, with almost the regularity of the laws of nature. It is still necessary to know some math before tackling physics, to take certain work in chemistry before doing certain other work in zoology. Even with a relatively large faculty it is impossible to offer every subject every semester. We are adopting a number of dodges and devices to make the best of an awkward situation. Notable among them was the introduction this summer of double courses—that is, the concentration into a single semester of what used to be a year course. Such double courses take one-half of the student's time. In some subjects, particularly in the languages, the concentration works well; in others it is a pretty large dose.

What matters, however, is not the difficulties, but the results. From that point of view the summer semester was a great success. There were enough students back to make the place seem like a college. I must confess that there were times last spring when I was worried. A hundred or a hundred and fifty students would have been lost in our halls and dormitories. It would have been difficult to maintain the atmosphere of a college. But three hundred and fifty—roughly 250 men and 100 women—plus fifty special students studying radio made a sizeable group. Instead of feeling sorry for themselves, they felt sorry for the other half that stayed away. And what is even more important, they did excellent work. There were the inevitable pessimists who warned us in advance that we could not expect good academic work from college students in the Swarthmore summer climate. I make no brief for that climate, but there are a good many business men and women, Swarthmore alumni among them, who work right through the Philadelphia summer as a matter

of course. I am happy to report that the students confounded the skeptics by doing just as good work as they have ever done. Will they be able to keep up the pace throughout the winter? I do not believe that eight semesters of work crammed into three years or less constitute so good an education as the eight semesters in four years. There is a limit to the amount one can absorb in any given time; and while summer vacations, old style, may have been too long and leisurely, they played, nevertheless, an important part in the total educational process. I still believe that the accelerated program, for all its disadvantages, gives the students more than they would get without it.

While I am on this subject, let me add another word of warning. Not only will students on the accelerated program learn less, but also the faculty will teach them less. When it became apparent that we should need to operate this summer, the members of the faculty almost to a man volunteered their services. About two-thirds of them were needed here this summer. It is a common illusion that faculty members have a soft life because of the long vacations. It is overlooked that most members of the faculty spend the summer vacation in studying, research, and writing, and that the opportunity to do this kind of work is very important if they are to keep as fresh and alive and vigorous in their teaching as they should. If we continue to operate throughout the year, we must find some way of rotating the summer teaching of the faculty or its quality will inevitably go down.

It was a real experiment to operate the college for a semester without benefit of endowment. Normally the income from endowment covers half the cost of the educational program (as distinct from the hotel aspects of board and room) of the college, the other half coming from tuition fees. No method has yet been discovered for squeezing an extra 50% out of the same endowment funds, although the U. S. Treasury is working hard in that direction on the income of the individual and corporate tax payer. Many items of the normal academic year were not recurrent in the summer term. We did not have to heat the college; the care of the grounds was provided for out of the normal budget; repairs to college buildings and equipment did not increase by 50%. The faculty, as I said, offered their services. In return, the college agreed to divide up among the members of the faculty whatever was left after feeding, housing, and otherwise providing for the students. It was not much, but it was more than I had dared hope it would be. I think you all should know that the accelerated program was made possible by this generous and loyal action on the part of the faculty. It means something to be connected with an institution where such things can happen.

The prospects for this coming year are anything but certain. At the moment we have too many rather than too few students. Last spring Dean Hunt and I went over the draft status of the men. Their prospect of remaining in college did not look very good. We felt obliged in the interests of the college as a whole to take a pessimistic view. As a result Palmer, Pittenger, and Roberts Halls (the old Prep School buildings) were turned over to the women, and Dean Blanshard was asked to take fifty or sixty more freshmen women than she normally would accept. Even so we thought we would be smaller this fall than any time in years. As it has turned out, we were more pessimistic than we needed to

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VARSITY SWARTHMOREAN'S

Once upon a time there was an era known as "Swarthmore in the twenties." In retrospect it was a lovely, safe time. Girls wore ankle length skirts one year and shot them knee high the next. They wore sweaters with Peter Pan collared white blouses . . . and belts that circled their hips. Figures were pancake flat and permanent waves were fuzzy. If you smoked on Swarthmore Campus you were subject to immediate expulsion and Duckie Holmes, in black Trilby and opera cape, opened your mind to the winds of tolerance. It was all very good.



