The Fox Chronicles:

Stories of Saint Francis, The Great White Healer

Presented to Dr. Francis H. Fox
by his so-called friends
on the occasion of his 70th birthday.

New York State College of Veterinary Medicine
Cornell University
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Preface

We have compiled these stories in the hope that they will bring a chuckle to Dr. Fox as he peruses them. We also hope that they will clearly show that the great man was *outfoxed* on more than one occasion in his illustrious career.

The further we have delved into some of the stories, the more corroborative evidence we have uncovered. Several heretofore hazy details have become clear as students, clients, and colleagues from five decades have told their stories. First, Dr. Fox has been known to bet on practically anything; he has not always won nor has he always paid up upon losing. Second, apparently Dr. Fox has always had dogs and all of these dogs have been pudgy if not downright obese because he insists that fat dogs don't get hurt when they are hit by cars. Third, for decades, students have gone to extreme lengths in their quest to trick Dr. Fox into ingesting unpleasant if not absolutely disgusting items; often, they have been successful.

Time may have distorted some of the stories recounted herein, and it's possible that others may not be quite the way Dr. Fox has remembered them, though perhaps that is because they are now being told from the perpetrator's viewpoint. Nevertheless, we wish him a very happy birthday!

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity, it was the season of Light, it was the season of Darkness, it was the spring of Hope, it was the Winter of Despair, we had everything before us, we had nothing before us, we were all going direct to Heaven, we were all going direct the other way.

Charles Dickens, 1812-1879
A Tale of Two Cities

contributed by
Betsy Mathew and Frits Sluijter

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Classroom Activities

Dr. Fox appeared before our class one morning with eyes bulging, ears thrown forward, trembling, and in a very agitated state. We were quite alarmed until we were told he was presenting to the class the appearance of grass tetany.

On my very first day in practice in Kentucky, I received a radio call for an emergency. On arriving at the Angus farm, I was greeted by the whole herd on rich alfalfa. They all turned towards me, trembling, with eyes bulging and ears thrown forward. I turned to the owner, who was equally as agitated as the cows, and said in a very calm and self-assured voice, "These cows have grass tetany."

I'd never seen a case of grass tetany before that nor have I even seen one since!

Nat Grew, Class of '63

Dr. Fox was giving his much-dreaded practical examination in one of the barns at the college. Bob Feinman was from New York City and was doing a physical on a cow.

He had just put in the thermometer when Dr. Fox asked, "Did you listen to the heart yet?"

And then, "Did you check her for hardware?"

Followed by, "Well, are her ears cold?" Poor Bob got so flustered that he momentarily abandoned the thermometer, which Francis quickly removed from the cow's rectum and hid. Then he asked, "Have you taken her temperature yet? Where's the thermometer?"

As Bob looked frantically for the thermometer, Dr. Fox said, "Well, you can't leave here until you find it. The thermometer is probably still inside her....."

Andy Williamson, Class of '59

In old James Law Hall, when we had Large Animal Medicine lecture, Dr. Fox often had an animal in the stocks to examine or with which to demonstrate a condition.

The years have faded my memory as to who got the assignment but a student was given a stethoscope by Fox and told to examine the cow. After the examination, Francis put the student on the spot by asking what the rumen sounded like, respiratory sounds, etc. After the student dug himself in deeper and deeper by expounding on what he had heard, the good doctor told him he was full of #%$! because Francis had filled the ear holes of the stethoscope with wax.

R. Tass Dueland, Class of '56

In those days, junior students had to perform C-sections on Dr. Danks' ewes. Two of my classmates had to perform this surgery as a demonstration for the Veterinary Wives Association. Dr. Cavanaugh was the clinician at the time, and the nervous energy generated by Dr. Cavanaugh and the two students was very high.

Meanwhile, Francis, sitting in his office that night, talked another classmate into going out in the alley of the surgery barn and firing a blank shotgun shell out of his shotgun. Needless to say, there was pandemonium in the hospital and one of the students saw Francis doubled over in laughter. When asked what he was doing, Francis replied, "We just wanted to cut the tension down the hall."

John P. Combs, Class of '62

I need to confess being the mastermind of the plot to disrupt Dr. Fox's Large Animal Medicine Class one spring morning in 1978. The fat father disliked anyone tip-toeing into class late and would stare at the perpetrator or make insulting comments about him. One day, about 10 of us decided to harass him by coming in late at different times.

The first one, I believe it was Steve Gardner, walked in about 5 minutes late. Then, 2 minutes later, Rick Stein walked in the front door of the lecture room,

slammed the door closed behind him, stared at Dr. Fox, walked down the center aisle, and sat in a back seat. The tension in the room was really obvious at that point.

Joe Milligan walked through the front door next, carrying a tray with a box and bowl of cereal and sat down and ate it. By then, there were more people in the hall watching than there were people in the class! Artie McCormick was next, doing some stunt. After Joe, each student apologized profusely to Dr. Fox and gave a suitable excuse for being late.

Then Kit Blackmore came running into class. Then I came crashing in on my bike, collided with the radiator, took off my helmet and backpack, apologized for oversleeping and sat down. The highlight came when Steve Sanford came in wet from a shower and wearing his robe; he proceeded to strip down to his BVD's and then dress into his clothes.

The hallway and classroom were in an uproar; Dr. Fox had lost control. He threw up his arms and smiled.

George W. Palmer, Class of '79

Several of us seniors were out drinking one night and didn't manage to make it back until almost 4:00 A.M. At that time, it was understood that all students *had* to attend Dr. Fox's 8:00 A.M. medicine class. This was not negotiable.

I made it into class and sat down in front. Unfortunately, I fell asleep almost instantly. Francis was not pleased and woke me up almost as quickly. In fact, he was so annoyed that he assigned me the task of writing "I will not sleep in class" 500 times.

I thought about this little project for quite a while and could not convince myself that it was anything but infantile. I did break down and write the sentence several times on a roll of toilet paper, however, and I did leave the roll on Francis' desk as evidence of my high regard for his punishment.

Wayne O. Evans, Class of '64

In our senior year of 1952-53, Dr. Fox was lecturing in Large Animal Diseases. In the assignment in Dr. Udall's text, the term "vertigo" had been used. Checking to be sure that everyone knew what that was, or perhaps to find someone who didn't, he asked someone who responded "dizziness." Dr. Fox accepted that as correct and started to resume the lecture but was interrupted by a frantically waving Danny Schlomchug (who later changed his last name to Coleman). Dr. Fox, obviously annoyed, drawled out, "All right, Schlomchug, what is it?" Schlomchug's contribution was that there were two kinds of vertigo: one was when you feel that the earth is still but you are moving or spinning around on it; the other is when you feel that you are standing still but the earth is spinning around under you.

The immediate reaction from the class was an outburst of raucous laughter, with Dr. Fox also laughing so hard that he either spit out or swallowed his cud. Schlomchug, of course, slunk down in pathetic humiliation. However, at the very next meeting of the class, Dr. Fox began at 8:00 with the statement that he had checked some dictionaries and found that Mr. Schlomchug was correct. There were indeed two kinds of vertigo and, hence, Mr. Schlomchug deserved an apology. The vindicated Schlomchug was elated.

As most of us have observed, Dr. Fox had "Golden Boys" (personal favorites) as well as "Goats" who were set upon repeatedly but usually with an educational purpose and without malice. He is, through it all, *fair.*

Charles W. Sanderson, Class of '53

On one occasion, Dr. Fox showed that he really does have a heart. Sort of. He had stated unequivocally that no student would pass a certain exam unless he knew the normal TPR of the major species. I reviewed the figures several times each night for about two weeks. But, when Dr. Fox asked me for the TPRs, my mind went blank on them. I finally said that I had developed a mental block and would not even attempt to answer.

To my complete amazement, he went on to the next question!

Ray Schuerger, Class of '63

My class of 1953 had extra exposure to Dr. Fox because he was our instructor of third-year Large Animal Surgical Exercises in the absence of Dr. Danks. The class was divided into four groups of about 12 students who rotated in, doing the same operations on different days so that eventually we got to do each procedure.

It was not unusual for a student about to do a particular operation to ask a classmate who had already done the same one for information and advice. Thus, Bill (Larry) Goodman (a son, nephew and cousin of other veterinarians) asked someone for the "scoop" on being the anesthetist. "Nothing to it," he was told. "You just get a pint of that 'stuff' in the cupboard and, after the horse is restrained next to the table with belly bands and loose ropes, you do a jugular venipuncture, connect the IV tube, and run the 'stuff' in until the horse gets drowsy. The table will be tilted and, with the horse in lateral recumbency, all you have to do is be sure that nystagmus does not return."

So Bill did all of this successfully, but then he got interested in observing the neurectomy I was doing on a foreleg and wasn't paying any attention to the respirations. At this point, Dr. Fox appeared, observed perfect hemostasis at all surgical sites, tapped an eyelid and, finding no palpebral reflex and fixed dilated pupil, inquired, "Goodman, how long has this horse been dead?"

After the surprised, embarrassed and befuddled Goodman recovered sufficiently to speak, the next question asked him was, "What did you give this horse, anyway?"

Goodman answered, "That 'stuff' over there in the cupboard."

"What *'stuff'*??"

"I don't know," admitted Goodman.

The "stuff" was supposed to be the Large Animal Clinic home-made equivalent of Equithesin, a widely-used commercial combination of magnesium sulfate, chloral hydrate, and sodium pentobarbital, but Dr. Fox had altered the composition of one bottle so as to contain a lethal concentration and had accurately described the contents on the label. This was the only altered bottle among several of proper formula but Goodman had, unfortunately for him, taken it without reading the label.

This incident so imprinted on me that I can testify that I have never, in forty years, ever picked up a bottle of anything, injectable, tablets or capsules without first *reading the label*! I am everlastingly grateful to both Dr. Fox and Bill Goodman for this very important lesson. Anything less than a dead horse could not have made such an impression.

Charles W. Sanderson, Class of '53

One of the past traditions of a veterinary student's academic career was the pleasure of Dr. Fox's oral exam in Large Animal Medicine. At the end of our senior year, I had the unenviable task of being the last student in my class to take his final. As it was the last day of exams, you can imagine the mood. When I walked in, Dr. Fox was reading the paper and had his feet propped up on his desk. His first comment was, "Sit down. You're bothering me." So I sat. And sat. And sat. The exam was supposed to be 15 minutes long. Five minutes had passed and the only thing that had transpired was the turning of newspaper pages.

Soon, in great style, Dr. Fox brought out his famous humidor, opened it, and offered some Elmira Tucks tobacco. "Take some. It'll calm you down." Not wanting to insult him or his gracious benevolence, I took some. He made me take more. Then he cut off some Apple Jack plug tobacco to add flavor to my chew. I looked at the clock; eight minutes had passed.

Another minute later, he got out the Copenhagen and offered me a pinch --- about a pound it seemed. By this time, I was salivating profusely and really had to spit. Dr. Fox, sensing this, piped up, "I don't see a stop sign and you know the rules!" The clock seemed to take forever to jump to the next minute. I turned green, white, and was fading to purple when Dr. Fox finally said, "Tell me all you know about Blackleg."

I opened my mouth to respond and *everything* but an answer spewed forth.

Douglas E. Evans, Class of '74

I remember distinctly my large animal practical exam. When I saw the slide, I figured out that it was taken in October, 1944. No one ever got that one right. But there I was --- my boots were shiny, my thermometer was clean. But I had neglected to close my lower two coverall buttons.

Dr. Fox immediately pointed out my error and took off two points. Without batting an eye, I replied, "But Dr. Fox, I thought you were giving us an *oral*!"

Rick Stein, Class of '79

I had a classmate named Bobby Norrdin. Bobby was in Fox's oral exam, and Francis got called out of his office for something. When he returned the door was locked. Norrdin had locked him out of his own final.

All the screaming and bellering and hollering in the halls was something to hear! I don't know what Norrdin did when he finally let Francis in, but he graduated with the rest of the class class and is now a pathologist out at Colorado State.

John Combs, Class of '62

I met Dr. Fox when I was a sophomore. We had a sophomore laboratory in one of the old classrooms that is now the major operating room in the Large Animal Clinic.

We were at attention with our ties and coveralls on and we heard that Dr. Fox was to teach us bovine restraint that day. At exactly two o'clock he waddled in with his boots clopping with each step and, even though he had never met me before, he glanced to the left and picked me out to come with him. I was somewhat frightened, obviously, and perplexed at why he picked the fourth person in the third row.

Then I was instructed that I was the doo-doo man. My job was to man a large manure shovel. Each time that the cow we were using for Dr. Fox's demonstration humped up to excrete waste products, I was to make sure that none hit the floor. It all was to go either in a shovel, if it was solid, or to be caught in a

canister, if it was liquid. I was still fairly stunned for the first 30 or 40 minutes but after that it was somewhat demeaning, which was common for students in those days.

I began to wish that something would happen to this guy. He screamed at me to get over there whenever the cow humped up, but there hadn't been any messes.

Then, and at the very end of the lab, he demonstrated a technique for picking up the hind leg of a cow. If a rope wasn't available, he liked to have two people hold either a long-handled twitch or a fork handle under the cow's hock and just lift it and hold it, one on either side, like a couple a Neanderthals. At that point, he told me to abandon the doo-doo position and assume the post position. I was to provide a solid object against which the cow could lean, and I was *not* to move.

When Fox went to pick up the leg with the twitch, the cow simultaneously humped up and had projectile diarrhea and shifted her weight back and knocked him off balance. He went down. It was a smooth cement floor and he landed in probably 13 or 14 pounds of liquid manure and slid about 5 feet on his rear end. Before he was done sliding, he screamed, "Rebhun, you pushed that cow on me." I've been taking crap from him ever since.

Bill Rebhun, Class of '71

On the Road - The Ambulatory Clinic and Clients

Once, when we were returning from a farm call, Francis' car developed a flat tire. We changed the tire and, as he bent over to replace the tools in the trunk, I was overcome with a notion. I grabbed a convenient "hot prod" and applied it full force to his posterior. Francis reared up, hit his head, and almost knocked himself out.

He chased me for what seemed like miles through the woods, brandishing a twitch. By then, I was beginning to seriously fear for my life although, obviously, I did indeed survive to tell the story; nonetheless, I still thank God for sparing my life. Finally, I did the only rational thing --- I circled back, took Fox's car, and drove away. I allowed Francis several hours to cool down before I returned for him.

Peter L. Malnati, Class of '51

Back when I was a student, struggling both financially and scholastically, I stayed in Ithaca to work on Ambulatory one summer. I accompanied Dr. Fox on a call to Danby. We were to suture a laceration on the bridge of a spunky horse's nose. It has never been a secret that I'm not comfortable around horses so you can imagine my feelings when Fox applied a twitch to the horse and handed me the handle. He proceeded to apply metal clips to close the wound.

With each insertion, the horse would rear up and flail my fragile 150 lbs against the stall. Of course, Fox assumed that my restraint was insufficient and pointed that fact out to me with each new episode. After being pummelled to near death, Fox applied the last clip. And, with the clip, the horse reared again and struck his nose on the stall, removing all of dear Francis' fine work.

After pointing out to me how incompetent I was, Francis drove off and left me to find my own way home!

Larry Larrow, Class of '56

One of the first times I rode with Dr. Fox, we went to Spencer or somewhere out in that direction. Suddenly, he pulled in off the road into the driveway of a nice little ranch house and went up to the door. A lady about his age came out and they greeted each other. It was obvious they were big friends. Then he got back in the car and away we went. I said, "Where are you going?"

He growled, "Shut up. Remember you're a student. I asked you if you wanted to ride. You don't ever ask where we're going."

So we drove down the road and, after about a quarter mile, we made a right down a long dirt road. We bounced along for at least a half mile and then suddenly we whipped around and stoped.

We had come to a truly dilapidated old barn. It was two stories, sort of, but there were boards missing here and there, and in other places there were another couple boards nailed up crossways kind of holding the place together.

We got out and I got to looking around and there wasn't any door....at least, no door that I could see, anyway. I looked on three sides. And I heard, "There's only one way to get in, you #$%&*." And, as I peered through the boards, I could see that there was indeed a heifer inside this building in a big boxstall.

"You gotta go up there" he said, pointing, and I realized that, if you looked just right, you could see that these boards that had been nailed sideways made sort of a path that could be climbed and that there was about an 18" slot at the top to slide through.

"Get in there and get me a TPR," he told me. So I started scaling this thing and I got to where I was just about to throw one leg over into that narrow space and he stuck his boot brush right up my ass. After that, of course, the rest of the way was all downhill.

I virtually fell into the stall and as I fell, I used every bad word I knew and I knew quite a few. After I'd called him everything but nice, I got myself up off the ground and I looked out through the boards at him. He's standing there, grinning with tobacco coming down both cheeks. And all he said, while I'm still screaming at him, was "Do you see, Mrs. Chaffee, why I hardly ever bring students out?"

