-Telluride News Letter-

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Dear Ed:

I sit down at my crippled Remington and proceed to answer your note upon receipt or thereabouts.

I fear that nothing within the limits of autobiography is lurid enough to make interesting reading in the News Letter. My career since my visit to the Branch a year ago has been somewhat as follows: went to N.Y. and, not finding the Big City falling at my feet, soon began to fall at its, and took the nearest job that the city offered, which, as you may know, proved to be writing dime novel pot boilers for the Sunday World Magazine.

Thrown out of this delightful occupation by Mr. Munsey's merger of eighteen more New York newspapers, I looked about for some time and then hied me back to Paris, where I landed on Easter Sunday with $30. After divers experiences which included the manufacture of batik scarfs to keep away the carnivores from the well known portal, I landed the job which I now proudly hold, and almost imperceptibly turned into a shining pillar of Society as a sub-editor on the "Paris Times." With bed-slippers on my feet and a pot of tea at my right hand, I now sit of an evening toasting marshmallows before my glowing radiator, with a joy in the simple single domestic felicities that would put a crimp in the bandoline on the head of Idahoan Elmer, cause Shorty to split the welkin with a wild horselaugh, or intrigue Ollie to stop over a month with me. But that's not the half of it.

I have been writing stories. I suppose I have got some forty thousand words down on paper since I landed in France. What it is all worth, I shall know better later. What I know now is that more and more I long to get back to painting, and feel that my ability, if any, lies in that direction. To this end I shall shortly give up my job and, aided by fortunately by the scholarship that the Association gave me, take a studio, study again for a time, and then try once more to buck the cruel world of art dealers. I have a couple of commissions that will keep me for a time, and hope to get more to keep going. In Paris there is more
chance of doing this than anywhere else I know, and there-
for I stay in Paris. I hope to go back to America soon
and to stay there for the rest of my life. The longer I
stay here the more American I become. I get
no more kick out of being in Paris than I would get out of
being in any other dot on the map anywhere else on the
globe.

One sees a few more friends, I must admit. Elmhurst
passed through with "the poet" not long ago. Morris Bishop,
Jerry Thompson, Hamlet, and others familiar to the Branch
I see much of.

The best of luck to everybody.

Yours,

Bob.

Dear Editor:

Two months ago today the Leviathan docked in New York;
bringing back home Johnnie Johnson, Jack Schravesande, and
Jack Laylin—three Johns, apparent in good working order.
I met them at the pier. We seemed to be destined to have
a perfectly good evening together when signs of weakness in
the line began to be evident. Johnnie was the first to
default. Before we had gotten as far as the taxi stand,
a damsel, evidently much moved, fell on his not reluctant
neck. We saw him no more. Schravesande left soon after
with the avowed intent of taking a train to Michigan.
Jack Laylin and I then made our way to the Grand Central,
where we ran across Billy Biersach, doing his best to be in
different in the big city. Billy uncovered Bruce Simmons
and Irvin Scott in the Biltmore. After hasty words of
advice from these, chiefly against sobriety, and I had to
hurry back to the station, where Jack Laylin and I took the
train to Dobbs Ferry to spend the night. Jack had a host of
good things to say about his summer's experiences, to add
to my trousseau,

The next day I sailed on the White Star "Pittsburgh!
full of advice and roses. The passage was most pleasant.
There were not many passengers. Were were chiefly students, coming over for the university year—Oxford, Cambridge, Berlin, Paris, Strasbourg. Harvard, Yale, and Cornell each had two or three representatives. Also the twenty-four girls who had won the French government scholarships were a conspicuous factor. The trip was really too agreeable to make the sight of Cherbourg a welcome one. Besides, the actual reality, the realization that henceforth whatever you do must be got by gesticulation, is not entirely a joy.

