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# Cornell alumni news

## The Good Times



PORTER

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TWELFTH ANNUAL TOUR PROGRAM—1976

1976 marks the twelfth year of operation for this unique program of tours, which visits some of the world's most fascinating areas and which is offered only to alumni of Harvard, Yale, Princeton, M.I.T., Cornell, Univ. of Pennsylvania, Columbia, Dartmouth, and certain other distinguished universities and to members of their families. The tours are designed to take advantage of special reduced fares offered by leading scheduled airlines, fares which are usually available only to groups or in conjunction with a qualified tour and which offer savings of as much as \$500 over normal air fares. In addition, special rates have been obtained from hotels and sightseeing companies.

The tour program is consciously designed for persons who normally prefer to travel independently and covers areas where such persons will find it advantageous to travel with a group. The itineraries have been carefully constructed to combine as much as possible the freedom of individual travel with the convenience and savings of group travel. There is an avoidance of regimentation and an emphasis on leisure time, while a comprehensive program of sightseeing ensures a visit to all major points of interest. Each tour uses the best hotel available in every city, and hotel reservations are made as much as two years in advance in order to ensure the finest in accommodations. The hotels are listed by name in each tour brochure, together with a detailed day-by-day description of the tour itinerary.

The unusual nature and background of the participants, the nature of the tour planning, and the quality of the arrangements make this a unique tour program which stands apart from the standard commercial tour offered to the general public. Inquiries for further details are invited.

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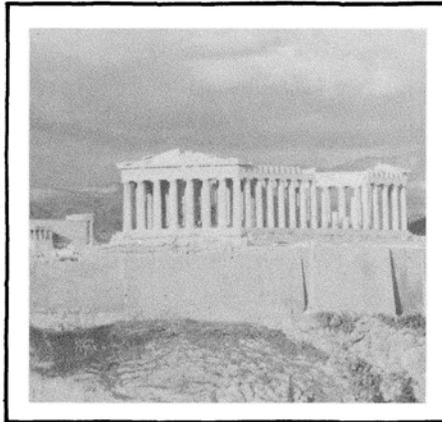
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This original itinerary explores in depth the magnificent scenic, cultural and historic attractions of Greece, the Aegean and Asia Minor, including not only the major cities but also the less accessible sites of ancient cities, together with the beautiful islands of the Aegean Sea. Visiting Istanbul, Troy, Pergamum, Sardis, Ephesus and Izmir (Smyrna) in Turkey, Athens, Corinth, Mycenae, Epidaurus, Nauplion, Olympia and Delphi on the mainland of Greece, and the islands of Crete, Rhodes, Mykonos, Patmos and Santorini in the Aegean. Total cost is \$2050 from New York. Departures in April, May, July, August, September and October 1976. (Additional air fare for departures in July and August.)

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**28 DAYS \$2265**

From the towering peaks of the Andes to the south Atlantic beaches of Rio de Janeiro, this tour travels more than ten thousand miles to explore the immense and fascinating continent of South America. Visiting Bogota, Quito, Lima, Cuzco, Machu Picchu, La Paz, Lake Titicaca, Buenos Aires, the Argentine Lake District at Bariloche, the Iguassu Falls, Sao Paulo, Brasilia, and Rio de Janeiro. Total cost is



\$2265 from Miami, \$2300 from New York, with special rates from other cities. Departures in January, February, March, April, May, July, September, October and November, 1976.

**THE ORIENT**

**29 DAYS \$2450**

A magnificent tour which unfolds the splendor and fascination of the Far East at a comfortable and realistic pace. Visiting Tokyo, the Fuji-Hakone National Park, Kyoto, Nara, Nikko and Kamakura in Japan, as well as the glittering temples and palaces of Bangkok, the metropolis of Singapore, the fabled island of Bali, and the unforgettable beauty of Hong Kong. Optional visits to the ancient temples of Jogjakarta in Java and the art treasures in the Palace Museum of Taipei. Total cost is \$2450 from California with special rates from other points. Departures in March, April, May, June, July, September, October and November, 1976 (extra air fare for departures July through October).

**MOGHUL ADVENTURE**

**29 DAYS \$2395**

An unusual opportunity to view the magnificent attractions of India and the splendors of ancient Persia, together with the once-forbidden Kingdom of Nepal. Visiting Delhi, Kashmir (Bombay during January through March), Banaras, Khajuraho, Agra, Jaipur and Udaipur in India, the fascinating city of Kathmandu in Nepal, and Teheran, Isfahan and the palaces of Darius and Xerxes at Persepolis in Iran. Total cost is \$2395 from New York. Departures in January, February, March, August, September, October and November, 1976.

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**29 DAYS \$2895**

An exceptional tour of Australia and New Zealand, from Maori villages, boiling geysers, ski plane flights and jet boat rides to sheep ranches, penguins, the real Australian "Outback," and the Great Barrier Reef. Visiting Auckland, the "Glowworm Grotto" at Waitomo, Rotorua, Mt. Cook, Queenstown, Te Anau, Milford Sound and Christchurch in New

Zealand and Canberra, Melbourne, Alice Springs, Cairns and Sydney in Australia, with optional visits to Fiji and Tahiti. Total cost is \$2895 from California. Departures in January, February, March, April, June, July, September, October and November 1976.

**EAST AFRICA**

**23 DAYS \$2165**

The excitement of Africa's wildlife and the magnificence of the African landscape in an unforgettable luxury safari. Visiting Lake Naivasha, Lake Nakuru, Samburu Reserve, Treetops (Aberdare National Park), Masai-Mara Reserve, the Serengeti Plains, Ngorongoro Crater, Nairobi and Mombasa. Total cost is \$2165 from New York. Optional visits are available to the Amboseli and Tsavo National Parks, the Victoria Falls, on the mighty Zambezi River between Zambia and Rhodesia, to Zanzibar, and to the historic attractions of Ethiopia. Departures in January, February, March, May, June, July, August, September, October, November and December 1976.

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A unique and highly unusual tour offering a wealth of treasures in the region of the Mediterranean: Tunisia, with the ruins of Carthage and many other Roman cities as well as lovely beaches, historic Arab towns and desert oases; the beautiful Dalmatian Coast of Yugoslavia, with its fascinating and medieval cities; and the 17th and 18th century splendor of Malta. Visiting Tunis, Carthage, Dougga, Sousse, Monastir, El Djem, Gabes, Djerba, Tozeur, Sbeitla, Kairouan and Thuburbo Majus in Tunisia; Split, Trogir, Sarajevo and Dubrovnik on the Dalmatian Coast of Yugoslavia, and Valletta and Mdina in Malta. Total cost is \$1745 from New York. Departures in March, April, May, June, July, September and October, 1976 (additional air fare for departures in June and July).

\* \* \*

**Rates include Jet Air, Deluxe Hotels, Most Meals, Sightseeing, Transfers, Tips and Taxes.**

**Individual brochures on each tour are available, setting forth the detailed itinerary, departure dates, hotels used, and other relevant information. Departure dates for 1977 are also available.**

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**ALUMNI FLIGHTS ABROAD**

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# HOMECOMING AT CORNELL

October 15–16, 1976

## FRIDAY, OCTOBER 15

CAMPUS TOURS • CORNELL PLANTATIONS • LABORATORY OF ORNITHOLOGY AT SAPSUCKER WOODS • HERBERT F. JOHNSON MUSEUM OF ART • LIBRARY DISPLAYS • FRESHMAN FOOTBALL VS. ITHACA COLLEGE • VARSITY SOCCER VS. BROWN • FINE ARTS QUARTET CONCERT • *OUR TOWN*, CORNELL UNIVERSITY THEATRE •

## SATURDAY, OCTOBER 16

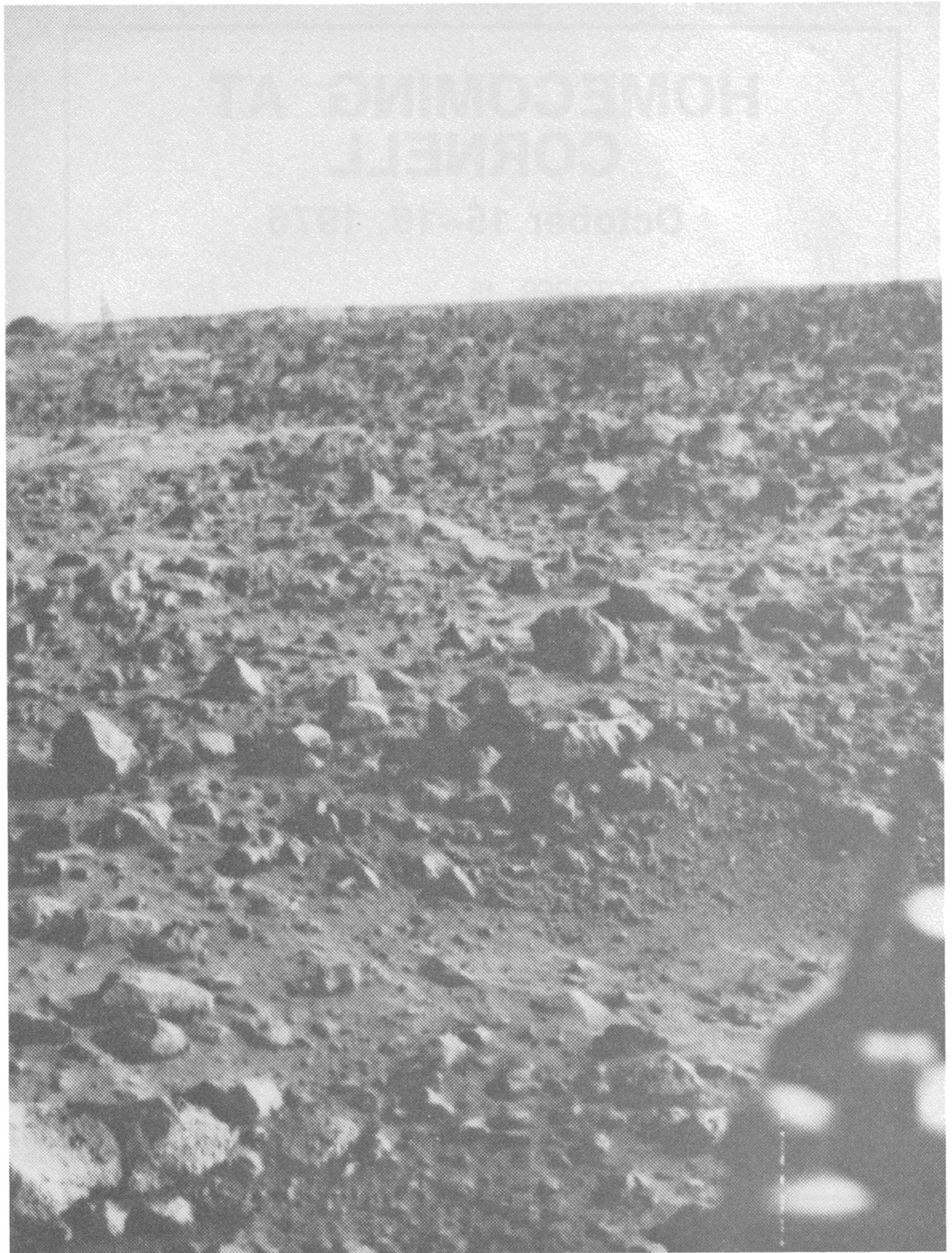
- 10:00 AM WOMEN'S TENNIS TEAM VS. HERBERT LEHMAN COLLEGE  
Helen Newman Courts
- 10:30 AM COFFEE WITH THE COACHES  
Meet informally with the coaches and the new Athletic Director over a cup of coffee, Statler Inn, Main Lounge
- 11:30 AM WOMEN'S FIELD HOCKEY VS. ST. LAWRENCE UNIVERSITY  
North Campus Jessup Fields  
ALL-ALUMNI LUNCHEON  
Class gatherings at Barton Hall
- 1:30 PM VARSITY FOOTBALL VS. BROWN\*\*  
Schoellkopf Field
- 3:30 PM CLASS RECEPTIONS  
Statler Inn: Main Lounge, Ballroom, West Lounge
- 8:15 PM CORNELL GLEE CLUB CONCERT  
Barnes Hall  
CORNELL UNIVERSITY THEATRE  
Thorton Wilder's *Our Town*, Willard Straight Hall Theatre\*

*For Ticket Information:*

\* Theatre Business Office  
Willard Straight Hall  
Ithaca, New York 14853  
607/256-5165

\*\* Cornell University Athletic Association  
Box 729  
Ithaca, New York 14853  
607/256-7333

*Sponsored by the CORNELL ASSOCIATION OF CLASS OFFICERS*



## In the News

Impressions of a city one has never visited are often a jumble of assessments made by people who have visited the place, and of news items with that city as a dateline, about its residents or about other people who grew up there originally. From such a pastiche we decide whether the community is on the move or stagnant, worth seeing or somehow becoming involved with in the future.

In a way the same holds for institutions, including even universities. Counting its various constituencies, Cornell is now a community of at least 165,000 souls (140,000 of whom are former students, more than 15,000 students at present, and well over 5,000 employes). If a city, it would rank about 150th among US metropolitan areas, roughly the same size as Anaheim, California or Baton Rouge, Louisiana. Definitely larger by far than, say, Plains, Georgia or Pontiac, Michigan.

People got their impression of Cornell this past year from events as diverse as its victory in a college lacrosse championship, recorded on more than half an hour of ABC-TV's Wide World of Sports show, or the occupation of Day Hall by black students, which drew some headlines in New York City dailies.

Yet, in sum, various people who have a Cornell connection probably contributed far more to the impression strangers got of Cornell this past year than those specific events that were a more clear part of the institutional year. For instance, with the US space crafts due to land on Mars about July 4, the *New Yorker* magazine ran one of its prestigious two-part Profiles on Carl Sagan. At

*Early picture transmitted from Mars by the Viking 1 provided fodder for scientists' speculation about the nature of the planet. University astronomers Carl Sagan, Frank Drake '51, and Thomas Gold were among those quoted most often.*

that time Professor Sagan, who is the university's eminent astronomer and space expert, was being interviewed and published just about everywhere you looked or read. Irving Younger was becoming almost as prominent in other circles.

The *New Yorker* of August 11, 1975 carried an account in its Talk of the Town section of a successful cram course for law students preparing for the New York bar exam. The course is organized and conducted by Stanley Chess '69, JD '72, former editor of the *Cornell Daily Sun*, one-time proprietor of a bike shop in Sheldon Court, now also known for his syndicated bicycling column, "Ask Dr. Bicycle." The account noted that the highly effective lecturer on the day the *New Yorker's* man attended was none other than Prof. Irving Younger of the Cornell Law School, brought to the classroom on a television screen.

In a less obvious way, the university came to the attention of the world through the death in remote Africa of Yehonatan Netanyahu, son of Prof. Benzion Netanyahu, chairman of the Department of Semitic Languages and Literatures from 1971 to 1975, and now, at age 66, a part-time faculty member.

At 30, the younger Netanyahu was a lieutenant colonel in the Israeli Army, commander of its unit that performed the daring July 4 rescue of more than one hundred Jewish hostages held by Arab hijackers at a Ugandan airport. He was the only commando to die in the raid. The coincidence of the American nation being on Bicentennial holiday when the dramatic Israeli raid took place heightened the attention accorded the event and the death of the American-born officer. His parents traveled from Ithaca to Israel for the hero's funeral accorded their son. His father said kaddish, the prayer of mourning, on the occasion.

Boonsanong Punyodyana, secretary general of the Socialist Party of Thailand, was assassinated by a gunman

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while driving in Bangkok on February 27. He had earned the PhD from Cornell in sociology in 1971, after earlier studies at Kansas. According to an account in the *Bangkok Post* he was "the 'brain' behind the Socialist Party, played a vital role in drafting party policy, and subsequently guiding the party through the turbulence of the parliamentary system . . . He always stressed the importance of bridging the gap between rich and poor . . . He also advocated autonomy for different minority groups in different parts of the country." He was on the liberal arts faculty of Thammasat University.

The end of life was also the occasion for a public summing-up of the varied career of another person whose connection with Cornell brought the university attention—George G. Connelly '24, LLB '27. Tuberculosis had led him to leave

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the practice of law in the 1930s and take up teaching. He so enjoyed his new profession that he stayed in it a lifetime, as a professor of public speaking successively at Georgia, the US Naval Academy, at Williams from 1946 until retirement in 1967, and for four more years after that at Anne Arundel Community College in Maryland. For many years he also wrote a lively column for the *Berkshire Eagle* in Massachusetts, under the title of "professor-at-large."

The *Eagle* referred to one column in particular that he wrote about his hometown: "He recalled vividly being allowed to attend Mark Twain's funeral in Elmira in 1910. This was considered quite a dispensation by his seven maiden aunts, who brought him up. He was then an altar boy in the local Roman Catholic Church and the somewhat agnostic Mark Twain was not especially revered in the Connelly household. As Mr. Connelly explained it, he was allowed the privilege because their 'Uncle Bootsie' had built the church. 'Uncle Bootsie' was a stonemason."

Connelly died April 14, at the age of 75. A fellow Upstater, Irishman, humorist, and Cornelian, Frank Sullivan '14 of Saratoga Springs, had died two months earlier, February 19, 1976, at the age of 83. (We took note of his career in our April issue.) A protege of Sullivan's, John J. Cassidy of Albany, paid happy and lengthy tribute to him on the opposite-editorial page of the April 24 *New York Times*.

Cornell is known as well for its writers who are alive and publishing as for those who have died recently. One who caught the country's fancy is listed on the dust-jackets of his books as Kirkpatrick Sale, but remembered hereabouts as J. Kirk Sale '58, fearsome editor-in-chief of the *Sun* and a leader of the 1958 student upheavals on campus. What made him famous this year was his book, *Power Shift*, "The rise of the Southern rim and its challenge to the Eastern establishment," published late last year. The prophecy of his book appeared borne out by the presidential races of Jimmy Carter, Ronald Reagan, and others from the so-called Sun Belt.

Sam Roberts '68, chief political correspondent of the *New York Daily News*, weighed in as co-author of the investigative biography of Nelson Rockefeller, *I Never Wanted to be Vice-President of Anything!*

Jack Hope '61 did the writing in a beautiful words-and-pictures description of the Hudson River and the people who live by it, *A River for the Living*. The photos are by Robert Perron, and Crown

Publishers of New York is the distributor.

*The Grumman Story* by Richard Thruelsen is a new tribute to Leroy Grumman '16 and the aviation and space firm he founded and built. Its many illustrations make it a fine book for the aviation buff.

Another Cornelian who has not been so often associated as such is the author of the hit book, movie, and TV series, *M\*A\*S\*H*, H.R. Hornberger, MD '47. The creator of Hawkeye Pierce, Trapper John, and Hot Lips is himself a surgeon and veteran of the Korean War. He says he wrote the novel over ten years as a way of relaxing from the practice of thoracic surgery in Waterville, Maine. He has since written a sequel, *M\*A\*S\*H Goes to Maine*, and was last reported working on a third book, "quite different." In interviews he has said that he himself was the model for Hawkeye, and a colleague the model for Trapper John, but the other characters, who've achieved fame in film and on television, are composites.

Impressions of the Cornell community that are put together from so great a variety of events and associations do not—and probably should not—add up to a clear and simple picture. After all, Cornell itself, up close, does not give off a simple impression, or a single one. That Cornell and Cornelians might be found in space and in humor, in politics and in political warfare, in ecology and in aviation, all around the world, reflects the diversity as well as the unpredictability of interests the university has come to embrace. —JM

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## Also

Many people had hands in the several awards won by the *Alumni News* this summer in the annual competition among alumni and university periodicals. Under the old American Alumni Council, competition was for first, second, and third place or honorable mentions. Now, under a successor group known as CASE, there are grand awards (first place), exceptional achievement awards (second ranking), and citations (honorable mention, so to speak).

The *News* won no grand awards, two second rankings, and two honorable mentions this year: seconds each for the general quality of the periodical and for the job it does relating activities of the university to world and national concerns, and citations for photography and for a special issue.

In the general periodical entry, writers whose work was entered included C. Michael Curtis '56, Prof. F.G. Marcham, PhD '26, John Munschauer '40, Anne Moffatt '69, Arden Neisser (two articles), Mary Lou Egan (two), Elsie Peterson '55, Sheila Tobias, Bonnie Schneider '76, Jim Myers '62 (two), and the editor (six).

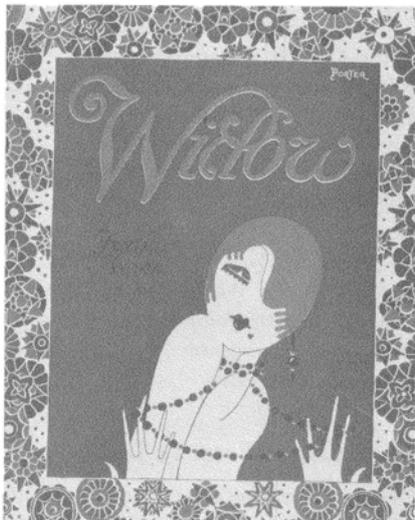
The public affairs award, given by *Newsweek* magazine, was for articles by Prof. Edward Devereux, Arden Neisser (two), Munschauer, and the editor.

Photos by Russell Hamilton and Jon Reis were honored, with Hamilton's work winning the citation for photography.

The citation for a special issue of a periodical was for our December 1975 issue on the seventy-fifth anniversary of the *News*, and honored the design of the issue, which was by David May, and articles by Robert (Dusty) Rhodes, the editor at Brown; by Ray Howes '24; John Detmold '43; and three by the editor.

Brown's was the top winner again in magazine competition. Ten magazines were in the second ranking, including *Engineering: Cornell Quarterly*, which is put out by the College of Engineering, along with our own *News*.

Credit for the quotation about the value of a library that appeared at the end of the March column in the *News*, "You Could Look It Up," belongs not surprisingly to the late Prof. George Healey, PhD '47, English, the university's rare books librarian for many years.



The cover of this issue of the *News* is adapted from the cover of the *Cornell Widow* of February 1928 (above), and other art from other *Widows* is also used to illustrate the Good Times section of the current *News*. We were pleased to find and be able to use the work of two alumni familiar to us and to our readers, Paul Gurney '27 and Walter K. Nield

'27. Gurney's cartooning continues to grace our class notes pages. Nield was for many years chairman of the Publication Committee to which the *News* reports, and is also a former editor of the *News*.

Lou Walcer '74, author of the article in this issue on a Medical College Reunion, is a medical writer in New York City who is active in alumni class affairs as a member of the board of the Cornell Association of Class Officers.

The story in this issue of the two Cornellians sailing around the world on an oceanic research mission is a story that grew from the time the two were first in touch with us. Their fleet and crew have grown, and they are now establishing themselves as a research foundation. The father of one—Fred Martini is *his* name—an electronics executive who retired to Florida, now finds himself with a full-time job as Stateside focal point and seeker of sponsors for the rapidly growing enterprise. Anyone wanting to get in touch with the ocean-going alumni may do so through Mr. Martini, at 4304 Bamboo Terrace, Bradenton, Florida.

And finally, the lead article in this issue of the *News* refers to an alumna whose last name is Huxley, and notes that she is not related to the famous English Huxleys: Thomas Henry Huxley, born 1825, was a noted biologist. His son Leonard, born 1860, was an author and editor. Leonard's sons Julian and Aldous, born in 1887 and 1894, were, respectively, biologist and writer (Julian) and poet, essayist, and novelist (Aldous), who was the author of *Point Counter Point* and *Brave New World*.

It was the grandfather, Thomas Henry, who said: "Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned; and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly."

—JM

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## Letters

### Who Is Unfit?

*Editor:* Cornell's important and special place in higher education, and in the future of this nation, has not come about by accident. It is, in a large measure, a result of the university's insistence on competence, self discipline, and achievement in the students it accepts—and in their work at Cornell. It is no accident, either, that large measures of responsi-

bility, good citizenship and loyalty to Cornell have gone hand in hand with those qualities.

In recent years, Cornell has suffered greatly from its well intentioned efforts to offer special considerations and provide special conditions to special groups of young people. One outstanding result of this effort has been that the university finds itself nurturing a dissident and destructive minority cell within the student body, a special group which demands segregation in most areas of the university function—including admissions and administration.

Large numbers of our alumni have felt that this concept of education at Cornell, however well intentioned, is ill advised and, among other things, is unfair to the growing number of blacks and other minority students who, on their own merits, can meet Cornell's high admission standards and are capable of full participation in the university's academic and community life.

To deny a student admission to Cornell does not deny him, or her, a good education. It should be remembered that in its selective process Cornell has declined to accept large numbers of the sons and daughters of its own alumni, believing that they would do better elsewhere.

One of America's great educators, Andrew D. White, wrote this in his autobiography:

"As I now approach the end of life and look back over the development of Cornell University, this at least seems to me one piece of good fortune—namely, that I have aided to establish there the principle of using our means, so far as possible, not for indiscriminate gratuitous higher education of men unfit to receive it; not, as President [David Starr] Jordan has expressed it, in 'trying to put a \$5,000 education into a 50 cent boy;' but in establishing a system which draws out from the community, even from its poorest and lowliest households, the best, brightest, strongest young men and women, and develops their best powers, thus adding to the greatest treasure which their country can possess."

Cornell faces a complex and difficult problem, but perhaps the time has come to explore ways in which the university can return to a basic policy of treating all students alike with regard to admission and other aspects of campus life—excepting finances. Cornell will never, I am sure, turn away from outstanding and deserving students who need financial assistance.

George C. Castleman '30  
*Red Bank, NJ*

## Reunions

*Editor:* He'd not been back in all those many years, but finally both the opportunity and the desire were present to make the trip to Ithaca. The Class of '41 again would be on "the Hill." He should not allow another five years to rush past without sharing the nostalgia and camaraderie with former classmates. Sure, he'd be there, and just maybe (he told himself) he should have exerted greater effort in the past to attend a Reunion or so.

Minutes after the first handshakes he realized that thirty-five years effect great change. The value systems were in sharp conflict. He had little in common with them. Worse yet, his former closest buddies were not on the list of expected arrivals. Suddenly it hit him: There was no reason to stay! He didn't. Camera in hand he slipped away—unnoticed—to reflect upon his confusion and disappointment. Who was right and who was wrong?

Perhaps a visit to Taughannock Falls would help sort out the pieces of this nagging puzzle. Oh, Lord, it hasn't changed, too, has it?

Fear not—the falls are there, more beautiful than ever in our shrinking natural world. As he crested the parking lot rise, in one quick, all-encompassing glance he noted the young lovers at the lookout site, with the majestic sheet of falling waters behind them in the hazy June afternoon. In a trice the shutter was depressed and the image preserved (see page 7). He felt it would be a good one, an important one even, and he pondered why it would be he who was blessed with the good fortune to be at the right place at the right time.

Gradually the day's events and moods began to make some sense. Amid the tranquility of one of nature's splendors it could be no other way. No, the other guys weren't wrong. Nor was he. We all march to different drummers, that's all it amounted to. Relaxed at last, he sensed that his nearly forgotten love affair with Cornell was still a viable thing. Indeed, this love was rekindled, and silently he gave thanks to the peacefulness of the eternally falling waters for setting his perspective.

I love you, Cornell. I'll return 'ere long.

Donald G. Ross '41

Stone Ridge

## Corson's Service

*Editor:* On learning that Dale Corson is leaving his post, let us sincerely hope that Bob Purcell and the boys in the smoke-

filled room will come up with an individual along the lines of an Alfred P. Sloan.

A business man who is tough and who will cope with the problems on a college campus today.

In my time, a student attended a college to obtain an education, not to invade the administration building and break up the place.

There has to be strong managerial direction to get what has to be done quickly and effectively.

Otherwise the situation at Cornell can only deteriorate.

As class correspondent [for] '29, I continually receive letters from '29ers who are seriously concerned about what goes on in Ithaca.

The situation is such that it no longer can be taken for granted.

A.E. Alexander '29

New York City

*Editor:* President Corson is certainly entitled to a change, and to high honors for performance under punishing conditions. It is hard to imagine another person who could have stepped into the Cornell situation with such good effect after the Perkins debacle. It is ironic that he should, after these years of effort, suffer from a replay of a sit-in by black students.

On Cornell and the blacks, permit a few observations from an outsider who acquired some experience in these matters at an earlier time. The Perkins program for blacks was blighted from the start. It appeared to lack important elements of preparation among students, faculty, and the community. For such a program, Cornell was an unlikely scene, at best. No doubt there would have been serious trouble anyhow, but nothing significant seems to have been done to reduce the hazards.

Certainly Cornell should do its part in the national effort to assist minorities. But to finance such a program and install it by administrative force, as seems to have been the case, is to invite conflict, to handicap a program which deserved to succeed. To the inheritor of these troubles, President Corson, Cornell owes a considerable debt. A salute, too, to Provost [David] Knapp who seems also to have been sabotaged by those whom he tried to help. And good luck to the search committee of the board.

Name Withheld

*The writer is a former Cornell administrator.—Ed.*

## Publicity

*Editor:* I am writing to state how much I enjoyed the Robert J. Kane Testimonial Dinner on Tuesday, May 25. I received my RSVP invitation on Thursday, May 27, two days after the dinner. I wonder how many other alumni had the same experience.

I am in no way blaming the *News* but I believe this should be widely publicized to all organizations on the campus. I knew of no other way to express my criticism except through the *News*.

My observation on similar types of mailing is that delivery may run up to thirty days and allowance should be made accordingly.

Percy H. Winch '23

North Plainfield, NJ

## Athletics, Etcetera

*Editor:* It was appalling to see the brutality of athletic endeavors so vividly depicted on the June 1976 cover of *Alumni News*. Aren't athletics being overemphasized?

Seriously, great cover, tremendous team, and hats off to Coach Moran's undefeated National Champs! The cover helped prompt my contribution to Cornell. (Glad the issue came out *after* the game so there would be no danger of the [*Sports Illustrated*]-type cover hex.) Lacrosse has helped Cornell athletics survive a rugged year.

By the way, what ever happened to Jon Anderson, one truly unfortunate casualty of the Cornell athletic shuffle?

PS: Read your editorial with interest, since I have been the recipient of some of those confusing newsletters.

T.J. Guise '66

Wilton, Conn.

*Anderson was with the Charlotte, NC Hornets of the World Football League until the league folded, and has since gone into business in Charlotte, as we understand it.—Ed.*

## Don't Forget Women's Teams

*Editor:* Your coverage of men's athletics in the article "Where We Stand," *Cornell Alumni News*, June 1976 attests once again to your fine writing and dogged determination to get the whole story. However (and there's always a however) the whole story cannot be complete without assessing the state of women's athletics at Cornell. They, too, have varsity teams, albeit not without persistent struggle for recognition; they, too, are short of funds and, in addition,

lack many of the amenities enjoyed by male competitors. The usual odious comparisons between men's and women's athletics would show certain inequities in facilities, equipment, trainer resources, and coaches' salaries.

I suggest that, if the current \$230 million Cornell Campaign is expected to raise sufficient funds for an endowment which as you have stated, "would in the long run produce on the order of \$250,000 more in income each year for *men's teams*" (italics mine) a reasonable proportion must be distributed for use by women. Aside from the moral obligation to regard women on a par with men as first class citizens of Cornell, we must all be aware that Title IX of the Education Amendments of 1972 prohibits sex discrimination in federally assisted education programs. This applies to athletics, as well as other programs and activities at Cornell.

The law states that: "No person shall, on the basis of sex, be excluded from participation in, be denied the benefits of, be treated differently from another person or otherwise be discriminated against in any interscholastic, intercollegiate club or intramural athletics . . ."

Historically, the concept of the athletic program at Cornell has been exclusionary, limited to men only. It is time to revise that traditional concept to include women who deserve equal recognition and status in fulfillment of their athletic interests.

With best wishes for the future of both men's and women's athletics,

Ruth W. Darling  
Chairperson, Provost's Advisory  
Committee on the Status of Women

*Ithaca*

### Earlier Sports Schedules

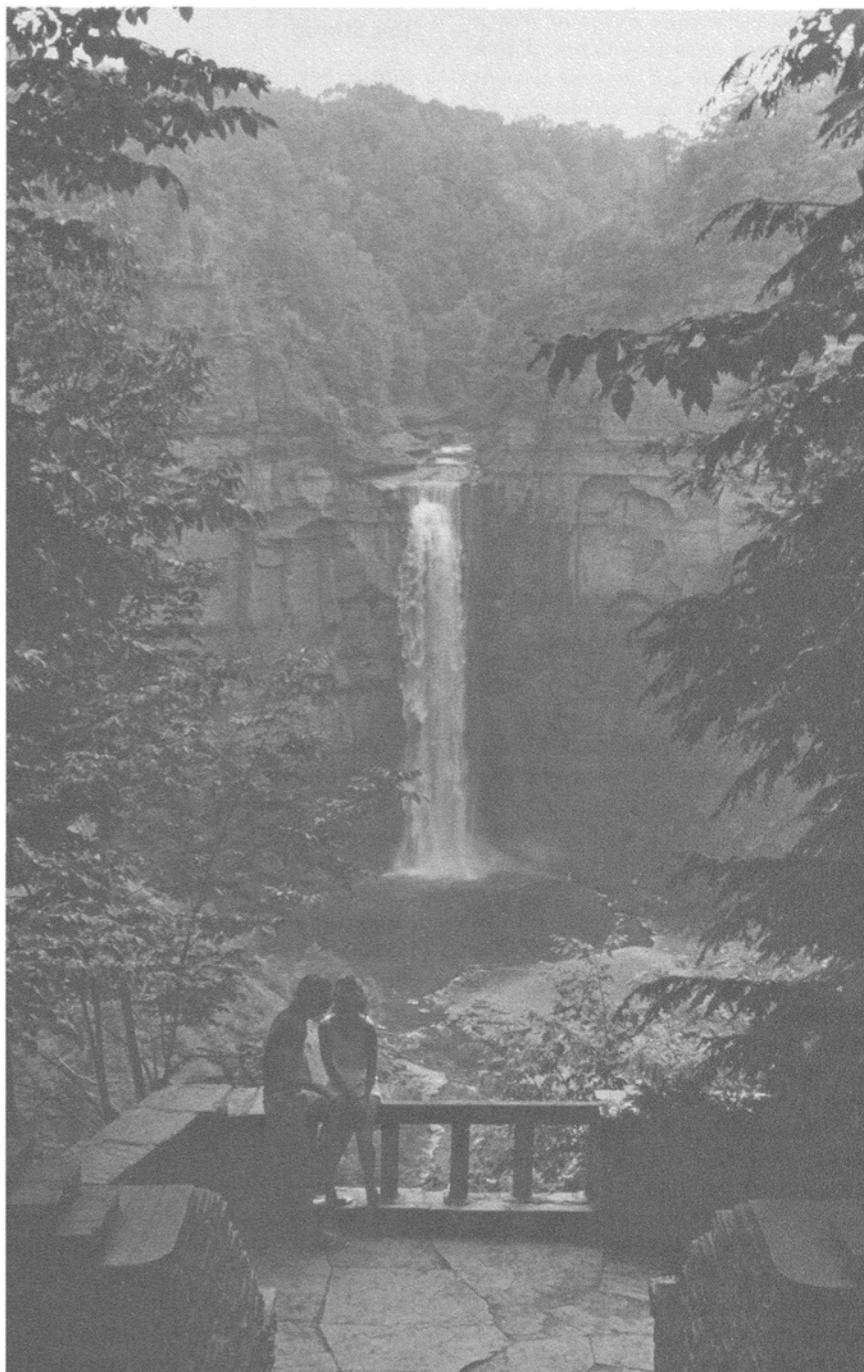
*Editor:* To avoid games being played before the schedule appears in the *Alumni News* may I suggest the following dates for athletic contests: Fall schedule, August issue; winter, October issue; spring, February issue.

This will enable alumni members living in distant areas in which our teams may visit for pre-season exhibitions and tournaments to attend.

Fred Trautwein '32

*Baldwin*

*Most schedules are not ready earlier than for us to run the fall schedule in September [we have no August issue], winter in December, and spring in April. We'll try to get the schedules for teams with exhibition games earlier if they are available in time this year. —Ed.*



*Donald Ross's picture of Taughannock Falls, explained in his letter on page 6.*

### Reunion Slight

*Editor:* It is perhaps a waste of time to bring up ex post facto a matter which therefore cannot be corrected. But, as a member of the Class of 1911, I am a bit put out to note in the latest issue of the *News*, with reference to Reunion events, no mention whatever of 1911. You do show a picture of Ross '06, and then jump to 1916!

There were six of us on hand for what was our regular 65th Reunion, the oldest class as such there. We had our class dinner at Statler in our own room; and

later attended the Van Cleef dinner in Straight Hall. We were recognized at the rally in Bailey Hall; but why no mention of us in the *News*???

Herbert Ashton '11

*Washington, DC*

*We are guilty as charged. In reporting class statistics we simply used the list of reuning classes put out by the Office of Alumni Affairs, and the classes for whom it calculated percentages of attendance. The complete list should include the Class of 1906, with one man back, 2.6 per cent of the class membership, and 1911*

which had three men and two women officially listed as in attendance, 3.2 per cent of the class, or 3.8 per cent accounting for the full six who attended.—Ed.

### Cast Medallions

*Editor:* I smiled when I read about the [Cornell medallion] in the *News* of May 1976. That cast iron medallion has been appearing every ten years or so in central Massachusetts. A cousin of my wife's found it on his newly acquired property in Brookfield ten or twelve years ago and tried to interest me in it from the trunk of his car during a visit to Worcester. Incidentally he now lives in Alaska.

I doubt if it is a very rare piece because for many years students were casting many and all sorts of items in the Engineering college foundry. True there might not be many in evidence, although I'm sure I have seen one or two in Ithaca. I almost seem to remember one on the wall of my fraternity house on Edgemoor Lane. But those mementos come and go as generations change.

M.G. Dexter '24

*Clearwater, Fla.*

### Agrees on Ky

*Editor:* I had been toying for some time with the idea of writing to express my indignation and concern at the treatment Nguyen Ky received at Cornell, not to mention my annoyance at some of the reactions to it. But now I don't need to struggle with such an essay, for Norman R. Smith '70 has done it all very well (*Alumni News*, June, pages 9-10).

Of course there will always be bigots who object to the expression of any opinion unlike their own. I remember the furor in Bailey Hall when Fritz Kreisler came to give a concert after WWI; some people apparently thought his violin would contaminate them.

And when I went to Clark University in the fall of 1926 for graduate work, people were still discussing (after six years!) "The Scott Nearing Case." That was really a dilly, for the president of the university himself had turned out the lights to prevent Nearing from talking; he had been invited to speak by the student Socialist Club.

But there are fortunately still people who are concerned to let anyone have his say, and who recognize that one does not have to believe all he hears, and I am happy that Cornell is turning out people like Mr. Smith of 1970.

Dorothea Johannsen Crook '24  
*Somerville, Mass.*

### The Stump

*Editor:* My copy of the April *News* has just caught up with me. While leafing through I was distressed to note the small paragraph about the casual vandalism done to the stump in front of the Straight.

What on earth could possess any group of Cornell students to destroy a symbol of our university in the name of a "charity fund drive?" That stump has served as a rallying point over many years—and many of my fondest memories of Cornell are centered around rallies staged at its base or events that were simply posted there.

How can such a part of Cornell's everyday existence be removed without any more uproar?

I'm sure that you receive many "irate alumnae" letters about matters which are substantially more important—but that raggedy stump with its hundreds of coats of paint occupies a surprisingly dear part of my heart. Is there anything which can be done to restore it?

Carol A. Williams '74

*Boston*

*After the one effort to reposition the stump was also vandalized, university officials said it would be up to students to do any further work. None has so far.*

—Ed.

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### Footnotes

Prof. Howard B. Meek always had a high reputation in the hotel industry. That industry provided the funds to establish and maintain his privately financed Department of Hotel Administration in the State College of Home Economics. From the beginning, it eagerly recruited the department's graduates. Experts were happy to come to Ithaca to lecture. And once a year leaders of the industry from all parts of the country would gather for Hotel Ezra Cornell.

The hotel students would take over Willard Straight Hall for a day and offer their guests a series of special events culminating in a gourmet banquet in the Memorial Room. A feature of the banquet was a memorable souvenir. One year it was a special edition of *Our Cornell*.

While the hotel program was a professional success, it was a publicity man's headache. Known both on campus and off as the "Hotel School," it was actually a department. Professor Meek, thought

of as the director, was merely a departmental chairman. It was difficult to make news stories both factually accurate and understandable to readers.

The situation changed radically in 1950, when Statler Hall—another tribute to Meek and his staff—was completed. The department became the School of Hotel Administration. I watched the early news releases carefully but saw no notice of a change in status for Professor Meek. Finally I telephoned Dean Lee Vincent of the College of Home Economics to ask about it. She said she thought of Professor Meek as a director and didn't realize that he needed the official title.

She made the recommendation at once, and it was quickly approved. So, twenty-eight years after the inception of the program in hotel management, Cornell had a School of Hotel Administration with a building beautiful in design and complete in equipment—and a director.

Though Professor Meek was a giant in his profession, he was small in physical stature. I recall an incident in New York which illustrates that fact. He and I were in the city on business, staying at the Cornell Club. One evening we had dinner with a couple of alumni, and Professor Meek persuaded us that we should go with him to see a new hit play. We were dubious, however, about securing tickets. Professor Meek knew something about theater management. He said some ticket-holders every day had last-minute changes of plans and sent in tickets for refunds. If anyone went to the boxoffice a half hour or so before curtain time, he could almost always obtain a few.

We started out together after dinner but lost Professor Meek at the first street crossing. He was an expert in New York traffic, too, and darted swiftly through the spaces between cars while we remained intimidated on the near curb. By the time we reached the other side, he had disappeared. The tallest of the group, I could see over the heads of the sidewalk crowd for half a block, but Professor Meek was nowhere in sight.

We had no idea where the theater was, but fortunately remembered its name. We got directions at the nearest corner drug store and arrived just before curtain time to find Professor Meek pacing the lobby, with four tickets in his hand.

I have no recollection of the play. But I am certain it was good. Howard Meek never let people down.

—Ray Howes '24

## Forum

### To Children of Alumni

*Editor:* The College of Arts and Sciences receives over 7,000 applications for its freshman class every year; of the 900 students who enroll in the fall, about 15 per cent are children of alumni. We are very pleased to see such continuity and hope to see a good number of strong "legacies" entering our university in 1977-78.

Here are some cliches you may want to bear in mind as you go through the application process:

- Let your fingers do the walking, don't let your relatives do all the talking: your parents and relatives have made it, they are Cornellians; show the selection committee what you are all about.

- Put your best foot forward: don't neglect Part II of the application, what admissions officers refer to as the "real" application; put some thought into your essays, think about the questions, write clearly and intelligently; don't overdo it, but do take advantage of the optional question if you have something to say.

- Request letters of reference from people who know you and your activities; don't waste time searching for a prestigious signature.

- Be an early bird; get those materials in to the Admissions Office as soon as possible: application forms, SATs, transcripts, guidance counselors' reports, etc. The committees begin their review of files in January (except for those who have applied under the Early Decision Plan, which is November 1).

- Best of luck during your senior year; we look forward to hearing from you.

Urbain J. DeWinter

*Ithaca*

*The writer is assistant dean and director of admission in the College of Arts and Sciences.—Ed.*

### The First Ithaca

Homer, the first travel writer, put the town of Ithaca, Greece on the map as the starting and finishing point of the famed Odyssey. An odyssey of my own began with marriage to a Cornell law student in Ithaca, New York and a recent Mediterranean cruise on the *MTS Daphne* gave me the opportunity to complete it by visiting the Greek Ithaca.

This Ithaca is a small town built on hills, ringed by a circular harbor that is filled with boats and lined with small pastel houses, a few shops, and a lethar-

gic sidewalk cafe. The light breezes that sweep across the cafe tables make one wonder how strong the winds were on that day when Odysseus set sail into the passage between green hills that begin where the houses end.

It is a town quiet enough for lazy contemplation; on a mid-summer afternoon only a few cars and motorbikes break the silence of the main street. Up in the hills, the occasional clip-clop of a basket-laden donkey or a baby's crying hardly contribute a din to the serenity. Everyone is full of greetings and smiles; it is not a place to feel like a lonely wanderer.

It is not an over-all beautiful town, but it has touches of singular beauty in grape-covered terrace arbors, and purple bougainvilleas that droop over flaking walls. The harbor water is so clear pebbles and small fish are visible at the bottom. Pollution lies far away.

On a back street lies on old churchyard with two large busts of Greek Orthodox priests on pedestals. Almost completely hidden in the tall grass is a small white wooden monument with carved Greek annotations and an English message: "For the commemoration of Byron's stay at Ithaca, August, 1832. 'If this island belonged to me I would bury all my books here and never go away.'"

Ithaca! Its namesake in the New World is so much larger, and hillier, grander, more populated, a seat of learning to thousands... yet what a good place to be named after! If Odysseus hadn't known wanderlust it might still be unknown to the rest of the world.

A woman smiles at me from a large open window and beckons me into her cool parlor, an old-fashioned room monopolized by a hanging tapestry. She claps her hands to hasten her curious children to bring me a cold drink. Her old mother takes the chair opposite and studies me fixedly as if I were a movie. From the best chair, a window throne, I can see the entire harbor.

My hostess invites me to have a quince, an "Ithaca specialty," and is delighted when I admit I've never tasted one. She ceremoniously presents me a teaspoon and a small china plate holding a quince in syrup, a plum-sized fruit that appears to be laden with a thousand calories. Everyone watches anxiously. The first taste is like heaven, and my expression of pleasure brings instant smiles to their faces.

We give the children "practice in English" until I notice with alarm that it is almost time for the last launch to return to the *Daphne*. I give everyone a hurried handshake, and run down the street.

From the launch's doorway I am able



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to catch a last good glimpse of the circular harbor, and suddenly become aware that at a small pastel house a large window is filled with a group of people who are waving vigorously. They are my friends, and they are waving at ME! Even the old grandmother is vigorously pumping her arm up and down to wave me off! I nearly fall off my perch waving back in excitement. I can tell from a certain subtle movement of their figures that they were pleased to have me recognize them and when I start waving back, the children enthusiastically wave both hands above their heads. It is a wonderful recognition from a distance.

Just before the launch pulls into Odysseus' narrow passage, I begin to wave my red cotton bandanna, but the wind suddenly carries it away. I can tell by the movement of their shoulders that they are aghast. No matter, I try to tell them with a last vigorous wave, but now they are gone forever.

"Don't fall out of the boat!" a crewman warns.

Little does he know that I was tempted to dive overboard and swim back.

Phyllis Krasilovsky

*Chappaqua*

**T**his story actually begins several years ago, at the Shoals Marine Laboratory, a joint venture between Cornell and the University of New Hampshire. We were involved with the summer program, an Introduction to Marine Science, although in entirely different capacities. Fred, a biologist, was working on a thesis and serving as a teaching assistant for the course; while Russell, an engineer, was involved with the operation and construction of the facility. Over the summers spent in the Gulf of Maine, we became aware that despite our different backgrounds and training, we had a number of interests in common. Most important of these were a love of the sea, a fascination with the life within it, and an interest in marine research under field conditions, as opposed to the more controlled environment of the laboratory.

After completing the work for our degrees, we purchased a boat, *Serenity*, in the fall of 1974, with the idea of “some day” pursuing these interests. The “when” was uncertain, for we were working in separate parts of the country at the time; Fred was teaching anatomy at the State University of New York at Stony Brook, while Russell was working at the Mote Marine Laboratory in Placida, Florida. But over the winter we began to give serious consideration to our research plans; and by the spring of last year, we had decided to trade “some day” for “now.”

*In November 1975, the authors started on what they planned to be a four-year, round-the-world trip to conduct ocean research in a thirty-seven-foot ketch powered by sail and engine. They had limited funds, the promise of one grant when they had nearly crossed the Pacific, but the hope of receiving more. This report was written in early summer, in Tahiti, and is augmented in several places by passages from two newsletters they mailed during their voyage. As they explain, the scope of their venture expanded immensely this spring with the acquisition of a seventy-three-foot brigantine. Jennifer Brown '78 joined their crew in Balboa, and others have joined since, as explained in the Also column, page 5.*



*The Serenity at anchor in the Galapagos Islands.*

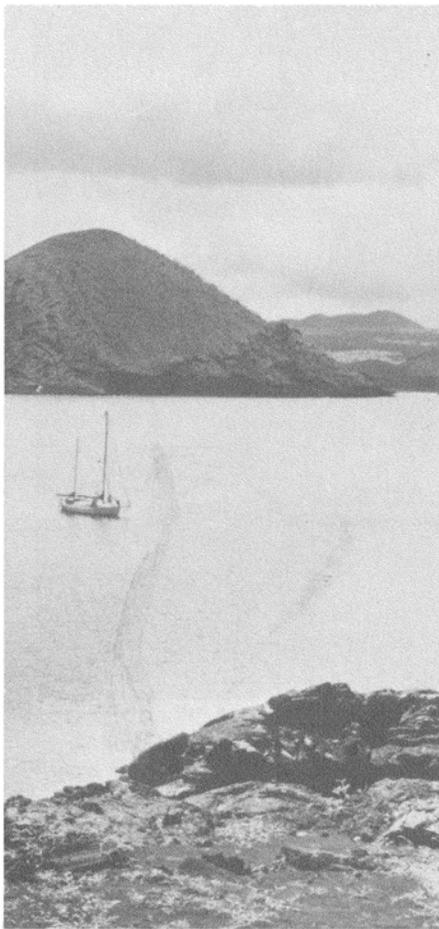
It was our feeling that a well-equipped sailing vessel would offer advantages for certain types of marine research. Our interest was with the endangered species of marine mammals, specifically the whales and sirenians [another group of large aquatic mammals]. A sturdy, shoal-draft sailboat could silently approach groups of animals and venture into isolated areas, reefs, and islands which were inaccessible by conventional means, and still be both safe and reasonably comfortable during open ocean passages of several thousand miles. *Serenity* appeared to be the ideal vessel for our purposes. She is a thirty-seven-foot Carol ketch, designed by John Hanna, and built by a true craftsman. There was sufficient space below to accommodate our supplies and the equipment required—scuba compressor and diving gear, reference works, a microfilm library, cameras, and black-and-white developing paraphernalia.

