TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER

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TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION
at ITHACA, N. Y.
Telluride Newsletter
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-Staff-

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Published monthly by Telluride Association at Ithaca, New York.
A glimpse of the campus.

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EDITORIAL

At last the News Letter has come out again, causing, perhaps, a little surprise among those who had expected never to see it again. Why should it appear so infrequently and spasmodically? The answer is simple. It is published when there is something to be published. The editors have done their best to get this something. Letters have been written to solicit communications which are not forthcoming until the time taken from university work is scarcely warranted. It is mostly the meagre rewards of these efforts that have made it possible to publish the News Letter at all. But it is not the purpose of these remarks to apologize. We have done our best to glean material and when sufficient is on hand we publish it. It is rather our purpose to urge that our potential contributors bestir themselves. It is not easy to have to write personal requests for each article. And we congratulate ourselves when our efforts are fruitful. Last month, for instance, thirteen of such letters resulted in but three contributions. Why should this be necessary? Why cannot the News Letter be more of an organ of give-and-take among Telluriders? With the aims and ambitions that we hold for ourselves there should be endless subjects for remarks. And what of matters that are to come before Convention? We have had a little of this. Let's have more! The News Letter invites discussion of anything that you have on your mind!
My dear Editor:

Your letter almost jolted out of me an immediate reply, but fortunately a Junior's or "sou't's" life is so regulated that nothing can be immediate but an operation. Since Jan. 1st I have been in New York Hospital, alternately swearing and trembling, doing odd dirty jobs which the "House" in his infinite wisdom wants done, and approaching the glorious profession of surgery slowly and groaningly through the examinations of various pathological excreta. The nearest I have yet come to carving and sawing my way upward is to listen to the crunch of the saw and the grunts of the patient as I strive with physical force, moral persuasion, and ether to keep him on the table. This sad state must endure until July 1st when I start riding ambulance then I shall probably be able to run a whole serial for your paper.

I spent an instructive, and in retrospect, an enjoyable four months at Memorial Hospital before coming here. The work was not so hard, or so long drawn out as here, and there was much less chance of developing an inferiority complex. However, in 16 months I shall be "House", and reap the benefits of my present servitude.

I have been very much cut off from the Association since arrival in New York, a fact which I attribute to the inaccessibility of Memorial. New York Hospital is just west of 5th Ave. on 16th St., a very ancient and goodly institution, being founded in 1771, and one which all Association men coming to New York should see. If you'll promise not to shoot the cook I'll even guarantee something to eat—though it may appear to Bernt's charges in the light of a scientific experiment.

Best wished to the boys in the house, I am sincerely,
Feb. 20.

Bonnie Bonnett.

Dear Mr. Editor:

A copy of your Telluride News Letter was handed to me
today by Mrs. Paul Ashworth, and I noticed at the end of it
your request for information as to present address of certain
members, one of which being my son Douglas Buckler, he is
to be found any day at the following address:

Douglas A. Buckler, c/o Hellman Bank, Los Angeles, Ca.

I wish to congratulate you on the January News Letter
it is indeed very interesting, so many of those whose faces
were familiar to me at one time have scattered over the
face of the Earth, one likes to hear as to where they may
be and what doing. Reading your magazine was like receiv-
a bunch of letters from many old friends.

My wish is that your efforts in issuing the News Letter
may always meet with success. I realize that it takes much
thought and work.

With kindest regards to you and all friends,

31 Caithness Apts,                Sincerely yours,
Salt Lake City, Utah,            A.E. Buckler.
Feb. 28, 1924.

Dear Editor:

I am sending you under another cover a little twist
of Tennesse tobacco, or, rather, I am sending it to the
Branch to do with it as they see fit. You who like the
weed, if you feel man enough, might try it in the old hod,
or better still, throw a wad of it into your jaw.

Before I was ten years old, I could cut this stuff
fine and spit her red. The Association reformed me, however,
as I had to cut it out before they would take me in, and I
had my last fling at it while meter reading in Boise. The
temptation to backslide has been great at time since then,
and I have all but succumbed dozens of times, especially
when in the company of a gang of addicts. Nobody knows
better than I what I am missing, but it's a fact I'm better
off without it. That is one of a great number of things
Telluride has done for me.

Just happened to think that it was eight years ago
today that I landed at Ithaca. Gosh! doesn't time fly.
Remember me to the ones I know there. If any of you want any more of this stuff, let me know, and I’ll get it for ’em. My buck uncle grows it.

