TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

20 January, 1924.

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Lake Cayuga, as seen from Telluride House.

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-EDITORIAL-

Should not a university make a year of foreign travel and study a prerequisite to a degree? American students are notoriously provincial; some reason that there is something beyond the three mile limit or there would be no use for it, yet there isn't one student in twenty who lets his mind cross this limit; to him it is an intellectual dead-line. Inside this Chinese wall we enjoy sweet liberty, democracy, "the best nation on God's footstool," outside the wall resides an inferior people, tho our immediate relatives, who cut national throats, who stage programs, who teach their babies to read Macchiavelli, who are eternally actuated by greed and selfishness, and have Siberian wolf hearts. They are a bad lot. However, a year spent on ground where men fought and died for our civilization, where seats of learning existed 500 years before Corbell was a dream, where faith and love built cathedrals, where a man still will starve for his art or his dream, and where people are simple and sweet and hospitable, would force appreciation and indulgence and understanding into the heart of our American student. Dim centuries of history, art, and literature would stir him profoundly, stir him to speechless admiration and tears. Looking into the grave old eyes of the past, and meeting our friends over the three-mile limit, would make better world-citizens of our students, instead of corresponding secretaries of local boards of commerce. And why not demand the same training for Telluride scholars?

E. M. J.
ALUMNI EDITOR SPEAKS!

The Alumni Editor feels like a martyr already. The very first letter that we received in answer to ten requests for contributions accused us of "putting our name in the middle." That we are extremely offended proves how thoroughly we are identified with the historical period to which our accuser belongs: if we were of the contemporary generation, we should only be complimented.

One contribution received unfortunately cannot be reproduced. Not because it hasn't distinct merit, nor because it wouldn't be of interest; on the other hand, it is one of the most vivid and satisfying pictures of an alumnus that we have ever seen. But we find down at the bottom the imprint, "Malme, Racine," and so we are compelled to conclude that it is not original. Accordingly we confiscate it for our own individual mantel. Anyway, our rotogravure press isn't in running order this month.

And so our high literary standard permits us to publish only five letters. The fact that we got only five has nothing to do with the matter, all allegations to the contrary. At those five who failed to respond to our courteous little missive, we bite our ink-stained editorial thumb. We have put spots opposite their names, and when they get to be alumni editors, we shall retaliate by chucking their notes into the waste-basket with fiendish glee—the waste-basket which now offends our vanity with its sparse collection of five empty envelopes.

And we hereby notify all other alumni to take warning accordingly. Very soon now ten more of the list may expect to find their defenses battered down by our long-distance barrage. Our blood is up; we give no quarter—no! That would buy a quart of oil for our fliver.

- W.D. Carr -

Dear Mr. Jones,:

Your letter of the 10th was properly directed, which proves that you already have my address, and as this is the only bit of information about myself that comes to my mind at the moment, I am somewhat at a loss to know
what you want of me, but if it is a resume you want of
my activities since I left the University in 1911, I
will give it to you as briefly as possible.

Immediately on leaving the University I went into the
vegetable oil brokerage business, and have been engaged in
that same line of business ever since,—living in Chicago,
New York, Memphis, San Francisco and Dallas, at which points
we operate offices. I never know from one month to the next
where I will be living, and it doesn't make much difference
as I am not married and can move from one town to another
with very little inconvenience to myself. Since I have
never married, my life has been rather uneventful. However,
I did distinguish myself a year ago by breaking my back,
as a result of which I took about the first vacation I
have had since I left the University,—spending the major
part of the time in a hospital, but also having a very
pleasant sojourn in California, all at the expense of
the insurance company.

I imagine that the Telluride boys have become rather
"tory" since 1911, all of which is fine, and I am glad
to see it. I reach this conclusion because I notice you
part your name in the middle. You couldn't have gotten
by with that fifteen years ago.

309 Insurance Building,     W. D. Carr.
Dallas, Texas.

--- Jim Draper---

Dear Prof.:

I can hardly realize that it has been nearly seven
long years since I have seen or heard directly from
you. Your letter was a very pleasant surprise, and I
hastened to answer it immediately.

I can't imagine where you got your information as to
the volume of work turned out at the hands of a bank
clerk, unless it was from the outside looking in. In
this department alone, (of which I am assistant-manager)
we have on hand now for collection over forty thousand real estate notes, ranging in amounts from $10.00 to $100,000.00. We handled today more than $35,000.00 worth of cotton drafts, not to mention nearly that much more in wheat, corn, coal, and whatnot, and the daily totals on our cash book often go over a million dollars. Besides, we sell streamship tickets to all parts of the world, letters of credit, travelers' cheques, and domestic and foreign exchange, and deal, on an average with two hundred customers daily; so you can see that neither of the four men in this department 'have little to do.'

The last seven years have not witnessed any marked change in me, as far as I can see, except for the experience that everyone accumulates in that space of time. After the war, I secured a job with this institution, married and settled down, and am now very pleasantly situated. My annual stipend can still be written with four figures; I haven't endowed any colleges, so far, but I make enough to keep the wolf away from the door, manage to make monthly contributions to a man from whom I bought a house some time ago on the extortion plan, and take in an occasional movie or vaudeville show. I read a great deal of evenings, and at present devoting one evening a week to the study of "Business of Economics" at a night school conducted by the American Institute of Banking. We have a Harvard man as instructor, and he surely puts it over in a way that is very interesting. With the exception of Houts, whom I met in 1918, I have not come in contact with an Association member since leaving Claremont, but I have followed with much interest everything that the Association has done, as reflected in the columns of the News-Letter, and being a member of the Alumni organization is one of the proudest things I'm of.