And, I swear, I turned around and this woman, who must have been a track star or something, was there not 3 feet from me, and we had left her back at the

house. He never told me how she got down to the barn in that amount of time and he never told me how she got *into* the barn. *I* had to come out the same way I got in.

Bill Rebhun, Class of '71

One spring morning when Dr. Phil Ostrander (Class of '50) and I emptied Francis' car of all of his supplies, replacing them with an obscene note saying, "April Fool, you S.O.B." and signed, "M.G.F." We then headed out to "do great good" so as to avoid apprehension. Francis, meanwhile, also went out on his farm calls but, unfortunately, was not able to do very much good at all as, when he opened his trunk to get his grips, there was nothing there but a paper towel taped to the inside of the trunk lid.

Peter L. Malnati and Richard A. Smith, Class of '51

When we were dairy farmers in Newfield, we were tending our calves one day and discovered one was bloating, so of course, we called the Vet College. Dr. Fox arrived with his students and the first thing Doc did was to sit on a bale of straw, take out his jackknife, cut himself a chew of pug tobacco, and tell his students to diagnose the problem.

While some of the students were treating the calf, one of the boys wandered off and looked at another calf which had some hair missing from her neck. He asked us what the cause was.

Dr. Fox had overheard this conversation and immediately snapped, "Now God dammit, *you* diagnose it and write me a thousand word essay on the diagnosis and bring it to class tomorrow." He also told the boy, "From now on, when you are called to a farm to look at a particular animal, you *do not* go around looking for trouble unless you are asked because, by tomorrow, that animal may be dead anyway!"

George and Kathryn Ruuspakka

My story is certainly not unique but I will relate it anyway. I had finished my internship in the Small Animal Clinic in 1954 and had started my residency. In fact, I was the first resident to enter the Small Animal Clinic.

It was probably 2:00 in the afternoon when Francis came into the Small Animal Clinic with some of his cohorts. I had just finished seeing a client and had a lot of work to do that afternoon. They said, "Come out to the Ambulatory car. We have something to show you." No sooner had I approached the car than they threw me in the back seat and said they thought I should take the afternoon off to go on calls with them. Well, there really was nothing I could do but relax, enjoy it, and take some of the chewing tobacco they offered.

Meanwhile, my in-laws had arrived at my apartment on Triphammer Road. My wife was making a special dinner for them in honor of her mother's birthday. She expected me home at 6:00 P.M. However, Francis had decided he had a lot of calls to go on and it got to be 5:00, then 6:00, then 7:00.....and 8:00.....and then, when we did get back, Francis insisted I come to his office. Once there he said, "I have some special wine I want you to try." So I had to sit there while we drank wine for the next hour.

When I finally got home, and I might add that I was slightly inebriated, I didn't get the rousing welcome that I had expected. The family had already eaten dinner. My wife could not understand where I had been, why I would come home in the shape I was in, and how I could miss an important family dinner. I told her what had happened but it took her many weeks to get over this episode. She's never forgotten it. Francis, of course, thought it was hilarious. I know I was not the first person kidnapped, nor was I the last.

Bill Stack, Class of '53

One member of the class of '52 went on to become a surgical intern after graduation. One of Fox's favorite tricks was to talk this intern into going on a consultation call with him. Needless to say, once the intern got into the car, he was highjacked for the rest of the day.

John P. Combs, Class of '62

One day, Dr. Fox took off his tie before examining a heifer at our farm. Unfortunately, he didn't put it quite out of her reach and he turned just in time to see her gulping it down. He was almost beside himself as he shouted, "I hope you choke on the damn thing!"

Ed Laine

I accompanied Dr. Fox on calls once to BooBoo Davis' farm. Dr. Fox put his grip on a bale and put his jacket next to it. There were so many cows running around, dropping doo-doo all over, that I hung the jacket up on a nail so it wouldn't get too filthy. Dr. Fox smiled at me with that infamous grin --- chew stuck all over his teeth --- and seemed pleased that I was thoughtful enough to look after his coat.

We finished up calls and he let me put everything back in the car for him. Then he supervised as I washed my boots. We got back in the car and we sat there....and sat there....I wasn't about to say anything right off but we sat there....and sat there. Finally I said, "Are we going?"

Good old Doc' answered with "Are you going to get my coat out of the barn?" So I went back in, got the coat, washed my boots, and returned to the car. As I settled in he said, "My wife's been after me to get a new coat anyway."

Laurie Lukas

In 1971 or 1972, I was putting a new floor in my barn. The barn was all torn up and I was relegated to milking in 7 stalls in the L. Dr. Fox came out to doctor a cow with a sore foot and, I might add, it was the last time he ever came. He looked around at the chaotic state of the barn and asked "Just what the hell are you doing?"

"Building a new milking barn," I answered.

"Well, you oughtn't to do it," Fox replied. "You're too old!"

William Mix

I was one of the many returnees from WWII to continue my education. I also was without any money except for the GI bill benefits, as a majority of us were during those days, and I was married. I worked a number of jobs, one of which was cleaning up and preparing the old Large Animal Clinic for the next day's activities. During this time, Dr. Fox often would pull up out front, blow the horn on the old Dodge sedan, and ask if I wanted to go in to the country to "do great good" --- an invitation I readily accepted.

During the winter of 1951-1952, a couple of my classmates and I accompanied Dr. Fox on an evening call down into the hills of Enfield or some such place to treat a colicky draft horse. It was bitter cold and the snow was drifting. The barn was old, cold, and had snow sifting through the cracks. The horse was examined and treated quite uneventfully. The farmer then asked if we could examine a cow for pregnancy while we were there. This is where my tale actually begins.

With some snarling and a few homespun comments about the cold and the condition of the barn, Dr. Fox agreed to examine the cow. Since he could not bump a fetus in the flank, he stated that he would have to perform a rectal examination and that we could follow if we so desired. However, we would have to be without a sleeve for expediency. (Remember, in those days we used rubber sleeves which required washing, drying, powdering, and being rolled up in a towel for storage --- all quite time consuming.)

All went well as we each examined the cow and made our own evaluations as to the stage of pregnancy. As I was washing up in a bucket of cold water, I noticed that my wedding band was missing. I searched the bottom of the bucket to no avail. When I announced my misfortune there was a pause, a question as to whether I might have removed the ring and, if not, why I hadn't thought of doing so.

Then, after a few choice words regarding the mentality of some students, Dr. Fox said he would go back into the cow and retrieve my ring. After several frustrating attempts, no ring appeared. So, on this cold wintry night when we wanted to get out of the barn as quickly as possible, we spent about two hours searching through the gutter, manure, bedding, etc, but found no ring.

The next morning I had an 8:00 A.M. class with Dr. Fox. As I approached the classroom, Dr. Fox was waiting and wanted to know if my wife was terribly mad

about the lost wedding band. I assured him she was a very understanding person. Through the 40 years since graduation, this story always seems to come up in the course of conversation whenever Dr. Fox is present.

Wendell K. Loomis, Class of '52

I remember one Saturday I rode calls with Dr. Fox. It was a typical spring Saturday in Ithaca --- the heavens had opened up and the monsoon season was upon us. A fellow classmate of mine, Jeff Jamison (known to his friends as K-Y) was also riding with Dr. Fox that morning. We entered the *Sanctum Sanctorum* to greet Dr. Fox and discovered we were going to Greene to visit one of the last great Guernsey herds. Off to the car we went. I naturally got in the back seat as, in those days, we knew our place; Jeff got in up front with Doc.

We had no more than left the college grounds when Dr. Fox started telling Jeff how much he valued his knowledge of physical diagnosis, what an astute diagnostician he was, and how there was this cow at Holcombs that he (Doc) wanted Jeff and Jeff alone to examine. Dr. Fox said he would only trust Jeff's opinion on this matter. I was a little hurt about all this but I didn't say anything.

We drove on to the drone of the windshield wipers punctuated occasionally by Dr. Fox exclaiming, "Dr. Jamison, I want you and you alone to examine this animal. I trust only you with your great diagnostic ability to determine the trouble with this cow."

"Tell me some history, Doc" Jeff would ask. But Doc would only respond that he want to simulate a real situation on a farm and that Jeff would have to gather the history when we arrived.

Finally Jeff said, "Well, can Mary come and help me?"

"No!" shouted Doc. "I want your unbiased opinion." I was doing a slow burn in the back seat by then but miraculously managed to hold my tongue. All the while the wipers were clacking away and once in a while we would catch the Beach Boys singing on the radio, which always brightened Doc up.

As we neared Holcombs' farm, a fog and a torrential downpour enveloped us. Doc once again reminded Jeff what an excellent fellow he thought he was and

how he valued Jeff's opinion on this cow. We pulled up alongside the barn and Doc pointed out through the windshield. "Thar she is." And there, approximately 200 yards from the barn, in what might have been a swamp earlier in the day but in what was rapidly becoming a small lake, could be seen two brown ears, flicking rain away. A Guernsey cow, obviously BAR, obviously down and most probably a calving paralysis, lay peering back at us through the rain.

"Go do a physical on her. We'll wait here in the car and you can come back and tell you what you've found" Doc whined to Jeff as he smiled his pig-eyed snuff-encrusted grin at me. I can't remember Jeff's words as he slammed the car door and waded out to examine the cow.

Mary O'Horo Loomis, Class of '82

One group of clinicians and seniors thoughtfully saved a pair of scrotums after castrating calves and made a very attractive pair of earmuffs for the mirror in Dr. Fox's car.

For years, when castrating bull calves, all groups of young clinicians and students dutifully saved bull calf testicles in a rubber glove so that Dr. Fox could have his mountain oysters.

Ed Laine

George Arsenault had a small plane and was forever offering to give rides to his friends. He never talked me into going with him but he did talk Francis Fox into a ride. However, it was a *very* small plane and Francis had to strip off all his clothes down to his shorts before they could get the weight down low enough to be able to take off. Once underway, they toured the area and even saw Dick Walker, who was out drilling oats. George wanted to buzz him but Francis didn't like the idea and put up such a fuss that George decided against it.

Herb Whittaker

Dr. Fox would take us down to the Beef Barns when they were still here on campus. He'd wait until spring when the cows had been out on grass about two weeks and the manure was really loose and nice and green. Of course, you always had to wear a rubber sleeve and it had to be carefully powdered and folded, and in your pocket, ready to go to work.

We'd get to the Beef Barns and they'd run the first one into the chute and he'd say, "You guys split. First you do one and then you do one, but I'm following everyone." And you'd unfold this great sleeve which you had properly prepared and he'd say, "Ummmm, these beefers have very, very tender rectums. You'd best go bare arm." So he'd make us do these bare arm rectals on 30 or 40 animals and we'd have green arms for weeks!"

John Lee, Class of '74 and
Bill Rebhun, Class of '71

I was to ride with Dr. Fox for the first time one afternoon during my junior year. The excitement built up all morning as seniors told me what to expect. I dressed carefully, placing all the proper equipment in the appropriate pockets. I worried over what I would be expected to know or do.

The fatal moment arrived, but all Francis did that day was to deliver smelt!

Paul Schneible, Class of '69

In May of my senior year, in my ninth month of pregnancy, I was struggling to pull on my boots before departing on Ambulatory. Dr. Fox's comment was: "Mrs. Holmes, neither one of us can see our toes!"

Dorothy Holmes, Class of '58

With Tony Schwartz acting as look out, I once put itching powder in Dr. Fox's OB sleeve. So far as I know, it didn't have the desired effect.

Ray Schuerger, Class of '63

For all of the renown shouting and carrying on, it must be noted that when Linda Miller's horse died, Dr. Fox showed his tender side and perhaps his real personality when he put his arm around her and consoled her.

Ed Laine

While Ray Schuerger was riding Ambulatory, he encouraged Sharon Boag, a mastitis lab technician, to make some chocolate-covered road apples. After being supplied with some small horse balls, she carefully dried out the doo-doo on a window sill for weeks to minimize the odor. Then she covered them with chocolate and rolled them in crushed nuts. Finally, she placed them in foil wrappers and arranged them in a candy box.

The next day, Sharon asked Dr. Fox if she could ride on Ambulatory calls with him. In the car, along with Ray and Tony Schwartz, was John Rief. On the way to the first call, Ray and Tony took out the box and offered it to Francis. He was worried but greedy and took out a piece of candy. He removed the foil and carefully scrutinized the chocolate. Ray, Tony and Sharon each had taken a piece. Slightly encouraged, he tried a little nibble. It tasted like chocolate!

Ray sat in the back, carefully picking off nuts and eating them. Then Francis took a couple of serious bites and looked at the flavored center, recognizing it immediately. He spit and swore and stopped the car. "Why you sons of a bitch!"

Francis was really angry until we drove by a road crew where he obviously know some of the workers. He stopped and offered them some candy. Then we went to a farm where he said, "We were just driving by and wondered how that cow was doing. By the way, would you like one of these goodies?" We went to six farms that day and Francis offered each owner a piece of candy. (We never had the nerve to ask any of them how they liked the candy their beloved veterinarian had given them.)

We heard he continued to pass out the candy all over Tompkins county until it eventually ran out several days later.

Ray Schuerger and Tony Schwartz, Class of '63

My recollections of Dr. Francis Fox go further back and thus are somewhat at a variance with those of most others, for the time was very ancient and the background unique. My recollections occurred before he became a suave scholar, raconteur, and academic luminary. If my memory does not falter, it was a period even before he developed his characteristic and distinctive language skills and it antedated his introduction to the Veterinary College of the mastication of boluses of nightshade in the form of dried *Nicotiana*.

In those days, Dr. Fox was an intern, forced to share living quarters with me in the old Medicine Building. He was responsible for off-hours Ambulatory Service and I, who had a job in the Drug Room, got to accompany him on many nocturnal emergency trips. At that time, Dr. Fox, far removed from the cold reserved academic, was a romantic and lusty youth with a consuming interest in a beauteous "Miss Cully," a nurse at the Cornell Infirmary. When the emergency calls came, it was remarkable how often the fastest route to the farm went past the Nurse's Residence. "Miss Cully," who had been alerted, would respond to a toot of the horn and would assume my place in the front seat while I removed myself to the back. Then we would dash to our duty with the romantic Dr. Fox driving expertly with one hand on the wheel and one arm embracing his companion.

I don't recall the level of romantic activity on the way home but I doubt if it was significant for, after an hour or two correcting a dystocia or prolapsed uterus in a barn with minimal water supplies, our young Lochinvar's charms were dimmed. Even so, when we returned to the Nurse's Residence, he would gallantly take her to the door, the two of them pausing in the shadows before saying goodnight. I believe he explained to her that such nights were far better than movies and dances. Ah, he had a way about him!

It was a great romance. It became a wondrously successful marriage and had the additional salutary benefit of removing a one-handed driving menace from the roads of Tompkins County.

Sidney R. Nusbaum, Class of '46

Dr. Fox was never grumpy when we called him in the middle of the night. Seems like a lot of times that was when we needed him, as we ran a dairy. We had a heifer that had trouble calving as the calf was twisted. After getting the calf he said, "Why didn't you call Cudlin, the local butcher, instead of me?"

After calling Doc several times to treat cows with milk fever, he told me that only good cows got milk fever. I said, "Well, I don't care about keeping poor milkers," so he finally told me something to feed the cows every day as a preventive measure. Guess he thought I had spent enough money on that problem.

Then one wet spring, I had to call him several times to treat cows with hoof rot. Finally, he got tired of that and suggested I put down a mixture of copper sulfate and hydrated lime where the cows could walk through it. It worked!

As a side line, I raised pigs and when I called him to castrate the male piglets, he wondered how I got mixed up in such a deal. He grumbled all through the operation. I told him I raised pigs as a quick income and that I did enjoy pork chops. Guess he thought cows were more human to deal with.

He was the veterinarian at the State Fair when I was there one year, so I stopped in to visit. He was having trouble convincing the farmers who had pigs there that the pigs needed a block of ice to put their noses on to keep cool. They finally listened after losing a couple. I said to him, "Let's go get a cup of coffee. Do you know a good place?"

He said, "You can't find a good cup of Finn coffee here. It all 'barnyard high test.'" That was the first time I heard that expression.

Dr. Fox was one of us --- the small farmer of that time. In my day of farming, farming was a way of life. Today it's big business. Dr. Fox was my idea of a truly dedicated caring veterinarian. Even the animals seemed to love him. Some of his expressive language that he used to the animals didn't even seem to bother them.

Elmer R. Maki

At one call to dehorn calves for a special client, Dr. Fox found that his favorite electric dehorner was gone. It had been replaced with one of those terrible Roberts dehorning scoops.

Erwin Pearson, Class of '58

Dr. Fox would lie up on the bank by Dad's barn [Eino Laine] and play with the dog while the students did all the work. On one occasion, however, Dr. Fox deigned to actually enter the barn while a student was taking the pulse of a heifer with dysentery, gingerly, with one finger under the tail. Dr. Fox suggested he hold the tail tighter as he took the pulse, with the predictable results.