After the decision was made to depart the following fall, we spent the rest of the spring submitting grant applications for our project. It was rather ambitious—a population survey of the Indo-Pacific sea cow (*Dugong-dugon*) throughout its

entire range. This included some 35,000 miles of coastline, reefs, and islands over an area bounded east and west by New Caledonia and Africa, north and south by the middle of the Red Sea and South Africa. We applied for funds only to cover food and research expenses, as we were contributing our time and our vessel to the project.

Finally, in late April 1975, we were successful in having a proposal approved, although it would only begin upon *Serenity's* arrival in New Caledonia [nearly to Australia]; and we felt that we were on our way. The summer months were spent working on the boat, and working at the Shoals Lab as well. We also began the laborious paperwork which [is] ultimately [to] result in the coordination and integration of our project with research personnel and government agencies of the more than thirty countries within the range of the dugong. In September, we had received the first of our clearances, and we began heading south.

By this time, word of our expedition had begun to spread. As we traveled down the east coast of the United States, we picked up a number of additional projects, which we agreed to do (despite a lack of associated funding), since we would be in the areas of interest anyhow.



# Under Way

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With a boat and not much else,  
a marine biologist and an engineer  
set out for a life at sea.

By Frederic Martini, PhD '74 and Russell Nilson '73

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The Smithsonian provided drums and fixatives for reef fish collections, and the US National Marine Fisheries Service asked us to participate in their dolphin tagging program, and to take pictures and observations of whales encountered along our route.

## [Sarasota, Florida]

In late October, the hurricane season was over and we prepared for our passage to Panama. At the time, we were in Sarasota, Florida. The Sarasotans took a great interest in our coming travels, and daily the number of visitors increased, until it became unusual *not* to have fifty or sixty people stopping by the boat in the course of a day, each with questions and opinions. This inevitably slowed down our preparations; our first planned departure date passed, then a second. Finally there came a time when all of the science classes from a nearby high school dropped by in a single day, and the next morning, when we rose at dawn to try to beat the rush, we found people already on the dock—just in case we were thinking of leaving that day!

It became obvious that if we were ever to complete our preparations for sea, it would have to be elsewhere, for we had no time left for ourselves. So, on Novem-

ber 14, a crowd of over 200 came to Marina Jack's dock to see us off, and we sailed out of the harbor—ostensibly for Panama. In point of fact, we motored down the intracoastal waterway and tucked into a pocket behind a deserted island. After three days of concerted effort, we headed out into the Gulf of Mexico. Eight days later, we were in the Panama Canal Zone.

## [Panama, West]

The shipping traffic, noise, pollution, and overall confusion came as quite a shock. Almost as soon as our anchor was down, we were boarded by Customs, Immigration, the Port Captain, and the Admeasurer—each with his own stack of forms. It all went smoothly, though, and we were in the canal itself by noon the following day. Like a toy boat, we passed through the locks and channels designed for 900-foot vessels. In less than twenty-four hours we were in Balboa, Canal Zone—in the Pacific at last. Obtaining stores, spare parts, and acquiring a clearance for the Galapagos Islands occupied several weeks, but on December 24 *Serenity* was again underway.

We anchored on Christmas Eve in the Perlas Islands, in the Gulf of Panama, to spend a quiet Christmas. A group of natives came out in one of their dugout canoes, bringing coconuts. They knew no English, and our Spanish was deplorable; but with sign language and a nip of rum, we managed to spend a pleasant couple of hours.

The next morning they came by to lead us in a lobster hunt. For five hours we dove, without success; each new spot, we

were told, had swarming masses of five-pound lobsters just below the surface. Each time, we found a smooth sand bottom, in twenty to thirty feet of water. After we finally decided to give up entirely, we found that these people were farmers, not fishermen; that they couldn't swim, and wouldn't have the faintest notion of where to find a lobster; they were simply trying to be accommodating!

Late in the day, we managed to find a lobster, so our Christmas dinner was assured, but by that time we were too tired to stuff it properly. Dessert was a flaming plum pudding, sent to us from Ithaca.

As we left the Perlas, we began the dolphin tagging program. In the Gulf of Panama we found and tagged a number of Spotted Dolphins. The tagging procedure consists of a crossbow which fires a bolt with a small pin at the end. There is a large rubber pad to prevent the pin from penetrating too deeply; to the pin is attached a streamer with a number on it. The number is recorded, the tip is sprayed with an antibiotic/anaesthetic, and the bolt is fired so as to strike the animal just forward of the dorsal fin. The bolt falls off at once, leaving the streamer implanted.

It sounds like child's play, but in actuality the technique is more complicated. The boat is moving erratically, the dolphin unpredictably, and the bow is set too weakly (to avoid any injury to the animal) to implant the tag if the bolt has to travel more than a few inches through the water. But after a few practice sessions, all went well; and the dolphins seemed not to be unduly stressed by the

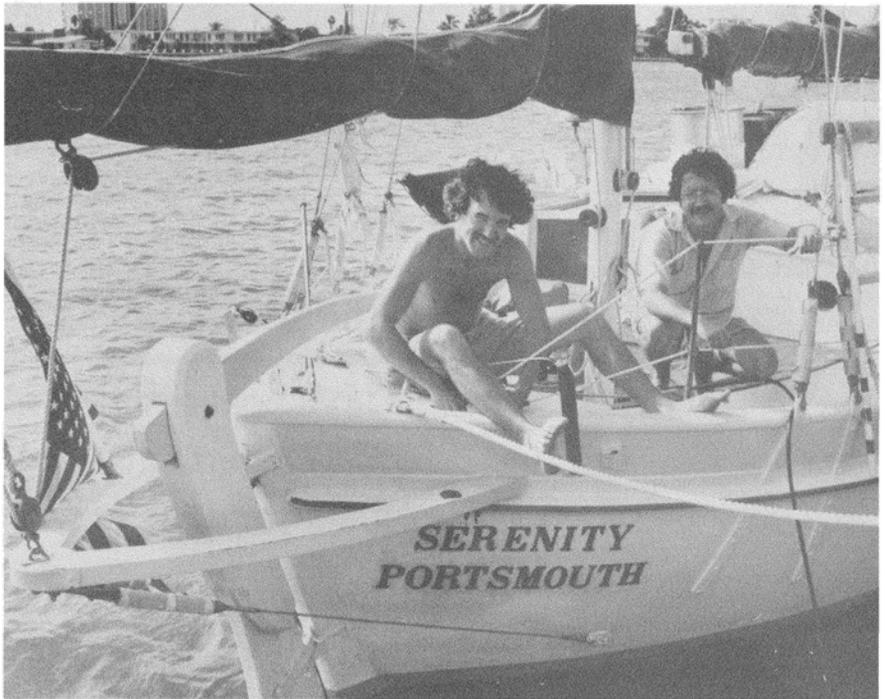
tagging, as they would occasionally remain in the area—albeit usually *behind* the boat. The tag-return data may shed some light on the migratory habits of these animals, and ultimately help to prevent the dolphin mortalities which accompany commercial tuna fishing operations.

The passage to the Galapagos was about as we expected—eight days of rain, foul winds, and discomfort, despite the fact that this was probably the best time of year for such a crossing. Each winter a warm current flows southwest from the Gulf of Panama to the Galapagos, bringing the rainy season to the isles. The motion of the boat in the seas, produced by the prevailing winds (from the southwest) blowing *against* the current, was quite unpleasant, although neither of us is susceptible to seasickness (well, hardly ever!). Near the islands we were beset by a number of mechanical and physical problems—engine malfunctions, uncharted currents, and such—but as we neared the island of San Cristobal the sun began to shine, and we were greeted by boobies, tropicbirds, sea lions, and an immense pod of dolphins—and suddenly it was worth the trouble.

### [The Galapagos]

Our stay in the Galapagos was most unusual—three weeks of enjoyment paid for by three weeks of almost unbearable bureaucratic tangles and confusion. Partly, this was due to a language barrier, partly to a revolution in Ecuador [of which the Galapagos are possessions], and partly, I'm sure, to general orneriness of Galapagan officials. Despite all of that . . . we managed to dive with sea-lions, marine iguanas, penguins, and—of course—a large number of sharks. In our allotted time among the Isles we visited:

*San Cristobal:* This was our first stop, and we were anxious to look around. We rode a rickety bus to Progresso. The overall poverty and depression of this dry and dusty town was disturbing to us, as it had been to William A. Robinson when he visited the islands most recently with *Varua* in 1945. We walked the 8 kilometers back to Wreck Bay, with our shoes kicking great clouds of ochre-colored dust, feeling the harsh and demanding spirit of the island. All life was struggling to survive—the trees and bushes thrust up from between the enormous lava cinders as if straining for moisture. Occasionally, a donkey skull glared from the side of the road; only the birds lightened the mood (at times, they landed in our hair as we rested in the shade along the way).



The town at Wreck Bay also presents a sombre aspect, but occasional incongruities are there—the laughter of the children as they followed us, awaiting a chance to dart in front of a camera; the bar/restaurant on the waterfront, where the walls are adorned with giant paintings of day-glo iguanas and tortoises; a wrecked fishing boat by the wharf, which is slowly being eaten away as the youngsters take bits and pieces to build rafts and model boats.

It was in Wreck Bay that R/V *Serenity* met the R/Vs *David Starr Jordan* and *Oliver Cromwell*, both huge NOAA [National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration] vessels—working with porpoises! We spent a pleasant evening aboard the *Jordan*, where we ate ice cream and pie and drank cold milk by the quart; we also had our first hot freshwater showers since leaving Panama . . . . The personnel aboard were astounded at the small size of *Serenity*, and indeed, as we walked through wet labs and dry labs, talked with research teams of ten to fifteen, and saw washing machines, TVs, private rooms, big radiotelephones, and the like, we *did* feel as though we were doing things the hard way.

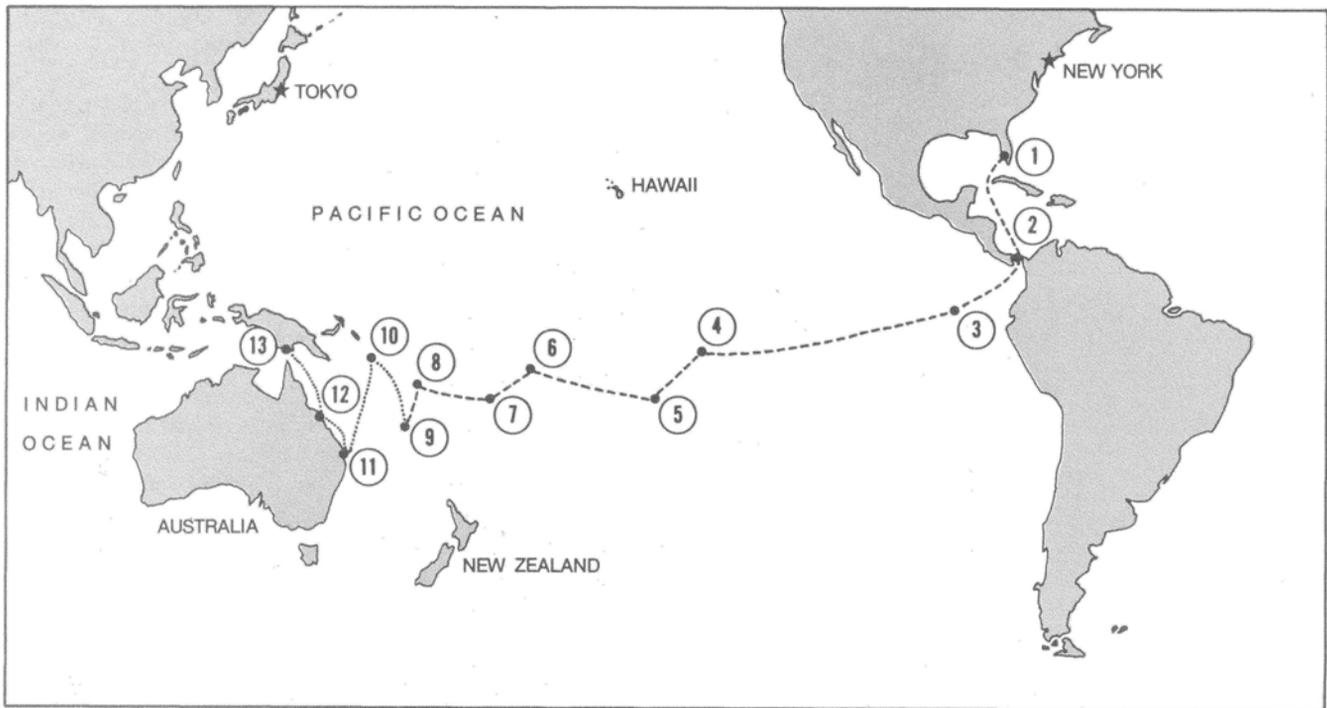
We had already had that same thought twice before—once, when a Coast Guard cutter stopped us for an inspection as we were passing off Cuba into the Yucatan Channel. For a time, they had refused to believe that we were a research vessel, and when they were finally convinced of *that*, they laughed at the idea that we were going to cross the Pacific. The second time, upon our arrival in Wreck

*Authors Martini, right, and Nilson prepare the Serenity for departure from Sarasota, Florida last November.*

*Opposite page, their route since departing: 1, Nov. 14-17, Sarasota; 2, Nov. 25-Dec. 24, Canal Zone; 3, Jan. 3-Feb. 16, Galapagos Islands; 4, March 12-24, Marquesas Islands; 5, April 1-May 19, Tahiti, departing with the Varua; 6, June 5-11, Samoa, leaving the Varua; 7, June 16-27, Fiji; 8, July 5-20, New Hebrides, headed for: 9, New Caledonia; 10, Solomon Islands; 11, Brisbane, Australia; 12, Townsville, Australia; and 13, New Guinea.*

Bay, two representatives of the Ecuadorian Navy were there to move aboard the American Research Vessel which was due to arrive. When they saw *Serenity*, they, too, thought it was a joke; but instead of laughing, they went off grumbling and growling—and we were henceforth buried in paperwork.

*Santa Cruz:* Life in the town at Academy Bay is a bit brighter. There is an airport on an adjacent island (Baltra), and so this island receives the bulk of the tourist trade. There are several small hotels and shops, and the central headquarters for the Park Service. Here also is the Charles Darwin Research Station, which we were anxious to visit to coordinate our research activities. In the mountains, there is a tortoise preserve, with hundreds of reptilian inhabitants. On this island we made several friends, among them the Angermeiers, residents of the islands for almost forty years. In Carl's home, the marine iguanas flock to his side to be fed each day; while in Gus's "cave," the articulated skeleton of a



sperm whale hangs from the ceiling, along with other biological artifacts and curios collected along the shores over the decades. After receiving further lessons on the ways of the government, we pressed on, this time with two graduate students from the Darwin Station who had research interests in the areas along our itinerary.

Cesar, a young Ecuadorian who was visiting the islands on business (and had spent several years in the US), was so concerned when he saw the confusion we were having with the officialdom, that he dropped his business dealings and spent three weeks with us traveling as official translator—no doubt the luckiest event of our entire stay.

*Floreana:* Here we experienced the island in a way that the casual tourist would never imagine. After exploring a hidden cavern a hundred or more feet below the surface, wading about in waistdeep seawater, navigating by flashlight, we began what appeared, on the map, to be a simple hike across the island to Black Beach. The Witmers, other long-term residents of the islands, ran a hotel and restaurant there. The interior of Floreana is fairly famous for disappearing tourists, and for the legendary “Empress of the Galapagos” who lived here in the early 1930s.

Off we trudged to purchase a case of orange wine, made only on this island. We followed one of the many trails which led from the mail box in Post Office Bay. In a matter of hours, even the donkey trails had long since faded away, and we were deep in the brush. Our “brief hike” had become an ordeal which continued

for eight hours. Every plant in this harsh land bears spines, prickles, and/or spurs to protect the moisture within; our shirts were swiftly torn to tatters. Ric tore a shirt to shreds; Russ abused his feet in some new boots; and Jen acquired quite an interesting collection of vegetation in her hair. It was a great relief at last to arrive at our destination just as night fell.

After dinner, we received a kind offer of a ride back to *Serenity* from a tourist charter boat which had anchored for dinner nearby, at the Witmers. So, with an assortment of scratches and bruises, and a perverse sense of accomplishment, we arrived home in the early hours of the morning. The next day we went diving at Devil’s Crown—an eerie formation of rocks off the coast, where the water was clear, the currents intimidating, and the sharks passed like cars on a freeway.

*James:* Our first stop was Sullivan Bay, probably one of the most scenic anchorages in the Galapagos. Farther west, in James Bay, we went for a goat hunt. Goats have been a major problem for the wildlife of the Galapagos. As is often the case with introduced species, the lack of predators (and here, a lack of mammalian competitors) led to a population explosion. Unfortunately, they are out-competing the tortoises. One of the primary goals of the Park Service is the elimination of the goat problem—a seemingly hopeless task, as the populations are enormous, the Park Service understaffed, and other hunting rare and aimed primarily at the males.

High on the slopes of a crater Russ managed to get one on his first shot; we dressed it out on the spot, which was a

rocky incline some 1,000 feet up a crater wall; and continued to explore the area with the meat in a backpack. Unexpectedly, our hunt brought an additional benefit: the cleaning operation was attended by about fifty of the rare Galapagos hawks (there are only about two hundred of these birds left in the entire island group). As we were working on the carcass, we could reach over and hand scraps to the attentive birds, who sat totally unabashed only a few feet away.

*Albemarle:* Most of our ramblings here were restricted to the area around Tagus Cove, a flooded crater. Its walls are adorned with the names of vessels which have anchored here since the 1920s. (This practice has recently been outlawed, so *Serenity’s* name was not added to the collection.) It was pleasant, as we sat in the cockpit with a drink in the early evening, to think of the boats and crews who left their marks on the surrounding cliffs—*Svaap*, *Yankee*, *Faith*, *Discovery*, *Viking*, *Lucette*, *Romance*, *Cimba* . . . .

By day, in Tagus Cove, we painted *Serenity* and prepared her for the long haul to the Marquesas, some 3,200 miles distant.

Finally, on February 16, we were ready, and we sailed from the Galapagos Islands, their exquisite wildlife and their incomprehensible paperwork. Almost at once we encountered a pod of fifty sperm whales, and spent the waning hours of the day moving slowly among them, taking photographs as they blithely cruised along. This was perhaps the most memorable of our Galapagos experi-



*Sea lions leave their marks on the sands of a Galapagan beach.*

ences. After shooting eleven rolls of pictures, from the deck and from the spreaders, Russ attempted to get a more unusual approach to the subject.

As *Serenity* came alongside a particularly large animal (about fifty feet) Russ lowered himself from the bobstay as boat and whale converged along roughly parallel tracks. He was within four feet of the animal when it reacted with a start, turning its head towards Russ and then rolling on its side, submerging, and heading away. Although a few pictures were taken, the experiment was deemed unsuccessful, for while over the side, Russ was stung by a venomous jellyfish, and we were lucky to get him back aboard. Then, with the coming of night, we set our sails once more, and began to move towards our new destination.

### [To the Marquesas]

The passage to the Marquesas was rather surprising, in that the famous tradewinds failed to appear until we had motored through almost a thousand miles of squalls, thunderstorms, rain, and confused seas. The arrival of the text-book trades was heralded by a fierce gale which burst upon us from the southeast. For the next six hours, *Serenity* fought her way through enormous seas amid one of the most spectacular lightning displays imaginable, while the wind roared and tore through the rigging. When this violent meteorological surprise had passed, the sky cleared, and the fair winds began.

For the next two and a half weeks we read, stood the watches, and fished. We caught few fish on this passage, but we

did manage to catch (and preserve) a rare deep-water form which came to the surface one moonless night. After twenty-one days, we were beginning to run low on supplies in the galley. Peanut butter, canned goods, curries, and even an occasional helping of freeze-dried food replaced the pies and ham which had begun the voyage. So it was with dreams of fresh food, cold drinks, and hot showers that we made a perfect landfall at Nuku Hiva, twenty-five days out of the Galapagos, which pleased us greatly, since that was only our second crossing relying upon celestial navigation, and roughly the equivalent to sailing from New York to California aiming at a seven-mile stretch of coast. It was also our longest crossing for the entire voyage, and a relief to have behind us. It is an interesting shift in perspective to find that sails of 1,000 miles now appear to be mere hops.

But we had little time to enjoy the islands. Almost at once we made the chilling discovery that all of the mail and reports sent from the Galapagos had been swallowed by the Ecuadorian mail system and had failed to reach the United States. Powerless to communicate from this isolated French outpost, we elected to press on to Tahiti as soon as possible.

Our Ecuadorian tangles had used up all our ready cash, and there was no bank on the islands, but we found that we didn't need any money in the Marquesas. We traded old line, magazines, and old clothes for diesel fuel, fruit, and canned goods; and three cassette tapes, bought in Florida and not very popular, were cashed in on an exquisite hand-carved

rosewood sword. Quite a satisfactory arrangement, though we have little left to trade.

We did take a few days to tag some of the interesting dolphins which abound off the islands—Spinners, who, for reasons known only to themselves, delight in leaping high out of the water, then turning somersaults while spinning about their long axes. We also collected some fish, although in general the visibility was not very good, and when it was, the sharks were even more apparent. Ric received his first real shark scare, which closed down the snorkeling activities.

In the harbor of Taio Hae, we interviewed the cruising yachtsmen, and began our program of data collection concerning interactions between whales and small boats.

### [To Tahiti]

Our passage to Tahiti was probably the most unpleasant of the entire trip. With pleasant weather, we paused for a day at Ahe Island, one of the northern Tuomotus, dove and shelled in the morning and gathered landcrabs and periwinkles (also heart of palm) for dinner. But when we left the following day, the weather had turned for the worse. As we entered the narrow slot between Arutua and her northern neighbor, Rangiroa, night was falling fast, and the words of the sailing directions took on new meaning "... navigation among these islands is dangerous because of the uncertain set of the currents . . . imperfectly charted reefs and islands . . . a two-masted schooner lies stranded on the reef at the southeastern extremity of the atoll . . . no dependency should be placed on the charted . . . details of the north and south coasts [of Rangiroa] . . ."

All day the wind had been increasing; the sky was filled with a confused mixture of clouds, and the sun sank behind a dusty golden haze. Heavy rain squalls with high winds began passing; by midnight, the seas were over twenty feet, breaking with a roaring sound, sometimes pouring into the cockpit. As each wave passed, the helmsman and lookout strained their eyes and ears, watching and listening for the sound of breakers on some unforeseen, uncharted reef in the blackness ahead.

Two more days passed, days of little sleep, combined with the physical exhaustion of fighting the seas, straining to hold the tiller, raising and lowering the sails as the fierce squalls passed. We became increasingly irritable, arguing over whose fault it was that we were out here,

arguing simply because it was the only way to keep from falling asleep—and a moment's inattention would invite disaster.

*Serenity* arrived in Papeete Harbor at 0800, April 1, and with a sigh of relief we found a berth on the quay that runs along downtown Papeete. But strangely enough, once the entry formalities were out of the way, we didn't fall into our berths for some much-needed rest; instead, we drank a pot of coffee, and then went out to dinner! After a hot meal, the passage (in retrospect) took on an entirely new aspect.

Old Tahiti is gone—this one is paved over, with Holiday Inns, Travelodges, and genuine fake native dancing—for a price, of course! The locals dance in bop discos, complete with female impersonators, to the sound of 1965 Beach Boys albums sung in a blend of Tahitian and French. Very depressing thing to see, and from what we gather, indicative of all the Society Islands. Bora Bora has a Club Mediterranee. Papeete has a 747 jetport and an oil terminal, traffic jams, air pollution, etc., etc.

We set about duplicating our lost correspondence and also began discussing the problems experienced when attempting to operate a complex research program from a small boat. It had long before become apparent that there was insufficient space aboard for the equipment and books that we found we required; we had been laughed at by the Coast Guard, offended the Ecuadorians,

and been warned by the NOAA research ships.

Now we had been confronted by a series of cables from some of the host countries along our route—the governments of Indonesia, Australia, Sri Lanka, Iran, and Kenya were expressing an interest in placing research personnel aboard the boat, so as to coordinate our research efforts more efficiently. We were nonplussed; our funding efforts had barely been able to provide the needed funds for our arrival in the sea-cow survey zone, so even thinking of a bigger boat seemed absurd. Nevertheless, we went ahead and wrote letters to several yacht brokers, with the idea of expanding our operations in 1978, after the expiration of the sea-cow contract.

The sea cows of the globe, like the larger cetaccans, have approached extinction due to the activities of man. Out of the three recent genera of Sirenia, one was exterminated within fifty years of its discovery, and the remaining two are on the list of endangered species. The manatee (*Trichechus*) is found along the Atlantic coasts of the Americas and Africa. They prefer estuarine and fresh water habitats, feeding on submerged vegetation. Because of their accessibility, they have been subject to severe hunting pressures in past years, but conservation efforts are fairly well established, both nationally and internationally. The sea cows of the Indo-Pacific are in less immediate danger of extinction (but are, nonetheless, rare in many areas of former

abundance) and conservation efforts have been slow to materialize. One of the greatest problems with the organization and coordination of conservation efforts is that there is little data available concerning the distribution of surviving populations.

During our first week in Papeete, we had written a letter to William A. Robinson, one of the more famous yachtsmen of the past thirty to forty years. Our letter was prompted by the interest in marine science he had shown in his books; he was particularly involved with field work, as he and his magnificent brigantine *Varua* had played an important role in filariasis [a kind of mammal infestation] research during the decade of 1950-60. We told him of our research activities and, in passing, inquired as to his plans for *Varua*, since we understood that she had not sailed for several years.

### [Expanded Venture]

We were to depart from Papeete on April 15. On April 14, *Serenity* was ready to sail on the following morning, but that afternoon Mr. Robinson contacted us, asking that we come for a visit the next morning. To our utter amazement, upon our arrival he offered us the *Varua* for our use as a research vessel for the next fifty years. In a daze, we accepted; and since that time, life has become increasingly complicated. For unfortunately *Varua* is not ready to begin her new ca-



*The famous brigantine Varua, which joined the Martini-Nilson research venture in Tahiti.*

reer—she will require an extensive period of refitting and equipping.

To help with the process, we are forming a non-profit, tax-exempt organization called Marine Environmental Research, Inc. MER will be attempting to raise contributions which will initially cover the cost of the outfitting and, subsequently, provide grants and fellowships for graduate students, faculty, and other investigators who are interested in field research.

*Varua*, as completed, will accommodate eight to ten investigators in addition to a crew of four, and she will have a variety of small boats, compressors for scuba and surface supplied diving, a laboratory, a darkroom capable of developing color and black-and-white slides and prints, and a large deck area for demon-

strations, sorting collections, and stowing drums of preserved materials. She will be able to go anywhere on the oceans of the globe, with the ease of operation and the low operating costs of a sailing vessel.

In the meantime, *Serenity* will continue along her itinerary, pursuing our research operations through the maze of reefs around New Caledonia, New Hebrides, the Solomons, New Guinea, and the Barrier Reef of Australia, before heading into the Indian Ocean. We will be leaving Papeete with the two vessels in tandem, traveling together to Somoa . . .

We have sailed almost halfway around the world; and suddenly, new possibilities, responsibilities, and dreams have materialized—instead of being halfway completed, our voyage of research is just beginning.

methods of diagnosis and treatment.

The process is not at all one-sided. At each step, the alumni and staff members in the audience have their own questions and suggestions on technique, based on their experience. These, too, are fully talked out—their benefits and risks weighed carefully and criticisms made. Everyone listens, everyone learns, and everyone works.

And it *is* work. The talk is fast and highly technical.

“Whew! I’d hate to have to come into this first thing in the morning,” says Morton Lynn, MD ’65 after attending his second session of the morning. The session, led by Dr. Charles Christian, professor of medicine and head of the Hospital for Special Surgery, has covered new concepts in arthritis, discussing new drugs, new theories, and, particularly, new ways to manage advanced cases of arthritis surgically, a subject of great clinical interest to Dr. Lynn, who is an orthopedic surgeon.

The Hospital for Special Surgery, affiliated with Cornell since 1949, has a world-wide reputation as a center for arthritis research, and is particularly well known for developing and perfecting techniques of replacing severely diseased arthritic joints. Impressed by the number of patients who are drawn to the hospital each year for this type of operation, Dr. Lynn comments admiringly, “Up in Massachusetts where I practice, if I see three or four patients in a year who need this type of surgery it’s a lot. Here they do that many operations in the course of a week, sometimes even in one day.”

Over a glass of sherry (“It has medicinal value”) before lunch, and afternoon tours of the Medical Center, he gets an opportunity to take a break with some of his classmates of the Class of ’66. This, their tenth year out of medical school, is occasion for their first official Medical College Reunion. No fifth-year Reunions are held because a physician is usually still in training that soon after graduation.

The Medical College holds Reunions every other year. Only in recent years has the enrollment in entering Medical College classes reached 100, so two adjacent classes must join forces and numbers to make a Reunion successful.

The opportunity to combine classes is welcomed by alumni, because class definitions, particularly in the final two, clinical years of medical school, become very vague. Even with doubled up classes, the small numbers, added to physicians’ reluctance to leave their patients and practices, make engineering a successful turnout a difficult challenge

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**Off Campus** Lou Walcer '74

## The Other Reunion

“Our first case today is a Mr. J.F., a 69-year-old engineer who suddenly developed pain and weakness in his right buttock, thigh, and calf four weeks prior to admission . . .”

Armed with note pads, clip boards, or tape recorders the members of the audience hunch forward in an effort to better concentrate on the all-important details of the case. There are some nurses present, as well as some interns and residents, but the bulk of the audience is composed of returning alumni, for this is a Medical College Reunion, held in May at the Cornell Medical Center in Manhattan, and the alumni are busy, sharpening up their skills.

Continuing medical education is a central theme to the Reunion. Medicine today moves at such a tremendous pace that it is difficult, if not impossible for a practicing physician to keep up with the advances that come on an almost daily basis. In many areas of medicine, what may have been good medicine when the doctor was trained may no longer be the “treatment of choice,” so the Medical College recognizes its responsibility to its alumni by giving them a hearty welcome, and a day full of brushup sessions and tours of new facilities.

The early morning session we are attending—one of nine being offered at this hour—is devoted to methods of

treating low back pain, a controversial subject because there seem to be as many ways to treat a “bad back” medically as there are to get one in the first place.

Introducing the members of the panel, Prof. Mary Anne Payne, MD ’45 summarizes the situation: “We all have our own ways of treating these patients. What we’d like to do today is give you some guidelines on how to approach the problem.” The panel is composed of specialists from different medical disciplines. The instruction is by the case method. Prof. Russel H. Patterson, MD ’52, a neurosurgeon, presents the case of the disabled 69-year-old engineer, and then defends the way he diagnosed and surgically treated the patient’s condition. The other members of the panel play devil’s advocate. Prof. Peter Tsairis, MD ’65 gives the neurologist’s point of view. Prof. Peter J. Marchisello is an orthopedist, and Prof. Willibald Nagler represents the Department of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation.

In a deliberate, step-by-step fashion Professor Patterson uses X-ray films, lab reports, and photographs to show how he established his diagnosis and his course of treatment: surgery to remove an arthritic bone growth that was pinching a nerve. The other physicians on the panel elaborate on the findings, suggesting alternative interpretations and other

for class coordinators.

Nevertheless, the returning classes, particularly those fifteen or more years out, regularly attract more than 20 per cent to their Reunions—a figure undergraduate Reunion classes rarely reach at Ithaca. This seems the more remarkable for a graduate school, considering the primary loyalty of students would be expected to lie with their first alma mater.

What, then, is the secret of Cornell Medical's appeal? Fred Bailey '44, MD '46 attributes his class's near-record turnouts to "keeping in touch with the wives." "We reach them at the doctor's home," he says, "and let them do all the scheduling. Chances are if we tried to reach any of our classmates at their offices, we'd never get through to them."

*Medical College alumni, on a Reunion tour of the Medical Center in Manhattan during May, hear from Dr. Albert Rubin, left, director of the center's kidney center, and Dr. John Laragh '46, MD '48, director of its hypertension center. The oldest alumnus at the 1976 Reunion, Dr. Hyla S. Watters, MD '21, talks with Dr. J. Robert Buchanan, MD '54, dean of the college, at the Explorer's Club, near the center.*

Andre Capi '44, MD '46, a Florida radiologist, offers a deeper explanation: "Loyalty. Pure class loyalty. '46 has really stayed together."

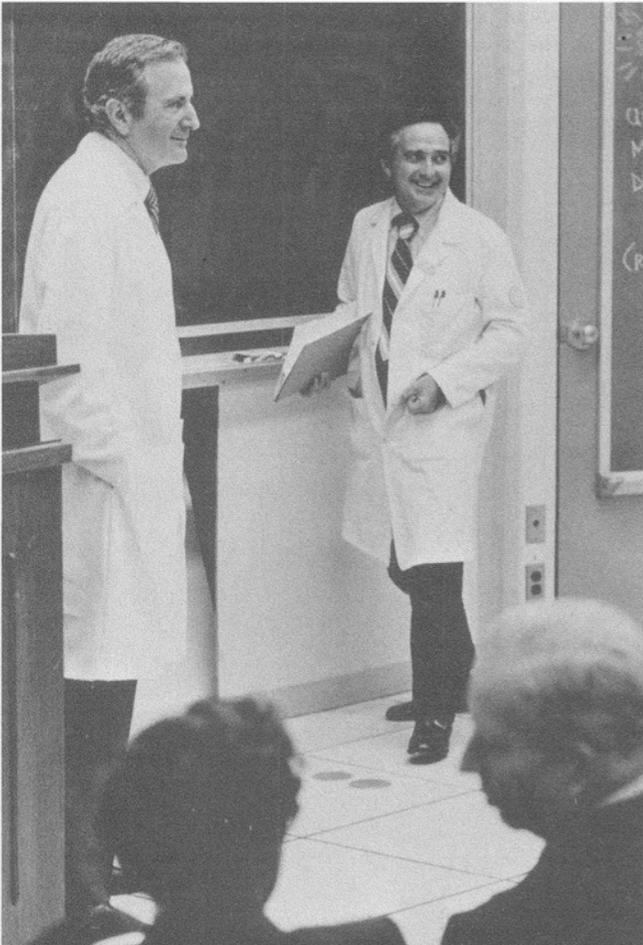
Loyalty and pride are apparent when members of the Class of 1946 argue, with obvious relish, that theirs is the only medical college class ever to have four members seated as active medical college deans at the same time—Drs. Merlin K. DuVal, Arthur B DuBois, Franklin G. Ebaugh, and S. Marsh Tenny. Addressing a luncheon of returning alumni, the emeritus dean of the Medical College, Joseph Hinsey, said, "I continue to be surprised at the accomplishments of our alumni all over the world. . . . Whatever it is we're doing here, we must be doing something right."

Alumni broke up into small groups later that afternoon to tour some of the Medical Center's newer facilities: The Rogosin Kidney Center, a focal point in kidney, transplantation, and dialysis research; the Hypertension Center, where Prof. John Laragh '46, MD '48 and his staff are revolutionizing the treatment of high blood pressure; and the Perinatology Center, which will bring the latest in medical and technological innovation to bear in saving the lives of dangerously ill or premature infants.

After a long afternoon of walking, questioning, and learning about new facilities, the pride of the alumni in their alma mater seems evident in their conversation over cocktails at the Explorers' Club near the Medical Center. It is also very apparent that the Cornell of which they speak is not the same as the one with which most alumni of the university are familiar.

Theirs is a physician's Cornell, a complex maze of corridors, classrooms, and interhospital tunnels that are literally and figuratively far from Cayuga's waters. The pleasant buzz of the cocktail conversation reflects these profound differences. In place of animated Reunion discussion of athletic teams is equally animated discussion of Dr. Laragh, his controversial center, and his equally controversial research. "Where have you been all these years?" and "What are you doing now?" is replaced by "Where is your practice?" and "What are you specializing in?"

"Certainly there are differences," says Dr. Bailey, a veteran of Reunions in both Ithaca and Manhattan. "Here you are dealing with physicians. It's a professional crowd. That means we get mixed drinks instead of beer." At which he lifts his glass. Reunion is Reunion, after all.



## Everybody's Coach

There aren't a whole lot of Cornell sports Bob Cullen hasn't been involved with at one time or another. During his thirty-two-year tenure he has coached football, basketball, lacrosse, and baseball, as well as instructing in squash and golf. In addition, he has officiated football, basketball, baseball, lacrosse, and a few hockey matches.

"I've done everything but soccer, tennis, and golf," Cullen said with a slight smile while sitting at his desk in Cullen Associates, the sporting goods business in downtown Ithaca that he and his son, Terry, MBA '66, have built from scratch. With the sun blazing brightly on an 80-degree day, the 64-year-old coach seemed to be thinking less of history than of a possible late afternoon golf outing.

Cullen is perhaps noted most on the Hill for his work with lightweight foot-

ball, which he revived at Cornell in 1946 after World War II, and has coached since 1958. After eighteen years, he finally won his first Eastern title last fall, which the team shared with Princeton.

But he has also worked with the legendary coach Carl Snavely, mentor of Cornell's football teams of the late 1930s and early '40s that were nationally ranked, and as the varsity lacrosse coach during the pre-Harkness years 1962-65, laying more than a little of the groundwork for Cornell's present-day dynasty in the sport.

Cullen played football, basketball, and baseball at Palmyra High School, near Rochester. When he enrolled at Hobart College in the early 1930s, at the age of 22, he had to drop baseball. It was his favorite sport, but Hobart didn't play the game in those days.

He was graduated with a degree in chemistry and biology, and then moved on to Syracuse University, where he received a master's degree in the same subjects in 1937.

From there, he went to nearby Fayetteville to teach at the high school, and to coach football and baseball. On the weekends, he worked at Hobart for football coach E.B. (Speed) Wilson, whom Cullen held in high regard as a sort of second father.

While Cullen was doing double duty at Fayetteville and Hobart, Wilson made a vow. "He said, 'When I leave here, I'll take you with me,'" Cullen related. "A lot of guys would just say a thing like that, but Speed never said anything he didn't mean."

Sure enough, when Wilson came to work as an assistant coach with the Cornell football team in 1943, Cullen came too, as a junior varsity coach and physical education instructor. Bob worked with the JVs under Snavely until 1946, when he spent a year reviving the 150s. He returned as junior varsity coach in 1947 under first-year varsity coach George K. (Lefty) James. In 1948, Cullen progressed to assistant backfield coach, and in 1949 to defensive backfield coach, where he remained until the end of the 1957 season.

Cullen still feels that Snavely, who was coach of the last undefeated Cornell team, in 1939, was the best football coach he worked with on the Hill. "He was head and shoulders above everybody who has been here," Cullen said. "He had so much knowledge, and class, and business sense."

*Coach Cullen and the tri-captains of his championship 1975 lightweight football team, from left, Ray Zagers '76, Bob Kandiko '76, and Dan Brammell '76.*



In 1958, James decided he needed to make some changes in his coaching staff, and Cullen and another coach were dismissed.

"Ten minutes later," Cullen recalls, "Bob Kane asked me to coach the 150s."

His decision to remain at Cornell was not all that easy, however. Cullen had several offers from other schools, and the concern of his sporting goods outlet, which had begun as a "dressing room table business" at home.

Ultimately, the choice was a financial one. "I had a couple of other places to go to, but there would have been no way I could run the business and take care of six children," Cullen remembered.

Also in 1958, lacrosse coach Ross H. (Jim) Smith talked Cullen into coaching the freshman lacrosse team. Cullen had played some lacrosse at Hobart, but had never instructed in it. Smith, whose teams challenged but never quite bettered Princeton for the Ivy title in the 1958-60 period, left in 1961 to take on the post of director of athletics at MIT.

Cullen took the varsity lacrosse coaching post under one condition. "I took the job with the understanding I could have a winter program," Cullen recalled.

He wanted the use of the riding hall (now Oxley Arena) for his winter workouts, but settled instead for the on-campus animal judging pavilion. The riding hall remained off-limits to lacrossers until Harkness took the head coaching position.

Cullen also increased emphasis on the fall training program which already existed but did not have a full-time coach in charge. Cullen hired Al (Junior) Kelz, a University of Baltimore All-American midfielder in 1961, as his assistant, and put him in charge of the fall program. "I felt we could win more games if we did some teaching in the fall," Cullen said.

Another addition Cullen made to his staff was Mike Harriott, a midfielder at Dartmouth who had played against Cullen teams and was also an All-American.

Kelz was Cullen's choice as his successor, when he was thinking of retiring from lacrosse, but both Kelz and Harriott were killed in a plane crash while on a recruiting trip. Cullen resigned as varsity coach shortly after that, giving way to Harkness. "I didn't have to give up the coaching job, but I was so shook up about losing those two kids," he recalls. They are remembered, to this day, by the Al Kelz-Mike Harriott Award, given to the most outstanding Cornell senior each season.

Bob stayed with the lacrosse program as freshman coach under Harkness and

present-day coach Richie Moran, until two years ago, when Moran had "built the program up so much it was taking too much of my time." He also gave up his work as a physical education instructor, to concentrate on the 150s and his sporting goods business.

Sports have played a large role in Cullen's family life. He and wife Ursula, who have been married thirty-six years, have had six children, four of whom are athletes. The eldest, Terry, was a football and lacrosse player at Hobart, and is a graduate of the Cornell business school. He is a partner in Cullen Associates, and also coaches the 150s team with his father.

Tom, next in line, is a 1966 graduate of the Hotel school. He will be manager of the New Otani Hotel now being built in Los Angeles. "He's done more than anyone else in the family, including his old man," Cullen says.

Third eldest, daughter Connie, was an athlete at Cortland State, and is now a teacher in the Ithaca school system. Tim, next in order, is a high school teacher in Fair Lawn, New Jersey, where he also coaches lacrosse and soccer. An Ithaca College graduate, he was a lacrosse goalie, and holds several college records, including the most saves made in a single game, fifty-four.

Chris, a second daughter, graduated from SUNY Binghamton last spring, and Tony, the youngest, just completed his freshman year at Hobart, where he played lacrosse. He was a standout player at Ithaca High School where he set a single-season scoring record.

Cullen's officiating career has spanned football, basketball, baseball, lacrosse, and even hockey. "High school hockey," he says, "I couldn't skate, but I managed to stay out of the way."

In basketball, he officiated in Buffalo's Memorial Auditorium, and was "one step from Madison Square Garden. If you made it there, you could've bowed out happily."

In lacrosse, Cullen went "about as high as I would go." He officiated several Syracuse games which included Jim Brown, later a star running back with Cleveland, whom Cullen calls "one of the best lacrosse players, and certainly one of the nicest."

Then there was baseball, umpiring at the time Bucky Freeman was the Ithaca College coach. Cullen respected him as "the greatest baseball coach I've ever worked with." He admired Freeman for his practice of never arguing with the umpires. "If he took one step out of the dugout," Cullen laughed, "I knew that I'd missed one."

Cullen's success in keeping the 150s football program going at Cornell is a credit to his coaching ability and philosophy in an era when all sports are suffering from a general apathy and lack of finances in almost all universities and colleges. Cullen's program attracts 100 or more recruits each season. "We haven't had this apathy," he says. "The kids who have chosen to play have been so enthusiastic in the off-season as well as the fall. We don't cut anybody, they have a good time playing, and we win our share of games."

It's all within Cullen's "family" philosophy of sports. "When a kid comes on this campus, he needs a family," Cullen says. "Someone who cares, someone who can give him unprejudiced advice."

"From there on, the kids seem to take care of themselves. It's strictly a family business. We build it and build it, and then we're a team. For example, we've never needed tutors for anybody. If a kid is having troubles with chemistry, we've got enough others [team members] who are good in it who can help him out."

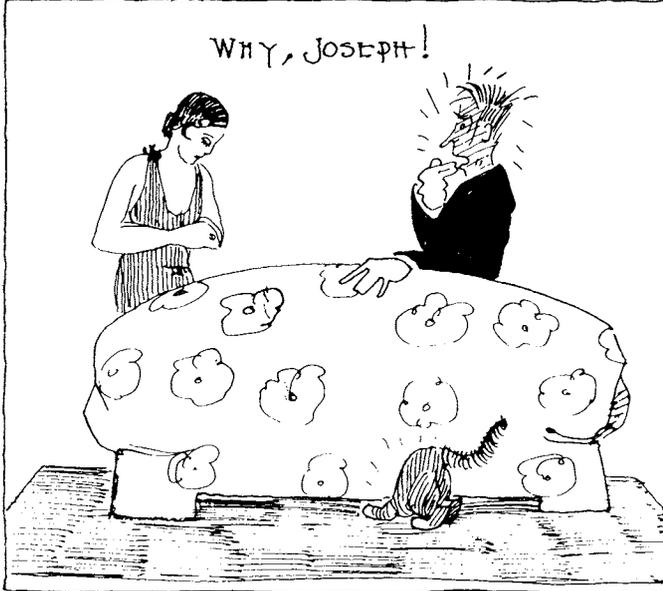
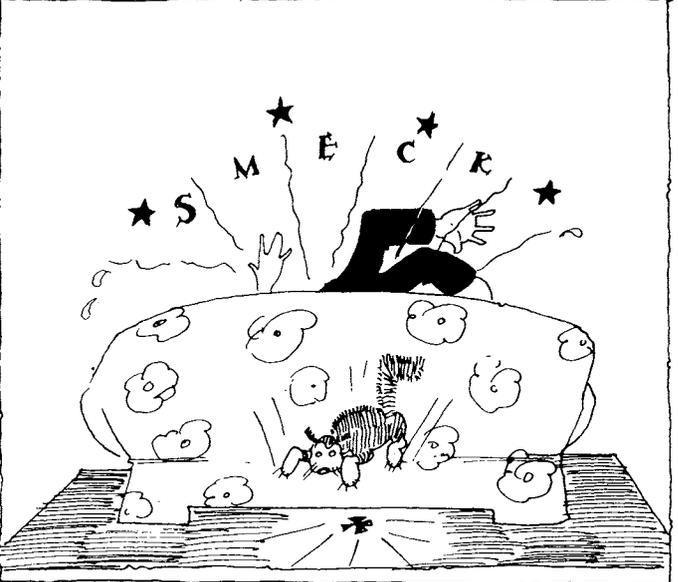
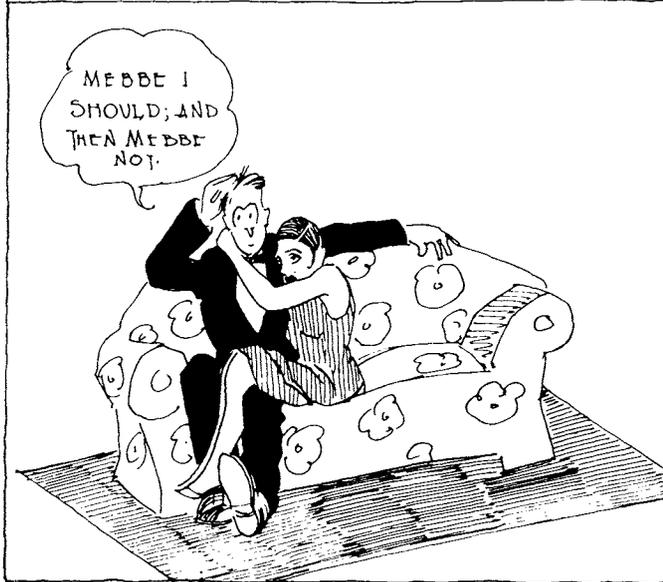
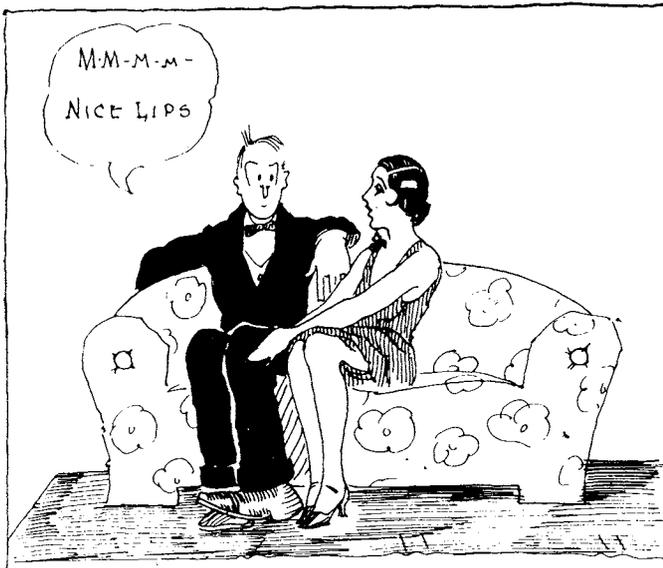
"We get all the class kids—it takes a class kid to go through what they do," Cullen concluded, referring to the weekly struggle when every team member must get under the 158-pound weight limit, forty-eight hours before each game.