I expect to make a trip North by next summer during vacations, and may get to New York, where, of course, I'll look up old friends. It seems like the whole shooting-match will wind up in that town, anyway, sooner or later.

I don't know whether this is the kind of contribution you want, or not. If it is not, let me know and I'll make another effort. Please remember me to any of the old gang there, and here's hoping you have a great Christmas.

As ever,

Jim Draper.

Dear Mr. Jones:

Your letter of the 16th was received and I am glad to respond to your urgent request in the interest of the News Letter.

Mr. Nunn, as you probably know, is in Los Angeles, and I see him quite often. It seems good to be able to visit with him and have him take part in the conversation as he used to before his recent illness. It is seldom that I find him alone with Sabot Cavolle and Olaf as so many of his friends call to see him.

Last August I took a trip to Salt Lake City and Provo and I saw a number of the old crowd although there were a good many whom I missed. John Clark took me to Olmstead and we saw Dave Bonnett who looks about the same and is keeping the place up in creditable condition. Provo and Salt Lake City seem to have had a substantial growth during the past few years and there is a large steel plant being erected between Provo and Springville which is livening up things in Utah.

There was a real old-time thunder and lightening storm in Salt Lake City the day I arrived which I enjoyed immensely. It rained 1.08 inches in one hour which I understand is the record precipitation for one hour. Unfortunately the state was a state wide and Willard and Farmington suffered loss of life and property.

Last June I had occasion to make some traffic studies in connection with the Interstate Commerce Commission hearing here in Los Angeles on our Railroad Union Passenger Terminal and Grade Crossing Situation. You will recall perhaps that I spent considerable time in 1918 and the two years following in connection with these problems and the comparisons between 1918 and 1923 are interesting and give some idea as to the growth of Los Angeles during the past five years.

Automobile registration increased 310% and I believe there are approximately 400,000 machines in Los Angeles County at this time. Motorcycles are one of the few things to show a decrease which amounted to 58%.
There are approximately 155 million people crossing the Los Angeles River annually, an increase of 139%. These people cross the river at five grade crossings and four viaducts. The Salt Lake Railroad tracks are on the east bank and the Santa Fe Railroad tracks on the west bank of the river. Ninth Street shows the greatest increase in traffic which is 197% due to the paving of a short distance of connecting street. Seventh Street carries 11,903 vehicles across the river and adjacent grade crossings per fourteen hour day which is an increase of 156%. These vehicles are frequently held up by trains and at Seventh Street are delayed 43% of the total time which is an increase of 63% over 1918. This delay is in addition to the delay at Seventh and Alameda Streets where the Southern Pacific trains hold up the vehicular traffic for 12% of the total time so you see it is rather difficult to cross town on Seventh Street.

The Viaducts carry a heavy traffic. North Broadway Viaduct carrying a total of 23,107 vehicles per fourteen hour day with a minimum hour of 2,994. The increase over the four viaducts is 204% since 1913.

There are several old Telluride men at the Pickford Fairbanks Studio. Bob Fairbanks, Production Manager for Douglas; Clarence Erickson, Auditor; Art Fenn, Purchasing Agent; and Cliff Miller in charge of the portable power plants. N. A. McKay is Auditor for the Mary Pickford Company.

In glancing over the directory which was published in the last News Letter you will notice that many of the old timers are in this vicinity.

Gilbert Mill has recently taken the position as Power Engineer for the Trona Corporation at Trona, California. Bill Alexander was in town before Frank Noon went East and the three of us had lunch with the Cornell Club which meets every Wednesday noon at the University Club. This is the first time I have seen Bill since 1907 in Mexico.

After the first of the year I will be associated with Mr. H. Stanley Benedict a former Commissioner of the California Railroad Commission which body I have been with for
the past seven years. Mr. Benedict is President of the Capital Finance Corporation and is Secretary of the California Building Loan Association and is quite active along these lines.

Be sure to look me up when any of you Telluride men come to Southern California as I enjoy the visits which the fellows make from time to time.

Los Angeles, Cal. December 17, 1923.

Very sincerely yours,

A.A. Anderson.

LeRoy Fournier.

My dear Prof:

Day before yesterday while enjoying the beautiful summer weather, in the office, it did surely seem like old times when I picked out a letter and recognized the old familiar scribe. As I opened it I almost expected to read, "Paragraph should begin here." "Your meaning in this sentence is not clear," etc., like I used so often to see on my returned themes.

Comme vous dites, many bridges have watched much water pass under since last saw each other, but I regret to say not quite so much water has passed through pipes. When your letter arrived the other evening I had just returned from above the surge tank where the bonfires are burning cheerily while the hope is expressed by each fireman that the next stick will loosen her. Meantime at the station we are running normal speed and voltage except for an hour or so in the evening when the speed drops a couple of cycles. We may be down but never out.