TESS SLESINGER DAVIS, ex '27

There was a girl named Tess Slesinger at Swarthmore then. She had brown hair, blue eyes, the whitest teeth in the world . . . and a tremendous urge to write. She is much the same to-day. Wiser, of course. Kinder, as let's hope we all are. And her urge to write has developed into a prose that sets hardboiled critics agog and makes the box-office-wise studio men plead for her work.

Here is her own "quickie" of herself:

"Ex-Swarthmore 1927. Graduate Columbia University. Stories in New Yorker, old Vanity Fair, Redbook and so forth. Published *The Unpossessed*, a novel, in 1934 . . . and *Time the Present*, a collection of short stories, in 1935. Came to Hollywood in 1935. First picture . . . "The Good Earth." Subsequent pictures to mention a few "Girls' School," "Remember the Day," "Four From Coventry" (the latter in collaboration with husband Frank Davis). Now working on Somerset Maugham's latest novel "The Hour Before the Dawn." Husband, Frank Davis was a producer when I married him but gave it all up to come home to dinner nights . . . which led to collaboration as one of Hollywood's half dozen husband-and-wife teams. Son Peter, aged five and three-quarters and daughter Jane aged four and a half. Live six miles from Hollywood on an almost ranch. Do all our work at home, dislike cocktail parties and studio life. Love working on pictures which now includes working on government propaganda films on the side without pay. And now that I've seen the tell-tale dates in this autobiography, am horrified to see that I haven't published anything in almost nine years.

That's about all. We work. And go to bed at 9:30. And I rise uncheerfully at 6:30 to nag at my children till they somehow get out of the house to school. Peter is a kindergarten man now, and the school bus is the social event in all our lives. Janet attends nursery school and will continue to as long as gas rationing is in effect. After that the Davises will move en masse to a convenient loony bin."

By AGNES GOWING FERRELL, '25

Life today is lived under heavy pressure. Every day the tension tightens. The question is not so much how to succeed, but how to succeed and keep our souls alive.

This question bothered rugged, swarthy, sharp featured, agile Bob Ogden for many of the forty-six years of his colorful career.

He wrote about it in 1914 in his Freshman themes for exacting Miss Gorham. He thought about it as he looked through the train window upon the snow covered, New England hills en route to his fraternity convention in Canada and on Lacrosse trips. He dreamed about it in France when off duty as an ambulance driver, as Lieutenant of Infantry and as a student at historic University of Grenoble. It welled inside as he heard Herbert Hoover in the commencement address to his adopted Class of 1920 tell about education being that promotion of the natural evolution of man which fits him for his destinies as shaped by his needs and foreshadowed by his capabilities. Then for nine years more this question deviled him while he was competing with "Happy Homes Fink" in the eighty-year old Ogden real estate and insurance business of his father and grandfather in Elizabeth, New Jersey.

It was now 1929. Bob Ogden could look back upon his life with satisfaction. At Swarthmore he had been Manager-elect of football, Captain of lacrosse, member of D. U., Ye Monks, Kwink and Book and Key. He had enlisted in 1917 one month after war was declared and had been cited for bravery with the 142nd Infantry. He had returned to College to graduate in English. Surely he had been lucky in love, having married popular, attractive Mary Campbell, '20 of Hopkinsville, Ky., immediately following graduation. He had a profitable business and his home was an old farm house filled with antiques. Average Swarthmoreans might have let it go at that. But not the Ogdens. There wasn't enough time and opportunity to hunt and fish and read and write.

So Bob liquidated his business. This was 1929. He had located a sort of "deserted village" called Landgrove adjacent to a stream in the mountainous part of Southern Vermont several miles from Londonberry. There were a half dozen, more or less, dilapidated old houses on either side of what was once the village street. These were inhabited only by two old men. As a boy, Bob had spent summers near there visiting a school chum. The Ogdens bought these properties and a few acres of land.

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SAMUEL ROBINSON OGDEN, '20 AND FAMILY

GOV. WILLIAM E. SWEET, '90

"Sometimes there wanders
here across the earth,
Almost unguessed,
Some selfless soul of truer,
finer worth
Than all the rest.
This friend who walked
among us for a while
Was such a one."