From Cherbourg I came here by way of Paris, where it was distressing to learn that my English had left the previous day, en route to his year’s work at Fribourg in Switzerland. I made no attempt to do or see anything in Paris, leaving that until later. During the summer, after corresponding with Mr. Burr, I had decided to make my first concern in France the language. I decided (it would not be fair to put to the responsibility on Mr. Burr) that I could not make the best of this task of playing without knowing something of French; that, therefore, before the fun begins, it would be best to locate myself for a time where I could hear and study French. At the critical moment Jack Laylin, writing from France, recommended very strongly this chateau near Orleans. On my request he kindly arranged for me to come here.

So I find myself a fully admitted member of this household, seeing something of French provincial bourgeois life. The element of it which present itself most forcefully at this time of year is of course the absence of heat. One notices immediately the pleasantness of living and the tremendous economic handicaps the country had. One sees, too, so many more similarities between French and Americans than one would expect. But these are serious subjects. The language has been more than enough to occupy me. I find it impossibly barren—English is far richer. On several occasions have I put French to the test and found it wanting. For instance, at dinner one day, the second course, consisting of mashed potato (the first is meat, the third and last is dessert) was being served. When the dish came to me, in the heat of a lively discussion at the table, I quite inexplicably and equally unobserved let fall upon the floor a portion of the mash intended for
my plate. Now the English language has a number of possibilities for such affairs, but French proved entirely inadequate. It was necessary for me first to indicate on the floor the presence of the delicacy. A simple matter of fact like this seems all too barren when put into the French. As for giving a satisfactory cause of its coming to be there I made little headway. It was evident from the look of doubt on the faces of those present that they were unconvinced. I could see plainly that they were suspicious. To this day I have not been able to satisfy them. No one can deny that a language with such shortcomings has a psychologically narrowing effect on those that are limited to it. Another example: As I was taking my toast and coffee and toast one morning, from a piece of toast broken in my mouth a crumb flew off by some play of chance and lodged itself in one of my eyes, causing me considerable discomfort. French again was wanting, Can I convince you that the spectators never knew what happened. It was obvious to them that I was in distress. "I have bread in the eye"—brief, exact, grammatical, uttered with proper intonation. They were unconvinced. Other sayings, equally applicable, carried no effect. I had to renounce the effort with the audience still in doubt and exchanging pitying glances. (Illustrating the extreme politeness of the French, Ed.)

I shall probably rest here through December, perhaps more. Ed Meehan proposed a trip for the two of us into Italy at Easter time. It sounds wonderfully attractive.

I write this letter as a last resort. Something is keeping the News Letter from appearing. An offense like this effort is really unpardonable, but perhaps there is time later for things in a different mood.

Chateau de la Roche Cabot Cowille,
Hauterive, St. Jean de la Ruelle,
Loiret, France.

- NEW YORK DINNER -

On 15 November, after the Cornell-Dartmouth game, Association members, Alumni, and friends gathered at the
Cornell Club in New York City for dinner. Twenty-five occupied places in the private dining-room: the steak was thick and pink; the punch-bowl, deep and wide; and the discourse, sweet and excellent. "Dave" Wegg sat at the head of the table amid graybeards and acted as toastmaster, calling upon each man in turn to arise and give account of his activities. Songs were interspersed among the speeches, and sometimes the songs and the speeches overlapped. Bruce Simmons, who had spent part of the summer in California with Mr. Nunn, commanded much interest when he discussed Mr. Nunn's health, and the group unanimously moved that Mr. Nunn be sent a message bearing the affectionate regards of the men present.

Those present were: "Speed Ball" Lindsay; "Jimmy" Austin; "Jack" Laylin; "Shorty" Irvine; I. L. "Scotty" Scott; Bruce Simmons; "Dink" Dinkel; "Rog" Dann (representing the twins); "Dave" Wegg; "Doc" Bonnett; "Butch" Worn; "Keet" Cota; F.G. Anderson; "Plato" Fugsley; Frank Monaghan; "Johnny" Johnson; A.H. Gardner; "Abe" Ashley; C.E. Chaffin; "Hod" Lamb; "Whiskey" Johnson; Paul Crouch; G.K. McCabe; "Jeff" Elmer.