I am certainly glad that some sort of CAPACITY came along offering you the opportunity to drop us a line, otherwise much more water might have passed. You can't say you were the last to write because the last scrap of writing I had from you as I recall was a flattering mark on an examination paper which I acknowledged with a thanks.
You are no doubt familiar with some of my past history; that fact that I was married in France shortly returning to the U.S. Upon arriving here in the fall of 1919 and receiving my discharge from the army I was pleased to accept an invitation to have my name added to the Telluride Power Company’s pay-roll, for duty at Milford. We remained there for nearly a year and then we were moved to Beaver Station. Just previous to our move to Beaver a boy had been added to our family. From the fall of 1920 to date we have been living a peaceful life in the mountains.

Last summer we loaded our family together with Miss Lulu Tolton, into our jitney and took a trip to Hollywood via the Deep Springs Ranch. At Deep Springs we had the pleasure of a nice visit with Mrs. Woodhouse, 'Ossy' Osgerby who was at that time running the ranch and Spotty who was busy doing some interior decorating. With the exception of Vern Valentine these are the only two boys of the old crowd I have had the pleasure of seeing for some time. Our geographical situation is such that the boys all give us the go by on their trans-continental trips. We still have to move over the border and catch them when they come over fifteen beer.

From Deep Springs we proceeded to Hollywood where we spent an enjoyable two weeks with relatives and friends. While we had the pleasure of accepting a dinner and theatre engagement with Mr. and Mrs. Noon and Mrs. Briscoe.

I thank you for your letter of, and hope there might be something in my answer that you can use. Mrs. Fournier and the boy join me in wishing all of you a Very Merry Christmas. I often think of our first Christmas at Beaver Station.

Beaver, Utah,
December 18, 1923.

Sincerely,

LeRoy Fournier.

- E. P. Bacon -

Friend Jones:

Your recent letter asking for news for the Telluride
News Letter came while I was in Colorado, and I judge that since you wanted an immediate reply, it is now too late for an item for your next publication. There really isn’t much to report here except that we have completed early this fall a new, thoroughly modern, steam-turbine generating plant with a location near enough to the river so that we are going to have an ample supply of condenser water. This one unit which has been installed is of thirty-one hundred twenty-five kw capacity, and is equal in capacity to the other two generating stations combined. Our load is increasing rapidly, and while we now have considerable spare generating capacity, if the town continues to grow for the next year and one-half as it has during 1923, we will undoubtedly be confronted with the necessity of installing a second unit at the new location. It is intended to take care of all the future growth in plant capacity at the new site where we have sufficient ground for a four unit plant.

I had a very enjoyable, though, brief visit with a number of the Telluride fellows at the Provo Convention last June. It was my first attendance for a number of years and I thoroughly enjoyed the association with Telluride members who were present.

I hope that matters are going along satisfactorily with you and that I will be able to personally renew my acquaintance with you again at some future time.

Sincerely and with kindest personal regards,

Natrona Power Co.,
Casper, Wyo.,
Dec. 28, 1923.

E. P. Bacon.

** CORRESPONDENCE **

Editor, News Letter,

Among other remarkable things about Telluride members resident at Ithaca is the fact that after becoming members of the Branch here they cease to be potential contributors to our mutual mouth-piece. Some consider that the heart of the active Association functions at Ithaca, and being there they know the major part of what goes on in
the Association. Others, mistakenly and obviously aware of it, shamelessly offer as their excuse the traditional stall of being busy. The balance, a large majority, have nothing to say, and say it very well. The above official growl does not apply to the already over-burdened staff members. My time, for example, is heavily taxed with the job of reading over and carefully selecting the worthiest of the hundreds of letters that are sent in for publication, with selecting heads and arranging the news items in the columns of our paper, and with turning the old mimeograph crank (primarily this last) with the result that little time remains for the writing of a personal message.

Nor are we altogether contented with the way the other members of our organization heap glory on their heads and ours by their correspondence. We miss the carefully worded and well constructed essays on the moral order of the universe by our Deep Springs brethren. Further, we feel slighted that we have not been favored with some of the intellectual genius of our brothers at Yale. We even think that the Dean and others of our older members might drop us a line of fatherly advice and encouragement.

You may be interested to hear that "Harve" Gerry and "Shorty" Irvine are still in the Association, are prominent and active members of our branch here, and we may even expect to hear from them on these pages some day. "The two Dann boys" were outclassed in the competition for assoc-ed, and are now sitting around getting fat, but they too may hear the old call and come through with something. Simmons is devoting all of his time to his studies.

Can't some of you alumni send a birth announcement or some new address? We still have students outside of Cornell, haven't we? at Harvard or California?

Charles Schaaff.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Please do not request explanations! Be assured I am still with the bunch, body and mind, and spirit, and will be glad when I may be able, and have the opportunity, to be of some real service in the cause.
Self: Am at present in the employ of the Southwestern Engineering Co., at Culver City, California. General offices, however, are Room 1231 Hollingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles; so send it to this latter address until I say when. If this connection lasts as quickly as the others you'll have the good fortune to hear from me again, advising of change of address. If any of the "old guards" are interested in gasoline absorption plant equipment, steam plant condensers or flotation machines please let me know and thereby assist me in prolonging my stay at this address.

Be assured, Mr. Editor, the News Letter is valued and appreciated more than I can express,—as is also your fine generosity in sending it to one as delinquent as I have been. It is not my intention to flatter nor to unduly compliment the members on their work, but from the point of view of one like myself, remote from and inactive in Association affairs (though not from choice) it seems that the progress being made in the solution of the marvelous problem outlined in the preamble to our constitution, is indeed commendable.