WILLIAM E. SWEET of Denver, Colorado, and of Swarthmore's Class of '90, brought from his western home to the Eastern College of his choice, a vigorous and delightful personality. His was a well-rounded college life, with many enthusiasms, ranging from the classroom work of the old classical type to outstanding work on the athletic field. Many honors were his in those days, culminating with the Presidency of the Class in the Senior year.

These college experiences were a fitting prelude to the life that followed in the larger world, where he took his place in the business field and as time passed, "Civic, social and religious offices and honors" came to him. We are told that "the two he cherished the most were his earned election as Governor of the State and his unanimous election as the National Moderator of the Church he loved." He was the "soul of integrity." His work was always, as one of his friends so aptly expresses it, "for the physical and spiritual betterment of human life among all classes of people, regardless of race or color." As in college days his was always an active life, eloquent with the applications of righteousness in all its walks.

His devotion to Swarthmore was unwavering. He was a frequent campus visitor although living many hundreds of miles from the College. Shortly after Mr. Nason's inauguration Governor Sweet arranged a meeting of all Swarthmoreans in his section of the country so they could meet the new president. His loyalty to the College will be a monument in our memory of a great Swarthmorean.

ABBY MARY HALL ROBERTS, '90

NORRIS JONES, '26

THE recent death of Norris Jones, '26, following a serious surgical operation has left a vacancy in the Swarthmore faculty which will be hard to fill. His youth, enthusiasm, and earnest endeavor to stimulate better student work will be greatly missed.



Norris Jones came to Swarthmore with a fine equipment of artistic and architectural talents and he gave generously of both to the welfare of the College. At first it seemed almost impossible to fit these abilities into the scheme of a botanical department, but with opportunity offered, he found such a plan was feasible and made it work. The work began with an elementary course and was later extended to advanced work.

Students working with Mr. Jones soon acquired a technique which was recognized as superior. The New York Scientific Supply Company entered into a contract for scientific charts, of which about 35 have been finished. The work on these charts was largely done by Mr. Jones' pupils.

In addition to his work in his special field Mr. Jones found ample opportunity to expand into other parts of the college work. His knowledge of architecture was called on time and again by the College. He assisted in the biological laboratories and gave generously of his time and ability to the Arts and Crafts groups of the College.

Norris Jones applied his artistic talents also to illustrations and his work on the Tunicates with Dr. Harold H. Plough of Amherst and the paintings of the Habrobracon for Dr. and Mrs. Phineas Whiting of the University of Pennsylvania were examples of the accuracy in detail and artistic effect of his work. Small colleges have seldom had the opportunity for such development, and Mr. Jones' passing will be felt greatly both by the College and by his friends.

SAMUEL C. PALMER, '95
Professor Emeritus of Botany

Program for Homecoming Day

2:00 P.M.
Swarthmore-Haverford Football Game
Swarthmore, Pa.

6:00-7:30
*Buffet Supper for Alumni

9:15
Student-Alumni Dance

8:15
Meeting—Clothier Memorial
Informal Addresses by
John J. McCloy, Amherst 1916; Harvard 1921;
Assistant Secretary of War
and
Thomas B. McCabe, Swarthmore, 1915
Former Deputy Lend Lease Administrator

ATHLETIC NOTES

By CARL K. DELLMUTH, '31, *Director of Athletics*

IN THE face of changes imposed on us by the national emergency, Swarthmore's athletic program is being modified to meet conditions which we have not known for twenty-five years. Acceleration of academic work, curtailment of transportation facilities, restrictions on the purchase of new athletic equipment, and leaves of absence for members of our staff, are some of the problems we have grappled with already—what we must face in the future is problematic. Indeed, some argue we should dispense with intercollegiate athletics altogether until life returns to normal. While this opinion is shared by a very small minority, conditions beyond our control may force us to face this possibility in a realistic frame of mind. However, until these conditions become real rather than threatening we intend to pursue our policy of athletics for everyone on a more intensive basis than ever.