Haven’t received a copy of the News Letter in three or four months. Also, wasn’t there an Alumni Number gotten out this winter?

February 14, 1924. Best regards,

Jim Draper.

(The tobacco arrived in Ithaca, a great twist resembling a cubist’s conception of the Laocoon group two shoulders down, and it caused quite a stir among the devotees of Nicotine in the House. This tobacco is none of your pale, anaemic weed, toasted and dried, doused with sorghum and champagne, prepared by the secret processes of base, avaricious corporations who have degenerated the taste of man; it grew rank and untrammeled, and the broad leaves which luxuriated wantonly in the Tennessee sunshine were twisted into ropes of fragrant potency. Ralstone Irvine, a doughty pipester as well seasoned as his own brier, had a scared-kitten look in his eye after his first hodful, and Tommy McFadden hastily retired to his room after a short-arm wellop from Lady N., complaining that Telluride House was rolling over like a trick dog. Other less venturesome souls smoked enough to feel useless House members haven’t smoked or chewed much since the first day, and at present we are pressing the tobacco upon unsuspecting enemy faculty guests. Whenever one can smoke a pipeful without perspiration appearing on his upper lip, the Entertainment Committee gives him a piece to take home.

The Editor suggests to Dean Thornhill, if he would do a little proselyting, that Jim Draper would accommodate Deep Springs with a twist which would win every timorous votary of Nicotine back into the Dean’s fold. The general effect upon the smoker is the same as quaffing a saucer of fly-poison instead of a demi-tasse after dinner. — Ed.)
Dear Editor:

Yours received and due note taken. The rigors of an Ithaca winter have nothing on Pinehurst now for pure nastiness. This is the third consecutive day of a sleeting drizzle that half freezes, half melts and adds to the general sloppiness. The elements are apparently campaigning for the community chess game.

The trip south was not without its points of interest. I picked up a couple of stranded mariners for a ride of a hundred miles or more, spent a night in the famous old town of Petersburg, and was only stopped when my jitney developed a severe case of congestion which cost me three days and several dollars at Greensboro. The weather was delightful.

I am unsettled as yet and working temporarily in the orchards near Pinehurst. There are a couple of propositions pending which cannot be decided upon immediately. One of them involved the management of a small orchard near here. How it will turn out I don’t know. At any rate you may address me at Aberdeen.

Yours,

Abiindeen, N.C.
February 19, 1924.

Jim Holmes.

---Edwin Jarrett---

Telluride Association stands for the promotion of the highest well-being of mankind, the establishment in man of the highest ideals of service. At its institutions, it builds up men of strong moral fiber, of lofty aims and determination to follow these aims, to extend its mission in the world.

But at Deep Springs, where Telluride Association finds its best opportunity for the fulfillment of its purpose, where it seeks for the strongest material with which to recruit its ranks, and where there must necessarily be the fullest realization of its great ultimate aim, is seen perhaps the first and strongest evidence of the intrusion of a germ, the most deadly to the success of Telluride Association.

The age we are living in today is one of the highest civilization, one in which man has attained such heights in all fields of endeavor as never before. But with the coming
of many labor-saving devices, swifter means of transportation and a hundred other helps to man, there has also come a fast-increasing number of pleasures and entertainments, delights and luxuries, in short many distractions, attempts to make man's life more easy, more comfortable and more satisfying.

The germ of which I speak is the gradually growing effect of these comforts on man's life. The imminent danger which we must avoid is yielding to this life, too easy, too satisfying, too enervating to allow the continuation of the search for the eternal truth. And as I mentioned above (and I regret that I believe it is but an example) the presence of this germ is now for the first time being strongly felt at Deep Springs. The fine outfitings and the innumerable ways in which our every need is satisfied, which cannot be mentioned in detail, are beginning to have their alluring, easing and softening influence, far from promoting the deepest, most earnest and most concentrated study and the lonely meditation in these desert hills such a vital aid in the upbuilding of a strong and noble character. Before these and many other petty diversions in our life, the grand purpose of the institution is gradually being lost sight of, or nearly so, by us, the students.