-DEEP SPRINGS-

Dear Editor:

This year, for the first time, we started out with a Director at the helm. Mr. Suhr, who was made Director at the Trustee Meeting of last spring has helped greatly in coordinating the different branches of the work here. He has aided everyone in getting a better grasp of the ideals of Deep Springs. This year gives him an opportunity to continue this work.

This year's Student Body is unique in the annals of Deep Springs in that there is only one new Student Body member. This eliminates that period of painfully slow progress, which seems always to come at the first of each year, as the result of the influx of new members, with only the embryo of Deep Springs ideals of purpose. Henry Suhr

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is the new member, while Bradford Yassy, a member of two years ago, is back again this year.

The lecture system which was started last year, of having a lecturer up here for a week in every month, is being followed this year. In October we had as lecturer: Dr. Flewelling, professor of philosophy at the University of Southern California, and editor of "The Personalist", a small magazine published by the University on philosophical subjects. His talks covered a wide range of subjects and were handled with a breadth of view that made them extremely valuable. His evening talks centered about the dramas of doubt in which he took up Prometheus Bound, Job, Hamlet, Faust, and Brand. Our second lecturer, Dr. Klinberg, is head of the Department of History at the University of California, Southern Branch. He is full to the overflowing of his subject, believes in making History interesting, and yet gets in enough substantial facts to make it valuable. The general subject of his talks was, the European background of American History.

Deep Springs was dressed out in its gayest apparel in anticipation of a Trustee Meeting in November. The Trustee Meeting did not materialize; it was postponed until December. However, Wally Cook, the Student Body Trustee did, and stayed for several weeks. Everyone was glad to see our senior member back again in our midst.

George C. Lyon.

- GEOLOGICAL JOURNEYS IN NEVADA -

It was not only a privilege, but a great adventure, to be with a Geological Survey field party as I was last summer, at work on the Hawthorne Quadrangle, Nevada-California. Armed with my letter of employment as packer, (meaning everything but geologist), on June 9, I reported at Mina, Nev., to begin work the next morning.

The first working place was Basalt, 30 miles south of Mina. We set out with a full load in the Dodge truck,
and I was given my first driving lesson by running the car the whole distance, under instructions from Mr. Ferguson, the chief. Coaching was kept up steadily, so that three days later I was able to drive back to Mina alone for mail and supplies. Those first few days were busy days. My daily program was about like this: up before five, cook breakfast, wash dishes, drive off to the hills with the geologists, then hike all day with them, or wait in the car or at camp; in the evening drive out after them and pick them up at separate places, then back to camp, cook and eat supper, and to bed. Sometimes if the geologists were late it would be ten o'clock by the time all was still. We never took Sundays off, so it was steady work, but part of the time we lived in town, which gave relief from camp cooking. In the course of time the routine work became easier, but the driving and odd jobs were variables and unknown quantities.

Our next camp was at Marietta, once quite a mining center, near the edge of Teels Marsh, a large alkaline flat. In the '60's and '70's it was one of the first American borax producers, too; in fact the business was at one time so great that camels were imported to do the desert hauling. After ten days about Marietta, we moved back to Mina and began a new phase of the work.

Dr. T.W. Stanton, expert paleontologist, arrived, to spend two weeks with us in making collections of fossils. Near Basat we had found one trilobite locality, but now the finds were all of later age, mostly sea-shells in limestone beds. It was great fun to collect them and find out the particular name of each, only to forget it again. On the various hunts we made trips all over the area, and during this period I saw for the first time Walker Lake, and Hawthorne, once a "boom" town, now all but ruined by remaining the county seat of Mineral County. Dr. Stanton shipped more than 600 lbs. of our fossil collections, and I had to scour Mina to find enough boxes for them. Then we went back to geology—"good to get back to work again" as Ferguson said.