Ben Armstrong.

(From the News Letter's special Correspondent in Italy)

Dear Mr. Editor:

Your invaluable publication, dated November 20, 1923, just arrived, and has been eagerly read from cover to cover, without interruption. While the spirit moves me, I am going to obey the impulse, and at least begin a letter to you. But first, let me say that I was greatly disappointed at not seeing my name mentioned among those of the staff, as I understood that I had been appointed by you as Roman correspondent. As Earle Wight would say, it would "add prestige to the dump" to have that on the front page! But just to show that I bear no malice, I am going to answer your plea for news. I don't expect the Chancellor will be along this way!

The best thing I can do, I guess, is to go back to the time I left you, and take up the thread of events.
I sailed from New York on the afternoon of October 30th, on the Leviathan— and before midnight of the twenty-sixth, at which time we landed at Cherbourg, I was certainly glad that I was on the largest boat afloat. However, I was not seasick at all, and was able not only to put away three good meals a day, but to keep them! The French customs officials liked my looks, I guess, for they passed me without a murmur, and in a few minutes I had my first experience in climbing into a European style train.

We left Cherbourg for Paris about two in the morning, and slept until about seven. I woke up in Caen, and from that time on, I did not care to sleep, as we were passing through the most charming country I have ever seen, and that on a beautiful fall morning, just after a shower. We arrived in Paris about eleven, and spent the rest of the day sleeping and doing a few necessary errands. In the evening, we walked up the Boulevard des Capuchines and des Italiens, and it was great, to say the least. On Sunday, we rushed madly from one church to another, it seemed: the Madeleine in the morning, and Notre Dame and St. Sulpice in the afternoon. In the evening, I called on some friends of my father, and you should have heard me talk French! Monday we did Sacre-Coeur and the Montmartre district, and early Tuesday morning we were off for Lausanne.

We arrived in the city of parleys late in the afternoon, but only after seeing enough of it to want to go back again. Switzerland was glorious, and we spent the day rushing from one side of the train to the other, exclaiming rapturously, meanwhile. We passed through the Simplon about three in the afternoon, and emerged in Italia. We skirted the shores of Lake Maggiore at sunset, and I think Maxfield Parrish must have been inspired there. We did not stop in Milano, as we first intended, but went right on to Rome that night. And what a night—in a second class compartment with the champion garlic eaters of the world, who are all averse to open windows!

About nine o'clock next morning—November 1st— as I was looking out on a rather bleak but sunny landscape, between two hills, I saw what has thrilled the soul of thousands for centuries—far on the horizon floated the dome of St. Peter's! A short time later we were in the Eternal City, being looked over by some fresh Fascisti soldiers. We finally got through to a cab, and in a
few minutes more we found ourselves at the doors of Collegio Americano del Nord. We surely must have been a great looking quartet— we gathered on the boat— for we were without lavatory facilities on the train, and were in need of shaves, shines, and other things of the kind. However, they gave us the day to sleep and fix up.

After a couple of days of sightseeing and shopping, classes at the university began, and I received my first object lesson in what a great turmoil the Lord made when he confused the tongues of men at the tower of Babel. In one of my classes, the professor in straightening out his list of names, asked for nationalities, and there were students present from Austria, China, Malabar, Japan, Armenia, Greece, Ucrania, Russia, Poland, Denmark, Roumania, Jugoslavia, Ireland, Scotland and the United States. It is a motley crew, and the uniforms of the different colleges makes a colorful picture. The necessity of a common medium of speech is at once evident, and this is the problem solved by the use of Latin, and it is in this language that the lectures are given or recitations are made. Indeed, it is used by many of the older students as a medium of ordinary conversation. Needless to say, I have not progressed that far as yet, but I am beginning to realize that my professors are speaking words! Some of them talk Latin faster than I can talk English.

As for work, there is plenty of it. In the first place, there are the two major courses in Moral and Dogmatic theology. Then there is history, archeology, liturgy, missionology, and Hebrew. Here at the houses we have classes in Italian. Our teacher is an Italian who speaks no English— or at least refuses to do so. With this program you can imagine that I am kept out of mischief. It is especially thrilling to study Hebrew from a Latin text book, but there is this satisfaction in it, that when I again visit Ithaca, I shall be able to get along on the hill much better than ever before.

However, all our time here is not spent over books. We have an hour's walk every afternoon, and two long walks on Thursdays and one on Sundays, and I have already seen more of Rome than most of the madly-rushing tourists ever see. Every day on the way to and from classes, I pass the Trevi Fountain. I live in what was
formerly the palace of the Ursinae, and our neighbor
is none other than the King of Italy, for the Quirinale
Palace is in the next block. It will not be necessary to
describe all the things I have seen, for Rome is full of
wonders, and all the guide books, story books and travel
books do much better than I could do. St. Peter's is,
of course, the crowning glory of all, and appeals to me as
being the greatest piece of man's handiwork in the world.
Last week I climbed to the very top, and nine of us were
in the ball beneath the cross on the top of the dome, and
there was room for several more. It is useless to try to
say anything about St. Peter's, except that it is worth
a trip from Hongkong to see. Of course, I have "done" the
Lateran, St. Paul's Without- the- Walls, the Catacombs,
the Forum, and have made a start on the galleries. Oh
yes, and I have seen Rome from the Pincio at sunset-- all
these things entirely approved and called for in the guide-
books.