This appeal, backed by my sincere conviction, is made to all. The fast-growing number of luxuries and petty diversions in man's life is striving mightily, and shall we say, is partly succeeding, to draw us from the straight and narrow path which directs us to our end in life. Telluride Association and its institutions must beware of this germ within, threatening the closest and most faithful allegiance to its purpose and standards, and in its realization of the danger must remember Kipling's cry:

"Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet
Lest we forget,—lest we forget!!"

The Telluride Association,
Ithaca, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

I am wondering if you would be kind enough to place my name on your Telluride News Letter mailing list. I don't suppose many of you fellows will remember me, but I was with the Nunn organization in Colorado, Idaho, and Utah, from
September 1906 until December 1911, and at present am business manager of the Pocatello Tribune. There are three other former members of the old Telluride organization in Pocatello: namely Don Brown, H. E. Ray and McClellan.

Am enclosing a couple of little verses. "The Luck of Placer Jim" appeared in the Lariat, a new Western Magazine published in Portland, and the poppy day stuff I slipped by our own editor. You may see fit to use of them at some time, or I would be glad to shoot you something original.

Very truly,

P. E. Long.

"The Luck of Placer Jim."

We were mining for gold at Bay Horse Gulch,
Near the foot of Dead Man's Draw;
A motley crew, and carefree too,
We were far from the hand of the law.
We were toiling like slaves from the morning light,
With never a thought of rest;
Our day was done with the setting sun,
And the gold fading out in the West.

Our dreams of wealth often faded away,
With the light of the day growing dim.
Sometimes we were all downhearted and blue,
Excepting one man—Placer Jim;
A black bearded giant, strong hearted and grim,
Who swore as he toiled in the muck,
That he'd strike it right there in the canyon,
Said he "I'll be rich—I'm in luck."

We were lined up one night at the Maverick Bar,
Every man with a foot on the rail,
A red headed gent was holding the floor,
And telling a fearsome tale:
Of a desert trip, when out of grub,
And his canteen dry as a bone;
When from just outside in the street, came the sound
Of a sob and a death like moan.
We shuddered— a stranger staggered in,
In the blaze of the lights it was clear,
(He was haggard and white— half dead from booze)
That the end of his trail was near.
He tottered up to Placer Jim
Holding a gun at his head,
"Pardner jerk the trigger" said he,
"For I haven't the strength" he said.

Half drunk, Jim did as the stranger bid,
The gun roared out in the night;
With a half-choked yell, the stranger fell,
Jim looked and his face went white:
It seemed like a play on a giant stage—
The music still played wailing bars;
The crowd— and a dead man on the floor—
Through the open door— the stars.

* * *

The cabins are empty at Bay Horse Gulch;
Now at night the moon rays dim,
Play on the hillside where we laid
The brother of Placer Jim.
Gone are the bearded, carefree men,
Who laughed at all order and law;
And silence reigns from the head of the creek
To the foot of Dead Man's Draw.

—Peter Edward Long, Pocatello, Idaho.

—"The Aftermath" —

In Flanders fields, where once the cannon's voice
Spoke in dread accents, relentless, stern and bold,
Where clashing steel made only Mars rejoice,
Where stark death reigned, and poison gasses rolled;
In Flanders fields, now all is peace and still;
No more the whine of shell or crash of mine;
The guns are silent on the distant hill;
The price is paid — and crosses stand in line.
Mute evidence of courage. High, sublime.
Each cross above a hero now at rest.
At eve is heard the Angeles' sweet chime,
The day is done, the sun sinks in the west.
In Flander's fields red poppies bloom at morn
Like crimson rain, sprinkled afar and near.
Each poppy signifies a hope new born—
Each cross a vacant place—a mother's tear.

-Peter E. Long, Pocatello, Idaho.

The following is a paragraph from Chancellor Noon to the Editor, under date of 6 Feb., from Hollywood.

"Last week we had a meeting of those connected with the commercial work and the universal opinion seems to be that prospects for next year are favorable. Mrs. Bacon with Louise made the trip here, and spent about two weeks thawing out after a temperature of 34 degrees below zero at Casper."

Editor, Telluride News Letter:

The receipt of the last copy of the News Letter causes me to rush this contribution.

The mimeographing is rotten.

E. D. P.

Dear Editor:

: On Sunday, December 23rd, 1923, John Spring and myself found that we would be able to have two horses the following day and Christmas morning, so we made our plans, got our food ready, hoping to start at five o'clock Monday morning. We rose at five, got our packs ready, and saddled the horses. We left the ranch at seven-thirty, aiming for the lake mountains, some 3500 feet higher than the ranch,
being at an altitude of 9000 feet, about fifteen miles away from the ranch.