The family concept for the 150-pound football team embraces the team's local booster's club, which Cullen says is "for the most part friends of mine, and not Cornellians." Cullen and Bill Fuerst '39, Cornell sports booster, take care of the money-raising and all paperwork associated with it, as well as the needs of the students in the 150s program in the off-season.

In two years, Cullen will reach the mandatory retirement time for Cornell employees. But, he quickly adds, "My birthday falls at the right time for me to be able to coach the 150s for two more seasons, and if my health stays good, I'll stay at it."

"Coaching is far and away the hardest teaching job there is," Cullen says, having experienced both the classroom and athletic varieties. "And the hardest part for all coaches, especially the older ones, is to change their thinking. Let's face it, all coaches are egotists, they have to be to coach, and it's hard for them to change their ideas."

Winning is one idea that Cullen has never felt to be all-important. "In the American way, successful coaching is winning, but I'm not sure that's entirely true. And that's not sour grapes, because I've won. I just think that if you do everything right, the winning will come."



Cornell Widow cartoonists reflect the late 1920s: This page is by Paul B. Gurney '27, from the April 1927 issue. Other illustrations in this article are by R.B. Kellough '31, Francis H. Marston '29, and Walter K. Nield '27.

In June 1927, Elspeth Grant was graduated from Reading University in England with a diploma in agriculture; she was only 20. In honor of the occasion, her uncle, who was also her guardian, decided to give his precocious niece a gift of some sort. Would she like a horse, he asked? No, she wanted to go to America.

Her relatives were aghast. Americans were *barbarians*, her aunt warned. They lived in hot houses and said pardon. Worse yet, people sat for weeks on end on top of flagpoles (which was true, in a manner of speaking) and if you drank one of those Prohibition-style cocktails you were apt to go blind.

But she wouldn't listen. She had to go. "Everybody, at that time, wanted to go to America," she would recall forty years later in the first volume of her memoirs, *Love Amongst the Daughters: Memories of the Twenties in England and America*. "It was a magnet, a lodestar, a beacon, the source of everything new, exciting, and peculiar" (She wrote under her

# THE GOOD TIMES



An Englishwoman remembers Cornell in the '20s

By Gordon Sander '72

committees. Cornell, it seems, was a breeding ground for Babbitts:

"It was not rugged individualism, that seemed to a European, at least to this European, to characterize American life so much as a contrary inclination to cluster: to join groups, clubs, societies, chapters, teams, and act together; to become an Elk or Buffalo or Rotarian or

underclassman (men had to keep their frosh beanies on all the time) was to be asked to join one of the more prestigious, or moneyed, houses. Conversely, the ultimate horror was to be rejected by them all. It all depended on who he was—or who, with luck, he might turn out to be:

"Desirability was complex and subtle

ernment, Panhellenic Council, debating, acting, etcetera).

She decided to toss a coin for it. The second house won out. Her new sisters were overjoyed. Upon arriving at the sorority house, along with two other pledges, she suddenly found herself beset by a pack of "howling dervishes." "Flailing arms enveloped us, we were pressed to bosom after bosom until I literally gasped for breath." The shy English girl didn't quite know how to respond. "No wonder Americans regarded the British as a cold, standoffish, frigid lot, barely human. We were."

But pledging was really a serious business, as serious—and mysterious—as joining a religious order. Unlike the fraternities, the sororities did not torture or terrify their initiates; they mesmerized them:

"The sisters, it was true, did not include chastity among their vows, but they did include reverence for the ideals of the sorority and obedience to its rules. A sorority had ideals, it had a ritual and insignia like the Masons, and an initiate must pledge her faith and dedicate her talents to the prosecution of those ideals. A bond deeper than that of ordinary friendship was believed to unite her with her sisters not only on the campus here and now, but throughout the country and for the rest of her life. This was not a matter to be taken lightly, and none did take it lightly. To be pledged was a solemn affair . . ."

Another ritual that was taken very seriously was football. Like their counterparts on other campuses, Cornell students during the 1920s shared an enthusiasm for football that knew few bounds. For three months, it seems, people thought of little else. Distance was no obstacle. When the varsity played away, hundreds of students crowded into Bailey Hall auditorium to watch the play-by-play, as relayed by radio, on something called a gridgraph—a huge, green, elec-

tronic scoreboard marked to the scale of a football field. During the action, a little light lit up next to the name of the player who had contact with the ball, while another light, representing the ball, bounced crazily around.

When there was a game at home, naturally, the whole school—and apparently half the living Cornell alumni—turned out. The resultant spectacle would have done Busby Berkeley proud:

"After we had assembled in the stadium—thirty thousands of us, I believe—and bought our chewing gum and bags of popcorn from white-clad student vendors in pork-pie hats, there was a hush of expectancy. Then, from beneath the stands, the cheerleaders burst forth like so many treading, clad in tight white trousers and short crimson jackets and carrying megaphones. At first each young man crouched close to the ground, palms flat, like a frog; a mutter like the distant sound of breakers began to issue from the stands. The cheerleaders then dashed along the ground in a half-crouching position, like squirrels; the cheering slowly gathered force. Suddenly they sprang high into the air like so many Nijinskys, every finger outstretched; the cheering burst forth in a mighty roar. Each one behaved as if his body was a baton in the hands of some frenzied maestro of the spirit world . . ."

Huxley was somewhat bored by the game itself, which, by British standards (that is, compared to rugby) she found rather static. Everyone else, of course, was absolutely enthralled. "People take it all so seriously," she once remarked to her escort. "They seem to mind who wins." "Sure they mind who wins," he replied, clearly puzzled. "Don't you?"



She liked the half-time activities better; then again, it was hard not to. On the field below, the resplendent, booming marching bands of the contesting schools paraded and cross-paraded, sashaying to and fro in their campaign hats and Sam Browne belts until—fifes, bassoons, drums and cornets suddenly falling silent—the initials of both the host and visitor were spelled out in huge, human letters. Overhead, meanwhile, there would often appear two aircraft, painted in Cornell colors and trailing banners, whose pilots would cut their engines, swoop low, and croon in amplified voices something like: "I'm high, high, high up in the clouds smoking Old Gold cigarettes."

The least fulfilling aspect of Huxley's brief but eventful sojourn at Cornell were her classes. She apparently did not learn much at Cornell. It was not her instructors' fault; she thought they were quite learned, friendly too. If fault was to be



Kellough



found, it was with the American system of higher education, *en masse*. She sympathized with the faculty:

"Their classes were too large and the syllabus too rigid. They had to stick to their guns and keep those guns trained on target. Numbers overwhelmed them; with so many students, to give each one individual attention was impossible. They were crammers, really. For the students marks were everything—alphas, betas, gammas. We were on the assembly line . . ."

The multiple-choice exams that were used to grade Cornell's 6,000 students were, in actuality, little more than "memory tests." In England, by way of contrast, exams generally consisted of long, difficult essay questions; the emphasis was more on originality and imagination than on mere recall. "The aim here was to answer questions; there, to ask them." Foreign educators make the same point today.

All the same, Cornell—as Huxley soon discovered—was anything but an easy place to go to school. Englishmen went to university to become intellectuals and Renaissance men. Americans were more practical. They wanted "to study, to learn how to concentrate, and to qualify for a job. You could not fritter away your time in punts, had there been any, or in butteries and cinemas, or in just doing nothing . . . Life was real and life was earnest, with little time to dream, to idle, to pose, to speculate; and none at all to breakfast at 11 off champagne, or polish off your luncheon with port at 4 o'clock . . ."

To judge from Huxley's account, Cornellians were like hummingbirds, flying this way and that, always busy, always in motion. When they weren't studying, they were pursuing activities; when they weren't involved in activities, they were playing sports. And when they weren't doing that they were toiling at part-time jobs:

"Almost everyone found paid jobs in the long summer vacation, but this was not enough. Every fraternity house and dormitory, male and female, gave free places to a few students in return for free labor. All the domestic work and the upkeep of the campus was thus provided for; in this respect the university was like a huge medieval monastery. In those days of prohibition it even brewed its own wine from raisins and concoctions in laboratories."

Cornell—like other Ivy League colleges—was known as a "millionaire's school" during the prosperous Twenties; nevertheless, a survey undertaken by the *Cornell Alumni News* in 1927 confirms that almost 3,000 Cornellians—half the student body—were gainfully employed during their spare time, clocking as many as twenty or twenty-five hours per week as waiters, waitresses, custodians, dishwashers, babysitters, night watchmen, general laborers, beauticians, New York newspaper correspondents, stable hands, railroad signalmen, and freelance bootleggers, among other things. Wages generally ranged from 20 to 50 cents an hour. (Bootleggers presumably made more.)

Huxley couldn't get over her classmates. "Their energy never ceased to amaze me . . . I was caught up as if in a whirlpool, hurled hither and thither, from lecture to seminar, library to lab,

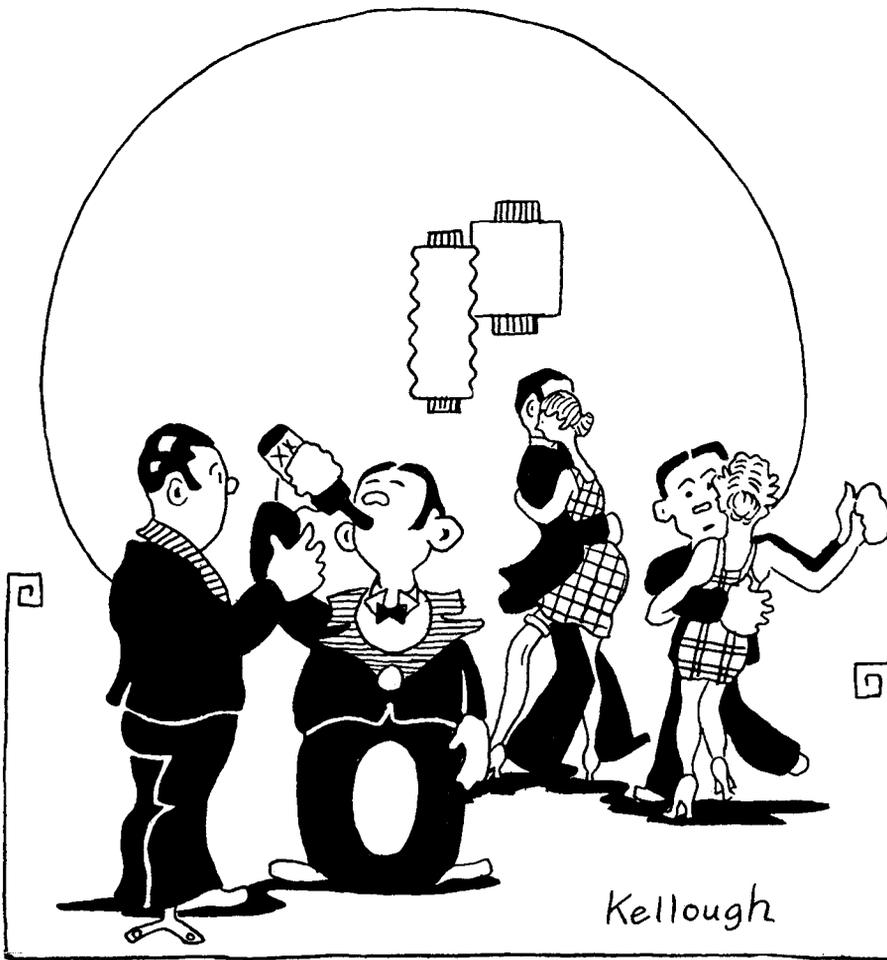
drill hall to playing field, meeting to party, picnic to football game. No time to stand and stare, and no place for the solitary." (Nor, apparently, was there any time for world politics; World War I, in which Cornell lost a disproportionate number of students and alumni—261 to be exact—may have taken care of that.)

But Cornellians were more than just assiduous student drones. Though they didn't often indulge themselves, when they did, they really outdid themselves. Nothing impressed Huxley so much as the average student's ability to hold his liquor—that is, if you can call the violent concoctions which were then imbibed liquor.

Her first "wet" fraternity hop is recalled in vivid detail. A large bowl of fruit punch stood on a table in the entrance hall and each young man, as he came in, emptied the contents of his flask, or flasks, into it. The flasks might contain bootleg whiskey, bathtub gin, fortified wine, or even absolute alcohol. The spiked punch was then ladled into tumblers with a large soup spoon.

Most of those in attendance disposed of the contents of their tumblers in one quick swallow, then proceeded to seconds, and, soon enough, to thirds and fourths. Their English guest, on the other hand, was able to drink no more than three small gulps of her first serving be-





fore feeling transmogrified. "My admiration for Americans who could take this in their stride, and get degrees and earn their keep in the bargain, swelled like an inflated balloon.

"Balloons, indeed, seemed shortly to be all about me, their colours indescribably bright, their antics prodigious, and accompanied by fireworks; my feet felt like thistledown. At least they did continue to support me; others were less fortunate. Before long people were going down on all sides. When I saw a girl trying to rise from a window recess, wobble a few paces and collapse in a heap on the floor, I thought she had taken ill. A couple of boys picked her up and carried her out. 'She just overshot the mark a little,' my partner said unconcernedly. A little later, screams of uncontrolled hysteria broke out; another girl was trying to tear off her dress and more or less succeeding, until forcibly removed by another set of swains . . . .

"You did not need a bouncer at these hops, but you did need a good supply of carriers-out . . . ."

Lt. Theodore Twesten, Cornell's chief of campus police between 1919 and 1927, once boasted to a reporter for the *New York Times* that Cornell had one of the driest campuses in the country. This, he said, was largely due to the high moral

integrity of Cornell's coeds, who absolutely refused to dance with any man who had even the faintest smell of alcohol about him. "No man," he declared, "can drink at Cornell and be in good standing socially."

He must have had the wrong school. "The liquor seemed to affect the girls more than the boys," Huxley remembers, "though you were apt to come across apparently dead male bodies hunched up in the parking lot, overcome while fetching fresh supplies from automobiles, or propped against walls or steps. 'The liquor hit them,' people said. Hit was the word."

Cornell may not, in fact, have been the wettest college around during Prohibition, but it certainly wasn't one of the driest. Though a conservative school in most respects (a straw poll taken during the 1928 presidential campaign showed that both students and faculty preferred Herbert Hoover over Al Smith by more than 2 to 1), it is doubtful whether anyone had qualms about flouting the Volstead Act. Indeed, if anyone stuck out it was not the drunk, but the teetotaler. No student was properly equipped without his hip flask, or his bootlegger.

The faculty also had their bootleggers, and would help their students in a pinch, if need be. Huxley herself relates how she

once did a friend a favor by picking up a bottle of hooch at the home of one Professor Bally, an instructor in the College of Agriculture. Some professors even tried their hand at distilling themselves. Wrote Morris Bishop '14, Cornell's official historian: "The elders set the example, infringing the law to satisfy old cravings or out of mere bravado. Noisome brews bubbled in many a professorial cellar."

And what about sex? How much of that was there during the Flapper Era? Were Joe College and Betty Coed as promiscuous as their scandalized elders alleged? By the standards of the pre-World War I era, indeed they were; by our standards, probably not.

"During the night," says Huxley, recounting her memories of the 1928 Junior Week, "there was a good deal of going if not actually to bed, at least to a parked automobile." By this time—Junior Week was held in February—the once modest Englishwoman was clearly more willing to do as the Cornellians did. "If I went on a blind date and necking was expected, necking there would be; I would not hang back like some timid prude, earning a bad name for all British girls." Indeed, if anyone deserved to be called timid, it was the oversexed Cornell men, who often liked to remind their female classmates of their sexual and athletic superiority:

"It was not as bad as I expected. Most of the blind dates turned out to be sappy rather than impetuous; they kissed, of course, and fondled, but while resorting to well-tried devices to arouse desire, were content to leave it unsatisfied, and to lie for long periods more or less immobile, curled up like hibernating bears . . .

"The full rigors of love were not, as a rule, accorded unless you wore a boy's fraternity pin, or demanded unless this had been given; the pin was a pledge. If you finished with a boy, you were supposed to return this pin; but my friend Billie had a mania for collecting them."

Finally Commencement came. It was much the same as it is today: much nostalgia, much ceremony, much fear. Like everyone else, Huxley was apprehensive. "Suddenly," she sensed, "the future is on top of you, starting tomorrow, instead of something distant, vague, and full of glories. What if it should be full of flops? Not that, in this summer of 1928, there seemed much to fear; like the expanding universe of the astronomers, our world was inflating towards higher, better, brighter things."

Black Friday, and the Great Depression which followed it, were only sixteen months away.

**C**lass correspondents—or classmate guest columnists—from thirty-six classes accepted the *Alumni News's* invitation to write for this issue about student fun during their years on the Hill. The following columns describe “good times” over the past 66 years, and demonstrate that neither the Great Depression, our country’s involvement in several wars, Prohibition, *in loco parentis*, nor highly competitive academic pressures could suppress the undergraduate’s need to have a little fun.

It is clear that some forms of recreation have given enjoyment to the earliest as well as the most recently graduated contributors—and to lots of others in between. Changes in society and the university have not lessened the pleasures taken from, and the memories of, long walks in Ithaca’s hills, valleys, and gorges. Intramural and intercollegiate sports, fraternity parties, group singing, beer drinking, and dancing to popular music are mentioned again and again.

But the youngest Cornellians arrived too late to experience that special blend of conversation and cocoa that characterized Monday nights in the home of “B.A.” (the late Prof. Bristow Adams, Extension) and Mrs. Adams. And Cornell students of twenty years ago and more could not have shared the fun of a middle-of-the-night foray to paint yet another colorful birthday message on the elm stump in front of the Straight.

Have a good time! (News of alumni—including reports of post-graduate good times—appears in the regular Class Notes section, beginning on page 37.) —EP

## 'Fourteen

What did the post-Spanish War, pre-World War I Cornellian do for amusement? Plenty!

College sport spectatorship was much more compulsive in those days before engulfment by sport professionalism, radio and TV exposure. Our actual participation—golf, tennis, skiing, sledding, skating, and bowling—about matched today’s activities. Same for college team sports. But skiing was less popular, less sophisticated—no special shoes or elaborate harness, just a leather thong holding a regular boot to the ski.

The more reputable indoor pastimes emphasized ping-pong, chess, checkers, pinochle, poker (more than bridge), and dancing, of course. Phonographs fully supplied music and skits, later over-supplied by TV, radio, and electronic recordings. For news, the *Cornell Daily Sun*. For chuckles, *The Cornell Widow*. More serious, *The Cornell Era*.

Girls were girls, as before and since; but, if co-eds, much less in escorted evidence than the current model.

We walked and boated more in those days. Except for the trolley cars in town, we relied on the horse-and-buggy to go places, especially with female company. We got there, but not so far.

Then, as now, stags and mixed house parties were very popular fraternity house features. Then, as now, for such organizations as the Cosmopolitan Club, the Deutsches Verein, and the Cercle Francaise, or its equivalent, as well as for the honorary societies,

The Good Times

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# THROUGH THE YEARS

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picnics and outings were usual at Rogues Harbor, Taughannock Falls, Buttermilk Falls, Beebe Lake, and other more distant spots, now much nearer.

The Dutch Kitchen, the Senate, the Clinton House, and other such-like centers served well, especially weekends, for convivial beer parties. When not in training, we drank more indulgently of that beverage than now. On occasion, the intake of more spirituous libations also occurred in those places. That pre-prohibition vintage of Cornellian prided himself on his capacity to carry his liquor, a rather nice conceit and a widely accepted reputation.

We saw good Ithaca theater and some black-and-white movies from time to time. The flicks were usually a bit jumpy, but acceptable by then-prevailing standards.

It seems incredible, but it is a fact, that our leisure was enjoyably—and, at times, even beneficially—filled to the brim. What we did not then have, we did not miss. Now we miss much that we had. —Harold Riegelman

## 'Seventeen

My whole college career was fun, but the most fun of all were the old bull sessions at the fraternity house, around the fireplace in the winter and on the loggia in the warmer days. Spring Day was a long round of fun—greeting the dozens of returning alumni on Friday and Saturday; the circus with its many tent shows with such dialogue as: “My lord, a lady awaits without.” “Without what?” “Without food or clothing.” “Feed her, and bring her in!”; the hike down to Percy Field to the ball game; another hike to the crew races on Cayuga; back to the house for a banquet in the evening. Surely Spring Day was a great event, raising lots of money for the teams, and greatly enhancing the Cornell spirit of undergrads and alumni. —Donald L. Mallory

## 'Nineteen

Can you believe it? Sixty-one years ago our class landed in Ithaca! At first twin '19s lived on Cook, Catherine, Buffalo, or Oak Streets—some lucky ones in Sage; so it took a while to get acquainted with classmates. We wore dress hems six inches from the floor, black cotton stockings, high shoes buttoned or laced, long hair, shirtwaists and skirts. Our

blouses were apt to be beaded chiffon; for gym, blue bloomers, white middy blouses. Remember Miss Canfield, field hockey in fall, baseball in spring? Our four-oared crew on Beebe: *Agnes Diehl, Betty Cook, Ida Rafflor, Betty Neely*? Our 1917 sisters, a great joy, showed us green freshmen the way. Later we took 1921 under *our* wings. We had class picnics, plays, skits, relay races.

As sophomores, many lived in Risley or Sage. To make an 8 o'clock, we had to be down for breakfast at 7:30. Some came with hair tucked under big hat, string around middle to pull up nightgown, shoestrings flopping, long coat—to dress later. One day *Fran Preston* got to class sporting a black sateen petticoat, skirt forgotten. Remember the women’s Pageant?

Great change came in fall of '17. Our men students were leaving for service in “the War to end all Wars.” Fraternity houses were taken over for trainees. We had tea dances in Sage, invited boys in training. Oh the rejoicing, November 18, 1918, when news of the Armistice came!

Forest Home Tea Room was a good place to eat. Remember those big pieces of Domecon cake? *Birdsall Calkins '16, Gladys Gilkey's* husband, always said it was the 100 per cent by which all other cakes were measured.

In Home Ec we made hats—some good, some awful; had six terms of chemistry. One instructor, Raleigh Gilchrist, later *Betty Reigart's* husband, bawled me out in chem for tasting rather than testing “unknowns.”

Other things come to mind: seeing one of *Ducky Drake's* beaus throwing stones to second-floor window in Sage for her attention; senior class dinner when engaged or pinned girls danced around tables—to the envy of others; graduation in Bailey Hall; and Miss Van Renssalaer’s still apt answer to questions—“That’s your problem. It is up to you to solve it.”

A credit to *Helen Clark York*, who helped with remembering.

—Edith Messenger Bickford

## 'Twenty

FUN 1916-1920: DATING! Tobogganing and skating on Beebe Lake. Hiking to Buttermilk Falls and Enfield Glen. Crew races and the observation train. Canoeing. Tennis. Picnicking at the Rifle Range near Forest Home.

Riding artillery horses. (Ouch!) Concerts. Sage Chapel choir and Hollis Dann's choruses with top soloists as guest artists. Walking home from rehearsals beside Cascadilla Creek.

DATING! Swimming in Cayuga Lake (though the clinging black sateen swim suits and bloomers made swimming hazardous). Learning to drive an EMF, Studebaker, a two-cylinder Metz, a recalcitrant Hatfield. Basketball, baseball, football games. Church choirs, Friday night class. Twenty-five-cent seats in the top gallery at Lyceum Theater watching finest theatrical stars.

DATING! Movies at Happy Hour Theater (admission 5 cents and 10 cents). Playing piano and entertaining service men stationed on campus. Dancing. Frat parties. Billy Sunday and Rodeheaver. Working at Cornell Library: running stacks (15 cents an hour); cataloging (25 cents); pen sketches for Professor Schramm (50 cents); profile map of Lake Champlain for Dr. Needham (\$1.00!). Playground supervision at Central School; blue printing at Thomas-Morse Aircraft. Studying.

DATING!!! Field trips, bird walks. Guest artists included Galli Curci, Homer, Schumann-Heink, McCormick, Caruso.

—Marion Shevalier Clark

## 'Twenty-one

Many of the fun activities involving large numbers of students in our undergraduate days have been covered in Andy White's history in the 1921 *Cornellian* and in the first two installments of *Allan Treman's* history in the *Alumni News* (Sept. and Oct. 1974). One especially memorable event was the freshman banquet in the Old Armory, March 30, 1918. After many years and many moves, I still have the poster for this. In the spring of 1919 there was a housewarming celebration in the new Drill Hall. This event was called the Hardly Fair. "Promptly at 9 o'clock Col. G.H. Hardly, prominent South African statesman, diplomat to the peace conference, and sponsor of the entire celebration was led out on the floor." Because social activities had been curtailed during the war, more than usual attention was given to Junior Week and Spring Day in 1919.

My personal memories emphasize activities somewhat similar to those recalled by Charlie Stotz elsewhere on these pages. On one of the coldest days of January 1918, Roy E. Pratt and I went on the train to Taughannock, climbed down the side of the gorge in deep snow, climbed out again and walked all the way back to Ithaca. On a snowy day in another winter, I walked to and through Enfield Glen with a student in the short course in agriculture. He provided a lunch of homemade rye bread spread with goose fat, which we ate in a dry spot under an overhanging ledge.

—James H.C. Martens

## 'Twenty-two

Most '22ers started their life at Cornell in the fall of 1918 in one of the military services of the Students Army Training Corps and lived in fraternity house barracks. The ten o'clock lights-out order upset our previous life style radically, especially on Saturday nights when we were accustomed to going out on the town. As a result, imaginative ruses were developed to circumvent this restriction. One of them was to rig up a dummy in the culprit's bed that looked as much as possible like the absent soldier sleeping. Then, when the sergeant arrived for the lights-out roll call, the culprit's roommate would report that the absentee was

asleep. And the next time the absentee and roommate would reverse roles. Sometimes the ruse worked in the dim light, and other times a suspicious sergeant would expose it with his flashlight. The writer was caught at it, and marked AWOL. The punishment was a day of KP, washing mountains of dishes, (dish-washers still to be invented), and on Thanksgiving day yet!

A second reminiscence from SATC days comes from *Ed Moot*, who reports: "The Cornell campus then was a dream-boat Indian Summer place—grass green and warm. The day of the false armistice, we all broke loose and went downtown, took a trolley off the tracks and put it against the Ithaca Hotel (one guy broke his leg); then we went over to Dillon's Theater and ran the girls in the vaudeville acts off stage. What fun! Ha!"

Junior Week, long-gone but lovingly remembered, was five days of fun and frolic when we entertained our best girls. Although the variety of fun activities was endless, dancing was the main occupation. In addition to the climactic Junior Prom, nearly every fraternity held an open house dance—as many as five of them going on simultaneously. Many great and famous orchestras—some still active today—such as Meyer Davis, Fred Waring, and Isham Jones, provided glamorous dance music.

Most of the fraternity houses were so jam-packed that dancers could move in hardly more than one direction. That worked out OK because, in those days, the big dance was the up and down toe-and-knee bend "toddle." This produced a tremendous bending stress on the house floor beams as hundreds of warm bodies bobbed up and down in unison. New, strongly built houses could take this stress okay, but at the Phi Kappa Psi house, which was an old converted mansion, the result was a loud crack of the overloaded floor beams and the sagging of the dance floor, putting festivities to an untimely end!

Trenton, NJ was one stop on the Christmas tour of the Cornell Musical Clubs. In those days we traveled and lived on railroad Pullman cars during the entire tour. Before the concert, present *Alumni News* correspondent *Ted Baldwin* asked me if I would share my berth with him when we traveled to NYC for our concert there early the next morning. I told him I would gladly do so. But, during the exuberance of the evening I forgot my promise. When I climbed into my upper berth, I encountered what I thought was a strange body. So I called out loudly: "Somebody's in my berth, somebody's in my berth!" Whereupon Ted tried to hush me, identified himself, and reminded me of my promise. In an effort to atone for my error, I then called out noisily: "Nobody's in my berth, nobody's in my berth. I'm all alone!"

—Thomas A. Bissell

"Did you have fun at Cornell, grandma?" Youngest granddaughter: "Oh grandma, is that you in that picture? What creepy clothes. Did you have fun in college, way back then, or were you all studious and serious?" Grandma Bet: "We certainly did have fun! I think we had more really pure, relaxed fun than you have today with so many more people in the world and so much competition, speed, and so many high powered cars. We didn't have cars on campus in my day. We walked almost everywhere, could take a trolley downtown. But we walked to Chac's to get wonderful

fudge sundaes, or to the Forest Home Tea Room for tea and luscious cinnamon toast. We went on hikes to Buttermilk Falls and other nature spots for picnics and cookouts. Often with just a bunch of girls but sometimes both boys and girls together. But we did have a great many exciting all women's activities in those days."

Granddaughter: "Did you always have to go out for a party?" Grandma Bet: "Mercy no. Someone in our dorm or our house was always getting a box from home with cakes, cookies, and candy. That caused great excitement, whispered invitations were sent forth, and the lucky ones gathered in someone's room for a midnight feast. Then, when someone had a birthday we would chip in on food, bring out the chafing dishes, and fix us a feast. Cheese dreams were one of our specialties. I remember that some of us had a passion for pimento and mayonnaise sandwiches. With all this went hot tea or cocoa. We sang while we waited for the goodies to be ready. I can shut my eyes now and be back in Risley Hall hearing *Irma Greenawalt '21* and "*Mit*" *Rowe* strumming ukuleles and singing, 'I Want a Bungalow Big Enough for Two,' or 'Whispering Hope,' or 'Row, Row, Row Your Boat.' We sang wherever we went in groups—picnics, stunt nights, class meetings—and always there was cheering and singing at our sports events. Just a quick signal from "*Puss*" *Funnell*, our cheerleader, and we would let loose: "One-nine-two-and-two, look what we can do!"

—Elizabeth Pratt Vail

## 'Twenty-three

What was fun in the early '20s? You can't condense four years into a few lines, but an old diary and letters from classmates leave no doubt that walking was involved. We walked and we ate—to the Libe to study and then to "Chac's" (later "Pop's") on College Avenue; downtown to the movies and to the "Goodie Shop" for ice cream; out the lovely path around Beebe Lake to the Forest Home Tea Room for Sunday supper; to Beebe Lake for skating or togogganing, then to Dryden Road Cafeteria for coffee and waffles. The coffee shop in Barnes Hall (and later the Johnny Parson Club) and the Sibley Dog were great places for coffee between classes. We walked to and through the gorges, out on the Heights, down to the lake, and every day across the campus several times, often via the suspension bridge. The old joke about telling the freshman girls from the upperclasswomen because they didn't have such muscular legs probably had a lot of truth in it.

The Dramatic Club gave us plays and a chance to be in some. The organizations, publications, and sports had competitions for jobs—lots of work, sometimes sad if we didn't make it, but mostly stimulating and fun.

Dances: at fraternities or sororities, at the Conservatory or Glenwood; Friday nights at the Episcopal Church, where we went with other girls hoping some male would ask to see us home; the All-Cornell dances at the Old Armory where couples were charged 75-cents and stags a dollar, to encourage men to bring dates; the big events such as proms, the Spring Day Hop, and the Beaux Arts Ball.

Special memories: a spring afternoon when Helen and I sat under a tree and read poetry together; a clear white night when most of the girls had gone to a big dance and Ruth and I, dateless, walked miles out on the Heights; climbing through the transom over the door to the bathtub-sized swimming pool in Sage for a

night-time swim; making cocoa or soup in our room on an electric iron propped up-side-down between two desks; Monday evenings at "B.A.'s" where we went for company and good talk, and Mrs. Adams made cocoa for us by the gallon; renting a horse and buggy with Dot for a drive into the country; boxes from home and midnight feasts; canoeing on the Inlet; the first cold swim of the season in Fall Creek Gorge.

And, finally, a sweet sad walk around the campus in the dark just before Commencement, and my beau helping me to climb up and sit on Andrew D. White's knee before leaving Cornell.

They were wonderful years.

—Gertrude Mathewson Nolin

## 'Twenty-four

We have clear memories of those days, however long ago, when Cornell was almost all of our world; when the President was Livingston Farrand, not some politician in Washington, DC; when the truly great men were not the heads of state or church, but the seniors and juniors who had made the teams and the honorary societies. As Stephen Leacock said, "There was only one race of supermen: the men who were seniors when I was a freshman."

It certainly was fun to live through the longest winning streak in collegiate football, fun which no other class has so richly enjoyed. We identified, however vicariously, with *Eddie Kaw '23* and *George Pfann* because they could be depended on to do what we would have done, had we been stars of the first magnitude. Likewise in basketball, with *Bernie "Dead-eye" Meyer*, *Carl Wedell*, and "*Capy*" *Capron*; or in track with *Ed Kirby*, *Fred Lovejoy*, *Tom Hennings*, "*Sam*" *Bernart*, and *Al Rausch*; in crew with the great *Fillius* and *Bill Hearn*; or in baseball with *George Bickley* and *Jerry Tone*.

There was that classic, called Spring Day, which "*Chick*" *Norris* discovered on his first trip out of Boonton, NJ, and he so dramatized it that he made the Savage Club. Spring Day is gone, but the Savage Club is still going strong and is the best connecting link between the '20s and the '70s, especially when *Chick* and "*Schraubo*" *Schraubstader* make their annual final farewell appearance: "But last night, in the woodshed, my hand got full of splinters."

At the last Savage Club show someone of our vintage tried to sell us short. He said that in "our" time, we thought sex was a "store on Fifth Avenue." The impertinent ignoramus! Admittedly, we knew little about homos and bisexuals, but remember how lustily we sang "I'm going to hold hands if I like it," or even "An ankle may be a joy," and other risqué jingles, and talked about the need for steam heat for those tombstones in the Ithaca cemetery. It was just after our time that the *Cornell Era* stopped publication because they published a picture of a co-ed, with her skirts pulled up to her knees, under the inscription "High Above Cayuga's Waters." For this indecent exposure, 19 students were busted or put on pro.

In our day there were some faculty members who liked our company, or at least enjoyed hearing us laugh at their jokes. Remember Bull Durham's "No ma'am, that baby ain't spoiled; they all smell like that;" or *Rym Berry '04* telling about the man who could always eat "another 'undred oysters" and their shells; or the demonstration by *Louis Fuertes '97* of the Act of Snoring.

The year we entered, *Charlie Stotz '21*

## On Foot



I have delightful memories of Cornell and especially its beautiful countryside. With few automobiles on the Hill in 1919-22, hiking was a favorite recreation. I remember climbing through Enfield Glen in dead of winter, knee-deep in snow. One day in the spring we walked from Ithaca to Watkins Glen, a little more than we bargained for. One of my constant companions was "Stoney," *Walter King Stone* [professor of fine arts] of the faculty, with whom we students roamed and sketched on many weekends.

In 1926, five years after my graduation, *Stoney* and I were joined by *George Young Jr., '00* [professor of architecture], soon to be dean of the College of Architecture, in a six-day hike along the St Lawrence River from Three Rivers to Quebec. Where else would a student enjoy the companionship of two of his former professors? We usually stopped overnight in "habitant" farm houses—gargling bad French, as few then spoke English. This was a sparkling highlight of my fun at Cornell.

—Charles M. Stotz '21

pulled off the Vosberg hoax by getting away with an impersonation of a devotee of Sigmund Freud of Vienna and giving two lectures on "Dreams and the Calculus." Before we left, *Hugh Troy '26* was making authentic elephant tracks across the campus to an ice break in Beebe Lake.

If it has been a mistake to remember the fun longer than the physics, so be it. Maybe it was more important to our happiness. Those were great days, this is a great life, and maybe we need to give a higher rating to the old saying, "We don't stop playing because we get old; we get old if we stop playing."

—Alva Tompkins

## 'Twenty-five

For a class which won an award at their 50th, the women's responses are limited in quantity, but not in quality. *Prexy Maddie Amato Stewart* "never will forget the hazing we freshmen got in Risley at Halloween: swallowing oysters on strings which the sophs pulled up—UGH!; off at daybreak to count birds for Ornithology I; climbing up into A.D. White's lap; rowing crew and catching a crab

with ensuing cussing from the coxswain." On a higher level: "our initiation into Mortar Board; dramatizing in *Alice in Wonderland* and *Androcles and the Lion*; drinking ice water and coffee to keep awake while we boned up for the weekly English history quiz."

*Tommie Ridgway Davis* wrote: "Fun things—lots of them: tobogganing (you wore a colored tag as a ticket for that day at Beebe and went home tired and happy, especially tired if you'd been 'endman,' half off the toboggan steering with your feet); Saturday night hops in the Old Armory; class athletics and competition. Remember Hades? *Hilda Wilson Cannan* and I used our chemistry to put class numerals on frosh hands and foreheads with an invisible concoction which turned black the next day and wore off only gradually. I just got a bang out of life—even the very considerable amount of studying I did." (Tommie is one of '25's few Phi Beta Kappas.)

We were impetuously goofy. I remember a harrowing climb up Cascadilla cliff with *Dot Weaver*; halfway up we knew we'd made a big mistake, but we had to go on, scared though

we were. Finally safe on terra firma, we heard a rousing cheer from fraternities across the gorge where members had been watching our climb quietly lest any noise startle us. Even in the '20s there was cooperation!

—Genevieve E. Bazinet

## 'Twenty-six

Reminiscence of fun at Cornell in the mid '20s is personified in this country medic whose enjoyment of three years of active participation in the Dramatic Club paved the way for a



future super executive salesman career with the Purina Co., enlivened by imaginative entertainment and impersonations in the promotion of checker-board products at conventions and agricultural meetings throughout the West. Recent 50th Reunioners will long remember the antics of our *Meade Summers* on the steps of Donlon.

Memories of those wonderful Junior Week houseparties are still vivid—the Junior Prom in the Drill Hall, Glee Club concert, Masque performance, Penn basketball game, the red hot Jimmy Day's Nighthawks hired for three days of dancing (noon, afternoon, dinner, and evening) at the fraternity house, the roommate with the brown glass eye who after a pre-arranged cut-in while dancing with his beauty would retire to his room, replace it with a green one, return to dance with the same gal, a performance repeated until all six colors had been exhibited.

The delight of streaking down the toboggan slides sandwiched between pals recalls the night a star sprinter on the track team astounded the crowd on Beebe's ice by speeding down the slide on skates maintaining his balance when hitting the level. Fun for frosh but not for sophomores, outnumbered four to one, was the spring Mud Rush on Alumni Field and the thrill of dragging your opponents through the slime, ripping shirts and pants indiscriminately.

A whole column could be devoted to the pranks of classmate *Hugh Troy*, far better reported by his partners in crime. Suffice it here to relate one episode—the party where while dancing with his girl he surreptitiously broke

the string of her necklace, pearls scattering all over the floor faithfully recouped by a freshman cohort and mailed one at a time by Hugh to his lovely, who had previously given him her soon-to-be 'round the world trip itinerary, pearls popping up in Honolulu, Manila, Tokyo, Hong Kong, and so on.

—Hunt Bradley

## 'Twenty-nine

Fun issue? From the response, few '29ers apparently had fun as undergraduates. *Albert Norman Pederson*, San Clemente, Cal., was one of the very few to send in remembrances. To wit: "The regatta on Spring Day—which sometimes was cancelled when wind swamped the shells. The Saturday afternoon matinees on State Street.

"In 1926, the last brush with the Ithaca police in front of the Strand, on cap burning night. The yanking of the electric trolley pulley from the street car as it labored up State Street. The sliding on the sidewalk on East Buffalo Street on one of those real wintry days. Also, the days when this same street was roped off for serious tobogganing. Your columnist rode some of these contraptions and by the time you reached the bottom of the hill you were really traveling!

"The scrambling out of bed when the fire sirens wailed, specifically the blaze of the Ithaca Gun factory. Using the toboggans on Beebe Lake when the ice was slushy, and having the end man tip the toboggan so that when you fell off you got thoroughly soaked in the process (to say nothing of losing some skin along the way)." Norm, thanks for contributing your bit. You made the effort and it is appreciated!

Once upon a time, there was a very large and handsome geologist just in from Venezuela. He was attracted to a luscious blonde, also geologically inclined. McGraw Hall has an open stairwell which goes to the top floor, or did. One day, big boy, the blonde, and your correspondent were "top side." Suddenly the big guy grabs blonde under the arm pits and hoists her over the well. Understandably, there was plenty of screaming and yelling. Fortunately it was a quick trip and the fun was over almost as soon as it started. If you think geologists are serious minded, forget it. We are good for a gag any place, any time!

On occasion, Cornell offered courses which involved field trips. One of the best of the breed was the beginners course in paleontology taught by *Gilbert Dennison Harris '86*. The class would head up country, visit a quarry, and start hammering away looking for fossils. In no time at all it was high noon and time for food. Professor Harris would extract from his station wagon a huge enamel kettle. Soon a roaring fire would be in the making, and the coffee pot was in business. The good "prof" supplied the buns and the hot dogs, and did we eat! This was learning at its best, and could rightly be classified as real fun! Suffice to say, few savants on the faculty were as popular as G.D. Harris.

By and large, Spring Day was usually fun. Probably the Roman Holiday bit was a cut above the average. The boys who put it all together worked hard. The chariot race was the big deal, but as I look back on it now, it wasn't really too exciting. With no spikes on the axle wheels to cut off the legs of your neighbor's horses, it had to be drab. Nero would have taken a dim view of the whole procedure.

—A.E. Alexander

## 'Thirty

*Bob Bliss*, "Casey" *Castleman*, *Jimmy Giltz*, *Art Hibbard*, *Carl Hoffman*, *Bob Ludlum*, "Doc" *Payne*, *Jim Rice*, and *Abe Stockman* contributed to this composite memory of how we had "Fun Then"—almost 50 years ago.

We had few automobiles. We did a lot of walking up and down the hill to town; we rode the trolley from downtown—often pulling the trolley poles off the wire at the steepest part of the hill, and, on special occasions, soaping the tracks.

There was no air travel, but we hitchhiked on weekend expeditions to Wells, Auburn, Elmira, Syracuse. And we had all the "joys" of railroad travel, sleeping and eating on the Lehigh Valley and the Delaware-Lackawanna.

We had Prohibition with its needed home brew, chem lab gin, and bootleg rot gut—but we never heard of dope or marijuana. (For more details of Prohibition fun and games see Bob Bliss's account elsewhere in this issue.)

Organized fun included: Spring Day parades and extravaganzas (e.g., *The Crusades* in 1927, *Nero's Birthday* in 1928); formal proms and balls with big-name bands (*Mall Hallett* and *Fletcher Henderson* played for our Junior Prom); fraternity house parties with "imported dates, dinner jackets and tails, long evening gowns and short day dresses;" freshman cap burnings; sophomore smokers; frosh-soph mud rushes.

We used Beebe Lake for ice skating and tobogganing in the winter and for swimming in the spring. There were other swimming holes and picnic spots at Buttermilk and Taughannock Falls.

There was no TV and little radio, but there were silent movies where we talked back to the screen and there was vaudeville at the Strand and the State where our heckling became part of the act.

We had the *Savage Club*, *Dramatic Club*, *The Widow*, *The Columns*, intercollegiate sports, and ROTC.

We indulged in the usual outdoor sports—informal softball, touch football on the Library Slope (frisbees didn't exist). Indoor sports were bridge, poker, crap games, beer parties, bull-sessions, dates. (Some fun trying to get our co-ed dates back in the dorms before curfew—when the campus operated on Daylight Time and the town on Standard.)

We (i.e., *Les Blumner* and *Ed Horn '29*, the *Berry Patch* columnists of the *Sun*) perpetrated that classic hoax which received national publicity: the testimonial dinner "in honor of the sesquicentennial of the birth of Hugo N. Frye . . . that little known patriot of central New York . . . and pioneer Republican." We invited national Republican eminences (including *Charles Curtis*, the Vice President of the United States) from whom we received regrets for their "inability to attend," but who paid tribute to "the memory of the man who first planted the ideals of the Republican party in this region of our country." For further details, see *Cornell Daily Sun*, May 27, 1930.

And so it went. —Daniel Denenholz

What was fun for us at Cornell from '26 to '30? I was not a fun person, and very few have responded, but we do remember that many enjoyed walking the campus in all seasons, skating on Beebe Lake in winter, and attending football games. For many there were dances, houseparties, class and sorority activities. *Peg McCabe* and *Rachel Wood* were active in *Dramatic Club*, others were strong

for women's athletics. One forgets a lot after 45 years, and we wish we had spent less time at the Library. Some were shy and serious; youth is not all fun and games.

—Eleanor Smith Tomlinson

## 'Thirty-two

When we came to Cornell in 1928 there was peace in the world. The war had been over a long time. The country had settled back into a state of isolationism. We were college men and women. We dressed the part, we looked the part, and we felt the part. We weren't trying to find ourselves. We weren't striving to relate to our environment. The country was riding the crest of the greatest economic boom in its history. We weren't interested in politics, local or national. Radio was a growing infant, but it wasn't bombarding us with minute-by-minute bulletins and news items. We weren't involved, we weren't concerned with the cause of Slabovian diaper rash or the plight of the arthritic cockroach in the lower Nile valley.

I spent my leisure time, when I had it, going to the football games in the fall; in the winter going to the Drill Hall for the basketball games, track meets (the officials wore tuxedos), wrestling matches, tennis matches, and—up on Beebe Lake—ice skating and tobogganing. I spent a lot of time in Willard Straight Hall, shooting a few games of pool with friends, reading in the library, or listening to a couple of law students play the piano. They'd play solos, duets, and even some music they had written themselves. I would eat there occasionally and attend many of the excellent shows that were put on by the very capable Dramatic Club. I would always patronize the fountain for Cokes or tea and snacks. I loved Willard Straight, I loved the elegance and beauty of the place and never left without silently thanking the man who made it all possible.

Still in the age of the victrola, we had record collections of the sweetest, smoothest melodies and the best of Dixieland, played by the masters: Lombardo, Goodman, Armstrong, Cab Calloway, Coon-Saunders, Bix Beiderbecke. We had the records of two popular girl singers: Ruth Etting and Libby Holman.

When we first arrived in Ithaca, the movies had just begun to talk and sing. We saw and heard one of the first all-talking, all-singing movies when Al Jolson sang "Sonny Boy" in *The Singing Fool*. A lot of leisure hours were spent at the movies. There were dates and dances and proms and much card playing. I had a Model A Ford roadster. Sometimes we would ride over to Elmira or Cortland for meals; or up to Syracuse to take in the Fred Waring show.

Prohibition was in force but you could get some rot gut and pure laboratory approved alcohol. One encounter I had with fire water was just before commencement when a friend of mine (Yale '31) came down from Syracuse with a girl friend and a bottle and joined the little commencement party we were having. They caught up with and passed us in due time and just about sunrise, the girl friend decided to take a shower. Our rooms were on the ground floor of South Baker; the shower was down the hall. Shortly thereafter a slight commotion occurred when five members of the Reunion Class of '12 tried desperately to come to her aid—to towel her off or something. Fortunately, her honor was saved when the evident result of too much of the good life prevented them from squeezing through the casement windows.

## M★U★D

When I was a freshman at Cornell in 1923, the annual "Mud Rush" was still a Cornell tradition. On a chosen day each year freshmen and sophomores met in combat on a muddy [Alumni] field. As a member of the Mud Rush committee I had the pleasure of helping to prepare the field for this great cultural event. With fire hoses running full blast we churned up the mud until it was an ankle-deep hog wallow.

As a committee member I had a legitimate excuse to remain on the sidelines when the Mud Rush took place. But I had determined to "hog wrestle" in the very mud that I had helped to convert to the right consistency.

Coeds, upper classmen, professors, and a large crowd of townspeople were on hand to witness this classic of higher education. The combatants went into battle fully clothed, and came out of it sans clothing but so covered with mud that most of them remained incognito. The battle usually ended in a draw.

—Larry Stotz '27

Fellow freshmen Larry Stotz and Dave Beatty lived across the hall from Claude Thompson, a junior, and me in Baker Tower. On that eventful day, while I was dressing for the affair, Claude locked me in my bedroom, yelling, "You're not going to mess up our suite with that silly Mud Rush stuff!" So there I spent the next several hours, reading Hamlin's *History of Architecture*.

When the deep silence was broken, I peered into Baker Court below to see upperclassmen pulling all available fire



hoses from the dorms, preparing a very wet reception for the unsuspecting Frosh and Sophs upon their return from the battle. Sure enough, when the muddy men came through the Baker archway into the Court, they must have thought Niagara Falls fell upon them. After much yelling, mixed with expletives, the upperclassmen took command and saw to it that each of their prey went merrily in the pink to his dorm room, leaving Baker Court a muddy mess "as the sun sank in the West." (It was a beautiful sunset that Saturday afternoon, 1923 A.D.)

—Don Hershey '27

All these things sound pretty tame compared with today's life style. Necking in a rumble seat sounds pretty square in these days of co-ed dorms and co-ed pads, but I feel kind of sorry for this "now" generation where everything is flat out and cold turkey. I think we had a finer sense of humor. We had romance and a sentimental affection in our relations with each other and with our Alma Mater, and even with our country.

—William N. Sanchez

Space limits prevent me from giving credit to all 30 of you who answered my letter. Many thanks. Remembered most often was skating and tobogganing on Beebe Lake in winter—check your shoes for 10 cents (the date of one of you slipped her shoes inside his to save a dime), hot chocolate later for another dime. A red ball was hung in the trolley cars if skating was safe. Come late spring, it was swimming in Beebe Lake (that's where I met my husband). Some of you were brave enough to swim at night, others went up under the falls

and encountered water snakes. One of you recalls "skinny" swimming in the Old Armory pool (on the nights co-eds were allowed) and could do three laps on one breath. We all remember long walks in those beautiful surroundings and in the gorges both day and night. It was perfectly safe then.