Ed Laine

The Colonel (I have always been impressed that I actually know a Kentucky colonel*) and I had a wonderful father and son relationship in my student days. If I knew I had a boring useless class, he would say he needed me and I'd nap in the back of his car as he made his rounds.

The first time I rode with the Colonel we sat at the first stop sign for three or four minutes. I looked up, realized why we were waiting, and said "Clear right." The Colonel thanked me and off we went. We didn't get back until about 8:00 P.M. that night since we had to sample the mash in several basements. My first day doing large animal calls and I came back wasted.

My last time riding with the Colonel occurred after I was already a big-shot small animal practitioner. This change in status meant that I had to chauffeur *him* around. As it happened, he had his leg in a cast, so I also had to put on and take off his coveralls and boots for him!

Rick Stein, Class of '79

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* This honor was awarded to Dr. Fox by the governor of Kentucky in January of 1979.

Frank and Jean Sprague were an elderly couple Francis befriended and was as devoted to as any good son could be. That's the side of Francis that most students never saw. I learned a lot more than medicine from him in the time I was privileged to ride with him.

Near their home was the location of Paradise Pond. I spent the summer of 1957 riding with Francis and, every hot summer afternoon, he would say, "This is the day we should go to Paradise Pond." But the right day never seemed to arrive. Then one scorching day, he pulled off the road, drove down a lane paralleling a railroad track, and we came to an isolated pond surrounded by cattails.

Off went all his clothes! He pulled an old black truck inner tube out of the bushes, climbed into it and paddled himself into the center of the pond. What a picture! Francis --- lily white, buck naked, and sitting in an inner tube with his porkpie hat and a cigar! And it got even better. A train came by no more than fifty feet away and we got to wave to the engineer!

We never went again, but I have a ten acre bass pond on my tree farm and it is named Paradise Pond.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

One cold blizzardly night I called Dr. Fox to treat a cow with milk fever. The roads were blocked and, in order for Dr. Fox to get to my barn, he had to leave his car and walk a half mile in the snow drifts which were nearly waist high.

I never knew why Dr. Fox was so upset with the students that came with him that night but he must have wanted to chastise them. He made them carry all of the grips he had in his car, including the hoof-trimming equipment, all the way to the barn just to treat a cow with milk fever.

After they treated the cow, Dr. Fox made quite an issue about the students washing their boots before beginning the trek back to his car. Consequently, the students didn't appear to be very happy with Dr. Fox, either.

Robert C. Houston

Several of my classmates used to ride ambulatory with Francis, and one of his favorite tricks was to send students into the barn to clean cows, etc. While the students were working, Francis and "Tico" would sit in the car and eat the students' lunches. They were very fond of tuna fish. This habit was curtailed when the students made "tuna fish sandwiches" with cat food.

John P. Combs, Class of '62

Dr. Fox used to take his students to Lucky's Diner, which was down on the inlet in Ithaca, and load them up with three-day-old chili. When they left to proceed on calls, the car was always closed up tight and Francis would be smoking a cigar and offering around the chewing tobacco.

He liked to see how far they could go before one of the students had to upchuck. "A quarter of a mile today! You did well!"

Andy Williamson, Class of '59

Traditionally, Dr. Fox has encouraged the students that ride with him to get as much experience as possible (i.e., do the dirty work). Once, after females had begun to proliferate in the classes, he had two young women with him who really didn't know anything about cows.

Dr. Fox was called to attend a cow that was calving in the middle of a field. He drove partway out to the cow and sat in the car, sending the students on to deliver the calf. The calf had a leg back and the students weren't at all sure how to deliver it. They yelled back to Francis, requesting assistance. Instead, Dr. Fox drove off without a word, leaving them alone in the middle of the field with the cow.

About a half hour later, Dr. Fox returned with Dr. Rebhun, who straightened out the leg and whipped out the calf.

Pete White, Class of '75

There is a local radio personality in Ithaca named Barbara Hall; she has been doing a weekly travelogue program for years and Dr. Fox hates her passionately, apparently because her voice is even more irritating than his. Because his car radio only gets local stations, he has been forced to listen to her innumerable times over the innumerable years he has been driving around. Once, while we were "enjoying the scenery" one Saturday, Barbara Hall came on the radio. After making a lunge to turn off the radio, Dr. Fox told me the following story:

"I was once at a farm trying to listen to a cow and that woman came on the radio that was playing in the barn. I immediately straightened up and laid into the farmer, 'Turn that blasted radio off. I'm trying to listen to this cow and I can't hear a damn thing with that whiny old witch rattling through the barn. I get physically sick every time she comes on the radio. How can you possibly stand listening to that voice?'

"The farmer replied, 'Oh, she doesn't really bother me. To tell the truth, I've always enjoyed listening to my daughter on the radio!'"

Tim Miller, Class of '90

It was a sultry June afternoon and the forecast called for thunderstorms. Francis seemed in unusually good humor as we completed out morning calls. "Rose wants to pick strawberries today and she's asked me to take her to a good wild strawberry field," he said cheerfully.

I reminded him that the forecast was for thunderstorms but he responded, "I know that....but *she* doesn't!"

We were driving by the large open fields to which he intended to take her that afternoon. There was no shelter in sight. "I'll drop her off and pick her up in three hours. She'll be out here during the storm!" He seemed ecstatic.

And so Francis planned an afternoon of berry picking for his mother-in-law.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

As a commercial sprayer, I often ran into Doc Fox on various farms and some of the farmers were our mutual friends. The Searles of Lansing had a dog who hated veterinarians and Doc Fox would never get out of his car until Ginger was tied up.

One day I was just finishing a louse and chorioptic mange spray when I saw the dog being tied. Looking out the window, I saw the ambulatory group getting out of Francis' car, so in a loud voice I hollered, "Untie the dog and run that damn quack off the farm!"

The Great White Father aimed a most satisfying glare toward the barn but, as I emerged, he said in his rather high nasal voice, "I might've known it was you in there getting the cows all wet."

Dick Pendleton

When awakened during the night by Dr. Fox so that I could accompany him on an emergency call, he inevitably began the telephone call with "Am I interrupting anything?"

Forrest Davis, Class of '57

Dr. Fox had just finished a herd health visit at our farm and we were standing outside while he made up his bill. He made some comment about women students only being good for one thing and waggled his eyebrows.

The male student with him laughed, so I said, "Just as soon as you get done, then you can leave!"

Somehow this story has grown over the years until many believe that I threw him off the farm.

Barb Patchen

Back at the College

When starting a lecture, answering a question, or preparing to make a profound statement, Dr. Francis Fox would clear his throat with a sound halfway between a gargle and an "Ahem!" This brief auditory pause has always produced a second or two of dead silence which Fran's gravelly voice would then pierce.

What is interesting about this is that Dr. Myron G. Fincher had a similar habit as did both Dr. Denny Udall and Dr. W.L. Williams. In other words, this practice has been passed down from professor to professor for over 100 years! We can only wonder in which person it will crop up next.

Steve Roberts, Class of '38

At Dr. Linc Field's memorial service, Mrs. Field suggested that Dr. Fox might restrict his remarks to two minutes or so. He just said, "Mrs. Field, nowadays, it takes me two minutes to stand up and clear my throat."

S.G. Campbell

My first year as a pharmacy technician was 1970. Dr. Fox came into the Pharmacy one morning with his old B-D stethoscope and asked me to put some new tubing on it. Paul Seland, who also worked in the Pharmacy, said to leave the stethoscope and he'd take care of it. He attached about 15 feet of tubing from the yoke to the diaphragm and laid it out on the counter.

When Dr. Fox returned, he took one look at the stethoscope and bellowed, "What the hell is this?" Then he thought a moment and allowed as how it might be okay after all. "I can stand back and let the student put the stethoscope on the cow. Then he can get kicked instead of me!"

Bill Bayley

I used to drive for Dr. Fox. One vacation, when Dr. Fox had a conference to attend, I borrowed his car to go to the Eddy Street Barber Shop for a haircut. I was sitting in the barber's chair when someone came running in and asked who was the owner of the car that had been parked out front.

I leapt up with the apron still on and dashed out. The car had slipped out of gear and rolled, hitting a fire hydrant. Even worse, there was a body lying under the car!

After a moment of heart-stopping panic, I discovered that the body was merely a curious onlooker who had witnessed the accident and was checking out the radiator.

Mickey McDaniels, the college mechanic, had to be called to extricate the car and tow it back to school. Francis wouldn't let me drive again for a good long time.

Wes Parry, Class of '68

I never had the experience of riding with Dr. Fox when I was a student, so I found myself with no scientifically verifiable case report of my own to contribute to this tome.

Someone once told me that Dr. Fox had been out of town some twenty years ago and he had left his car in the big ambulatory garage that now houses the treadmill. When Francis came back late that evening, the headlights wouldn't come on when he started up the car to drive home. You can imagine how awkward it was for a man of Francis's size to get under the dash and check all those fuses!

He was walking out of the garage to call his wife when he cast one last despondent glance at his car.

Aha! A glimmer of light! Pinkeye patches had been firmly glued over both headlights!

Mary C. Smith, Class of '72

In the fall of 1981, with much grumbling and many bitter complaints, Dr. Fox had arthroscopic surgery performed on his knee. At just about the same time, Clinical Pathology hired a new part-time secretary. Her name was Sharleen and she worked in the glassed-in office at the top of the stairs. She was a very gregarious young woman and it irked her that she had a lot of trouble learning the identities of all the clinicians. At that time, almost the entire staff wore either whites, scrubs, or coveralls all day and there probably wasn't a name tag in the entire college, so her confusion wasn't surprising, especially since she only saw staff members briefly as they popped in with samples or demanded results. Nonetheless, she frequently described people to me when she stopped by the Ambulatory Clinic for mail, and I would do my best to tell her who they might be and what they did.

One day, she came downstairs with the most peculiar look on her face and asked, "Who is that poor old man?"

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"That poor old fat man that always wears a white lab coat on backwards," Sharleen replied.

"Do you mean Dr. Fox?" I asked, horrified. "What on earth are you talking about?"

"Well," she said, "I see him every day and, really, it seems like three or four times every day. He walks up to the top of the stairs by my office, looks around, shakes his head, heaves a huge sigh, and goes back downstairs. I think if the poor old thing really can't remember where his office is, someone should do something."

When I picked myself up off the floor and stopped laughing, I explained that Dr. Fox had an inexplicable fondness for the old-fashioned style of lab coat that tied in the back and that he really wasn't wearing it backwards. I also explained that he had just had surgery on his knee and had been instructed by his doctor to exercise, preferably by climbing stairs. So despite all evidence to the contrary, the 'poor old thing' was simply following his doctor's orders for a change.

Carolyn M. Richards

Dr. Fox had the middle lobe of his right lung removed because of bronchiectasis. Prior to the surgery, he was in the Elmira hospital for diagnostic tests, and he was very upset that he had to enter the hospital the night before. I went down to see him, thinking that there was nothing really wrong with him, and I thought I would take him a flower. I couldn't find a lily (funereal overtones) so I got a white *Gloxinia* and wrapped the pot in black paper.

When I got there, they had injected a radiopaque dye to delineate the bronchiolar tree and localize the lesions. Unfortunately, Dr. Fox was allergic to the dye and was damn near dead when I walked in with the flowers.

But, all's well that ends well. He came through surgery very well and was almost ready to go home when Cully and I went down together to see him. He was sitting in a chair, fully dressed, in his usually cheery mood, complaining about the service, the nurses, the doctors, the food.....

I happened to look out the window and saw Dr. Fincher crossing the parking lot so I told Francis he was getting more company. Dr. Fox bolted into bed, fully clothed, pulled the covers up to his nose, and lay there moaning. Dr. Fincher came in, took one look, and turned deathly white. Everything he said to Francis was answered with moans. Dr. Fincher pulled me out into the hall and said, "We've got to get out of here and let the poor man rest. He's going to die! He's never going to make it." Dr. Fincher left almost at once.

The next day, Fox drove himself to the clinic with his arm propped up on pillows. Fincher about had another stroke.

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

How could we forget the day Dr. Fox was bound to a surgery table. A hose was stuffed up his pants leg and turned on, leaving Francis to endure a hydrotherapy session.

Tony Schwartz, Class of '63

"Have a chew, Pete!" I was a sophomore employed in sweeping the Medicine Building's floors and that included cleaning Dr. Fox's office. I can still smell that office. Part barnyard, part medicine room, but also part musty books, sweaty clothes, tobacco smoke and, sometimes, booze.

It was intoxicating enough for a sophomore to get to sit on the floor in a corner and listen to Charlie Hall, Kenneth McEntee, Sherm Tharpe, Bob Farrell, and others. They would talk about cows, about diseases, or about the college. Sometimes they'd pass a bottle, smoke a cigar, or have a chew.

That was my price of admission.

"Have some scrap, Pete!"

"Would you like a little plug to go with it?"

It wasn't so bad if you could spit, or if you could get out of the room to throw the chew away and then return to fake it like you had a jawful. But, somehow, Francis always knew. I think it must have been the lack of sweat on my forehead. If my face was pale and I was starting to sweat and look queasy, he was uproariously happy. In fact, if *anybody* was pale, starting to sweat, and looking queasy, he was happy.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

As many people know, human beings are creatures of habit. Francis H. Fox is one of the most habitual creatures around.

Every Saturday morning was a ritual. He would waddle from his car parked at the end of I-Barn towards his office. While strolling through I-Barn, he would closely observe the cattle to make sure the great and wise W.C. Rebhun was advising the residents properly on the care of bovine patients. At the end of I-Barn, he would glance both ways, very cautiously, to make sure no horse was approaching. Dr. Fox has always viewed horses as being an undeveloped food animal species.

After swinging open the door to the hallway, he would nod a curt good morning to the receptionist and proceed to his office. He would unlock his office and grab three empty cups. At precisely 9:11 A.M., Ken Tillapaugh and Charlie Hall

would stroll into the office, and the Saturday morning gathering would begin. On many occasions, Jack Hyde would turn up about 9:15 A.M. if he hadn't overslept.

Sometimes, Fox would allow a lowly large animal medicine resident such as myself to attend and, on truly special occasions, he might even buy that resident a 25¢ styrofoam cup of instant coffee with powdered cream. (I could never understand why a great dairy practitioner like Fox didn't insist on real cream!)

The discussion ranged from theories about why university deans were assassinated to the diagnosis of *Salmonella dublin* in the State of New York. Everyone's opinion was heard and thoroughly discussed (right or wrong). Between 9:55 and 10:05 A.M., the cronies would be hustled out of the office so that Dr. Fox could prepare for his dairy calls.

In some difficult clinical situations (i.e., those that cannot be resolved with a magnet, penicillin, or calcium), Dr. Rebhun's assistance would be sought by Dr. Fox. However, Dr. Rebhun's Saturday morning help varied wildly, depending on the preceding evening.

A true friend is F.H. Fox, and I am happy to know him.

D.L. Step

It has always been a treat to visit Francis' office when I return to the Vet School. One never knows who will be there --- a fellow alumnus, an interesting visitor, staff members, perhaps even the occasional client. Francis' witty, incisive, intuitive comments are always interesting and sometimes informative, whether the topic be veterinary medicine, classmates, college politics, or sports.

Peter L. Malnati, Class of '51

Francis certainly was upset when he realized that construction of the Multicategorical Research Wing was going to cut out his view of the Ithaca sunset!

Andy Williamson, Class of '59

Dr. Fox used to write up his calls every evening in his office, which was in the old two-story medicine building. He had a cat that lived in the building and that he had named Mike, in honor of Dr. Fincher (though apparently no one ever told Dr. Fincher what the cat's name was).

Anyway, one evening, Dr. Fox leaned over the upstairs railing and shouted, "Mike, you S.O.B., get up here!" A minute or two later, Dr. Fincher poked his head in Francis' office door and said, "Did you call me?"

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

I remember Dr. Fox introducing Dr. Myron Fincher as his boss at one of the January Conferences in the early 1960's. The seminar was on mastitis problems and Dr. Fincher was the main speaker. As Dr. Fincher stepped up to the microphone, he replied to the introduction by saying, "Dr. Fox, you have never had a boss." A round of laughter arose from the crowd as everyone knew the remark was just a joke between these two special colleagues and friends.

Stan Garrison, Class of '50

One day, many years ago, a then very young Dr. Hillman, apparently on his first year being on the Ambulatory Clinic staff, had a date with a certain red-headed horse lady from Odessa. As it happened, Dr. Fox wasn't too fond of this girl and, as Dr. Hillman was preparing for his date, Dr. Fox got the bright idea that if Dr. Hillman was late, this might quell the romance.

Dr. Fox got the students to lock Dr. Hillman in the shower for two hours. After the two hours were up, Dr. Fox got the students to unlock the shower; the students then ran for their lives leaving a very unhappy but sparkling clean Dr. Hillman.

We never knew for sure if Dr. Fox ever took the blame for this stunt but he sure got a kick out of talking about it.