There are one or two things, though, which are more
unusual, that have come my way. The 8th of December
was a red letter day. We were all up before daylight,
shaving, polishing shoes, brushing clothes, and getting
dressed up in general. While the last stars were still
shining, we were off to the Vatican to attend the Pope's
private Mass. It was something to anticipate as we made
our way through narrow streets, along the bank of the
Tiber, past the Castle of St. Angelo, across the glorious
Piazza of St. Peter's, and into the shadows of the great
colonade itself.

One of the great bronze doors of the Vatican swung
open as we came along, and Swiss guards in their pictur-
esque uniforms, designed by Michaelangelo, directed us
to a stairway. We climbed and climbed, and finally came
cut into a great open court. More Swiss directed us across
this and up more stairs, until we emerged into a great
hall resplendent in marble and frescoes. After a short
rest, a door at the end of this hall was opened by a ser-
vant of the Papal household, in a purple uniform, and he
ushered us into a smaller chamber, in which the King and
Queen of Spain had been received but a few days before.

It was a beautiful room. The walls were covered
with dark red brocaded silk, and the great windows were
hung with the same sort of material. Besides, there were
great paintings, and the border above the moulding was
made up of grand old frescoes. The ceiling was a glory of carved and decorated wood. Where the Papal throne had stood on the day of the reception of the Spanish royalty, there was a beautiful altar, all prepared for use. Seats had been placed for us, and we had a little time to observe our surroundings and cool off after our long climb. It was very quiet, and through the open windows we could hear the sounds of the awakening city. Church bells were ringing from every quarter, for it was a great holiday—the feast of the Immaculate Conception. As we had hurried along that morning, we had noticed sextons out in the dim light, decorating the porticoes of their churches.

At last a great door toward the end of the hall opened, and an attendant held it back as several monsignori entered. They, in turn, stood back expectant, and by that time, we were all kneeling. In a moment more, the Holy Father followed, a quiet sturdily built man, dressed in the garb of his office, a white cassock with a red pluch cape over his shoulders. It took several minutes to realize the significance of that figure before us: Pius XI, two hundred and sixtieth successor of St. Peter, Vicar of Christ, "Servus Servorum Dei." Well, there was much to think about as this inheritor of the ages prepared to say Mass. As he began, we heard for the first time, his voice. It was higher in pitch than one would expect from a man of his build, but Italians seldom have deep voices. He gave one the impression that he was very tired, and it is no wonder, for it is said that he never retires before midnight, and rises at seven every morning. He works constantly, even to the extent of having mail read to him while he eats. His face shows age, too, in comparison with pictures of him when first elected.

Another great moment came at the time for receiving Communion. I knelt on one of the prie-dieux placed before the altar, and I must confess that my pulse increased considerably as the Holy Father approached. Before I knew it he was standing before me—there was a flash of blue from the Sapphire in the "Ring of the Fisherman" as it moved to my lips, then I felt the Host placed upon my tongue, and before I realized it, I was making my way back to my place. A short time later, it was all over, and as the door closed behind His Holiness, I think everyone in the room sighed and relaxed simultaneously. It was all
quite intense, although we didn't realize it fully until the event was a memory.

That evening I had another "experience". I was on for ceremonies at the great Church of Sancti Apostoli, with Cardinal Merry del Val officiating. I shall never forget it. There was an enormous crowd in the church, the sanctuary was a blaze of lights from hundreds of candles, there was a splendid choir of men and boys— it was all beyond the imagination of an American who has never witnessed such an event. The Cardinal is a very charming man, and despite his Spanish name and origin, speaks English perfectly. His mother was English, and he was educated in England.

Well, Mr. Editor, here is some of the "dope" from Rome, and of course, you may use the editorial privilege, and take what you want and return the rest of the MS. There is much more that I could give you, but will save it for another time. I have had two calls from Scotty. We had a visit during the first one, and recounted our European expeditions to one another, but when he called the second time I was at the Vatican, to see the Pope. I hope the porter told him that as it sounds great and most impressive, n'est-ce-pas? It was the morning of the recent conclave, and I was given a pass to the Sala Regia. It was a great sight. I don't know how I shall be able to get along when I go back to the states, for I am becoming so accustomed to royalty and eminences that nothing short of a cardinal arouses my interest now!

Judging from reports, there will be quite a migration of Telluriders to Europe next summer, and I am hoping that I shall see them, so keep me posted. One can get around quite cheaply now, and it is a great opportunity to travel. If one is willing to make a little sacrifice of personal comfort and luxury, he can do an unbelievable amount on a modest purse. To my way of thinking, one is amply repaid for any sacrifice he makes.

Best regards to everybody from the Roman correspondent.

John E. Meehan.

- 17 -
Dear Mr. Editor:

This is the epistle that, by all the laws of God and man, should have been written two months ago. But I have the best excuses in the world to offer: pure laziness and undetected, and procrastination.

Unfortunately, there has not as yet been any symposiums in the name of Telluride on the part of our four former Deep Springs men now here at Yale. We always vow whenever any of us of chance to meet that we shall surely have a Telluride dinner at once, but it never seems to take on definite form. But perhaps you would be interested in some of our goings-on, anyway.