Many of us enjoyed the big dances in our beautiful formal dresses (knee length in front, ankle length in back) with two big-name bands playing continuous music—Cab Calloway, Hal Kemp, and Ozzie Nelson (Harriet was his singer then). There were smaller fraternity dances, where we danced with so many different boys—home at 1:30 Fridays, 12:30 Saturdays. Trying to outwit housemothers and chaperones was a frustration. Church groups were centers of activity for many of you, offering hikes, picnics, and dances. Special mention was made of Rev. Gene and Mary Durham at the Methodist Church as important influences.

We walked downtown to the Home Dairy for jelly doughnuts and delicious hot cross

## Spirits of the Times

One of the things that motivated us was the search for the spirits denied by Prohibition, as we were learning to be what we thought of as men of the world interested in the finer things of life. We thought.

Judd Denison and his bartender Art kept a place going, back of the Ithaca Hotel at one time, down on Meadow Street another time, or at the Lehigh Valley House, or across from it. They sold pretty good beer (shipped up by railway express from Scranton in burlap-sacked kegs labeled "Oysters"). I remember getting a call at lunch one day from a crony, and he told me the nickel slot machine at Judd's was stuck and paying well—and we gathered and spent the afternoon drinking free on the house, being careful to put a few nickels in now and then.

Judd had a brother who ran a place at Waterloo on the Barge Canal. You could take what we called a student tour of a Saturday and go to Billy Dennison's and drink wonderful draft (or Labatt's and Molson's Ale from Canada) while you consumed innumerable hot roast beef sandwiches at 10 cents per.

Or on a nice Saturday afternoon you could go to a winery at the top of the hill at Mecklenburg and go down in the



Kellough

cellars and sample vintages—the sun would knock you to the ground when you came out into the heat afterwards.

Great places, great people ran them—Ony Mackin, Art Sillotti—and they were spread in a grid from the Erie Canal to Owego, Burdette to Canastota. You had to find them and be "known."

The guy in the fraternity house who knew the wine master at Hammondsport winery and could get champagne without labels at \$3.00 a quart in unlimited amounts for Junior Week was a king. Of course this acquaintanceship was handed down from class to class.

Just like we handed down to underclassmen our agate-lined kettles in which we made gin (alcohol courtesy of Doc Crosby—"100 proof straight government stuff, Bob") and the drops prepared as carefully as a hypochondriac's prescription at Kline's pharmacy. After Kline's you'd stop next door at Lent's Music Store and buy the latest rendition of Hoagy Carmichael's "Stardust," or a new 12-inch Whiteman of "Sweet Sue" and walk up Buffalo Street hill.

Them WUZ the days! Where will we go tonight—down to see and hear Sabela Wehe, or to the Strand to see that little new girl dancing in the vaudeville, a Kappa Kappa Gamma from Iowa named Ginger Rogers (honest!) in her first tour. I remember one night one of our most (today) austere classmates gave an old family heirloom ring to a girl who also danced there—with a fan yet. Today as he leafs through his diary of a distinguished military life, I wonder if he thinks of Sally Rand! More—I wonder if he's ever dared tell his wife! Those were the NIGHTS. Next week: Georgia and Eunice! Meet me at Pop's!

—Robert L. Bliss '30

buns. The walking was supposed to burn off the added calories. Those of us lucky enough to live in the East Avenue and other houses, eating in Sage, enjoyed a special camaraderie freshman year. Sill House girls remember singing after dinner with *Marge Jenks* playing the piano.

Other things mentioned were the gracious living in Balch, Mortar Board picnics, new sound movies downtown, early morning bird walks, rumble seat rides, bathtub gin, bridge after dinner with victrolas playing "Who" and "Jeannine, My Queen of Lilac Time," Willard Straight Ladies' Lounge, faculty teas, picking violets down by the lakeshore. There was a big snowstorm senior year when some were stranded and had to be brought to school by a milkman with sleigh. We remember dinner at Krebs (\$1.50, was it?), the fun on the DL&W returning from holidays, running over to Johnny Parson's with pjs rolled up for late night snacks (shocking). But most of all, we recall the late night bull sessions, intimate talk (a little fibbing about male conquests), and sitting on Library Slope watching the sunset and listening to the chimes. Life was easier then because behavioral limits were clearly defined. We seemed relaxed, happier, certainly more carefree, and it surely cost less to have fun.

—Virginia Barthel Seipt

### 'Thirty-three

The Depression years were difficult and lean years financially for most students at Cornell.

There was limited money available for entertainment, so it was generally built around what the students created themselves at low cost.

"Most of my fun was derived from the day-by-day events of dormitory living (including being in the Tower my senior year with *Lou Otto*), and from the many hours spent with my associates on crew," writes *Wil Le Page*, engineering professor, Syracuse University. He continues, "of the organized activities, the only thing I remember is Spring Day, which I recall with considerable satisfaction. I am sorry not to have anything very specific to report, but my fun was derived from a lot of little things: the satisfaction of getting a lab report done, eating on training table, the end of a time trial on the lake, going to Poughkeepsie in June, bull sessions in the dorms, etc. Participation in crew dominated my non-academic life."

Another well-known class member, *Bart Viviano*, wrote, "There are two events of which I still have fond memories. One was Spring Day with the parade and beer. We always had a beer company wagon pulled by 12 horses and plenty of free beer. In our senior year we had a duck race on Beebe Lake. Each fraternity had an entry. Unfortunately we had no winner because the ducks would not swim in a straight line and none crossed the finish line." Bart also remembers "our trips to Penn Yan to the wineries before houseparties. Pooling our resources, we would go to buy wine and champagne. We were invited down

to the wine cellars for a bit of tasting, and by the time we left we had more wine and brandy in us than in the bottles!"

*Abe George*, one of the very popular local boys who distinguished himself in football, writes "One thing worth mentioning during my Cornell tenure was the spaghetti and meatball dinner that the football squad put on one Sunday at a fraternity. About 50-60 squad members were there, and it was a morale booster with good fellowship. As I recall it, *Bart Viviano*, *Johnny Ferraro '34*, *Dick Vanderwarker*, and I cooked it with no ill effects. I'm sure that other sports squads sponsored similar events."

"The automobile played a part in our school years, but it seemed that only a few had them. Students did a lot of walking, which was good for them. Today it seems that there are too many cars, parking areas are increasing and jammed, and Cornell buses are shuttling students from one end of the campus to the other."

—Edward W. Carson

Fun now has been the Happy Birthday USA in DC with parade and fireworks, and the tall ships through the Cape Cod Canal, but there was plenty of fun then in my days at Cornell!

During my freshman year, I was given a B-battery radio by my father, whose hobby of photography was supplanted by the new one of tinkering with radios, from crystal sets on. As the first student in Sage to have one, regulations had to be set up, and a 10-dollar deposit was required to cover aerial installa-

tion and possible damage. This novelty made my room quite a meeting place, especially during my soph year. Listening to the stations that would come in at night from great distances—Pittsburgh and Cleveland!—was exciting. In this day of the transistor, doesn't that seem like a bit of ancient history?

Music was always a joy. I sang in the Glee Club and the Sage Chapel Choir, and have happy memories of fiddling in the University Orchestra, helped on by special assistance from the kindly director. Then there were the university concert series with famous soloists and orchestras and the organ recitals at Sage or Bailey, where I remember the maestro folding his hands and waiting for the noise from the latecomers to subside!

There were plays at the Straight and occasionally in town. One time we went to see Walter Hampden in "Caponacchi" at the Strand, where all the top-notch movies were: Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," Helen Hayes and Clark Gable in "The White Sister." Was it at the State that you could watch the twinkling stars in the ceiling? In that same February (1930?), movies with Al Jolson, Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Spencer Tracy were listed, and the Temple had "Sundown Rider," with Buck Jones.

There was also the fun of sports, those long phys. ed. walks, and other walks not required—but taken for the pure enjoyment of a spring day in the gorge. In our freshman year the toboggan slide was still a going thing at Beebe, and many an afternoon "Skippy" Ward Fisher '31 tried to improve my weak-ankled skating! But I liked Beebe best when it was time to swim—my favorite sport—although diving from the cliff gave me a sojourn in the Infirm. Studying for finals on the island in Beebe that year gave *Elinor Ernst* Whittier and me such a case of sunburn we could barely dress for the exams. Remember?

—*Eleanor Johnson Hunt*

### 'Thirty-six

*Judy Hardin* Baumgarten, now a college counselor in St. Louis, Mo., laughed over changes in rules since our day when she, as a Student Council member, was expected to help enforce the curfew and demand explanations from wayward curfew breakers—impossible to imagine nowadays.

*Marion Blenderman* "Blendy" Brunner remembered two senior men who fooled the Junior Prom ticket takers when one—dressed and made up as a woman—entered on the arm of the other (in his tux), changed his clothes behind the mammoth draperies and emerged as himself, the two then garnering two pass-out checks for the price of one and bringing in their dates.

Others remembered countless hours playing bridge. How many more Phi Beta Kappas might we have had if we hadn't studied bridge so hard.

—*Allegra Law Lotz*

### 'Thirty-seven

Last February I asked six '37 gals gathered at *Fran White* McMartin's home on Siesta Key, Fla., for their recollections of fun at Cornell. Their answers—right off the top of their heads—will no doubt surprise you.

Fran: "At Theta it was such fun singing in the dining room . . . or we all piled on the beds and *Claire Kelly* read poetry, often Robert Service. *Mary Lauman* was another who read aloud to us like crazy."

"*El*" *Raynor Burns*: "In Sage we were all

dying to leave the dinner table to go to someone's room to play Coffeepot." *Louise Odell* Sutliff: "Oh that was fun! But if you tried to explain to the younger generation what we were doing they'd think we were nuts!" *Carol Cline*: "In Riskey we played The Telephone Game at dinner. Also Gargoyle. THAT'S a little hard to explain too!" *Claire Kelly* Gilbert: "Doing *Alice in Wonderland* frosh year was fun—but "Guppy" (*Alice Guttman* Brunton) and I were Tweedledum and Tweedledee and we had to repeat it endlessly at rush parties."

*Dot Bentley* Witherspoon and *Phyl Weldin* Corwin helped us recall fun things: the toboggan slide on Beebe Lake; hanging cider out the window to make applejack; bathtub gin in toothpaste glasses at houseparties; hair-raising trolley rides down State Street hill in icy weather (we were last class to ride those trolleys); marvelous dinners at the Smorgasbord for \$1; hilarious tales about the animals—and other wild life—we sneaked into the dorms; the first time you turned on the coed light; crisp, clear, cold winter nights walking home with your date, exuberantly flopping flat on your back on Baker Slope and flapping your arms to "make angels in the snow;" Spring Day parades (Sebela Wehe!) and duck races. . . .

We tried to remember names of places off limits to coeds that you could not sign out to (and thereby hangs a tale or two!). And *El* insisted she went to a serial movie episode at a downtown movie house every Saturday afternoon for a dime ("not the Strand or the State—what was the OTHER movie house?").

The last quote in my notes was from *Claire*: "Do you remember [*Helen*] *Fry* raising radishes on her windowsill? Gee, we did have fun, didn't we?"

—*Carol H. Cline*

### 'Thirty-eight

We seldom sit back and pore over our '38 Yearbook, right? Well, some of the fun of our years was best described in our Men's Class History [written by *Philip Wright Callanan*, with a bow in the direction of Mr. Ogden Nash] So sit back and pore over excerpts:

We [freshmen] planted ourselves in dormitories, rooming houses, the Canteen, Johnnie's, Zinck's and Jim's, and proceeded to break windows with lacrosse balls, turn on fire hoses on top floors, and, in general, to raise more rumpus than Cab Calloway would trying to sing one of Wesley's hims. . . .

We were the source of a mild sort of entanglement after the Freshman Banquet, when the city doubled its police force to keep peace downtown at any cost—

We lost. . . .

[As sophomores] some of us discovered that there was a place down on the lake called Wells,

And others learned that downtown there was a jail with not particularly comfortable cells. . . . We parried with Vice and Virtue at a very hilarious Spring Day celebration, Where we saw several cases of, and were almost ourselves overcome by, rather serious inebriation. . . .

We [juniors] staged a whooper-doooper of a prom with three bands, but then had to turn all the profits over to the University treasurer,

Which may or may not show that you shouldn't try to mix business with pleasurer.

We witnessed the departure of President and Mrs. Farrand with considerable sorrow, Because, we felt sure, another such swell couple would be difficult to beg, steal, or borrow. . . .

And, after a thoroughly mad and gorgeous Spring Day, complete with a parade, Healthiest Boys and Girls, Benny Goodman, "Feefty-nine!", a "Widow"—"Sun" ball game, and a general crusade to Nutland,

We left for parts unknown, some of us pausing to take in the Poughkeepsie Regatta, which, though we didn't win it, was more fun than the Battle of Jutland. . . .

[As seniors] we went through a harrowing two weeks of rushing young upstarts, hoping to put dear old Alpha Whoop on a paying basis for another four years, our special glad-to-know-you-hope-you-come-our-way smile wearing thin after four years of use; And we began to whip all over the country during week-ends, watching the football team win, being smooth with the babes at Smith, vying for chug-a-lug honors with brothers at Williams and Dartmouth, and tearing out of Ithaca without any particularly valid excuse.

We pretended to be big shots, and strutted around in a great deal of false glory.

Not trying to be snobbish, but just trying to grab our opportunity before we became has-beens, which, we knew, would be a somewhat different story. . . .

After watching the advent of Spring, which seemed to come much earlier than it had for years and years,

We prepared to leave Cornell, which was the occasion for a great many tears and beers. So after Commencement we packed up our bags,

And left in a flurry of headaches and jags.

—*Stephen de Baun*

### 'Forty

Due to the lack of mail from anyone else for this special column, here are some of *Carol's* earliest recollections of campus fun:

Trying our darndest to get a real mascot for our class as freshmen involved the Greyhound Bus Terminal, downtown. I came back to the dorm with a greyhound, running, mounted on a pedestal! On loan of course. Many of the girls should remember this. At our next Reunion I will try to bring the snapshot taken then—I have it somewhere. We made a felt blanket for him, red '40 numerals and all. During that first fall I recall seeing my first college football game—from the half-time only! Another girl, who was also on a very tight budget, and I went up to the exit gates on a very wet, raining day and were given stubs from the drowned spectators leaving early!

As sub-waitresses freshman year, two of us stole a bunch of cigarettes from the tables we were clearing after a festive occasion in Sage Dining Hall. We proceeded to smoke all of them in my room with the doors closed—just to try all the brands. I've never smoked since. For the life of me, I can't recall my partner in crime. Another job I had that year was to deliver the *Cornell Daily Sun* to the individual subscribers in Sage Dorm. Those wide hallways had enough of a slippery surface to challenge my ability to skim the paper under the closed doors of those still-sleeping classmates. Other memories that year: brushing my teeth at 3 a.m. to help me stay awake at my first House Party; learning to drink by consuming only the olives from a

dozen or so of the martinis served at Delta Chi; making a new "formal" from the drapes of the dorm windows. ("Dee" Van Alstyne should remember that!)

Another year, working as a waitress with *Priscilla Coffin* at the old Johnny Parson Club, holds many memories of good times shared. One of the members of the 150-lb crew worked with us, and the three of us ate all of our meals at a very tiny table in a small corner off the kitchen. Priscilla got the mumps and *Bern Fernan '38* and I ate dill pickles every day for two weeks to see if we had caught them! More memories: doing term papers, reading letters from home, skating on Beebe Lake when we could spare the time and—always—that steep walk up to Martha Van the "back" way to classes. Also, I'll not forget the night another '38 guy (*Keith Watkins*) and I danced all the way home to Balch from an Ag campus party doing some sort of a hop-thing we called the "Schottish." For me, listening to Fritz Kreisler's concert from my inexpensive seat behind a post in the rear balcony of Bailey Hall was fun.

Sunday afternoons walking through the gorges, or out in the fields behind Balch, or driving out to visit Buttermilk Falls or see Taughannock—many more memories from you would make for "fun" reading. So, please drop us a line as we can include them in a later column.  
—Bob and Carol Clark Petrie

## 'Forty-one

Once again, here we go "down Memory Lane," and this time on the lighter side of college years. I can almost hear it now: "Tubbing, tubbing!" It rang gleefully through the fraternity house halls. The offense? Two self-appointed freshmen of the Class of '41 at intermission time at a sorority dance had taken over the piano and drums to the amusement of all assembled except a few upperclassmen. Although the girls termed the impromptu entertainers as "cute," the older brothers disdainfully considered them to be "a couple of hot dawgs," and that required the ritual of twice over in ice water, naked and repenting.

Thoughts drift to almost any winter Sunday afternoon when an exodus from the Hill would lead to Ithaca's downtown movie houses, the Strand, the State, and the "Pit." One such afternoon on the screen flashed the coming attraction, billing Tyrone Power as "the prince from Princeton." The audience thundered back, not with expected applause, but with uncontrolled hoots and catcalls. . . . Even after freshman year, we wandered back to the dorms to greet night watchman Gene and chuckle at his salty lingo and unflattering and caustic remarks.

Practical jokes abounded but were not restricted to the campus. Recall the New York City sidewalk crowd at a Columbia football weekend as one of our team members, much to the amusement of "Doc" Kavanaugh and company, stood at the open hotel window and cried, "Look out below. I'm gonna jump!" . . . Back of the Dutch at the old Ithaca Hotel one could find a late night haven known as Fink's. What might have been listed on a menu appeared on Fink's apron as he juggled two rolls high under each arm while spreading hot mustard on a third one almost ready to eat. . . . Today's redevelopment has turned the Dutch into a mere memory, a memory of clinking glasses, busy bartenders, tables heavily carved with initials and Greek letters. After the game it almost seemed that the Crescent had emptied into the venerable Dutch Kitchen.

Due to an unwritten law believed to permit dogs in university buildings, no classroom could be devoid of occasional outbreaks of laughter as a giant St. Bernard would lap water from a sink at Sibley drafting room and drool it almost endlessly down the aisle. Over at Goldwin Smith Hall a collie might well appear to comprehend more of the lecture than the sleepy student enduring an all-too-early eight o'clock class.

Hotel students took their cooking somewhat seriously—far more than others who would double over in jest as an occasional parade of white coats and puffy chef hats would appear between classes. . . . One of our class council members literally "put his foot in it" at a tea given by Dr. and Mrs. Day. It happened to be his left foot and it inadvertently found its way into the pool at the small fountain which graced the sunroom at the President's residence.

The so-called "formal initiation" to Kappa Beta Phi, a social society long since banned from the campus, produced some wild after-effects as two initiates attempted to stuff the ballot boxes with themselves, the boxes being large corrugated cardboard ones located at the top of the stairs!

No matter how raucous or boisterous or seemingly out-of-hand the festivities became, we could count on a return to order by the timely appearance of Proctor Manning. Perhaps we just had to have it that way in a place where "you work like a Turk 'til your eyes ache like hell." Oh, yes, that too was our Cornell.  
—Robert L. Bartholomew

## 'Forty-two

"Women's lib" has deprived today's Cornell coed from the fun of exploring the gorges with underclassmen of the prestigious anti-coed fraternities. Or swaying in locked embrace to the dulcet tones of Glen Gray or Tommy Dorsey. Or being castigated by the WSGA board for returning to the dorm (after signing out for a house party weekend) to keep a late date. Or jockeying the curfew rules to manage two or three different dates on the same night.

—Jean Fenton Potter

## 'Forty-four

The suggestion that you send in a note about memories of Cornell in our time met with a unanimous response—no one replied. So, courtesy of the 1941 *Cornellian*, here are some of the '44 names from freshmen sports and other campus activities.

Football: Capt. *Joe Martin*, *Bob Anderson*, "*Doc*" *Barnes*, *Howard Blose*, "*Bud*" *Cushing*, *Lou Daukas*, *Kenny Davis*, *Russ Geib*, *Andy Kosmac*, *Ted Lansing*, *Al Loux*, *Tommy McDonald*, *Stacy Mosser*, *Skip Paul*, *Wally Pfeffer*, *Charlie Robinson*, *Frank Rochow*, *Clark Sanford*, "*Spike*" *Sisson*, *George Urschel*, *Charley Weiss*, and *Bill Wheeler*—and many others. Was it against Syracuse that Charley Weiss missed the ball while punting into a gale, then boomed one about 90 yards with the wind at his back? Or is that my imagination?

*Bobby Gallagher* led the basketball team that included *Fred Bailey*, *Dick Demmy*, *Art Kesten*, *John Parrett*, and *Bob Witt*. Trustee *Bob McDonald '38* was the coach. *Dean McDowell* captained the boxing team that included *Larry Boutchard*, *Al Loux*, *Fred McNair* (our still-active tennis player whose son is on the pro circuit), "*Ham*" *Millard*, and *Mac Todd*. *Gordie Steele* was elected wrestling cap-

tain. Other team members: *Bill Bockhoff*, *Emmy Harris*, *Bob Kenerson*, *Bob Miller*, *Len Myers*, and *George Stobie*.

The swimming team had *Dick Huff* leading *Danny Bloch*, *Ralph Boldiano*, *Andre Capi* (now more recognized for his piano playing at '44 Reunions), *Dick Colby*, *Bill Hughes*, *Tay Keller*, *Don McKone*, *Hal Rhynedance*, *Art Shelton*, *Pete Tolins*, and others. *David "Spike" Sisson* was one of Cornell's best in the hockey of that era. Teammates were *Ed Carman*, *Graham Gardner*, *Seton Henry*, *Phil McGinnis*, *Art Mattison*, *Pete Miller*, *Ed Sargent*, *Bill Wagner*, *Bill Weimer*, and your correspondent at the end of the list—ability-wise, not alphabetically. *Hank Baxter*, *John Cushman*, *Bill Ekegren*, *Mort Goldenberg*, *Herb Lyttle*, *Russ Marron*, *John Nash*, *Len Pratt*, *Bill Salade*, *Bill Starr*, *Abram Stillman*, *Jack Thompson*, *Glen Wiggins*, *Platt Wiggins*, and *Rod Wilbur* were on the soccer team.

No women's teams were listed in that neolithic age, but the orchestra had '44's *Marylee Myers*, *Betty Mordoff*, *Joan Och*, *Nancy Maynard*, and *Betty Gould*. Freshmen members (freshpeople members?) of the Women's Glee Club included *Rosanne Buckenmaier*, *Ruth Cosline*, *Barbara Cross*, *Norah Johnstone-Wallace*, *Priscilla Landis*, *Mary Helen Peel*, *Madge Sandy*, *Maryellen Severinghaus*, and *Ruth Wilson*. All the lists are incomplete; but if you didn't read some familiar names, you're reading the wrong class column!

—Joe Driscoll

## 'Forty-eight

The theme this month is "Fun at Cornell." Who knows where to begin? It all seems like fun now, even taking the exams.

There was a big event almost every weekend. Certain things that were exciting then no longer occur, such as meeting your imported date at the Lehigh Valley Railroad Station, rooting for Cornell to beat Syracuse, running home with your date so she could be in the dorm or sorority house by curfew time, and swimming [legally] in Beebe Lake.

The most memorable social event in this writer's mind was a Saturday afternoon lawn party in May 1947 during which 40 half-kegs of beer were consumed and there was widespread campus participation in contests ranging from balloon ascension to crazy automobiles.  
—Robert W. Persons Jr.

## 'Fifty-one

Fun '51 (a topic roughly akin to detailing the delights of Fun City from my Times Square vantage). OK:

BOOZE—read BEER for the pocketbooks of almost 30 years ago. Oceans and oceans of vile, watery suds every Saturday night forming pools on fraternity basement floors, productive neither of wit nor charm, much less good talk. Rather, one couldn't talk at all but could only join the group singing ballads as lustily as possible over the din. I astound the younger set at anniversaries, weddings, bar mitzvahs, etc., when the banjo player comes around, with total recall of what he has to offer, vintage 1890s to 1940s (I have a little trouble with "50 Ways to Lose a Lover")—but it wasn't so much fun as a social duty. Exceptions to this rule: Zinck's or the Dutch Kitchen and a field of foamy, empty beer glasses on wooden tables before you in a gathering I like to think was not unlike Heidelberg (without dueling). Beer accompanied by steamers or other picnic fare in the two and one-half days of Ithaca spring



'Ode to a Dead Hour, or The Ivy Room at 10 a.m.' by John Spransy '46 from the March 1947 Cornell Widow.

at Buttermilk, etc., was another happy exception. Perhaps a house party champagne punch affair with ties, reasonably clean shirts, and best behavior could be fun. Moose milk at Schoellkopf and the 98 other God-awful things at house parties (made of gin with grape, grapefruit, or ersatz orange juice) were NOT fun. Vodka and scotch may now be my rod and my staff, but I lacked a college education therein.

SEX—if booze was bad news, this was a disaster area. Some of '51 got exactly nowhere with coeds, ditto with imports from the Seven Sisters and products of the Southern finishing schools. "Fun" meant imports (usually with painted green nails, lips, and hair, with gowns to match) from more immediate and less distinguished schools. Some relief—not fun—from townies, paid or otherwise—faculty brats being a bright spot. And only performed upside down or side-ways, like something out of the *Joy of Sex*, in a 1930s coupe, or classic but cold in the graveyard. Never a cozy dorm or flat. Oh well, I suppose the challenge of the chase and the frustration of it all for randy 18-year-olds was good training for life, where problems don't go flop at the merest whispered suggestion.

FUN what was—watching winning football played well by real people we knew, not multi-colored monsters on a tube or the recent crop of anonymous Schoellkopf stumble-bums. Fun was the exhilaration of a good touch football or scrub baseball game (your correspondent's sports career being somewhat limited). Joy was stealing a Straight tray and schussing down Libe Slope on a glittery, blue-sky day.

Fun was music, discovering John Kirkpatrick, Dizzy Gillespie, the occasional visiting symphony orchestra, the new LP, or the Hampson and Sampson jazz show on WVBR. Fun was hearing Eleanor Roosevelt speaking, her warm humanity blotting out years of your carefully primed hate. But fun for me was mostly the wonderful things found in books in the library. It took later life and experience to learn the "fun" skills Cornell didn't have. But Cornell gave me the last—and that still counts the most to me.

—Bill Eustis

Remember the glorious days of the five-to-one ratio and Dean Lucille Allen's advice that "coeds could afford to be choosy"? The Desk Book told us "don't try to ape the HPQs (house party queens). Remember that they are imports and that you and your reputation have to stick around after the house party is a thing of the past." However, they did neglect to forwarn us about boys whose cars had necker's knobs!

A December '49 *Widow* stated, "There are 56 drinkable houses at Cornell. [This did not include the 13 sororities.] Each house averages four incidental parties per year, consumes one half-keg of beer per party. There are 360 glasses in a half. Each house has three house parties per year. Average consumption is eight halves of beer per house. Total glasses of beer per year—and this excluded Zinck's—is roughly 564,480 glasses. Retail value at 10 cents—\$5,645.00." A year earlier *The Widow* complained, "The administration has not lived up to the liberal tradition at Cornell. Their handling of the recent lawn party 'emer-

gency' showed a lack of intelligent planning. Some professors don't seem to understand the 'wicked' present generation, and don't seem to care."

To offset the odds, WSGA set out certain rules—"A [female] student must be in her living unit by her class hours": freshmen and sophs, 10:30 pm; juniors, 11; and seniors, 12—and allowed us two social nights a week. A caller at the dorm after class hours counted as a night out. We were allowed a 25-minute food leave between 11 and 12 to run to Louie's food wagon to get a snack (and fend off the campus lotharios who hung around).

Ten- and eleven-o'clock dead hours between classes became traditional for all but the hardest working engineers. The elevated entrance provided the perfect spot from which to scan the Ivy Room and 'casually' decide where to sit. Who were the most interesting today? the bridge players? the crossword puzzlers? or the argyle knitters? Fraternity block seats at football games and spring picnics at Enfield and Taughannock are also fondly remembered. And who can forget the thin-crust pizzas at Joe's, pitchers of beer at Zinck's, songfests at almost any gathering, and masses of humanity saying goodnight at the dorm doors just before zero hour at 12:30 on Fridays and 1:30 on Saturdays?

See you at Homecoming, October 16th.

—Susy Brown Entenmen

## 'Fifty-nine

This column is supposed to be devoted to fun at Cornell—as we knew it—so please write in

and give me some more ideas for the future! We'll start off by reminiscing about lighthouse parties. How a lighthouse, which at best could hold four people, would be designated as the site for a party of 200 people—I could never understand!

Remember our Spring and Fall Weekends? (I'm not sure, but I think they don't have them anymore!) Chi Psi used to have a milk punch party from 6-10 a.m. Sunday mornings. I believe I attended only once or twice in four years, but the recipe for their milk punch was well known: take all the remnants of all kinds of liquor left from the weekend; add ice cream and milk; scoop up a handful of dirt; and stir with your arm! I must say, I never saw anyone following this recipe—but it made a very good legend. (Remember, one of the goals of this column is to cheer up parents of today's teenagers, and to remind them that yesterday's young people weren't so hot either or at least not too upstanding!)

Send in some of your memories of fun at Cornell! I'm sure that we all remember the wonderful picnics at Enfield and Watkins Glen. I try to visit these glorious places with my children when we come back to Ithaca.

—Cindy Cavenaugh Jones

## 'Sixty-one

Having little time to collect news about the light-hearted times we remember, we will print in future columns any memories you send in. To start you thinking, remember coffee dates, study dates, and weeds parties? Our nemesis, the tetrapaks, should be good for a laugh or two. And who can forget the unique use of the hula hoop when filled with screwdrivers and smuggled into the football game? Through the fog of Fall and Spring Weekends there should be a story or two which stands out in someone's mind.

I have one about broomstick ice hockey: sorority pledge classes challenged each other and A E Phi was short only two pledges who could ice skate. *Sofi Kurtz* and I sacrificed ourselves, dressed as clowns, and ventured out onto the ice. Sofi did much better than I, for I couldn't skate at all and spent most of the game sitting on the ice when anxious team members missed the ball and knocked me down. It takes courage to write about this since my costume was so complete, hardly anyone recognized me. After A E Phi lost the game, as I went to sit next to my date in the stands, I heard him say to a friend, "I don't know where *Bobbie* is. She was supposed to play but I guess she didn't show up." He had watched the whole game. One girls' corridor attempted a panty raid on a boys' dorm. They ran all the way back to Dickson V, chased by a heated group of freshmen who then staged a successful raid on the girls' dorm. Revealed in this column are the culprits: *Dale Abrams*, *Marlene Alpert*, *Carol McLaughlin*, and some other corridor-mates.

—Roberta Singer Gang

## 'Sixty-two

Fun at Cornell, then . . . In '58-62 when there was no such thing as a coed dorm, I remember during a Spring Weekend being in Donlon Hall (a girls dorm) stuck on an elevator between two of the upper floors. My predicament was reported to the head resident who called the proctor and the campus patrol. While inside the elevator I recall overhearing these authorities discuss my terrible sin of being where I was. They also mentioned the

punishments I would receive when they extricated and identified me. Fortunately I got the elevator running and directed it to the basement, where I escaped unidentified. What was exciting and risky then wouldn't even be an incident today!

On another Spring Weekend I remember about 150 Fiji Island party people having cocktails on top of *Phil Young's* old Studebaker. Despite the fact that it ran, they stomped and smashed it completely. In those days the term for such fun was "having grunts." Another "grunt" was the mission by *Roger Seidel*, *Al Dybvig '61*, and several others. They dived into the power station pool from the roof near the edge of Beebe Lake by Triphammer Bridge. As I recall, the drop was about 100-120 feet. I also recall that the campus police didn't think the stunt was a "grunt."

—J. Michael Duesing

"Fun at Cornell" generated no reader response to my invitation several months ago to contribute thoughts. Can it be that all of you out there reacted in the same way I did: "Fun? I don't remember having much time for fun." But, as we all know now, we DID, back in those relatively carefree days that seemed to flit from one prelim to the next project deadline.

Sandwiched in between thoughts of Government 101 and Saturday-morning 8 o'clocks (freshman English only—after that, we had learned!) come memories of football games and Taughannock, of pledge raids, of Orientation Week (as counselors) . . . Jim's . . . early milk punch parties and late dormitory talk sessions . . . Bobby and the Counts . . . skating and canoeing on Beebe Lake . . . dead hours in the Ivy Room . . . the architects' greening of St. Patrick's Day . . . Enfield . . . HEC . . . fraternity open houses and sorority projects . . . submarine races . . . Obie's and Purity Dairy . . . riding on Spring Weekend floats and Proctor George (why do those thoughts occur together?) . . . sailing on Cayuga Lake . . . greased pig parties . . . study dates and prelim files . . . the Sherwoods . . . Stewart Park . . . tray sliding on Libe Slope and skiing at Greek Peak . . . Tripod . . . joining the alumni during Reunion Week . . . until, suddenly, we are alumni too.

—Jan McClayton Crites

## 'Sixty-three

Remember those crisp, colorful autumn days, Watching football games at Schoellkopf; And, ah, how often rain-drenched, Yet feeling safe and dry in green Army surplus raincoats!

Remember the crisp, cold walks to class across the gorge in winter; The satisfaction of a winning hockey team. Remember prelims? And the snow. . . .

Remember the excitement of the three big weekends; Serenades by the Sherwoods and Waiters; Tray-sliding, ice skating, St. Patricks Day, and Zincks. Remember studying, curfews, and the snow. . . .

Remember springtime, pledge raids, and exchanges; Stewart Park, Taughannock, and Enfield; Loves . . . beginning, ending, and starting anew; Springtime, studying, and the snow!

Remember years that fled too quickly; Knowledge gained; Friendships made; Living, maturing, and FUN at Cornell.

—Barbara Hartung Wade

## 'Sixty-four

Here is a list of sundry disjointed thoughts, all—somehow or other—related to the theme of Cornell amusements.

Recently, flying into Ithaca over the Cornell Campus, I glanced down, trying to re-orient the Cornell I had known with the strange real estate project below. Roads were missing, new ones had taken their places, new buildings were inviting visits. Some things were still there, however. At the Forest Home end of Beebe Lake, there were a lot of people in and around the water, seeming to be enjoying themselves royally.

Touching down at Tompkins County Airport, I taxied up to the Chartair hangar. Still being run by Allen Hayes, the flight school has changed quite a bit since I worked for my own private pilot license as an undergrad. At the airport, I talked for a while with *Mike Newman*. He never did leave Cornell. Mike has bought an eight-place Piper Navaho, and operates from Tompkins County, year 'round. He said recently that he still helps keep the Glee Club in tune.

And that's another of these sundry thoughts. As a freshman, I was fortunate to be able to accompany the Glee Club on their tour to the USSR at Christmastime. A couple of years later, we all went to England on another tour. I was off campus when the famed SE Asia tour was held, but I recall many interesting hours with Tom Sokol, and all the many generations of Glee Club members.

Songs. About a year or so ago, I heard a voice on the radio that sounded vaguely familiar. I don't usually really listen, but something grabbed my attention with both fists, and wouldn't let go. "And that was *Harry Chapin* in his newest hit . . ." said the announcer. No wonder the voice sounded familiar. During our freshman year in University Halls number 5, Harry lived across the hall from *Marsh Goldstein* and me. Many afternoons, and evenings (perhaps too many), Harry would be at the door, "Come on over, Paul, and bring your mandolin." I did. I must admit, however, that I always played an accompaniment to whatever he wanted to do. I "bowed to the greater genius in his fingertips."

But then, he would occasionally climb the many steps to the top of McGraw Tower while I was ringing a program. Since one can't do everything, he settled on the banjo/guitar combination, and I stuck with bells and airplanes. I guess we both had our fun from Cornell. (Here, I must digress with a word of congratulations. I have recently learned that the "Dean of Cornell Chimesmasters, Mr. *Richard H. Lee '41*" has just recently taken a bride. Dick, we salute you both.)

Where was I? Fun. Oh yes. Well, being a G.D.I., there were few fraternity parties, but I often felt a part of the Forest Home community, church socials, etc., so I never missed the "blasts." Or, I could drop in at Annabelle Taylor Hall for a talk with *Marion Howe '38*, or, if the chapel was unoccupied, I could practice the pipe organ for a later service. Fun? Getting in to watch a lot of free shows at the Straight and elsewhere by working as an usher . . . Wandering the streets during a snowstorm, giving a hand to the many

motorists who didn't expect it to be quite so bad . . . Etc.

The list is long, and could easily be longer. Part of the continuing fun is the preparation of this column. Keep the news coming, and (horror of horrors, this has no place in the fun issue) keep the dues rolling towards the class coffers.  
—Paul R. Lyon

## 'Sixty-five

It is only fitting that in this Bicentennial Year, the centennial class be allowed a bit of reminiscing!

The years of the early '60s at Cornell were the years of increased freedom and thus increased responsibility. Coeds were still subject to curfew and a male on the upper floors of the all female dorms was met with strange looks, to say the least. Attendance was taken at freshman level courses and the allowed "cuts" were saved for such important things as Saturday morning "gorge parties." Do you remember the "moral outrage" over the graduate student who was too compatible with a female in his apartment? That shows times have changed!

The demands on the university increased, and the academic facilities were improved without really destroying the distinctive character of the campus. Donlon Hall was new and at the outer edge of the world. Uris Library was renovated and reopened and the Song of the Vowels sculpture was met with various interpretations.

Tetrapacks were outlawed and the Beatles took the campus by storm. Coach Tom Harp took over the football field and the New York Giants took Gary Wood and Pete Gogolak, both '64. Louie's was the mainstay of the all-nighters, along with Obie's.

Politically, the Class of '65 and the campus in general were apathetic. President Kennedy was assassinated and the campus remained quiet for a long time. In '64 there were few people who supported Goldwater—only the brave (or foolish).

Socially, the era of the big weekend extravaganza came to an end, but the sport of tray sliding endured. Skateboards were the "in" thing, as evidenced by innumerable casts on various parts of the anatomy. The Ivy Room was still "in."

It was fun and I hope this brief account will bring back happy and vivid memories to all of you. It has to me!  
—Doren Poland Norfleet

## 'Sixty-six

Nobody responded to my plea for "nostalgia" material for this month's column on fun, so you will have to bear with my recollections which will be (mercifully) brief.

I just happened to run across the following "op ed" column from Ithaca's only morning newspaper, dated October 12, 1962: "The possibility exists that New York State may raise the minimum drinking age to 21. The potential impact upon Cornell of this legislated revolution in standards of imbibition is both sanguine and frightening. . . . The first effect will be a promulgation from Day Hall that no student under 21 may drink, even if such act be done in a decent and respectable manner. To enforce this rule the pullulating bureaucracy will incorporate an Office For Student Sobriety. Immediately, the diligent vice president at the head of this bureau will issue an index of drinks proscribed because of their alcoholic content. In case of disagreement in the grey areas of what is, and what is

not, prohibited, the final decision will rest with the MJB, the WJB, and the FCSC." (OK, everybody, who remembers what all those initials stand for? The first ten people who write to me with the correct answer win a free beer at our Big 15th Reunion.)

Now think ahead another month to Fall Weekend of our freshman year, when the Sun proclaimed that the drinking age had, indeed, been raised to 21, just in time to put a damper on our first big party weekend!

Remember the rigid rules for sorority rush that kept us freezing on the front steps of each house so that every rushee would enter every sorority house at pre-cisely the same moment? And watching that same clock at curfew time so we wouldn't get LATE MINUTES (God forbid)?

Now that I've gotten your started, sit back, relax, and make a list of your own. And drop me a line.  
—Susan Maldon Stregack

## 'Sixty-nine

As you've read by now, some notes in this issue are devoted to fun at Cornell. I have some ideas; but I hope that some of you nostalgia buffs will add to my list. What was "fun" for you?

A crisp autumn day? A hayride through the fall foliage? A pumpkin-lined road? A flask on a chilly day at Schoellkopf? Crossing the Suspension Bridge? Breakfast at Jim's? That first snowfall? Tray-sliding down Libe Slope? Spotting the sun after several months? Lunch at Jim's? The first (only??) day of spring? Swimming in Beebe Lake? A June picnic at one of the state parks? Dinner at Jim's?

The day rushing was over? A pledge raid? A grubby party? That first formal? A freshman tea? A good pigbook picture? Dates from Cortland, Elmira, or IC? An IFC Weekend concert? Just making curfew? The three-feet-on-the-floor rule? A nearsighted floor proctor?

A hot hero from the truck? Watching Barf Bar Freddie cook an egg? A C-town apartment? A care package sent from home?

A standing ovation for a truly outstanding lecture? Completing your distribution requirements? Your last prelim? Morning coffee at Goldwin Smith? A dead hour in the Browsing Library or Music Room? An Ivy Break? Beer and popcorn (and a flick) at the Boxcar? Greasy French fries and a milkshake at the Straight?

"Jocking out" at Teagle? An extra CUAA coupon? A football game upset? Booing the Agronomy building? Getting into a hockey game? Getting out of the cold clinic?

A certain course? A certain professor? A certain coed? Going home for the holidays? Returning for another year? . . . Something different to everyone who ever passed through Eddy Gate.  
—Steve Kussin

## 'Seventy-two

The topic this month is fun—how did you have fun at Cornell? I haven't heard from very many of you, but John Heaton, now a senior accountant in Jacksonville, Fla., offered a few memories. Fun at Cornell for him was watching crew races on the Inlet, walks in Fall Creek gorge, going to hockey games at 6 p.m. in the general admission area, and getting drunk after successive Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday evening sophomore prelims in math, mechanics, and physics with other mournful engineers.

I'd like to offer a few of my own memories: Late night snacks at Louie's lunch truck—tuna on rye with tomato, pizza-burg subs, and diet creme sodas. Being serenaded by Cayuga's Waiters from Balch Hall windows. Attending Risley's Medieval Fair. Tray sliding down Libe Slope. Ivy breaks for chocolate chip cookies. Trying to notice the changing leaves in the fall, which happens miraculously and seemingly overnight. Working on Octagon musicals. Attending University Unions retreats in the fall. Watching the falls near Beebe Lake from Noyes Lodge.  
—Pat Guy

## 'Seventy-three

Hi! Ilene here. No news is not necessarily good news, so how about sending some info about yourselves? Meanwhile, in keeping with the fun spirit of this issue:

C limbing Libe Slope,  
O r traipsing across Triphammer Bridge  
R unning to a freshman humanities course,  
N earing the end of four years of study,  
E arly morning classes a thing of the past,  
L earning about ourselves—  
L iving the Cornell experience.

'73—It was a very good year.

—Ilene Meryl Kaplan

## 'Seventy-four

A nostalgia theme may be a bit premature for our class, as many are still in school and perhaps doing the same sorts of things they did while undergrads.

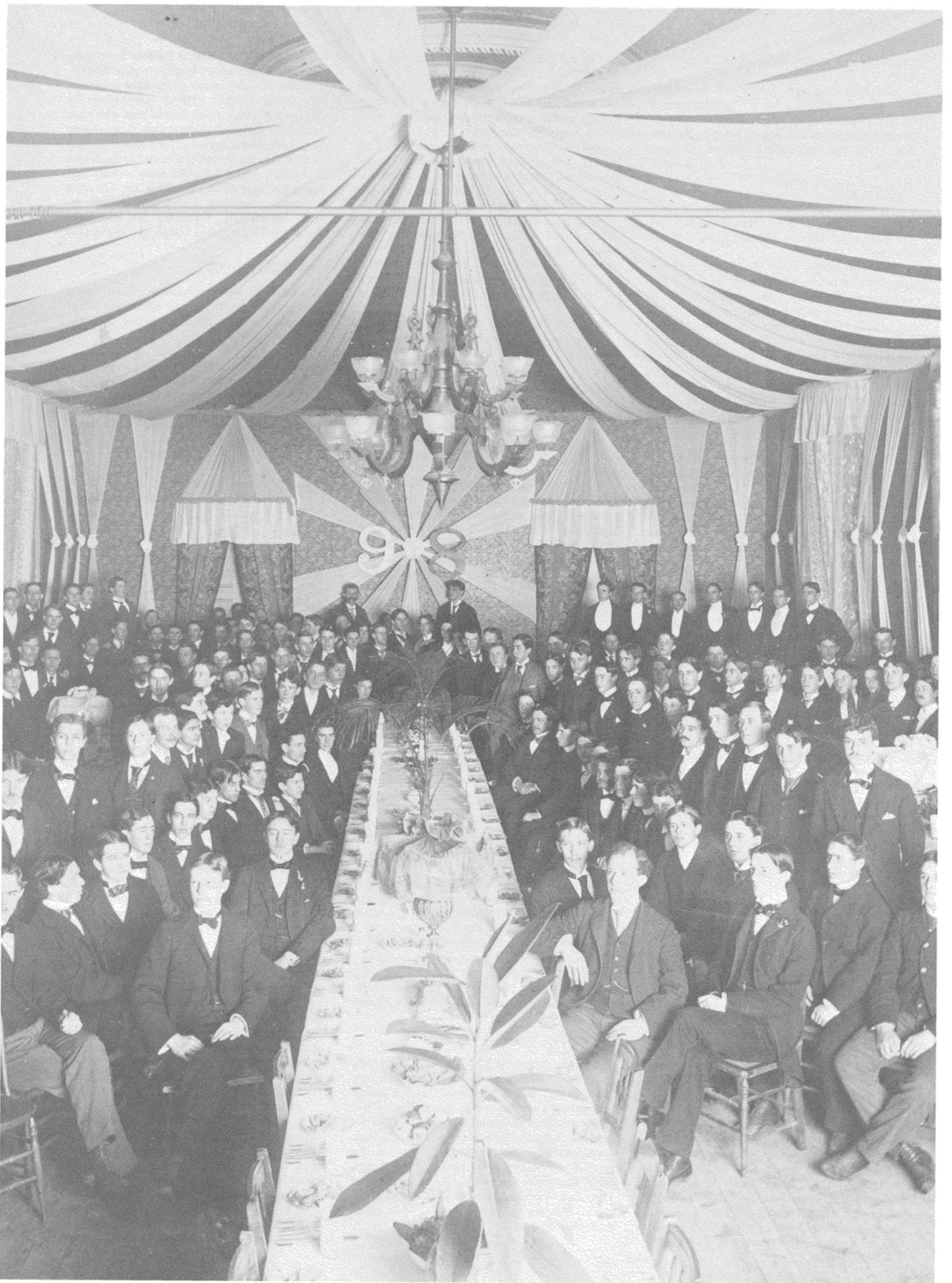
Our time at Cornell was marked by a quieting of the anxieties of the late 1960s and a resurgence of interest in normal academic pursuits, as reflected in the leisure pastimes of our class: panty raids, streaking, the North Campus strip-tease show, watching Big Ed tear up the new poly-turf, absconding with kiosks and erecting Golden Arches. To the extent that our amusements were light-hearted, we marked a return to normalcy on the Hill. There was a spirit of doing one's own thing that was refreshing. There was a revival of interest in the Greek houses. Intramural sports continued strong. The University Senate survived a referendum, only to fade into irrelevance for most of us. Of course, having fun is a very individual matter, and each of you may have your own ideas of what was most entertaining about Cornell. Why not write us during the year ahead to remind us of the not-so-distant good old days on the Hill.

—Arthur Leonard

## 'Seventy-six

As our group left campus most recently, I'm sure there is some interest in our recollections of fun at Cornell. Class of '76 graduates have memories similar to those of other college students: concerts (Paul Simon, Loggins and Messina, folk festivals), dancing (from The Thirsty Bear to The Boxcar), and dining (though few would put Co-op high on the list).

Our memories may not be very different from those of earlier classes. Painting the stump in the wee hours and sleeping out for hockey tickets (two pastimes which ended—at least temporarily—our senior year); Straight breaks; fraternity parties. These are memories which many recent graduates possess. As time goes by, the members of the Class of '76 can be expected to reflect happily on their Cornell experiences and friendships.  
—Peter A. Susser



# Class Notes

Addresses in the following columns are in New York State unless otherwise noted.

'08 BA—*Frances Hickman Wilkins* (Mrs Walter M) of Buffalo writes that she is part of a big Cornell family—eight relatives went to CU. She was widowed in Dec 1936 and went back to school, earning a BS in libr sci from U of Buffalo. "I spent 9 good yrs in charge of the Lackawanna Publ Libr, followed by 5 yrs on the staff of the Buffalo Libr," she writes. Frances retd in '52. She entered the United Church Home in Apr '74, where she serves as scty of the residents' council and as librn of the small home libr.

## 09

MEN and WOMEN: *Gustav J Requardt*, 307 Somerset Rd, Baltimore, Md 21210

"I can best describe myself as the old saying goes, 'The spirit is willing, but the flesh is weak,'" writes *Albert Deermont* from his home in Chipley, Fla. He is confined to a wheelchair and has given up his duties in his contracting co, although recently he did attend the annual shareholders mtg of Coggin and Deermont Inc.

"I still enjoy the fruits of our beautiful camellia and azalea gardens," he writes. "It is hard to realize that 40 yrs ago these giant bushes and trees were put in as small shrubs. During our winter months, they provide such magnificent blooms. . . ."

"Our daughter has returned to coll and will soon have her PhD in medieval hist. Her youngest son is studying mech engr at the U of Me. Our eldest grandson, who has spent 2 precious yrs of his life caring for us, is like the Englishman who came for a weekend and stayed 2 yrs. His stay was interrupted by a delightful trip through Europe. He graduated from the U of Fla and we have great hopes that he will be an outstanding minister in the Presby Church.

"My good wife is 82 but manages both our homes with the help of two servants who have been with us 20 and 28 yrs respectively. We are more fortunate than we sometimes realize. My warmest greetings to all my classmates."

