TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER
20 May, 1924.
Vol. X. - Staff - No. 5.

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Published monthly by Telluride Association at Ithaca, New York.
We regret to announce that this issue of the News Letter will be the last for the year. With Convention close upon us, there will not be time to accumulate enough material for another issue.

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-EDITORIAL-

There is a rather striking thing about modern education, perhaps about modern society in general. That is this, that so much of what we do is done not for its own sake but for something else in the future. The present becomes almost entirely a period of preparation, and things are deemed to be quite as they should be if it seems that when that time arrives in the future there will be a grand fulfillment. If the future did work out as is supposed, there would be no fault to find with this philosophy. But isn't it a little uncertain? Isn't that something in the future too vague to be the end of all present activity? And isn't the present apt to lose its vitality, in fact become actually erksome, when everything is referred to the future?

It is with just this that the Association is afflicted. Men are selected not for a definite interest in certain pursuits but on good intentions and "possibilities", for the future. They are given as ideal an environment as possible, duly prepared (with emphasis on the fact that it
is preparation) by work which may or may not be to the point— and usually the latter as it works out—and then, highly "prepared," are expected to step into their elected work, which in most cases is not yet elected so that they usually end up in business. If a man professes hard enough his desire "to do good for humanity" (how often have we heard that!), there seems to be little question that all things else will work out.

The point we wish to make is that we get men for our membership who are interested in some particular thing right now,— in science, in politics, in philosophy, in literature, or what not, perhaps life itself in a broader aspect, but men who are deeply interested and who show unmistakable signs of it. It is, of course, inevitable that a great deal must be referred to the future, but things cannot entirely be referred to the future without disastrous effects upon the present work. The man who achieves is interested in his work primarily for its own sake. This has been true of those whom we admire and revere as benefactors of mankind. They have not been that sort of idealist, almost oppressed with his idealism, who says, "Go to now, the world is going to the bad and I must do good for my fellow man," and then casts about for the wherewithal. Their work has been an all consuming passion with them; it has been the most important thing about their lives. And being so, it has taken first place in their activity. They have not been annoyed by all manner of unfruitful distractions, but have been not only willing, but glad to make sacrifices for their work. And all this does not imply "grinds",— quite the contrary!

Is it so much to hope that we might get such men for our organization?— men whom we already know to have something of a vision, and are not merely waiting for it to descend unto them, as one might wait for a butterfly to alight upon his finger. It is true that we get many of our men very young, but there are still a few in this country and it is a sad commentary on our ingenuity to say that we can't find four or five each year. If we do get such members, the ease and convenience which Telluride provides will be an asset. If such are not secured, all our assistance will prove enervating to a disastrous degree. We will continue to cultivate polish and respectability. Our house at Cornell will have a reputation "on the hill" for hospitality,— and other good things. Our members will
go out into the world and be an ornament to "Society." But the life will be gone out of the thing. And far better, we say, than this were the times when men of vision were kindled and lighted by that vision and fought their way through college to realize it, even against all odds. Far better, for instance, such a thing as that club formed of a group of poverty-stricken students called "The Struggle for Existence," where, many years ago at Cornell a number of men fought their way through so that everyone has since gained high and honorable reputation in the country.

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NOTICE OF ANNUAL CONVENTION OF TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION.

Notice is hereby given that the annual Convention of Telluride Association will convene at Telluride House, Ithaca, N.Y., June 16, 1934, at 11:00 A. M., for the purpose of receiving reports of the work of the past year taking such action as may be necessary to provide for the work of the coming year, and transacting such other business as may properly come before the Convention.

Notice has been given of proposed amendments to Section 1, Article IV of the By-laws in accordance with the provisions in Section 2, Article X of the Constitution. Such amendments require the affirmative vote of not less than 85 per cent of all members of the Association and an affirmative vote of 85 per cent of all members present. On the basis of the present membership of 63, no action can be taken on the proposed amendments unless at least 54 members are present at the Convention either in person or by proxy.

Please notify J. A. Boshard, Secretary, Provo, Utah, as early as possible whether or not you will be present. If unable to attend, please sign the enclosed forms of proxy and send it to the Secretary or advise him to what member it has been assigned.

Your attention is specially called to Article III, (Sec. 9), IV and VI (Sec. 4) of the Constitution and Article IV of the By-laws.

Provo, Utah, May 1, 1934. J. A. Boshard, Secretary.
Dear Mr. Editor:

The dogged persistence with which our name appears on the first page of the occasionally recurring issue of the NEWS LETTER, with the ascription "New York Representative", in spite of the almost utter dearth of representation which our pen has provided this year, awakens in us the resurgent hope that we may some day see our name repos- ing gracefully upon an office door as president of some gigantic corporation--- reposing, we says, with great pomp and dignity, while we are out playing golf or having our picture snapped for the Sunday Supplements in the attitude of riding the breakers at Palm Beach. For verily, it seems, this position of correspondent is one from which one may not be fired, no matter how rotten one is. Why, under the same theory, ye students of logic, could we not qualify equally well for the aforementioned presidency? Perhaps, you may say, we have done nothing to deserve it. But what, what in heaven's name, Mr. Editor, have we ever done to deserve this correspondency?

As far as we know, though denying allegiance to any of the superstitious and idolatrous creeds which crowd our so-called civilized world, descriptive of which we read a lengthy article in a recent issue of the NEWS LETTER, and with due allowance for our human frailties, we have tried to lead a natural, godly life. As far as we know, we have not committed arson, pillage, murder, robbery or mayhem. As far as we know, we have not taken pennies from the blind man's hat, or "slapped children or stepped on flowers," leastwise not when we were thoroughly conscious. We have not insisted on anybody listening to our radio and we have tried to be kind to dumb animals. We tip our caddy even though he loses three of our new golf balls and don't swear (audibly) when we miss a two-foot putt. For this righteousness we are knighted, nay, "crowned", New York Representative, and no amount of disregard for the honor and dignity of the office has rid us of it.

Much time having passed since many years ago, permit us to assume the prerogative of people who write books entitled "Now It Can Be Told" long enough to state that This Isn't Like It Used To Be In The Old Days. You and
other cohorts who used to try to keep the voltage at 106 may damn us for disclosing it, but in the era of the most efficient power station operation ever experienced by the power companies (and consumers) of the Rocky Mountain region things were, to say the least, different. It was notorious among us malefactors—and who of us that have survived were not—that the quickest way to be rid of a job which a man didn't like was to bust it. Not, Mr. Editor, in the crude sense of the word. Not, on a hundred point basis, to obtain a rating of zero, or even ten, but, let us say, twenty-five or thirty. One had to be careful not to bust completely out of the canyon and thus dump a promising career into the slime of failure. It required tact, diplomacy, finesse, and if these stirring qualities were exercised it became but a matter of days when the blessed relief of a transfer to a new assignment hove into sight like a full-rigged ship coming to the rescue of a ship-wrecked sailor.

We plan shortly to begin a book on this subject. We already have written the announcement which our publishers will make when it is ready for distribution. "We believe," they will say they believe, "that this information has been withheld from the reading public long enough. We believe they are entitled now to KNOW THE FACTS. Starting as these revelations may seem, they are nevertheless true, and the author is to be commended for the unflinching zeal with which he has set them down in this great book. And it will be noted," they will conclude, "that not so much stress has been placed upon the high plain of efficiency achieved by the operating management of these companies in finding a proper place for every man, as upon the ingenious, resourceful and brilliant maneuvering of the men themselves, who literally forced the management to the results attained, and who, though but pawns in the game, exercised the strategy and dextrous moves of the knight."

One chapter of the book will be devoted, and will be headed, "The Tyranny of Appointments." We have always felt that the appointive system in business or legislative affairs was wrong. There has not been enough latitude in the matter of acceptance or rejection by the appointede. For instance, if the President wishes to appoint a man to tour the world and visit all points of interest selected by the appointee at a salary of fifty thousand per annum, plus expenses, and report his findings to the Foreign
Relations Committee of the Senate, it is wrong of the press
and the public to make this man feel that he MUST accept
the appointment. If a large corporation offers a lawyer
a half million dollar retainer he should not be placed in
the embarrassing position of being told that if he accepted
it he could not be the means of making money for thousands
of stockholders. These men should accept their appoint-
ments only if they actually want them and their freedom
of thought and action, their liberty, Mr. Editor, should
not be shackled by the plaudits of the multitude.

The book will propose a novel method of circumventing
this problem. It will propose that the candidate for
appointment be allowed to accept the emoluments and titles
offered, if he so desires, without doing any of the work.
Thus, for example, under this system the publisher could
not force his editor to adopt his publisher's policy; the
editor could not force his assistant to write editorials
in which they did not believe; in fact, the assistant would
not have to write anything at all, he could let his assist-
ant do it. And in case the stuff was not written the people
responsible would in all cases be permitted to say "We're
sorry."

We wish we were soft-hearted enough to say we are.
New York, April 15, 1934. Correspondently yours,
N. B. DINKEL.

* * * * *

"AT HOME"

If Simon Deege had lived on he would have been on
the staff of the TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER. In journalism
there is little room for sentiment, and even that is not
occupied. Here it is a dull spring day and its rapidly
approaching our birthday, which is pretty discouraging
anyway, and just the same we have to sit down and write
this contribution. Not that we couldn't stall out of it,
but the fatal defect in our character has always been an
inability to tell people that we wouldn't do things.
It sounds so mean and stern to say "No". We always say "Yes"
and when we dont do it the magazine, or the person, or who-
ever it is to whom we have made the promise, feels aggrieved. They overlook the entirely obliging instinct which prompted us in the beginning.

When a man approached the age of twenty-four he is in a position to know that life is relentless and keeps clicking off the years as if they were so many locks in a combination. Time with his sandpapered fingers is working on us. By and by, the last year will click and the door will swing open.

The worst of it is that when we step through that door we will leave behind us emptiness. The hairs can't even figure on the slender royalties accruing from a volume of Collected Letters. We should have attended to that. We don't suppose there would be any sale at all for a book made up of notes reading, "I'm terribly sorry that I will be unable to give my recitation "Spring" on Sunday evening to the Young People's Branch of the Christian Endeavor. Won't you ask me again?"

We hope that our biographer will note that we were always very friendly about things like that and never refused to do these things except at the last minute. But, of course, there wouldn't be any money in a biography either. A couple of years ago we made a good many plans about being famous, but recently we have decided not to. It cuts into your evenings so much.

And as we were saying, here we are twenty-four years old and we haven't fame, or money, or hate, or respect, or anything. About the only thing we can be proud of is the fact that we have smoked only two cigarettes in the last three days. And tomorrow we are going to start dieting. We ought to credit ourselves with that too. There's no point in our joining in with the general indifference about ourselves. But we haven't that fortunate ability which Hamlet possessed of being able to entertain and encourage himself. It must have been easy for Hamlet to tell his friends, "No, I'm not going to the dance tonight. I'm going to stay home." He never ran the risk of being lonely and neglected. He could always turn on a sililoquy and argue and chatter with himself about himself in the most spirited way possible. And most of it's first rate stuff too. He couldn't have heard better conversation anywhere.