Of course, we all do the required amount of studying; some of us do even more. The extra-curricular activity that we all seem to gravitate to eventually is public speaking, that is to say, debating. Simon Whitney, Livernois, and Hayes have, each and everyone, covered themselves with glory in this field already. I, alas, haven't even entered the field. I find that two and a half years of consistent speaking at Deep Springs did not abate a whit that horrible yawningly empty feeling in the stomach and that general state of abject and excruciating terror that precedes a speech. But at the present time, both Davenport and I are preparing to enter the lists for the Sophomore speaking prize. The competition takes place in about three weeks. John has given for publication these words: "I consider the prize already won. I cannot fail to win." I, too, after considering the question from all possible angles, must admit to a calm, but firm, confidence in myself. "I expect to win", as Carpentier and Firpo both said before stepping into the ring with Mr. Dempsey. Of Henry Hayes's debating activities, you already know, he having debated for Yale against Cornell. I haven't seen him in weeks and weeks.

From Deep Springs to Yale there exists a distance of three thousand miles. The distance between them is as nothing compared with their differences. And I exaggerate none at all when I say that the process of a Deep Springs man becoming a Yale man is one of many complications and disillusiones. Generally speaking one
comes out of Deep Springs with ideals that are undeniably lofty in comparison with those of others of our age. The Deep Springs man has, or ought to have, his own ideas about reforming the world and making it a more desirable place to live in. The ideas he has seem good and reasonable and hence ought to be taken kindly to by people in general. They are not. Our ideas are stigmatised as "radical", and one might as well be a leper as a radical here at dear old Yale. And so we of Deep Springs most decidedly do not fit at the outset. We stick pretty much to our books, meeting very few people. This, of course, is ridiculous. One could take a course at a correspondence school with about as much profit. Knowing nobody, the last resort is to "go out for something." Going out for athletics or heeling the various campus publications are, in themselves, ashes and dust; but, under the circumstances, it is necessary to waste time and be bored a bit. We meet all sorts and conditions of men, some with the mentalities and tastes of dogs and some very worth while people. We get viewpoints that we did not get at Deep Springs; and some of the inevitable self-estimate and cocksureness that we most assuredly have is ceremoniously lopped off in large chunks. Things that we deemed simple take on bewilderingly complicated aspects. We change and modify some of our ideas. But Deep Springs never leaves us however much the changes and modifications are. We are not Yale men, we are Deep Springs men attending Yale University.

Sincerely yours,
Robert P. Joyce.

--- Backwash from Paris ---

I met Elmer Johnson in Paris on what proved to be the glass anniversary of the famous hour when Dean Thornhill piloted Scott and Irvine through the Anheuser-Busch plant at St. Louis. I had a three days' feast of wisdom and amusement with Bill Whitney. Before I left I found the wake of Irvin Scott. That is one of the advantages of living in Paris rather than Oboe Bend, Indiana. If you wait long enough, your friends will all come to see you.

What one should get out of living in Europe, I think,
is an appreciation of the differences, a widened tolerance for differences. I give you some stories that seem to a certain extent typical.

The advent of my typewriter made a great stir in Moret, an hour and a half from Paris. Madame brought in two cronies to see the marvel. The air was thick with, "And to think we should see this in our time." For long they watched me working, and then one asked if you have to know your letters to write on the machine. On my answer she complimented me on having stuck it out at school until I learned them. She said she had had a son who had known them too. But he was killed—-

A canal boat came up the river pulled by a woman instead of the usual two mules. She had a broad strap around her shoulders and wheeled a baby-carriage before her. A man on the bow of the boat pushed at the shore now and then with a pole. I think the woman was with child as well, but I could not be sure—

I was dining with a charming girl of nineteen in Paris. Suddenly she looked puzzled and asked,

"Then in America does a man sometimes get married without ever having been with a woman?"

"Often," said I with solemnity.

"And the woman has never been with a man?"

"Generally not," I affirmed.

She stopped her next question with a little laugh and sat biting her under lip, conjuring possibilities.

La Voila la France— they are an expressive people. They express themselves in all ways, they advertise their personal vices as we advertise our political, without the slightest thought of putting an end to them. They do not grind their teeth to stop doing what they want to do. Personally I have Puritan ancestors. I suppose I shall still have them at fifty. Perhaps I shall have no teeth.

Yet I am afraid they have culture, these terrible French. There is something homogenous about their life,
they lack the stark self-consciousness that is our curse. A well-dressed lady in the train takes a crumpled paper from her bag and finally unwraps two old pieces of bread. She carefully puts one back and starts to eat the other. The small boys at her side does not look ashamed as I watch her.

In the same train is a man from New York who rides second class on a third class ticket—

Bob Washburn.

Dear Editor:

On September 16, at the Cobblestone Church in Cortland, New York, I was ordained a full fledged Universalist minister. I can't say that I feel any different now than I did before. To those who believe that the minister is the arbiter between God and man, my ordination must seem a joke. I confess that if I looked at it that way, I'd think it a joke myself. But I have repeatedly said from the pulpit where I preach each Sunday, and hasten to repeat it here, that I am no closer to God than anyone else, and that the only thing I may do, is, by dint of possibly more thought and time spent in considering problems of religion, not theology, (about which I know nothing, and am inclined to think I don't care if I ever know very much) I may be able to help them over places of doubt and misgiving.

I have solemnized one marriage since my ordination and since I began preaching at McLean a year and a half ago have served as the pastor at six funerals.