At nine-thirty in the morning we were at the potash lake seven miles from the ranch. Here we watered our horses and ourselves for the last time until the following morning, when we should return. We did not worry about the water, however, for there was plenty of snow up on the mountains. We struck right off through the desert again, and skirted the lake, after which we began to climb. We passed through several interesting rock formations. The soil at the ranch is largely of a granite composition, at the lake a sandy loam, and later, just as we began to climb, several square miles of desert, covered with igneous rock, which was probably formed by some volcanic action hundreds of years ago.

We could now see the great height of the mountain we hoped to climb, and the maze of foothills, washes and draws, which greatly hindered our speed and made the journey much more difficult for the horses. It had been our hope to take the horses up as far as we could by noon, make our camp there, climb the mountain in the afternoon, and sleep at the camp at night, starting for home early Christmas morning. As we advanced into the foothills, we lost sight of the main mountain, but just went up and up, knowing that there would be a place where the horses could go no further, and we would have to continue the journey on foot. At one-thirty, with the animals pretty tired, we found an excellent place to camp, just where the scrub pine begins to flourish. In a beautiful little draw, with the snow about six inches deep, we made our camp, because we had been forced to lead our horses up for the last mile, and they were more of a hindrance than a help. We removed the packs from the horses, and gave them half of the hay we had brought with us. They had a good place to lie down, with plenty of snow nearby.

Fifty yards down the canyon, we made our fire, at the base of a large "greasewood" tree. After we had had an excellent meal we took off our heavy coats, and prepared for the real climb. At two fifteen we started up, and climbed for more than an hour before we emerged from the draw and saw the real mountain towering above us; However, we were without the horses, having left them at the camp, and we figured that we would just have time to climb to the top, look around, and make camp again before dark. We looked down, and there lay Deep Springs valley spread out before us, looking just like a huge basin, with a bottom as soft as down, and the shadows of the sun grotesquely growing long, as though anxious to be swallowed up in the great Sierras.
Looking up, we saw this great steep ascent looking
down on us as though to say, "You will never be able to
climb up my back before sundown." And, indeed, it seemed true.
From where we were the mountain stood at no less than a
fifty degree angle, with snow from a foot to eighteen inches
deep on its side, and it was about three quarters of a mile
further to climb. For one in low altitudes, that does not
seem to be so great a task, but when it is remembered that
we were now at an altitude of 8000 feet, one will realize
that slopes are much more frequent and water is much more in
demand than is the case at sea level. Several times we
were sorely tempted to turn back, for lack of time, but we
realized what our feelings would be at having to return to
the ranch and say that we were unable to accomplish our aim
because there was not time enough. Furthermore, we knew
that we could follow our footsteps back to the horses, so
that we could not lose our way. With a clear sky overhead,
we decided that the risk in doing this would not be sufficient
to warrant the undertaking impossible, so we vowed not to
turn back until we had seen that mountain top, from the top.

You may believe that no words were spoken needlessly,
for every bit of wind was needed in the climb. For a time
we were able to advance slowly standing up, but this soon
became impossible, and when we were about a half mile from
the top, we got down on our hands and knees. At every thirty
feet or more it was imperative to stop and eat a few mouthfuls
of snow, because our mouths seemed to be lined with chalk,
for all their dryness. Words cannot describe the feeling of
being absolutely "shot" that accompanies the time when the
foot slips, under such circumstances, and even hobnailed
boots did not take a secure hold every time, for we never knew
what lay under the snow. But—glory be— in just two hours
and three quarters after we had left our camp, we stood at
the top, and, in the name of everything that was ever earned
by dint of much perseverance and long-suffering, we drank
a toast, not with wine, but with water full of potash,
sulphur and evil smells from our canteens.

The view from the top is indescribable. We saw three
valleys—Deep Springs Valley, right in front of us, Eureka
Valley to the east of us, and Owens Valley to the west of us.
Away to the west lay the Sierras, and in back of us there
lay range after range of lower mountains, broken after many
miles, by Death Valley. Here we were just a little closer
to the sky, and, in a sense, close to the Maker of all good
things. The sun was just setting. The whole western horizon
was lit up with a wonderful bank of flaming clouds, and this
color gradually spread over the whole sky. As the sun went
down, the color slowly changed, and then, before our very eyes, was enacted the most marvelous pageant that man has ever seen, or ever will see. The after glow caused the whole horizon, all about us, to be touched with a glorious purple tint, which, as the twilight gathered, slowly melted away, leaving in the air an atmosphere of solemnity, holiness and simplicity.