Even if there had been a radio outfit and Victrola at Elsinore, Hamlet would have had no use for them. A man
capable of bringing up those interesting topics for his own
consideration could afford to leave the receiver on the hook
through all the bedtime stories.

But leaving Hamlet out of the discussion, we do
hope that somebody comes along with a necktie or some little
knicknack with money in it. We've always said that it isn't
the thought so much as the intrinsic value of the thing
which people appreciate on their birthdays. The neckties we've
given to other people! If laid end to end they would
stretch to the aurora borealis and knock the eye out of it
when they got there.

Now that we have the little Remington all keyed up
to write this article we don't know what to write about.
Perhaps it would be well to say a few words about Ithaca,
which is beginning to rival Dead Springs, Cal. and Manhattan
Transfer, N.J. as the country's leading summer resort.
Being the oldest living undergraduate of Cornell University.--
something of a century plant in this hot-bed of culture--we
should be in some measure qualified to speak on this subject.

When on arrives in Ithaca he almost immediately observes
a strange box-like object suspended from a wire. That is the
street car. The quaintness of the city is impressed on one
from the start. At noon each day the voice of the city,
through its larynx at the chain works, calls raucously,
according to its whim, for an order of weather for the next
24 hours—2 long blasts for fair, 3 for locals showers,
4 for a storm, etc.—and she usually gets what she asks for.
The same voice bellows—warningly at 8 P.M., and the youngsters
terror-stricken, run home to bed. By the time the visitor
has arrived in town—that is, anywhere on the two blocks
between the hotel and hardware store—there is almost sure
to be a fire. Again the voice of the city speaks. It would
almost seem that she is addicted to arson, so joyous is the
sound of the whoop she gives forth, in ascending diapason,
at the first scent of fire. At this signal every man, woman,
and child in the county stops with bated breath ready to
count the number of blasts that follow, indicating the
locality of the conflagration. After a count and a re-count
most everyone goes about his business again. But those who
have counted a number corresponding to or close to their own
alarm district commander all sorts of vehicles and rush to
the scene of the excitement. Ithaca's finest stop the traffic
while the best volunteer fire department in the state appears.
It emerges from the fire-house with merely a driver, but
before it has gone two blocks it has a full crew. White coat
barbers, who have left their customers bedaubed with lather, run out of their shops to join aproned confectioners and shoemakers. If the visitor is venturesome he will jump aboard the truck and take a ride. By the time the fire company arrives the students have already taken charge, but are not doing much about it, with the exception of the lad who is inside playing, "Keep the Home Fires Burning." When the firemen get a few holes chopped in the roof the fire gets burning nicely and everybody has a good time.

In all seriousness, Ithaca and Central New York generally is one of the most delightful spots one could desire. Generally known as the Finger Lakes Region, it is caressed by the hand of the Creator. It is Nature's model studio, where she tries her hand at things on a small scale—hills and valleys, streams and lakes, caverns, gorges, cascades, and falls in endless variety. Then, when she is sure of herself, she reproduces them on a grand scale at Niagara, at Yosemite, or in Yellowstone. What more could one hope for than a sight of her peaceful, quilted hillsides, peopled with plush cows?

Telluride Association will be "at home", June 16-31 at 317 West Ave., Ithaca, N.Y.

T. J. M.

... WELTI ON OUTSIDE ACTIVITIES ...

I should have asked you more definitely what you meant by "an article on outside activities," for after a few minutes thought I find that the subject is almost inexhaustible. There are at least three general heads under which it might be discussed: one from the active student's point of view; another as his more or less envious fellow sees it; and a third from a wholly impartial angle which attempts to balance the values of various "outside activities" with those of a prescribed curriculum.

It just occurs to me that perhaps you had in mind none of these, but rather the activities of an Association member at Cornell but not resident at the House. For the first of these four groups I am scarcely qualified to
speak. Which is not the same as saying that I participate in nothing outside the classroom. Quite the contrary, other obligations have actually deprived me of a lot of study time. About 25 hours a week at remunerative work were necessary last term to keep me in school. Every bit of it was interesting, however. As yet it is refreshing to be able this term to cut it down to something like half that. Aside from such work I am still with the Glee Club, and Savage Club, and occasionally take up an additional engagement, as, for example, going on trips with the University Orchestra, playing in the Elks Minstrels, etc.

This seems to cover the fourth possible interpretation of your request, and to touch the first, to which it might be sufficient to add that the students seem infinitely more enthusiastic about the notoriety of getting into something than over the subsequent honor of staying there. Even the co-eds who suffer from a greater inherent sense of domesticity envy their more athletic sisters who wear the baseball "C". Both male and female letter bearers have already forgotten the days when they thought there was no greater exploit. Once in, they take it as a routine duty to perform their best, and no longer feel the glow of attainment. To me this seems a commendable attitude, whenever of the two ways we take it: either that achievement is a mere step, not a resting place; or that fame itself is a foolish and empty ambition.

From a non-partisan point of view I can only approve heartily of most forms of outside activities, for practically all of them are, in their nature, constructive, either toward physical or mental development. There must be balance between these to produce the greatest good. After a rather strenuous day's study I tried to prepare a half hour talk, and, finding it difficult to make my material mean anything to me, I got up and walked 5 miles. During my absence the case had simplified itself to an amazing degree. A game of tennis has performed the same miracle, and I am sure that football, crew, or any other physical exertion would do likewise if not carried to the point of excess, where mental activity becomes the secondary diversion. Whatever we advocate we do it having in mind a point of equilibrium beyond which indulgence becomes increasingly detrimental; a point which unquestionably varies in individual cases. Just as A's great physical capacity requires
more exercise than B's, so C's greater mental capacity requires more than D's to keep it fit.

But this is only one of the benefits of a particular kind of outside activity. Debating, writing, speaking, etc., tend to fill C's needs, if the debator, writer, or speaker is not compelled thereby to neglect his body. The universal benefit of both forms of recreation is in the association which participation brings. With one's fellow students as well as with Cornellians who are already active in the more serious affairs of the world. Even our tough wrestlers and boxers meet these men socially, and absorb creative ideas from them upon which to build. I find considerable inspiration simply in my correspondence with a number of the men I met as seniors in my freshman year. Some of them are making enviable records in their pursuits; and if they only animate their followers to do likewise, their companionship has meant a good deal, not merely to the profiting individual, but to the community in which he takes up his life's work.

Association concedes to free and mutual exchange of thought, which, I believe, is underestimated in America generally. We would do well to study the practice of our English brethren in this regard. Its adoption would eliminate much nonsense from our fields of recreation; it would equip us to turn out debaters like those who visited us from Oxford; it would instill a common interest among us in all affairs, educational, governmental, social, religious, commercial. This is a present need. As it is, some of us are social reformers, some purely business men, some educators, some politicians, and few of us really know exactly why. This mistaken form of individualism is narrowing, and nothing to boast of. Outside activities at Cornell, I think, tend to stimulate discussion, tend to balance all forms of physical and mental growth, and are therefore to be encouraged. There is room for reform, perhaps in all of them. But any of them, in moderate doses, is constructive.

April 21, 1924.  

Walter Welti.
CLORAFIL.

I have resolved that if ever I find myself dissatisfied with my lot I shall mortgage it for a Castle in Spain, which will have no windows but paintings. Just such a "window" is the canvas by Walter King Stone that is now hanging in the music room at Telluride House. It is obviously a bit of New England landscape -- a group of large, colorful trees in the forground, a high place overlooking a green valley with mountain ridge in the distance. "Uncle Walter" has painted from "a palette of crushed jewels," what he thinks is the best thing he has ever done. He has presented a most adequate study of Mother Nature in her gay autumnal dress. Indeed, I'm inclined to think the portrait flatters her -- for when Dame Nature dresses up, she is too often gaudy and garish. The artist calls the work "Clorafil," the god of abundance -- from the nude male figure in the foreground, done in green. Those who have seen the canvas are somewhat doubtful whether "the little green piper" should be facing us, as he is, or with his back to us sharing the view of that enchanting valley. As it stands "Clorafil" seems to assert the proprietorship of a god by looking square at the spectator from the foreground. Everything about him and behind him is his handiwork, and there he sits nonchalantly piping and asking "what do you think of it?"

Some technical knowledge of art, which the present commentator entirely lacks, is necessary to explain just what Professor Stone has done and how he has done it. This much is apparent -- he has with considerable success resorted to pointillism, the representation of light effects by crowded dots of unmixed pigments of various colors which are blended by the eye. But it is futile and absurd for the layman to prattle about technique. It is enough for him that the result is a thing of beauty. The canvas in question has caused some speculation on the success of introducing allegorical figures into a realistic nature study. The answer necessarily is purely personal. Those who recognize the New England landscape and know that there are no such green gods there, see an incongruity. For myself, I am not so sure about the nonexistence of "Clorafil." After all, it is not the things that we see that count; it is the things we do not see that make the world go 'round.

T. J. McFadden.

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Dear Mr. Editor:

It is highly necessary to have full attendance at Convention this year, as the secretary pointed out in his notification. Questions vital to the further welfare and existence of our Association will come up again for settlement. If the promise held forth at the excellent convention of 1923 is realized we should be able to achieve definite advancement in outlining our policies and in indicating the course of our further development. The question of finance remains definite. On our ability to determine the best way of holding securities, of re-investing funds, and of appropriating income will depend largely the extent and nature of our ultimate progress. On each member, as a trustee and as an individual, on whom depends the service this association is to render to civilization, thus devolves the duty of learning our financial methods and helping in correction of any faults which may exist.

The reports of four committees, those of Association Property, New Members, the Proxy System, and Alumni Relations, will be of outstanding importance at this Convention, and if from an early discussion of them we can derive ideas to guide the later work of the convention we shall have made that much progress.

With best regards to yourself and the boys at Cornell, I remain sincerely,

New York Hospital, Bonnie.
8 West 16th St., New York City.

Dear Editor:

Some time ago I received from Prentice Foster Bacon, constitutional member-elect, a signed copy of the Constitution, so that he has become a member of the Association. His address is 309 East 10th Street, Casper, Wyoming. Will you kindly send Prentice copies of recent News Letters and
place his name on the mailing list?

May 1st notices of the 1924 Convention will be sent out. and in your first News Letter after that date will you please call attention to the fact.

Provo, Utah, April 8, 1924

Sincerely, J. A. Boshard.

Dear Editor:

Your letter April 11th was forwarded on to me here. Am sorry that I cannot help you with a contribution for the next issue of the Telluride News Letter. I left New York late last summer and while I have traveled pretty much over the Inter-Mountain region and the South-West, I have not seen any Telluride men. Expect to spend some time later on this year in Salt Lake and Provo and will look up some of the old bunch and if I pick up any news in the nature of scandal or otherwise, will be pleased to pass it on to you for publication.

In closing, would say that I am always glad to read the News Letter as I usually learn something about some 'old-timer' that I had almost forgotten.

St. Louis, Mo., April 18, 1924.

Very truly yours, C. E. Chaffin.