Now we were to go into the wilderness if ever there were such, to Humcoo Valley. The valley was some 10 miles long, surrounded on all sides by steep mountains. At one time there were three or four roads into it, and three or four camps, with wells. Now these are all aban-
There is but one passable road into it, from Mina, and there is but one passable road into it, from Mina. We took up through a deep and badly washed canyon and over the mountains. The last climb is the steepsest grade I ever saw an auto climb. The grade was built by an old prospector, Maxwell, who has a place at the edge of the valley, and with whom we later became better acquainted. He was proud of that grade—had built it himself "without any instruments nor nothin'". It looked it. We camped in the valley by a deserted well, which Maxwell told us he had just cleaned out. While at his mine, we had several surprises. He proved to be an artist (so he said), and showed us some of his work, desert and mountain scenery, but done from imagination (strong imagination, too). He knew nothing of perspective and at his well would make the desert bright with yellow-spotted rattlesnakes or sage brush of the richest grass-green. His mountains, too, were a revelation, all uniformly dark brown and bristling with long pinnacles like cathedral spires. I had to turn away to hide a broad grin. He had been a "sailor on the high seas", then a miner 40 years, and now he was troubled by horse rustlers who tried to "run him out", etc., etc. We camped there five days, using well water for cooking, but as an occasional rat or chipmunk was raised in the bucket, we used drinking water from Mina.

After a day in Mina again, we went to Whiskey Flat, near Hawthorne. Here there are numerous springs. Whiskey Flat and Whiskey Springs are said to have been named by Mark Twain, who was "roughing it" here for a time. We camped at the mouth of Powell Canyon, on the west side of the flat, where a stream of water came down in early morning, then retreated up the canyon. In the '60's there was quite a settlement here, for a man stage line passed through the canyon. Frequent washouts later forced the abandonment of this route from Hawthorne to Aurora. Hawthorne is near the south end of Walker Lake. Along the west side of the lake, and extending south along the west side of Whiskey Flat, is the Wassuk range, which towers 5000 to 7000 feet above the lake. Powell Canyon cuts through this range near its south end, and the later stage route, now the main auto road, crosses the range just west of Hawthorne over the Lucky Boy Summit by the old Lucky Boy mine. This climb of 4000 feet we took on our next trip, following the old stage line down the other side, across a flat, and up Bodie Canyon. We
camped at a former stage station, Del Monte, now the ruins of three or four houses and the stables. A side canyon comes in at Del Monte, leading to the old mining town of Aurora which we visited. It was formerly called Esmeralda, and was the county seat of Mono County, Calif., until the state line was surveyed and it was found to be in Nevada. Mark Twain lived here in the early '60's, and we were shown his cabin. In "Roughing It" he tells many of his experiences in and about Esmeralda. It was one of the greatest camps of Nevada, and altogether produced some $30,000,000. It has had occasional revivals, even as late as 1917. The town is quite large for a mining camp, and had a hotel, sewer system, jail, school, cemetery, and of course a number of saloons. Now it is a "ghost city." Only a couple of old fellows still linger, and everything is falling to ruin.

Returning to Mina, we made ready for the last part of the season's work, a study of the Washuk Range. With a new chief and the addition of a young Harvard Chirman preparing for the Chinese Survey, we again left for the wilds, working the west side of the range along East Walker River. We camped near a ranch in the valley for some time, but to work some of the highest country had to be nearer the top, so we took a light load up over Wheeler pass to the very foot of Mt. Grant. An abandoned log cabin with open fireplace made a fine camp site. Mt. Grant is the peak of the Washuk, 11,303 feet, well watered and the haunt of sage hens. One morning we made the climb to the summit. A panorama of 100 miles in every direction was before us. Almost directly below lay the whole expanse of Walker Lake, a unique lake in a unique setting. Picture a vast desert valley between high mountain ranges, and in the middle of it, without fringe of vegetation, without a boat upon its surface, a lake of the deepest blue, smooth as glass, some 30 miles long. On the west side the mountains rise vertically from the water. The lake has no outlet, and is not salty; it is limy, and is depositing lime tufa on its shores; there is too much lime in the water to allow shore-line vegetation, yet fish live in it and animals drink its water. Far to the south lay Mono Lake, with a background of the high Sierras stretching to the southward. To the east lay range and range of Nevada mountains, fading into haze. Just to the west was the fertile Mason Valley, with thousands of acres of irrigated land. We gained many high peaks, but nowhere saw such a glorious view.