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We reached the camp in the short time of fifteen minutes from the top of the mountain, and after a bountiful and luxurious supper, we crawled beneath our blankets at eight o’clock.

On Christmas morning we rose at four-thirty, had breakfast, and made ready to turn our steps homeward. At six-thirty we led our horses out of the canyon, and, after taking them to better ground, mounted them. And now, as though our experience of the night before were not sufficient display of man’s puniness in comparison with the unlimited power of the Creator, we were granted the privilege of seeing a sunrise as beautiful in its majesty and grandeur as had been, the sunset of the evening before. One can never appreciate these descriptions, or such a futile attempt at describing such marvels of nature. They must be lived, and thought on, in order to obtain the rich enjoyment and the lesson which they teach.

We reached the ranch at ten o’clock Christmas morning, both of us feeling as though we could not have had a better beginning for a real Christmas, and quite ready for the tremendous dinner that was to come that afternoon. If there be one who thinks that such a trip as this is not worth while, let him take one himself, and he will be convinced.

John B. Spring.

C. W. Beattie.

. . . . . . .

Recently the Editor received the information that the burial place of Stewart Walcott, Association member who was killed at the front in 1917, was to be changed. The Editor wrote Dr. Walcott in regard to the matter, and we are indebted to him for the following letter. All of
Stewart's old friends and associates will be interested in this memorial to his sacrifice:

Dear Mr. Johnson:

Yours of February 12th at hand yesterday. This morning a letter was received from Mr. Lewis D. Crenshaw stating that the site for the memorial cemetery has been finally decided upon. The cemetery is to be located about half way between Paris and Versailles, on a hill top in the forest. A fine road passes near it. It is 14 kilometers from the Arc de Triomphe in Paris. The site was given by the French government, and the members of the Memorial Association state that it fulfills all expectation and is entirely worthy of those whose memory they seek to perpetuate.

Mr. Crenshaw writes that the integrity of the forest will be in large part preserved, the sixty-five tombs being placed among the protecting trees, and a central monument being erected to commemorate the Ideal which inspired the Lafayette pilots.

I am always glad to hear from friends of Stuart, and to know that they still retain a strong interest in him. I should be very glad to stop in Ithaca the first opportunity. As you probably know, I am very much occupied during the winter months, and we spend the summers in geological work in the Canadian Rockies.

With all best regards and remembrances to the Telluride boys at Ithaca.

February 5, 1934.

Sincerely,

Charles Walcott.

My dear Editor:

Replying to your letter of February 12th., your information as to Mr. Gustin's death is correct. He died of tuberculosis of the lungs on January 27th. I understand that the trouble developed only a few months before his death and that he was able to remain at his office until only about two weeks before he passed away. Mr. Gustin left surviving him his wife and two children, a son and a daughter. His
My dear Ed:

This epistle to serve as greetings to you and the bunch as well as to announce the arrival of another prospective Tellurider in the person of Joseph Ross Worn, born at Baltimore, Md., March 6, 1924 weighing eleven pounds even. Great start for another oarsman. Has a chest about the size of a gallon tomato can and has been giving the "long yell" for two weeks. He hasn't decided whether to be a plumber or a slicker yet but I told him there was plenty of time to decide as it will be several months before Davy Hoy will accept his advanced standing.

Mrs. Worn arrived home from the hospital yesterday P.M. and both are doing very well.

Outside of the above I don't have any important news as my life is one of routine and system with an occasional interlude of duck pins or golf. Yes I am at that stage when all I can do is walk and even puff then. My legs are kept in shape by G. A. W. Jr. doing gymnastic stunts on them evenings and Sunday morning when Old Man Sleep is dunning me. He will be four in June.

Well enough now. Give my regards to the gang including "Swede."

3408 Fairview Ave.,
Baltimore, Md.,
March 20, 1924.

Sincerely,

"Butch" Worn.

Of Proxies

Jack Laylin.