Dear Editor:

I am not in time for your next issue for which I am sorry. I have been batching it since the first of the year as my wife and babies have been visiting my folks at Salem, Oregon. Mrs. Cone was rather run down in health and the Doctor thought that a change of climate and altitude would do her good. She has been getting along nicely but at the time I received your letter both babies were down with pneumonia and I wasn't in the mood for writing although I wanted to get an answer to you in time for the News Letter. The latest reports from the babies are that they are over the worst and are doing nicely. I will still be anxious until I know they are alright again.
My plans are now to take my vacation about the middle of May and go up and come home with my wife and babies. I will try and get in touch with any of our fellows in Portland at the same time.

I may surprise you yet with an article for the News Letter as there are a few things I want to get off my chest, but just now haven't time to write them. Crichton left here about a month ago to be Distribution Engineer with the Natrona Power Co., at Casper, Wyoming. I think he plans to attend Convention in June.

My regards to the fellows.

Sincerely,
Wm. L. Cone.

Dear Editor:

Can it be as long ago as February that you wrote me? You letter did arouse me to action—three pages of it. But the product was too sober for the News Letter. This letter, too, will be sober—you may not want to use it. I am sorry that I can't write something flippant and therefore fitting.

The thing of most general interest is undoubtedly Mr. Nunn's condition. As you know, his attack of pneumonia over a year ago was almost fatal. He recovered from the disease itself but it left him much weakened. When I saw him after last Convention he was very feeble, and when I reached San Francisco in September to spend the year with him found him not much changed. He was perhaps slightly stronger, though suffering more from his old pulmonary and bronchial troubles and from sleeplessness. The relentless pain in his chest was constantly with him, and violent attacks of coughing were frequent. He was taking almost daily drives of about an hour in his closed Marmom to prevent his becoming entirely confined to his bed. During September and October he continued in much the same condition until the coming of cooler weather, when he lost ground. In early November we moved to Los Angeles. The change of temperature improved him but he soon began to fall back. In December he was severely hit by neuritis
in his neck and loft shoulder, which continued to be very painful for several weeks and put him in the worst condition he had experienced since his pneumonia. The first part of March he began a different treatment of his condition, which seems to have been the cause of the increase in mental depression which he has suffered since. He rarely sees any one for as much as an hour at a time, spends most of his time in bed, eats little and suffers terrifically. He goes out driving almost every day and is strong enough occasionally to go to a barber shop. His mind retains its old acuteness and intensity, though of course it tires very quickly. Even the effort of dictating a letter exhausts him.

There was a general conference of the various interests here in January, which has, I believe, been reported. It was made up of Messrs. P. N. Nunn, Waters, Biersach, Bacon, Waldo, Noon, and Boshard. Telluride Power Company and Natrona, especially the latter, received most of the attention. Telluride Power continues in sound condition. Natrona is doing even better than last year, with a new plant set in operation in the fall. Association finances appear to be in good condition. I believe the manager will have an income report somewhat better than last year's.

Deep Springs has been experiencing its first year under the direction of the board of trustees to which Mr. Nunn turned it over in May, 1925. The board is composed of Messrs. Waldo, P. N. Nunn, Suhr, Thornhill, Biersach, Noon, Cadman, and Whitman, and one trustee elected from time to time by the Student Body from among its members. Dean Thornhill has been in charge of the academic work. Wallace Cook, at Deep Springs for his fourth year, has been manager. At the last meeting of the board, Mr. O. B. Suhr was elected acting director. He assumes his duties the middle of this month. His function is to be, under the board, the active head of the institution. His task is not an easy one, and not the least difficult problem will be preventing encroachment on the freedom of the student's as broadly and firmly defined in the trust deed.

During the spring vacation Mr. Suhr took most of the students on a trip through Death Valley. Evidently it was
a great success. Before the trip itself, Mr. Suhr wanted to make a preliminary tour through the valley to see the condition of things this year. He allowed me to go with him, and I enjoyed the experience immensely. We took a week to it. There was a wide range of conditions to be met: the hot, dry valley bottom; the dismal rains on two days; and, at the end, as we were leaving the valley, a snow storm with such a heavy fall that it took us two hours to get the car over the last hundred yards of one grade. Deep Springs, not far north of Death Valley, was the end of our journey. The next four days, at Deep Springs, were a treat for me. It was my first visit in three years.

I must close. There are any number of things to talk over, but Convention will be a better time for discussing them. I mean to be in Ithaca a few days before Convention, perhaps by the 10th. May I count on a bed?

Sincerely,
Cabot Coville.

Dear Editor:

You have wanted news for some time— but it wasn't until I participated in a Telluride Reunion (of 2) that I had anything interesting to write.

As you know, several conditions prevented my return to Cornell to finish my work and receive a degree. The most recent, the need of my father for my assistance for the past two and a half years, deciding me against trying to complete my Cornell work. For the past few years I was a printer— ink slinger— or printer's devil which work, while appealing to many was not in line with my previous training. Finally affairs adjusted themselves so that I was free to resume my former work. It was then that Gilbert Miller came forward in my behalf and secured for me a position with this corporation. My work is not clearly defined as yet— having only been here six hours— but the corporation is the manufacturer of potash and borax with this plant in a desert near Death Valley, Calif.

Gilbert is power engineer and that means some job.
This means the production of all the power used here and that is plenty. If his power is interrupted the remain-
der of the works might as well be at the bottom of the Pacific. After troublesome times at first with labor, he has his department running smoothly and will give a good accounting of himself.

Those who knew him will be glad to learn that his knee, which has given him so much trouble in the past, is very much better. He has discarded all means of support and gets around as well as any of us. His knee is slightly stiff, but that may disappear in time with use.

He and I shall see each other often. If either of us can persuade the other to be correspondent we may send you more frequent items of news. Neither of us has done this in the past.

Change my address to Trona, Cal., Jawn, as I don’t want to miss the News Letter.

Trona, Calif.,
March 18, 1934.

Sincerely,

H. D. Graesse.

Dear Editor:

On our trip to Death Valley; we had the fortune to stop at the large mining town of Phosphite which was completely deserted. The former population, as an old prospector told us, amounted to twelve thousand people and to see such a town or city fallen from such a height was a point of great interest.

We arrived there in good time to give the town the “once over” that night, so we took advantage of it. An old but still useful railway station by our camping spot was the first to be thoroughly examined from top to bottom. Finding nothing special of interest, two others and myself started down “Main Street” trying to keep away thoughts of depression or the like which inevitately came on us. On our right stood (or rather lay
than stood) the movie house, the Stocks and Bonds Corporation building, and the principal clothing store. On investigating the Stocks and Bonds building we found in an old secluded room a floor covered with old exhausted mine shares gasping for breath. We relieved the congestion somewhat, carrying away with us as many different kinds as possible. After we had taken in all the interests of this notable building, we took our way across the street to a clothing store of rather small dimensions where we found styles of men's clothing for 1900 or some other odd date, a few more mine shares, and other odds and ends. We did not attempt to look through the movie house or the large clothing department as the former had a caved-in roof and the latter no stairs or floor.

Proceeding farther down main street we approached a rather large schoolhouse, almost brand new and almost totally unused. Not stopping at taking a good look at it, we went inside, upstairs, and into the belfry where there was a good sized bell which soon began to ring by our united efforts. We soon wearied of this and the dreary aspect of the bare rooms so on we went to the bottle-house which was a sight worth seeing. A small house of four rooms stood before us made entirely of bottles although held together by a little mortar. On investigating we found that they were all beer bottles or at least looked like them and consequently we concluded that the man who built it was quite a heavy drinker and was also aided by several others.

When going back on street number 2, we came to a church, small but well built, which stood not far from the station. On looking over some papers in the back of the main room, we came across a magazine which contained an article written in 1910 by the father of one of the boys on the trip. This was a very interesting fact as it showed that the inhabitants of Rhyolite were lovers of good literature.

The next morning (we had decided to stay there all day because of rain which soaked some of us from tip to toe and disarranged our plans) we made a more careful survey of the whole place but found nothing more of real interest, so in the afternoon the whole party aimed for the big Shoshone Mine which we could see in the distance. When we arrived there we saw an immense hole in
the rock, called the Glory Hole, where three millions of dollars worth of ore had been taken out before the mighty company which ran it went bankrupt. There happened to be two prospectors there who consented to show us around, what was fine for those who had not seen it, to pan some of his gold ore which was found to be quite rich. They took us all around, showed us the remains of all the works which had been torn down not long ago, and all the points of importance. On our way back we visited several other mines and prospect holes which contained different grades of ore.

At last we got back to our station and in the morning left this town which was a wonderful thing from many standpoints but in a sense depressing and turned our eyes and thoughts forward.

William Jarrett.

... ... 

Dear Editor:

Oak Grove farm is still claiming my major atten-
tion. Next comes the tractor business into which I have been putting a little more than my spare time. Have made a few sales at that, and have learned a lot about people, selling and tractors. It is a more strenuous game than farming by a good deal on account of the class of competition there.

Bellevue, Ohio, May 11, 1924

Very truly yours,

"Cap" Kinney.

... ... 

Alumni Editor:

Dear Prof:

Your see I am responding quickly in hopes this will help out. It certainly reminded me of Branch days for you to be asking me to come across. I have that 'guilty feeling' and I don't know what the trouble is when it is so hard to get contributions when the N.L.
is enjoyed so much. I might say that I almost memorize it. Only source to hear from some old pals,—for instance—seemed good to hear about Babe and Jim and other activities.

Regarding my own doings since leaving the service, was with Spooner Campbell Co., an automobile and farm implement distributing firm for about four years. By this time I got it in my head that I would like to see how it would seem to have McC for boss as I am now dairying farming and thus far I, or rather we, like it fine. I have been wondering what Deep Springs is doing in the cattle line, if they have developed this part of it any? I have a few extra good ones to work from and am trying to see how much better they can be grown.

Regards to all the Branch.

Ford McCarty.

Dear Mr. Editor:

You ask me to enlighten your readers upon the purpose of our recent trip to Washington and Ithaca— and you intimate that my business in Washington was to secure the dredging of the Provo River making it navigable for sea-going craft as far up as Olmstead and you’re wrong, Johnny.

You may remember that the only cut-let to Utah Lake is the Jordan River and now the size of the Jordan will not permit the water to run out of the lake as fast as it flows in during wet seasons resulting in the rising of the lake and the consequent flooding of approximately 12,00 acres of exceptionally good farm land.

As I remember it the editor and certain of his bosom friends in the wilder days of their youth, would accompany home young ladies who resided west of Provo and the older Telluride men will well remember the "Swamp Angels." If such a performance were attempted
today it would have to be with the aid of a row-boat, for the front yards of these same ladies where you no doubt basked in the past are now under several feet of water.

You can probably surmise that the owners of this land, not to mention the young ladies, seriously object to present conditions and have sought legal aid. The situation has been partially brought about by the government bringing water from an entirely different water shed through the Strawberry Project, and irrigating land which drains into Utah Lake and this has added to the amount which the already over-burdened Jordan had to carry, all as definitely foreseen by Mr. Newell (the father of our Johnny Newell) who was head of the Reclamation Service when the Strawberry Project was built, and who recommended at that time that the government also dredge the Jordan River to care for this extra water. The government did not see fit to go so far.

The main purpose of my trip to Washington has been to urge upon Congress the fairness and the advisability of now dredging the Jordan and, in addition, dyking off the body of water known as Wind Lake or Provo Bay, in another Reclamation Project, reclaiming 8,000 acres of exceptional land, which has always been under water.