It might be of interest to know just what my reaction to funerals has been. I always thought that the one thing I couldn't do was to take a funeral. And yet now that I have done it, one of the strongest holds the ministry has on me is the help and comfort which I can see comes to the people who have lost someone dear to them when something is said that makes them appreciate that the loss is not a total one. I have seen their expression change from one of utter grief to one of a kind of bitter sweet content, that after
all at least everything was right with the person who had gone before.

As I write this I sit there and smile at the remarks that will be made as this is read. From Eddie Meehan and Irvin Scott in Italy to William Howard Maguire in Washington (or is it Oregon) the cry will go up, "P. Lemon a preacher!" And again I hasten to state that it is only in the Universalist Denomination and that's not much of any religion after all,— excepting a religion that lets one have a religion and not have his reason perpetually at odds with his faith.

Dr. Frederick Betts, and Dr. C Delbert Walker of the denomination officiated at the ordination. My four years old daughter was there, and as she has heard me preach before, all went well until we came to the part of the ceremony where I knelt beside the pulpit, when she stood up quickly and whispered to her mother in a loud stage whisper "Let's go home."

P. L. Clark.

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Dear Editor.

Here it is the last of January and I have just pried open the November issue of the News Letter. When once I got inside the wrapper I went right through the rest of the issue without effort.

In the list of guests which have been at the house during the past fall, I was much interested. Among the names mentioned are those of Prof. and Mrs. Burdick, and Prof. and Mrs. Thilly. These names are familiar to even new-comers to Columbia while the persons are well known to the old inhabitants such as my wife.

Early last fall a good friend of mine took up his residence in Ithaca. If you have not already met him I am sure you would enjoy such an occasion. He is C. Wilson Smith and his official title, I believe,
Secretary to the Dean of the College of Arts. I trust you will make his acquaintance.

Sincerely,

Patterson Bain, Jr.

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- CORNELL BRANCH -

George Lincoln Burr '81, Emeritus professor of medieval history, was elected faculty representative to the Board of Trustees at a meeting of the University Faculty. He replaced Emeritus professor E. L. Nichols of the Physics department whose term of office expired January 1, 1934. Professor Burr will serve as a member of the Board until January, 1937.

. . . . .

Kenneth Robinson burst into debate circles as a full-fledged Cornell debater when on December 8 he acted as leader de facto of the team which journeyed to Hanover to meet Dartmouth. The question used was: "Resolved: That the best interests of New England will be served by a unified ownership and operation of its railroads." Cornell upheld the negative in Ithaca. Unfortunately for the success of the team a feud in the debate squad prevented its organization until a week before the contest and the team found it impossible to learn much about New England railroads in that short time. Probably for that reason Cornell brought home the short end of a 5 to 4 decision. However, the Duke must have done his best for of him the Dartmouth paper says: "The work of Robinson of Cornell was probably the most effective of the evening. He appeared distinctly at his ease and did especially good rebuttive work." Abe Ashley held the job of much work and little glory—that of alternate. Although he did not make the trip he bids fair to blossom forth before many moons as a grown up member.

On the team which came from New Haven to uphold the honor of Yale against Cornell, debating on the same subject, was Henry Hayes, '27. Although Cornell was given
the decision, we congratulate Henry on his work.

"An affirmative debate team composed of A. J. Keefe of Cornell and H. M. Gould of Washington and Lee successfully upheld the proposition, "Resolved, That the United States should reenact the present immigration laws," on the nineteenth of December. The negative team comprised F.A. Glickstein of Washington and Lee and A. B. Simmons of Cornell (and Telluride). The decision, as made by the audience, resulted in a 38 to 30 votes. Following the contest the Debate Council entertained the teams in the Coffee House."—from the Cornell Daily Sun.

The Williams debaters on a decision of 5 to 4 defeated the Cornell team on Jan. 20, on the question: "Resolved that the United States should become a member of the existing Permanent court of International Justice, subject only to such reservations assare necessary by the Constitution of the United States. Association member J.H. J.H. Steward with J.W. Braun of Cornell upheld the affirmative.

A member of Cornell Branch recently received a letter with the return address in the corner: "Cumberland Nurseries, Winchester, Tennessee." The Editor smelled a good write-up in the offering, and detailed the staff sleuth to spring the sensation. We were much chagrined, and a little relieved, to find that Jimmy Holmes had been corresponding with a southern firm in regard to peach-trees, in which he is specializing.

Jimmy has just finished his semester of special study on peach-culture, and has departed for North Carolina where he expects to find the trees gay and pink and fragrant, and will continue his work there from the practical point of view.
Telluride Association,

Gentlemen:

Your committee appointed at the 1923 Convention to draw up and publish six months prior to the 1924 Convention amendments to Section 1, Article IV of the By-laws, submits the following:

1. At each annual convention the members shall make an appropriation sufficient to defray the reasonable and adequate travelling expense of all members attending the convention. In addition to the travelling expenses, each convention shall appropriate an amount sufficient to defray the moderate living expenses of the members while in attendance.

2. At each annual convention the members shall make an appropriation sufficient to defray 75% of the travelling expenses of each member in attendance. In addition to the travelling expenses each convention shall appropriate an amount sufficient to defray the moderate living expenses of the members while in attendance.

3. At each annual convention the members shall make an appropriation sufficient to defray one-half of the travelling expenses of each member in attendance. In addition to the travelling expenses each convention shall appropriate an amount sufficient to defray the moderate living expenses of the members while in attendance.