In the low hills near the Walker River were interest-
ing fossil beds, containing Miocene and Pliocene bones—early horses, little camels, and elephants. We found evidence of each, but most of horses. The teeth were most prized, as identifying the species by the little cusps and ridges on their grinding surfaces.

"Working to the upper end of the Vassuk, we crossed eastward and came south along the lake to work the east front, and so back to Hawthorne.

Aside from the geographical interest, the country is one of vivid romance. Everywhere are evidences of bygone glory. The gorgeous 1880 ceilings in the mine office at Candelaria, the three-story mansions at old Esmeralda, the great mahogany-set, 20-foot mirror at the former bar in the hotel at Hawthorne; are mute testimonies of Nevada's palmy days. Occasionally one meets, as we did in Mina, a real "old-timer," who came west from Omaha in six months by wagon. Such men have fascinating tales to tell. I left Hawthorne to end my season, with the feeling of one who closes a volume of romance, and turns back to the realities of the present.

Harvey Mansfield,

* * * * *

-More from Europe-

Dear Editor:

Now that I am once more settled down to regular life, I have no more excuse for not writing, so I shall get busy. I suppose that Johnson will give you an account of our summer together, so I shall only add what happened after he left for the States.

For several days I waited in Paris for Cabot, but I finally decided that he was not coming there directly, so I left for sunnier climes. It had been cold and rainy all the time in France and Germany, and I needed to thaw out, so I packed my things and left for Nice, on the Riviera. That famous section of Europe deserves all that attention it has received, and I enjoyed every minute of my week on the shores of the colorful Mediterranean. I visited the famous

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Monte Carlo and Morocco, and found them exceedingly beautiful. The atmosphere of the famous Casino was certainly a disappointment, as one always is inclined to think of it as a gay play place, but it is not that at all. It is very quiet and all faces are set anxiously. All eyes are directed toward the little ivory ball that chatters mockingly on the rim of the wheel. All in all, it was rather depressing, and I was glad to get out onto the lovely terrace overlooking the sea, where a splendid orchestra was entertaining those who relaxed at the tea tables. To sum up the Riviera in a few words, I can only say that it is more like a Maxwell Parish picture than anything I have ever seen in reality.

After I left Nice, I spent a day in dirty grimy old Marseilles. From there I went to Grenoble, and had a glorious day passing through the heart of the French Alps. I stopped a couple of days in Grenoble, visited the Grande Chartreuse, and thoroughly enjoyed the beautiful country and city. Geneva was my next stop, and after that Fribourg.

I arrived here on an ideal day, and as the train came nearer my destination, I thought more and more of Ithaca, as the hills hereabouts are much the same, and were all dressed in the most gorgeous autumn colors—just as I last saw Ithaca a year ago. The city is a picture to begin with, and rambles down the hillside to the river. A grand old Gothic cathedral is the most prominent building, with the old Hôtel de Ville nearby, taking second place. The University is near the top, and all over the higher levels of the city, there are educational institutions of various kinds: residence colleges, private schools, etc. The whole atmosphere of the place centers about student life, and it is all that one would imagine an old European educational center should be.

The Cantonal University is situated here, and yet it has really developed into much more. Because of the character of the men who are teaching here and because of the exceptional opportunities offered in the way of languages, etc., it has attracted students from all over Europe, and indeed, a generous number from America. The Theological College is under the direction of the Dominicans, and some of their very best men are here. My professor of Moral Theology, for example, is internationally known on his line, and considered to be one of the greatest living theologians. I am really enjoying my
work immensely, and I feel sure that the year is going to be great in more ways than one.

After my four weeks in the hospital in Rome, I felt pretty well, but I did not gain as much as I should have liked during the summer. I was rather discouraged when I came here, as I feared that I was in for some serious illness. However, only a few days passed here and began to feel better. Now my stomach behaves very well, and I sleep like a baby, and have already gained five pounds as a result of drinking plenty of good Swiss milk. So hope is alive again, and I have started to work with a will.