George and Kathryn Ruuspakka

Tony Schwartz and I once had a bunch of what we called pull-string firecrackers. They are little cardboard cylinders with a string coming out of each end. When the strings are pulled, the explosive in the cylinder does its thing.

Tony and I loaded Dr. Fox's office up with them...we put them between the boots and the floor, we put them on his locker door. We put them on his desk drawers; in fact, we put two on each drawer, set so the first would go off when the drawer was opened a little ways but the second would not go off until the drawer was pulled all the way out. We had a wonderful time!

We heard later that every time one would go off, Dr. Fincher would slam his door.

Ray Schuerger, Class of '63

At the 1992 SCAVMA auction, Dr. Fox generously donated a free meal for two at any restaurant in Ithaca. Oddly enough, he placed no limits on which restaurant could be chosen or how much the tab could be....nonetheless, he was truly amazed at the $180.00 dinner tab when the two winning students presented it to him. They were *very* grateful, however. (It should be noted that he declined donating anything for the 1993 auction.)

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

When Fox got pissed at the higher-ups, he would commandeer one of the student rooms for the day and pout while everyone searched for him.

Jim Hudson and Nick Schatzle, Class of '60

On Charlie Hall's sabbatic leave, Dr. Fox once said, "Instead of reaching New Zealand, Charlie was marooned on an uninhabited tropical island. So, he just stuck a coconut on a tree, painted a face on it, and started talking."

S.G. Campbell

Unlike the rest of Dr. Fox's students, I have had the peculiar experience of leaving here as his student and returning as his dean. Let me just say that he intimidated me a whole lot more as a student than I can imagine intimidating him as a dean. I should puncture a myth that abounds in the land. Contrary to what he would have you believe, Francis Fox is one of the easiest faculty members to get along with. On the other hand, I'm glad that I'm his fourth dean and not his first.

Robert Phemister, Class of '60

The class of '62 was a little bit different in that there were six legacies in the class, so I happened to know a little bit about Dr. Fox before I ever got to the veterinary college.

At that famous interview to get into the college, there were Dr. Fox, Dr. Hagan, Dr. Fincher, Dr. Danks, and one other whom I've forgotten waiting to talk to me. Everything was going along pretty smoothly in the interview and I felt pretty good about it. Fox got out a sheet of paper that apparently had my transcript. And he said, "Well, Combs, everything looks pretty good here, but what about organic chemistry?" Well that really knocked me for a loop. All of a sudden something flashed. One of his former classmates, Rodney Forsythe, was my father's partner, and I had a little information.

I looked at Dr. Fox, and I'll never know why I did it but I said, "Well, Dr. Fox, I think I scored higher than you did."

John Combs, Class of '62

On the day of Dr. Fox's retirement dinner, there appeared a telephone message on his peg in the front office: "Difficult to figure out how you retired, since you never worked." It was signed: "Dr. Hagan from Pennsylvania."

The Great White Healer

"How would you like to go to the Syracuse Zoo tonight?" Francis and I were in the medicine room working on his grip when he asked me this. It was my senior year and I had been going on calls with him for more than two years.

It seemed that a large male orangutan, probably stir crazy from solitary confinement, had developed behavioral problems that were unacceptable. The ape was throwing its dung at visitors with great regularity and it was hurling its body off a trapeze against the steel sidewalls, creating tremendous noise and disturbing the big cats and other large animals that shared the building. It had been decided to put the poor beast down.

There was also the matter of trimming the overgrown hooves on a flock of Barbary sheep. Amazingly, Francis had recruited the services of an Animal Husbandry graduate student who hailed from California and was a trick roper. The three of us --- Francis, the cowboy, and myself --- were preparing to leave when we met Pete Ebertz in the hallway. Pete was a junior and had recently won the university heavyweight boxing crown, so he feared neither man nor beast.

Ebertz: "Where are going? What're you doing?"

Fox: "You wouldn't be interested. It's very dangerous."

Ebertz: "What is?"

Fox: "There is a gorilla at the Syracuse Zoo that has attacked a little girl. It's a man killer and we are going to destroy it. You might get hurt."

Ebertz: "I'm not afraid of any man-eating gorilla!"

Francis had offered the bait and Ebertz had swallowed it, hook, line and sinker! The drive to Syracuse permitted time for embellishment of the ferocity of the "gorilla" and the dangers that would be attendant with its demise. Ebertz was primed.

It was early evening when we arrived at the zoo, and we attended to the flock of Barbary sheep first. The roper was an expert and would cast out a loop, permit the running sheep to pass through, and then pick up a trailing leg. We would run

up the rope, cast the animal, and trim its hooves. Fox was efficient and the job was soon done.

Daylight was waning when we finished and prepared to attend to the orangutan. Ebertz raced ahead and into the unlighted building. By the time we arrived, he had located the cage and was leaning through a pair of horizontal bars, getting as close to the cage as possible, peering into the gloom.

SPLAT!!! A handful of orangutan dung hit the piece of plastic around the cage barely missing Peter Ebertz. I can still hear Francis laughing.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

Fox and Ebertz went to the Syracuse Zoo to tame a wild chimp[b] that was throwing feces and masturbating. They cured it with a 22 caliber, brought the body back, and put it in bed with one of the students.

Jim Hudson and Nick Schatzle, Class of '60

There was a chimp at the Zoo in Syracuse that had developed a bad attitude and had taken to throwing feces at passersby. Dr. Fox was the lucky veterinarian chosen to "fix" the problem, the apparent cure being to shoot the animal. He did so and brought the corpse back to the college.

That night, the chimp's body was found sitting in the drivers' seat of Dr. Fox's car and the next day seen leaving in the rendering truck with head and hands sticking out.

Anonymous

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[b] This is clearly a popular story even if details regarding the species have become hazy over the years.

One time when Dr. Fox was at our farm, my daughter Jane asked Dr Fox to look at her brown-and-white Indian pony. The pony had numerous warts on its nose and mouth.

Dr. Fox took hold of one of the warts, gave it a good twist, spit out tobacco juice, and said, "So goes one, so goes all." And they did!

Effie Decker

It was at the State Fair in Syracuse that Francis was at his best. He was as big an act as anything on the midway. The consummate showman, he could create drama where there was none. To witness a birth is to witness a miracle and a calving cow was a major event that inevitably drew a crowd. Francis and I would arrive --- he with a swagger that was half bear and half Bill Clinton and I lugging his grips and water bucket along behind him. The crowd would part and close tight back in around us as we examined the cow.

"Give me some soap and water, Pete!" He was giggling with anticipation as he prepared to cleanse the cow's perineum. He had already pulled on his obstetrical sleeve when he reached for the water cup.

I couldn't believe it! Francis was dipping water out of the bucket and hurling it over his shoulders at the crowd. And they were falling over themselves in retreat.

"That'll back 'em up," he chortled as we prepared to pull the calf.

The next call that morning was a retained placenta, and I was awarded the opportunity to deal with it. I was in the spotlight --- half scared I would make an error in the presence of Francis and half embarrassed with burying my arm in a cow to tease out a smelly afterbirth in front of all those questioning parents and kids --- and I wasn't ready for my mentor's next move.

"Pete, can you feel a heartbeat?" he asked. "Have you got its head straightened out, Pete?" Francis kept up a running commentary that swelled the crowd in anticipation. Unfortunately, the "miracle of birth" ended with a *plop* as the placenta fell in the gutter. I turned to Francis, but he, tittering gleefully, had left me alone with the disappointed and totally confused spectators.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

I had a favorite Standardbred stallion a couple years back that had raced well. He had developed a corneal ulcer which became infected with *Pseudomonas*. I took the stallion to Cornell and they treated him round the clock for a week. After the eye stabilized somewhat, I took the horse home and treated it for another week.

As it happened, we were holding another of what we facetiously term "Equine Seminars" at our farm at about the same time. The entire group of revelers felt compelled to go out and look at the horse, and the consensus was that the stallion might lose the eye.

Francis, carrying the inevitable huge bowl of popcorn, paced up and down the barn, beady eyes flashing. As ever, he was totally committed to observing everything in the barn and at the farm that might contribute to a particular case or problem. He came over to me and, in his whiny voice, said, "Unscrew the light bulb in front of the stallion and darken the stall as much as you can." Of course, no one had thought of this, relying as we were on the miraculous antibiotics and medications we were giving. We darkened the stall as Francis suggested and the horse made an uneventful recovery, going on to win at Vernon in 1:56.2 as a 10 year old!

James O. Marshall, Class of '57

I believe it was in the late 1950s that I had a bull come down with Listeriosis. Our local veterinarian, Dr. G.G. Stevens was not having favorable results treating this animal, so he called Dr. Fox. Dr. Fox came and treated the bull and left instructions for the ongoing treatment with Dr. Stevens.

The next week was the Annual Winter Conference for Veterinarians at Cornell and, during one meeting, questions came from here and there. The first question put to Dr. Fox was, "What can you tell us about Listeriosis?"

He replied, "I was just recently called to treat a typical case in Groton. I see Dr. Stevens is in the room, so I will ask him to tell us how the bull is improving and reacting to my suggested treatment."

Dr. Stevens reply was, "The bull died while I was in church this past Sunday morning."

Robert C. Houston

When Dr. Fox was a senior veterinary student, he went on a bus trip to New York City with his class and with Dr. Olafson along as chaperon. The plan was to visit slaughterhouses and learn about meat inspection. As usual, libations were served in the back of the bus and, as usual, Francis partook. Somehow, the unsteady young Francis exited the bus, alone, and found himself on a street in Harlem. As he stood there, a perplexed country boy obviously out of place, he was accosted by a mounted policeman: "What in the #$%* are you *doing* here?"

After listening to the lost bus explanation, the policeman declared that he was going to call a cab and stay with Francis until he got into same. The cop's final words were, "I don't ever want to see you here again!" He didn't!

Jack Hyde, Class of '54

One day, Dr. Fox arrived at our farm with a few students to treat one of our cows. Whenever our animals needed treatment, Dr. Fox always brought along his students. I always thought the students were fortunate to have such a wonderful teacher.

As I walked towards the barn door to greet Dr. Fox, I stepped on a board with a nail in it. The nail punctured my foot and blood gushed from the wound. Dr. Fox quickly opened his medicine bag and poured antiseptic over the wound. He then added a "Dr. Fox Healing Liquid" to a pail of water and made me soak my foot while I sat on a milk block.

After attending our sick cow, Dr. Fox returned to bandage my foot. Both the cow and I recovered.

I always said that Dr. Fox's diagnosis and treatment were always correct.

Effie Decker

I used to think Francis thought like a cow. He certainly knew how to get them cooperate better than any man I ever knew. Francis would sweet talk and nudge them into compliance where others would struggle or swear. I don't know if

it was sympathy or empathy that led him to use a rope halter and to shield a cow's eye from fear. I suspect it was both.

There was rarely use for a nose lead and he had an abhorrence for mechanical calf pullers. He recognized a cow's need to rest when her feet were held up too long and he would give her a break.

Years later, as I rat-raced from farm to farm with a call list as long as my arm, I realized that Fox had enjoyed the luxury of more time and that he had had students for labor. His practice was different but in no way did that diminish his methods or concern for his patients.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

I used to put my cows out every morning while I checked for cows in heat. One morning, I had a cow ready to freshen and I called the Ambulatory Clinic. Dr. Fox came out with Dr. Hillman, who had just graduated.

I told Dr. Fox I thought the cow had dropped her calf out in the field and we went off to look for the calf. Dr. Fox told Dr. Hillman to put on a glove and do a rectal examination on the cow.

Well, Dr. Hillman felt the calf and said, "Dr. Fox, there's a calf in here. What do you want me to do?"

Dr. Fox replied, "Get the damn thing out."

Larry Cortright

No doubt, the Hootchy Kootchy Show at State Fair was highly overrated. By today's standards, it probably would be shown on TV before 7:00 P.M. However, it 1957, it was *the* most exciting and sexually explicit show in town and I could only guess what took place behind those closed curtains.

Imagine my surprise and Fox's glee when the star of the show, a lovely lady on the south side of forty and hard as nails, arrived at our quarters with the complaint that her poodle was ill.

Fox quickly said I was a "small animal expert" and recommended that I make the house call. Then he sent me on my way with the woman. My eyes must have looked like saucers! I would have rather wrestled a gorilla than leave the absolute safety of our office encampment and go out alone into the night with that painted lady to visit her boudoir and her poodle.

Fox, of course, knew this, and played the scene to the hilt. And the outcome? Well, the poodle turned out to have allergic skin disease which was treated with a mastitis formula. And the Sex Goddess of the Midway turned out to be just another concerned pet owner who saved her charms for the stage.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

Fox's first year on the faculty at the Veterinary College was in the Large Animal Surgery Clinic, which happened also to be known as the Quack Shack at that time. He developed a great degree of skill as a surgeon.

He was invited to participate in one of the very first closed circuit TV demonstrations, doing surgery at an international meeting up in Canada. He was there, cutting away, and he was talking away and saying, "Now as you can see this is a very bloodless operation." Then: Spurt, Spurt, Spurt. Not only did he have a flare for the dramatic but he was also the master of understatment. There was blood all *over* the place.

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

One of my most memorable moments as a student at the New York State College of Veterinary Medicine was assisting Dr. Fox in surgery. To the general public and many of my colleagues, this may seem impossible, especially in this day of specialization. Believe me, it *did* happen and the patient survived, making a complete and uncomplicated recovery.

I was wandering around the hallowed halls (which is another way of saying I was cutting class) when I ran into Dr. Francis H. Fox. In his usual cordial manner, Dr. Fox accosted me and asked if I was being useful. There wasn't much that I could

say to support my position since I was out and about while all my classmates were in lab or clinics. Dr. Fox told me about a cow that Dr. Ace MacCauley had examined, adding that the cow probably was not sick based on the examining veterinarian who did not know #%!* about medicine. However, as a courtesy to Ace, Dr. Fox said he would examine the cow and asked me if I would join him.

The cow was conveniently located in one of the Cornell barns as a member of the school's dairy herd. Dr. Fox went about the examination in a methodical but complete way, then stood up and stated emphatically that, although it was hard to believe, he had to agree with Ace that this cow had all the signs of traumatic reticulitis (more commonly known as "hardware" to the uneducated like myself) and *needed surgery*.

Dr. Fox was asked to do the surgery there in the barn as opposed to moving the cow into the more "expensive" hospital. He agreed and collared me to assist him. Not knowing what to expect and absolutely too fearful to decline, I cheerfully agreed. The left paralumbar fossa was clipped and prepared (my job) while Dr. Fox went to his car and brought back all the necessary supplies including his own cold-sterilized surgical tray. After performing a paravertebral block (which worked very well on the first attempt), we proceeded to do the surgery.

Dr. Fox had on a clean set of coveralls and I was in greens; we wore no gloves. This was contrary to all that I had recently learned in surgical exercises. Dr. Fox used meticulous surgical technique, tying off all bleeders, probably because he was working under the watchful eye of Dr. MacCauley and a very impressionable student.

The surgery went along without a hitch, with Dr. Fox retrieving the trophy -- a piece of wire some 5 to 7 cm in length with a bend in the end. (This is just what Dr. John King always predicted in post mortem rounds.) Dr. Fox even had his own suture material and did a multiple layer closure, leaving specific instructions for Ace to follow and stating that he would be back to check the cow himself tomorrow. I was given the "privilege" of checking her at least once a day to be certain that nothing was going awry. The cow survived!

James A. Orsini, Class of '77

Francis Fox graduated in 1945 and started working in the Ambulatory Clinic. Shortly afterwards, he ran into a problem with diarrhea in cows. He recognized this as something different from what he had been told about in school. As it happened, he had worked at the hospital in the clinical pathology lab when he had been going to school --- this was at a time when clinical pathology was not yet used much in veterinary medicine.

However, he had the foresight to realize he was dealing with a different entity. He took blood to the clin path lab and looked at it and decided there was leukopenia and that this was virus diarrhea. And so bovine virus diarrhea was born!

Now most people would sit on their honors, but not Dr. Francis Fox. He was an epidemiologist before epidemiology was a big word. He realized that, in order for this disease to have statistical significance, he needed a larger data base, so he proceeded to spread it throughout the county.

I think he should be recognized as one of the founders of epidemiology.

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

The story involved a Dr. Stevens in Groton
who had a cow who really felt rotten.
Her uterus laid in the trough in the barn,
and her very low calcium was causing her harm.
Dr. Stevens was seventy and had done it all,
and I'm sure he hoped we would carry the ball.
Francis was up front with the intravenous drip
and poor Dr. Stevens was back in the .... plops.

Bob Clark, Class of '52
from the 'Ode to Dr. Fox'

The Belgian mare was sweating profusely and trembling with pain when we arrived. She was terrified. Moments before, she had been courageously straining in her harness, urged on by her owner and the crowd, trying to overcome the inertia of the sled as she and her teammate competed in the State Fair pulling contest. Underweight and overmatched by their opponents, they were the favorites of the crowd.