4. At each annual convention the members shall make an appropriation sufficient to defray two-thirds of the travelling expenses of each member in attendance. In addition to the travelling expenses each convention shall appropriate an amount sufficient to defray the moderate living expenses of the members while in attendance.

5. At each annual convention the members shall make an appropriation sufficient to defray 60% of the travelling expenses of each member in attendance, the amount to be increased to include a payment of 80% or 100% to each attending member according as he represents one or two absent members. In addition to the travelling expenses each convention shall appropriate an amount sufficient to
defray the moderate living expenses of the members while in attendance.

6. At each annual convention the members shall make an appropriation sufficient to defray 70% of the travelling expenses of each member in attendance, the amount to be increased to cover an apportionment of 75%, 80%, or 85% for each attending member, depending on whether one-third, two-thirds, or all of the absent members are represented by proxy. In addition to the travelling expenses of each member each convention shall appropriate an amount sufficient to defray the moderate living expenses of the members while in attendance.

Committee.

This report has been mailed to the members of the Association, and is published specially for the information of the Alumni, in order that they may send in to the 1924 Convention (Which convenes at Ithaca, N.Y., on the 16 June) their comments upon the various plans. The Newsletter will welcome any discussion of this matter.

The following is an article clipped from the Mercury, published by the Los Angeles Athletic Club. A good photo of Andy, which we regret we cannot publish, accompanied the article:

"Member Joins Benedict Forces."

"A. A. Anderson, secretary of the Los Angeles Chapter, American Association of Engineers, and well-known member of the L. A. A. C., has resigned his position with the California Railroad Commission, to be associated with Mr. H. Stanley Benedict, until recently a Railroad Commissioner, formerly United States Congressman, and now an active member of the California Building and Loan Association and the Capitol Finance Corporation of California, with offices in the Pacific Finance Building.

Mr. Anderson leaves the commission after seven years of public service, having been permanently transferred to Los Angeles over two years ago to handle transportation..."
matters. He has had an active part in several important investigations which have been made by the engineering department of the commission, such as the Los Angeles Union Passenger Terminal and Grade Crossing Investigation, Pacific Electric Railway and Los Angeles Railway Service Investigations and appraisals. His report on the cost of motor transportation was the first of its kind, and was based on data secured from foreign countries, as well as the United States.

Before going with the Railroad Commission, Mr. Anderson spent four years in the Imperial Valley and was the first Chief Engineer of the Imperial Irrigation District. He made the original All American Canal Investigation and was nicknamed "All American Anderson."

After graduation from the University of Utah, Mr. Anderson took up graduate work at Cornell University, after which he spent a year and a half in Utah and Idaho on the construction of an hydro-electric plant and 40 miles of high tension power line, as well as the electrical operation of the Utah Copper Company's mill at Garfield, Utah, before coming to California.

He will continue as Secretary of the Los Angeles Chapter, American Association of Engineers."

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The Secretary of the Association, Bert Boshard, has notified the News Letter that James K. Harsch, a constitutional member-elect, has signed the declaration of trust, and is now a member of the Association.

Harsch, the son of J. R., known to all the older Association men, resides at Toledo, Ohio.

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A program of the Cleveland Cornell Club for a luncheon at the Hotel Statler, 20 December, has been forwarded to the Editor by Clayton Grandy. A condensed version of Uncle Tom's Cabin was given, in which Mac Parker played the role of Eliza, the part which the really
great interpretative artists love to take. We understand that Mac wrung tears from the blaze audience as he stood on a bobbling cake of ice with his chee-ild pressed to his heart, while the blood-hounds slavered eagerly in anticipation of juicy bites.

Under the date of 29 January, Mr. W.L. Biersach writes from Hollywood of a general conference having to do with the commercial and other interests of the "Telluride" bunch, and adds:

"Mr. Bacon (and wife and daughter), Mr. Waters, Mr. Waldo, Mr. Boshard, Mr. P.H. Munn (and family) all have been here. Boshard got away for Provo on Sunday night, going via San Francisco. Waldo left for Deep Springs last night. Waters and Bacon will probably clear out by the end of this week, the former going to Utah, and the latter to New Mexico before returning to Wyoming."

Dear Editor:

Will you please announce in the News Letter that the Secretary has received a signed copy of the Constitution from Robert C. Washburn and that he is now a member of Telluride Association. His address is 1615 Benson St., Bronx, New York City, N.Y.

Sincerely,

J.A. Boshard.

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-CHANCES OF ADDRESS-

G.D. Oliver, Edgemont Light and Power Company, Edgemont, S.D.

J.C. Squires, Pacific Diesel Engine Co., Oakland, Calif.

-- 28 --
Ben Armstrong, Southern Engineering Co.,
Room 1231 Holingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles.

R.C. Washburn, 34 East 23rd St., New York City.

A.A. Anderson, 1021 Pacific Finance Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

C.C. Grandy, Dunlap-Ward Advertising Co., 1600 Keith Bldg.,
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Cleveland, Ohio.

Prof. Edw. Bennett, University of Wisconsin, Madison, Wisc.

James K. Harsch, % J.W. Harsch, Close Realty Co.,
Cleveland, Ohio.

Where is:

J. D. H. Hoyt?

D.A. Buckler?

G. J. Knight?

E. A. Boyd?

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