Too often we suppose participation in athletics is a guarantee of good health. Actually we all know there are other factors of greater importance. A sound program of physical education should not concern itself with games alone, but should consider the more far-reaching problems in the building of healthy bodies. To accomplish this end, the responsibility must not fall on one department alone—it must be assumed by the college community at large. The facts in this case are indisputable. College students today are being called on to perform multiple duties. Roughly forty percent of the men of last year's senior class are now in the armed services, another thirty-five percent are in industry; of those remaining many are awaiting induction, and some are doing graduate work; but all are busy. But this is a more strenuous kind of being busy. The new rules demand rugged well conditioned physiques, whether a man is working endless hours in the laboratory or whether he is assigned to rigorous overseas duty. Athletics, to a greater extent than ever, will help these men prepare for what's to come—but before athletics can do an effective job the individual must realize certain foundation work must be done, and done religiously, before lasting benefits can be realized.

What, then, are these "foundation" factors? *First* and most important is proper rest. Young men need sleep, regular sleep and generally speaking not less than eight hours of it. Furthermore these eight hours should begin before midnight. College students sometimes think otherwise and as might be expected many Swarthmore students claim affinity for this school of disbelief. According to the very best medical testimony, vigorous exercise will impair the health of a constantly tired body. Rest therefore is absolutely essential. *Second*: Proper eating habits. A man who sleeps through breakfast, eats a hurried lunch, then tries to make up by overeating at the evening meal is asking his body to do double duty. Fortunately the college dining room is supervised by a most capable dietician so the normal consideration of following a well balanced diet is not a serious one. *Third*: The prophylaxis of medicine. Folks generally and many college students in particular disregard the warning signs of an ailing body. Much damage can be done by "the little things" which aren't considered a real sickness but which in their insidious way tear down a man's body at an alarming rate. Sore throat, chronic upset stomach, a small infection which doesn't get worse but doesn't get better, and occasional chest pains are but a few of

the warnings most frequently disregarded. Swarthmore has adequate facilities for attending to such conditions before they become serious. Undergraduates are examined regularly but they must help in this battle to keep well.

This list of factors could be lengthened, but from this point on their acceptance as important might be challenged. By no means is this a new formula,—but at this time it needs repeating and repeating again. Once it is followed, the benefits to be derived from highly competitive sports as well as the purely recreational variety will increase many fold.

FOOTBALL PROSPECTS: In addition to losing Head Coach Lew Elverson to the U. S. Navy and Assistant Paul Stofko through a special assignment with the Federal Government, the squad has been seriously depleted for reasons other than graduation. Eight men who were 'reasonably' sure of being on this year's varsity are now in the armed services. Nevertheless, if our present seniors are allowed to stay in school most positions will be filled by experienced men. The schedule is a difficult one beginning with Wesleyan and ending with Haverford at Swarthmore on Homecoming Day.*

SOCCER PROSPECTS: Coach Bob Dunn, starting his twenty-first year at the College, is blessed with the return of last year's undefeated freshman team. He may get some additional real help from a few of the incoming students, as well as the handful of returning lettermen. In any event, the team promises to be composed largely of underclassmen. If they come through, some trouble may be expected for our opponents in the Eastern Intercollegiate League.

CROSS COUNTRY: Coach Scudder's team last year had its most successful season in a long time—climaxed by a thrilling one point victory over Penn. Most of that team is gone. Our guess is we will have tough sledding in the first two meets but will show decided improvement toward the end.

GENERAL:

. . . Due to the change in the college calendar the Athletic Committee cancelled the first football game with Trinity (Oct. 10th) and rescheduled Temple in soccer at a later date. All of this because College didn't open this fall until October 12th.

. . . For the first time in five years, freshmen will be eligible for varsity teams this fall. The freshmen rule has been abolished for the duration.

. . . Engineering students seem to be very much in the majority on our varsity squads. It hasn't always been this way.

. . . Many of our recent athletes now in the service write to say their military experience has been made more pleasant because of undergraduate participation in intercollegiate athletics.

. . . Seven o'clock calisthenics have been changed by the Men's Student Government from a compulsory to a voluntary basis.

. . . Vernon O'Rourke, professor of political science, is helping to coach the football team—that is, when he can find time to spare from his duties as Democratic nominee for Congress from the Eighth Congressional District of Pennsylvania.