Spectators said they heard the crack when her femur broke that hot August night. She fell and then struggled to her feet. Somebody called the vet.

The crowd was pushed back while Francis examined her. It took only a moment.

Then he began to talk to her and to stroke her neck and forehead. Slowly, quietly, monotonously, he spoke to her in a near whisper, and she began to relax and quiver less. He droned on, and soon the terror was gone. She trusted him.

None of us saw the .38 revolver he took from his coat and slowly drew across her brow. The shot rang out and she dropped like a stone in an explosion of flatulence.

It was an act of kindness I will never forget.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

Sporting Events, Gambling, and Legendary Bets

Back in June, 1957, a few of us were still in Ithaca studying for state boards during the time between graduation and the practical examination. Of course, this became very boring so we would try to catch a ride with Francis whenever possible and go on large animal calls. Thus, on one sunny afternoon, I ended up with Francis and Mendel Bartlett out in the country. On the way back, Mendel decided to take everyone for a ride in his boat which he kept at a marina near Taughannock Farms. Although I think it was only the three of us, Moore or VanDyke might have been along, too.

We hopped in the boat and proceeded out into the lake for a nice run. I noticed that Mendel had a set of water skis in the back of the boat, so I announced that I could water ski. Francis immediately pronounced my statement as a lie so, of course, I had to prove the point. Off with my clothes! Leaving my jockey shorts to serve as a bathing suit, I donned the skis, Mendel revved up the boat, and we were off.

Francis couldn't stand my success and immediately urged Mendel to try to dump me. He circled and swerved, doing every possible move with the boat, but I clung steadily to the skis. I could see that they were discussing the next plan and I soon found out it was to wear me down.

They circled to the east side of the lake and started for Ithaca --- some 11 miles away! It was a beautiful summer's day and there were several gals out on their docks sunning themselves; the appearance of a scantily clothed skier attracted their interest, which of course delighted Francis.

Finally, we reached Stewart Park in Ithaca. My legs were about gone as I abandoned the rope and slid into the beach. After some delay and much discussion, Francis and Mendel decided to pick me up. To this day, I believe the only reason they didn't leave me there was because they wanted to get the skis back!

James O. Marshall, Class of '57

Forty years ago, Francis had a fat beagle dog.[c] Francis and the beagle would frequently set forth to hunt rabbits. Incidently, I have never been invited to the Fox house for a meal of hasenpfeffer, so readers may wish to draw their own conclusions on the success of these hunts.

Nevertheless, this overweight but underexercised pair would often become separated on these hunts and be unable to find each other. Since the beagle's nose was the most educated sense organ of the two hunters, Dr. Fox would take off his coat and place it on the ground at the end of the day or whenever it became obvious that he and the dog could not locate each other.

The next day, he would drive out to the spot where he left his coat and retrieve the dog who inevitably had found the coat and was waiting eagerly to get back into the car. The dog, of course, was anticipating something to eat and a long rest on the blanket under Dr. Fox's desk.

Steve Roberts, Class of '38

The winter of 1957-58 was the roughest in years and many roads were impassible, with drifts exceeding eight feet. The National Guard was air-lifting supplies to isolated areas. It was a cold, hard winter.

Bob Rasey, Don Mielke, and I rode Ambulatory together that winter. We were riding with Fox and I mentioned how rough it must have been for the pioneers during hard winters. "Peterson, you anemic S.O.B., you shouldn't even use the word 'pioneer.' You are too weak and too lily-livered to deserve to stand in their shadows. You wouldn't last a night out there."

The bet was on. At nine o'clock that night, Francis collected Bob Rasey and myself. We were blindfolded by Fox and Mielke and driven to an isolated spruce forest where we were unceremoniously dumped on the roadside. We had two threadbare blankets, a raccoon skin coat, six eggs, some bacon, a frying pan, a book

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[c] Some observers state that Dr. Fox has *always* had fat dogs, many of whom were beagles; this particular dog may well have been the infamous "Tico."

of matches, and "Tico." The bet was that we couldn't survive the night and have breakfast for them in the morning; the amount wagered was $10.00.

It was dark. It was snowing. It was cold. There had been two feet of fresh snow over a base of frozen rain. We gave up on a fire, scooped a hole in the snow, laid down some spruce boughs and tried to sleep. Back to back, warmed only by "Tico's" flatulence, we shivered through the night.

We had bacon sizzling in the pan upon the Fat One's arrival and **NEVER** collected the $10.00!

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

Memorable winter sports occurred while on farm calls with Dr. Fox and his beloved beagle "Tico." Dr. Fox would stop on a country road and hook up a couple of foot ropes so that I could be pulled along behind the car on my skis, with "Tico" running along beside me. Then we would stop at a farmer friend's place for hot chocolate and conversation.

Forrest Davis, Class of '57

Francis Fox used to think of himself as a boxer until he put on boxing gloves with Old Matt Moore of Lansing. It turned out that Matt was a former Golden Gloves boxer and Francis got the devil beat out of him. After that incident, Francis always said he really didn't have the time to box.

William Mix

I sometimes went deer hunting with Doc at Eino Johannson's farm in the wilds of West Danby. I didn't actually hunt. Rather, like Gunga Din, I carried the Molsons. Doc always stalked the elusive white-tail deer dressed in a full set of rain gear. He even had a giant "Sou'wester" rain hat which looked quite dashing. The overall effect was that of a king-sized lemon wearing an Elmer Fudd hat.

Mary O'Horo Loomis, Class of '82

Gambling on the Cornell campus has never been permitted. This never bothered either Fran Fox or Frank Page, the former manager of the Cornell stables. These two gambled with each other for 30 years without being caught or reprimanded.

Anytime their paths would cross, each would pull a quarter out of a pocket and flip for the 50¢. This occurred on campus streets, state roads, busy intersections, the Agway parking lot, the Large Animal Clinic office and, for all I know, in church. I don't know that Frank attended church very regularly but often when he left a meeting, it was with the statement, "See you in church!"

It's impossible to guess how much money actually exchanged hands between these two. They may have ended up even or it could have been hundreds of dollars. As the years wore on, they included more and more people in their flips. Sometimes a half a dozen people would be seen by the loading docks at the feed store, all bending over tossing quarters on the ground --- odd man won the lot.

Worse, Fran and Frank pulled all the secretaries and any wandering students or staff into this pastime at the clinic, so it was not surprising to walk into the Ambulatory Clinic office and see two or three secretaries, a student or two, and perhaps Kevin Bleck huddled in a corner, busily flipping quarters again and again until there came a flip with only one odd man. Then there would be groans and cheers as the winner picked up his (or her) share and the losers paid up.

Steve Roberts, Class of '38

In the winter of 1956, Francis came in from Ambulatory and spotted me sweeping the lecture room floor in the old Medicine Building. He was moaning and groaning as usual about being overworked and under-appreciated.

Since he was so tired, I offered to carry him upstairs to his office. "Peterson, you anemic S.O.B., you couldn't even lift me!"

The result was a $10.00 bet that I couldn't carry him to the third floor and the door of Cy Card's apartment. I hoisted his fat frame in a fireman's carry and started up the stairs. Midway between the first landing and the second floor, we met Dr. Fincher coming down the stairs. Francis was on my back, dressed in coveralls,

wearing his boots, and holding his spitting cup in one hand while holding his hat on his head with the other. He gulped, swallowed his tobacco, tried to squirm off by back, and managed a barely audible "Good morning, Dr. Fincher."

Dr. Fincher's eyes dilated, he shook his head, mumbled a greeting, and continued down the stairs. I stumbled to the third floor, won the bet, and **NEVER** collected the $10.00!

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

I'm not sure exactly which year was the beginning of our annual golf get-together, but the Onondaga vets used to meet at Henry Moran's and often would bring up one of the Cornell professors for a talk.

One year, Francis was the speaker and we had arranged a golf outing which I hosted at the Cavalry Club in Manlius. Sherm Tharpe, a great fellow who worked for Pitman-Moore for many years, was my partner. Lou Watson came down from Pulaski and was paired with "Honest Ed" Wright, a great friend of Francis' whom none of us knew. Francis proclaimed that Honest Ed was one of the best golfers in the Southern Tier and would be a suitable partner for Lou in this outing.

We arrived at the Cavalry Club with great expectation, waiting for Honest Ed's turn to swat the first ball. Honest Ed was slightly over five feet tall, bald headed, and the last person you would pick to be a great athlete, especially a great golfer. Honest Ed, who turned out to be left handed, stepped to the tee and took a vicious swipe at the ball, missing it completely. We were having trouble controlling our emotions as he gathered his strength and took another vicious swipe, moving the ball maybe twenty yards down the fairway. Lou realized he was in for a long day; I'm not much of a golfer but Sherm Tharpe was, so we were developing a good feeling about the outcome of the game.

Francis, of course, didn't play golf but delighted in running the golf cart. Since he had never been schooled in the etiquette of a formal golf course, he tore off with the golf cart, driving over greens and tees. I finally collared him and managed to keep him from driving in areas which would have us ejected from the

club. While the rest of us walked the course, Francis raced the cart after Honest Ed, who could be heard squealing and yelling as Francis tried to run him down.

Sherm and I collected a few bucks after the match. After a few beers, Honest Ed went back to Ithaca and Francis rode with us over to Henry Moran's in North Syracuse, where the meeting was held.

Francis had ridden up with Honest Ed. Gordon Danks had come alone and Francis had erroneously assumed that Danks would be going home after the meeting and that he could catch a ride with him. However, after the meeting, Gordon Danks explained to Francis that he had no plans of returning to Ithaca that night and was staying over in Syracuse. This left Francis stranded and poor Lou Watson ended up driving him all the way back to Ithaca and then having to drive all the way back north to Pulaski. Danks enjoyed this story and related it for years afterwards.

This turned out to be the beginning of the annual golfing get-together. Francis brought the hard cider and Lou always brought some cheese curd from the North Country -- spiced and unspiced -- along with some nice apples. We varied the locations, sometime in Adams or at the Cavalry club. When it became time for Francis and Honest Ed to host, we would play at the Cornell course. It was always a painful discussion when it was time for these two to host the outing in the Southern Tier. Honest Ed did not always live up to his name when it came to totalling the strokes after each hole. And, although it is hard to believe, he was even tighter with a buck than Francis. So it was a woeful and pathetic experience to be forced to listen to them bemoan how they could possibly pay for hosting this group.

As the years have rolled on, some of the original golfers have passed away and been replaced. In the past few years, we have given up the golfing and simply have a get-together at my farm in North Chittenango, which we bill as an "Equine Seminar." Besides the erstwhile golf group, Francis has brought Bill Rebhun, Bob Hillman, and Norm Ducharme. We have a horseshoe tournament, plenty of beer, hot dogs and hamburgers, and lots of popcorn.

Francis has complained bitterly about the menu, frequently demanding surf and turf. Last year, we did move up to chicken but the horse business hasn't allowed for surf and turf. However, I did announce that we would make an exception and serve Francis lobster tail, while the rest of us made do with chicken. I had found

some empty lobster tail shells and stuffed them with popcorn. With great fanfare, I heated them up for Francis. As he dug for the lobster meat, he found only popcorn. Undaunted, he tackled the legs attached to the lobster shell. Fortunately for Francis, my wife arrived at that very moment and explained that the lobster shells had, in fact, come from a garbage can. She probably saved him from an acute case of *Salmonella*.

James O. Marshall, Class of '57

Dr. Fox and his pal, Percy Yaple, were hunting one fall, most likely up on Taft Hill in Caroline Center. Francis actually got a deer and Dutch Baker went back to the clinic to tell Dr. Fincher, "Fox got a deer!!"

Dr. Fincher, the realist, asked "Who in the hell did he buy it from?"

Herb Whittaker

Nicotine Tales

It was Fox's habit to give a whole chew to each student that rode with him. The student then had to hold the juice in his mouth until the next stop sign, at which time he was allowed to open the door and spit. I remember well when he gave me an apple-cured plug as I got into the back seat.

Francis was almost gleeful as he took off on the back roads as it could easily be 20 miles between stop signs. I was getting pretty close to retching and losing it all when inspiration hit. I reached out for the pair of black boots sitting next to me in the back seat. When we arrived at the call, I was first out of the car and at quite a distance when Francis slipped his nicely polished Oxfords into that pair of boots. Had I been any closer I'm sure I would have been deafened for life.

Wayne O. Evans, Class of '64

It was a fact of life that everybody who climbed into the back seat of Francis Fox's car was offered a chew. Once suckered into this by his wheedling little voice asking if you would like some of his "candy," you were stuck with the fact that you weren't allowed to open a window and spit. The ensuing combination of motion sickness and swallowed tobacco was always a winner for Francis.

Many years after graduation, I returned with my children to relive the grand times I had enjoyed riding on farm calls with Francis. I climbed into the front seat while Jim, who was then all of eight years old, climbed into the back with his sister Susan.

Francis closed the windows and turned to the rear seat with his beady little pig eyes twinkling. "Would you like a little candy, Jim?"

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

Dr. Fox could drive for hours without coming up to a stop sign.

Ray Schuerger, Class of '63

Around 1960, before air travel had made the big national meetings such as the AVMA, AAHA, and Western States so easy to attend, our regional New York State Society meetings were more popular and better attended social events, with spouses frequently attending the associated dinner programs.

I was in charge of a program and arrangements for a Western New York meeting in Jamestown, NY, with one hundred or more people attending from as far away as Rochester, Buffalo, and the contiguous hinterlands. I arranged for Dr. Fox to be the speaker for the Large Animal portion of the program and I had also arranged for the late Fred Dunn, then mayor of Jamestown and a cigar-smoking buddy of mine, to make the official welcoming speech.

We all know of Dr. Fox's addiction to cigars, Copenhagen snuff, and Kentucky Twist chewing tobacco, so I decided to present him with some expensive cigars at the meeting. At the cigar store, there was a box with just two of the original dozen huge 7" long "Churchill" coronas left, so I bought them both --- at about $2.00 each --- and was given the box as well, which I gift wrapped.

I arranged for the mayor to present the box to Dr. Fox at the end of his official speech. However, the mayor, knowing the contents of the box, advised Dr. Fox that he, as the mayor, would have to inspect the package first. So he proceeded to unwrap the package, open the box and, taking one of the cigars, allowed as how he enjoyed good cigars but couldn't afford such expensive ones as those. He said he thought he should keep one inasmuch as we hadn't paid him anything for his appearance or his speech.

He then gave Dr. Fox the cigar box with the one cigar left in it. The stunt produced the expected laughter from the crowd and a moderate amount of embarrassment for Dr. Fox. However, it also produced an element of lingering regret in me because Dr. Fox had never in any way ever embarrassed me.

So, over the subsequent thirty-plus years, I have enjoyed continuing to give him good cigars and Kentucky Twist (he can buy his own Copenhagen), knowing that I have more than made up for that less-than-full box and that unkind prank.

Charles W. Sanderson, Class of '53

Never give Francis Fox a fine cigar --- he doesn't know a good stogie from buffalo dung. Whatever type they are, he generally files them on his desk until they desiccate and then offers them to distinguished visitors, hoping to impress them with the label. When they are lit, dry cheroots generally explode.

Skip Carmichael

Dr. Fox's secretary, Mary Jane, and I racked our brains trying to think of an April Fool's trick to play on him. Finally, we decided to put red pepper in his snuff. He had an almost full can and we laced it pretty heavily with red pepper.

We waited and waited for the roaring to begin. Nothing! Months went by and still we heard nothing. Finally, our curiosity got the better of us and we somehow managed to make a reference to it. Well, he swore, he cursed us, and he sat snorting for several minutes. It seems that some good friend had come in to see him and Dr. Fox offered him the snuff. He ranted and raved at us about how dangerous that prank was and how his friend had almost choked on the snuff.

This seemed slightly unfair because he had played a lot more tricks on me through the years. He knew how jumpy I was, so he would come in and throw things on the floor behind my chair, just to watch me jump and scream. One day, he threw my 3-hole paper punch. As it happened to be full, he spent the next several minutes picking up little paper circles off the floor.

Grace Clark

Dr. Fox has been very good about modifying his vocabulary and putting out his cigars in deference to my tender sensibilities when he finds me in the Ambulatory office. But, after 20 years, he still tries to wheedle me into taking "just a little chew."

Mary C. Smith, Class of '72

Despite Dr. Fox's continued attempts to get me to join him in chewing tobacco or sharing an alcoholic beverage, he never succeeded and considered me one of his biggest failures in this regard.

Forrest Davis, Class of '57

Dr. Fox had the habit of putting his cud of tobacco up on the car visor when going to a fancy farm or when he was going back to school, as Mike Fincher disapproved of this habit. In those days (1955 and 56), "Tico" the obese beagle always rode on calls. On one day, after Francis had placed a fresh cud on the visor prior to going in to talk with a farm manager, we took the cud and, after petting Tico, added some of the dog's ever-present hair plus some convenient cow manure from the barnyard and mixed them well with the cud of tobacco. Well, old Francis returned to the car, popped the cud in his mouth and never knew the difference. It took maximum self control from us not to burst out laughing. After that trick, we figured we might not graduate if it became known, so we never revealed it until years later.