*Arthur C "Curly" Amsler* retd in 1950 from Westinghouse and is now living at 1580 Lasbury Ave, Winter Park, Fla. Born May 21, 1887, he graduated from Shady Side Acad in Pittsburgh and then earned his ME at Cornell, where he was a tennis champ and a member of Phi Sigma Kappa.

For many yrs Curly and his wife attended '09 Reunions, but after she died he moved to

*A Class of 1898 dinner during undergraduate years, at a downtown Ithaca hotel.*

Fla and married a widow he had known at school. Curly, who no longer gets around easily, says he would give his right arm to attend one more Reunion!

He has two sons, *David '36* and *Frederick '41*, and a daughter who graduated from Carnegie-Mellon.

*Frank P Rhame*, 1320 Quinby Ave, Wooster, Ohio, reports that he was born Oct 12, 1887 in Bellmore and went through hs in Rockville Center, before getting his ME. Frank became pres and genl mgr of the Lunkenheimer Co of Cincinnati, a mfr of specialty valves.

He married twice, May S Davis in 1911 and Louise Welsh in 1959. Daughter Sophie Mitchell and son Bill went to U of Cincinnati and Bill also went to Harvard Business School.

Frank is retd but keeps busy with local affairs. He says his health is pretty good except for a hearing problem.

In Apr *Bessie Stern* was honored at the annual mtg of the League of Women Voters, Baltimore branch, where she and ten others were saluted for 50-yr memberships. Bessie is retd from the Baltimore school system. Her

spirits are good and her interest in her friends and Cornell is still strong. She recently sent \$250 to the Cornell Fund through the Class of '09. Good for you, Bessie! She keeps up on her piano practice, and she is as good as ever on the ivory keys.

## 10

MEN and WOMEN: *Waldemar H Fries*, 86 Cushing St, Providence, RI 02906

Glad to record, once again, some news about classmates.

This winter I spent 4 months in Fla. In Dec and Jan, while at the Hillsboro Club near Pompano Beach, I visited with *Garret Claypool* of Chillicothe. He winters at Pompano Beach and has over the yrs brought some of his racing stable to winter at the nearby track. *Frank Oates* visited Stuart, Fla, in Feb. At the time we were in Naples—a little too far away for a get-together. Frank is living in W Stockbridge, Mass (PO Box 161). *Lawrence Bandler* was in Clearwater, Fla—again too far away for a visit.

## Events and Activities

### Calendar

Events listed in the July issue are not repeated here unless plans for the event have changed.

*Garden City, NY:* CWC of Long Island will present program "Early Long Island Main Streets," Sept. 15. Call Marie Calhoun Post '33 (516) 747-2986.

*Rochester, NY:* Dean of Phys. Ed. and Athletics *Richard Schultz* will address CWC at dinner, Sept. 16. Call *Shirley Garliner Rock* '45 (716) 244-1116 or *Carolyn Goldstein Schwartz* '39 (716) 271-3885.

*Buffalo, NY:* CC of Western NY will hold a luncheon at the Plaza Suite, Sept. 17. Call *Joseph E. Ryan* '65 (716) 855-3466.

*Mumford, NY:* CWC of Batavia will tour the Genesee Country Museum, Sept. 18. Call *Evelyn Mann Gordon* '34 (716) 599-3395.

*Schenectady, NY:* CWC will show film "Cornell Alumni University" and have dinner meeting, Sept. 20. Call *Kelly Gould Behan* '62 (518) 377-2043.

*Cortland, NY:* Dean *Jean Failing*, Hum. Ec.,

will address CWC, Sept. 21. Call *Frances Macgregor Owen* '41 (607) 756-2427.

*Fairfield County, Conn.:* CC will hold women's bridge party, Sept. 21. Call *David J. Culbertson* '48 (203) 966-5396.

*Cobleskill, NY:* CWC of Fulton, Montgomery, and Schoharie Counties will hold dinner, Sept. 23. Call *Sandra Nellis Custer* '67 (508) 762-8257.

*Albany, NY:* Coach *Richard L. Bertrand* '70 (hockey) will address the Capital District CC at luncheon, Sept. 24. Call *Herbert W. Roes* '60 (518) 664-8943.

*New York City:* Reunion Kick-Off party for members of 1977 Reunion classes will be held at CC of NYC, Oct. 1. Call *Craig Esposito* '74 (607) 256-3516.

*Wilmington, Del.:* CC will hold a luncheon; Oct. 5. Call *Bart E. Holm* '48 (302) 998-6844.

*Buffalo, NY:* CC and CWC of Western NY will hold tour of WBEN-TV and dinner, Oct. 6. Call *Joseph E. Ryan* '65 (716) 855-3466 or *Valerie Gilardi Moliterno* '60 (716) 837-5446.

(Continued on following page)

Another Fla classmate we had hoped to see was *Jac Holman* of Anna Maria. Jac and his wife have attended Dartmouth Alumni Coll in Hanover, NH, for several yrs. Two other classmates who live permanently in Fla, and who we had hoped to visit but were unable to, are *Miron Canaday* of Winter Park and *Roy Anthony* of Gainesville. The Canadays celebrated their 61st wedding anniv on June 20 at a family gathering in Boston.

At Christmas time there were greetings from *Frank Knapp*, who is living in Carmichael, Cal. Also, *Ernst Fischer* reported that he and his wife are happily situated at the beautiful Masonic retirement home in Elizabethtown, Pa. *William Cocks Jr* of Glen Cove writes that after 63 yrs he closed his law office on Dec 31, 1975. On Apr 10 the Cocks celebrated their 63rd wedding anniv. He has 4 children, 17 grandchildren, and 3 great-grandchildren.

## 11

**MEN and WOMEN:** Charles J Fox, 11 W Washington St, Ellicottville, NY 14731; Melita H Skillen, St Martins-by-the-sea, New Brunswick, Canada

The Class of 1911 wants to register one distinct impression made during the days of Reunion this yr: the beautiful courtesy and kindness on the part of the young people on campus.

We may have been troubled in the past few yrs by the strange appearance of clothes and hair that have marked youth everywhere; and it may have led to a lack of confidence in those young people themselves. But this experience on campus has restored our faith, and we know we can trust them to guard the things that seem most worthwhile to us.

Thank you grads and undergrads!

There were only six members of our class back for Reunion this yr: *Charles Fox*, *Herb Ashton*, *Julian Hicock*, *Harvey Johnson*, *Lulu Smith Howard*, and *Melita Skillen*. But that's not such a bad showing after 65 yrs, is it? And

what a delightful time we had with the three dear companions, *Mary Ashton*, *Hazel Mac Lellan*, and *Mrs. Johnson*.

We were delightfully housed at Risley and were able to drop in at 125 and visit with one another at almost any hr. We did just what we wanted to do.

For most of us the activities were climaxed by an unusually beautiful serv in Sage Chapel. Judge *Art Markewich '26* spoke for all of us in a memorial address starting "I took a walk . . ." As he walked he remembered. And so it was with us. Wherever we went we remembered.

## 12

**MEN and WOMEN:** Charles C Colman, 2525 Kemper Rd, Cleveland, Ohio 44120

When there are green jerseys and green caps on campus, it's Reunion time at Cornell. The famous Class of 1912 has the good habit of attending Reunion annually. There were a few green jerseys and caps this yr. Why green? It is our class color and has been since 1908. Full info will be furnished gladly on request.

This was our 64th Reunion, and some regulars represented the class. Those back were Treas *Frank Cuccia* with his charming daughter-in-law *Jane Cuccia*, your scribe and wife, *Charley Davidson* and *Frances Ingalls Briggs*, *Floyd Newman* to attend the dedication of his athletic memorabilia in Schoellkopf House, and walking delegate *Frank Pearson*. A chat was had with *Scty Jay Coryell*, who was in town but could not join.

We were kept busy representing 1912 at the Cornell Plantations luncheon, the Million Dollar Class acclamation, a Class of '16 60th Reunion dinner, the 50th anniv celebration of Willard Straight Hall, the Van Cleef dinner, followed by Cornelliana Night and the Alumni Glee Club concert in Bailey Hall.

Some of those interested in class affairs but unable to attend sent notes. *George Butler* of Camden, Del: "Too old and lame and in wheel chair." *Ethel Callahan*, Marcellus: "Not too

well." *William L Cavert*, St Paul, Minn: "I am in as good health as can be expected at 89 yrs." *Dr Merrill H Foote*, Boca Raton, Fla—a young fellow: "I am 88, but still go deep sea fishing and plan a trip north in June to visit daughters on Long Isl and in Mass and Vt." *Col A T Knight*, Palm Beach, Fla: "86 in Mt. Give my regards to all '12ers." *Marie Scott*, pres of '12 women, Petersburg, Va: "Disappointed at inability to arrange plane flights." *William Haselton*: "Enjoying Tucson, Ariz, after trip to Guatemala. The earthquakes were terrible." *Frank Pearson*: "Still alive. Watching the birds fly by in Ithaca." *Adolph Stuber*: "Unable to leave Naples, Fla."

Our 65th Reunion will be in June '77. Start thinking of FUN that can be had. Maybe the 1912 fire truck will be available to give you the thrill of another ride. Bring your grandchildren to participate in the hilarity. They will be able to tell their grandchildren how grandpa and grandmother had their own fire truck. Join the green. Surely 1912 is still young in spirit and on the go!

We received the creditable news that *Dr George Winter*, prof of engrg, emeritus, has been named a Fellow of the Acad of Arts and Sciences. He was the only Cornell faculty member named to the prestigious acad this yr. The class is very proud of our prof's achievements and world-wide fame.

## 14

A column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 15

**MEN:** Arthur Cushing Peters, 3536 79th St, Jackson Heights, NY 11372

Our class was represented by *Bob Hendrickson* at Reunion in June. He was a guest at the 1916 class dinner, and he also attended the Continuous Reunion Club luncheon.

### Events and Activities (continued from previous page)

**Schenectady, NY:** CC and CWC will hold a wine tasting party, Oct. 7. Call Robert H. Hansen '74 (518) 374-7884 or Kelly Gould Behan '62 (518) 377-2043.

**Ithaca, NY:** CC and CWC will hold family picnic and ox-roast, Oct. 9. Call John F. Murphy '68 (607) 272-2955 or Rochelle Michlin Proujansky '71 (607) 277-0138.

**Ithaca, NY:** Syracuse CWC will join the Ithaca CC and CWC at the ox-roast, Oct. 9. Call Dorothy Danforth Baker, Grad '61-62 (315) 699-2536.

**Cambridge, Mass.:** Maine Cornellians will hold a tailgate party at the Cornell-Harvard game, Oct. 9. Call Hilton Jayne '34 (207) 359-8562.

**Rochester, NY:** CC will hold annual guidance counselors' luncheon, Oct. 14. Call Duncan O'Dwyer '63 (716) 624-4505.

**Albany, NY:** CC will hold a Cornell-Dartmouth smoker, Oct. 14. Call Herbert W. Roes '60 (518) 664-8943.

**Ithaca, NY: Homecoming Weekend:** Coffee and conversation with the coaches and

the new athletic director, 10:30 a.m., Statler Inn; luncheon for all alumni, 11:30 a.m., Barton Hall; football vs. Brown, 1:30 p.m., Schoellkopf Stadium; reception for all alumni following game, 3:30 p.m., Statler Hall—all Oct. 16. Call Craig Esposito '74 (607) 256-3516.

### Activities

The annual Reunion row attracted 41 alumni crewmen to Cayuga Lake inlet. Following are lineups for the morning's row:

Heavy Varsity: *Ted Baldwin '22*, *Ben Dean '39*, *Carman Hill '49*, *Don Irving '52*, *Ted Sprague '49*, *George Adams '50*, *Bill Jennings '51*, *Al Bishop '51*, and *Bob Freer '52*, cox.

Masters Eight: *Bob Clark '51*, *Larry Scott '56*, *Dan Silverberg '56*, *Fred Erdman '56*, *Bill Brownlee '50*, *Jim Frazer '26*, *Bill Evers '47*, *Dick Freeman '51*, and *Art Wilder '52*, cox.

National Jr. Champions: *John Swanson '71*, *Bob Linden '71*, *Zig Malowicki '72*, *Tom Heiss '71*, *Frank Garry '77*, *Paul Jensen '71*, *John Dunn '73*, *Don Fisher '73*, and *Dave Story '76*, cox.

Elite Eight: *Doug Call '62*, *Pete Smith '66*, *Bob Day '56*, *Larry Laszlo '74*, *John Moyer*

'52, *Will Kelly '35*, *Howie Smith '51*, *Don Coleman '61*, and *Bob Freer '52*, cox.

Olympic Four: *George More '38*, *Jim Forbes '36*, *Bob Denniston '36*, *Paul Brister '36*, and *Chuck Lockhart '36*, cox.

The CC of Fairfield County has elected the following officers to serve until June 1977: *Anne Ryan Swartzman '48*, pres.; *Richard J. Rawson '40*, vice pres., programs; *Deborah Wible Pierson '73*, vice pres., women's programs; *Mona Pipa O'Brien '31*, vice pres., communications; *William M. Vanneman '31*, recording scty.; *Donald L. Sanders '39*, treas.; *David J. Culbertson '48*, officer ex-officio.

### Academic Delegates

*Aaron Karas '51*, at the inauguration of the president of Nyack College in Nyack, NY, May 28.

*Bernard Hass, MBA '72*, at the 100th and the 150th anniversary celebration of the Institut National Agronomique Paris-Grignon in Paris, France, July 9.

*Earl R. Flansburgh '53*, at the inauguration of the president of Tufts University in Medford, Mass, Sept. 18.

Art Wilson was in Ithaca the wk after Reunion to get the finishing touches for a testimonial scroll for the late *Claude Williams*. This has been completed and is to be signed by the four class officers: *Alex Beebee*, *Hendrickson*, *Art Peters*, and *Wilson*.

Replies are still coming in from Class Letter #21 and, without any special order, we are giving the following info: *Regina Kerby* writes she is trying to decide whether to take another tour around Paris and the chateau country. She loves that area. "I have a granddaughter who is living there, so I would have a well-trained tour guide made to order. I spent Jan and Feb at the Lakeside Inn in Mt Dora, Fla, where I have been wintering for the past 4 yrs."

Dr *Winifred Kirk Freeman* writes from Greenwich, Conn: "I have long ret'd from med practice and live happily here with my husband Robert, who also ret'd from his business assns in nearby NYC. We are nearer his alma mater—Amherst Coll—than we are to mine, so we enjoy getting back there more often for alumni activities. Our son Robert Jr is also an Amherst grad and has three children, ages 19, 17, and 13. We have made a great many voyages across the sea and anticipate more." *Ann Richardson* from Cincinnati, Ohio, reports that she has three grandchildren and one great-grandchild. They are pretty well scattered throughout Ill, Wisc, Pa, and Ohio.

Alex Beebee, who lives in Webster, contacted Art Wilson when the latter was in Rochester recently, and they had lunch together. Most every one in Rochester knows Alex, who has found time from the presidency of the local utility to serve on bds of various colls and insts.

Our loyal Hawaiian, *J Scott B Pratt*, reports that last summer he and Ruth took the "Viking Star" for the North Cape and Leningrad cruises. Then they had a wk in London, a wk in the Channel Isls Guernsey and Jersey, 2 wks in Austria and Switzerland. He reports that he and Ruth remain extremely well. They have a son living in Minn.

*Luis F Cianchini*, who lives in Coamo, PR, states, "I am glad to know that our average age is only 83. I am somewhat on the wrong side of that and fear my pacemaker is getting out of step."

*William H Tyler* wrote to me, and although he had nothing to say about himself, he did pass on the following info about *William F Rienhoff Jr*: After getting his AB, Bill went on to earn his MD from Johns Hopkins in '19. He stayed at Hopkins and became an internationally eminent surgeon. In May he received the honor of having a lectureship named after him. Bill had the longest known continuous affiliation with Johns Hopkins—from the time he entered in 1915 until he ret'd in 1974. He had been on the hosp staff and had taught surgery.

## 16

MEN: Allan W Carpenter, 8301-323 Mission Gorge Rd, Santee, Cal 92071

[The following col was written from a Phila, Pa, hosp bed by Carp. He suffered a severe back injury June 23 in an Allegheny plane crash. He was released July 13 and was flown back to Cal. That's true grit.—*W Barlow Ware '47*]

We gradually assembled in hdqtrs—Statler Inn's Taylor Room. What a wonderful time we had greeting one another and toasting our absent classmates! Our beverage and snack committee—headed by *John Van Horson* and ably assisted by our student clerks *Laurel Adamsen* and *Brad Krakow*, both '77, and one of the Inn's bartenders—served us royally.

Heartfelt thanks to all '16ers for making ours the greatest 60th Reunion in Cornell history, with 61 classmates registered, an all-time high. God bless those who couldn't be with us due to illness, and may you soon recover! We love you and are praying for you.

We are grateful to Pres Dale Corson, Prof *Blanchard Rideout PhD '36*, and V-Provost June Fessenden-Raden for their splendid talks. Toastmasters *Harry Caplan* and *Edward Ludwig* and Toast-Ms *Lois Osborn* also did a fine job. So many to thank in such a small space: the committee, class officers, *Barlow Ware '47* (now Hon '16 by unanimous election). The help you gave us, Barlow, was indispensable. Also, we appreciate the work of *Frank Clifford '50*, *Craig Esposito '74*, and all others on Frank's staff, as well as John Histed, mgr, and his Statler staff. All of you did a wonderful job!

I can't forget to thank my wife Francis for the many things she did throughout the past yr and during Reunion to help me and all others. Plus, she has typed '16 cols for many yrs. I'm mighty proud of her!

VP *Cowles Andrus* had planned to read the names of those who sent regrets that they couldn't attend, but time ran out. Here are the names: *John Harding*, *Bill Biederman*, "Pop" *Frost*, "Nibs" *Royce*, *Ted Souder*, *Fred Griffith*, *Helen Bungart Potter*, *Milton Porter*, *Art Wilson*, *Kay Lyons Mix*, "Duke" *Dyer*, *Jack Moir*, *Roy Crocheron*, *Harland Cushman*, *Howard Sauer*, *Loren Mead*, *Jessie King Peters* and husband *Art '15*, *Rowland Bennett*, *Betty Rowlee Lobdell '17*, widow of *Art Lobdell*, *Mortimer McInerney*, *Charles Roese*, *Charlie Thorp*, *Frank Lockhart*, *George Crabtree*, *Grant Schleicher*, *Fred Schlichter*, and *Howard Blair '18* (Assoc '16).

The luncheon mtg on Fri was well conducted by *Birge Kinne* with *John Toolan* as toastmaster. Pres *Murray Shelton* gave a splendid report and your scribe reported on Reunion. The women of '16 had their separate business luncheon.

At dinner on Wed we were entertained by *Alex Anderson*, who sang and played Hawaiian songs on his ukelele to everyone's delight, and the Glee Club Hangovers performed with their usual harmony. Alex again entertained Sat night and the applause still echoes from West Hill.

*Helen "Micky" Irish Moore* couldn't be with us due to the inability to travel of *Lloyd '15*, and she was missed. God bless Micky and Lloyd, and also bless our three courageous wheelchair classmates, *Kathryn Francis Cooke*, *Fred Smith*, and *George Babcock*.

The big event of our 60th was the presentation of the '16 Scholarship Fund to Pres Corson by *Charles M Thorp III '62*, representing his father *Charlie*, chmn of the scholarship fund committee. Both the presentation and the acceptance were well done. The announced figure is just under \$500,000, and the class will be adding more.

A word of appreciation to the women of '16 for the beautiful plaque they gave to '16 men. Also, special thanks to *Hunt Bradley '26*, who hosted Francis and me with his usual charm before and after Reunion. He was a real chum all the way.

Forgive me for any I haven't thanked and for not being able to mention the guests due to lack of space. Blessings to all from '16!

## 17

MEN: Donald L Mallory, Rte 1, Box 304, Lakeville, Conn 06039

Our baby reunion luncheon at the CC of NYC on May 19 was attended by 11 classmates who are still more or less ambulatory:

*Abramson*, *Antell*, *Bellis*, *Koslin*, *Lieblisch*, *Don Maclay*, *Mallory*, *Parsell*, and *Ramsey* from nearby areas, *Newbury* from Buffalo, and *Mitchell* from N Mex. We hoped to have a contingent up from Philly, but *Howard Stern* was in New Orleans, and *Dave Burpee* was having luncheon at that very hr with the Pres of France. All present were most enthusiastic about our coming Sumptuous Sixtieth.

We will all be glad to know that George Newbury is now class vp. George is eminently successful at every job he undertakes; so with *John Collyer* as pres and George as vp, we are in excellent hands. *Charlie Capen* is now our official Cornell Fund Rep. Although final figures are not available at this writing, I know that we will again exceed our quota. Because of *Ells Filby's* death, we are now without a chmn of the Committee of '17, so let's all be part of a big committee to boost attendance at Reunion.

A long letter from *Meyer Bashein* states that in WW I he became an engr on a sb-chaser in the USNRF. After his discharge he was in the real estate and construction business until the depression yr of '31, when he started studying law at Fordham. He practiced gen'l law from 1935-41, then was employed by various govt agencies, such as RFC and the Army Corps of Engrs until his retirement in '65. As his interests consist in being eternally occupied, he served as counsel and business administrator for a firm of arch enrg until his 2nd retirement in '70. Mike has three children (including the poet Ruth Whitman) and eight grandchildren, with whom he keeps in constant touch.

*Sam Brown* celebrated his 80th birthday last spring and ret'd as pres and chief exec officer of the Chicago and W Ind RR. He is still chmn of a family-owned business, operating two stone quarries in Va. The pres of this co is his son *Sam Jr*, who matriculated at Cornell with '44 but left upon his acceptance by the Coast Guard Acad. Sam has been a widower since 1969, but still maintains his home in Roanoke and is very busy caring for his 12 acres. He vacations at Pompano Beach, Fla, where he and his wife used to spend some time each winter.

*Auleen Russell Robbins* writes that her husband *Bert* has been in a nursing home for 3 yrs. She enclosed a check for his class dues, feeling that this is one thing he would like her to continue. In 1960 *Bert* ret'd from the Gen'l Adjustment Bur after 32 yrs of serv up and down the Eastern Seaboard. They then moved to Easton, Md, where their only son is with the Avon Dixon insurance agcy. *Auleen* hopes to attend our 60th.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 18

Irene M Gibson, 119 S Main St, Holley, NY 14470

Attention! *Harry Mattin's* 1918 picnic is now set for Sat, Sept 18, one wk later than first announced. Do have a "bully" time!

What a wonderful July 4th 200th anniversary celebration! I helped ring our church bell at 2 pm, and watched, thrilled, the Nation's doings as they came over tv. High spot was the Boston Pops' concert on the Esplanade. There's a lot of life in the old USA yet!

Class pres, *E P Tuttle* says that "1918 will hereafter be represented by one correspondent for both men and women." We'll give it a try. Send in news of yourselves, you men! *E P* will not be able to attend *Harry's* party, since he'll be "in New Orleans that wk with our Court." That's definite evidence the judge has not ret'd.

*John S Knight*, however, has retd at 81 from his job as editorial chmn of Knight-Ridder papers. He has received many awards, including the Pulitzer prize (for his weekly col). We hear that he has remarried. *Louis Freedman* and *Paul Wanser* sent clippings about Jack. May he enjoy his "leisure."

In June *Ruth Williams* Snow wrote from Alaska and said she and husb Harold had just visited the U of Alaska. They saw a bear "by the roadside," but stayed on their bus. They also saw "a herd of musk-oxen. The mt scenery is fabulous. We took lots of pix." Ruth will soon be 80, but is "going strong." When is your birthday, Ruth? We hope *Mildred Stevens* Essick survived hers—we know of two birthday cards sent her.

A July 1 card from Stockholm, Sweden, from *Dagmar Schmidt* Wright reads: "Have been wined and dined from castles to cottages, danced around the maypole on Midsummer's Eve, watched the King's marriage on tv, visited my father's birthplace, and enjoyed every minute here." The card had on it a newly-issued stamp—a picture of the newly-weds.

In May I enjoyed a CWC of Batavia luncheon at the home of *Marcia Brown* Hart '33, north of Albion. Pres *Marian L Babcock* '31 was reelected, as was scety *Donna Calkins* Williams '22. *Thelma Keitel* Call '27 received a gift for faithful serv as treas for 24 yrs. It was a happy occasion.

June 7 report of Cornell Fund shows 1918 Men giving \$198,025; 1918 Women, \$106,107. The total is \$304,132, the highest total for ANY class, Reunion or non-Reunion!

## 19

MEN: Daniel L Dargue, 468 NE 30th St, Boca Raton, Fla 33431; Charles F Hendrie, guest columnist

Many thanks to busy Treas *Mal Beakes* for producing this col the past six issues. Great job, Mal! Once again I am "pinch-hitting" for the Sept and Oct issues until the duties of class correspondent are assumed in the fall by *Daniel L Dargue* (pronounced Darg), whose address is listed above. Dan has volunteered to "give it a try" and we're sure he won't find it too arduous. Let's all give Dan our support by a continuous "feed" of news items. Mail them directly to him.

The Cornell Convocation at the NY Hilton last Apr examined "The Character of the Amer Nation, 1776-1976." It was well attended and informative, although several Cornell profs couldn't agree on how to save the US for democracy! I was joined at lunch by *Walt Archibald* '20 and *Henry Benisch* '20.

On Apr 29 *Clyde Christie* hosted a delightful luncheon mtg at Knickerbocker CC in Tenafly, NJ, attended by nine '19 classmates and three from '20. Mal may have covered this in the July issue (not yet out at this writing), but I'd like to add my personal thanks to Clyde, with the hope for a repeat next spring.

In May we received a letter from *Lorraine Edwards*, '75 class scety, thanking us for our contribution (along with similar donations from other classes) which made it possible for the Alumni News to send one free issue to all '75 grads. To quote Lorraine: "Without this initial free copy it is questionable how many grads would have been motivated to pay dues (now close to 400) and receive the News." Which reminds me, are you one of those loyal '19ers who sent in your \$10 annual dues for '75-76 to Mal Beakes? If not, won't you add this to the '76-77 dues when you receive the bill from Mal? Price of the News under the group subscription plan is now \$8. That leaves only \$2 for our class treasury. Help us to build

this up for our 60th in 1979!

Reunion at Ithaca June 10-13 was favored with perfect weather and enjoyed by "Mike" *Hendrie*, *Clyde Christie*, *Johnny Ross*, *Seth Heartfield* (with his new bride), *Margaret Kinzinger*, *Helen Bullard*, and several of our Ithaca classmates. Notable events were a '19 "mini-reunion" luncheon on Thurs at the Statler Inn, CRC luncheon and Class of '16 dinner on Fri, and the Class of '21 festivities. We'll save further details for the Oct issue. No doubt you have heard that Pres Corson resigned, and a search is on for a new pres. We also heard that the Univ Senate may be abolished.

Postal in late May from *Bob Spear* said he regretted missing Reunion, but he and Nell were enjoying a 45-day trip through Spain and France, starting in Madrid where his nephew (also Bob Spear) and family met them. The nephew's son *Chris* enters Cornell's engr school this fall on a McMullen scholarship. Congrats, Bob—guess you'll be visiting Ithaca frequently.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 20

MEN: Orville G Daily, 901 Forest Ave, Wilmette, Ill 60091

What a wonderful, quiet, do-nothing summer! Nothing happened. Nothing to worry about—except the two major conventions; the search for a level spot to land on Mars; the twin Concordes zipping across the Atlantic in 3 hrs, 20 min (arriving 2 hrs, 40 min before their departure time); the Bicentennial in Phila and elsewhere across these US of A; the entertainment of George Washington's 2nd cousin nine times removed and her Consort Philip in Wash by the Pres, and in NYC, Newport, and Boston; helping the Queen get the Summer Olympics underway in Montreal; the parade of the Tall Ships; the All-Amer Boy winning the British Open; an OGDjr family wedding involving the instant addition of four more grandchildren (making an even dozen); the arrival of our 8th great-grandchild, Paul; our own anniv in 100-degree heat, celebrated by getting ready to move and having to dispose of 55 yrs' accumulation of stuff called possessions. There's lots more, but it gets more boring! What did you do all summer?

We've tried to keep up with Prexy *Walt Archibald's* itinerary—it keeps us winded. After attending the spice trade conv at The Greenbrier in White Sulphur Springs, W Va, with his firm's officials and wives, Dottie and Walt spent their usual "rest time" at Lake Mohunk in the Catskills. Later had a mini-vacation at Loch Lyme, NH, before sailing on the QE II for a month's trip in Europe. Naturally they caught the "Queen" on the return.

Our roving Good Will Ambassador *Ho Ballou* kept busy at his self-apptd task of annually inspecting famous resort golf courses. He reports them all in good shape but complains that often they place the holes in unusual spots on the greens, accounting for the large number of bogeys on his card. Ho attended the 55th Reunion of '21 and CRC along with *Herb Grigson*, *Otto Buerger*, *Ted Medlong*, and *Ray Velsey*. After a short stay at Skytop, Pa, he went to Wentworth-by-the-sea, NH, before summering at Sebasco Estates, Me, until Labor Day.

*Esther* and *Ray Ewing* have moved from Vista, Cal, to a retirement townhouse at 2209 St Joe Center Rd, Ft Wayne, Ind, where many of their friends are located. *Walter Hunt* of Dryden, who is "mostly retd," spent some

time last spring visiting son *Calvin T* '48 in Plantation Isles, Fla, adjoining Ft Lauderdale.

Speaking of travels, *Art Jacob*, that intrepid golfer of Hollywood, Fla, says his travels consist of making it to and from the golf course and/or the bridge table and finally to bed. That's me too! G'night!

WOMEN: Marion Shevalier Clark, RR 1, Box 14, Angola, Ind 46703

After 44 yrs of joyous and successful partnership with her husb in the ministry, *Ruth Aldrich* Hastings quietly and easily slipped away to permanent rest in May. In recent months of amputation, lack of mobility, and adjustment to prosthesis, her courage, keen mind, and love of life never faltered. For many yrs she served you and her beloved Cornell as a fine class officer.

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## 21

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

WOMEN: Irma M Greenawalt, 1930 S Milwaukee, Denver, Colo 80210

Twenty-eight happy, healthy, and handsome 1921 Women returned for their 55th Reunion June 10. After connecting the individuals before us with the images in our mind's eye and the '21 Classbook, we finally got people identified and then became reacquainted. What fun—catching up on life histories and enjoying the friendships of former days.

For 3 days we attended lectures, took tours of our campus, visited the Johnson Art Museum, listened to a concert, were entertained by talented Savage Club members, and feasted at Barton Hall and at outdoor barbecues. We were astonished at the changes on the campus and environs. For those who desired less activity, Hurlburt House proved a comfortable place to relax and converse. We enjoyed the conviviality of the Continental breakfasts and social hrs and liked having wives of '21 men and husbs of '21 women with us on these occasions. Congratulations to the social committees.

The women's 1921 class dinner was held at Hurlburt House. As souvenirs, all members received miniature watercolor paintings of Colorado by *Irma Greenawalt*. After dinner Pres *Hazel Dates* Schumacher conducted a short mtg. One discussion of importance was prompted by a memorial gift from an admirer of the late *Marie Reith*. Since 94 members of our class are deceased, we decided any class memorial should include all. Therefore, a motion was passed and a committee was apptd to make recommendations for such a memorial.

New officers were elected to serve the class until next Reunion. They are: *Theresa Hart*, pres; *Irma Greenawalt*, vp; *Gertrude Hazard*, scety; *Donna Calkins* Williams, treas; *Agnes Fowler*, Reunion chmn and class correspondent; *Helen Stankiewicz* Land, class historian; *Rosalie Ulrich* Rosenberger, Cornell Fund chmn.

Thus ended 3 happy days. Some we saw, many we missed, but beautiful memories linger.

## 22

Columns from this class appear in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

# 23

MEN: Albert E Conradis, 564 Sutton Pl, Sarasota, Fla 33577

Howard "Bonnie" and Margaret Bonsal are living in Lee's Summit, Mo, near Kansas City, after 20 yrs in the Buffalo area. Bonnie retd in Sept '71 as a civilian in the US Army Corps of Engrs, and Margaret is a retd RN and operating room supvr. They live in a cottage unit at the John Knox Village, a life care retirement complex, and would like to see any '23ers in the area. Don McDougall and Florence, Mountainside, NJ, were given a testimonial dinner last Feb by the trustees and officers of Camp Brett-Endeavor. Don has been asst treas and treas for 47 yrs. The camp originally provided newsboys from NYC with a country vacation. Don was also vp and trust officer for 47½ yrs with Natl State Bank of Elizabeth, Westfield branch. He has been active in numerous civic, patriotic, and religious groups. A granddaughter is in the USAF and a grandson is in the Marines.

Raymond "Tim" Ford and Lily live in Short Hills, NJ. Tim is a retd col in the Army and is active in the Reserve Officers Assn. He is also retd from Bell Labs. Fred Hall and Edith live in Ft Lauderdale, Fla. Fred retd in '64 from Purdue U as prof emeritus. He has recently been leader for a group of 20 professional men who traveled to Europe and Russia in a "People to People Group." "Huck" Bosworth and Marie live in Jacksonville, Ore. He claims his main hobby is keeping track of his family. That's no lie, because they have four married sons and 11 grandchildren. All their sons and daughters-in-law and four of the grandchildren went to coll. Four of that crowd have master's degrees.

Wilfred Smith and Freda live in Livingston Manor. Bill retd in '66 after 21½ yrs teaching hs, and retd in '75 as Livingston Manor postmaster. Wright Johnson and Ruth offer the Bosworths some competition. There were 14 members of the Johnson clan, plus four dogs, present at grandpappy Johnson's in Owego to celebrate the graduation of Thomas Wright Johnson '76, the fifth family member to graduate from Cornell.

Charlie "Van" Stone and Eleanor live in Watertown. Van boats on the St Lawrence, gardens, and plays duplicate bridge. He is chmn of the planning comm of AARP and a member of other orgs. Charles "Tip" Morrow and Lydia live in Wilmington, Del. Tip retd in '68 but still works part time as technical counselor at the U of Del. He is a member of the CC of Del. Dr David Merksamer and Dorothy '24, NYC, celebrated Dave's 75th birthday last Jan. He is still active as an allergy specialist and is a member of the CC of NYC and the CAA of NYC.

George Quinn and Dot live in Bogota, NJ. They manage to keep very busy in retirement. Geo is former mayor and pres of bd of educ of Bogota, and sr warden, Church of the Ascension. Albert "Bert" Muller, Gainesville, Fla, is retd but was rehired by the U of Fla for 6 months, halftime, as interim asst dir of intl programs in agr. Bert gardens and plays tennis often. George Parker and Resa live in Boca Raton, Fla. George's hobbies are duplicate bridge and swimming.

Don Halley and Emily live in Metairie, La. Regarding hobbies, Don says he has shifted from collecting to disposing—coins, paper money, family records, pictures, etc. On July 4, '75, Emily and Don attended a Halley clan reunion at the SD State Game Lodge in the Black Hills. Some 50 persons attended. Dr Le Mon Clark (called Perc in coll, now Lem) is semi-retd. He has an office in Fayetteville, Ark, but doesn't work very hard.

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# 24

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

WOMEN: Vera Dobert Spear, 2221 Bonita Ave, Vero Beach, Fla 32960

Still they come! Marjorie Kimball Gephart and John R CE '24 were on cloud nine when children and grandchildren feted them on their Golden Wedding Day, June 13, 1975. A golden bride and groom atop a wedding cake made them feel as young and gay as in 1925. The youngest of the 100 guests was a great-granddaughter, 19 months old. "Kim" hopes to keep ahead of her arthritis with the new drug Motrin, and to continue to hunt for antique treasures.

Jennie Curtis Dexter (Mrs Milton Gregory '24) has a new outlook on life, following her 2nd eye operation and new glasses. "Dex" had a role in "Tea House of the Aug Moon" at the Clearwater (Fla) Little Theater. Their home is a condominium—where they and 4,000 other residents enjoy every imaginable activity. A grand place for retirement, says Jen. She lists her hobby as collecting buttons. A granddaughter is Cornell '78.

Wasn't it thoughtful of the men's class correspondent to include in his May col such a fitting tribute to Searle Von Storch? Thank you, Alva. Our condolences go to Nicky and her family for her loss. An earlier note from Nicky said she had sold two water colors for \$50 (each) for the benefit of Cornell Plantations.

Leda Thala Ball Fuller (Mrs James W, DVM '21, MS '22) writes, "We are SOUTH." They live in Texas on an east-west meridian with Naples, Fla, near the Mexican border. They had a trip to Buffalo and Springville in Aug '74 for a family reunion to celebrate their 50th wedding anniv and later hosted an "open house" for friends.

# 25

MEN: John K Brigden, 1822 North Gate Rd, Scotch Plains, NJ 07076

Jose M Canals, PO Box 8055, Santure, PR (new address) wrote: "21 grandchildren. Oldest is graduating this yr as an MD (married); 2nd (a girl, married) M Chem; 3rd, Alfredo Bird, a CE, will be working this fall at Cornell for his MCE. All others studying; youngest (a girl) 1½ yrs old. I retd in '71. We celebrated this yr our 51st anniv." Jose's family is one that he can be very proud of.

If you recall, Frank Correa da Silva, Rio de Janeiro, didn't make our 50th because while on his way to Reunion he had to have an emergency operation in NYC. This spring the Stuart Richardsons were invited by Frank and his wife Maria to the wedding of their daughter Sarita to Fred Engelhart. Best wishes to these newlyweds.

Stu and I drove back for Reunion. We met many old friends from different classes and saw Jim Norris at the CRC hdqtrs in Clara Dickson Hall. Gardiner Bump was back. Guy Warfield couldn't make it, but we saw his son Trev '51 at Barton Hall. Our conversation was limited, as we all were interested in watching the pictures being shown by Richie Moran of the exciting lacrosse game in which Cornell beat Md 16-13 to become NCAA Champs.

The Class of '26 took over Mary Donlon Hall, where our class held forth last yr. We

enjoyed seeing these '26ers, many of whom we hadn't seen for a long time.

At the annual CRC luncheon Stu Richardson and Howie Hall '29 were re-elected pres and scy-treas, respectively; Joe Driscoll '44 was elected vp.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

# 26

MEN: Hunt Bradley, 1 Lodge Way, Ithaca, NY 14850

ANNOUNCEMENTS: Class luncheon, Wed, Oct 20, at CC of NYC; '26 women most welcome (advise me by card). Ithaca class luncheon 11-1, Statler west lounge, Sat, Oct 23 (Dartmouth game). Mark Class of '26 in red on ticket application. Lodge Way open house after game.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

WOMEN: Grace McBride Van Wirt, 49 Fort Amherst Rd, Glens Falls, NY 12801

Marjorie Morrison Clark (Mrs H Hale) writes, "My big event this past yr was my trip to Europe with my daughter and two grandchildren. We spent 1 wk in Paris, and 1 wk in London. Much too short a time in each place, so, of course, I hope to return to Europe some day . . . Hale and I are both looking forward to returning to Cornell in June for our 50th. Hope we make it."

Hope Cushman Stillwell and her husband Charles W '22 spent the winter in Juneau, Alaska, with their family, and with friends in Ore. They expected to be in Ithaca for Reunion. Dr Marguerite Kingsbury says she's 99 per cent retd. She works a half day every other month in Essex Cnty TB clinic. Marguerite hoped to get to Reunion. Beatrice Boyer Beattie was among those present for our Reunion.

Clara Cladel Bernard (Mrs Harold C) and her husband are moving from their home in Naples, Fla, to an apt in Plymouth Harbor, a beautiful high-rise retirement home in Sarasota. Clara joined our class at Reunion. Hilda Longyear Gifford, Miriam Engelder Tefft, and Virginia "Ginny" Merz drove from Cal to Ithaca for Reunion. This may be a record distance traveled for Reunion.

Julia Stubblefield Langsam (Mrs Walter C) founded the Cincinnati Paddlewheel Assn as a Bicentennial project, which proposes to give a large, authentic paddlewheel turning in a pool on the riverfront to commemorate the importance of that wheel in developing the area and opening the West to settlement. Julia continues, "Our big trip this yr will be the maiden voyage of the new and large 'Mississippi Queen,' a big sister, though yrs younger, of the 'Delta Queen.'" All of this Bicentennial activity prevented Julia from attending our 50th Reunion.

[See following page for a report on Marie Underhill Noll's recent trip to Arecibo.]

# 27

MEN: Don Hershey, 5 Landing Rd S, Rochester, NY 14610

Andy Schroder II, our million dollar '27 Fund chief, is recouping from a 22-ft fall he took while trimming one of his trees. Several bones were broken, but Andy won't give up. He doesn't want to slow up progress of the Fund. We need a little more than \$100,000 to reach our goal in June '77. Let's all pitch in and give, even if you've never given before.

# Alumni at Arecibo

Thanks to Max Schmitt '24 and the staff at [Cornell's radio-radar telescope at Puerto Rico's] Arecibo, twenty-nine alumni, wives, and friends had five days in April they can never forget. Prof. [Frank] Drake ['50], the director, flew from Ithaca to be our guide. By the time we had driven from Dorado Beach to Arecibo we were sure he was a professor of Puerto Rican history at the university. We learned of pirates, sugar, the priority of horn-blowing, and the fertility tree.

And then the tower came into view. Silence. Exclamations and then the sign, *Cornell University*. A warm welcome from Harold D. Craft, Ralph Dice, Ned Conklin, and all the staff. The natural depression, the mountains, the dish 1,000 feet across (capacity 357 million large boxes of corn flakes). The thought of the imagination that created this scientific wonder is staggering, to say nothing of the technical knowledge to build it.

First question, "Can we go up on the platform?" "Of course, if you want to. Anyone else?" Up went the hands. Frank's amazed comment: "Never had such a big response, 60 per cent." Then to the cable car, four at a time—on top of the world, a part of the universe, we felt such freedom and power. While some were there, the angle of the arm changed so the gate of the cable car could not

open. The ones "stuck" on the platform were delighted to have the extra time "out of the world."

Then in a jeep masterfully driven by Frank Drake we went under the dish where the ground is completely covered with tropical ferns, thus preventing erosion. We walked about and looked up through the opening in the dish—necessary for repair work, retrieving dropped articles, etc. From below, now, we saw the platform, the towers, and the surrounding mountains. Back to the jeep, up the winding path too close to a 90 degree angle in spots! Back to the station.

We were directed into the computer room with only one admonition, "Be sure to leave a path so the operator can move quickly from the machine that reports what is happening to the one that makes it happen."

A delicious Puerto Rican lunch was served. Some chose to eat outdoors, others indoors, and some beside the beautiful pool. We had an hour or more to try to organize our thoughts, to realize what we had seen, and take a few last pictures.

On the return we saw so many things we had missed in the morning, and there was no rest for Frank as the questions were endless. The next day some of us played golf, and others went sightseeing,

and the smart ones just enjoyed relaxing at the "Dorado."

Ever since my return I have tried to describe this inspiring experience. I was a part of the future. I marveled at the wonders of science and not only what man hath wrought, but what mysteries are yet to be solved. I realized that prior to this visit, I really had no concept of Cornell's position of leadership in the field of space science and the high regard of the National Science Foundation for the organization and accomplishments of Cornell. I wish every Cornellian could have shared our experience.

Too much credit cannot be given to our valiant leaders, Peg and Max Schmitt. I know that Eddie Beitler '41, Estelle Burnette '26, Pauline and George Clink '29, Genevive and Millard Coggshall '37, Mary and Harold Cooper '38, Mabel and Ben Freure '30, Jeanne Gervais '41, Arloeen Griswold, Emily and Herman Knauss '24, Betty and Stanley Krusen '28, Jane and Edward Ludwig '16, the Donald Ramseys '34, Claribel and Alpheus Underhill '29, Elise and Wendell Upham '35, Betty and Arthur Wilson '15 join with me in appreciation of the directors and staff of Arecibo Observatory and Peg and Max for a once-in-a-lifetime experience.

—Marie U. Noll '26

Here's the lineup: *Fred Parker*, north central region; *Joe Ayers*, mid-Atlantic region; *Fred Behlers* and *Herb Singer*, northeast region; *Jim Pollack*, western region; *Bill November*, metro NY region. We need a substitute for *Sid Levy*, southeast region, who's recouping from a heart attack. If you're willing to write a few letters or make a few phone calls, write Andy, 51 Shady Hill Rd, Moylan, Pa 19065. Let's all cooperate for the good of Cornell and the pride of '27.

It was our pleasure to join up with our prexy Hon *Raymond Reisler* and Reunion chmn *Norman Davidson* and their wives and be guests of '26 during their beautiful big 50th Reunion celebration in June. Norm says we're going to duplicate it come June '77. You all are in for a grand affair! We thank *Hunt Bradley* and his gracious gang again.

Attending the NYC '27 dinner mtg in May were *Jim Arnold*, *Joe Ayers*, *Red Bartels*, *Al Cowan*, *Norm Davidson*, *Ray Fingado*, *Ben Garfinkel*, *Joe Greenbaum*, *Art Nash*, *Sam Nathan*, *Stan Noble*, *Wes Pietz*, *Whit Reynolds*, *Si Rosenzweig* and wife, *Vince Ruck*, *Ed Sachs*, *Mal Starke*, *Sherwood Schneider*, *Andy Schroder*, *Herb Singer*, *Gene Tonkonogy*, *Shim Villapigue*, *Dill Walsh*, *Bill Wenzel*, and *Ray Reisler*. *Dick Ramin* '51, vp for Publ Affairs, was principal speaker. It was a happy occasion. Don't miss the next one—to

be announced soon.

*Norm Sanders* now retd at new address: 701 Poinsettia Rd, Belleair, Fla. *Caspar Rapenecker* enjoys retirement in Gainesville, Fla. He's pointing to the big 50th. *Bill Foltz*, now retd at 98 Kitchell Lake Dr, Newfoundland, NJ, keeps tabs on his four sons—at Yale, Hamilton, St Lawrence, Northwestern, and Sorbonne. His only daughter is a law Cornellian. *Ed Krech*, Ridgewood, NJ, enjoys his seven grandchildren of two Cornell sons and one daughter. He keeps busy with golfing, bowling, bridge, and stamp collecting, and can't wait to attend the big 50th. *Gene Tonkonogy* is heading up a tennis tournament for our 50th. Write him at 146 Central Park W, NYC 10023. That beautiful clown you saw in Macy's '72 and '75 Thanksgiving parade was none other than Gene. Watch for him this yr, he's the peppy one! His daughter *Susan* '59 is with *Harpers*. *Peggy* (Stanford '69) is a well-known artist.

*Clarence Spindler* continues his consulting engrg business in Schenectady and relaxes by camping, boating, swimming, fishing, and bowling. Enjoyed a nice letter from *Les Robbins* to Dill Walsh. *Les* continues his constr business in Union, NJ. His first two wives died. He had 3 children by 1st wife, inherited 3 by 2nd, and now has a fine son by 3rd wife. There are 9 grandchildren, plus 5

from his inherited children.

*Bradford Reed* is retd in E Dennis, Mass. His hobbies are intl traveling and photography. *Simon Nathan* enjoys his hobby of Boy Scouts of Amer. He's active on the exec bd of Bucks Cnty BSA. Wife *Germaine (D'Heedene)* '29 is pres of CWC of Lehigh Valley, Pa.

See "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes" for more information from this class.

WOMEN: *Jeannette F Fowler*, 43 Mill St, Binghamton, NY 13903

*Ruth Boies* Comstock went to Morocco last Feb with *Hazel Reed* '30 of Ithaca (an AARP tour), and later they went to Grenada, WI, for a short stay. *Ruth* is still busy with Meals-on-Wheels, and she works 1 day a wk as a hosp volunteer.

*Marjorie Burr* says a 10-day trip to Mexico City and its environs with her sister was the highlight of '75 for her. "Reading about an area is fine," she wrote, "but nothing like seeing for oneself."

*Jo Conlon* Erinstein spent a delightful wk, summer '75, on the Staffordshire-Worcestershire Canal with a niece and her family in their own canal boat. The speed limit was 4 mph, so they had time to enjoy the rural scenery, little villages, pubs, and Worcester with its old cathedral. *Jo* was amused by one

traffic sign that invited the motorist to "merge and weave."

*Fran Hankinson* is editor of her church newspaper and is an elder on the church session, so she's busier than ever.

*Dorothy Loeb* Millstone had intestinal surgery summer '75 and she says her stay at Mem Hosp was "memorable and restorative of faith in good medicine and good insts." In Jan, Dorothy went to West Palm Beach on an exploratory visit.

*Julia Sabine* went West last July to a libr conf and returned by way of NM, visiting friends and relatives. She's currently busy with background research for Bicentennial exhibits.

*Eleanor Seeholzer* Roe wrote that last yr was quiet and pleasant: Ariz in Mar and Me in the summer.

## 28

MEN: H Victor Grohmann, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC 10020

Classmate *Henry L Page* was having fun when he caught these two speckled trout at a marina near his home in Fla. Hank spends 5 months of each yr in Englewood, Fla, and the other 7 at foot of Helderbergs near Albany. He says golfing, gardening, and some fishing keep him plenty busy.

Dr *Sam Pollock* writes from his new address at Lowery Lane, Mendham, Twp, Morris Cnty, NJ. At a recent mtg the Amer Psychiatric Assn made him a Life Fellow, the top honor for those practicing 30 yrs.