Encouraged by the increasing flood of discontent that has arisen against the present method of proxy representation some have urged that the system be abolished altogether. It is easy to agree that as matters stand the system is of doubtful value, that it has put power in the hands of minorities out of all proportion to their numbers, that it has been the cause of unpleasant spirit, and that it has not secured for convention a fair representation of the association as a whole; but, it is hard to agree that abolition is the best remedy. Granted that the patient is sick, it is hard
to concede that death promises the best cure.

If properly applied, the proxy system might serve at least three desirable objects. It could protect the whole membership of the association from the passing of hasty or unheardof measures by especially active or interested minorities; it could be used to stimulate the interest and activity of members no longer connected with any branch work; and the proxy system could insure at each convention a fair representation of the whole membership. In short, it could work, and was meant to work, in a manner exactly opposed to the way in which it has worked.

It has been its connection with the payment of convention expenses that has prevented the proxy system from securing these objects. While there is an incentive for members to assign their proxies on the basis of friendship instead of common opinions about the particular questions at issue, the proxy system can never be relied upon to safeguard against hasty or little noticed action. While there is a condition that encourages the soliciting of proxies, the system can never be of any use in stimulating the interest and activity of graduate members. And while distance to be travelled or financial need determines the distribution of votes, there need be no surprise that there is not proportionate representation. The failure of the proxy system to work as was designed is due to no inherent defect, is the result of no administrative neglect, follows from no individual misuse, but is purely the consequence of the fatal policy that sees a relation between it and the payment of convention expense.

At the last convention someone expressed a fear that without the incentive of financial reward there would not be enough proxies turned in to make a quorum. If there were still one hundred members, with the majority out of touch with the active work, there might still be good grounds for such fear; but there are now only sixty members and an examination of the list of these will show that there are very few that are not active. Half of the men are in school and eligible for preferment. Of the rest there are practically none that have not given proof within the past two years of their continued active interest. Moreover, one of the objects of the proxy system is that it stimulate outside interest. It will do this if allowed to work independently. It throws the responsibility for representation at conventions on the members who are to be represented. Those that are absent from conventions cannot
leave it to those that attend to come to them for proxies. Nor can they, with the increasing number of applicants, expect to remain members long if they do not send in their proxies. If this proxy system should fail to stimulate interest it will not fail to point out to the association where there is no interest. Or assume the worst; if no proxies were returned, still would the arrangement be much worse than the one where every reason for its existence is overthrown by the prop raise to support it?

Of the six amendments published by the committee, five look to the complete separation of the proxy from the payment of convention expenses. Whichever of these is to be preferred before the rest can be decided without any further reference or interference with the system of representing absent members.

* * * * * * *

-CORNELL BRANCH NEWS-

Our debaters seem to be uniformly successful in being defeated this year. Our last one occurred on March 17 when Cornell and Carleton College met for the first time. The debate was one in which there was an exchange of speakers, the decision being 14-7 by the audience in favor of the negativ of the proposition that the U. S. should enter the World Court under the Harding reservations. "Abe" Ashley was one of the affirmative speakers, it being his second debate of the year, the other being with Wesleyan on the opposite side of the same question, in which he was equally successful. The Carleton debate was considered one of the best of the year, in spite of the diminutive audience.

... ... ...

Hod Lamb, while on a business trip to Syracuse, dropped in on us 16 February for a visit. Hod looked prosperous and cheerful, and helped allay the fears of student-lawyers like Gerry, Irvine, and McFadden who were planning to take up a rudimentary course in sewer excavation as a side-line to supplement their law.
The Branch has entertained many distinguished guests during the past few weeks.

President Farrand and Mrs. Farrand were at the house for Sunday dinner to meet Mr. George Macaulay Trevelyan, the English historian and scholar who gave two lectures before the university community. Prof. Notestein was a guest at the same dinner.

Our old Branch friend, Colonel Furlong, was with us two days while lecturing at the university on some of his interesting experiences in South America. Many of the old members of the Branch will remember him as a most engaging gentleman.

Mrs. Margaret Sanger, the pioneer in the birth-control movement in the United States, spoke before an audience of Ithacans in the Unitarian Church. The two days spent in Ithaca gave us opportunity to become acquainted with her. A committee headed by Prof. Wilcox sponsored Mrs. Sanger's appearance in Ithaca.

Rev. and Mrs. Beattie, and Prof. and Mrs. Lyons, parents of Deep Springs men, were Sunday guests of the Branch.