R. Tass Dueland, Class of '56

When Dr. Fincher was still here, and Dr. Hillman was in his early years in Ambulatory, Dr. Fincher had strongly suggested that Dr. Fox not chew tobacco in the building.

One day, Dr. Hillman was sitting in his office at his desk and Dr. Fox was visiting with him, sitting with his back to the door. When the door opened abruptly, Dr. Hillman looked up and said, "Hello, Dr. Fincher."

Dr. Fox, with his back to the door and a big pouch in his cheek, quickly swallowed the entire contents. Naturally, it wasn't Dr. Fincher at the door, but rather Sherm Tharpe.

Ed Laine

Dr. Fox celebrated the birth of one of his children by bringing in a dirty old paper bag full of "guinea twister" cigars. He promptly passed these out at the beginning of his lecture and urged [forced] all us to light up. It's a good thing that smoke detectors hadn't yet been invented because surely an alarm would have gone off as clouds of blackish-grey smoke rolled out of the lecture room. Perhaps that was one way for Dr. Fox to get even with us for his birthday celebration.

R. Tass Dueland, Class of '56

On yet another occasion, Dr. Fox laid his cud of chewing tobacco on his car and went into a barn on a call. That particular farm had chickens running all over the place and one of the hens happened to defecate in front of one of the students. Deciding to play a joke on Dr. Fox, he replaced the cud with the chicken dropping.

Dr. Fox came out of the barn and casually replaced what he thought was his cud in his mouth.....

Anonymous

They grabbed his pouch of chew one time and put dry horseshit in it, and Schatzle got dirty details for several weeks after that.

Jim Hudson and Nick Schatzle, Class of '60

Earle Peterson, Class of '58, was a patient enough student to search for weeks in the Small Animal Clinic runs before finding a "deposit" identical in color and consistency to Dr. Fox's tobacco cud. Francis was is the habit of leaving the "cud" on the fender of the ambulatory car when he stopped at a farm. Need I say more?

Dorothy F. Holmes, Class of '58

Francis actually went to the Emergency Room once. He was told by the attending physician that all his symptoms surely sounded like atropine poisoning. Francis is reported to have sat up and exclaimed, "Those sons of bitches put atropine in my chewing tobacco!"

Ray Schuerger, Class of '63

Hard Cider, White Lightning, and Other Beverages

It was the fall of 1971 that John Donovan and I journeyed to Ithaca to visit the good Dr. Fox. It was my year as state president for the veterinary society and John Donovan was the executive secretary. We had been informed that a problem existed in the Ithaca area regarding the misuse of needles and syringes in animals by individuals other than veterinarians.

The meeting had been scheduled in Fox's office at 5:30 P.M. Several area veterinarians already were present when I rapped on the office door. A voice we all know responded with: "Come on in. We've been expecting you, good you could make it, have a drink.....everyone else has one. Catch up, take a big swallow."

The words, "Take a big swallow" should have been cause for alarm. But I took a big swig as he handed me a Coke bottle from that lower drawer of his office desk. As the liquid went down, so did I, turning white with a burning throat and sloughing taste buds. I staggered to my feet. I faintly remember the laughing that always follows when someone indulges in one of Francis' drinks --- especially this Polish lightning that could do you in on inhalation alone!

Having been fortunate enough to miss all of those early episodes my classmates endured, I guess I had this one coming.

Stan Garrison, Class of '50

Dr. John Mehling and his senior students were at Ed Lampilla's farm one day. Ed suggested that they try some of his homemade cider. They all took a sip, the students and Doc, and then put the rest of the jug in the car.

They came back to school and parked the car in the garage. As it was a hot day, the bottle exploded on the back seat, spewing broken glass and cider all over the car. Fox, upon examining the car had but one comment: "Goddamn waste."

Ed Laine

During junior year clinics, Dr. Fox saw to it that I rode with him. One Wednesday, he insisted that we go to the Searles' farm to recheck a cow. All Dr. Fox did was to knock on the door, walk right in and sit down. He then *demanded* a drink. Of course, he insisted that I had to have one, also. Little did I know about the potency of the Searles' infamous cider. After one drink, he thought we needed more, especially after he had told me to hurry up and finish mine because we just had to check that cow. Another drink was poured and immediately Dr. Fox said to hurry up and drink it --- time was awastin' and it wasn't polite to leave food or drink. So, naive me, I drank it right down, stood up to leave, and immediately fell to the floor, much to everyone's delight. As it turned out, there never was a cow to recheck.

To make matters more embarrassing, we had to go back to the clinic. As I was in no shape to walk in, Dr. Fox assisted me into the building, making a big scene all the way, and totally embarrassing me in front of everyone.

Douglas E. Evans, Class of '74

Dr. Fox used to make regular trips to a lady who was a cook at a hotel in Elmira and who raised calves in a shed out back. If a calf scoured, Francis went down after school and mixed up the "atomic bomb" for the calf and then went inside to eat.

The lady was a great and generous cook. After a diner for six had been consumed by two or three of us, out would come the elderberry wine, cherry bounce, or dandelion wine. (Francis actually picked the blossoms for her to make the wine!) The hardest part of the evening was figuring out who would drive back to Ithaca because, by then, we all needed an atomic bomb for ourselves.

Wes Parry, Class of '68

Remember the monthly meetings of the Chi Delta fraternity that were held in the back room of the Richford Hotel?

Anonymous

For years, Doc Fox and I would run into each other at our client's farms --- I did a lot of commercial spraying --- and eventually we became good friends.

Once, he stopped by my house and left a sawfly larva with my wife who, fortunately, was used to such things. He gave her some information as to where it came from and said that it had stripped the leaves from brush all over the farmer's property. It was the larva of the dogwood sawfly which, about every 50 years, will reach epidemic proportions in small areas, feeding more or less entirely on grey dogwood. The farm in question was in the Spencer area and I happened to be familiar with that particular infestation.

The next morning, Doc Fox called my office and I told him to set the farmer's mind at rest because the dogwood would recover and the farmer most likely would never see another infestation, particularly since he was 84 years old.

Doc Fox said, "If I met you in front of Bailey Hall in 10 minutes, could you ride over with me and tell this man what you have just told me?"

I thought this was a rather strange request, but Doc had been very helpful from time to time, so I said, "Why not?" Off we went, with me wondering why this was so important to him. About halfway to Spencer, the truth came out.

"Dick, this old man makes the finest chokecherry wine in the whole area and I want to keep him happy. If we're lucky, he'll give us a glassful." We were, and the old man did, so I guess we set his mind to rest.

Dick Pendleton

The hard cider calls earlier in the day fortified his group for their tour through the country; then to return later to check the patient. A couple of ciders and a bareback ride on the "hawky" palomino left Fox on the ground with a bruised gluteus.

Jim Hudson and Nick Schatzle, Class of '60

Dr. Fox often would take a few students of the right genetic make-up to the Southern Tier Veterinary Society meeting. Since his friends would all buy drinks, Dr. Fox encouraged student participation. Many of these students never made it home in a conscious state.

Erwin Pearson, Class of '58

I was having lunch with the Searles one afternoon when we saw Francis driving down the lane in his own personal car. He came in, highly agitated and practically wringing his hands. "Raymond," he whined, "I can't make good hard cider. This stuff is awful. Do you think you can save it?"

The three of us muscled his barrel of cider into Ray's basement and tasted the contents. The noted diagnostician was right --- it was barely drinkable. Foxy kept walking up and down, asking over and over, "Do you think you can save it?"

Raymond used his secrets and within two weeks it was top grade cider. As it happened, I had occasion to see Dr. Bob Legler shortly after this miracle had occurred and I told him about the cider. He said he really wished he had known about this since a group was having a dinner in Batavia in a few days to honor the good doctor and it would have been fun to have some of the cider present.

By sheer coincidence, I had to drive to Buffalo the day of the dinner, so I made up a label saying: OLD DOCTOR FOX'S FAMOUS BREW. Both Ray Searles and I signed it, attesting to the quality of the cider, and we plastered it on a gallon jug full of the rejuvenated apple juice. I dropped it off at the Batavia track on my way by.

A month or so later, Doc Fox was at my office in Comstock Hall, thanking me for spreading his cider "all over New York State."

Dick Pendleton

Fox often made "cherry bounce" which he used to cure any colds or illness which might crop up and which he kept with his specimens on his office walls.

Jim Hudson and Nick Schatzle, Class of '60

"Rasey! What have you got in that glass? Give me some!" Francis and Sherm Tharpe had arrived at Alpha Psi a half hour earlier. It was in the early morning hours following a Saturday night party. About a dozen upperclassmen, including Bob Rasey and Jim Brayton from OTS, were finishing off a keg of beer.

Fox and Tharpe were dressed in business suits, but that hadn't prevented them from being hoisted unceremoniously and jackknifed into a double-sided laundry tub. There they were with legs dangling over the front edge and the water level halfway up their chests. They both had on fedoras and their neckties had been neatly cut off below the knot.

They didn't seem to be feeling any pain. Sherm had accepted a beer but Francis wanted something better.

"Rasey! You sneaky S.O.B. You've got some good stuff in your glass. Give me some!"

"You don't want this, Francis," said Bob as he swirled the amber liquid in his glass.

"Rasey, I know you. You've got whisky in that glass. Give it to me!" He was getting louder.

"It's *not* whisky and you *don't* want it" replied Bob.

"I'm telling you --- give it to me!" commanded Fox.

"Oh, all right" sighed Rasey as he handed Francis the half glass of carefully cooled-down urine.

Earle Peterson, Class of 58

As he aged, Dr. Fox participated in fewer parties. More than once, it was necessary to load up an entire O.B. party, tie the beer kegs to the Ambulatory trucks, and set out for Muriel Street. Once the party had unloaded in the Fox yard, it would be necessary to rope off the street so Francis would be forced to take part and not try to escape.

Erwin Pearson, Class of '58

I'm sure you're familiar with Fox's birthdays at OTS and the cut off neckties. Fox was taken home after one of these soirees and dumped on the couch, which he fell off of, then played billiard ball off the walls on the way to the head (as his unhappy wife looked on).

Jim Hudson and Nick Schatzle, Class of '60

At some AVMA meetings, Dr. Bob Kirk had to go along to keep Francis out of trouble even though they both were on the program.

Erwin Pearson, Class of '58

The Rotund One --- A Gleeful Gourmand

In the good old days, Dr. Fox used to eat lunch every day at Lucky's Boulevard Diner on Taughannock Boulevard. The place was a ptomaine palace and was shut down by the Board of Health years ago. Francis used to do sneaky things like loosening the tops of salt and pepper shakers so that he could laugh at the students when they inadvertently ruined their lunches.

He also had been involved in an incident involving adding atropine to the water supply of a large animal medicine resident. He had boasted at great length about the poor fellow's difficulty focusing on his work.

It was decided that Fox should pay for his crimes. One day I got to the diner first. Since Fox *always* ordered buttermilk, I asked for a glass and shaved in a tad of atropine from a teeny tiny pill. I then instructed Lucky to serve this medicated matter to Francis.

As ever, Francis came in for lunch and, as ever, he sucked down the buttermilk. As it happened, however, he had to present a committee report at a faculty meeting that very afternoon. His mouth was a smidgeon dry, but his obvious difficulty with enunciation was attributed by all to alcohol consumption.

Through the years, this little bit of atropine has grown in Francis' mind and he now insists the amount exceeded a full 5 grams!

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

Breakfast at the State Fair midway was always an adventure. Come to think of it, going anyplace to eat with Francis was an adventure.

At the Fair, we ate at the same outdoor volunteer firemen's concession every day. He was a regular and I was that year's assistant, which made me fair game for practical jokes and good-natured ridicule.

Francis would sit on a bench in his pork-pie hat, coveralls (which had *Medicine Department* stencilled on them), and rubber boots, and pick on me. Endlessly. It was all in good humor and no doubt was worth the price of admission.

He would shower both our plates with catsup and pick the choicest morsels off my plate and then his. His table manners were intentionally atrocious. The meal ended up with Red Man scrap or a bit off of whatever plug he had stuffed in his bib.

Earle Peterson, Class of '58

It was February, 1966, and Francis, as AVMA Delegate to the AVMA-American Kennel Club Symposium on *Canine Distemper*, had had a trying day keeping peace between Drew Baker of Cornell and Dick Ott of WSU. It was clear that this was Delegate Fox's first encounter with high level debates of the sort that result when scientists with divergent views, each supported by equally tenuous data, clash. As a national figure cast in the role of "dog disease expert" and partially responsible for formulating the Symposium Recommendations, he was both elated over the honor of being considered a canine specialist and also confused.

By the end of the first of a two-day meeting, it was clear that Francis needed time to both satisfy his appetite and digest the day's events. The two of us went to a cheap Chinese restaurant and ordered dinner for four or five. He said, "Treat's on me!" The dishes arrived in abundance and, being the gentlemen that I believe I am perceived to be, I took only a small portion from each bowl. Francis seized the remainder. As I recall, I ended up paying the bill and, afterwards, still hungry, stopped at a deli for a pastrami sandwich.

Francis returned to his hotel room, took 15 cc of Maalox, and was ready the next morning for the day's travail. He is listed in the Symposium Supplement (JAVMA 149. 714 -"Others Participating") and probably has the thing listed in his C.V. as a publication.

Skip Carmichael

It happens that I was never privileged to engage in any victimizing pranks but, as a presumed friendly neighbor, I occasionally was caught in the schemes of others and would find my car jacked up on blocks with Francis' in our hiding-place parking lot. On one occasion, I was an innocent pawn in a tangled plot Francis had designed.

When I joined the faculty, Francis introduced me to the real estate tycoon and former farm client, Honest Ed Wright. In order to cement our agent-client status, Francis persuaded the notoriously tight broker to buy me dinner at the Valley House on the presumption that there would be a large escrow account for him. Completely unaware of Ed's miserly nature, I happened to take my older daughter along with me on the designated evening. This caused Honest Ed to mutter some reservations --- about not for --- dinner.

When we were seated in the center of the crowded dining room, we gave our orders to a busy waitress. My daughter selected a Bloody Mary cocktail and the top entree, a steak, for dinner. Honest Ed, horrified at the cost and no doubt realizing that Francis had tricked him again, rose in the middle of the dining room and asked how I could raise a child with such expensive tastes. Then he announced to the entire room that he could never afford the check and he cancelled his order, asking for a peanut butter sandwich and a glass of ice water.

Charles Hall, Class of '53

Francis has an international reputation as a dancer. Back when I was in school, DAs were first being diagnosed. Of course, Dr. Fox was the resident expert and was, in fact, even invited to Germany to participate at a convention on gastrointestinal disease.

As it happened, the people in Denmark said they were seeing all right DAs and the people in Germany said they were seeing all left DAs, so Dr. Fox had to settle the argument. He got that all straightened out and they had a big banquet at the end of the convention. Dr. Fox had proven to be the best kind of guest because he was most appreciative of the food. He was sitting at the banquet table, hunched over between Dr. Dirksen, his host, and Mrs. Dirksen, who was on his other side.

The band started to play and Mrs. Dirksen started to bob and weave a little bit to the music. Dr. Fox, being the keen observer that he is, put on his best German accent and said, "Hah soooo, You like-a to dance, no?" which was as close to German as he could come. Mrs. Dirksen thought he was asking her to dance and grabbed his hand and pulled him out on the floor. They were the first two out dancing.

And to this day, everytime I see someone from over there, they say, "And how is the dancing Fox?"

Bob Hillman, Class of '55

The Birthday Tradition

Dr. Fox lectured to us during third year at 8:00 A.M., so I believe it was Marty Simonsen who got a metal cake pan, turned it over, put it on a nice serving plate, and covered it generously with chocolate frosting. Appropriate candles were inserted, and paper plates and a knife were placed nearby. As Dr. Fox entered the room promptly at 8:00 A.M., the candles were lit and the class burst into a loud rendition of "Happy Birthday Dear Francis."

He was appropriately pleased and honored at the thoughtfulness of the Class of '56....until he picked up the knife and attempted to cut the cake. Joy turned to chagrin as he realized he had been royally "outfoxed." He muttered "you sons-of-bitches" as the class enjoyed his attempt at cake surgery.

To our knowledge and, as mentioned by Dr. Fox at our 35th reunion, this was the start of the birthday celebrations and a great Cornell tradition.

R. Tass Dueland, Class of '56

After researching with senior class members, we came to the conclusion that we [the Class of 1962] did not have any birthday parties for 'The Great White Father.'

John P. Combs, Class of '62

What do spinning wheels, cereal grains, deer, March 11th, and cake all have in common? Francis Fox's birthday celebration in the year one thousand nine hundred and sixty-two.