*Malcolm A Specht* writes that he still lives in Fairhaven, NJ, has done a great deal of traveling round the world, is in good health, and occasionally sees *Jim Stack*, *John Wesley*, *Mid Thomas*. Mal likes to garden, do wood-working (is presently making a grandfather clock), and is scety of the local chapt of Retd Officers Assn. His military career has paid off handsomely, as he enjoys being near Ft Monmouth.

*Andrew S McGowin* writes that he talked to *Dutch Hoekelman* briefly this spring in Naples, Fla. Dutch said he would be back for another visit there so they can get together. Andy reports there are many Cornellians in Naples and he keeps meeting more all the time. Many of them belong to the golf club. He plays quite often with *Em Collins '27*, *George Philips '23*, *Al Blackwood '23*, and *Monroe Babcock '30*.

Be sure to see the Big Red football team in action this fall. We are all optimistic that the team will win more games in George Seifert's 2nd yr.

## 29

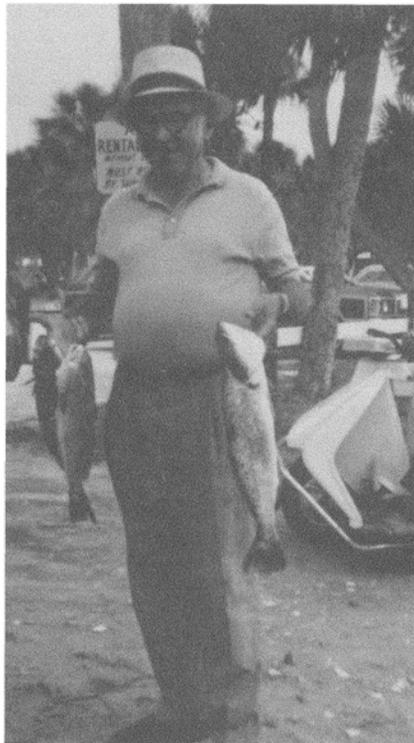
MEN: Dr A E Alexander, Suite 1604, 18 E 48th St, NYC 10017

A few notes of recent vintage: *Harry Case*, Chapel Hill, NC, chose this southern community when he ret'd—"One of the nicest li'l old towns this side of Heaven!" When I was there in 1930 it was real rural and even more delightful!

*Jerry Loewenberg* chaired the 45th Reunion of the Cornell law class of '31. The following '29ers were on deck: *Ed Case* of Gouverneur; *Al Sulla* of Harrison; *J Boone Wilson* of Burlington, Vt; *Enos Pyle* of Ithaca; *Leo Katzin* and *Al Rosefsky* of Binghamton.

*Jerry* also ran into *Howie Hall*, who operates the Continuous Reunion Club with considerable success. Every yr without fail, Howie is on campus in June.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."



*Henry L. Page '28* shows off his catch.

## 30

WOMEN: Eleanor Smith Tomlinson, 231 SE 52nd Ave, Portland, Ore 97215

*Marjorie Adelsberger* Siegel of White Plains spends 4-6 months each winter in Scottsdale, Ariz. She has three children—son *Alan* is Cornell '60. *Mary (Page)* and *Jim Crouch* took a San Diego Zoo-sponsored safari to E Africa in Feb. Jim is working on his functional human anatomy, so they'll stay in the US this yr. *Sylvia Hilton* still works for NY Soc Libr. A frequent traveler, she toured the Canadian Rockies this summer. She's active in Zonta Club of NY and has bought a place in Leisure Village, Lakewood, NJ, for weekends and eventual retirement.

*Elsa (Weigand)* and *Al Dickinson '31* were to have traveled in France, Switzerland, and Germany this summer. Elsa had surgery in Dec but is doing well. The Dickinsons enjoy life in Fla, swimming, bridge, and friends. *Hilda Irmschler* Hagan has traveled extensively since her husband's death. She has 2 daughters—the one near her in Wilmington, Del, has 3 children, and the other has 2 sons and works at a vet lab at La State U.

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## 31

WOMEN: Helen Nuffort Saunders, 1 Kensington Terrace, Maplewood, NJ 07040

This neophyte class correspondent begins her col with a low bow to retiring *Tina Millane*, who so ably reported '31 Women's activities for the past five yrs. Thanks, Tina, for those well-kept records.

*Regis Illston Venable* (Mrs Emerson '33) writes, "I look for news of my classmates and put off writing myself." Don't we all! At the end of May, Regis and Emerson went to see their very first, brand-new granddaughter in San Francisco. They stopped in Tempe, Ariz,

on the way home to visit their son *Gil '64*, a partner in a law firm especially interested in publ serv, ecology, and civil liberties. Their older son, *Wallace '62*, is prof of engrg at W Va U. *Alan* (Harvard '66) has had two children's books published and wants to make writing his vocation. *Tom* (Lehigh '70) is a geologist working with his father in Hedenburg & Venable, consulting chemists and engrgs in Pittsburgh, Pa. *Regis* is still acting as bookkeeper and treas but has cut her working hrs to about a day a wk. For the last 5 yrs, she has been working as a volunteer with retarded adults. She ret'd as chmn of the Pittsburgh Cornell women's secondary schools committee but still interviews and had the Jan tea for applicants. For about the 25th yr, the Venables hosted the scholarship dinner at their house, an impressive record of service to Cornell!

*Sylvia Neiburg* West reports that she is still working in her dress shop in Lansdale, Pa. She has one son and is the proud grandmother of a boy and a girl. She speaks of traveling and says she enjoys life.

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Columns from these classes appear in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 34

MEN: Hilton Jayne, Carter Point, Sedgwick, Me 04676

Just a nostalgic wave to the THEN; we had our fun at Cornell. Only wish we had more space to elaborate. Among the 700 at the Waldorf dinner last May honoring *Bob Kane's* retirement after 37 yrs of serv to Cornell were *Ed Fleischmann*, *Ozzie Jones*, *Bob Maloney*, *Dick McGraw*, *Bill Robertson*, and *Paul Vipond*. Congratulations, Bob, and our best wishes for your continued success in your new career as exec vp of the US Olympic Committee.

We welcome the news from some new contributors. *Lawrence Cooke* is pres of the J P Cooke Co, Omaha, Neb, which is celebrating its 90th yr as a mfr of marking, stamping, and identification products. *Jerry Lowe* continues law practice in Arlington, Va. *Robert Thompson* operates his own financial planning business in Cincinnati, Ohio. Bob was remarried to Emmy Lou in Apr 1974, still sings in the church choir, and still plays his clarinet at the drop of anybody's hat.

Recent retirees include *Milton Harris*, former asst corp counsel for NYC; also, *Carl Kratzer* to his farm in Dixon, Ill, where his main hobby now is tracing the family tree. Carl and wife Gladys recently visited their son and grandchildren in Germany. Down in Livingston, Texas, *Wilton Smith* now spends much of his time fishing and gardening. *Bob Boehlecke* is as busy as ever in Horseheads, where one of his current projects is growing Christmas trees.

*Fred Schroeder* and wife *Emelia* enjoy a lot of golf and civic activities in Stuart, Fla, since his retirement as bd chmn, Amer Railway Car Inst, NYC, and pres, Magor Car Corp. Back in 1965, Col *Jack Shacter* ret'd from the US Army after 30 yrs serv to become the asst dean at Emory U School of Law. He ret'd from this second career in 1974 and now lives in Atlanta, Ga, where he and wife Ruth collect stamps and coins, do some gardening and a lot of traveling. A nice note from *Milton "Jack" Shaw* reports that he "loves" his retirement in Ithaca and the turmoil when any or all of their eight children and six (so far) grandchildren are home for vacations.

*Nathaniel Goodrich* became vp and genl counsel of AMTRAK in July 1975 after his retirement from the Nuclear Regulatory Commission. Nate and wife Marjorie live in Chevy Chase, Md, where they enjoy golf, tennis, and some flying. A 15 handicap keeps *John Chapman* on the golf course in Yucca Valley, Cal. Otherwise, it is bridge and some travel with wife Amelia for the retd real estate broker.

WOMEN: Barbara Whitmore Henry, 300 W Franklin St, Richmond, Va 23220

*Helen Fagan Tyler* and *Robert '35* list themselves as semi-retd. They now mix architectural and industrial design with golf, travel, and Historical Soc activity in their Wilmette, Ill, home base. Another avid golfer, *Mary Terry Goff*, mixes hers with Charity League, GOP Women's Club, and visits with her yr-old granddaughter in Santa Monica, Cal. Mary hears occasionally from Peg Trauger True, still a resident of the Canary Isls.

As a former Heart Assn staff member, I especially enjoy reporting an award to *Helen Park Brown* for 14 yrs of volunteer serv to the Heart Assn of Lake Worth, Fla.

*Isabel White West* is being coached in her new duties as town finance committee member by that Vineyard Haven civic veteran, *Tom Frankenberg '30*. *Izzy's* recent visit to her operatic daughter Chris in Vienna is almost matched in mileage by *Mae Bjornsson Neel's* monthly schedule of visits to four grandchildren in two directions in Minn. Mae and Dr Neel join their grandchildren to ski Sun Valley each winter. A life member of the hosp aux, cnty med aux, AAUW, and Women's Assn of the Minn Symphony, Mae claims she is slowing down; but she is still coordinating the annual visit of the Metropolitan Opera to Minneapolis, as she has for 16 yrs.

At last Treas *Alice Goulding Herrmann* has been happily landscaping the retirement home in Cold Spring that she calls a nightmare to get built. With Pres "*Dickie*" *Mirsky Bloom* and Scty *Henrietta Deubler*, she attended the midwinter CACO mtg and an important discussion of our class affairs. *Dickie* was in good spirits, since son *Paul '69* was home on vacation from his dance studies in London, and was practicing in NYC with the Martha Graham Co and star Nureyev.

*Hazel Ellenwood Hammond* and *Shirley Stapleton Fries* have one thing in common. Both make regular visits to Reston, Va, to visit their daughters. *Hazel's* Christmas holiday unfortunately did not coincide with *Shirley's* vacation stopover from Los Alamos, NM. *Gertrude Murray Squier* and husb *David '39* had a happy Christmas last yr because of their daughter's visit from Hawaii.

As a health safeguard, *Gladys Fielding Miller* has resigned as our first, and extremely efficient, class subscription mgr. We are all truly grateful for her conscientious service. *Eleanor Clarkson* has accepted the office and classmates will hear from her soon.

## 35

MEN and WOMEN: Orvis F Johndrew Jr, 205 Roat St, Ithaca, NY 14850 and Mary D Didas, 80 N Lake Dr #3B, Orchard Park, NY 14127

Many alumni from other classes ask why we in '35 hold so many mini-reunions and have so much fun. The answer is very simple! We enjoyed Cornell so much that we want to continue the association. Oh, we had to work and study but we enjoyed and remember well the many good times we had with our classmates and others; the proms, the frat parties and dances, the football games, picnics at the lake,

the walks in the gorges, the house parties, the normal everyday conversations and pleasantries exchanged with other students and the profs who were so much a part of Cornell. Our mini-reunions bring part of this back to us. Let us give you an example.

We recently held one of our mini-reunions at Deerfield, Mass. The writer was not able to attend because of recent surgery, so *Jim Mullane* wrote us a report. It was so good that we are including it practically verbatim (we had better be careful or we will lose our jobs as class correspondents):

"Fri, June 25, was a red letter day for the Class of '35. Thirty classmates, spouses, and guests enjoyed a gourmet dinner at the old Deerfield Inn in Deerfield, Mass. Our host was *George Butler '69* (Hotel), mgr of the Inn, assisted by *Doug Wisnicki '77*. This lovely dinner capped a great day of house tours (olde Deerfield) and a golf tournament at the Greenfield Country Club.

"After dinner Pres *Al Preston* presided at a class mtg and presented the golf prizes for the tournament. *Stan Stager* raffled off a varsity football jersey won by *Esther Schiff Bondareff '37* (she was able to draw her own number from a basket held high over her head. Pure talent!) Stan also introduced everyone present—a dandy job.

"*Burt Winer '50* was our host at his golf club. Burt was a member of the golf team that went to the intercollegiate finals against Penn State. We are indebted to him for a great golf outing. Many played Thurs, Fri, and Sat.

"The reception committee included *Esther and Dan Bondareff, Jack and Helene Mindell, Larry and Eleanor McArthur, Marion and Dick Katzenstein, and Bill and Jane Ryder.*

"Golf prizes were won by Jane Ryder (low gross), Jane North (low net), Eleanor McArthur (neither). Due to a slight miscalculation *Marion Schwartz* didn't get a chance to play in the tournament. (Lucky for the others!) The longest drive was powered by *Dick Mullane* (guest). Nearest to the pin was won by *Art North*, while *Larry McArthur* had the fewest putts. The most physical effort was displayed by *Dan Bondareff* and the low net was by *Larry McArthur.*

"The 'Dr Arthur North Cup' was successfully defended by *Jim Schwartz!* He will keep this cup until we have our next mini-reunion, which will be during Homecoming weekend, Oct 15, 1976. All '35ers are invited to attend and compete for this grand trophy. The play will be on Cornell's own golf course as usual.

"So that we have the mini-reunion at Deerfield on record, *Esther* (you-know-who) took pictures of everyone and everything. *George Brewer* gave the invocation at the banquet."

Classmates and guests who attended this mini-reunion included *Al and Dottie Preston, Greenwich, Conn; Don and Esther Bondareff, Wash, DC; Art and Jane North, Somerville, NJ; Frances Lauman, Ithaca; Dick and Marion Katzenstein, Hingham, Mass; Bill and Jane Ryder, Stonington, Conn; Jack and Helene Mindell, Schenectady; Larry and Eleanor McArthur, Delmar; Jack and Betty McAuliffe, East Longmeadow, Mass; George and Varian Brewer, Hartford, Conn; Stan and Barbara Stager, Wilmington, Del; Charles Torche, Albany; Bill and Rosemary Boardman, Westfield, Mass; Jim and Marion Schwartz, St Petersburg, Fla; Dick and Pat Mullane, Worthington, Mass; and Jim and Phyllis Mullane, Longmeadow, Mass.*

## 36

WOMEN: Allegra Law Lotz, Helyar Hall, Morrisville, NY 13408

Sorry I was slow getting started and missed

the last col; from now on there should be no slip-up. I'll have to get that deadline habit.

Reunion brought 52 women of '36 back, *Karen Simmons Zelle* coming the farthest—from Cal. New slate puts our most capable *Charlotte Putnam Reppert* in again as pres; *Dorothy Greey Van Bortel, vp; Marion Blenderman Brunn, secty; Margaret Edwards Schoen, treas; Virginia Howe Fernald, Cornell Fund rep; Jean Sherwood Williams and Kay Tanzer Chubbock, Reunion co-chmn; and Allegra Law Lotz, class correspondent.*

We feasted and fested the 3 days away: breakfast, mostly at Noyes Pancake House across from Balch hdgtrs; banquet lunches at Barton, seeing friends from other classes (such as our famous judiciary committeeman congressman, *Henry P Smith III, with wife Helen [Belding] '33*); three evening feasts, one at *Deed Willers's* pentannual '36 picnic park, one at the *Richard E Reynolds* Game Farm, and the big banquet at North Campus Union, where *Jo Biddle McMeen* emceed for the women. Whimsically self-styled as a "radio character," Jo also writes a col for the *Huntingdon (Pa) Daily News*; she gave our Reunion a good half-page spread when she got home, outlining the univ forums on the limits to space exploration, on politics, and on the Hiss trial, and describing the *Charles Keller* art show and gala reception at the Johnson Museum.

We held our own class memorial on Sat afternoon, and on Sun *Charlotte Putnam Reppert* led part of the all-Cornell memorial serv from the pulpit of Sage Chapel—another honor for '36 women.

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## 39

MEN: Benjamin E Dean, Box 200, Owego, NY 13827

Newly ensconced in our class exchequer is *William F "Skip" Fuerst, Jr.* To outgoing *Bob Brown*: "Good show for a fine performance!" Our next return is vaguely discernible as the *John Hancock of Albert R "Bud" Davis.* The insurance wizard scribbles like some supermogul! Bud's been hobnobbing with *Bob Purcell '32, chmn of Cornell's Bd of Trustees.* Take a leaf from Bud's recent summer ski trip! With his family, Bud schussed Portillo while ensconced in Bob's hostelry way up thru drinking the views of Chile's Andean peaks! The day that WW II broke out, we were a guest in Bud's private box at the Cleveland Air Races. High winds grounded the speedsters. But it was also a great outing. Tempus fugit!

Annual alumni rowing was again a great success. The '39 secret: a good seven-man making sure number eight doesn't inadvertently hike the beat! Finally: row a mile, then turn your slide over to an eager oarsman from the '50s!

The USAF has said so-long to *N A Lasker.* The col is now serving a Fla cnty as veterinarian. But which cnty? How do we find you, Joe?

Producing and selling old English boxwood will be *Walter G Barlow's* retirement. Then, 10,000 plants will greet him as he's now abuilding 1,000 annually! Until then Walt's mgt consulting firm develops attitude and opinion surveys applied to decision making.

His volunteer time boosts the NJ bd of pub welfare, A D Magazine, and the Support Agcy of the Presby Church. Walt's now a Cornell Bd retiree. Thanks again, Walt, for all of that extra, first-rate public serv!

Rustiness was no obstacle to *Don Rankin*. When his Lambert-Kay employer pulled up stakes for NJ, Don, first whack, passed Cal's veterinary state bds and now hangs in there practicing on the sunny West Coast. First time since '39, he recently bumped into his vet classmate *Rudolph Frohlich Jr*, now retd to his Cal orange and avocado groves.

Continuing as research advisory committeeman, US AID Task Force on World Hunger, Presby Church of USA, *Varnum D Ludington* is still doing his world-wide best to keep chow lines moving for the underprivileged. He sees continuous, excellent financial planning as a key factor for Cornell's continued strength.

If you need one of the world's foremost lecturers on alcoholism, call on *Frank A Seixas*. For several yrs he's served as med dir of the Natl Council on Alcoholism, that problem's only voluntary private health agcy in the US. He has authored many articles and edited several books. Although settled far and wide, his children Peter, Abby, and Noah recently were able to be home together to see Frank and wife Judith.

One of our great scientists—microbiol prof *Harvey I Scudder*—is having a ball! Pitching across ideas on human health and disease to would-be RNs at Cal State, Hayward, he also teaches entomology, etc. In publ health he is bd chmn of a health manpower office. He also chairs Redwood City's Marine Ecological Inst, where he's completed a number of environmental studies and has arranged tours for up to 45,000 students. Daughter Barbara is at U of Cal, Santa Barbara. Son Paul just received his doctorate at U of Wisc. Keep inspiring those would-be's to win their RN tickets, Harvey, and as our chem wizard Elvira says, "We've got to focus less attention on our athletes and more on '39's scientific scores." Looks like you're number one! "Scholars need supporters too!"

WOMEN: Binx Howland Keefe, 3659 Lott St, Endwell, NY 13760

Continuing report of Apr mini-reunion in Owego: *Alice Quinn Lee*: "After winter of inactivity due to broken bone in foot, very glad to get 'out' to mini-reunion." *Anne Beers Sampson's* is a real CU family: "Husb *Martin '39* is dean of Cornell Summer Session; son *Martin III '66* is now grad stud at U of Ind, married to *Ellen Grundfest '66*, has a son, 2½. Daughter *Deborah* in New Haven studies at Southern Conn Coll, works in nursing home."

*Jean Linklater Payne*: "Work with dept of maps, microtexts, and newspapers in Olin Libr; husb *Doug, SpAg '36-39*, is tech assoc with dept of natural resources." She brought a book written by Doug's mother, with "things I want to tell my grandchildren, who are too busy to listen." Story of her family from 1800s to today; fascinating reading. (There's a copy in Cornell Archives.) When I went to Ithaca for Reunion, I met the sr Mrs Payne—a spry, twinkling-eyed lady somewhat surprised at success of her book.

*Laura Mattoon Cordua* jaunted around last winter: visited sister in Me for 2 wks, went with friend by auto-train to Fla, visited mother-in-law in Sarasota, son and family in Orlando. *Sylvia Dean Phillips*, Seattle, Ore, writes that she went to Portland, Ore, in late May, and saw *Peg Bradstreet Smith*. *Bill '42* and *Betty Luxford Webster* flew to Sugarbush, Vt, in early summer for pediatrics mtg. Luxie sent large clipping from Buffalo paper about *Alice Scheidt Henry* and husb Harold,

farm family in Eden. They've lectured to Cornell farm mgt classes for past 4 yrs. *Fran Johnson Fetzler's* son, John, graduated from *Va* med school in May, going to Boston U med school for residency. Daughter Joan graduated from U of Wisc, will stay there for couple of yrs while husb teaches and works on doctorate in econ.

## 40

MEN and WOMEN: Bob and Carol Clark Petrie, 62 Front St., Marblehead, Mass 01945

*Maynard Poray* didn't write us about the fun he had at Cornell, but he's certainly engaging in lots of fun now. He has been retd from the Farmers Home Admin since June '75 and spent 5 months in Fla last winter. He had a summer-long stint on Seneca Lake. He and Onny live at 2036 Lakeville Rd, Avon.

*Lyle Guslander* writes from Hawaii that his favorite fun thing is cooking. He and Grace have two daughters and three grandchildren. Guy is a busy hotel man—exec vp of Amfac Inc. Grace is genl mgr of the Coco Palms Resort in Kawai. Their address is Box 8519, Honolulu.

*Gordon Dale* and wife Muriel had a trip to England last yr. They heartily recommend a Thames River barge trip if you ever go. He is a prof at Orange Coast Coll in Costamesa, Cal. They live at 24276 Via Aquara, Laguna Niguel, Cal. Gordon and former wife *Margaret '42* had three sons and three daughters, ranging in age from 13-30, four of whom are presently in coll.

To end on a fun note, a photo that wouldn't reproduce well enough to print shows Kay Anderson Pfeifer, Pres *Bill Love* and his wife Joan having fun at the Carnegie Cup Regatta last spring.

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WOMEN: Virginia Buell Wuori, 596 N Triphammer Rd, Ithaca, NY 14850

To save space in all cols, I am going to omit addresses unless they are definitely "new" ones. Anyone wishing the address of a classmate should write to Scty *Jane Frier Joy* (Mrs Edward), 509 Broad St, Oneida.

*Kay Barnes* had a recent 11-day dairy tour of Ireland, Scotland, and England, and she says it was a wonderful way to see the countryside, agr, and to meet people. *Helen Munn Baxter* (Mrs *Clinton M '42*) has two married daughters, four grandchildren, and another daughter who has been accepted at Cornell for this fall. They breed and raise registered Morgan horses and both enjoy "doing their thing" in the community.

*Winifred "Tish" Wilson Becker* (Mrs Fritz) says, "After 21 yrs we sold our house, bought a duplex, and love it." Their new address is 1030 E Hedges Ave, Fresno, Cal. They missed Reunion but were at the Berean Bible Conf at Grove City Coll, Pa, late in June. *Marian McCann Dewitt* (Mrs *G Burge '39*) has a son in the Peace Corps in Ghana, a daughter in

coll, and a son in hs. Husb is an engr with Honeywell.

*Helen Douty* reports that she is still working too, too many hrs on her somatology research but does take time off for tennis to loosen up her muscles and stay "young." Another new address from *Allene Cushing Knibloe* (Mrs Wells E), who moved back into the house she grew up in after it had been rented for 30 yrs. Work? For sure! Nostalgia? Of a nature, but nice!—79 Chassin Ave, Eggerstville (Buffalo). She is busy in church, LWV, bowling, bridge, etc.

This is the "fun" issue. All I can say is, if anyone had been around our tent during Reunion, they'd have no doubts about the fact that the '41ers always had fun and always will have fun . . . nuf said.

## 42

COMBINED: Jean Fenton Potter, Tamarack Hill Farm, Washington, Conn 06793

*Shirley Clark Shumate* of Kingston is the exec homemaker in charge of three counties of volunteers for the Heart Assn. She has been to Korea, Japan, and Hawaii, and has daughters at the Sorbonne in Paris and at Southern Seminary in Va. She is also interested in gardening and music.

*Henry L "Hank" Smithers* canceled his subscription because he and wife *Audrey (Jones) '44* will be in London. He will be a safety consultant for Exxon European plants. Two of their three sons are married. *Raymond J Taylor* of Le Chesnay, France, has four daughters and nine grandchildren. He has recently traveled to Switzerland, Italy, Austria, and Germany.

*Bill Voecks* of Medford Lakes, NJ, has his first grandchild. Three daughters are married, and his son attends Fla Tech, Orlando. He is "up to his eyeballs in tax work and mgt consulting." *William H Webster* of Little Rock, Ark, is "trying to survive a disastrous securities mkt without being stoned by trust beneficiaries." His three children are in some phase of the entertainment world. He is sr vp and trust officer of Union Natl Bank of Little Rock.

*Thomas L Stanley Jr*, New Orleans, La, has been apptd vp and gen mgr of Ingram Salvage Co. The co operates two 200-ton, fully equipped "A" frame salvage derrick barges with 1,000-ton "over-the-side" lifting capacity. Stanley has spent 10 yrs in deep sea opns as port engr and maritime supt for a firm of consulting engrs and ship mgrs, served several yrs as the marine supt engr of Wesel, Duvan & Co during the Korean conflict, and has been employed in various production capacities in the Hoboken, Houston, Alameda, and Galveston divs of Todd Shipyard Corp.

*Sally Ann Rudolph Drachman* (Mrs Stanley) recommends the Alumni Tours African Safari for fun. Their children are Virginia, U of Rochester, Smithsonian and Woodrow Wilson Fellowships; Susan, MBA Columbia; Josh, Soarsdale High; and Dori, Quaker Ridge, Scarsdale. They live in Mamaroneck and also have a house on Water Isl, St Thomas, Virgin I. *Arthur W DuBois* of Denton, Texas, turned the fun started in Ithaca with Peters in 1940 to a career with Braniff Intl, where he is capt and completing his 30th yr with the airline. His wife is "a lovely Portena from Buenos Aires, who has been busy putting up with me and a bunch of kids." The bunch includes six children and seven grandchildren.

*Conrad Englehardt's* fun continues at "Far Above," Page 6-10 Bermuda, where the class has an annual Feb reunion. He is vp, western overseas region of Cornell Soc of Hotelmen.



He attended the Amer Hotel Assn convention in Los Angeles and Cornell Soc of Hotelmen while on a round-the-world trip.

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MEN: Wallace B Rogers, 161 Day Hall, Cornell University, Ithaca, NY 14853

Sim Gluckson, pres of Simrise Knitwear Inc, and wife "Merk" live in Scarsdale, and operate a farm at Hillsdale on the side. Sim writes, "Just and still and always, a grateful ex-student and contributor. Once a Cornellian, always a Cornellian." Were there more! George Lockwood of Ft Lauderdale, Fla, picked the right location to be exec vp of Safe-T-Lawn, Inc, mfrs of irrigation equipment. He and wife Theda share music and horticulture as hobbies. Ed Trinker serves as office administrator for med group in Monterey, Cal, and doubles in brass as capt of Pacific Grove volunteer fire dept.

Here's some news we've all been looking for: Al Lurie is IRS asst commissioner of employee plans and exempt orgs, Wash DC. Al has enjoyed a distinguished career in tax law over the past 25 yrs which is a source of pride for his wife Marian, four children, and Ginger (part Golden Retriever).

Gael Douglas, from San Jose way, writes musicals instead of books and serves as a trustee on SJ City Coll bd, according to his wife, Marilyn (Wise) '44. Ed Clarke, vp of Turner Constr for 30 yrs (helped build CU's synchrotron a few yrs back), skis in Italy and sails off Conn. Forrest Raffel of Arby's Intl (roast beef sandwiches, etc) sends regards from Miami and the Orient (trip arranged by travel agt wife Gloria).

Dave Estes still doesn't have enough hrs in the day to operate Landfall Restaurant on Cape Cod, but will welcome you anyway! Bob Whitman completed 33 yrs as Agway mill mgr in June. A low handicapper, Bob golfs at Pinehurst as well as at Gettysburg, Pa. Our man in Germany Dick Fairbank still with Ford of Europe. Spent Christmas in Egypt and looks forward to Russia this fall. Gordon Hazenzahl engrs at Leonard Morse Hosp, Natick, Mass. Earned a BSA Silver Beaver Award (40 yrs) in '74 and says, "You name it, I'm in it" in civic activities. Brit Stolz Jr, retd from AF as Lt col, is dir of data processing for Mt Wachusett Comm Coll.

Halsey Palmer, veterinarian at Canton, Pa, would like to retire but can't afford to. Should try Estes' restaurant on Cape Cod where he and wife Barbara vacation each summer. "Doc" Becker, another vet, does his thing at Altamont. Pastimes include bird watches and hikes. Fitz Donnally is a professional engr in Wash, DC and is frank to admit family activities include "arguing." Flies his own plane to golf at Myrtle Beach. Chuck Barnett finds condominium mgt in the St Petersburg area pleasant with several alums on his bd of dirs. Offers all classmates a ride on his 23-ft sailboat. Call (813) 866-6531 for reservations. Has case of Fred Johnson's wine in closet if sailing's not your thing.

Ralph Work keeps ties to CU strong working with the CC of Capitol Dist (NY). Enjoyed watching Big Red "whomp" RPI last winter. Bill Gold, sr dental research scientist for Cooper Labs, like many of us fills out financial aid forms as a hobby. Hasn't had a real vacation in yrs, but when you live in Brooklyn, who needs one? Basketballers Milt Coe and Bill Stewart still live, as evidenced by dues checks, but have nothing exciting to report. Same is true for Bud McGlaughlin, Herb Kantor,

Charles Portney, "busy" Bill Buxton, and our Chicago-based Class Pres Bud Colbert. The money helps immeasurably, fellows, but news doesn't do any harm either!

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A column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

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WOMEN: Mrs Philip Kennedy, 503 Morris Pl, Shillington, Pa, 19607

It hardly seems possible that a month ago today (this col is written two months before publication) I was packing to come to Ithaca for our 30th. Well, well, only 4 yrs and 11 months for you to plan to attend our 35th.

I can't begin to rave enough about the fantastic, super, colossal Reunion we all enjoyed. Jean Gallagher Welch and Sam Miller went all out to make this our most memorable Reunion yet—quite a challenge for our next team of Barb Colbert and Bill Papsco. However, by all reports, they are most able to meet this challenge.

Following are some vital statistics and remarks from '46 women attending our 30th: Marian Cudworth Henderson moved from Ala to Pittsburgh, Pa, last yr with husb Grayson and children Patty, 15, and Tom, 14. Pat Kinne Paolella has 19-yr-old twins, one at Douglas Coll, the other at Glassboro State, NJ. Andrea, 16, is a hs jr this fall. Husb Sal is dept head of languages at Columbia HS and Pat is teaching Spanish in a middle school in New Providence, NJ. During Sal's sabbatical he attended the U of Madrid and the whole family traveled through Europe in a VW camper. Ruth Critchlow Blackman, treas, was much in evidence kindling the old class spirit amongst all of us. Helen Fox of Niagara Falls was encouraged by VP Mavis Gillette Sand and husb "Sandy" '49 to come to Reunion. She had such a good time that she is already planning on attending in '81.

Our Reunion chwm has been to all our Reunions and worked extra hard on this one. Jean has four children, all coll grads, and a 3-yr-old granddaughter. Ann O'Connell Willis told us that husb Frank '49 is food dir for McCurdy dept stores in Rochester. Daughter Karen (Marshall U '73) is married; Michael and Cynthia are hotel admin '76. Ann is working in Genesee Hosp's dietary dept.

## 47

WOMEN: Lois Datthyn Sardina, 59 Watkins Ave, Perry, NY 14530

John and Helen Allmuth Ayer, Reunion co-chmn for our 30th, report that the response on questionnaires has been good, but there are many more of you to be heard from. Keep on responding to 89 Lincklaen St, Cazenovia, NY 13035. Among classmates people are hoping will come back, one male member would like to see: Arlie Williamson Anderson, Marjorie Montrose Ault, Barbara Everitt Bryant, Betty Miller Francis, Nancy Ann Woodard Graham, Joan Hageny Krystow, Sheila DePasquale McKibbin, Martha Rausch Ohaus, Barbara Hume Schneible, Evelyn Senk Sells, Melba Levine Silver, Joan Hough Wierum, and Sara Beeler Wright. Elaine Bates Wright would like to chat with her sorority sisters, while Ursula Holahan hopes Dot Ennis D'Ostilio will make it.

Helen writes that their daughter Elizabeth was married June 7, '75 to Edw Macaulay.

Betsy has her BA from Bennington and MFA from Rutgers. Edw has his BA from Hobart and MA from SUNY, Oneonta. Gertrude Y "Trudy" Muller has a new address: Box 483, Blythe, Cal. Georgia Franklin Olsson from Nashua, NH, writes that she has four children and works for NH Dept of Welfare as a social worker.

Naomi Stremer Samkoff of Westwood, NJ, has two children in coll—Deborah a jr chem major at MIT and Judith a freshman in pre-med at Johns Hopkins. Naomi subst teaches in sci and math and volunteers in the hs libr. Merlesue Rubin Siskin, West Hartford, Conn, has three children: Alan, 21, class of '77 at Amer U, Wash, DC, Peter, 17, and Mary, 14. Merlesue works for the Conn adult probation dept and volunteers on Amer Jewish Comm bd, and is community med servs chairperson and aide to Gov Ella Grasso. She wants to know when '47 will be combined.

## 48

MEN: Robert W Persons Jr, 102 Reid Ave, Port Washington, NY 11050

Roger Amorosi, pres of Electrical Testing Labs in NYC, has been elected a dir of the Amer Soc for Testing Matls. Roger and Phyllis live in Port Chester. Win Shiras is presently acting chief exec officer for the Decision Data Computer Corp in Horsham, Pa. Win is a partner of the interim mgt consulting firm of Grisanti & Galef Inc, of LA and specializes in reviving financially troubled corps. Sidney Cox of Watertown writes that he recently became a member of the advisory bd of the Amer Inst for Verdi Studies. He recently completed, on commission, a work for mixed chorus, horn, trombone, and organ, with text excerpted from Edmond Wilson's "Upstate," which was performed last June in Lewis Cnty.

Dr Leonard N Zimmerman is now prof and head of the dept of microbiol and cell biol at Penn State. Charlie Elbert, staff asst to engr vp of ITT Avionics in Nutley, NJ, writes that daughter Diane was married in 1975. Charlie will be participating in the Cornell Fund Telethon again this winter. Pete Baum writes that he is now a grandfather, and a son has graduated from Cornell's Hotel School.

Leo Fink, Bastrop, La, retd from the USAF, writes that his family recently acquired a travel trailer and has been to the Olympic Peninsula and back on one trip, and then went to "Opryland," Williamsburg, Va, Me, New Brunswick, Bay of Fundy, Prince Edward Isl, and back home via Monticello. They are now overflowing with the Bicentennial spirit. Bob Case, Portland, Ore, came back to the Hill for the first time in 26 yrs recently for the jr natl swim meet, in which his son Warren, 16, was a participant.

Donald Babson, Wellesley Hills, Mass, is vp and treas of United Business Serv Co and reports that he is quite busy serving on the bd of dirs, audit committee, compensation committee, and selection committees of his multi-bank financial corp, plus tending the shop of their investment advisory orgs. In his spare time, he works on the Wellesley planning bd, the Cornell Fund (Tower Club), the gen bd of the Boston YMCA, and is a trustee of Dana Hall School and Babson Coll.

Jesus Amaral, PR, is an architect in private practice and has designed various school projects for the govt. He works on Cornell's Secondary Schools Committee interviewing students who apply to the Coll of Arch, Art, and Planning.

"News and Dues" time is with us again. Be sure to send in the latest on yourself and family along with your dues.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

**WOMEN:** Nancy Horton Bartels, 267 Kings Highway, North Haven, Conn 06473

Lucy Woodruff Groh lives in Anchorage, Alaska, where she sells real estate and her husband is an attorney. Last summer, with their 12-year-old daughter, they "brought a 35-ft boat up from Tacoma to Whittier in Prince William Sound."

Margaret Labash Young moved 1½ yrs ago to Minneapolis, where her husband is assistant director of public services at Wilson Library, University of Minnesota. He received his doctorate from University of Michigan. Margaret works for Gale Research Co, and is an editor of "Directory of Special Libraries and Information Centers." Margaret Mooney Wittbold, Palm Beach Gardens, Fla, works as a real estate saleswoman in investment equity. Her second son Todd is '78.

Annamay Topkins Sheppard, West Orange, NJ, is a law professor at Rutgers. She does clinical and classroom teaching in public interest litigation. Husband Herb '44 is a scientist, and they have two grown daughters. Summer of '75, Annamay and Herb traveled to Czechoslovakia, Finland, and Norway.

Amy Clark Spear is not only successful in her career as a USAF satellite communication system test group leader for the Mitre Corp, Bedford, Mass, but she was also too successful when she substituted for husband Ed '46 in his poker group. She took such large amounts of money out of the games that the group refuses to let her play in their games now!

## 49

**MEN:** Donald R Geery, 321 E 45th St, Apt 8-B, NYC 10017

The Class of '49 never looks back over the years, only ahead. We're just too busy keeping up with the times! And Betsy Dunker Becker is a prime example. Betsy (photo) received her degree in nursing, summa cum laude, at Adelphi University last May, the culmination of a 7-year effort. To honor the occasion, her entire family was present.

Betsy, Phi Beta Kappa in 1949, married Frank, who was then entering Cornell Law School. Frank completed law school, moved back to Long Island, opened his own law offices, and was elected mayor of Lynbrook. In the meantime, Betsy raised 12 children—a career in itself! Betsy's success lay in her approach to the circumstances.

Says Betsy: "With a family this size, you have to have some sort of an organization that works well for you and for them. We have a rotating system. Everybody has different responsibilities each week. They can function very well. It became apparent a long time ago that if anything happened—to their mother, father, or both—they had better be a unit. Parents cannot be indispensable. So this organization was already going along before I started back to school."

Ten of the 12 children are still living at home, 579 Scranton Ave, Lynbrook. Betsy, who graduated with a perfect (4.0) average, plans to work as a public health nurse with the visiting nurse service of Five Towns.

Class officer honors: Dick Brown, Jordan Lane, Stamford, Conn, was elected president of the Cornell Alumni Association at Reunion last June; also in June, Barbara Hunter, 137 East 38 St, NYC, was selected by *Business Week* as one of the 100 most outstanding business women in the country!

Another mayor: While Frank Becker looks out for Lynbrook, LI, Sondra "Sandy" Schilling Greenberg finds that being mayor of



Betsy Dunker Becker '49, mother of 12, graduates summa cum laude.

Englewood, NJ, is "the most stimulating experience I've ever had. Husband Bob is totally supportive and understanding of the incredibly long hours I put in." One of the advantages of being one of the power elite in a town on the Jersey Palisades was the spectacular view of Open Sail in New York Harbor in July.

A foreign correspondent: Last March Glenn Maddy and family moved to Nepal, where he will assist the faculty of the local university in Rumpur in agricultural production courses.

More Cornellians: Jim Pendry, Winnetka, Ill, writes that his oldest son transferred to Cornell as a sophomore; Peter Reif, Harleston Dr, Lyndhurst, Ohio, announces that daughter Michelle graduated '75; Leonard Lehman, Alta Vista Rd, Bethesda, Md, says that son Jeff '77 spent his junior year at the University of Paris; Stu Paltrow, Ocean Ave, Massapequa, has Scott '77 and Lynn '79 to remind him of Cornell; Victor Zelov, Cannon Hill Rd, Ft Washington, Pa, announces son Scott '79 just joined Sigma Chi; Bert Warner, Penfield, writes that Amy '79 really enjoys her liberal arts course.

## 50

**WOMEN:** Polly Armstrong Smith, 52 Cheltenham Dr, Wyomissing, Pa 19610

The mailbox was full of happy news this month. Our past president, Pat Carry, has taken the big step and was married May 30 to Charles Thorp Stewart '40. Chuck is chairman of the executive committee of the Cornell Board of Trustees. They were off to London on their honeymoon and visited Bob Nagler and other Cornell friends while there. We all wish Pat and Chuck the very best of everything.

Mary "Patch" Adams Williams has completed her nursing training at the University of Albuquerque, NM, and after a much-deserved vacation plans to work in pediatrics at Bernabell County Medical Center, the hospital for the University of New Mexico, where her husband, Ralph "Cooly" teaches.

Patricia Coolican writes she finished her PhD at Syracuse and moved to Morgantown to accept a position as division leader with West Virginia University's Center for Extension and Continuing Education.

Listed in *Who's Who in American Women*, *Who's Who in the South and Southwest*, and *Who's Who in Finance and Industry* is Mary Helen Sears, a busy partner in a law firm in Washington, DC. Mary Helen travels constantly in her work and also finds time to write articles for the law reviews of University of Minnesota and Utah, and for *American Patent Law Association Quarterly Journal*, etc. She also manages to find time to decorate her Washington, DC home, garden, needlepoint, and attend theater and ballet at Kennedy Center.

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## 52

**COMBINED:** David W Buckley, 82 West River Rd, Rumson, NJ 07760

Part of my family joined me for Reunion weekend in Ithaca last June. I was there for a CACO meeting, but mostly found the time useful as preview of our 25th. The university does a superb coordinating job, and everything went extremely well. I again urge you to start thinking about our 25th next June. It is not only an occasion to renew old acquaintances, but it is an opportunity to reflect on a quarter-century of our lives after leaving Cornell—and what we have done, and what we can still do for those around us as well as for ourselves. So please, start making mental plans.

To this end, Don Hayes, our Cornell Fund representative, points out that a 25th Reunion is usually the occasion for a class to establish on-campus recognition for itself. We'll be talking and writing more about this shortly. Don also reports that his practice of patent law continues to be interesting and rewarding, as does the growth of his three sons.

Norm Pfeiffer writes that he and his wife Elaine toured Europe last summer. Elaine is working for her master's at Manhattanville College. Jane McKim Ross notes that Rick is president of the First Eastern Bank, headquarters in Wilkes-Barre, Pa. Jane is a member of the state advisory committee for vocational education and is a trustee for Osterhout Library. Their elder, Barbara, graduated from Penn last year, and their younger, Rip, is at RIT. Both Rosses keep active in Cornell Council and Sunday school committees.

Jack Boehringer has his own management consulting firm and medical instruments manufacturing company. His wife Carol (Ballagh) '53 is treasurer of both companies. Their daughter Barbara is a sophomore at Cornell, and son Bob is in high school.

Eric Teddlie is selling computer-based communications for Collins Radio in Dallas. His wife Jan is a reading consultant for the Grand Prairie, Texas, schools and is working on her doctoral dissertation. The Teddlies also own a condominium in Aspen.

James Greenwald is general counsel for the Wisconsin Education Association. His two children are in high school. Ed Platt is director of state and local government relations for Procter & Gamble and is also vice-chairman of

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the Amer Heart Assn's southwest Ohio chapt. The Platts have four children and live in the Cincinnati area.

*Charlotte Berley Green* is affiliated with Saxe Realtors in Burlingame, Cal. The Greens have two children, both in coll in Cal. *Jack Ogden* is a lt col in the Army Reserve Teaching Command and Genl Staff Coll in NYC.

*Arline Braverman Broida* writes that she is teaching hs in Englewood Cliffs, NJ. Her husband *Irwin* is the mgr of special projects for Ingersoll Rand. Their elder, *Mark*, is in ILR, and younger is in the Coll of Hum Ec.

*Dave Plant* is an atty with Fish and Neave in NYC. The Plants' daughter *Marie* is in school in NYC. *Georgia Wilson Zeeb* teaches govt in the Phoenix, Ariz, hs system. The Zeebs have four children, and the 2nd, *Jim* is at the U of Ariz.

*Chuck Simmons* is exec dir of the engr and research staff of the Ford Motor Co. Daughter *Jan* is about to enter coll. *Dan Fader* is prof of English, U of Mich. His wife *Martha (Agnew)* '55 is completing her PhD in art hist at Mich.

I saw *Don Follett* at Reunion. He's an avid flier and partner in a Cherokee 180. Don says he's still trying to build his co, Follett Corp, into a larger mfg business, despite recessions and govt interference. Their oldest, *Jim*, graduated from Williams last spring; *Steve* is a jr at Cornell, and *Sue* enters Middlebury this fall.

## 53

MEN: Bernard West, 411 E 53rd St, NYC 10022

I have concluded that "Fun at Cornell" would be a difficult subject to cover. With the passage of over 20 yrs, it all seems to have been fun. The classes, the weather, the walk up Libe Slope, the old gymnasium, prelims, chem-engr, the Lehigh Valley trains. Sure, there were the weekends, the parties, the beer, the big games, Spring, Fall—but for me, they were just a small part of the total "fun."

I've received another response to my inquiry as to whether or not Stanford is the Cornell of the West, and this one is from an unexpected and fascinating source—Dr Joseph C Hinsey, our *Joe Hinsey's* dad. I'll put the subject to rest with this brief excerpt from Dr Hinsey's letter:

"When the Cornell Trustees honored me with a dinner when I retd as dir of the NY Hosp/Cornell Med Ctr, after having been with the univ since 1936, I stated that it irritated me to hear Stanford referred to as the Harvard of the West, when it was really the Cornell of the West.

"In 1930 I became prof of anatomy in the Stanford Med School, and we moved to Palo Alto, where we lived till we came to Cornell in 1936. As a matter of fact, our son *Joe* joined us in the Stanford Hosp on October 17, 1931, a few hrs before Stanford defeated the Minn Gophers rather decisively. The first pres of Stanford was the late *David Starr Jordan*. MS '72, LLB '86 (hon), who was made pres of the U of Ind before Stanford was started in the '90s. He was one of some five outstanding educators who were disciples of Cornell's A D White. When he went to Stanford, Jordan apptd a number of Cornelliens to the first faculty: *Durand*, who became dean of engr; *Guido* '93 and *Charles Marx* '78; and *Ryan* '87, who was an authority on high voltage transmission. *Jordan* patterned the org of Stanford a great deal after Cornell. All of this explains why Stanford became known as the Cornell of the West."

With the little space remaining, I must thank *Gerry Grady* for his helpfulness in always being there with news when the amt I

have on hand is depleted. *Gerry* sent me a copy of the announcement that Capt *John Will* is going back to sea as CO of the *USS Canopus*, which I presume is a nuclear sub. *Phil* and *Lois Severin* are with Antioch Coll in Ohio, he as dir of annual fund, she as a visiting prof.

The scene: a United Airlines red-carpet lounge bar in LA. Time: winter, early 1976. *John Twiname* sits down and wonders if the Bloody Marys have too much tomato juice. Sees fellow doing paper work at bar. Also drinking a Bloody Mary. Action: "Are the Bloody Marys any good?" Realization: It's "Cork" *Hardinge*. Explanation: John on business in mgt consulting area. Cork checking out new business ventures. Curtain!

I regret to announce the untimely death of *John A Kelk Jr* in Dec 1975. His widow, *Ann*, resides in Jamestown, NC.

I made mention of *Robert Repetto* in the July '76 issue of the *Alumni News*. I was ignorant of the fact that Bob had died in Dec '74. My deepest apologies to his family for this lapse.

## 54

MEN: William J Field II, 1321 Country Club Dr, Bloomfield Hills, Mich 48013

As reported in my last col, I have used up all of the backlog of news items sent to me. Nothing has come in to me in the last few months! As I do not enjoy seeing a blank space in the '54 col area, I'll fill a small space with an appeal to all of you to help. It is not possible to have a successful and interesting col unless you give me material to write about. The annual burst of news around dues time is not enough to last for a full yr. If you want to see a class col in each issue of the *Alumni News*, you will have to take pen in hand and write me about your happenings!

My trip to Australia in late May and early June was most enjoyable. It's about 24 hrs flying time (each way) from Detroit, but with a stop in Honolulu on the way over and San Francisco on the way back, not too rough. Spent half of my stay in the Sydney area, the other half in Ballarat (about 85 miles w of Melbourne). Did some sightseeing, took in a Rugby League game, rode on a hydrofoil, saw some great surfing beaches, and thoroughly enjoyed all the people I met.

*Mich* continues to be great in the summer. After our long winters, the sun and swimming are particularly appealing. Our pool has turned out to be more of a joy than we anticipated and is used by all of us to the fullest. If any of you are in the Detroit area, please give us a ring and/or drop by. Hope your summer was pleasant.

WOMEN: Sorscha Brodsky Meyer, Hampton House, Apt 1105 204 E Joppa Rd, Towson, Md 21204

Sorry to have missed our July col, but the copy deadline came and went while we were away vacationing. Since an earlier plea to you for special "fun" material to include in this issue has gone unanswered, this col is compiled from the remaining collection of class notes.

From home at 35 Iroquois St E, Massapequa, *Jill Niederman Edelson* writes of an active family that boats, flies, and makes music together. *Lynne*, 19, attends the Curtis Inst of Music in Phila, studying viola. *David*, 17, plans to enter coll this yr as a pre-med student. The Edelsons own their own plane, and *Jill's* husband *Bob* has already taught *David* how to pilot. In fact, *David* began to solo over a yr ago! *Bob* is in the construction and steel erection business. *Jill* is dir of the Campus

Nursery School, SUNY, Farmingdale, and teaches nursery educ part time at the coll. Jill is also on the Massapequa Symphony bd of dirs.

At the opposite end of NYS, up in William-son near Lake Ontario, *Mary Ann Smith* Blik teaches and serves as dist coordinator for social studies in the Williamson school system. She is also a delegate to NYSUT. Husb Ralph farms, his specialties being livestock and vegetables. Daughter Carolyn is starting her 2nd yr at Monroe Comm Coll, and son Jeff is a sr at Williamson Ctral School. The Blik home is at 344 E Townline Rd.