We have actually gotten far enough to have the Reclamation Service, Interior Department and the President approve our measure, and a bill has just been introduced in this Congress, all of which will be a source of satisfaction to the farmers and their daughters. As to whether the Bill becomes law is highly problematical, but it has some chance, being an administration measure.

So now, Mr. Editor, you can see the very good reason for our being in the east, and I need no explanation for coming to Ithaca. Anyone who has lived at the House for three years will never pass up an opportunity to go back, if the House gets him in the way I frankly admit it got me.

And may I thank Cornell Branch, through you, for the very pleasant time afforded Mrs. Tucker and myself. We truly enjoyed ourselves.
It is my intention to be with you again for Convention if it is in any way possible.

With best regards to yourself and readers, I am,

Sincerely,

J. E. Tucker.

* * * * * * * *

- CLIPPINGS -

On Sunday morning, March 16th, Gilbert Havercamp died as the result of injuries received in an automobile accident the night before. It appears he was riding with Sheldon Calloway in a Ford Coupe and leaned out of the car to wave to two companions in the following car and struck his head against a pole. The remains were taken to Salt Lake for burial. Many of the boys knew Gilbert.

* * * * * * * *

Dr. Duncan McTavish Fuller, a Charter member of the Association, and a son of Dr. Eugene Fuller, died of pneumonia at Seattle on Friday, March 14th.

* * * * * * * *

New York recently granted a bonus to soldiers and sailors who enlisted from that state, and at the present time the veterans are busily filling out yards of blank forms. If any Association or Alumni member enlisted as a citizen of New York, the News Letter will be glad to procure blanks forms upon request.

* * * * * * * *

SPRING HAS COME... TRA-LA!

Apparently the buds are swelling in the big city, and as evidence we reprint from the Tribune-Herald, issue of 2 May, 1934 (courtesy of Pugs.), the following verse from the pen of Dithyrambic Dink, the Bard of Wall Street:

- 24 -
-Lines to a Model-

Lady, lady, look at me;
Eyes of sparkling brilliancy,
Cheeks of luscious peachbloom hue,
Soft as pansies touched with dew;
Lips of carmine Cupid's bow,
Teeth of perfect pearls a row,
Lady, smile one gladsome ray,
Shoot a gleam of joy my way,
Gaze I hear in ecstacy,
Lady, lady, look at me.

Lady, lady, look my way;
This my poetastic lay,
As I watch you standing there,
See you gown, observe your hair,
Neck and arms of lily white,
Ankles trim— a thrilling sight!
Could you be my own, my bride,
Not like fickle husbands, I'd,
Wager all my love would be
Deathless through eternity.

Take my bet, how can I win?
She's a window manikin.

... N.B. Dinkel.

... ...

Also we submit the following stanzes from the unpublished works of Anacreontic Abe, the Plumber's Poet, who smites a wicked lyre:

Oh we are grimy engineers
Who speak in mystic, unknown terms:
Of stress and horizontal sheers,
Of entropy and patent worms.

We learn just how the steel behaves
When necking in a mech. lab. test.
We spurn the naves and architraves
And speak of steam injectors lest
You think us highbrow architects,
Nor do we murmur Renaissance
Or mention England’s intellects
Nor to the co-eds give a glance.

The sound of toasts and actions drives
Us wild, but rotary converter, run.
With stator synchronous revives
Our faith in slide rules and the ton.

Efficiency is music to our ears,
And saturation gives a thrill
Divine, while helicoidal gears
Eclipse even diamond drill.

Oh we are grimy engineers
Who speak in myst’es, unknown terms
That drive the arts men to their biers
And make the lawyers food for worms.

--- N. G. Nearing.

* * * * *

--- DEEP SPRINGS ---

Dear Editor:

Would it not be a good thing, in order to bring into
closer contact Deep Springs and Telluride Association, to
have a part of the News Letter devoted to Deep Springs news.
Already there is a division of the News Letter entitled
"Branch News." Here Deep Springs men can get such inside
information as just how Jack Laylin received his darkened
optic, etc. If Telluride men could get some of the happen-
ings at Deep Springs scattered in among the essays on the
M. O. of the U., it would do much to bring about a closer
reunion between the two institutions. To start the ball
rolling, here is an account of the trip taken by the Student
Body thru Death Valley.

The party consisted of all the members of the Student
Body except Jones, Biersach, and Woodhouse, of Don Falconer,
Henry Suhr, Mr. Sachse, and Mr. Suhr who headed the expedition.

We started out from the ranch 1 April, in two cars and a truck (the truck was not fixed up as a dressing room — glee clubbers take note). After a circuit of about 500 miles we reached the ranch again 10 April.

The first day we reached Roosevelt, a little town in Tule Canyon of half a dozen shacks, fourteen burros, and two people. Tule Canyon leads into the Northern Arm of Death Valley. The trip a large part of the way was thru snow. A fine introduction to Death Valley.

The second day brot us into Death Valley where the first stop was at Sand Springs which seemed doubly beautiful to us as being our first glimpse of green leaves this year. The second stop was at some perfect examples of cinder cones and the final stop for the night was at Mr. A. M. Johnson's ranch in Grapevine Canyon. Here we met the famous "Death Valley" Scotty. He fully upheld his reputation as a story teller. He adds little touches here and there that make his stories quite an art. He was going up Telescope Peak with his miles tail-tied, that is, the tail of each mule tied to the head of the one behind. Then if one should fall off the ridge the others would hold him. The system didn't work and he and the mules fell a mile.

"Wasn't it a mile?" he says, looking over towards Mr. Johnson.

"You were so far down you looked like a speck."

"It was easily a mile. Six years later I found your pen-knife I lost then." And so the story goes and grows.

The third day the trip lead up Grapevine Canyon out of Death Valley and across several dry lakes where everyone was espying mirages. The road then went along an old railroad embankment until we came to the station at Rhyolite, number of inhabitants, one. The story of Rhyolite is that of many western mining towns. 1904 gold was discovered. 1906 the rush was in full swing. By 1908-1910 the high-water mark of the boom, Rhyolite had a population of ten thousand, while on 4 July, 1909, there were twenty-eight thousand people in the town. 1916 when the population of Rhyolite consisted of four people, the railroad track was torn up and the town officially abandoned. The buildings still remain. Large three-story steel construction concrete business buildings, a $45,000.00 station, a large school
house, a nice church, a strong prison, and the remains of one hundred and forty saloons all attest to the fact that Rhyolite had everything that any town of its size could boast of. Bottles were the cheapest building material. There is one beautiful example of the bottle laying art; a large three-room house made entirely of green bottles, except the foundation. The foundation is made of brown bottles.

Two days were spent at Rhyolite on account of rain. The fifth day we re-entered Death Valley and reached Furnace Creek Ranch, where the cool palm grove is a perfect paradise after riding all day over the hot sands of the desert.

The next day found us at the Devil's Golf Course, a salt bed formation 374 feet below sea level. The lowest point is a little south where it is 376 feet below sea level, but then 374 feet will drown you as well as 376. This is the heart of Death Valley. As far as the eye can see, on all sides, not a single living plant or animal can be seen. The valley floor can be likened to plowed land that has been frozen and covered with snow. The leaching of the salt has left the soil in weird and grotesque formations.

The next three nights we camped successively at Emigrant Wash on the old emigrant trail out of the west side of Death Valley, in Panamint Valley, and in Searles Lake Valley.

The next day -- the tenth of the trip -- we reached Trona. Gilbert Miller at first would not admit that he knew the bunch of long-haired tramps but finally gave in and took us thru the plant. They manufacture half the borax used in the United States now. Large quantities of potash are also manufactured and it is one of the few if not the only potash plant that has not had to shut down on account of German competition.

One more day brought us to Little Lake and another long day brought us back to the ranch.

Once again a hot bath, sheets, a bed, and springs, but in spite of this, all thru the night I tossed around as I saw snow-capped mountains rise up from the burning sands, deep canyons and craters, and the soft varied hues of the desert seen thru the blue haze of a hot afternoon.

-- George Lyon.
Confidence in Ideals

D. W. Falconer.

A species of modern lawbreaking is causing no one knows how much harm, and is worst not in low but in high circles. It is time to examine well our ideals when we can deliberately violate the spirit and letter of the 18th Amendment to our most sacred governmental document. If this applies to none of us directly, it may apply to our habit of condoning this act by our words in the drawing-room and in everyday talk. This serves to illustrate what seems to me to be a duty of scholarship.

We are continually meeting with new ideas in our period of learning. Every day some new theory, some basis for future action, some ideal, is given us from the vast store of the scholarship of the ages. Our acceptance too often lacks the critical thought that every theory is worthy of; we accept by the authority of the giver or the impression of the moment. Now mostly I think, authority that is worth its salt has the logic and the clearness to prove its case; generally it is overwhelmingly strong, and yet if we don't know it, we are no better off than as if it rested upon the weakest foundations. Consequently, when other authority is antagonistic, we are lost, and lightly drop the former to take up the latter, whereas true theories, great thoughts, can not be thus lightly dealt with. A style of art is the vogue. A writer throws satire upon its incongruities and it vanishes because it had them. True art lives because it is basically sound.

In our learning we can think deeply and fundamentally upon what we accept. Then criticism means more for it points the way toward progress. Then theory means more for we see the clear broad basis upon which it rests. Then we may admit the wrongs and incongruities about us and yet hold that things are good. It is a privilege of college days to deal with ideas and ideals. Personal gain or loss has not yet influenced us, and we are free and unprejudiced to see things clearly. Franklin once gave a famous excuse for eating a fish he had caught, by a process of reasoning for which the occasion was responsible we are inclined to believe. It illustrated the weak foundation of his vegetarianism; not of vegetarianism, but of his vegetarianism.

But the fact that unbiased judgment is the only safe judgment needs no urging. It is only unfortunate that we do
not have more intense unbiased judgment. Does the lawyer
who draws the will examine it as critically as the one who
wishes to break it? Or do we examine our allegiance to the
government for which we are responsible, as keenly before
prohibition as we do now when our personal conduct is touched
by it? Our methods of amendment, our personal liberties, our
foundation of government, were not sufficiently true for us
if personal inconvenience allows us now to uphold an in-
sidious subversion of government. Some hold that personal
liberty is violated; the argument is all right in its place,
since the changing of our laws is the duty and privilege of
every citizen. The open and deliberate violation of that
amendment, however, is as great a danger as the decreasing
respect for the supreme court, or the election of judges.
The damage caused by disrespect of the power of the govern-
ment far outweighs the issue involved in the 18th Amend-
ment. It would seem that one who knew our institutions
would recognize the paramount danger, and seek to avert it.

As another illustration, consider the thousands of
persons who have taken courses in some science, who have ac-
cepted the tenets and beliefs of that science without that
or regard to the logic of it, and who, influenced by power-
ful personalities, by demagogues, or by propaganda, have lost
faith in all science save its practical achievements. Every-
one cannot study all of the sciences enough to have confidence
in their results, but everyone can study and understand the
foundation of at least one science. It would be valuable
if every man continually studied one particular science;
physics, chemistry, botany, zoology, embryology, astronomy,
etc., just as a scientific recreation; if he would really
know that subject throughout life. Then confidence in all
science, its needs, its achievements, its weaknesses, all
would have a reality for him that would enable him to answer
the problems that come up for settlement. His ideas upon
the religious teaching or lack of teaching of science would
be firm because he thoroughly knows his own science. To have
a phase of history, or of literature, for exhaustive study,
would mean the same thing in that phase of life.