Other guests were: Dean James Parker Hall of the University of Chicago, one of our occasional visitors on his trips to Ithaca; Secretary of the University, Woodford Patterson; Assistant Librarian Willis and Mrs. Willis; Prof. Strunk, Prof. Cooper, and Prof. and Mrs. Sampson; Prof. Maso. Misses Lillian Speakman, Dorothy French, Eleanor Gage, Isabel Kimball, Isabell Stewart, Harriet Barton, and Louise Thomas; Prof. and Mrs. Walter King Stone; Prof. and Mrs. Wm. Hebel; Prof. and Mrs. Louis Fuertes; Mr. Morris Bishop; Prof. Drummond; Drs. A. W. Snedeker and Paul Stager; Prof. and Mrs. Louis Gottschalk, of the University of Louisville; Prof. and Mrs. Prescott; Prof. and Mrs. Guerlac, and many other student and faculty friends.

A number of student societies and groups met at the House during the month.

Chas. Schaaff is one of the sub-chairmen of the Freshman Banquet Committee—name on the stationary and all that sort of thing.
Junior Week -- if we may speek of it with Spring Day -- passed with a little touch of gaiety in the House. House guests were George McCabe of Chicago; Miss McCoy of Omaha; Miss Alice Curley of New Haven; Miss Elizabeth Beebe of New Haven; and Miss Eleanor Gage of Ithaca.

Excavation work has commenced on the new million and a half dollar Union which Willard D. Straight bequeathed to the University. The structure will be immediately south of the Library, opposite Sage Chapel and Barnes Hall; the old Tee Fee Crane house has already been removed and a busy steam-shovel is making a crater on its site. Recent blasting hurled a ten-pound stone thru the plate-glass door in the east end of our 'Dutch', but we have had no casualties to date.

Herbie Reich has signed up with the Western Electric for summer work in their research laboratory.

E. M. Johnson has reserved a berth on the Barengaria which sails for Cherbourg on 25 June. He expects to split the summer between France and Germany.

Halstone Irvine and K.C. Robinson were recently taken as members of the Bock and Bowl, a literary society which devotes more time to literature than it did prior to the 18th Amendment. McFadden and Johnson are also members of the same group.

E. M. Johnson gave a tea on 23 March to about sixty students in his English I sections.

The north wall of the Music Room has just been graced by one of Walter King Stone's canvases; the gift to the House of Tommy McFadden. This representation of the
Nymph Chlorophyll, god of fertility, seated on a knoll amidst sweeping willows, with sunny fields and wooded hills, suggestive of the New England landscape, is considered by many of Mr. Stone's colleagues to be his best painting. The house needs good pictures and every time we get one it puts a Fisher or a Christy girl of the vintage of '06 on the pension list with a permanent home in the attic.

We are in receipt of a full-page advertisement of the Natrona Power Co., in the Casper Daily Tribune of 3 February. The page bears an illustration of the 3125 Kw. generator and steam turbine and the switchboard in the new plant erected in 1923, and deals principally with the development of the Natrona Power Company in the interests of Casper. Whoever in Casper turned out the copy did a good job.

The Glee Club Trip

In outside activities this year, the fellows in the House have largely concentrated their efforts on debating and singing. The debaters have received more than their share of publicity in the News Letter this year, while little has been said of the worth efforts and attainments of the Glee Clubbers. Five members of the Branch made the Glee Club this year. The Dannes of course were members from last year, while Schaaff and Aird tried out in October and made the Club. Colie Steward, no one knows just how, got in some weeks later. Walt Welzi has been a member of the Club for three years, making the sixth Telluride man in the Club. The Dannes and Schaaff are second tenors, while Steward and Aird mumble as bassos profundos. Welzi is a baritone.