It was surely a real treat for me to see so many of the old guard in Paris this summer. I think we all enjoyed the reunion, but none more than myself, for after a year of exile, I was glad to have an opportunity for a reunion, especially since the prospects of a few more years of exile loom ahead. But it is great to be over her and if one is not irked he learns a lot. He learns that our own country is favored above all others, but that it is not yet perfect. Hence, he is able to see the advantages and disadvantages, and go home better equipped than ever to be of real service.

Needless to say, I was very much interested in hearing the news of the convention, and while I will probably be accused of self-interest if I say much about it, nevertheless I feel that I have a right to say a few things. Moreover, I feel reasonably certain that those who would accuse me of self-interest will be very few. I expect to say some strong things for I feel that way about matters.

It was indeed a satisfaction to know that ignorance and bigotry and Ku Kluxism had been dealt a blow in the Association. It was good also, to know that there were those present who were ready to speak forcibly. I only wish I could have been there to get into the game myself. I had expected an opportunity of this kind at the last convention which I attended, but some ammunition seems to work better when the object of attack is far away. Distance lends enchantment to the scene and valor to the bravery.
From what I heard, it seems that those who favored the granting of my scholarship for another year spoke accordingly based their ideas on tolerance. I may have the wrong idea of tolerance, but it brings certain ideas into my mind which seem to me to have only a remote relation to the case. Tolerance always seems to me to imply the heroic indulgence of something which is really distasteful. Personally, I do not look at the matter in such a light, and would not feel at all justified in applying for preferment from Telluride Association if it did. It is my understanding that Telluride Association stands for certain ideals, which it wishes to inculcate and develop in its members, and foremost among these, I have always understood, was the ideal of service. This service, according to my training at the Association institutions, does not mean exactly the kind of service that is given by the city garbage collector, the street cleaner, the telephone operator, the poundmaster, or such officials, although their work is most acceptable and necessary in its way.

From ten years connection with the Association, I have gained the impression that the service aimed at was of a broader and more far-reaching type—that it was on an intellectual and spiritual basis rather than a physical, and to substantiate this, I can even point to such documents as the Dean's report to the last convention. Hence, I feel that I have chosen a work which is according to the ideals of Telluride Association, and therefore, I continue my connection with the organization and petition for preferment. If the convention shows me at any time that my conception is wrong, I shall certainly cease to butt in.

I have heard that there was an objection made on the grounds that Telluride Association should not be subsidizing the Catholic Church, which is a rich institution and using its own men in its own way and therefore should take care of them. I have heard many discussions on the floor of convention halls to the effect that preferment was not granted on the grounds of financial need. But still this seems to come up—at least in the minds of some. When will it die?

Further than this, I would like to call the attention of anyone who cannot see it, that there has been no objection on that part of mankind in general, when the Catholic Church has subsidized the world—and she has done
that and is doing so, both in Europe and America. It was not long ago that in a conversation with the founder of our organization, that he used these words, "It is plain to anyone who really thinks and studies, that there is but one stable factor in our civilization today, and that is the Catholic Church." It is not the first time in history that these words have been applied.

Austria is on the road to rehabilitation today, than to the efforts of a Catholic priest, Monsignor Seipel. Mussolini, the savior of Italy, does not hesitate to say in all his public utterances, that his work depends on the strengthening of the Church in Italy. He has restored religious instructions in the schools, and only recently has ordered the cross to be replaced on the Capadoglic, the Capitol of the Kingdom. Primo de Rivera, the strong man of Spain has followed a similar course. Poland has revived miraculously, and the center of her whole revival has been the Church. In our own country, the late President Harding did not hesitate to appoint a priest to a place in the diplomatic corps, nor did he seems to feel that he could not be of service. The illustrious Cardinal Gibbons need but to be mentioned, that the figure of a great public servant and citizen may be brought to mind, for he was the friend and adviser of several presidents, and was of great service in the settling of the Philippine difficulties. A thousand examples could be named, includir Archbishop Hughes of New York who served Lincoln well, and the late Archbishop Ireland of St. Paul who was always a great citizen. The present Archbishop of San Francisco not only gives constant time and support to all phases of public life, but in addition holds important positions in the state and civic government, as a member of labor and other commissions. Intelligent men recognize such service, and realize that his ecclesiastical position adds weight to his ability to serve, and they have no fear of "Popish plots," and other ghosts, which ignoramuses foster.