VARSITY SWARTHMOREAN'S

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Then followed several years of pioneering and hard work as Bob, with his own hands, began to restore the village. There was no school, no church, no telephone, and no newspaper. Bob subscribed to *TIME*. When it arrived he dropped whatever he happened to be doing, sat down in the shade or in front of his six foot fire place, and read *TIME* from cover to cover. This, he said, gave him all the news he needed. Of course, there was lots of hunting, fishing and trapping. In winter there were days on days of snow bound with plenty of time to read and write and sleep. This life required laying in ample stores. It also required a blacksmith and woodworking shop to fix things.

It is 1942. Landgrove by the latest census has a population of 64 and Big Sam Ogden, as he is now known, is one of the most successful men in Vermont. Why? Because he has done a great deal that he wanted to do. He has happily lived the kind of life he and his family planned to live. This is the best kind of success.

Always interested in sports, Big Sam is still a member of the Board of Approved Lacrosse Officials; Director of Amateur Ski Association and President of Manchester Winter Sports Club.

His interest in the arts and in education was the subject of an article in the September issue of *BETTER HOMES AND GARDENS*. As an amateur musician he was one of the organizers of the Vermont Symphony Orchestra and President of its Board of Directors. He has an established reputation as an architect and an artist in wood working and metal craft. He has done unique work as a teacher of practical forestry, citizenship, and blacksmithing to the boys of Newton School. He is Trustee of Bur and Burton Seminary of Manchester.

In 1932 Sam Ogden was elected Overseer of the Poor and Constable. He served since 1933 as Selectman and in 1935 was elected to the Vermont Legislature. The Vermont Constitution, by the way, specifies that "persons most noted for wisdom and virtue" shall be elected to office. Reelected in 1937 and 1939, he distinguished himself as an authority on conservation and the development of natural resources. Member of the State Planning Board and of the Governor's Board of Conservation and Development, he is also director of the New England Business Men's Council.

Big Sam's most recent adventure in politics was the subject of an illustrated article in the August 30th issue of *TIME*. He dared to run as candidate for the Republican nomination of Congressman in a state that has more Senators than Representatives. Ogden lost to Plumley by 3 to 1 in a heated campaign which view with alarm any change of "horses" in mid-stream and the awarding of the State's rarest prize to anyone but a native Vermonter.

However, not the least of Ogden's accomplishments is his literary style. It is evident in his book on "How to Grow Food for Your Family" published in April by Barnes and Co., New York. But Ogden's style is best illustrated by his pungent piece on "What They Think of the Girls" which appeared in the New York *Herald Tribune*, January 30, 1941.

Bob and Mary have two children,—Samuel Robinson, Jr., 17, a senior at Exeter where he plays lacrosse like his old man, and Duncan Grant, age 10.

WASHINGTON LETTER

(Continued from Page 2)

news which should be brought to the public eye. Warner Gardner is—not *a* but *the* Solicitor for the Department of the Interior. Larry Lafore holds down a desk at the State Department. Adelaide Emley Ansley inhabits the sanctum sanctorum of the Archives. Anna Michener, recently featured as a Garnet Letter personality, is of course with the Treasury; and Mary Hornaday, we believe, continues to carry a pencil for the Christian Science Monitor. Janet Brown, alumni secretary at Friends' School, reports business as usual—as well it may be with James Stone as President of the Board. And speaking of presidents, if this imposing list of names doesn't inspire President Tom Taylor of the Washington alumni to hire Turner's Arena for a reunion, it will probably be because he didn't have time to read this through!

As our city settles down to a winter of rationed heat, we think mention should be made of those whose job it is just to keep the home fires burning. We predict that Rosie Walling Tirana will have little trouble on that score; she seems to be capable of running her family and a hospitably overflowing household with one hand, while with the other she dashes off quantities of manuscript in some nook of the Library of Congress. Marion Hall Holland and her three children may be seen any of these bright autumn afternoons picking up sticks in their spacious yard to augment a fine woodpile—fireplaces are nicer than oil-burners anyway, says Marion. The Malins bought a house with a young forest attached, so Caroline isn't worrying about the long hard winter either. Maggie Somerville McInerney, Jean Bredin Perkins, and Molly Yard Garrett are all involved with present problems of infant care and feeding. Lois Hall Roberts and Betty Bennett Sellers have both sent their husbands off to the wars, but are not brooding about it: Lois runs a flourishing bookshop and lending-library, and Betty promptly got herself a government job, identity unknown.