Science, however, lends itself wonderfully to the study
of the whole by the study of a part. Natural phenomena are
eternally true. They give us the most inspiring example of
law and order. Since they obey a universal truth, we can
study all nature in any part. Our approach may be in any
way and thru any instrument;
"Her fountain beeds little the goblet we hold;
Alike, when its musical waters are flowing,
The shell from the seaside, the chalice of gold."

Each of us has the opportunity to approach thru some branch
of science. Only then can we understand a great force in
civilization; only then can we judge of its true place in
the universe. And this is the privilege of collegiate days.

* * * * *

-- NEWS FROM SALT LAKE CITY --
Paul P. Ashworth.

Editor Telluride News Letter:

Neva R. Deardorff, in an article headed, "The New Pied
Pipers and What they Pay," in the April 1924 Survey Graphic,
gives food for that and I recommend its perusal to all Tellur-
ride men. The author analyzes the purpose and plan of several
institutions which may have some general features in common
with Telluride Association. These institutions are Girard
College, Philadelphia; Mooseheart, Aurora, Ill.; Carson
College, Flourton, Pa.; Orphanage, Hastings-on-Hudson, N.Y.;
and Hershey Industrial School, Hershey, Pa. In these
institutions, the average annual cost per beneficiary is
from $500.00 to $2,000.00.

The principal flaw in the grants to most of these
institutions, according to the author, is "the supposition
of a static condition of society."

The question is raised also as to whether better re-
sults could not be obtained at less cost by endowing the
individual instead of the institution. For example, instead
of caring for a family of say five children at an annual
cost of $5,000.00, why not give a half or a third of this
amount to the widow and let her raise her family, admittedly
better, in her own home.

A somewhat parallel question may be raised in connection
with the activities of Telluride Association and of the Deep
Springs enterprise.
Almost half of the total income of Telluride Association is consumed in overhead expenses, leaving only half to be used in carrying out the direct purposes. Would it not be wise, assuming it possible, to dispose of Telluride House, eliminate the Dean and Chancellor, and attending expenses, and have the funds administered without appreciable expense by a group of unsalaried interested men?

I do not intend to attempt, at this time, to answer this pertinent question, but suggest an earnest consideration of it by the members of Telluride Association.

I am attaching copy of letter to Mr. Nunn which may contain matters of interest to readers of the News Letter.

Sincerely yours,

Paul P. Ashworth.

Salt Lake City, 15 May, 1924.

My dear Mr. Nunn:

You have already received by wire the greetings and felicitations of the group of "Telluriders" who met in reunion last evening.

I was asked to send you a rather complete description of the affair and a list of the participants, and this I am very glad to do, since it will give me the good excuse for writing you that I have been seeking.

Last Friday I learned that Mr. Cates, Mr. Goody, Mr. Waters, Mr. Slick, and Mr. Bierach were in the city, so I started to make plans for a dinner. Some of the above were in town for only a few days so it was decided to hold the reunion on Monday evening, May 12th. We prepared a list of some 60 men who might be reached and issued invitations. Due to the short notice only about half of this number were able to respond favorably.

We met at Will Roberts's new "Hotel Roberts" on North Main Street at 7:15 p. m. In the following list of those attending I have indicated the location, date of the individual's first connection with Telluride, present location, and position.


4. W. S. Jennens -- Salt Lake City 1897 in charge of West Side Rapid Transit Co. and later at Nunn's and Olmsted.

5. W. L. Biersach -- Nunn's Station 1897. Back flagman under W. B. Searle on original power line survey from Nunns to Mercur. Now Treasurer of Telluride interests.


8. C. O. Goody -- Mercur Station 1898 -- electrician and repairman.


10. L. Brandenberger -- Nunn's Station 1903. Started work as mucker, later engineer in charge of meters. Now Sales Engineer, Salt Lake City, Utah.


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15. H. V. Hoyt — Olmsted 1906 — Station Operator. Now Dead of College of Commerce, Brigham Young University, Provo, Utah.

16. R. Timmerman — Olmsted 1906 — Asst. Meter Engineer under Leo Brandenberger. Later in Bingham and now Division Manager of Provo Division — Utah Power & Light Co.

17. Paul P. Ashworth — Ames, Colo. 1907 — Station Operator — later at Olmsted, Grace, etc. Now Distribution Engineer — Utah Power & Light Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.


23. W. L. Cone — Battle Creek Station 1909 — Station Operator under Frank Nash — Now Engineer — Distribution Department, Utah Power & Light Co., Salt Lake City, Utah.


28. J. A. Twelves -- Provo Office 1910 -- Office Manager Now Office Manager, Salt Lake Division, Utah Power & Light Co


30. H. R. Waldo -- Provo Office 1911 -- Attorney for Telluride interests which position he still holds.

In addition to those listed above, Mr. Will Roberts, former manager of Hotel Roberts in Provo and now Salt Lake City, and who has been more or less intimately connected with Telluride men and also Ed Jessop, at one time patrolman, I have just learned, a brother of Dick Jessop, who has been acquainted and associated with Telluride men for a number of years, were present.

There was no formal program carried out. Mr. A. E. Buckler acted as toastmaster and called on a number of men to give short talks.

Mr. Whitmore outlined his connection with Telluride and paid tribute to the courage and ability of Messrs. P. N. and L. L. Nunn. He also stated that it had been a matter of considerable wonder to him that the Nunns had sufficient nerve to put responsibility on a mere kid and also still more surprised that they always seemed to get away with it.

Mr. W. S. Jennis outlined his early connections with the Transit Company in Salt Lake City when he was associated with Elton Hoyt. He gave illustrations from his experiences to show the breadth of mind of Mr. P. N. Nunn and the far-sightedness of Mr. L. L. Nunn. He also indicated the loyalty of the whole Telluride organization to these men. He also stated that the Telluride idea has been based from the first on sentiment and ideals.
Mr. J. W. Twelves outlined some of his early experiences which indicated the loyalty of the Telluride organization.

Mr. Biersach outlined the purpose of Telluride Association Alumni and indicated the ways in which the Alumni association might assist Telluride Association. There was a discussion after Mr. Biersach’s talk with particular reference to how the Alumni might assist in obtaining new members and what procedure should be followed. A number of the men expressed the feeling that herebefore sufficient consideration has not been given the candidates proposed by the Alumni and the hope was expressed that a more extensive program along this line might be inaugurated.

Mr. C. P. Goody, L. Brandenberger, and R. Timmerman each gave a brief account of their early connection with Telluride and told incidents to illustrate conditions at that time.

Mr. J. B. Tucker and Mr. H. V. Hoyt gave little talks on the purpose of Telluride Association.

Mr. Waldo described Deep Springs and the splendid work which is being done there.

Mr. Waters gave a report on conditions at Casper.

Mr. Will Roberts told a number of his early experiences with Telluride men and a number of humorous stories.

At the conclusion of the program, which by the way was not entirely serious all the way thru, as you may gather from the above, the meeting voted to make the dinner an annual affair and elected me to arrange for one next year.

From the sentiment of the gathering, it was evident that there is a real interest in the welfare of Telluride Association and an earnest effort will be made to foster its growth and assist in carrying out its purposes and ideals.

You are also assured that the expression given in the telegram reflects the warm affection felt toward you and toward your brother by your early associates.

We are all hoping that you may regain your health and vigor and that you both may be able to gather with us here next year.
May I add a word of personal greeting and express to you my gratitude for both the assistance you have been to me, and more still for the inspiration of your noble and unselfish precept and example.

Sincerely and affectionately,

Salt Lake City, 15 May, 1934.

Paul P. Ashworth.

Telegram sent to Mr. L. L. and Mr. P. N. Nunn:

Thirty representatives of Telluride Association and its friends assembled at dinner this evening send you greetings and best wishes. Arrangements were made to have such a dinner annually and it is the earnest hope of all that at some time you might be able to be present with us.

-- A. E. Buckler, Chairman.

* * * * *

-- IRVIN SCOTT WRITES FROM ROME --

Dear Editor - Jawn:

Your letter came romping along with the springtime, bringing with it all the warmth and laughter of that gladsome season. I feel like running and hiding in the gloomy recesses of the catacombs like a naughty child for not writing before this, but it is that terrifying threat of publication that has forced me into silence for so long. Throuout my trip in France I kept copious notations of everything that impressed me, with the intention of sending them on to you, but being so hastily written, they read too much like a page from Baedeker.

However, I shall touch on the high points of that most wonderful of tours for a student of architecture, when being verdantly fresh from the States, I was that much more impressionable, that much more responsive to the things that hold the newcomer breathless.
I started with Paris. I cannot think of it without thinking simultaneously of the still burning impression I received when I wandered into the colorful and majestic interior of Notre Dame. Everything else is thrust into the background. To me it is the Lion of Paris, le clou de l'exposition, the acme of everything sublime and noble in expression. Whether it was due to the final realization of a hope long deferred or to an overgrown sentimentality over such things, I do not know, but the rush and conflict of various emotions was such as to make me almost weep.

A parting word from E. D. Pugesley was "Write often and don't be afraid to get technical." But I feel in this case to know less about the technicalities of Notre Dame than I did before I left America. There is a tranquil largeness, a kind of infinitude about such an edifice: it soothes and purifies the spirit. I seem to remember nothing save a vague sense of loftiness; of godliness.

After ten days in Paris I hurried out into lovely Brittany and Normandy, making the rounds of the cathedral cities and quaint towns like Lisieux and Caen where the venerable old 15th Century houses lean their tired gables far out over the narrow streets. I was enchanted by it all. I tarried two or three days in places particularly rich in architecture, but had I known what awaited me a little further on I think I should have been very impatient to be on my way. I refer to Mt. St. Michel. At Pontoreon I chartered a rickety old Ford to take me there, and when I saw from a distance the fairy like mass of that wonderful mount take on form and definition in the light of a full moon, there came to me one of those ecstatic moments that linger forever afterward. Am I too extravagant, Jawn, in my language. I know you will not think so, for you have been there and have seen for yourself. But for those others who may read this let me elaborate a little.

France holds two measures of mediaevalism, two places that visualize the past as does nothing else I have seen before or since, Mt. St. Michel in the North and Carcassonne in the South. There is nothing to compare them with; they stand alone, unique objects of supreme
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interest and supreme picturesqueness. Mt. St. Michel lies nearly a mile off the shore of the boundary line of Brittany and Normandy, in the middle of a vast bay when the tide is in and a desert of sand at its ebb. You arrive by way of a narrow dyke that connects it to the mainland, and over a tiny scattered stairway that stumbles down over rocks, you finally reach the single opening in the great walls that have guarded its shores these many centuries.