The class of 1963 held Dr. Francis Fox in the highest regard. As a measure of our esteem, we always maintained a stand-by case of #10 cans of tomato juice near his office to enable him to overcome unexpected gastrointestinal upsets quickly. Such upsets and the jitters resulted from late nights out with the boys.

We looked up to Dr. Fox and did our best to see to it that, when he arrived for his 8:00 A.M. Large Animal Medicine lecture, we could be proud of him and use him as a role model of how we should act professionally. Despite this, we also had the obligation to carry on the tradition of celebrating his birthday which, in 1962, was in open defiance of Dean George Poppensiek's strictest order against any form of recognition or celebration of the day or its universal importance to the College. Only now do we truly recognize the folly in Dean Poppensiek's ultimatum.

With ever present fear of reprisal following the birthday celebration, plans for the great day had to be made in secret, with the details committed to memory. There was no master plan, no minutes of planning meetings, no photographer and, most certainly, no video to enable us to relive the event with absolute accuracy in 1993. Little did we know then how very important our contribution would be to maintaining and enhancing College tradition. Twenty-nine years have passed, and Dr. Fox remains a hallmark of our profession, March 11th continues to be a day of celebration, and Dr. Poppensiek's tenure as dean is all but forgotten.

During the night before the great day, the Large Animal Medicine lecture room was decorated from wall to wall and from light to light with multicolored twisted ribbons. On the blackboard behind Dr. Fox's lecture podium were inscribed the words, "Happy Birthday, Dr. Fox." Directly in front of the podium was a birthday cake with the appropriate number of candles, all of which had cost at least one week's meal allocation from each of us.

The next morning, we all waited patiently for his arrival, but a few of us knew he might just be late. He was. A full 20 minutes after 8:00 A.M., he arrived. But instead of thanking us for remembering his special day, our best recollection of his first words were, "You sons of bitches. I know who did this. You *know* what the Dean said. God damn it!"

At this point in history, the "Boar's Nest" was in full form. One floor above Dr. Fox's office and lecture room was located the nerve center for all subversive activities. From there, a group had been dispatched to Francis' home where they jacked up his car and then lowered it onto blocks, leaving the wheels just a tad off the driveway. The University car was in the driveway in front of the garage, blocking

access to Francis' personal car. Mickey McDaniels, college mechanic, had to be summoned to free the car and escort Dr. Fox to campus.

One of the Class of 1963 who lived in the "Boar's Nest" had a super grand-master key that would open any office in the College and any office in the entire University! It seemed most appropriate to bring the key out of hiding to unlock Dr. Fox's office so that it too could be decorated. It was decided to haul all of the bags of grain in the clinic and the surrounding barns into Francis' office and empty them into a great pile. We were pleased when the pile passed five feet in height because, at that level, it flowed onto his desk, file cabinets, and book cases --- much the same as it might be blown by the wind in a field. To this attractive arrangement, we added a wild deer which had been found the night before caught in a fence by the apple orchard. It had been freed and kept safely for the big event. However, when let loose in the office, it began bouncing off the walls, shredding what was left of the office and library.

When Dr. Fox arrived in the lecture room, he was so pissed off that he could hardly speak. After arriving late, he had to force his way into his office, only to be met by the panicked deer. He then had to climb the mountain of grain in order to reach his black three-ring notebook, while at the same time avoid the deer.

Remember how Dr. Fox always called role before each class? We decided as a class not to answer role on his birthday. He started out, "Bastian, Breitenstein, Carr, Castellano." He paused, looked out, and started again... "Bastian, Breitenstein...." Still no answer. He stopped, furious. Then he said, "If you don't answer, you fail. Now....Bastian."

"Here."

"Breitenstein."

"Here." And so on through the role. From there on, the lecture went as though nothing out of the ordinary had happened.

The seniors were ordered to bag the grain, free the deer, and make the office what it had been before. The instigators of our class were delighted to think all the blame for the celebration was being borne by the upperclassmen. However, there was a definite and unforeseen down side to our plans as the upperclassmen wanted

revenge. We were ordered to clean up the lecture room and remove all trace of the morning's festivities "before the Dean sees any of it!"

When we finished and returned to the "Boar's Nest" we found the birthday cake with one piece missing. Beside it was a note saying, "You paid for it. You may as well eat it. FHF"

Bill Donawick, Class of '63

The class of 1968 took Dr. Fox's secretary, Karen, an attractive girl who later married one of the classmates, and put her in a casket. As the Great White Healer began roll call, a dirge could be heard in the hallway. In came four students carrying the casket. There were flowers on Karen's chest and she was as pale as a corpse. As she was lifted onto the podium, Dr. Fox peered in to see what was going on. At exactly the right moment, Karen sat up and dosed him with a squirt gun.

Karen had not worked that long for Dr. Fox and was still intimidated by him. It took a lot of talk to get her to do this but forever endeared her to our class and the Great One.

E.W. Parry, II, Class of '68

My memory about the class of 1974's birthday party for Dr. Fox is somewhat cloudy. Age does that... I do remember that there were two or three plans of attack: one was to relocate the office to I-Barn or M-Barn, another was to erect a still in the office using Bill Searles' infamous cider as the liquid of choice, and another was to create Old McDonald's Farm in the office.

Our plans were halted abruptly as campus security patrols kept very close watch on the "shrine." Thus, nothing actually happened on Dr. Fox's birthday. We were "wimps" according to the man. But a few days later, Dr. Fox came into work to find some farm chores needing to be done in order to properly care for his farm....er....office.

Doug Evans, Class of '74

The Class of '75 gave Francis a variety of presents for his 1974 birthday:

First, to give ourselves some space in which to work, we removed the furnishings from Dr. Fox's office and hid all his furniture in several barns. (We were very grateful to Dr. Fox's secretary, Jan, for providing us with the key to his office.)

Then, the office was filled with all available straw bales. As the office still looked a bit empty, we procured a tank of helium and filled 1,000 balloons, which also went into the office. We used the OB Lab as "Commando Central" that evening; among the culprits were Steve VanWie, Lee Wallace, Doug Aspros, Mark Walter, Bob Breen, Andre Charlebois, and Jerry Vukman.

We accepted a donation of concrete blocks from the contractor doing some masonry work on a building behind Animal Science. The closed and locked office door was carefully covered with plastic, the oak door being of major concern. Then the opening was mortared and blocked up. (It took several nights of espionage to discover the schedule of all the security guards who might have been interested in this activity.)

We acquired a weather balloon and filled it with some helium we just happened to have. It floated beautifully above the school and the lettering was quite clear; it read:

"F.H.F. - WE DIDN'T FORGET!"

When Dr. Fox entered the building on the morning of his birthday, we already had Dr. Bolton's record player hooked into the P.A. system so we played "Happy Birthday Sweet 16." Dr. Fox reached his office door and summoned Claude Ames and the barn men to remove the cement blocks; at that time, it became evident that they were setting about on a major task and Dr. Fox drawled, "You'd better get help!"

Our most memorable gift, however, was probably the cake. Dr. Fox himself had given us the idea for, at the first class of spring semester, he semi-praised us for a decent showing at the mid-year oral exam in Large Animal Medicine. He said that,

usually after administering an oral exam, one feels like the proverbial limp dick.[d] So, we made a limp dick cake for him and left it on the table in front of the lecture room. When he saw it, he said, "I don't know whether to eat it or lick it." Linda King, our classmate, had made the cake; her husband Mike always said he was the model for it.

John Cole and Jerry Vukman, Class of '75

In 1975, as Dr. Fox's birthday approached, we were trying to come up with something special and new to do as we didn't want to do the old gags. I'm not sure who came up with the idea, but we decided to decorate one or two of his office walls. Jack Bouffard became the ringleader and coordinator. Jack had worked summers on the Ambulatory crew with Dr. Fox and affectionately referred to him as "the Fat Man." Dr. Fox called Bouffard "the Indian."

As the big day approached, the good doctor pulled a fast one on us. He had campus security change the lock on his office door. The new lock had only two keys --- one he kept on his person and the other, he bragged, was on the dresser in his bedroom.

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[d] This has been *partially* corroborated by following story told by a clearly disgruntled member of the class of 1974:

The class after ours was the class of 1975 and they were worthless. They couldn't get a rise out of the eminent Dr. Fox and he couldn't get a rise out of them. The class was flat and unstimulating. Finally, as Francis approached the class one day, he summarized in his whining gravelly voice as "You're about as exciting as a limp dick!" But still no response; they were clearly paraphimotic.

At the end of the year, word went out to attend the last class with Dr. Fox and the flaccid class of 1975. They had baked him a cake. It was a great pink limp dick with coconut for the pubic hairs. A huge grin came across Francis' face --- they had finally shown some backbone and he was happy. To the class, he whined, "I don't know if I should lick it or eat it!"

Don J. Meuten, Class of '74

The dilemma was easily solved. For $5.00, Dr. Fox's son got the key from the bureau and placed it in the mailbox in front of the house at midnight.[e] We picked up the key at 12:15 AM and the entry was easy.

The deed was done by Jack Bouffard, Bob Carlson, John Gross, Lucy Volpini, and Larry Venezia. Lucy was the artist of record and, as the rest of us painted a bright pink background, she did a great rendition of the caudal aspect of a Holstein --- tail to the side and udder drooping. With the remaining paint, the adjacent wall was painted blue with a large pink silhouette of a pig in the middle. To finish the project, we built a semi-circle of hay bales just inside the office door and tied a particularly rank old billy goat to the inside door knob. About 4:00 AM, the door to the office was quietly closed. By prior arrangement, the key was replaced in the Fox mailbox from which it was retrieved and replaced on the bureau. The escapade was over.

The next morning, when Dr. Fox arrived at school, a large crowd collected outside of his office. A sign had been taped to the door with an arrow pointing at the lock. The sign read:

DIRTY TRICK, FAT MAN!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY ANYWAY

With absolute smugness, aplomb and disdain --- as only Francis Fox can display --- the door was opened. The following shock, disgust, indignation and verbal explosion was vintage Fox. Everyone present was appropriately entertained and filled with glee. One suspected that, secretly, the good doctor was pleased "no end" as only a true prankster who has been out-pranked could be.

One also might suspect that he sensed the true warmth and respect we all had for this Cornell legend, though this was not fully apparent as we forcibly restrained him in a wheelchair and bound him in place with at least $120 worth of 4" Elasticon. At this point, photographs were taken of the grand old man. Particularly touching was the photo of him with his glasses turned upside down on his face. I believe he

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[e] A variation of this part of the story is that Bouffard threatened Theo with assault and battery of his beloved exotic fowl if he did not provide the key.

also was wearing a white miniature poodle on his ample lap, the beast having been borrowed from the Small Animal Clinic.

At this point, Dr. Fox muttered, "I'll get you bastards for this if it's the last thing I do." We then took him for a hell ride through the school and each class as well as the personnel of several departments were given the opportunity to sing "Happy Birthday" to him. His wheelchair achieved speeds up to 40 miles per hour and we nearly dumped him in the breezeway.

Several members of the class wanted to leave him in the Necropsy Room cooler for the remainder of the day, but kinder gentler souls prevailed saying that might be too harsh.

John Gross and P.J. Ingraham, Class '76

The class of 1977 was particularly exuberant in expectation of *the* event of the junior year. The time-honored observance of the "Fat Father's Birthday" was taken as no small matter. With fifteen or so true believers committed to celebrating the august occasion, there was no end to the prankish potential.

As tradition dictated, the focus of Dr. Fox's birthday do was his office. Plans called for the usual late evening escapade of decorating, re-arranging and stabling various species within the inner sanctum itself. Much to our dismay, within days of his birthday, Dr. Fox had the university replace the lock to his door to one that no vet school master key would open. Devastation! To make matters worse, he carried on as though he *really* didn't want anything to happen to his office! Only two keys existed....one with the Safety Division and one with the Super Chief himself. Conning the key from the campus cops was out of the questions. There was only one possible source.

Don Schwytzer had worked in the Ambulatory Pharmacy and knew Dr. Fox's son, Theo. By means of a six pack and a "swear to never tell" promise, it was arranged to have Theo take the magic key off his father's key ring and put it in the mailbox in the late evening. The key was to be returned to the mailbox by early morning so as not to risk the death of a brave young man.

With the key to the kingdom, better than a dozen classmates, aided by an excess of enthusiasm and beer, moved all of Dr. Fox's furniture to the top floor of the Multi-Cat Research Tower. This was quite a feat considering it took the custodial staff the entire next day to return it. The void was filled with straw bales. In one area, a pen was made to accommodate the sheep, pigs, and chickens in safety and comfort. "Barnyarding" the office was practically a required tradition but hardly ingenious; the talents of Clark Sanders seemed just the signature needed. While Clark painted the now famous mural of the colored cow, the Great One, Bob "The Weasel" Hillman, and Ace McCauley sucking the hind tit, the rest of us pulled up a bale, sucked down some brews, and sang rugby songs led by Tim Fitzpatrick and Dave Jenkins. To "seal the deal", the doorway was literally bricked over when the moving, painting, and revels were over.

The next morning, a large crew lined the hallway outside the junior lecture room. A cocky Dr. Fox strutted towards his office to become amused by the masonry work, not realizing that the sanctity of his student-proof room had been violated.

So that all could participate in the celebration of another year of wisdom, the Fearless Leader was taped to a Gurney from the Small Animal Clinic and paraded into an assortment of lectures. The most memorable visitation of the day by far was to the office of Dr. Fox's great friend and colleague, Dean Melby.

Everything was returned to the office in one piece. A great picture was taken in front of the clinic of a large number of our class and Dr. Fox, all with a can of beer in hand. It was a long time before the truth about the mystery key was found out.

Seventeen years have passed. We probably don't drink like we used to and the words of the dirty ditties don't come to mind as easily. Most of us at least think we are more mature and responsible, but it is doubtful that any of the celebrants from that time would do it any differently.

Jerry Bertoldo, Class of '77

On the night before Dr. Fox's birthday, Gary Babcock was part of a group from the class of 1978 that went to the great man's house in hopes of sabotaging his car. Dr. Fox apparently had expected foul play and had hidden the car across the street at Charlie Hall's place. Charlie, being the great friend that he was, had let it be known where the car could be found. The perpetrators, having so cleverly located the vehicle, hoisted it up and placed in on blocks so that the rear tires were just off the ground.

Poor unsuspecting Dr. Fox started the day with a smug belief in his own cleverness which rapidly turned into frustration.

Meanwhile, Jack Rath and some others were over at Fred Lant's farm capturing geese. After a messy chase, the gaggle of geese were transported in some unfortunate's car to the great Dr. Fox's office. As a humanitarian gesture, the contents of the office had been moved to I-Barn prior to the arrival of the expressive and uninhibited flock.

The look on Dr. Fox's face when he finally got to the college and saw his new patients was unforgettable and made everyone realize that he needed to sit down and rest. Fortunately, a wheelchair was on hand for this very emergency. With all due care and consideration, Bob Morris and Bob Rappole, among others, dressed the beleaguered paragon in a white robe and foil crown, then bandaged him into the wheelchair so as to ensure his continued presence and attention; then they took him on a tour of the various points of interest around the veterinary college.

Everyone was cheered to see Dr. Fox taking time out of his busy schedule to allow the faculty and students a chance to help him celebrate on such a joyous occasion. Each class serenaded him while he was on this sojourn. His final tribute was delivered when he was wheeled into James Law Auditorium during Senior Seminars and greeted by one and all with a rousing rendition of "Happy Birthday." He was then taken to I-Barn for cake and more festivities.

Next, Roger Thompson (a senior and therefore not under suspicion) offered to help Dr. Fox out of the back of I-Barn and drive him back around to his office. As the car pulled up to the outside door by Dr. Fox's office, Kevin Bleck and Bill Rebhun leapt into the car, Kevin taking the wheel and Rebhun taking the back to

block any attempted escape. Francis, meanwhile, still had his hands tied and he was still wearing the ever-so-attractive white robe and crown.

The conversation went as follows:

Fox: "Where are we going. I have work to do! Roger, why aren't you in clinics? You're going to be in trouble, you know."

Rebhun: "He's on my service, Doc."

Kevin: "It's a nice day for a drive. Let's just go around front, Chief."

Fox: "We're not going around front. Now take me back. I have work to do!"

Kevin: "Okay." (He continues driving.)

Fox: "Now I mean it! Take me back!!"

Rebhun: "Now, Doc, ya gotta calm down. Too much excitement is bad for your blood pressure."

Fox: "Now this is enough. Take me back!"

They continued easing out of Ithaca towards Marathon, with a final destination of Otis and Norma Wightman's farm in Greene.

On the way there, somewhere within the confines of Marathon, Dr. Fox asked to have the window opened as it was stuffy in the car. As we all know, he has sharp eyes and a cunning mind. He apparently had spied an oncoming sheriff's car and began to holler that he was being kidnapped as it went past. He was calmly assured by Kevin that kidnapping is not a crime in Marathon.