With which, exhausted, we close this sprawling letter, repeating apologies to those whose activities have eluded us. If it weren't wartime, with constant admonition thrown at us to use our telephone sparingly, we might have really covered the ground. But then, if it weren't wartime, we wouldn't be writing this, and for Swarthmoreans Washington would still be just a fine place to week-end. Things being as they are, however, may we modestly submit the suggestion that it might be both economical and efficient to celebrate Swarthmore's next alumni day some 120 miles south of Magill Walk?

Breathlessly, apologetically, affectionately,

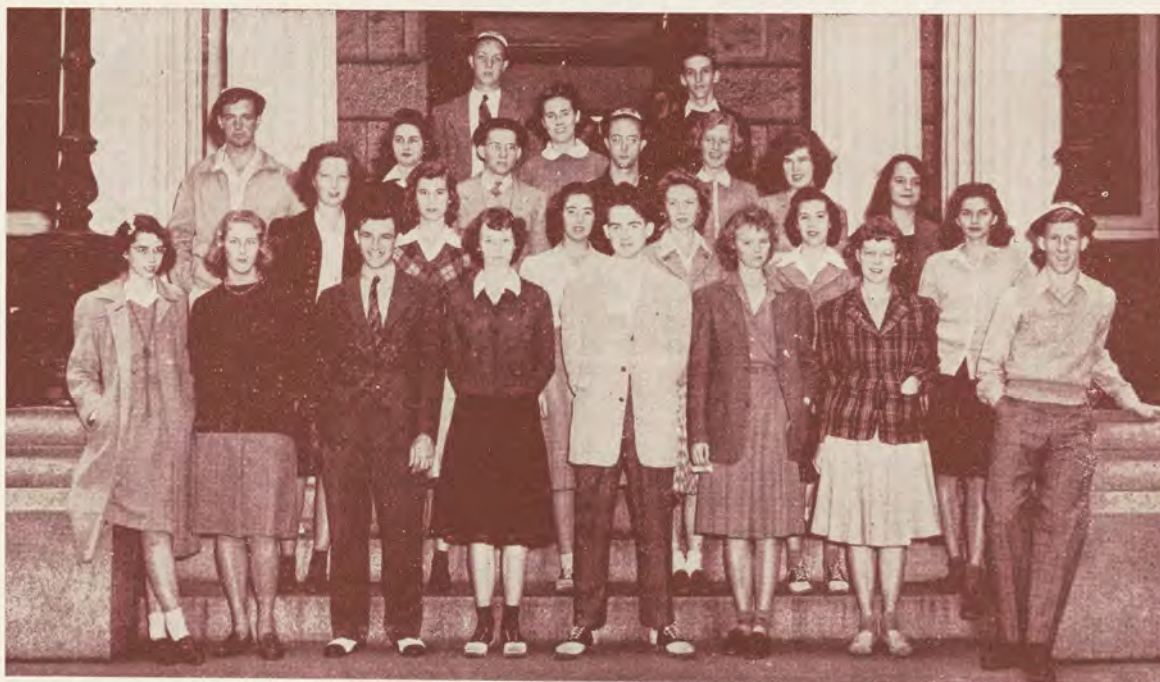
Your Washington Correspondent.

We will be hearing more about Big Sam and wish him luck always. A Boston paper reports he just passed his physical examination and has been recommended for a Captaincy in the Army Specialists Corps.

The Springfield paper said this about him. "Only a man with extremely versatile, quick and dynamic mind could have undertaken and accomplished so much against odds that ordinarily would have isolated a man in the environment he chose to enter or he would have been swallowed up by it."