Generation after generation have left their contributions in the way of strange halls, dungeons, cloisters, and chapels. A single narrow street winds up to the summit, two-hundred feet above the sea to the cathedral, whose nave is built in the Romanesque style in stone that the ages have tinted beautifully in soft browns and emerald greens, and in striking the not unpleasant contrast stands the transept and apse in later Gothic. For four days I lived here in what seemed a perfect fairyland. I had a little candle lighted room which was kept scrupulously clean by a dear old asthmatic bonne who had lived on the island all her life. Meals were cooked over a huge cavernous fireplace. For the first time I saw a lamb being roasted whole over the glowing embers, and what a flavor it added! And the famous Madame Poulard omelette that went with it, together with the fish gathered fresh in the morning behind the receding tide! It is vulgar to mention prices, but the bill of something less than four dollars presented to me when I left is also one of the pleasant memories connected with the place.

You cannot leave such a spot without the promise to yourself to return again, when time is no object, where you can let the spell of the past lay hold of your imagination; and fancy yourself living thru the chapters of some age-old fairy tale.

From there I continued on to St. Malo, another town on the sea where the old yet struggles with the new; and Dinan, abounding in the old houses that lean on each other for support or step boldly out into the street on pillars. Then came in quick succession Rennes, Perigueux, Nantes, Angouleme, Poitiers, carcassone, sun-splashed Avignon, Arles and others; each seeming to possess a different individuality, a different color of life and all of them rich in architectural treasure.

After an uninteresting day or two at Nice and
Menton on the ultra-fashionable Riviera, I hurried on to Italy since the weather was getting too unpleasant for outside sketching and I wanted to reach the sunny south. I hesitate to speak of Venice. So much has been written of her. Yet no matter how extravagant have been her praises, you feel that they have not done her full justice. You can't describe it— you must go and see it for yourself. Even tho' her ancient beauty has faded, in imagination you can picture the splendor and the power she once enjoyed, filled with an element of strange and even tragic romance. Florence presented another picture. Florence is a nice little town; nice people live there, mostly Americans, I believe. You feel a certain orderliness, a certain culture, almost tending towards maiden-lady conventionality, about its people, its life. It is not brutal like Rome or romantic like Venice. It's nice. And yet it is not from its architecture that one gains an impression. It was there that the flower of the Renaissance blossomed forth into a wealth of grim and vigorous palaces with windowless lower stories, possessing a sturdiness without and a delicacy and restraint within that makes it one of the most hospitable of cities to a student of architecture. But Florence looks at you thru lorgnettes.

And then on to Rome, the mausoleum of the Ages. I came with the intention of staying two months but already I am nearing the end of the fifth. How often have Byron's words come to me.

"Oh Rome! My country! city of the soul."

To someone else in a letter I believe I have likened Rome to a huge octopus. At first you are terrified by it— its ugliness, its brutality— and yet fascinated at the same time. You want to hurry away but you can't. Behind all its outward hideousness you see a throbbing, pulsating life, a deep lying organic unity, a soul that age alone can produce. Before you realize it its tenacles have begun to wind themselves about you; and tho' you may struggle to free yourself, you finally succumb to an inescapable obsession. Italy charms you while Rome commands you to do homage. Though other cities may uncover for us more of the work of a particular period, it is only Rome which bears you in one great sweep down the stretch of the ages. And yet little strikes you here as being strange. So great has been her influence on the
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architecture of the whole world or at least of Europe and America that you feel at once at home gazing on her temples, he porticoes, antiquities and ruins. We think of Rome as essentially old and worn, yet nowhere have I experienced the jumbled mass, the strange juxtaposition, the full collision, of the noisy present with the silenced past. At almost any hour of the day you meditative contemplation of some ancient ruin may be interrupted by the drone of a fleet or airplanes or you may be temporarily cast in the shadow by the passing of some huge dirigible against the enamelled blue of the sky. You experience another conflict in the bizarre contiguity of architectural styles but as you get an inkling of the unceasing processes by which art grows and changes, it begins to look like a proper combination. You like to see the Pagan temples adapting themselves to the Christian faith, or the superposing, for example, of mosaic crosses above a group of Satyrs and Cupids on an ancient sarcophagus in the church of St. Maria in Ara coeli. You may even learn to accept so palpable an artistic anomaly as the figure of St. Agnese in her church on the Via Nomentana, an antique of oriental marble in which one leg is exposed up to the knee.

Yet all this was not the Rome that I saw during the first two months of my sojourn here. During that time I entered the atelier of Monsieur Jacques Carlu in the lovely Villa Medici, the seat of the French Academy, preferring that to some... unscholarly aspect of the American Academy. With him I studied the theory of architectural planning for six weeks, devoting the remaining of the time to the study of art and processes of evoking. Then I came out of my shell to study in and about Rome on my own hook.

A month ago I accepted a position with the Goldwyn Motion Picture Company, making architectural researched and studies, together with designing props for the production of Ben Hur. Tho this may sound as if I am deviating from my purpose over here, it is really to further it. I wanted a chance to just mark time for a while, to sort o' catch my breath and digest a little of the maze of stuff that I have seen. If you have ever spent much time in a large museum I am sure that you will agree with me that after a while your sensibilities become dulled and you can stand before a
Corot or a Rembrandt without a flicker of appreciation. So it is here only on a vastly larger scale. Then too, I wanted to learn the language better and also to wait until the spring rains are over before taking the long white road northward. In two more weeks I shall begin again and hope to spend at least one month more in Italy before going to France again and England.

As for the work I am now doing, well, it's like getting paid for attending school. I work along side of Italian Professors of archeology and sculpture, ferreting out the customs and manners, as well as the architecture, of the early Christian people, and piecing together the fragments of their early life and that of early Rome from the evidences that still remain, in an attempt to create a tolerably well grounded mosaic for the silver sheet. It promises to be one of the biggest productions ever made—certainly the most costly. The campagna just outside of the city is spotted with portions of the old Jerusalem, palaces, a Roman circus and temples, all being built for a few thousand feet of photographic celluloid.

The other day I knocked off work for the day to go with Mr. Robert Plant, (a canon in the Episcopal Church of Maine) with his wife and daughter, for a private audience with the Pope. Again punctuality proved the thief of time. After waiting an hour and a half in the anti-camera the general stir and bustle of the Swiss Guards and be-medalled men-in-waiting told us that His Holiness approached. Flocked by some other dignitary who commanded us to "giu! giu!" (meaning "down on your knees") the Holy Father entered. I suppose I ought to consider it a great privilege, but actually I felt a bit foolish as I knelt there and kissed the emerald ring that was on his right hand. He addressed us in English, asked the usual question, where we were from, our purpose in Rome, etc., etc., and in all I found him quite human. Again I suppose I should have emerged from the great bronze doors, that lead out of the Vatican, with a beautiful stare on my face when the audience was terminated, but my noon-day spaghetti had been delayed three hours and I fear my expression betrayed more material hunger than spiritual satiety. And then last Sunday, being Easter, I spent the morning in St. Peters, as did most of the foreigners and a few Romans. It was a spectacle. I listed to high mass being said, saw the Cardinal being
clothed in his rich robes, and heard the rich voices of male sopranos in the choir. (I marvelled again at the pomp and splendor of the great basilicas I have done on each occasion there, but I do not admire it. To me it is far more festive than ecclesiastical—more material than spiritual in expression. And I wondered if there is not more sincerity in the lonely shepherd who kneels on the sunbaked earth before some wayside shrine in the campagna than there was in that grand spectacle on Easter morning.

I cannot leave the subject of St. Peter’s, however, without mentioning that part of it which is as nearly perfect as anything can be, its dome, by Michelangelo. For that let all its other architectural sins be forgiven. Aside from being a marvelous piece of construction from the stand point of the cold blooded engineer, it possesses a grace of form, a certain restfulness and scale that compels everyone’s admiration. You feel every inch of its tremendous size, a quality that the interior does not possess. It towers above Rome as its designer towered above his other contemporaries. It seems to be the magnetic center of Rome even tho it is far on the other side of the Tiber. If you venture out into the campagna, its softly lit silhouette follows you, beckons to you, with a mild yet insistent glance right up to the Alban hills.

I suppose you are wondering what I have to say about the Forum. Well, nothing much. It’s a nice collection of melancholy rocks surrounded with an iron fence; and an interesting place for meditation—when it’s not filled with noisy Germans. But the Coliseum by moonlight with its velvet shadows, ah! that’s a different matter.

And this especially to you, Mr. Editor. If you are looking for local color, new angles on life for a literary background go to Naples. Naples fascinates me. Not so much for its architecture— it has little of real merit— but the vividness, the unusualness of its life. Go there and linger by the sea and watch the bare-legged men and boys, yea, even women hauling in the heavy nets to shore; see the children playing half necked in the shuttered streets, watch the work of the household going on in full view of the street; wander along the quai and enjoy the filth that abounds there; and if you haven’t too much of it on your feet by tea time take the funicular up to Bertolini’s Hotel and look out across the bay to
Capri and along the mainland to Vesuvius and get an eye full of real beauty; and when night falls come down and watch the Mozzone in the streets with their lanterns, looking for cigar stumps and cigarette butts. But don't go the American Express or you will be robbed. Rather let the Neapolitans rob you. They do it with a smile on their face and somehow you don't see to mind it. Better still would I like to see a public speaker in the House go to Naples and be exposed to the violently contagious gesticulations of its people. They express themselves with their hands, their bodies and grimaces where words would fail utterly. Even children hardly large enough to toddle about, gesticulate with a freedom and a naturalness that would make even the "Judge" look as stiff as Tutanchamun.

During my stay here I have developed a very affectionate admiration for Italy and its people, even more than for the French. They are more natural, if that is possible, and happier, too, in spite of the poverty that surrounds some of them. And so sympathetic, cordial and indulgent, once you drop the superior and domineering air we Americans are apt unconsciously to assume. Most Americans, however, I have found, like Italy, but sneer at her people. But the love of Italy cannot be firmly rooted without an appreciation of her human life. To me it would be only a skeleton of the past if it weren't for the flesh and blood of the modern generation. I like to talk with the shepherd with his flock in the campagna.

I like to see the laborers along the wayside drinking their red wine or sleeping in the sun.
I like the square jaw of Mussolini and the square words that come forth from it.
I like the spirit of Fascism and the black shirted adherents that maintain it.
I like the song of the goldfinch in the Forum and the odor of wisteria that floats on the air.
I like the wind that comes from the mountains and the perfume of the sunburnt earth.
I love Italy!

Irvin L. Scott.

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Dear Editor:

Guess I had better get on the job before I am fired from the staff. The March issue of the News Letter just reached me, and as usual was "devoured." Since last writing you, there have been many events of interest here in Rome -- at least I think so -- and as you were badly enough in need of contributions to publish my last offering, I shall give you more description until you holler quit.

Examinations have come and gone, and I am still gasping after being successively mauled in person by several pros. At the present time I am steeling myself for the next encounter about July 1st. I managed to get by without disgrace in everything -- excepting, perhaps, in Hebrew, and I fear I shall never be able to get beyond the alphabet! (Cornell Campus is a good place to study Hebrew -- one picks it up by sheer contact -- Editor.)