Once a year the Glee Club goes on an extended concert tour, usually a circuit through the larger cities of the east. This trip is the big event of the year for the Cornell Musical Clubs. The last term, namely Cornell Musical Club is used advisedly, for the Mandolin Club accompanies the Glee Club on this trip. He is a lucky student who makes the trip. Traveling in two Pullman cars with a baggage car fitted out as a dressing room, with some 60 college fellows, and visiting the main points of interest in the east, is an experience worth having. This year four members of the Branch made the
trip, the Danis, Schaff and Aird. Walt Welti went as the chief soloist of the club. Steward was an alternate, but as no one got sick or died he didn't get to go. The concerts this year were given in the following cities in the order given: Buffalo, Detroit, Chicago, Des Moines, Wichita, Cincinnati and Rochester. Starting from Ithaca the day after Christmas, the Cornell Musical Club's special train started on its ten day tour. In Buffalo the Club was entertained at the New Hotel Statler, where the concert was given that evening. Sid Walcott, Jack Hoyt and their wives appeared on this occasion and gave the boys a warm welcome to their fair city. Traveling by night, as was the regular practice on the trip, the train reached Detroit the next morning. In the afternoon we went out to see Henry Ford's big auto plant, and standing with mouth agape, as did the thousands of other sight-seers, we marvelled at the wonderful organization and system of the plant, and at its magnitude. Following the concert that evening we met Senator Cole and wife at the dance. On the following day we were entertained by the University Club, and at the concert that night met Mr. A. W. Johnson. The Danis also ran into Ray Fruit. The next day we were in Des Moines where we were whisked out to the Wakonda Country Club immediately on our arrival. The Wakonda Club is a beautiful place, nor did our reception by the good farmers detract in any way from our impression of the place. Up to this point we had been pretty much on the go with rehearsals, tea-dances, dinner dances, and concerts but we were to have a little rest for the following day was Sunday. Most of the day was spent on the train, but in the afternoon we arrived in Kansas City, Mo., and remained for dinner. That night we embarked again and proceeded to Wichita.

It seemed that our coming to Wichita was the big social event of the year. The whole town was aroused and the person who did not know that we were in town must have been deaf, dumb, blind, and unconscious. We were scheduled as the third number on their municipal series of entertainments, which included the Ukrainian Chorus and the San Carlos Opera Company. The morning paper came out with a scarlet Cornell banner printed on the front page and appearing as a background to the regular typed columns. Here is the big announcement that stood out in the "Society" section:
"Today's the Day"

"The eventful day has arrived at last girls, so choose one of the names of the members of the Cornell Glee Club below that appeals to you and be on the mezzanine floor of the Lassen Hotel at 2:30 P.M. to see if he comes up to expectation. The tea dansant which was to have been held at Woodbine Lodge will be held at the Country Club with Jameson's Melody Makers playing. The chief of police has reserved the entire block on Market Street from First to Second for the cars of the girls who are attending. This promises to be on of the most enjoyable and unusual parties planned for the Yuletide season."

The Hotel Lassen entertained us royally, putting out special menus for our breakfast and dinner. The girls of the city came after lunch to take us out to the Country Club. Former Governor Allen spoke at the luncheon and fully upheld his reputation as an after dinner speaker. The tea dance was a complete success. That night we sang in the Wichita Forum before an audience of almost five thousand. After the concert we attended the New Year Party at the Hotel Lassen. It was really quite an affair and will surely remained firmly in the memories of all attending. The train that night was held over an hour for our benefit and it was with real appreciation that we bad our hospitable Kansas hosts goodbye.

The next day was spent on the train. We arrived in St. Louis for dinner, but left shortly after. On the following day we made Cincinnatti. The rain made things disagreeable there, but we had a large audience in spite of it. The following day we proceeded to Rochester where we gave our last concert. All our concerts had been spread on the radio. This time, before the evening was over, we got almost 30 telegrams from all parts of the country, as far west as San Francisco, saying that they had heard and enjoyed the concert. On Thursday, the last day, we once again took the train and at noon were in Ithaca. The trip was over but the memories of it will long remain in the minds of those who took it.

... ... ...

One of the requirements for admission into Tau Beta Pi, honorary engineering society, is that each initiate must write a technical paper of from three to four thousand words
in length on a suitable subject pertaining to his line of work. A committee is appointed to read the papers and choose the best one. The committee in consultation with several members of the engineering faculty chose Reich's paper this fall. His subject was "What is Entropy?" In a meeting of the chapter a few days later the three best papers were read and a vote taken by the body. As the chapter is made up of men in all the branches of engineering and the paper was on a subject familiar only to the mechanical engineer, the paper lost by one vote. The more popular paper on "City Planning" won the day. Reich's paper received high praise from the men of science on the hill and his work deserves a great deal of credit.

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Changes of Address:

Douglas A. Buckler, c/o Hellman Bank, Los Angeles.

Jas. S. Holmes, Eagle Springs, North Carolina.

Where is?--

D. H. McCallister.

W. D. McClellan.

J. C. Squires.

J. D. Hoyt.

G. J. Knight.

E. A. Boyd.