By CLARENCE H. YODER, '20

ALUMNI-RELATED FRESHMEN



Stow, Bressler, Gemmill
 Cornog, Cupitt, Landis, Bodine, Clarke, Stickle, Moore
 Milam, Jackson, Solis-Cohen, Kain, Coombs, Frorer
 Martenet, Coles, Miller, Bye, Graham, Porter, Blackburn, Reller

- | | | | |
|----------------------------|--|--------------------|--|
| HELEN S. AYERS | daughter of Anna Spackman Ayers (Mrs. Lorenz K.), '14 | SARA KAIN | wife of George Hay Kain, Jr., '29 |
| THOMAS LEES BARTLESON, JR. | son of Thomas Lees Bartleson, '16 and Helen Ickes Bartleson, '17 | RICHARD LANDIS | son of Harry Hatman Landis, Jr., ex'21 |
| FRANCES BLACKBURN | daughter of Ardis Baldwin Blackburn (Mrs. Arthur), '19 | ELIZABETH LANDON | daughter of Frederick Norton Landon, '22 |
| CHARLES BRADFIELD BODINE | son of David Monroe Bodine, '18 | DAVID LINTON | son of Ralph Linton, '15 and Margaret McIntosh Linton, '15 |
| ELIZABETH BRESSLER | daughter of Harper Vaughn Bressler, '14 | PHEBE E. MARTENET | daughter of Clara Frazee (Martenet) Mitchell (Mrs. Joseph B.), '12 |
| DORIS L. BYE | daughter of Raymond Taylor, '14 and Virginia Higgins Bye, ex'17 | MARY LOUISE MILAM | daughter of Mary Louise Wilson Milam (Mrs. Daniel Franklin), '17 |
| CORNELIA CLARKE | daughter of William A., '17 and Eleanor Stabler Clarke, '18 | FRANK A. MILLER | son of Glenn Earle Miller, '11 |
| BARBARA H. COLES | daughter of Charles B., '21 and Anna Moore Bancroft Coles, '23 | ESTHER (DAY) MOORE | daughter of Grace Brinton Moore (Mrs. G. B.), ex'21 |
| ANNA H. COOMBS | daughter of Marvin H. Coombs, ex'20 | HELEN C. PORTER | daughter of Helen Biddle Porter (Mrs. William G.), '19 |
| LINDSAY CORNOG | son of William Lindsay Cornog, '19 | JOHN M. PRATT | son of Car Davis Pratt, '18 |
| JEAN M. CUPITT | sister of Dorothy Cupitt, '40 | GEORGE RELLER | brother of Elizabeth A. Reller, ex'35, Gretchen Reller Kelly, '36 and William H. Reller, '40 |
| HARRIET LOU FRORER | daughter of James Robert Frorer, '15 | CATHERINE ST. JOHN | daughter of Dorothy Paine St. John (Mrs. Charles E.), '18 |
| BARBARA GAWTHROP | daughter of James Harold, ex'16 and Ruth Craighead Gawthrop, '17 | JOAN RUTH SEIDEL | daughter of Rena Rothner Seidel (Mrs. Victor I.) |
| ROBERT GEMMILL | son of Paul E., '17 and Jane Brown Gemmill, '19 | CHARLES SHOEMAKER | son of William M., Jr., '17 and Mary Gawthrop Shoemaker, '17 |
| HOWARD TURNER GRAHAM | son of Malcolm Sague Graham, '16 and Mary Rebecca Wilson Turner, ex'18 | VIRGINIA STICKLE | daughter of Wimer F., ex'17 and Ruth Breuninger Stickle, '19 |
| MARY A. HARTWELL | daughter of Ralf Lee Hartwell, ex'23 | PAUL MARKLEY STOW | son of Franklin Pierce Stow, ex'19 |
| THOMAS HODGES | son of Thomas Victor Hodges, '06 | ANN SOLIS-COHEN | sister of Mary Solis-Cohen Keller (Mrs. George D.), '39 |
| ANNE G. JACKSON | daughter of Herbert Worth Jackson, ex'18 | | |

SWARTHMORE-HAVERFORD FOOTBALL LUNCHEON
 HOTEL SYLVANIA Juniper and Locust Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.
 WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 18th, at 12:30 P.M.

The Swarthmore Club has revised its mailing list and notices are now being sent to home addresses. If you are not receiving notices and wish to be placed on the mailing list, please notify Monroe Van Sant, Secretary, Swarthmore Club, 911 Liberty Trust Building, Philadelphia, Pa.