No doubt you have seen accounts in the American papers describing the events here in Rome in connection with the elevation of the two new Cardinals. Some clippings which have come back in the mail indicate that it was done by reporters in fairly good shape, tho once in a while they made a break which was the source of a laugh for the "initiate." We had an opportunity of seeing a good deal first hand here in the college, as Cardinal Hayes was a resident while he was in the Eternal City. For an American, who lives in our business-like work-a-day world on the other side of the Atlantic, events such as this are a revelation, and story-book memories seem to brot to life. There is nothing to compare with it in the States. After the Papal messengers came with the official announcement of the results of the Secret Consistory, the stream of the world's great and near the great began coming in to offer congratulations to His Eminence of New York. The first day the visitors included twenty-two cardinals, besides archbishops, bishops, monsignori, heads of religious orders, ambassadors, ministers, nobles, and a host of Americans. Cablegrams came in stacks. That was Monday.

Thursday morning, we all went to St. Peter's for the public consistory, and it was a sight I shall not soon forget.
It was the first large function I had witnessed in the
great basilica, and tho there were thousands there, they
were all able to get into one side of the transept. The
Pontifical throne was set up in the end of the north transept
beneath an enormous canopy of red, edged with gold fringe.
Behind it was the famous and historic tapestry which is
used on all such occasions. Swiss Guards, Palatine Guards,
Papal chamberlains, and all manner of functionaries were
all about in full regalia. The Cardinals as they came, took
places in front of the throne. At ten o'clock, the Sistine
choir, which had returned from the States, burst out with
the "Tu Es Petrus," and everyone shifted expectantly. At
last came the Pope, borne in on the "Sedia Gestatoria" by
four husky Swiss, who put him down at the foot of the throne.
Then the ceremonies began. The Cardinals came up one by one
to greet the Holy Father, and finally the two new Cardinals
came in. I was far back in the crowd, but by stretching my
neck out of all due proportion, I was able to see them as
they went up and the red hats were placed on their heads.
Then there was a short address by the Pope, followed by the
blessing, and it was over. But the great part of it was,
that in such an event as this, history lives. The great
past is linked with the living present, and even young and
growing America feels the thrill of the ages in her soul
as two of her citizens become princes of the ancient Church.
Ancient, indeed, yet vigorous and throbbing with life today,
fulfilling her Apostolic mission despite the stare of the
"wise" and the "knoe" of the "Kuki," and other unmentionables.

Rome is and has been for some time, thronged with tourists
(oodles of Germans). Thousands came for Holy Week, and it was
interesting to see them at the different great churches dur-
ing the functions of the day. Going to a church over here
is quite a different thing from doing the same in the States.
Oftentimes there will be several services going on at the
same time, and people do not come in with poke (stove
variety) backs and prim bearing to sit still in one place,
but instead they move about from one place to another. It
is surprising at first, and often shocking to Puritan
sensibilities, but personally I am getting to like the Italian
method. If one will live in Europe for a while, and do it
with an open mind, he will soon be convinced that there are
plenty of possibilities for variation in custom and standard,
and that "comparisons are odious." And while on this subject
I would like to say something to the many Telluride men who
are planning on coming to Europe, as to the manner of judging.
My first impressions of Italy were not at all pleasant, and
I was tempted to judge harshly, but as time goes on I change my first ideas and am coming to a much better and saner appreciation, I believe. There is one point which many Americans seem to forget, and that is that there is more than one side to life over here as well as in America, and that he will see here just about what he is looking for. Some people come over here to see the "night life" and think that is all there is. They sleep in until mid-day, and miss a phase to which I should like to call attention, and that is "morning life." The heart and genius of a people is not to be found in cafes and music-halls, but in the homes.

For instance, I might recount some of my Paris experiences, brief tho they were -- yet varied -- and I could say that I had dinner in two different homes with lovely cultured people, whose daughters were as fine and noble, and whose sons were as clean and straight as I could find in the States. And when I arose early in the morning and went out to Mass, I found crowds of devout people of all walks of life, fine looking men whose eyes were clear and whose hands were steady, and women who were able to come up to the same standards. I went to the Sacre-Coeur on Montmartre at mid-day, and found numerous people there -- people with a real purpose in life. The same holds for Italy, and I must say that I have returned to the college from some of my early morning excursions with my faith in humanity much strengthened, and as I stay in evenings, I am quite happy, and thank God I am not blasé yet.

But to get back to my "Roman correspondence." Last week we had a holiday, and several of us went back into the mountains to Subiaco, a most picturesque town at the end of a most picturesque journey. The countryside was very beautiful in its spring dress. Many mountain-topes along the road were crowned with fortified villages, relics of feudal days, when men were soldiers or farmers as necessity required. Subiaco itself was one of these places. When we reached there, we at once started up the mountain-side to the two great Benedictine monasteries at the top. The first, St. Scholastica, was beautifully situated overlooking the valley and was a dream of quiet peace. Farther back in the mountains, and still higher, was the original foundation of St. Benedict clinging to the face of a sheer rocky cliff. It encloses the cave in which St. Benedict lived, fifteen hundred years ago, as a hermit, before his followers gathered around him and formed the community which has, thru the ages, been noted for its learning and defense of the faith. It is
often called the "cradle of western civilization," for it was in the Benedictine monasteries that the culture and learning of a decadent civilization was preserved, and from them spread abroad again when the dark night of barbarian invasions was past. The chapels and corridors are decorated with wonderfully well-preserved frescoes of the school of Giotto. Unhappily, both of these monasteries were confiscated by the greedy enthusiasts of the "united Italy" movement, but it is to be hoped that before actual possession takes place, that a more enlightened rule will leave them where they rightly belong. This can, indeed, be expected, under the guidance of the genius of Mussolini, who, with all his faults, has wonderfully good sense in many matters.

Guess this is enough of Italy, for this time, but as there is still much for me to see and to learn in this line, I will not end with "La voila l'Italia." I think Sinclair Lewis was right when he said that a traveler in a foreign country should wait ten years before beginning to pass judgment, and twenty years before writing authoritatively about it. I'll wait at least three more.

I have just been looking over the News Letter which contained the account of P. L. C's latest venture. I wonder what "Maggie" Maguire did say. I don't imagine he was any more surprised than I was -- and I was not surprised at all! I expect the next news will be that P. L. C has "invented" a new religion and hung out a shingle of his own! What do you say, Maggie? (Yes, what would you say, Maggie? -- Editor) Despite his views, I am still plugging away at Theology, and find it of immense value. I am not of the opinion that the vaporous vagaries of my own puny intellect cannot be adorned by the results of the hot and study of the master minds of the ages. I would consider Doc Bonnett a pretty poor M. D. if he ignored the work of the great physicians and surgeons who have gone before him, and I shouldn't trust much to Herbie Reich or Abe Ashley if they ignored the result of scientific research which has been made by physicists and mathematicians who have accomplished something "by dint of that and time spent in considering the problems of" their work, and I would care little for the opinions of our numerous budding lawyers as judges if they never studied the law and read many a case. Theology is a tremendously interesting science, with many problems solved, and many waiting for solution, and I consider it an absolute necessity for efficient service in the line I have chosen, for I do not look upon religion as unsubstantial sentimentalism or in-
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dividual pietism, nor yet the ability to preach a snappy "sermon" on "Tuberculosis Sunday" or "Anti-Cancer Sunday" or Wm. Anderson's (of Sing Sing) favorite topic, "The Evils of Alcohol, or how Liquor Ruined Me." In my work, study and investigation and knowledge is just as necessary as in any other, and I must say that I have never found my knowledge "at odds with my faith," tho I have often found my ignorance at odds. "Oh Reason, the crimes that have been committed in thy name!" — generally by those who have not learned the truth of the old adage that tells us, "A little knowledge is a dangerous thing." If I had to choose between this condition and that of the little girl who said, "Let's go home," I'd sure take the latter.

Please excuse this epistle, Mr. Editor, if it's disjointed. It has been written at odd times over a period of three days, but take the will for the deed — I am doing my best to help you.

— John E. Meehan.

* * * * *

— CORNELL BRANCH NEWS —

Telluride debating continues altho it seems to be less of a major sport than in days of yore. It is reported, however, that Henry Hayes has been covering himself with glory at Yale. Recently he lead the freshman team in a debate against Harvard on the question: "Resolved, That the Platt Amendment should be applied to the Philippines," and among the several teams participating in the triangle debate between Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, his was the only one not to suffer defeat.

Ken Robinson was recently picked to represent Cornell in the triangle debates between Columbia, Cornell, and Penn. The subject was, "Resolved, That the power of the Supreme Court to declare invalid laws of congress require more than the ordinary majority vote." Those of us who had been unable to discover where the debate was being held, came home and listened to Robinson's persuasive voice over the radio.

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Harve Gerry has the old Ford running again. Tommy McFadden suggests that we dedicate to it that old negro spiritual entitled, "The Big Wheel Runs by Faith, and the Little Wheel Runs by the Grace of God."

The Branch recently had as its guests Sid Walcott and Shike Davis. Shike, after a couple of days with us, returned to New York to sail for Europe, where he intends to spend a large part of the summer. Senator Cole dropped in on us for one day's visit — and he didn't the Senatoress with him, we reproachfully add.

A short time ago James Harvey Robinson, author of "Mind in the Making," stayed with us while in Ithaca lecturing before the university. And more recently, Bertrand Russell, noted mathematician, philosopher, and sociologist, and author of "Proposed Roads to Freedom," was the guest of the Branch.

Dr. J. F. Mountford, of the University of Edinburgh, is giving a series of lectures on the Roman Drama under the auspices of the Schiff Lectureship Fund. Dr. Mountford's twelve lectures will be given three weekly throughout the month of May. Dr. Mountford is the guest of the Branch.

Charlie Schaff's tonsils now occupy a place in the Branch museum beside Eddie Meehan's appendix. If any Association man or Alumnus has a gland, organ, or member which he would like to add to this collection, the Branch Curator should be notified.

Dean Jas. Parker Hall, of the University of Chicago; Prof. Paul Ehrenfest, eminent physicist from Holland, gave three lectures on such subjects as "Probability in Modern Physics," and "Quantum Statistics," on the 10th and 11th of April. Dean Hall is one of our most frequent out-of-town visitors. Prof. Ehrenfest was specially interested in meeting students.
Mr. Basis Williams, of McGill University, was Branch Guest. Thru an oversight, we failed to announce that Miss Jane Cowl and Mr. Rollo Peters were house guests recently while they appeared in Rome and Juliet before the largest audience at the Lyceum Theatre in thirty years. Former members of the Branch will be interested to know that Judge Putnam, now retired, was again with us while lecturing for one week before the Law College. Judge Putnam is perhaps the leading authority on maritime and admiralty law; he lectures at Cornell every two years. Judge Irving Lehman and Mrs. Lehman were also our guests while the Judge gave one talk before the lawyers. Jim and Mrs. Tucker paid us a visit during a business trip east, as did Benson Landon of Chicago. Among all these judges and professors and politicians, we're mighty glad to have a sprinkling of our own men with us.

Cornell Branch has a team in the inter-fraternity tennis league, but it is too early in the season to make predictions or lay bets. We have some good players, however.