*Emily Bates* Douglas is another NYS resident who works in the educ field. "Lili" teaches remedial math and reading full time in the Title I program, elem level. She also attends courses at SUNY, New Paltz, participating in a reading specialization program. Husb Damon is an IBM strategist. Others in the Douglas household at 649 Maverick Rd, Woodstock, include Emily, 21; Susan, 19; Doug, 16; and David, 13. Skiing, running, tennis, and gardening are favorite family interests.

To comply with current space limitations, this col closes with a brief bit of news from *Marilyn Kenyon* Goldman, who with husb David and family resides at 300 Georgian Court Rd, Rochester. Margy, 20, has started her sr yr at Colgate. Other children are Bob, 17, and Amy, 13.

## 55

MEN: David G Sheffield, 76 Parker Rd, Wellesley, Mass

Recent overseas travel has made this writer a delinquent correspondent. Good for architectural practice, bad for class col. Very few new addresses to report. It looks like most of us have settled down a bit in that respect, at least. *Andy Dadagian*, his wife Barbara, five children, and two Old English Sheep Dogs have made a small move. Andy is chief of the otolaryngology dept at Stury Mem Hosp, Attleboro, Mass. Andy collects antique cars, eight so far, and goes to Olympic games. New address: 140 N Main St, Attleboro, Mass. A new address for *Bud Stuart* also: Rt 2, Box 75, The Plains, Va. Bud's vet practice keeps him busy, but he took a serious fox hunting trip to Ireland this past yr.

*Arthur Dolmen* spent last fall consulting in N and W Africa on nutrition planning and agr statistics collection. Art is an agr economist with Intech Inc, of Silver Spring, Md. New address: 1010 Notley Rd, Silver Spring, Md. *Carl Jeerings* was recently named engrg mgr of Emerson Electric's new plant in Ogden, Utah. Carl and Carmella's new address: 1074E 3200 N, N Ogden, Utah. Some more notes from overseas: *Don Maclay* is still in the Far East traveling to Korea, Philippines, and Indonesia. Don is a vp with Booz Allen Hamilton. I recall that he made it all the way to Reunion last yr. Address: GPO Box 2632, Bangkok, Thailand. *Art Kananalk* also made it to Reunion last yr from England. Art is dir of business affairs for Warner Bros, Europe. Art, Pamela, and their two children live at Fiat, 12 Astell House, Astell St, London SW3, England.

*Eusebio "Tony" Morales* is genl mgr of ESSO Standard Oil in Panama. Tony's wife, Maritza, is adv and publ relations mgr of Maduro (a major dept store). Their oldest son is studying architecture at U of Texas, and three children are living at home. Address: PO Box 3136, Panama 5, Republic of Panama. Closer to home and right down to earth is *Bill Andrews*. I have to admit I read his note with a little envy. Bill and his family own and



Classmates from '55 (see column).

operate their dairy farm, 38 head on 180 acres. Son *Tom* is Cornell '76. Oldest daughter *Becky* has presented Bill and Donna with two grandchildren. (How's that for Class of '55?) Address: 4475 North Rd, Canandaigua.

*Bill Drake* perhaps got the calling more recently and has purchased a farm with orchards, bees, a herd of Herefords, and the whole thing. Bill is an orthodontist (on the side now?). Bill, Sheila, and their three children live at 215 Sycamore St, Liverpool. A nice note and picture from *Jay Hyman* who's living in my old home town, Suffern. In the picture are: counterclockwise, from bottom, *Sandy Weil*, *Jay Hyman*, *Ellie Goldman*, and *Joe Brender*. Joe was killed in 1958 while with the Navy in the China Sea. A few classmates have started a student loan fund at the Vet Coll. Anyone who remembers Joe and wishes to contribute to this cause in his memory may do so by sending a check to: Cornell U, Joe Brender Student Loan Fund, c/o 441, Day Hall, Ithaca, NY 14853. A nice tribute. I hope that as many as can will contribute. All for now.

## 56

WOMEN: Rita Rausch Moelis, 916 Lawrence Ct, Valley Stream, NY 11581

I am sorry to say that I received no special material for the "fun" section of this issue. If you remember some funny anecdotes or light-hearted moments from our stay on the Hill, do send them on to me anyway, for use at another time.

Apologies to *Barbara Langs Stern*. In writing about her recently published book *The Making of a Woman Cop*, I gave her married name incorrectly. It is Mrs Ernest Stern.

*Jane Plunkett* Greenwalt recently finished writing a musical about Susan B Anthony called "Susan B," which was commissioned as part of Westchester Cnty's Bicentennial celebration. The musical was presented in May with Jane, Bill, and their children, John, 15, David, 13, and Kate, 10, all taking part. The Greenwalts live in Hartsdale at 57 Ridge Rd.

*Betty (Oshman)* and *Dick Stratton* '57 now live on 34 Gary Dr in Chappaqua. Dick still works for IBM in White Plains. Jonathan, their oldest child will be a freshman at the U of Md in Sept. The Strattons also have two daughters, Kathy, 15, and Lynne, 12. Betty is active in the community. This past June they attended a wedding at Cornell on the Quad: "Very different and impressive!" The Paul Thompsons (*Carole Rapp*) enjoyed Reunion

this yr at Cornell. Son Adam Michael, 13 months, loved the barbequed chicken, but was unimpressed with the beer! The Thompsons live at 401 E 74th St, NYC.

*Evelyn Margulies Yudowitz* lives at 305 Emerson Rd, Lexington, Mass. *Bernie* '55 is a lwyer and psychiatrist working a good deal with the criminally insane. They have four children: Michael, 12, Ann, 10, Martin, 9, and Lawrence, 4. Margaret Dudley, 18-yr-old daughter of *Doris (Dopp)* and *Bill Dudley* '55, enters Colgate this month. Their address is Box 194, Manlius.

## 57

WOMEN: Judy Reusswig, 5401 Westbard Ave, #1109, Wash, DC 20016

I hope you all had a pleasant Bicentennial summer. Wash, DC, was an exciting place to be for all the festivities. In addition to the treat of such fantastic fireworks on July 4th, I had the opportunity to be present at the White House for the arrival ceremonies for Queen Elizabeth. The new Air and Space Museum opened this summer and if you haven't already seen it, I urge you to visit it if you can. It's magnificent.

*Priscilla "johnnie" Kiefer* Parrish writes that she and her husb Stephen, Cornell English prof, spent 8 months last yr in Paris and Germany. Her two teenagers, Kit and Susan, enjoy photography and ballet while johnnie keeps busy with gardening and gourmet cooking. She writes that she would enjoy hearing news from *David Guest*. The Parrishes are at 116 The Parkway, Ithaca. *Carol Gehrke Townsend* spent the summer holiday in England with *Jim, MD '60*, who is in the radiology dept of Long Beach Veterans' Hosp, and David, 8, and Scott, 5. Beside avid participation in tennis, Carol is pres of Ebell Soc for the coming yr. The Townsends make their home in Laguna Niguel, Cal.

Another traveler this past yr is *Joyce Dudley McDowell*, La Habra, Cal, who enjoyed a trip to Singapore, Hong Kong, Japan, Malaysia, and Hawaii. In addition to singing in the community chorale, Joyce is taking a few courses at Cal State. *Ed '54*, mgr of the reservoir engrg div of Chevron, races his boat "Illusion" on weekends. Ed Jr just finished his freshman yr at Harvey Mudd Coll and James is a jr in hs.

A new address and a new job for "*Niki*" *Nitberg*: 180 1/2 D Queen St, Charleston, SC, and anthropologist at the med univ of SC. In addition Niki has become a rape counselor in Charleston, an activity which involves getting up in the middle of many a night. However, when she has some free time Niki plans to get to the beautiful beaches near Charleston.

## 58

MEN: Richard A Haggard, 1207 Nash Dr, Fort Washington, Pa 19034

As you've seen, this issue features "fun at Cornell." Anyone with special stories, anecdotes, etc relating to the subject of our fun in the mid-fifties is welcome to send them along, and we'll cover them here in the near future. Meanwhile, many of your current hobbies and other interests reflect past good times, including fun on the Hill, and we'll spend a little time in the next few cols sharing them. We'll also try to catch up on those we've not heard from for awhile, so your good old reliables who have also sent in your news, hold in there.

*Bill Wentz*, 9911 Walnut Ridge, Cincinnati, Ohio, represents a good many of us in his leisure areas of camping, tennis, sailing, and

bridge. Golf wasn't mentioned, but that's the other big one. Bill's a regl vp of his food serv co and also keeps busy with seven children and some local soccer coaching. *Tom Cernosia* sent his address (47 Whittredge Rd, Summit, NJ) and the fact that he's built 18 clocks in the last 5 yrs, when not traveling (Hawaii, early '76), administering at work, or raising a family of four with wife *Betsy (Poit)* '60.

Out on the West Coast, Dr *Fred Sherman* continues to enjoy scuba diving and has found a great way to cook sea cucumbers since lobsters are few. Fred, wife Maggie, and young Andy live at 7862 Lulu Glen Dr, Los Angeles, Cal. *Norm* and *Nancy Odden* (40 Laurel Ave, Wellesley Hills, Mass) had a week at Ft Lauderdale with the coll kids last yr. "Wow! What a time," they report.

*Bob Bryant*, Linda, and three children enjoyed St Thomas last Mar, and Me during summer. Bob's a vp in invest banking and lives at 247 Standish Rd, Ridgewood, NJ. Dr *Marty Blinder* visited a South Seas isl which Marty believes is just like Tahiti must have been 100 yrs ago. He's keeping the location a secret; sounds like he plans to get back there soon. Marty, Dorothy Anne, and two children live at 50 Idalia Rd, San Anselmo, Cal. When he's not practicing, Marty has operated as mayor of the city and is in other city servs. By the time this is in your hands, *Irv Caplan* should have just returned from a trip to Alaska. Irv and family (Marian and two children) live on Whippleville Rd, Malone, and spend a good bit of their leisure time skiing (another big sport with '58ers), playing basketball, track, and hiking.

*Don Gleklen* and family (Carol and three children) live at 212 Jeffrey Lane, Newtown Square, Pa. Don is a sr vp with a banking firm in Phila. No hobbies indicated, but Don is interested in contacting area '58ers, and a list should be on the way. The last note this month is from *Steve Bender* and family in Great Neck (7 Vista Dr), where Steve is an ins broker by day and continues to enjoy model railroading in leisure time.

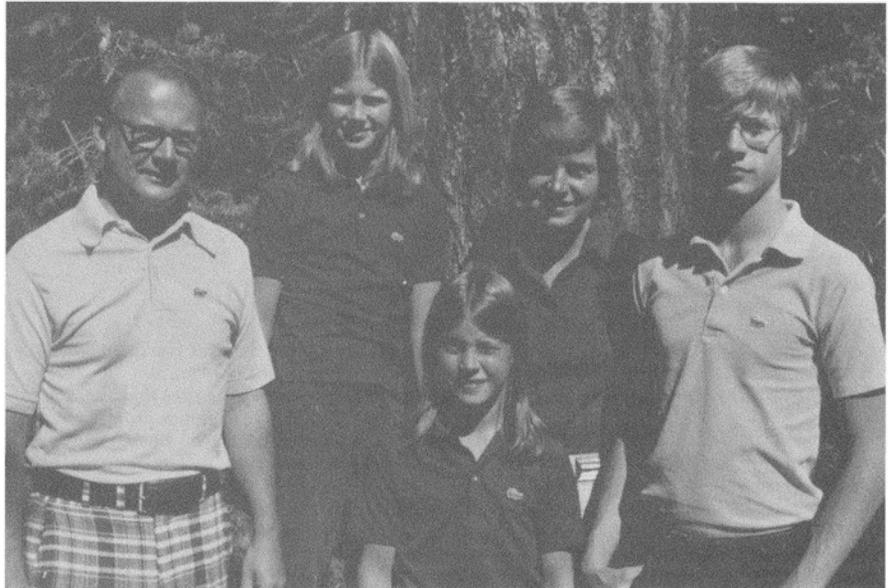
**WOMEN:** Gladys Lunge Stifel, 3617 Little-dale Rd, Kensington, Md 20795

*Carolyn Funnell Porter*, 908 Cliftonbrook Lane, Silver Spring, Md, wrote me a note which brought the sad news that *John '58* had died of cancer May 14. Their family—including Dean, 13, Andy, 9, and Neal, 6—has experienced a most difficult yr. Carolyn begins part-time work at a travel agcy in nearby Olney. She and the boys spent several days in June at Fenwick Isl, Del, in a neighbor's mobile home. The boys especially enjoyed the crabbing there. In early July they were off for a week to Lake Geneva, Wis.

*Renni Bertenthal Shuter*, 6240 McPherson, St Louis, Mo, writes for a local paper and is involved in various fund-raising activities. She sells houses part time and occasionally substitutes at the community school. Renni and Eli took a trip to Albuquerque and Santa Fe last yr. At spring recess, the whole family went to Marco Isl, Fla—including Anne, 16, Lynn, 14, Dale, 10, and Beth, 9 (but not including their dog, 2 cats, and unaccountable numbers of gerbils and fish!).

I have addresses only for: *Charlotte Dole Worrall*, Box 801, Great Falls, Mont; *Irene Rizzi Metzger*, 114 Kalla Lane, E Aurora; and *Rachel Aber Schlesinger*, 415 Roselawn Ave, Toronto, Ont, Canada.

*Laura Yegen Monk* and husb Tom live at RR 4, Atchison, Kan, with their children Laurie, 13, Christy, 10, and Katy, 9, along with 15 horses, 14 dogs, 5 cats, and 1 goat. Their hobby is raising Arabian horses. They ride, ski, and fly (Tom is a corp pilot, flies all over US for local co and is also a vp in charge



*Hank Hubbard '56 and Marianne (Smith) '59 and their three children.*

of mktg.) Civic activities listed were bd of educ, bd of dir of a local bank. Their latest trip took them to the Canadian Rockies.

## 59

**MEN:** Howard B Myers, 192 Blvd, Mountain Lakes, NJ 07046

*Edward Tavlin* and *Beth (Streisfeld)* '62 are enjoying their 1st yr in Fla. In addition to his job as sr securities analyst with Prescott Ball and Turben (NYSE), his family has opened a new restaurant in Hollywood—named Hollywood Steak House, but has seafood menu too. *Albert Wooding*, 5751 Kopp Ave, N Syracuse, wife *Evelyn (Wischhusen)* '58, Sherri, 13, Michael, 10, and Thomas, 9, breed, kennel, train, and show German shorthaired pointers—all done mainly by progeny. While dad's a vet, he acts as gentleman farmer, hunter and/or conservationist. The whole family works at improving the farm for game and production. Mrs Wooding is active homemaker, exec scty, and kennel person par excellence!

*Earl Hodin*, MD, and wife *Louise (Klein)* '60, recently moved to 6011 Softwood Trail, McLean, Va. He's a pediatric surgeon and is on bd of dirs of Amer Cancer Soc; she works for Democratic party and teaches in hs for retarded children. Steven, 8, plays ankle-biter football with this yr's championship team, and attends Montessori school with Jason, 6. Wirehaired Hannibal enjoys the hi-fi and watches the redoing of the home.

*Al* and *Margo Hicks Newhouse*, daughter Daryl, 15, and sons Jeffrey, 13, and William, 9, went to England in May on a 2-wk concert tour with River Rd Unitarian Church Choir. They live at 11108 Deborah Dr, Potomac, Md. He's nuclear power engr for ERDA/NAVSEA, plays violin in Montgomery Coll Orchestra, and indulges in electronics and musical composition.

In summer of '75 *Bob* and *Jean Bergesen* bought Whitefield Motel and Cottages on Mirror Lake in Whitefield, NH. They swam all that summer and went skiing all winter; this yr they hope to show a necessary profit. Children are Susan, 9, Jean, 8, and Jeffrey, 6. (On US 3, phone 603-837-2227.) *Bob Coyle* and his wife Carol have now been in Wash, DC, area for 12 yrs. He is chief of regl planning servs at Wash Council of Govts. Of their four children,

ages 15, 13, 5, and 4, three of them were born on natl holidays, the youngest on July 4.

Hungarian puli (that's an intelligent, medium-sized farm dog) belongs to Linda, 12, Pamela, 10, and Michael, 8, *Glassberg*, of 7 Dell Rd, Scarsdale. The last three named go to Scarsdale School. Mother is Irene and father is *Lawrence*, MD, an internist and cardiologist at White Plains Hosp with office in Hartsdale. They attended Amer Heart Assn mtgs in Anaheim and spent time in San Diego and Palm Springs; went skiing in Vt over Christmas '75.

*Victor E Samuelson* and family—wife Diane; Eric 11; Scott, 8; Cathy, 6; Andy and Risa (German shepherds); Missie and Carbon (white cats)—are settled in at 57 Turtleback Lane E, New Canaan, Conn. They regularly visit Hilton Head Isl, SC, where they own a townhouse and membership in Sea Pines Club; they are also active in Winged Foot, Mamaroneck, and Lake Club in New Canaan. He is asst genl mgr of Cargo Trading for Exxon Intl in NYC.

**WOMEN:** Cindy Cavanaugh Jones, 1370 Canterbury Way, Rockville, Md 20854

*Cecile Briand McBride* (Home Ec) has formed her own real estate sales firm, Cecile B McBride and Co, with a staff of five women and offices on Westbard Circle in Bethesda, Md. Cecile has a degree in housing and design.

The wonderful picture of *Marianne Smith Hubbard* and her husb *Hank '56*, and children Hank, Kitsi, and Karen came at Christmas time, and I've been saving it for you. They live at 30 Beverly Rd, Grosse Pointe Farms, Mich. They wished for everyone to go through 1976 with 33 cheers. (Twice as much peace as cheer; half as much cheer as faith; three times more love than peace; plus your own special three wishes. All add up to hope and 33 cheers for all!) Tell us more about what you all are doing, Marianne!

Our family celebrated the Bicentennial Fourth with at least 33 cheers, when we joined two other Cornell families and went to the parade of ships in the NY Harbor in our new power boat. It was well worth the effort involved—a wonderful sight. (It's called providing cheap thrills at home for our three teenage boys!) Write me some news!

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

# 60

MEN: Robert C Hazlett Jr, 4 Echo Point Circle, Wheeling, W Va

Morrisville Coll has announced the appt of *Kingsley L Greene* to the rank of distinguished teaching prof in recognition of his contribution in the teaching and research area of biol and conservation. Kingsley has been on the Morrisville faculty since 1967. In a 1973 sabbatical he did ecological research at the Windermere Lab of the Freshwater Biol Assn in Westmoreland, UK. *Alan Fishman* is architect in charge of several multi-million dollar projects at the U of Pa. Alan, his wife Libby, and their children Beth, 8, and Charles, 4, are at home at 2221 Spruce St, Phila.

*Benjamin F Hehn III* has recently been elected vp in the banking opns dept at Bankers Trust Co. The Hehn family—Gloria and five children—live in Newton, NJ. *John B Roach* writes from 5 Mt Sheridan Dr, Star Route, Lawton, Okla, that he is “finishing the last yr of a tour as USAF rep at the field artillery school, which is an adequate place for a fighter pilot to hide out between wars. Not much of a job, but I do enjoy the excellent hunting and fishing here. We leave next summer, no idea where to.”

*Olivier Friedli* is dir genl of the Casino De Montreux. It is a pleasure to hear from him and to see a photo showing him with some very distinguished people—Sir Charles Chaplin and Lady Oona Chaplin attending the official inauguration of the new Montreux Casino on Oct. 11, 1975. *Rudolph F Moreno* writes from Edificio Excelsior AP 45 Plaza Altamira, Norte Caracas 106, Venezuela, that he is engaged in the practice of architecture and is a prof at the U Central de Venezuela as well. He enjoys the opportunity of traveling all over S Amer very much.

Dr *Paul C Becker* writes from Bosuillaan 24 Bilthoven, Netherlands, where he and *Gail (Hirschmann)* '62, Lisa, 8, Kevin, 7, Randy, 5, and Tineka, 2, are enjoying Paul's career as research metallurgist and group leader for SkF European Research Ctr. The three oldest children attend Dutch schools, and the family has enjoyed recent travels in the eastern Mediterranean.

*Stephen K Goldstein* also has been traveling from his base at 9 Springhaven Ct, Severna Park, Md. He and his wife Jan recently completed a trip through New England (Cape Cod, Nantucket, Martha's Vineyard). Steve and Jan have two children—Lois, 13, and Karl, 10. Steve is a franchiser of Burger King. His business base is in the Anapolis, Md, area.

# 61

A column from this class appears in “The Good Times: Through the Years” on the pages preceding “Class Notes.”

# 62

MEN: J Michael Duesing, 103 Weston Rd, Weston, Conn 06880

Thanks to dues payers I have plenty of news for a few months. For instance, *Harry T Edwards* has left Mich and is now a law prof at Harvard Law School. He will teach labor law, collective bargaining, and negotiation. The Edwards are living in Brookline. *D Peter Hochberg* has moved to Shaker Heights, Ohio, after accepting a position in the Cleveland law firm of Squire, Sanders, and Dempsey. The pres of the San Diego CC, *Karl G Baker*, DVM, is hoping that the CU crew will be in

San Diego in the spring of '77 for the West Coast Regatta.

*Frank Quirk* is our 15th Reunion chmn, along with *Nancy Williams* Clark. June 9-12, 1977 is the time. Pres *Neil Schilke* wonders if anyone is interested in being a class officer from '77-82. If so, let Neil or me know. Neil is at 253 Wimberly Dr, Rochester, Mich.

Other columns from this class appear in “The Good Times: Through the Years” on the pages preceding “Class Notes.”

# 63

CLASSMATES: Barbara Hartung Wade, 267 Morris Ave, Malverne, NY

*Carol Lowy* Roberts writes that she, Ed, and the children (Judd, 5, James, 3, and Victoria, 1) “are in the throes of house selling and packing for our move to Tokyo at the end of June. This will be the second stint for Ed and me (we lived in Tokyo '69-71), but then we had no children. Ed is now with First Boston Corp and has been spending most of his time in the Far East, while I stay behind and deal with the traumas of selling the house. We've seen Ruth and *Ed Kaufmann* and their daughter Anna, nearly a yr old. They have just moved to 44 Fairway Ave, Rye City. And speaking of address changes, ours is: 9-3-2 Chome, Motoazabu, Minato-Ku, Tokyo, Japan.” Clow also writes that she recently visited *Katie MacMahon* Taylor, Terry, and their three children in their NYC loft before departing for Tokyo. Keep in touch, Clow.

*Stephen Beckerman* (30 Tanglewood Dr, Livingston, NJ) writes that he manages a div of Shell Containers Inc, a co which designs and sells packaging products. Nancy is returning to grad school for her master's in social work. Nancy and Steve have two sons—Joel, 13, and Ken, nearly 11. “On Mar 26, 1976, Nancy and I survived the gondola accident in Vail, Colo, by inches. Our car hung tenuously from the frayed cable, while the car in front of ours, and the one behind, broke off and fell, killing four people and injuring eight others. It was nearly 2 hrs before the ski patrol could reach us, secure our car to the cable with chains, and lower us 130 ft to the ground. The experience left us with some frightening memories, but we have developed a close relationship with some of the other survivors of the accident, and have overcome much of the initial shock. . . . In Dec we plan to tour Israel, where our oldest son Joel will have a Bar Mitzvah ceremony at the Wailing Wall in Jerusalem.”

Another newsy letter from *Frances Eisenstein* Pullen (5428 N 24 St, Arlington, Va) relates, “I was married on Jan 24 to Richard Pullen (Whitman Coll '67, Duke Law '72). Richard is also an atty at the Fedl Communications Comm. We'd be glad to see visiting Cornellians in our area.”

*Rosalie Weiss* Hemingway (2728 Assiniboine Ave, Regina, Saskatchewan, Canada) writes, “I think the last time I sent any news was after we had received Ian, now 3½, for adoption. In the last 2 yrs we have added another two children. Patrick, age 10, is under our guardianship, and Paul was born to us on March 11, '76. Daniel is now 8½, and he and Patrick attend the only bilingual school in the city and receive half their instruction in French. Peter is still in the psych dept at the U of Regina but starts his sabbatical yr next wk. We will leave for the States July 14 to visit relatives and hopefully find housing near one of the three univs where Peter is considering doing research. In the meantime, mail can reach us at Box 456, Valatie.”

*Rusty Stevenson* (1612 Riggs Pl NW, Wash, DC) is still teaching law at Geo Wash U and presently is working on a book on corp

secrecy. *Thomas Pallante* has been named comptroller, corp staff functions, for Owens-Illinois Inc. *Jeffrey Bogart* has joined the professional staff of the NY office of Harshe-Rotman and Druck Inc, a full-serv, intl publ rels firm. *Robert Carson* is asst prof of geol at Whitman Coll, Walla Walla, Wash. He recently published a waste disposal map concerning the geologic conditions related to waste-disposal planning in the Southern Hood Canal area. The map was published by the Dept of the Interior, US Geol Survey. He has also presented a paper, “Late Pleistocene Tephra Layers in the Western Puget Lowland, Wash,” dealing with his discovery of volcanic ash in that area.

Another column from this class appears in “The Good Times: Through the Years” on the pages preceding “Class Notes.”

# 64

A column from this class appears in “The Good Times: Through the Years” on the pages preceding “Class Notes.”

# 65

MEN: Dr Howard A Rakov, 58 Bradford Blvd, Yonkers, NY 10710

*Barry Hecht* and wife *Bradlea (Dorn)* '67 have two children—Arielle, 2, and Danielle, 1½. Barry is in planning for the NYS Dept of Transp in the Buffalo area. He was vp of Upstate Inst Transp Engrs.

*Lonny Benamy* is a biol teacher in Yeshiva of Flatbush HS. He is on bd of govs of CAA of NYC. Recently you may have seen Lonny's name and info in the women's col—so much for not circling “male” box on the old forms. *Al DeFlorio* and *Donna* are in Stoughton, Mass. After a honeymoon in Bermuda, they moved north where Al is with IBM in indus mktg. Donna is sr EDP auditor of Shawmut Bank in Boston.

*Arnold* and *Judith Rabinor*, Zachary, 5, and Rachel, 1, are in NYC, where Arnold is in real estate devel. Judith is a PhD in psych. *Robert Libson* is in NYC, too. He is vp of Presidential Realty Corp, a builder, owner, and operator of apts and condos. *Shep Burr*, wife Lois, Danny, 7, and Debbie, 5, are in Maitland, Fla, where Shep owns CPA firm and is chmn of Orlando area convention comm. He is also pres of the local Soc of Hotelmen. *Ivor Moskowitz* is an atty for NYS United Teachers.

*Richard Brown*, *Karen (Solberg)*, Lisa, 4, and Kristen, 1, are in Dearborn, Mich. Dick is supvr of coll recruiting at Ford Motor Credit. Karen is working on an MBA at U of Mich. They are Secondary School Committee coordinators for Wayne Cnty. *Gilbert* and *Sharon Balog* are in Riverdale and Gil is an assoc in architecture firm of Leibowitz, Bodova, and Assoc. Sharon is a math teacher at Theodore Roosevelt HS. *Alvin* and *Doris Koch* are in Audubon, NJ. Al is chef at officers' club in Phila Navy Yard; Doris is clerk typist on welfare bd.

*Mike Manheim*, wife Barbara, Marc, 6, Jeff, 4, and Jill, 2, are in Jamesville, where Mike is an atty. *Robert Schumann*, wife Gail, Scott, 8, and Andrea, 7, are in Downsview, Ontario, where Bob is an acct and Gail is a scy. *Jeff* and *Deidre Kass* are in NYC. Jeff is with Sperry Rand as mgr of planning analysis.

*Joe Regenstein* is a prof in food sci at the Ag Coll. Wife Carrie, Elliot, 3, and Scott, ½, are enjoying their new home in Ithaca. Joe is researching proteins and contraction in lobsters, new products in under-utilized fish, and removal of cholesterol from eggs. *Steve* and *Diana Hand* are also in Ithaca, where Steve is

in orthodontic practice. Steve is involved in Boy Scouts and has volunteered to help our class in Cornell-based activities.

Nick Kass, wife Joan, and Andrew, 1, are in Forest Hills. Nick teaches jr hs in NYC and practices law. Travels have been to Europe, '70; cross country and Hawaii, '71; Asia and Australia, '72; Canada, '73; Nantucket and Me, '74; and Ohio, '75. Nick and Richard Hoffman '67 are forming a committee with the following aims: (1) All Cornell students will be able to participate in a varied athletic program with up-to-date facilities. (2) Cornell will field teams in all sports and will no longer be the doormat to the Ivy League athletes. (3) All who agree with the previous principles will contribute monies to Cornell earmarked for use only in the athletic dept.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 66

MEN: Charles N Rappaport, PO Box 8369, Rochester, NY 14618

There is a real dearth of news this month. I haven't got any new News and Dues back from Elliott Fiedler—just a couple of old pieces of news.

Bob Feldman and Sue (Goodman) '67, 1990 Butte Dr, Los Osos, Cal, have written that they've finally left Ithaca. Bob got his PhD and is now an asst prof at Cal Polytech State U at San Luis Obispo. He teaches courses in outdoor recreation and natural resources planning. They invite all their "long-lost friends and relations" to stop by and share their 2nd bedroom. Sue has no definite plans other than recuperating from working with young adults for 3½ yrs.

Keith Jurow got his PhD in poli sci in 1973 from the New School for Social Research. He taught poli sci for 5 yrs at St Michael's Coll in Vt and is moving to the U of Pittsburgh, Johnstown, as an asst prof. He and his wife have two children, Lorin, 5, and Daniel, 1.

Well, that's all folks. Hope to have some notes from Elliott to report next time.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 67

FUNSTERS: Richard B Hoffman, 157 E 18 St, #4B, NYC 10003

For perhaps the first time that title atop this col is for real. Asked by the editor to report on "Fun at Cornell" this month, I've decided to select only responses which include something having to do with fun. Few classmates took the editor up on the reminiscent mood. (Cynthia M Cohen, who's an atty involved in corp litigation, responded that Cornell activities were "ancient history by now," and a few others listed Cornell activities—not funny. Cindy's address: 225 E 57 St, NYC.) So let's just call this one "Fun after Cornell."

Carol Stilwell Himes, 1138 Berkley Ave, Pueblo, Colo, and husb Rich are active in the Natl Ski Patrol, and Carol coaches two hs ski teams. During the summer Rich rides Brahma bulls in rodeos all over the state. "We manage to have lots of fun following these interests," Carol writes. Michael Scullin, Box 225, Garden City, Minn, is a township weed inspector in his spare time. And John B Anderson is a real card: giving his-Cornell ID number (090634), he responds to "last vacation" with "Are you kidding?" Address: 1 Mayfair Ave, Dundas, Ont, Canada.

For Stan Klein, 1822 Flournoy Rd, Man-

hattan Beach, Cal, fun is "staying out of the slammer." Charles E Funnell Jr recalled the fun of bygone days in a book he published last yr about the good old times in Atlantic City, NJ: *By the Beautiful Sea*. I saw it on the shelves at Scribner's. Philip L Kroker, 807 N Ridgeland Ave, Oak Park, Ill, asks: "How are plans for our Reunion coming along?"

For Jim Sagalyn, RFD, Haydenville, Mass, getting the *Alumni News* each month hasn't been fun at all and it's all our fault. "You've got the address OK. But my wife Lynne (Beyer) '69 is the PhD candidate at MIT in urban planning, NOT me. Our friends on the vacation cited in the col were Barbara (Levit) Lindheim '69 and her husb Jim, please note spelling. Jim Lindheim is not a Cornellian, his name is NOT spelled Lunden, he is a grad of Williams and the Woodrow Wilson School at Princeton. I didn't think my handwriting was bad enough to be misread so drastically. But, if the Nov col is a sample of what to expect, this note will probably be the last I'll attempt." In truth, Jim, you really type well, so keep plugging.

Sandra L Stone, 1641-24 E 3rd Ave, NYC, hasn't "received the *Alumni News* for over a yr." Reed D Hamilton Jr, 13807 Eastland St, Rockville, Md, reports that "living around the U of Md, I was ecstatic to see Cornell cream U of Md in lacrosse last week." George Mendelson, 22 Karen St, Kendall Park, NJ, suggests: "As a prelude to the 10th Reunion, how about a get-together at the CC in NYC for a hockey game (ECAC tourney?) or a basketball game at the Garden?" For a minute there it was scary, but I don't think the Red five is scheduled for a Garden encounter.

For Robert K Niles, 4012 Longmeadow, Downers Grove, Ill, the "biggest activity is coping with twins along with relocation at the same time." Dave Darwin says thanks from 309 Arrowhead Dr, Lawrence, Kan, to Dave DeBell "for the 2nd notice on the dues." Dave DeBell observes (1910 Castille Dr, Carrollton, Texas) that his "family activity" is "spending money" while Howard L Reiter's "interesting pets" at 18 Flaherty Rd, Storrs, Conn, are grain weevils.

Bruce Havsy, 3535 Kings Coll Pl, Bronx, who's getting to be a persistent critic of our class prexy, confides: "Jim Jackson, where are you? I volunteered for a committee 2 yrs ago and I'm still waiting for it to meet." So's Jim. Charles A Roby, 49 Musket Lane, Pittsford, "took first scuba dive vacationing in St Croix last Feb—30 ft down, beautiful, loved it!"

Christmas for Edgar T "Terry" Savidge III meant the birth of son Garth (ETS IV) 1 hr after arrival at hosp: "It's Christmas morning, the gas tank is empty, and we're 90 miles from the hosp." Address: 1114 S Bernice, Spearman, Texas. Raymond J "Ray" or "Brac" Bracaliello, PO Box 306, Prattville, has "three deer that eat the bushes around the house." Lawrence E Ramsey, PO Box 220, Dickson, Tenn, has a pet "1952 Chevy pickup" and "attended Homecoming last fall with Sigma Chi."

Chris Williams, 345 Welch's Pt Rd, Milford, Conn, hoped "to see fellow oarsmen at sprints at Princeton on May 16." Ruth Dritch Salinger, 25 Longmeadow Dr, Gaithersburg, Md, went to "Club Mediterranean at Caravello on Guadeloupe—fantastic, but only if you like sports; informality; no room service, telephones, or newspapers; and a chance to meet people from around the world!"

## 68

PEOPLE: Mary Hartman Halliday, 213 Commonwealth Ave, Boston, Mass 02116

Here are more recent addresses: Philip R Mann, 250 E 87th St, NYC; Peter Entin, 155 E 81 St, NYC; Alice Berman Carlton, 2037 Medford, Ann Arbor, Mich; Peter J Butkovich, Lawrence Park #1, Piermont; David A Wedbrod, 525 E 89th St, NYC; Virginia Dunn, 164 Pleasant St, Arlington, Mass; Peter Orthwein, RD #1, W Redding, Conn; Jonathan B Ellman, MD, 545 28th Ave, San Francisco, Cal;

Merike Tamm, 419 N Pinckney St, Madison, Wisc; Thea Fischer, 304 Hopkinson House, Wash Square S, Phila, Pa; Frederic M Serchuk, Dept of Fisheries and Wildlife, Michigan State U, E Lansing, Mich; Jonathan Schwartz, 150-09 77 Rd, Flushing; Michael J Ernest, MD, 19 Stuyvesant Oval, NYC; Thomas J Cook, 45 Tudor City Pl, NYC; D Sheldon Brown, Nicol St, Salem; Owen McCoy, Buan Brae, Primos, Pa; C Michael Budd, 114 Gillies Lane, Norwalk, Conn; Sarah S Siegel, RD 2, Box 618A, Shippenville, Pa;

Perry D Odak, 6224 W Arabian Way, Paradise Valley, Ariz; William and Naomi Kaplan Pomper, RFD 4, Box 181, Coventry, Conn; Patrick Gerschel, 1040 Fifth Ave, NYC; Emily P Friedman, 909 Kenter Way, Los Angeles, Cal; Madeline Amreich Bauer, 5833 Glen Brook Dr, Bethel Park, Pa; Elliot L Sackler, 148 W 57th St, NYC; Henry Siegel, 67 Park Terrace E, NYC; David K Weber, 230 Pennels Dr, Rochester; Helen Karel Dorman, 445 E 80th St, NYC; Robert J Kurtz, MD, 315 E 86th St, NYC; Tom Billard, 168 Beam Hill Rd, Dryden;

John R Mauren Jr, 293 Grissom Rd, Manchester, Conn; Barry R Elden, 24 W Chestnut St, Chicago, Ill; William G Daggatt Jr, 3660 Sunset Blvd, Seaside, Ore; Laurie Koerber Karman, PO Box 181, Nipomo, Cal; Jay Goldstein, 19 Cortez Ct, Oakland, Cal; William Schneider, 166 Ave A, NYC; Donald P Hearn, 99 Francis St, Everett, Mass; Lois Gartler, 209 E 56th St, NYC; James M Flint, 71 Lake Ave, Lyndonville; Dwight E Collins, MD, 1084 Geneva Rd, Xenia, Ohio; Robert D Hamilton III, 1567 Ridge Ave, Evanston, Ill.

Robert C Richards is an engr in charge of fire testing with the Coast Guard R&D ctr at Avery Pt in Groton, Conn. Bob and his wife Jane (Cochran) live at S9 Sequin Dr, Noank, Conn. They have a child Danny, 2½. Jane's mother, Alice Kincaid Cochran '43, died in June '75. Bob and Jane saw Jim and Sue (Savidge) Kinney and children Jeff and Karen in Oct '74. Bill "Greek" Naumes '67 and family visited at an R&D picnic in Conn. He teaches at Temple U in Phila, Pa. Thomas Rolland and family are living in Conn and are starting a business in polymeric caulking.

Judith Winter Andruki has quit her teaching job and entered law school at the U of Me in Portland. Her husb has been named chmn of the theater dept at Bates Coll. Their address is 36 Ware St, Lewiston, Me. The newest member of the theater dept at Bates is Michael Nash '70.

Richard O Johnson is now working as program mgr for Epsco Labs in Wilton, Conn. He lives at 220 Wardwell St, Stamford, Conn. David Silverstein is a lwyr living at 12 Banks St in Somerville, Mass. His Cornell activities include guest lectures for the Cornell Law School and the chem engrg school. He published an article entitled "The Value of Patents in the US and Abroad: Guidelines for the Genl Practitioner" in the spring '75 issue of the *Intl Law Journal*. David writes that Michael M J Young married Linda S OiHoolo in Honolulu in Sept 1975. They are living in Anaheim, Cal. Mike works for Hewlett Packard. Wendy Griswold has left her position as sales mgr for New Engl Telephone to begin a PhD in sociology.

Susan A Uretzky left NYC and made a

stopover in LA before going to Europe to live. *Douglas G Youmans* is on the tech staff of Draper Labs in Cambridge, Mass, and lives at 808 Memorial Dr in Cambridge.

*Herbert H Scherzer*, MD, is a physician and fellow in pulmonary med at the U of Conn. He lives at 14 Fairlawn St in Farmington, Conn. Hotelier *Peter R Tyson* recently traveled to Hawaii, Korea, and Japan, where he ran into other Cornell hoteliers. Peter is a mgt consultant with Laventhol and Horwath and lives at 626 Hazlehurst Ave, Merion Station, Pa.

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A column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

## 71

COMBINED: *Elisabeth Kaplan Boas*, 73 Ryefield Rd, Locust Valley, NY 11560; *Elliot Mandel*, 1956 Bedford Ave, N Bellmore, NY 11710; *Lauren Procton*, 41 W 96 St #46, NYC 10025; *Joel Y Moss*, retiring columnist

This is the last col from me, *Joel Moss*, so let me use up the news that I have: *Ken* and *Janet Werker*, living in Vancouver, BC, are the parents of *Gregory*, born Jan 9, 1976. Ken is coordinator of research servs for BC School Trustees Assn, and Janet is research officer for an educ research inst. *Dave Deutsch*, DVM '75, is practicing vet med in Homer.

*Bob Capparell*, who got his MD from Rochester in '75, just finished his internship at Ky Med Ctr. *Richard Gilbert* is employed by the Onondaga Cty Dept of Health and also is co-owner of Steeple Hall Stables. *Bruce MacFadden* completed PhD field work in geol at Columbia and reports that *Barry Boyd* just started at Cornell Med. *Jerome Marley* is a dairy farmer in Gainesville.

*Raymond Pavelka* was promoted to project mgr in charge of devel at South Seas Plantation Resort in Captiva, Fla. Navy Lt *James Adams* is an exec officer on duty in the Mediterranean 6th Fleet. *David Arnold* is raising shade tobacco with his two brothers in Southwick, Mass, and is the father of *Jolene Elizabeth*, born Aug '75. The other *Dave Arnold* lives in Hatfield, Pa, and is a mgt consultant in real estate for a Philadelphia firm.

From Boston: *Jim Cunningham* is working with lasers at the Uranium Isotope Enrichment Lab. At a hockey game he reports seeing *Dan Bartholomew*, who is working for the Cornell office of computer servs. *Frank Elia Jr* is also in Beantown, working in the area of nuclear power plant safeguards.

*George Gleason* is employed by Agway as an asst mgr in Malone. *Richard Halpern* and wife *Pamela (Seidman)* '72 are living in W Islip. He is an atty with Suffolk Cnty Legal Aid (criminal div), and she is a dietitian in a St James nursing home. *Steven Joseph* is living in his new house in Los Altos, Cal, and is a devel engr at Hewlett-Packard. *Ira Kastrinsky*, living in Richfield Park, NJ, is an employes benefit consultant in the actuarial dept of Kwasha-Lipton.

*Walter Knox III* is a financial analyst for Xerox in Rochester, where he reports getting together with *Whit Garlinghouse*, *Harry Buritt*, and *Tom Heiss*. *Mike Kubin* is an asst of the programming vp for NBC TV in NYC and sends the following news: *Burt Distelburger* has left Arthur Young and Co and is now working as asst to the pres of Oak Hill Sportswear. *Bob Beleson* continues his climb of General Food's corp ladder—after a successful yr with Jell-O, he is now in charge of bird food and feather cleaning products. *Ted*

*Grossman*, Law '74, is associated with Debevoise Plimpton in NYC. *Rich Price* saw his 1st book, *The Wanderers*, sell quite well and his 2nd, *Blood Brothers*, is out.

*John Golovin* recently got his PhD in mgt from MIT and is teaching at Berkeley. *Stu Oran* (Chicago Law) is working with Paul Weis in NYC. *Ellen (Goldfuss)* '72 is now at Columbia Law School. *Marty Michael*, also a lwyer (NYU), is with Kenyon and Kenyon in NYC.

Finally, as your treas, I will note that you all should have received the annual News and Dues letter. Prompt response would be most appreciated. Last yr's offer still stands: anyone who gets a member of our class to subscribe to the *Alumni News* for the 1st time will be rewarded with a free 1-yr subscription.

PS from the new class correspondents: prompt response with lots of news is eagerly awaited by us and by all readers of the col. Do include fit-to-print items with your check to Joel, or send them directly to one of us (if you're feeling flush at the time!).

## 72

PEOPLE: *Pat Guy*, 606 E 22nd St, Anniston, Ala 36201

*John Heaton* says he spends a lot of his time in Pensacola, and his primary work is in audits of mfg and life ins cos. In training sessions in NYC he's seen *Dave Nash* and his good friend *Cheryl Cotten* from Phila, who are learning to sail. Dave is with Scott Paper Co. *Dave Noyes* and his wife *Sue* are in Chapel Hill, NC, where he is interning. *Prentiss Flagles* '73 finished law school at Duke and he and wife *Gail* are now in Wash, DC, where he's stationed in the Army.

*John* writes that *Bill Schmidt*, Davenport, Iowa, spends his free time working on his grandmother's estate and is active in the Chamber of Commerce. *Charles Braun* came through Iowa on his way to Cal, and *Jim Reid* is in Youngstown, Ohio, working with a small engr consulting firm. *Gary Conley* has finished Cornell Hotel School. He and wife *Marilyn* and baby daughter, *Taylor Jennifer*, are in Pittsburgh. *Gary Emerson* is in Cologne, W Germany, and recently visited Morocco and Spain. *Tom Brandt* '73 finished law school at Vanderbilt and is with a large local firm. Thanks for all the news, *John*.

*Maxine Roeper Cohen* and her husb *Larry* have a new family member, *David Benjamin*, born in June. They now live in Great Neck. *Maxine* asks me to remind all of you who have not, to send in your class dues for Reunion next spring.

My one-time Biol 101 lab partner, *Irwin Rosenfeld*, is now a dr, having finished at Med Coll of Wisc, where he was pres of the class. He's moved to San Diego, Cal, where he's in a flexible internship program with plans for a psychiatry residency. His wife *Sheryl* is teaching learning disabilities. Also in his med class was *Chris Wilson* '71.

He writes *Bob Efron* has set up a private vet practice in Conn; *Arnold Friedman* has finished internship in Hartford, Conn, and is doing radiology research in the Bronx at Montefiore Hosp; *Sid Kalban* has a law degree from NYU and is job hunting; *Lex Beebee* is working on his MD and PhD at U of Rochester; *Eileen Manion* is teaching in Boston; and *Pete Holby* '75 is in Birmingham, probably up to something political.

*Judy Waligunda* has been accepted for post grad training at the Dartmouth Med School affiliated Hosps, one of 33 physicians accepted.

At Weight Watchers class, where I work, I recently met another Cornellian, *Virginia*

*McNamara Boyle*. She is a nurse and intends to rejoin the Army. Her husb *Dale*, who she married last New Year's Eve, is a veterinarian stationed at Ft. McClellan, Ala.

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PEOPLE: *Arthur Leonard*, 301 Story Hall, Cambridge, Mass 02138

Greetings from sweltering NYC! I'm spending the summer here as an assoc at a Park Ave law firm, seeing the sights and meeting the people before the return to Cambridge and school (which will have occurred by the time this appears). While here, I attended a program at Fordham for law students and ran into quite a few members of our class. *David Zelner*, out of Stanford Law; *Harold Levy*, from Cornell; *Jonathan Arfa* and *Andy Peck*, from here in the Big Apple; *Bob Rippe*, from Mich; and *Lenore Tucker*, a fellow Cantabrigian, were all there to hear an enervating talk from the new US Atty for Manhattan and seminars of moderate interest on legal practice in NY. From Jon I learned that *Bob Schonfeld* is working at the Manhattan DA's office this summer.

I also met with *Gary Weidy* while here. Gary is working for the car renters who try harder in the labor relations area, after getting his master's from Wharton.

A letter comes from *Steven Green*, 2nd Lt, USAF: "After grad school I went on active duty in the AF. The past yr was spent on pilot training at Laughlin AFB, Texas. The hard work paid off as I graduated and became a pilot. I brought some honor to Cornell by being awarded the 'Outstanding Flying Award.' My next assignment will be to George AFB, Cal, where I will be flying F-4s." Thanks for writing, Steve, and let's hear from more of you about the lives and times of '74!

Word also comes from *Richard Lent*, summering in DC as a law assoc at Kirkland, Ellis, and Rowe. Dick reports a swarming city in the Bicentennial summer. He heads back to Cambridge in Aug to assume duties as a sr editor on the *Law Review* at Harvard, our class's sole rep on that august journal.

Another column from this class appears in "The Good Times: Through the Years" on the pages preceding "Class Notes."

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PEOPLE: *Peter A Susser*, 1030 E 13th St, Brooklyn, NY 11230

It's just a few short months since graduation scattered our class in hundreds of directions, but by this time, most of us have taken our 1st step into the working world or into into new school careers. Thinking back to that sun-filled day in May (I still can't believe it didn't rain), both the pleasure and the sadness of the day's festivities come to mind. Happy, smiling faces were everywhere during the procession around the Arts Quad (thoughts of "busted" exams being far out of mind), and champagne corks popped throughout the ceremony. Yet, one short hr later, it was all over. Standing on the polyturf, we realized that we'd be "homesick" for Cornell's friendly faces and happy environs all too quickly.

Shortly thereafter, the dispersal of Cornell's newest group of alumni began. *Rich Grinter* was one of the first to set plans into action: he married *Wendi Johnston* the day after graduation, and they began work as house parents in Freeville. Weddings, we soon found out, often turn into mini-Cornell reunions. *Annie Rosovsky* was married to *Neal Beaton* in early June, and a month later, *Maris Dobrow* married *Andy Rosenberg '74* (Maris will be starting at Upstate Med this yr; Andy is in his 2nd yr). *Dale Brodsky's* wedding to *Gary Bernstein '75* on the last weekend in June was quite a Cornell affair. It provided a chance to see *Robert Wolfert*, *Cliff Davis*, *Marc* and *Margie Curtis Cohen*, and *Mike Mechlin* (heading for Downstate Med), all class of '75. Among the members of our class who showed up, *Rachel Simon* will do grad work at Albert Einstein, *Nancy Ilberman* will study business at Columbia, while *Merys Cohen* will be attending the School of Pharmacy in Brooklyn.

Whether the motivation is "furthering their quest for knowledge," or merely avoiding a sluggish job mkt, many of our classmates will be starting grad work this yr. *Ellen Rieser* is entering a PhD program at U of Pa in comparative govt, with an eye on becoming an instructor (perhaps returning to Cornell). *Ellen Simson* will also be at Penn; she's studying for an MA in biblical lit. *Rob Hellman*, passing up a chance to attend school in his beloved Chicago, will again head East for study; he'll be entering Columbia's School of Intl Affairs. *John Ramsdell* will be heading for Cambridge and grad school at Harvard, while *Cameron Munter* plans to enroll at Johns Hopkins in a doctoral program in European social hist.