Benjamin West Society Print for 1942
 "Pennsylvania Barn"—Wood Cut by J. J. Lankes

AN OPPORTUNITY

Join the BENJAMIN WEST SOCIETY and acquire a collection of fine prints. The annual dues of the Society are Five Dollars.

IN RETURN: 1. You receive each year an original American print: in 1939-40, Luigi Lucioni's etching, "Lake through the Locusts"; in 1940-41, Lauren Ford's etching, "Nativity"; in 1942, a woodcut by Julius J. Lankes, "Pennsylvania Barn." (See cut above.)

2. You receive, as they appear, publications of the Society: "The Catalogue of Works of Art belonging to the Benjamin West Society and to Swarthmore College" (1933—a new edition now in progress); "Benjamin West," an address by Frederic Newlin Price, with an introduction by Frank Aydelotte and illustrations of several of West's paintings and drawings (published 1939).

3. You may subscribe, at the reduced rate of \$3.50, to the MAGAZINE OF ART, published monthly by the American Federation of Arts (regular subscription: \$5.00).

4. You make a concern for the fine arts of Swarthmore College yours, and cooperate directly with the Department of Fine Arts and the Somerville Forum. Among the distinguished lecturers which the Society has brought to the College are John Taylor Arms, Royal Cortissoz, Leon Dabo, George H. Edgell, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr. Exhibitions under the auspices of the Society have presented, among others, Early American Paintings, Benjamin West and his School, Quaker Artists, Pennsylvania Artists, and the work of noted individuals such as Ivan Mestrovic.

5. You pay honor to the first American Master Benjamin West, P.R.A., who was born in the West House on the Swarthmore College Campus.

6. You ally yourself with other people of vision who are advancing the fine arts in America—and that means advanc-

CLASS NOTES—Continued

was an astonishing day up at the New York Times building when Lo, P. A., Ferriss, and Linkie, all working there, met Grethe Randall Powers and Lucy Schneider, both coming up to look into the possibilities. With each Garnet Letter we'll probably be more scattered, however.

We probably won't be able to afford formal inquiries very often. I hope you'll keep me informed when interesting things happen to you. Good luck to you all.

FROM THE PRESIDENT

(Continued from Page 4)

be. Our freshman class of men is about normal, and the total number of men in the college is just under what it was last year. For the first time in several years the number of women exceeds that of men. The total enrollment is 777, one of the largest in the college's history. A certain kind of poetic justice has resulted: for once all the women are housed in college dormitories, and the men are taking their turn at living in the off-campus houses.

At the moment the college facilities are strained to the utmost. I fear that the situation will not last long. Over half the senior class will graduate in February. The draft boards will call others. If members of the Army and Navy Enlisted Reserves are called into active duty before their time would normally come—and there is talk of that—we shall be smaller still. Indeed, the rumors coming from Washington are disturbing. I call them rumors, for no definite information has been forthcoming. I think we may expect to see the size of the college dwindle considerably this year and more so next.

In a sense that is to be expected; it is just one more aspect of total war. It does not make the problems of the college any easier, but the college cannot expect to go unscathed through the greatest upheaval of the century, if not of modern times. The college has the same problems as others do. How many students will we have, and how can we plan ahead for them? How can a faculty be kept together with the present need for able and skilled people? Incidentally, we have lost 25% through resignation, retirement, or leave since December 1941. How are we to get materials for necessary repairs or keep the men essential to the operation of the plant? We have no exemption from sugar, food, or fuel rationing. We are not classified as a defense industry! I say these things to you not in a mood of discouragement, but honestly and frankly because you have a right to know what is happening and what may happen. As a matter of fact, the college is alive and healthy and far better off at the moment than it might be. Students have come to study with a seriousness never known before. There is no one connected with the college who would not make any sacrifice for it. We shall keep going in one way or another, meet the problems of the emergency as they come, and survive for even greater usefulness when the war is won.

JOHN W. NASON

ing humanity. To quote a prominent patron of the arts, it is of even "greater importance to take an active and positive position of usefulness in these fields in troubled times than it is in normal times."

A print will immediately be forwarded to you upon receipt of your check for dues which may be sent to the Treasurer, Leonard C. Ashton, Swarthmore, Pennsylvania.