When the great Dr. Fox finally got to Wightman's farm, Otis and Norma were delighted to see the group pull into the drive. The typical Wightman refreshments appeared --- enough food for an army with tumblers of whisky on the rocks. The assemblage spent the day consoling Francis with liberal quantities of Black Velvet before returning triumphantly to the vet school.

Steve Lewis, Kurt Lutgens, Gary Babcock,
Robert Rappole, and Jack Rath, Class of '78
and Roger Thompson, Class of '77

I can't remember how we obtained the keys to both Dr. Fox's office --- that was easy, anyway --- or to Dean Melby's office --- that wasn't so easy --- to switch their furniture during the annual Ides of March ceremony.

George W. Palmer, Class of '79

On Dr. Fox's birthday, the class of 1980 transformed his office into the tent palace of a desert prince. Upon his arrival in the morning, he was captured, and a bevy of lovely harem maidens, plus one not-so-lovely harem maiden who was a male spy in disguise, attired the esteemed Dr. Fox as befitted his station. He wore a magnificent turban set with pearls, a sultan's robe, and pointed slippers. Thus transformed, the worthy doctor was loaded into a plushly upholstered cart drawn by a donkey and, escorted by two foreign legion soldiers plus the harem maidens waving feathered fans, was transported about the school and presented to all in his finery before being duly roasted in the auditorium.

Hannah McCormick, Class of '80

The three things we remember most about the prank played on Dr. Fox by the class of 1983 are the video tape of "This is Your Life," a papier-mâché bust, and his tour of the clinics and classrooms in bed.

"This is Your Life" opened with a segment starring Norm Woodworth as Francis Fox reenacting the time when he saved a cow named Louise by diagnosing simultaneous left and right DA's. The skit also featured Ann Ryan as Dr. Fox's first grade teacher and included special guest appearances by Bill Rebhun and Francis Kallfelz.

Three sponsors ran commercials during the film. One commercial for Boom's Weight Loss Potion showed Dr. Fox (played by Jim Elwell) in "before" and "after" shots. Another featured Jim Paine as a manure truck driver and Skoal chewer. The third starred Pete Kraai as a worn-out large animal practitioner during a rectal, pulling a beer from a cow's rectum, declaring "Miller Time," and chugging.

When the great day finally came, Dr. Fox was abducted from whatever it was he was doing, was placed on a bed and wheeled through the clinics and classrooms collecting souvenirs along the way, and ended up in James Law Auditor. There, he found a life-size papier-mâché and cloth statue[f] of himself labelled "Saint Francis," and a few dignitaries with pertinent comments and memories. After the world premier of "This is Your Life," things were allowed to return to normal.

Tim Kirby, Class of '83

On the 1984 birthday of the Great Fox, Ole Francis came into school only to find that his office nameplate had been replaced by the Dean's nameplate. When he opened his office door, he found that all of his belongings had been moved out and replaced by a mound of straw on which were sleeping two 5-month old pigs. We figured he'd fit right in.

His office furniture and accoutrements had been moved to a stall in K-Barn. That was so that he could be closer to his patients --- at least, those that were still alive.

King Foxy was then escorted to his specially constructed throne which resembled a space capsule. Once ensconced in this, he received a tour of all his loyal subjects around the Veterinary College.

After a quick stop at the Dean's office, the tour group found its way to James Law Auditorium for a presentation of "FOXMOS - The History of Veterinary Medicine According to Francis." Needless to say, by this time, his nose was nice and red.

"FOXMOS" presented many important historical vignettes in veterinary medicine. First, we saw how a pre-historic Francis tamed the wild beast and discovered the "heat stick." Then a medieval Francis discovered bacteria. A more modern Francis was visited by the ghost of his most beloved mentor, Udall, and after

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[f] Francis later gave the blue stuffed poodle which had stood at the base of his statue to Mary Smith's daughter, Kalmia. The dog was dragged around for years at the end of a blue SAC leash, a gift from "Grandfather Fox."

discovering he had his BVDs on backwards, named Bovine Diarrhea Virus. Francis and his ever-present sidekick "Little Franny" Kallfelz then went into the future and helped pigs fly around the space shuttle. The show ended with King Foxy receiving his birthday cake right in his face!

The day concluded with a party in T-Barn featuring much imbibing of fermented beverages. As usual, the Fox got drunk as a skunk and provided some hilarious entertainment himself. Eventually, his wife rolled him home and the school returned to normal.

Jim Zgoda, Class of '85

In 1986, Dr. Fox's birthday started out with the traditional trashing of his office. On this occasional, every object that was not nailed down was removed and used to assemble a museum of archaic veterinary medicine in the lobby of Schurman Hall, outside of James Law Auditorium.

The theme for the day was a take-off of Dickens' "A Christmas Carol" in which the ghosts of veterinary medicine past and future visited Dr. Fox. Dr. Fox was installed in a nightshirt and cap in a four-poster bed on wheels and carted around the college for the day. It was an exceptionally hot and dry day, so every effort was made to provide him with liquid refreshment to prevent dehydration.

The festivities that afternoon began in James Law Auditorium with a visit from the Ghost of Veterinary Medicine past. For this segment, we assumed that every story Dr. Fox ever told of some bonehead stunt by a veterinary student was actually a fact from Dr. Fox's own actions in his younger days. Jack Fine played the young Dr. Fox with other class members playing the parts of all of the greats of Veterinary Medicine --- Dr. Udall, *et al.* --- struggling to teach the eager young Francis.

During intermission, Dr. Tim Vleuten did a wonder presentation of "The Uncle Bob Show." During the special part of the show when "Uncle Bob" (whose knowledge and mannerisms were remarkably similar to Dr. Hillman) asked all the parents to leave the room, he answered a question sent in by a young viewer named Francis Fox who wanted to know where babies came from. Within a short time, Dr.

Vleuten had the entire audience answering all of his questions with a loud chorus of "More Babies!"

Finally, Dr. Fox was visited by the ghost of Veterinary Medicine Future. Much to his dismay, all of the veterinarians of the future will be female. The art of physical diagnosis will have progressed to the point where actual contact with the cow is no longer necessary. A list of pertinent data entered into computers will give an exact diagnosis and treatment.

Anonymous

In 1991, Dr. Fox was escorted to James Law Auditorium by two lovely belly dancers from the class of '92 (Karmen Couret and Karen Purcell). Joel Nezezon and Mark Silbiger cranked out a mean blues number, "F--O--X Fox" complete with harmonicas and stogies. Jamie Morrisey and Elia Colon sang "They love me 'cause I'm Fox" to the tune of Paul Simon's "She Loves Me Like a Rock."

"The cows they love me, they love me
They lift their tails up for me
They love me 'cause I'm Fox, Oh baby!"

Mark Nowak played the role of Dr. Fox and did a splendid job complaining about how disappointed he was in the performance of the class on his parts of the year's Large Animal Medicine exams. Bruce Kornreich and Mark Silbiger appeared in a video retrospective of the days of Drs. Law and Olafson. Heidi Heinzerling sang "I Love a Fox Cliche" which was an adaptation of a song from the 1990 spring production of "A Day in Hollywood, A Night in the Ukraine." A number of Fox cliches were recited including "dribbling doo-doo" and "Come on-y --- save the class!"

Jamie then played Boom-Boom Rebhun engaged in a face-off with Dr. Fox in a rendition of "Anything You Can Do, I Can Do Better."

Finally, we presented a skit poking fun at a number of our clinicians and at different viewpoints on the new curriculum. Janine DiStephan played Dr. Sydney Moise, MaryAnn Radlinsky played Dr. Sharon Center, and Penny Peck played Dr. Susie Fubini. Jon Angelos did a super job of portraying Dr. Jay Harvey in an Underdog role. Rick Gold and Eric Evans were the Siamese twins: Dr. Andrew

Sams and Dr. Ryland Edwards. Mike Bukowski and Rich Reid performed a rap number in which they played Dr. Rich Suess and Dr. Eric Trotter.

Much fun was had by all and everyone joined in to sing "Happy Birthday" as Dr. Fox was presented with an exquisitely decorated cake depicting a naked woman.

Claire Berian, Class of '92

"Garsh Dang-it!!!"...It was obvious we were going to need a crowbar to get into this window. We were so close, you could smell victory in the air. Of the long list of proposed means of violating the sanctuary of Dr. Fox's office, the window was the only one showing signs of success.

Even Gracie, the custodian, who was considered the eyes and ears of this institution, didn't have a key to Fox's door. "Some student would offer you a 'fiver' for the key and you'd hand it over without a thought," Francis had told her.

Then there was the strange door connecting Fox's and Dr. Nixon's office, but Nixon had explained, "Da ole bugga changed da friggen lock!"

Burrowing through the wall, jackhammering through the roof and spilling blood under the door and calling the police for an emergency break-in were put aside as last minute options. The monster 10 x 5 foot window was our only hope. The previous day, as Foxy did his limp-strut to class, one of the soldiers of tradition slid into the office, leaped upon the altar-like desk and removed the fossilized screws of the window lock.

Now, all of us dressed in black, impaired by an overly confident pre-victory celebration, fought the monster window in the middle of the night. Maybe the geezer had the lock fixed?

A gang member, with his sneakers still stained with paint from the traditional painting of "DR FOX IS 69" on various sacred landmarks around town, returned with some tools. With crowbars placed in position, laws of physics in violation and adrenaline in our veins, we cranked on the window until --- "BAM!" As the gang cringed in the anticipation of glass shards, the smell of cow poop and cigar smoke enveloped us. The window was open and a warm spirit flowed forth from the inner

sanctum of the no-man's land. A short, bald volunteer was selected and squashed through the window. We had obtained penetration. Plan B was begun.

As the dead cow was hoisted onto the cart in the dark bowels of the Anatomy freezer, the feeling of success overcame us. The beast was a spectacular specimen, so large it had to sit doggy style as it was wheeled to its destination. The sacrificial heifer was placed within the Fox cathedral and adorned with the appropriate garb: The Fox baseball cap with the stuffed middle finger on top was placed on the head, the sacred orange lipstick smeared on its lips, and the bottle of whiskey placed in its mouth. The heifer smiled with pride, ready to meet its master in the morning. It was a gift for the one who had given so much to the bovine species.

Chris Rocchio, Class of '93

A List of Contributors

Dr. Gary L. Babcock
R.D. #3, Ives Street
Watertown NY 13601

Mr. Luther P. Bayley
9 Willow Drive
Freeville NY 13068

Dr. John Bentnick-Smith
37 Williamsburg Drive
Starkville MS 39759

Dr. Claire Berian
102 Treva Avenue
Ithaca NY 14850

Dr. Gerald R. Bertoldo
Attica Veterinary Associates
120 Prospect Street
Attica NY 14011

Dr. S. Gordon Campbell
Department of Microbiology,
Immunology and Parasitology
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Robert E. Clark
1621 Harrison Avenue
Mamaroneck NY 10543

Dr. Skip Carmichael
James A. Baker Institute for
Animal Health
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Ms. Grace Clark
P.O. Box 134 - 7 Church Street
Hammondsport NY 14840

Dr. John Cole
RR #1 - Box 111G
Verona NY 13428

Dr. John P. Combs
415 Old Street Road
Peterborough NH 03458

Larry Cortright
R.D.
Spencer NY 14883

Dr. Forrest H. Davis
30 Barndoor Hills Road
Granby CT 06035

Ms. Effie Decker
10807 Oakmont Drive
Sun City AZ 85351

Dr. William J. Donawick
School of Veterinary Medicine
New Bolton Center
Kennett Square PA 19348

Dr. R. Tass Dueland
Department of Surgical Sciences
School of Veterinary Medicine
2015 Linden Drive West
Madison WI 53706-1102

Dr. Wayne O. Evans
P.O. Box 237
Mooers NY 12958

Dr. Douglas E. Evans
Route 26
Georgetown NY 13072

Dr. Stanley Garrison
34 Sweetman Road
Burnt Hills NY 12027

Dr. Nat Grew
Ario Apartado 6319
San José, Costa Rica

Dr. John Gross
RFD #2 - Box 5720
Winthrop ME 04364

Dr. David K. Hagan
4339 Mont Alto Road
Waynesboro PA 17268

Dr. Charles E. Hall
100D The Meadows
Hendersonville NC 28792

Dr. Robert B. Hillman
Department of Clinical Sciences
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Dorothy Holmes
Department of Microbiology,
Immunology and Parasitology
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Mr. Robert C. Houston
81 Sincerbeaux Road
Groton NY

Dr. Jim Hudson
Bethel Animal Hospital
Bethel ME 04217

Dr. Jack Hyde
354 Snyder Hill Road
Ithaca NY 14850

Dr. P.J. Ingraham
427 Chestnut Street
Oneonta NY 13820

Dr. John M. King
Deparment of Pathology
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Tim Kirby
Catskill Animal Hospital
601 Kings Road
Catskill NY 12414

Mr. Ed Laine
Olli Road
Newfield NY 14837

Dr. L.L. Larrow
296 South Main Street
St. Albans VT 05478

Dr. John W. Lee, Jr.
439 East Londongrove Road
West Grove PA 19390

Dr. Steven C. Lewis
Batavia Equine Clinic
8276 Park Road
Batavia NY 14020

Dr. Mary O'Horo Loomis
Grasse River Valley Veterinary Clinic
P.O. Box 98
Madrid NY 13660

Dr. Wendell K. Loomis
Route 2 - Box 2600
Santa Rosa Beach FL 32459

Ms. Laurie Lukas
2499 Hill Road
Genoa NY 13071

Dr. Kurt Lutgens
Battenkill Veterinary Clinic
Route 29 - Box 2
Middle Falls NY 12848

Mr. and Mrs. Elmer R. Maki
710 Shaffer Road
Newfield NY 14867

Dr. Peter L. Malnati
P.O. Box 357
Port Tobacco MD 20677

Dr. James O. Marshall
1972 New Boston Street
Chittenango NY 13037

Dr. Hannah McCormick
Saranac Veterinary Clinic
Route 3 - Box 737
Saranac NY 12981

Dr. Tim Miller
Department of Microbiology,
Immunology and Parasitology
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Sidney R. Nusbaum
5689 Parkwalk Circle East
Boynton Beach FL 33437

Dr. James A. Orsini
New Bolton Center
382 West Street Road
Kennett Square PA 19348

Ms. Barb Patchen
R.D.
Locke NY 13092

Dr. E.W. Parry, II
P.O. Box 25
Hickory PA 15340

Dr. Erwin Pearson
Veterinary Teaching Hospital
Oregon State University
Corvallis OR 97331-4802

Mr. Richard F. Pendleton
326 Forest Home Drive
Ithaca NY 14850

Dr. Earle Peterson
Raritan Animal Hospital
1850 Lincoln Highway
Edison NJ 08817

Dr. Robert Phemister
Veterinary Administration
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Robert Rappole
RD 1 - Maple Springs Ellery Road
Bemus Point NY 14712

Dr. Jack Rath
R.D. #1
Granville NY 12832

Dr. William C. Rebhun
Large Animal Medicine
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Ms. Carolyn M. Richards
Large Animal Medicine
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Steven J. Roberts
R.D. #1 - Box 124
Woodstock VT 05091

Mr. Chris Rocchio
82 Cornelius Road
Ithaca NY 14850

Mr. and Mrs. George Ruuspakka
10839 Oakmont Drive
Sun City AZ 85351

Dr. Charles W. Sanderson
P.O. Box 325
Greenhurst NY 14742

Dr. Nick Schatzle
Box 209
Bethel ME 04217

Dr. Paul Schneible
RD 2 - 3068 Ireland Road
Perry NY 14530

Dr. Raymond J. Schuerger
Thornwood Veterinary Hospital
4211 Steubenville Pike
Pittsburgh PA 15205

Dr. Anthony Schwartz
15 Gould Road
Waban MA 02168

Ms. Betsy Mathew & Dr. Frits Sluijter
Ropta 11
9202 KC Drachten
The Netherlands

Dr. Mary C. Smith
Ambulatory Clinic
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Dr. Richard A. Smith
383 Monroe Street
Honeoye Falls NY 14472

Dr. William F. Stack
Listowel Farm
1691 Cobb Hill Road
Cazenovia 13035

Dr. Richard Stein
70 Pleasant Street
Monticello NY 12701

Dr. and Mrs. D.L. Step
Pitman-Moore, Inc.
421 East Hawley Street
Mundelein IL 60060

Dr. Roger Thompson
Burrstone Animal Hospital
4995 Commercial Drive, Route 5A
Yorkville NY 13495

Dr. M.E. White
Ambulatory Clinic
NYS College of Veterinary Medicine
Ithaca NY 14853

Mr. Herbert Whittaker
326 76 Road
Brooktondale NY 14817

Dr. Andrew J. Williamson
P. O. Box 7129
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas
Virgin Islands 00801

Dr. Jerry Vukman
7118 Orchard Park Road
Oakfield NY 14125

Dr. James C. Zgoda
257 Walnut Street
Westfield NJ 07090