The West Coast is attracting a number of engr. Heading towards U of Cal, Berkeley, are *Charles Chuang*, who'll be in the MSEE program, *Brian Forzani*, aiming at a master's in civil engr, and *Marshall McKusick*, studying for a PhD in computer sci. *Rob Jaffe* will enter Stanford U in a bio-elec engr program, while *Greg McAllister* will get an MS in mech engr there, and may go on for a PhD.

This col can keep you in touch with your classmates. Send your news to me at the address above, or write to *Janis Fleishman* at 21 Lafko Dr, Poughkeepsie, or *Ann Spudis* at 1215 Yorkshire Rd, Winston-Salem, NC.

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## Alumni Deaths

'01—*George E Selby* of Lutherville-Timonium, Md, about 1969.

'02 CE, MCE '03—*Clarence W Meyers* of Westfield, NJ, Oct 7, 1974. Phi Gamma Delta.

'05—*Lamar Acker* of New Orleans, La, Feb 10, 1971.

'06 ME—*Alfred M Darlow* of Rochester, NY, Mar 18, 1976; former railroad exec, numerous companies. Phi Gamma Delta.

'08 MCE, PhD '14—*Roland P Davis* of Morgantown, WV, Dec 11, 1974; dean emeritus, U of WV Coll of Engr.

'08 AB—*Katie J Sheffield* Heit (Mrs Ezra S) of Clyde, NY, Aug 1974.

'09-11 SpAg—*Jay D Sholes* of West Winfield, NY, Dec 14, 1975.

Arthur Weeks Wakeley '11	John A. Almquist '54
Tristan Antell '13	Fred S. Asbeck '55
Jansen Noyes, Jr. '39	Paul Coon '56
Blancke Noyes '44	L. E. Dwight '58
James McC. Clark '44	Charles H. Fromer '58
William D. Knauss '48	Daniel F. Daly '63
Brooks B. Mills '53	Irma L. Tenkate '66

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'11—*Gilbert J Hainline* of Santa Ana, Cal, May 16, 1975.

'12—*Frank B Bird* of Ardmore, Pa, Oct 10, 1974.

'12 ME—*William J Diederichs* of Havertown, Pa, June 1, 1976; retd metallurgist. Phi Sigma Kappa.

'15—*Charles J Shreibman* of Elmira, NY, May 9, 1976; retail jeweler.

'16—*Harry C Ely* of Altoona, Fla, July 3, 1975.

'17 AB—*John R Eyer* of Carlsbad, NM, Jan 30, 1976. Wife, Eda Miller Eyer '18.

18 BChem—*Louis M Kamrass* of Wash, DC, Mar 31, 1975.

'18 BS Ag, MS '22—*Ronald G Knapp* of Port Byron, NY, May 31, 1976; farmer.

'18—*John S Williams Jr* of Memphis, Tenn, July 8, 1972. Chi Phi.

'19 AB—*DeForest E Fox* of Elmira, NY, June 1976; atty.

'20 ME—*Albert F McVean* of Rochester, NY, May 22, 1976; co-founder of LeRoy Hist House and LeRoy town historian.

'21 ME—*Henry H Kerr Jr* of Detroit, Mich, June 4, 1976.

'23 ME—*Webster V Pogue* of Westport, Conn, May 28, 1976.

'24 AB, '27 EE—*Morton Fischer* of New Hyde Park, NY, Jan 16, 1976.

'26—*Charles G Curtis* of Los Angeles, Cal, Mar 5, 1976.

'26 BS HE—*Lois M Dusingbury* of Yardley, Pa, Dec 11, 1975; retd hs teacher, Trenton, NJ. Delta Gamma.

'26 AB—*James Singer* of Brooklyn, NY, June 1976; former chmn, math dept, Brooklyn Coll.

'26—*Albert E Stuntz* of Anna Maria, Fla, May 28, 1976; retd publ and editor, The Ruskin (Fla) Observer News, and formerly AP newsman, author, and rep of Rockefeller Amer Intl Assn. Phi Sigma Kappa.

'26 LLB—*Edward Super* of Miami Beach, Fla, Mar 1, 1976.

'28 ME—*Theodore H Anderson* of Cos Cob, Conn, Aug 1975; retd col, US Army.

'28 AB—*William J Huber* of Whiting, NJ, June 8, 1976; life insurance counselor. Sigma Nu.

'31 PhD—*Alfred L Dresser* of Whitesboro, NY, June 5, 1976; retd teacher.

'32, AB '30, ME '32—*Karl S Loeffler* of Tucson, Ariz, Jan 17, 1971. Phi Sigma Kappa.

'33 AB—*Prudence Gager Bucklin* (Mrs Kenneth G) of Ormond Beach, Fla, June 5, 1976. Alpha Phi.

'36 ME—*John E Wheeler* of Hamburg, NY, Dec 22, 1975.

'41 BS HE—*Ruth De Graw Libertson* (Mrs William) of Rochester, NY, May 20, 1976.

'41 LLB—*Murray Medvin* of Princeton, NJ, June 4, 1976; Princeton borough councilman and former genl counsel, AEC.

'42 AB—*Marian E White* of Gasport, NY, Oct 31, 1975.

'45 AB—*James G Horn* of Shrewsbury, Pa, June 16, 1976; retd pastor, Christ Lutheran Church.

'48 BS Ag—*Harry M Barkley* of Holley, NY, Nov 2, 1975.

'48 Grad—*Anthony M Ekes* of Elmira, NY, Aug 11, 1964.

'49—*Laurence F Vince* of Cleveland, Ohio, Dec 25, 1975.

'51 PhD—*Arthur L Straub* of Potsdam, NY, May 28, 1976; prof of civil engr, Clarkston Coll, and chmn of village planning bd.

'52 PhD—*H Eldon Scott* of Raleigh, NC, Sept 18, 1975; Ext entomologist, NC State Coll.

'55—*Samuel C Hurtado* of Plattekill, NY, June 6, 1976.

'59 BS Hotel—*Gail Brazilian* Bailey of Surfside, Fla, May 5, 1976.

'60—*Lloyd W Carpenter* of Chittenango, NY, June 23, 1976.

'63-64 Grad Vet—*Donna L Sooby* of Godfrey, Ill, May 1975.

'71-76 Grad—*John B Murdoch* of Bloomer, Wisc, June 9, 1976; PhD candidate.

'73 BS HE—*Marlea Rundle* Patterson (Mrs Mark J) of Boca Raton, Fla, June 22, 1976; aide, Stady Elem School, Delray, Fla.



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## When It Rains

More than eight inches of rain in July set a tone for summer in Ithaca. The only July on record in which more rain had fallen was the famous flood year of '35. There were many gloriously clear days, though, interspersed with torrential downpours. Taken together they generated lush foliage and provided distraction from the stresses of the preceding academic year—but by no means complete relief.

The State of New York chose the slack season to lodge several charges of racial bias against the university, some of which had been in the wind for months, and a study committee appointed by President Corson made the time to propose several new campus organizations to take the place of the six-year-old University Senate, which had been foundering at year's end.

### [Black and White]

- The state Board of Regents concluded four years of fencing with the university over the black dormitory, Ujamaa, by charging formally that Cornell operates the unit as a racially segregated facility. For their part, university officials say they feel they have complied with earlier Regents requests that make residency in the dormitory open to anyone on campus. A report of the state Department of Education acknowledges there is no evidence of any student being rejected or discouraged because of race, but states, "the special racial characteristics of the facility seem to be sufficient to perceive its status as a voluntary self-segregated facility."

The dorm is one of five university-owned buildings run as "special interest units." Others are Ecology House, International Living Center, Risley (for the performing arts), and Sperry (community-building in a predominantly freshman dorm). The listed special interest of Ujamaa is "the problems of underdeveloped communities." In a letter to

the state last year President Corson explained that Ujamaa had sponsored film and lecture series, tutoring in undergraduate courses, offered courses of the Africana Studies and Research Center, run a bookstore, and sponsored intramural sports teams and work with the Big Brother/Big Sister program in downtown Ithaca.

University figures on residents of Ujamaa showed that of 132 persons living there last year, 85 per cent were black, none was Caucasian, and the remaining 15 per cent included members of other minority groups, persons who declined to indicate their race or national background, or were listed as "unknown."

The state education department has for years taken a hard-line position in favor of public school integration and against any types of segregation at colleges, which has led it into some conflict with state lawmakers. Cornell is the last of several colleges to resist its orders on segregation. The university contends, among other points, that several faculty studies over the past decade have argued the educational importance of putting some sort of educational content into student living arrangements. It argues that is how Ujamaa came to exist, and for the state to interfere is to interfere with the university's right to determine its own educational policy.

Cornell says it "does not follow any practice which assigns or excludes persons of a particular race, color, or national origin." In a letter to the state education commissioner, Corson also said, "As a vital part of the university's overall minority program, continued university support for Ujamaa remains an important aspect of Cornell's commitment to equal educational opportunity."

The Regents have called upon Cornell to dismantle Ujamaa. Corson has written, "I say with . . . certainty that a withdrawal of such opportunities

[Ujamaa] will impede the progress made over the last several years and be counterproductive to the mutual goals we share [with the Regents]." At another point he had written that based on Cornell's ten-year experience with minority education, "such programs best serve the participants when conducted through the informal and unstructured vehicle of the residence hall."

The Regents voted their determination 11-3, and named a hearing committee on the matter comprised of persons who voted for the determination. Cornell was to present its formal response in Albany early last month. If the Regents do not change their position and Cornell does not prevent blacks from living together in the university dorm, the Regents have the option of censuring Cornell, withdrawing legal permission to operate the university, or going to court to force an end to Ujamaa.

- A state official has recommended dismissal of seven of eight charges of racial discrimination brought against the university by a fired black administrator, whose cause triggered black student demonstrations and building occupations on campus last spring.

Herbert Parker, a financial aids officer, brought his bias grievances to the state Human Rights Division both before and after he was fired March 25. Parker had until early last month to challenge the official's finding. If it stands, the university would be expected to enter into conciliation with Parker on his remaining grievance.

Findings were contained in a report issued by the Human Rights Division's Syracuse regional director. The one charge of Parker's that he sustained was that Parker was denied access to university grievance procedures because of his race or color, after he applied for a promotion in 1975. He was an assistant director of financial aid, and sought the job of director of student employment in the Office of Financial Aid. The report does

not go into any detail on this finding, which is subject to further argument, meetings, and possible court action among Cornell, Parker, and state officials.

By contrast with the sparseness of language in which it sustains one of Parker's charges of bias, the director's report is explicit and almost pungent in the thoroughness with which it traces Parker's four years at the university: The report says he "was hired at a salary far in excess of the salary earned by the persons designated to supervise him. While there are those who suspect that the resentment on the part of staff members, upon learning of this situation, was racially oriented, there are others who feel that the disparity in salaries did not result in racial antagonism, but rather in feelings of unfairness and inequity because of the sheer economics of the matter. Regardless . . . it is clear that strong feelings were expressed on both sides, in which the complainant himself participated, thus setting the stage for continued contention and a progressive deterioration of relationships in his office . . ."

Parker had charged that he was treated differently from other employees because of his race or color, and the director decided he was not. As an example: "The only indication of any increased surveillance . . . was in relation to the fact that Mr. Parker had apparently exceeded his allowed absences. Although no disciplinary action was taken against him for this . . . certain calls and checks were made to try to ascertain where Mr. Parker was on several of the days on which he was absent."

Regarding promotion, the state official said, the new job required "the unmeasurable qualities of diplomacy, tact, and persuasion" and the acrimony that surrounded Parker did not lead his superior to think Parker possessed it.

As to Parker's dismissal, the official said he had refused extra work that other professionals in the aid office handled, and ultimately refused to take any direction from his immediate superior.

The official concluded, "Earlier . . . it was pointed out that the university had played a role in the establishing of an atmosphere of contentiousness which was not successfully dispelled at any time during Mr. Parker's employment. The events which followed are understandable but were not necessarily inevitable.

". . . There are other aspects of Mr. Parker's behavior and that of the staff which have not been covered . . . since the determination itself has been confined to the specific charges made by Mr. Parker.

. . . Even if other aspects . . . were considered in fine detail, it would not appear that such consideration would lead to a conclusion that there was unlawful discrimination practiced against Mr. Parker . . ."

- The case has another side, involving a charge brought by another assistant director of financial aid, John H. Bandfield, who is white. He accused Cornell of discriminating against him because he is white, in that it paid Parker more for similar duties. Documents in the case have not been made public, but the district human rights director told a reporter he expected to issue a determination of "probable cause" favoring Bandfield.

Both cases have to go through a procedure that allows for appeals and conciliation, and it is not clear when they may finally be resolved. It appeared that Parker had no chance of reinstatement. He and Bandfield could both wind up receiving cash settlements if their complaints against the university were sustained.

- Not everything appeared to be going against the institution. In midsummer Darwin P. Williams, age 34, a black, accepted a position titled, "director of minority educational affairs (COSEP)," which a university announcement said encompasses the former directorship of COSEP, the Committee on Special Educational Projects.

He is a graduate of Kentucky State U, with an MEd from Xavier, now at work on a PhD in Afro-American studies, sociology, psychology, and management at the U of Cincinnati. He has been director of special services at Cincinnati since 1972, organizing supportive and academic programs for minority and low-income students.

In a statement he said, "I feel confident that the university has made a solid commitment to the continuation and the development of minority education within the colleges at Cornell." Minority student leaders, particularly blacks, have contended that an administration plan, backed by the trustees and faculty, to disperse programs of help to minority students to colleges would fail at this time because professors are not committed to helping minorities. They also charged the university with renegeing on its commitment to educate minority students. Williams's statement appeared to endorse present university efforts.

- The summer was also time for a second year's effort by a group of students known as Cornell Black Agriculturalists, who are developing farming skills of their own and trying to introduce

them to black Ithacans. In 1975 they worked land in Brooktondale, and this summer land in Lansing, both near Ithaca. Last year they also sent teams to two southern states to work in rural areas.

- During the school year a Black Athletes Association from the university, which had fifty-five men and women members, worked with young people at an Ithaca neighborhood house to train city youngsters in athletic skills and organize leagues for competition. Several football players have been among the program's spokesmen.

## [Senate's Future]

The President's Commission on Self-Governance completed a draft statement early last month on the future of the University Senate in which it proposes an end to the Senate, and its replacement by a University Assembly and a series of committees and boards that would set policy for a number of departments in the university, including most of those that now report to the Senate.

The commission is asking alumni and other members of the university community to send their comments on its proposals to President Corson by October 6. Between then and November 1 the commission will refine its thoughts in the light of comments, and submit a final plan to the President. Just who will act on the proposal, besides the President, Board of Trustees, and possibly the University Faculty, had not been settled early last month. The President has said he hopes for a final decision by January 1.

The draft statement admits that the Senate bit off more policy-making than it could chew in assuming authority over the Division of Campus Life, which takes in student housing, dining, campus traffic, and physical education and athletics among other functions. Instead the commission proposes a series of separate boards which would decide policy matters for certain university departments: student housing, student health, student activities and organizations (Dean of Students Office), transportation, student unions, and physical education and athletics. If department heads and their respective policy boards could not agree on policies, appeal would be possible upwards, eventually to the President.

Its report says some of the department heads told the commission they welcomed a community sounding board. Whether the physical education and athletics department can function well under such a board was a matter of debate in recent years, and will presumably

be one of the issues to which community members will address themselves in the coming month.

The commission had until September to attempt to define what it meant by two terms it used often, "policy" and "broad budget priorities," both of which were to be the province of the proposed boards.

In addition to the several policy-making boards, the commission favored advisory boards in a number of other areas, including financial aid, "priorities" (which appeared mostly to mean university budgeting), and some other fields that now have such boards, including minority education, the status of women, university "social responsibility" investment, and the like.

Deciding on the academic calendar, a job taken from the University Faculty and given to the new Senate in 1970, would go into limbo. So long as the present Labor Day-to-Christmas schedule is continued, the provost's office will be in charge. If that format is to be broken, a special campus-wide committee would be summoned.

Asked to consider the usefulness of university trustees who are elected by students, faculty, employes, and the University Senate, the commission recommended a drastic reduction in their number: from the present 4 faculty, 5 students, 1 employe, and 3 off-campus trustees chosen at Ithaca, to 3 faculty, 3 students, and 1 employe.

Finally, the commission suggests a seventy-five-member University Assembly that would be responsible for discussing issues judged to be of concern to the whole campus community. It would contain 30 student, 30 faculty, 10-12 employe, and 4 administrative members, meet regularly five or so times a year, and upon special call. Among the sort of issues the commission thought an Assembly might discuss are financial aid and tuition levels, and faculty advising. Commission members understood a similar council at Princeton had been successful. An Assembly would also be charged with setting rules for the campus conduct and judicial system, and with making appointments to the various policy-making and advisory committees that would be established.

Prof. Geoffrey Chester, physics, a veteran of Senate leadership positions, chairs the commission.

The first two of a number of realignments of the university's central administration have been made. In one, the Department of Physical Education and Athletics has been removed from the Division of Campus Life, and now re-

ports directly to the senior vice president, William Herbster. In the other change, a post of vice president for land grant affairs has been established, reporting to the provost. The four statutory colleges supported by the State of New York will report to the new officer, who will also have responsibility for other relations with the state, and for dealing with Cornell's responsibilities as the state's land grant institution.

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## On Campus

The College of Veterinary Medicine has been placed on probation by the accrediting committee of the American Veterinary Medicine Association (AVMA), one of eight vet colleges among eighteen in the country now on probation. The committee said the college needed new and better facilities for some of its clinics, and needed more faculty members for its present student body. Administrators estimate the building would cost \$1.2 million, and the added staff would cost \$1 million more a year. State funding has slowed in recent years, in part because of State University priorities and of overspending by the rest of the state government. A representative of the AVMA said Cornell still has one of the finest vet colleges in the world; he also said advances in veterinary medicine require newer facilities.

After more than a year's serpentine debate, the Faculty Council of Representatives has approved a plan for dealing with student academic cheating. The plan returns more power over the process to individual professors and colleges. From 1963 until last year charges that students had cheated on academic work went to a university-wide integrity board, in an effort to equalize treatment among colleges. By 1974-75 the number of cases being brought had fallen to thirty-five. Under the new system a professor will settle a case with a student, unless the student chooses to appeal the professor's decision. In that case, a college integrity board in the professor's college will hear the appeal.

The Women's Studies Program has been granted permanent status by the College of Arts and Sciences after an evaluation by both college and outside committees. As a program rather than a department, women's studies can offer independent majors to undergraduates, but faculty in the program are on joint appointment with academic departments and gain tenure through those departments rather than through vote of the

program's faculty. The Graduate School last year approved interdisciplinary minors in women's studies, as well. The program was formally established in 1972.

Classes begin on Labor Day, Monday, September 6, a week later than earlier decisions had set. The University Senate changed its mind last year after originally planning a late-August opening. The traditional Thanksgiving recess will be held; classes end December 11; and final exams run December 15-23. Spring classes begin January 24 and end May 7 with a recess April 2-10. Final exams run May 16-24, and Commencement will be Monday, May 30.

The use of students to patrol the campus and thus augment the university's Safety Division has been refined to a formal work-study program. Students will work about fifteen hours a week, earn income, and wear conspicuous red nylon jackets under the new program. They will be known as student service aids, be unarmed, and are to patrol buildings and properties, write parking tickets, spot and report fire and safety hazards, give first aid, do clerical work, help control traffic, and provide liaison for the Safety Division to the studentry.

The dean of Agriculture, W. Keith Kennedy, PhD '47, has stepped up his appeal to New York State farmers and others in agricultural businesses to contribute money to the college to replace losses in state and federal research funds. Fundraising efforts of the college will also support rehabilitation of the campus quadrangle around which many of the college's buildings are situated. Dutch elm disease, steam pipe repairs, and other incursions have taken their toll in recent years.

Disagreement between groups of Chinese students at the university came into the open during the spring after incidents at a speech by a consular general of the Nationalist China government on Taiwan. The diplomat spoke in Goldwin Smith D at a meeting conducted entirely in Chinese. Students representing pro- and anti-Nationalist Chinese disagreed on what had happened. A group of anti-Nationalist students left the meeting when they alleged the chairman was dealing unfairly with questions that were critical of the anti-Communist government. They later said they thought some students on campus spy on fellow Chinese students from Taiwan. About 300 students on campus are of Chinese-American birth or Chinese from mainland China, Taiwan, or other overseas enclaves of Chinese people.

A coalition of banks, agencies, and in-

dividuals have assured sale of state bonds that will permit a private research institute to build a new headquarters at Ithaca and form a very loose affiliation with the university. Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research will build an \$8.5 million lab at the east end of Tower Road, near the College of Veterinary Medicine. The institute's home is now in Yonkers. Fifty Agriculture college professors pledged to buy \$500,000 worth of the state bonds that will finance initial construction, due to be completed in 1979. The institute employs about fifty researchers.

The university has formalized the circumstances under which people may sit in on academic courses they are not taking for credit. Full-time students may audit courses without charge, but others must have the permission of the instructor and pay \$10 per credit hour. The alternative is paying \$95 a credit hour, and working for credit. First semester of the program, last fall, fifty-eight people registered for a total of sixty-four courses. With less promotion in the spring, thirty-eight registered. This formal Visitors Program is administered by the Division of Summer Session and Extramural Courses.

A laboratory for the study of insects that affect the health of humans and animals has been named in honor of Prof. H.H. Schwardt, who was chairman of the Department of Entomology at the time of his death in 1962. The lab on Turkey Hill, about three miles from campus, reflects his work at Cornell which included efforts to control insect pests of forage crops, pests of stored products, and livestock insects.

The university voted its stock in Bristol-Myers Corp. in support of a "social responsibility" proposal before the firm's stockholders that would require disclosure of the company's policy on the sale and promotion of infant food formulas in developing countries. The resolution grows out of claims that use of such formulas may be linked to rising rates of malnutrition and infant mortality. (See the last item in the Research section.) This is the fifth year the trustees have approved at least one social responsibility resolution, voted against the wishes of a company's management. A University Senate-trustee committee reviews such proposals and makes recommendations to the Investment Committee of the Board of Trustees.

The university was one of eighteen given awards by an association of college business officers for programs of cost savings. Cornell's "War on Waste" included photo copying and phone charges.

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## Research

A new *pregnancy test* developed by Prof. Brij B. Saxena, endocrinology and biochemistry at the Medical College, enables women to determine if they are pregnant as early as six to eight days after intercourse. The test, called the radioreceptor assay, measures levels of hCH (human Chorionic Gonadotropin), the specific hormone appearing early in pregnancy, and is an outgrowth of ten years of basic research by Saxena on human pituitary hormones. In cases where the pregnancy is undesired, such early confirmation allows for a safe mini-abortion which can be performed in the doctor's office in five minutes. In addition, because of the accuracy of the test, unnecessary abortion procedures can be avoided. The test will be of great assistance to doctors in determining the quality of a given pregnancy so that such abnormalities as imminent spontaneous abortion or malformation can be identified. The Saxena test is also useful for women who have trouble conceiving because it provides a simple method for dating ovulation. The test, which costs about the same as currently available tests, requires the use of a gamma counter and can at present be performed only in clinical laboratories or hospital clinics. Eventually, it may be developed for use in a doctor's office or by women themselves.

When the male *Puerto Rican frog* (*Elutherodactylus coqui*) gives its two note "co-qui" call, it is saying quite different things to other male and female coquis—and the males and females are uniquely adapted to hearing the part of the call that concerns them. Peter Nairns, doctoral student in bioengineering, has drawn these conclusions from his research in a tropical rainforest in Puerto Rico and in a Cornell laboratory. During his first field season Nairns determined that the male gives the "co-qui" call about every three seconds. If another male entered the territory, however, the territory owner gave only the "co" note. After exchanging "co"s a few times, the intruding frog usually left. At Cornell, Nairns carried out similar experiments using female frogs. When placed between two speakers, one emitting the "co" part of the call and the other emitting the "qui" part, the females almost always moved toward the "qui" sound. Nairns has thus documented one of the first physiological verifications of "sexual dimorphism," or sex-linked differences, in sense perception in vertebrates. Nairns's studies are

expected to provide insights into two frequently posed scientific questions: Are sounds of biological significance to an animal (such as the mating call) processed differently than background noise or other less relevant sounds? What is the mechanism by which sequential sounds are coded by the ear?

An exceptionally early *corn hybrid* developed by Prof. Clarence O. Grogan and Clifford E. Manchester, research associate, both in plant breeding and biometry, will boost New York state corn production in areas with a short and cool growing season. If the corn is planted around May 20, it can be harvested in late September. Limited seed supplies of the new variety, known as Cornell 103, may be available for next year; adequate supplies are expected for the 1978 season.

Researchers have verified that *acid precipitation* is seriously reducing certain species of valued wildlife, a possibility first suggested in 1974 by Prof. Gene E. Likens, ecology systems. His colleague, Prof. F. Harvey Pough, placed salamanders in acidic conditions in the laboratory and confirmed the adverse effects on egg survival caused by pond acidity. He said he feels the future of spotted salamanders, which are important predators, is bleak and that their fate may be shared by other amphibians. Because of wind patterns, industrial air pollutants from much of the Midwest are carried over the Northeast, causing the area to receive an unusual amount of acid rain. Carl L. Schofield, PhD '71, John Trojnar '70, a research specialist, and David W. Johnson '44 have documented that strong acidity in lakes in the Adirondack Mountains is detrimental to fish life. Schofield said that a short-term remedy for acidity is to place limestone in lakes, "but it is economically impossible to treat several hundred affected Adirondack lakes in such a manner."

Prof. Michael Latham, *nutrition*, and Theodore Greiner, Grad report that infants are dying of starvation and disease in the Third World as a result of their mothers' changing from breast to bottle feeding. Greiner's study indicates that it is impossible for most Third World mothers to bottle feed their infants properly because they can neither afford to buy enough formula nor do they know how to prepare it properly. His study is a continuation of Latham's fifteen-year concern for health and nutrition in developing countries. Greiner found that the inability of the mothers' to sterilize the formula results in diarrhea and other gastrointestinal diseases that are the largest causes of infant deaths in

the developing world. These problems are compounded by the malnutrition resulting from the dilution of the formula by mothers who cannot afford to buy enough of it. Corporations have conducted a massive promotional campaign to sell their products in the Third World because the market in the developed countries is saturated. As these corporations have a good deal of power in the area both economically and within governments, to restrict their activity is difficult. Greiner advocates the complete banning of commercial nurses, advertising, and give-aways to promote bottle feeding. He says that, as bottle formula is, in effect, a dangerous drug, it should be available only on a prescription basis and only to mothers trained to prepare it. (Also see the item on Cornell investments at the end of the On Campus section.)

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## People

A Soviet biologist has been offered an appointment at Cornell as a visiting scholar, but the university has not heard whether he will be able to accept. The biologist, *Sergei Kovalev*, is in the third year of a seven-year term in a labor colony for his human rights efforts, after which he is to serve an additional three years of "internal exile." *Thomas Eisner*, a professor of neurobiological behavior, said the invitation, from the Section of Neurobiology and Behavior, represents "a group of biologists voicing concern for a fellow biologist." Kovalev is "a good biologist," he said, an expert in electrophysiology and the control of the heartbeat, whose work is closely related to research going on at Cornell.

*Denise Gilbert '79* and *Thomas McCarthy '78* comprised what their coach described as the university's first nationally qualifying debate team when they placed third in a field of eighty-four college novice teams and earned their way to the National Debate Tournament. They did not place in the main tournament.

Two former college deans are among seven faculty members whose retirements were announced during the summer.

Heading the list in terms of service was *Charles E. Palm, PhD '36*, at the university forty-five years, for 19 as head of the Department of Entomology and Limnology, 2 as director of research and 13 as dean of the College of Agriculture, and for the last 4 as the first Liberty Hyde Bailey professor of agricultural sciences. He helped his successor plan

the relocation of the Boyce Thompson Institute for Plant Research and complete the new Animal Science Teaching and Research Center near Dryden.

*Richard H. Barnes*, the Jamison professor of nutrition since 1973, and first dean of the Graduate School of Nutrition from his initial appointment in 1956 until 1973, will also retire. His research includes the metabolism of carbohydrates, fats, and proteins, new growth factors, lipid and cholesterol biosynthesis, and general biochemistry.

The other new retirees include: Prof. *Matthew Drosdoff*, soil science, a faculty member for ten years and the first professor of tropical soils at the university. He is fluent in Spanish and has worked and written extensively on the soils of Latin America.

Prof. *Charles R. Henderson*, animal science, a member of the faculty for twenty-eight years, has been a pioneer and leader in the genetic improvement of dairy cattle. He is recognized as a distinguished statistical geneticist whose methods of selecting sires were adopted by artificial insemination organizations.

Prof. *A. Leslie Neal*, biochemistry, has taught the basic course in his subject for twenty-nine years. His early research was on the hatching factor of the Golden Nematode, a serious potato pest.

Prof. *William W. Reeder, PhD '47*, rural sociology, has been a member of the faculty since earning his doctorate. He has done research into family values, the adjustment of farm families to stress, and morale problems in the Army.

Prof. *Paul J. Zwerman*, soil conservation, has been a teacher on the Hill since 1950. He is an international authority on the management of water on cultivated land whose students serve around the world. He has joined the US Bureau of Land Management in New Mexico.

*J. Robert Buchanan, MD '54* is leaving the post of dean of the Medical College, which he has held since 1969, to become president of Michael Reese Hospital in Chicago. Except for two years in the US Army he has been a student, in training, or on the faculty of the college since 1950.

Prof. *Flora Thurston Allen*, Home Economics, emeritus, died March 5 in Long Beach, California at the age of 85. She had retired in 1947 after serving from 1917 until '25 in the Extension Service, and from '38 to '47 on faculty doing research and teaching in nutrition, nursery school, child development, and home economics education.

Prof. *Vaughn C. Behn*, environmental engineering, died on June 8 in Ithaca at the age of 53. He had been an associate

professor in the Engineering college since 1960, and worked on the National Council for Stream Improvement.

Prof. *Frank B. Howe*, agronomy, emeritus, died July 21 in Ithaca at the age of 89. He taught at the university from 1919 until retirement in 1950. In 1932 he established the state's first soil erosion project, and was a regional director of the Soil Conservation Service. He was active as a real estate man for another twenty-two years after retirement from the university.

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## They Say

Those reports of a new breed of "killer bees" swarming towards the US from South America are inaccurate and "a lot of noise about nothing," according to Prof. *Roger A. Morse '50*, entomology. Morse went to Brazil in 1973 to investigate the scary reports and states that the bees present no serious threat to humans, livestock, or the beekeeping industry in the US. "I found," he says, "a very successful, growing commercial beekeeping operation in Brazil based on the African bee, a bee which is a little more aggressive than the North American bee." If the bees reach the US at all, they will likely be of a gentler nature, having mated with less vicious bees along the way. According to Morse, the bees could not in any case survive any further north than the southern third of the US because they are unable to form the "winter cluster," the large continually moving huddle that keeps bees alive in winter. And any problem which might occur could be taken care of with "great ease" by introducing queen bees of a less vicious breed into the colonies.

Prof. *Mary E. Purchase, MS '49*, design and environmental analyst in Human Ecology, says of the new safety tops for medicine bottles that though they reduce accidental poisoning among children, they flunk the test of "tightly closed container," a government standard for guaranteeing freshness of medicine. Comments Purchase, "Many adults also are finding the child-resistant tops are resistant to them too. The law allows you to request a package that does not conform to the regulation, but some druggists choose not to supply both types." She favors more parental responsibility and less government regulation. Purchase asserts, "I want the most dangerous things put in safety packaging, but I don't want people to say that if it's not in safe packages it must be safe. I want them to make up their own minds

on what is safe and unsafe and act accordingly."

Students have told the *Sun* that Prof. Alison Lurie, English, wrote a very believable account of one aspect of student-professor relations in her controversial novel, *The War Between the Tates*. The novel concerns the love affair between a psychology undergrad and a political science professor at Corinth University, Hopkins County, New York. Most students questioned by Edward Gunts '77 of the *Cornell Daily Sun* said that they knew of at least one professor who dated students. Unlike the book, however, the professor was usually either unmarried or divorced. One student commented, "I went out with a professor several times. But he was a bachelor and I was not in any of his classes. I would not have gone out with him if I had been." Barbara M. Kauber, judicial administrator, said that her office had received a variety of complaints from women to whom professors make extra-academic suggestions in response to requests for academic help or advice.

Warnings concerning the world's ability to feed its population have been voiced by Prof. David Pimentel, PhD '51, William Dritschilo, John Krummel, and John R. Kutzman '74, all of the Agriculture college, in an article in *Science* on their study of the constraints of worldwide production of food protein. They say, "Extraordinary worldwide efforts to promote population control and alter our diets are needed to curb expanding malnutrition, which already plagues 500 million people." They base this statement on their conclusion that "the world population has already reached a density too great for the arable land and energy resources required to feed a world population a US-style diet." In addition to population control, Pimentel believes that a strategy to increase the total protein available to man would be the reduction of the amount of vegetable and animal protein fed worldwide to livestock. Currently in the US, 91 per cent of the cereal, legume, and other vegetable proteins suitable for human consumption is fed to livestock. Even the grains which are exported are used abroad largely as livestock feed. Implementing this strategy would reduce worldwide meat supplies, but not drastically. And the plant protein freed could feed many more people because plants are far more efficient producers of food protein than are animals.

China has solved its food problem, according to C. Peter Timmer, MS '55, the Babcock professor of food economics. Though it seems impossible, Timmer

says, the answer lies "not only in the system China uses to increase its agricultural productivity, but is found in its ability to successfully distribute increased harvests." Professor Timmer based his analysis and conclusions on a visit to China in 1975. The goals of mechanization of farming and of high and stable yields are similar to those of developing capitalist countries, but, says Timmer, the Chinese are doing it better because of their willingness to work very hard. The really distinguishing feature of the Chinese system is mechanism for distribution. In rural areas, locally raised food is distributed by a system of "work points" earned on the basis of quantity and quality of labor of a group of workers, known as a production unit. A strict system of rationing provides life's necessities to urban dwellers. "The problem of excluded individuals and families," he observes, "is not widespread in China because of the strength of the extended family bond. Three-generation households are common."

Prof. Elsie McMurry, human ecology, emeritus, consultant to Cornell's costume collection, says our great-grandfathers wore the unisex look 100 years before the word was invented. "Small boys and girls were dressed in short frocks, at least until age 5 or 6. Just as little girls of today blithely don slacks like their brothers, in the 1800s the custom was reversed." But at 5 or 6 little girls became scale models of their mothers, even to hoops or bustles. Little boys went through a transition to kilts and sailor suits and were finally "breeched" between 7 and 10. Boys not only donned their first trousers at that age but usually also were shorn of their baby locks. A study of fashion, McMurry contends, shows that social attitudes are always in flux, no matter how proper a dress (or an idea) seems at the time. "Fashion, after all," says McMurry, "reflects current thought."

Prof. Robert S. Smith '42, Industrial and Labor Relations, has proposed encouraging occupational safety through the use of an "injury tax" to be levied on employers when an injury occurs. He feels this is a better approach to job safety than by the imposition of standards because "it focuses attention directly on the goal of greater job safety, but leaves the employer free to select the methods of reducing injuries." Smith says he has found that employers would respond to this kind of financial incentive. He feels that tax rates should not be set to reduce injuries some arbitrary amount but to "help shift all costs of injuries to the employer, a necessary

condition for employers to provide the socially desirable amount of safety." Any tax should be levied on the basis of individual firm experience, not on the basis of an industry-wide average. —DF

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## The Teams

Coach George Seifert has shaken his bag of players from last year's 1-8 football season and come up with a number of surprises in position assignments, moving many regulars to new spots.

Of three men who took shots at quarterbacking last year, only one remains, Jay LaRochelle '77, the leading contender to start at this point. One other, Joe Mollica '77, will be the leading candidate at flanker back, and the other, Garland Burns '78, is the leading candidate at right defensive halfback. New on the scene at varsity quarterback are the frosh star of last year, Jim Hofher; another sophomore, Mike Tanner; and a transfer from Fort Scott Junior College in Kansas, Mike O'Malley '78.

Tim LaBeau '77 continues the leading candidate for halfback, backed up by Neal Hall '78. Flankerback Dave Tretter '78 has moved to the head of the list at fullback for this fall, backed up by a promising transfer from the U of Michigan, Joe Holland '78, son of All-Time All-American Brud Holland '39.

Bob Henrickson '78 stays at split end, coming off a top season as a lacrosse midfielder, and Paul Haydon '77 heads the tight end prospects. Guard starter Joe Meaney '77 has been switched to one offensive tackle spot, and Tony Anzalone '78 is at the other. Starting tackles John Shavers '77, at 265 pounds, and Tony Vegh '77 find themselves at offensive guard, and guard Jeff Brown '77 is now the leading center candidate.

On defense there are fewer changes. At end are Don Versteeg '77 and Steve Swartzwelder '78, a defensive back last year; at tackle Jim Lorditch '77, a former linebacker, and Glenn Osterhout '77; and at nose- or middle-guard, Cal Washington '77 who returns to the position after a year each at linebacker and defensive end.

Leading linebacker candidates are Don Papich '77 and Terry Lee '78, repeaters at the position; and in the deep backfield Dave Johnson '77 at free safety, Burns and former flankerback Larry Skoczylas '78 at the halfback spots, and Dave Monahan '78 at strong safety.

Newcomers given the best chances of breaking into the lineup early are

running backs Johnny Riley '79 and Craig Jaeger '78, a star lacrosse player from Nassau Community College; and defensive lineman Pat Hansen '79, halfback Jim Lewis '79, and linebacker Russ Stahl '79.

Practice started August 26, with an opening scrimmage on September 4 against Ithaca College, runnerup the last two years in the national small-college championships.

This will be the first fall of the new Ivy League schedule under which Ivy schools open their regular season against Ivy opponents.

The soccer team will be rebuilding under a new coach, junior college mentor Jack Writer, after tying for the Ivy title with Brown last year and finishing the season with a 12-4 record, winning the state title and then losing the north-eastern regional match in the NCAA tourney. Several All-Ivy players are among those who graduated, including Joe Mui '76, David Emmerson '76, Jay Holbrook '75, and David Sarachan '76.

The cross country team, under Jack Warner for the tenth season, will be aiming to get back to its previous winning ways after suffering a 3-4 year in dual meets and finishing eighth in the Heptagonals.

Doug Neil has resigned as heavyweight rowing coach after three seasons. He said his resignation was "for strictly personal reasons, unrelated to the coaching position. I know this can be misconstrued to mean the past season's winless record is the reason behind the move. That is not the case at all." He had a 6-5 record in dual and triangular races. His '74 crews placed second overall in the IRAs, with a third in the varsity and fifth in the JVs.

Findley Meislahn, the freshman coach since 1971, is Neil's successor. Athletic Director Richard Schultz made the appointment. Meislahn is a Princeton graduate, where he stroked the varsity in 1963 and '64. He had coached at Rutgers, Princeton, Southern Cal, and Dartmouth before coming to the Inlet.

Richard Savitt '50, a former Davis Cup player and Wimbledon champion, was one of six persons named to the International Tennis Hall of Fame this year. Among the others were the four "musketeers" of French tennis in the '20s and '30s, Lacoste, Borota, Brugnon, and Cochet. The hall is at Newport, Rhode Island.

Ed Marinaro '72 signed as a running back with the New York Jets of the National Football League.

The Table Tennis Club has brought Cornell second ranking in an Ivy League

that also includes Rutgers, last year's champion, and MIT. Leading players are Alex Sze, Grad and Hank Colker '77. Colker was ranked among the top fifteen college players nationally. About ninety members belong to the club.

Schedules for the fall varsity teams:

*Football:* Sept. 18 Princeton, 25 Colgate; Oct. 2 at Rutgers, 9 at Harvard, 16 Brown (Homecoming), 23 Dartmouth, 30 at Yale; Nov. 6 at Columbia, 13 Penn.

*150-pound football:* Oct. 1 at Rutgers, 8 Penn, 16 at Army, 22 Columbia, 29 at Princeton; Nov. 5 Navy.

*Soccer:* Sept. 18 Princeton, 22 Colgate, 25 at Brockport, 29 at Syracuse; Oct. 2 Binghamton, 5 RPI, 9 at Harvard, 15 Brown, 23 Dartmouth, 26 at Cortland, 30 at Yale; Nov. 3 at Hartwick, 6 at Columbia, 13 Penn.

*Cross country:* Sept. 24 at Colgate; Oct. 2 Syracuse, 8 at Army, 16 at Harvard, 23 Yale, 30 at Bucknell; Nov. 5 Heptagonals at New York, 13 IC4As at New York.

*Women's field hockey:* Sept. 18 Brockport, 23 Cortland, 30 at Colgate; Oct. 3 Penn, 6 William Smith, 9 at Harvard, 12 at Ithaca College, 14 Oneonta, 16 St. Lawrence, 18 at Wells, 23 at Rochester, 26 Bucknell.

*Women's tennis:* Sept. 10 at St. Lawrence, 20 Cortland, 22 at Rochester, 24 Brooklyn, 27 at Colgate, 29 Syracuse; Oct. 6 William Smith, 8-10 Easterns at New Paltz, 11 at Wells, 11 Eisenhower, 13 Oneonta, 15 at Ithaca, 16 Lehman, 20 Binghamton, 22-25 State tourney at New Paltz.

*Women's volleyball:* Sept. 29 Eisenhower and Nazareth at Eisenhower; Oct. 5 Keuka, 7 RIT, 12 Binghamton, 15 at Cortland, 16 Corning CC, Elmira, and Wells at Elmira, 19 Geneseo, Oswego, and Syracuse at Syracuse, 21 Mansfield and Geneseo at Mansfield, 23 at Oneonta tourney, 25 Eisenhower, 30 Ivy tourney at Princeton; Nov. 1 Keuka and Wells at Wells, 4 Colgate and Russell Sage at Colgate, 6 District tourney at home, 9 Ithaca and Syracuse at Ithaca.

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## Athletics Robert J. Kane '34

# The Olympic Spectacle

*Bob is executive vice president of the US Olympic Committee and was chief of mission of the US team at the summer Olympics at Montreal.*

When I think of the millions of words written and spoken about the XXI Olympiad at Montreal and the multifarious happenings there it's a reporter's research bonanza, but how do you condense all of the material into a page and a half for this intellectually-cliented periodical. Besides, everything has been said already.

Everything has been said certainly, but perhaps inaccurately in some instances. At least there's room for a division of opinion on some matters. Without being shrewish I would like to take issue with some versions I've read of the Montreal adventure since I've returned.

Take the Taiwan issue. I was deep into this one. It was the first matter we had to deal with upon arrival at Montreal. The International Olympic Committee (IOC) and Prime Minister Pierre Trudeau and his Canadian government were ever so gingerly discussing the incredible exclu-

sion from the country of the Taiwanese athletes because they were planning to come in representing the Republic of China, which is exactly the way they are registered in the membership roster of the IOC. Trudeau's government contended that they did not represent the country of China but only the province of Taiwan. They were told they could not fly their own flag, that their anthem could not be played, and they could not call themselves "Republic of China."

The IOC was acting terribly hurt and pleading insufficient notice but was evidently prepared to let Mr. Trudeau get away with his crass genuflection to his trade partner, the People's Republic—Communist China. The United States Olympic Committee (USOC) took serious issue. Not only, it declared, was IOC allowing Trudeau's government to break its own pact with the IOC "to welcome any nation accredited by the International Olympic Committee," but it was opening the way for any host nation in the future to bar its non-friends to the site of the Games. Thus signalling the end of the Games. Also, warned the

USOC, the US felt so strongly about it that it was seriously considering pulling out of the competitions. This was no idle threat. The matter had been debated for hours and hours, in consultation with the athletes and the other members of the US party, the Board of Directors, the coaches, the managers, the doctors, the trainers.

This was not, as syndicated sports columnists Dick Young and George Will labelled it a "big bluff" and a "simpering effort." No such thing. The IOC members knew it was no bluff and the USOC declaration before the IOC executive committee was decidedly not simpering. Under this pressure, the executive committee acted. They in turn put the pressure on Mr. Trudeau. Lord Killanin, president of IOC, ordinarily a mild, avuncular man, finally did what Avery Brundage would have done last May when the IOC was made aware of the Canadian position on Taiwan. He said give way or the Games are cancelled. Trudeau capitulated *almost* completely. Visas would be immediately issued, the athletes could fly their own flag, their anthem would be played, the only reservation was that they could not use the name Republic of China. There would have to be a designation that they were Taiwan, Formosa, or Republic of China-Taiwan, or compete merely under the name "IOC."

In the 1960 Games at Rome they called themselves Formosa, or whatever. In Tokyo in 1964 they came in under Taiwan. In other international sports events they had used Taiwan. It seemed like a small compromise to the USOC and to the IOC. However, the chairman of the delegation, Mr. Lawrence Ting (a Columbia University degree-holder) would not accept. Private discussions with him and two of his colleagues went on for hours and hours, sometimes far into the night. It appeared at the last that the Chinese delegation was now being as political as we and they had accused Canada of being. We were being asked to keep our team out of the Games to try and enforce an issue for them that the United Nations and the US Department of State had dealt with without avail—the matter of a name.

We urged them to consider their equities on a logical basis, not merely on "face saving." That if their athletes were in the Games they would be the heroes and receive the biggest ovation in the opening ceremony, for all the world to see, a dramatically more persuasive statement for their cause than a walkout. NO. Words and words, but still NO. So the USOC issued a statement that we

had made our case and we felt IOC had done all it could reasonably be expected to do, and therefore we would remain in the Games. We were the only country to take a strong and public position on the matter. We were convinced that, in fairness to Mr. Ting, he was undoubtedly under orders from Taipei and could not deal with the realities of the situation. He would not admit to that, however. As predicted, his team left and the matter was soon forgotten in the press and everyplace else, except Taipei.

The games were beautifully staged. The facilities, so precariously completed, were perhaps the best ever. In contrast to columnist Jim Murray, I found the Canadian people hospitable, in a low-key way perhaps. They treated Americans, those from the United States, just as Americans treat Americans—in a manner sometimes restrained, maybe even chilly in some cases, but on the whole they were fair and pleasant. You were treated pretty much the way you deserved, just as you are in this country. That can be jolting.

The only unsportsmanlike occurrence was brought on by our high jumper, Dwight Stones, who after two days in Montreal let all the world know of his low esteem for the French Canadian people, especially for the Canadian Organizing Committee, which was responsible for putting on the Games; he was airily critical of the food at the Olympic Village and of the living conditions and he crudely discoursed on his sex life. Unlike other members of the team he went home to train after the opening ceremony and returned just two days before his competition. He was roundly booed by the Canadian spectators when he appeared on the strip. This inspired the Americans there to boo the Canadian jumpers, and it was all unfortunate and childish. Dwight got what he so puerilely demands, attention. But he also got what he hadn't bargained for, an embarrassing third place, outjumped by an 18-year-old from Poland, and, under the circumstances even more ignominiously, by a 20-year-old Canadian. Both bright, handsome, and well mannered young men.

There will be many who view the Games as a disappointment for the United States. To have receded to third place in medal production, behind Russia and East Germany, but that's a subject in itself.

There were so many fascinating subjects unto themselves: Romania's Nadia Comaneci, Russia's Nelli Kim, Ludmilla Turescheva, and Olga Korbut; East Germany's Kornelia Ender; and our own

vivid personalities, the basketball team, especially Adrian Dantley and Scott May; the men's swimming team, and most especially that wonderful John Naber; our devastating but personable boxing team; the handsome decathlon champ, Bruce Jenner.

Cornellians played a role, as usual. The only US medal, sadly enough, won in men's rowing, was the silver won by Michael Staines '71 and Calvin Coffey in the pairs without coxswain. East Germany won and West Germany was third.

The US women won two medals. Joan Lind won the silver in the single sculls and the women's eight was third, behind East Germany and Russia. Rowing No. 3 in the US eight was Marian Greig '77. In the men's eight which failed to reach the final was Walter (Chip) Lubsen '78. Another Cornellian affiliated with rowing was John E. Nunn '64, as assistant coach. John won a bronze in 1968 in the Games at Mexico City, in the double sculls, and his partner was William Maher.

David McFaul '70 and his crew Michael Rothwell won a silver in the Tornado class sailing, first time the multi-hull boats have been in the Olympics. Rothwell's father is Frank Rothwell '42. Dave was captain of the varsity sailing team as a sophomore, and a member each of his years in school. Norman Freeman '53 and John Mathias were sixth in the Flying Dutchman class.

Jean-Jacques Gillet, varsity fencing coach, was assistant coach at Montreal. Carolyn Evans Finneran '42 was manager of the women's swimming team. And the director of the vast food services at Olympic Village was Roger E. Gagnon '44. The food was appetizing and mountainously plentiful, even—for goodness sake—if Dwight Stones does not agree.

Our Kenneth Dryden '69, lately of the Montreal Canadiens, was the subject of a front page story in the *Montreal Star* and the *Montreal Gazette* on July 29. That was the day he had surgery to repair a torn knee cartilage.

The Games were affected by the tragedy at Munich, so the security was rigid and irritating. As a result some thought the true spirit of the festival was missing. Could be. Nevertheless, the Games were splendid and exhilarating. They ended on a high and affecting note. The closing ceremony was touching. Even the intrusion of a terpsichorean stalker did not diminish the emotional impact. His briefly consternating appearance did elicit this earnest inquiry from my wife, Ruth: "Could that be that Dwight Stones showing off again?"

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