Harve Gerry won the mile run and placed second in the half-mile in the dual meet with Penn. Penn won the indoor intercollegiates some weeks ago; in the same meet Cornell placed seventh. However, in the last meet Cornell defeated Penn, and Harve's performance aided considerably in making this possible. Running off with a first and a second on the same afternoon, in a meet of this class, is something of a feat.

Bob Aird and Charlie Schaff were recently officially elected members of the Cornell University Musical Clubs, both having made the Xmas trip.

Schaff acted as extemporaneous toastmaster at the Freshman Banquet held this spring. The regular toastmaster was kidnapped by a group of sophomores just before the banquet was to start, and Schaff was given the job. The affair was generally considered a success; over 500 frosh attended.

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Roger Dann was elected President of the Musical Clubs for the coming year at the recent elections. He has also been taken into Quill and Dagger, one of the senior honorary societies.

Harve Gerry for the past year has modestly concealed the fact that he is President of Quill and Dagger.

It was two years ago that Irvin Scott brought home the first place in the Fueres Memorial Speaking Contest for Engineers and Architects. This year Ashley made an attempt to duplicate his feat but fell one short for second prize. The subject of his persuasive speech was: "A Sales Tax on Gasoline for New York." The contest is one that always draws a large list of contestants, the number being pared to seven for the final. The speeches are technical or semi-technical in nature and the judgment of the contest is on both the persuasive qualities of the speech and the method of delivery.

To counterbalance Roger Dann's presidency of the Musical Clubs, Robert Dann will be Treasurer of the Cornell Dance Committee next year. In the hands of the "Dann twins" we understand these positions will be interchangeable.

Ralestone Irvine is the cynosure of the Branch eyes these days, the gaze being a mixture of suspicion and admiration. As Chairman of the Cornell Democratic Club, he returns from secret committee meetings, inscrutable, enigmatic, and with an indefinable mixture of Houbigant perfume and Herbert Tareyton cigarettes exhalng from his garments. On 13 May, Mrs. Franklin Roosevelt addressed the university community under the auspices of the Cornell Democratic Club. While in Ithaca, Mrs. Roosevelt, accompanied by Miss Cook, was the guest of the Branch. Concerning politics, "Shorty" Irvine made the following statement to the News Letter representative upon returning from a committee meeting: "I have nothing to say."

At the recent elections of Delta Sigma Rho, a national
honorary debating society, the name of Ashley was on the list. Irvine has been a member for two years, but was not present at the election meeting, which explains the result.

Fenton Osgerby is stroke on the E. E. Crew which will participate in the inter-college races on Spring Day, 24 May. His palms are just as horny as were those of "Dinky" Lilus and "Fats" Othus and "Butch" Worn in their own palmy crew days.

Cornell Branch gave its annual spring dance on the evening of 15 May. More than two hundred guests were present. Perfect weather and good music conspired to make the party one of the best in the memory of the oldest inhabitant. Dean and Mrs. Burdick and Dean and Mrs. Kimball honored us by being chaperones. "Sweedo" did himself proud, as usual, in the matter of perfect service.

The Branch is making preparations to greet a few Alumni on Spring Day. At present we are counting on "Sid" Walcotts, "Jack" Hoyte, and Ray Fruit. Of course, there will be ladies at the party. We have reserved a box at the Navy Day Hop, seats for the Musical Clubs concert, for the Yale-Cornell ball game, and places on the observation train for the Harvard-Cornell Regatta. Mr. and Mrs. Ashley, the parents of "Abe," will serve as chaperones.

Dr. Coville, of Washington, father of Cabot, dropped in one evening recently for a few minutes. He left with the promise to pay a longer visit over the Spring Day week-end, which we are looking forward to.

Around the first of March the much-discussed and highly inefficient ice-box at Cornell Branch was replaced by modern equipment, according to the appropriation of the last Convention.

Anyone who has studied the matter of conductivity is immediately impressed by the ease with which heat travels
thru ordinary hollow tile and this was no doubt the principle cause of the high ice bills which we enjoyed before the present installation; that, and the huge amount of waste space in the old ice-boxes. Then there was the continual bother of mopping the kitchen floor after each incursion of the ice-man. Hence the demand for some real equipment.

The present plant consists of two Kelvinator refrigerator units, driven by four horsepower motors, automatically controlled by a thermostat. These machines use sulphur dioxide as the working substance instead of ammonia, and do not need any oil as the sulphur dioxide acts as its own lubricant. The motors do require an occasional drop, of course. The plant is air-cooled, and thus there is none of the bother with cooling water. The expansion coil is located in a brine tank in a fine new double-sided refrigerator, the tank being located where ice is ordinarily kept. There are little trays, from which can be extracted cubes of ice for table use, located in the brine tank.

But some of our engineers and financial wizards will demand figures as well as facts, and we always aim to please. The performance of the new plant, as compared with the old, follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th></th>
<th>Old Plant</th>
<th>New Plant</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Temperature</td>
<td>56-60°F</td>
<td>56-40°F</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Capacity</td>
<td>33 Cu. ft., 53-1/3 useful</td>
<td>65 Cu. ft.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cost of operation per year</td>
<td>$305.22 ave., for last four years</td>
<td>$40.00 estimated.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Interest on investment at six percent</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>$80.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Depreciation at 12%</td>
<td>???</td>
<td>$160.00</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Comparative costs - year</td>
<td>$305.22 + ?</td>
<td>$280.00</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

As the end of the school year nears, and the beauty and freshness of spring slowly penetrates the study-harden
brain of the student, he begins to look forward to study and vacation, and numerous plans slowly evolve. The members of the Ewanch are no exception. It might be interesting to some of the readers of the News Letter to hear a few of the plans of the various individuals of the House.

Of first interest is the European migration. "Johnny" Johnson seems to be the leader in this movement. Sailing on the 25 of June on the "Barangaria" he will go directly to Charbourg. He expects to visit in France a week or ten days and then go to Germany, where he will study French and German literature in some German university town. "Bob" Washburn sailed nearly two months ago, and is at present in France, writing. Johnson's address will be American Express Co., Paris, France — and his mail will be forwarded from there. Washburn's address is Guaranty Trust Company, Paris. At present, Scott's address is American Express Co., Venice, Italy, but shortly he will move on to Paris — and will receive his mail thru the American Express. Of course, Eddie Mechan may be found at the Collegio Americano del Nord, via dell'Umilta 50, Rome, since he is not so much of a vagabond as the others — at present.

Laylin is likewise set on an European trip. Lately he has fallen under the influence of Johnson and plans to spend the best part of his summer in France. Leaving after Convention, he will either work his way over or get passage on one of the college student boats. It is very possible that he will visit England for three or four weeks before sailing home.

More or less of vague plans of going abroad are evolving in the minds of Robert Harding Dann and Roger Lewis Denn — they threatened murder if the writer used the collective term, "Dann Twins" — and constitute no small part of their eternal worries. However, they seem to be pretty well settled on the main object, that is, Europe, and expect to sail about 5 July. As yet they are very much in doubt as to how and where in Europe they want to go. *Roger is going to Europe to get thin, while Robert is going for the purpose of extensive study in French language, manners, and customs.

"Harve" Gerry is "contemplating a trip abroad," but adds that he fully expects to go to work. Others were thinking of

*By request of Robert Dann.
going to Europe, but their plans have fallen thru or were postponed.

Of the others, "Charlie" Schaff, II, says, "I expect to do some studying with the possibility of attending the summer session at Cornell."

"Tommy" McFadden is somewhat more certain on this point. He will continue with his law studies, attending both summer sessions. This will mean two and one-half years of straight study for "Tommy."

"Doc" Aird likewise expects to attend summer school at Cornell, in the main rounding up some loose ends of work.

"Judge" Irvine till a late date was intending to do some work in summer school, too, but has since switched plans, and now expects to return to his home in Salt Lake City to wear our Firestone tires on the family chariot. Besides this, everything is uncertain.

"Casey" Robinson does not know either. His plans are very much in the air.

"Odie" Steward has signed as Professor of Woodcraft for two months at Camp Greylock in the Berkshire Mountains, of Mass., as he says, "to ride herd on little Jew boys."

Osgerby is very uncertain as to what he will do. There is a slight possibility that he will work for the Westinghouse Electric in East Pittsburgh, Pa.

"Rick" Reich expects to work for the Western Electric Co., in New York City. He will be in the research department.

"Abe" Ashley, immediately after Convention, will have a nose operation. This is to be followed by a period of rest and recuperation, at the termination of which he will go to work at the Carrier Engineering Corporation, in Newark, N.J. His particular work will be general and trouble engineering in connection with air conditions and refrigeration, the purpose being that he will "train for the business." This launches "Abe" into the world.

Simmons, when interviewed by the News Letter, stated: "Summer plans, and some are not." He went on further to add
that at first he had worried as to how he would get out of Ithaca, but at present is worrying as to how he is going to stay here. "When these worries are off my mind," he says, "I shall begin to make plans for the summer.

... ... "Shorty" Irvine was recently elected Dean of Delta Theta Phi, the honorary law fraternity.

... ... "Jack" Laylin now holds a position on the Cornell University Christian Association Cabinet. "Mac" Parker, the original C. U. C. A. slicker, should send in his congratulations.

... ... "Rick" Reich, while conducting an experiment in Sibley with some 250-volt current, abstractly picked up a wire which nearly turned him wrong side out. For two or three days he carried his hands in 'cork-plaster' -- which reminded us of the old nursery tale of Johnny Bear who went on a honey-stealing expedition.

... ... * * * * *

-- PROTESTANT CEMETERY **
Rome -- 1934.

Beneath the deep and sombre cypress shade
They rest in holy soil, within the gate
At last, and not as strangers come too late,
Altho in life they stood aloof, afraid
To enter and partake of what was made
To be their heritage. Do not berate
The error of the dead: since Adam ate
Forbidden fruit, the prodigals have strayed.

In this dim silence rests the form of Keats;
Here Shelley's "heart of hearts" no longer beats,
But lies beneath the ancient walls of Rome
Quite still, with those less famed who called this home.
All loved great Rome, whose mission still defeats
The years, for guarding it is Peter's Dome.

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-- John Meehan.
Dear Editor:

*I am sure that you will forgive me for not writing to the News Letter when you hear what has been tearing me up this spring so that I have not even thot about next week’s exams or done anything more than cancel my this summer’s reservation to Europe. Well, out with it — I am engaged to be married to of course the most charming girl in the world — Miss Dorothy Ludington, of New Haven — the first co-educational complication since the Yale Law School admitted women. I am fearfully prejudiced, so I will not sing her praises further than to say that if any one disagrees with me about Dorothy, I shall profoundly pity him. Spread the glad news around, and ask Fent Osggbrby to forgive me for not sending in my balance sheet. Do you hear from Bob Washburn?

Ever yours,

Bill Whitney.

227 Church Street, New Haven,
31 May, 1924.

*Translated by the Editor.

--- PUGSLEY WRITES ---

Dear Editor:

The mimeographing is better, but still rotten.

E. D. P.

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The current issue of the News Letter is the present Editor’s last. It is his swan-song, his ultimate editorial gasp, and he wishes, before he blankets the Begummed, rust-corroded, debilitated typewriter, to thank the members of the staff for their initiative and faithful cooperation. He also apologizes to twelve members of the Association for not writing them this year for contributions.

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