I go into this matter at such length in order to make clear my position, and to put in on another and more firm basis than tolerance. I have tried to absorb the ideals of Telluride Association and live accordingly- I have had the idea of DOING something which would be of service to the rest, rather than to make myself comfortable or wealthy- for God knows, I shall never wallow in money.
Though the Catholic Church has a great income, the demands made upon her are tremendous, and after all wealth consists in surplus. And I hope that when my life is done that I shall have something more to my credit than to say that I have never committed mayhem, sworn audibly when I missed a two foot putt, and that I have not slipped little children. I hope at least that I shall have one positive thing to my credit. Moreover, I hope I shall be too intelligent to refer to the activities of ancient, great and time-honored institutions as "superstitions."

It seems to me that the time has come when Telluride Association should not be satisfied with filling its belly with the East wind. When a man is entirely out of harmony with all the fundamental ideas and ideals of the organization his exit should be facilitated in any possible way. It is nice and delightful to be a good fellow, but good fellowship is not the stuff that accomplishment is made of, and if Telluride Association is worth its salt, it has got to develop some more "guts" and ACT. Otherwise, I see no purpose in printing elaborate and expensive minutes, but instead it would be much better and more to the point to insert a notice in the society column of the Ithaca Daily Bugle to the effect that three score of charming and well-groomed young men got together in the sumptuous ball room of Telluride House, pleasantly disposed of some thousands of dollars, and that a good time was had by all. Also, let me put myself down as being heartily in favor of Dean Thornhill's suggestion regarding the News Letter, and I further suggest that he write an article of the kind he favors, and start the good work along. He writes one splendid document a year—perhaps he could make it two this year. It would be a real service. Now that this is out of my system, I must get to work.

Albertinum, Sincerely,
certain discussions at last Convention and Ed Meahan's letter bring to mind an important point concerning the ideals of the Association. The precise nature of Tellmide ideals has always been a little puzzling to me. While they seem to be sufficiently well outlined in the preamble to our constitution, the interpretation of this is obviously capable of broad differences and an exact interpretation sufficiently definite to serve as a common working basis for nearly seventy men seems out of the question. After all, ideals are a matter of individual philosophy and cannot well be stated in a few words. It was such misgivings that led to the withdrawal of one of our members last spring. Finding it impossible to be wholly in agreement with everyone as to the exact nature of our purpose, I have felt that the simple ideal of service was sufficiently high and definite to justify continuation with the Association.

Accepting this, then, as the purpose, and the broadening of the field of knowledge, especially through education, as one of the most effective ways of carrying it out, we are naturally precluded from committing ourselves to any particular philosophy. Every institution that is plainly and avowedly striving for service deserves our sympathy, not necessarily as individuals, but as an association. We cannot afford to discriminate, any more by denying one sort of institution than by confining ourselves to another sort. Not only would it be unjustified in the light of our purpose, but would be disastrous to our own welfare. Heaven forbid that the Association ever become dogmatic and bigotted. But this is unquestionably just what we are becoming when we attempt to discriminate against the Catholic Church, just as much, in fact, as if we should declare ourselves, say, strictly Presbyterian or Lutheran. And this recalls to mind the feud between atheism and theism, on which some insist. To be consistent with this philosophy I cannot see how we can afford to be any more professionally theistic than agnostic or atheistic. For again we should commit ourselves to a specific philosophy. Imagine all the possible interpretations of the word "Creator", all the gradations between those plainly theistic and those plainly not. Logically, our membership would have to become limited to those few who happened to be in agreement, for they should probably look upon the rest as atheistic and therefore out of harmony with the purpose.

If any feel that the Association should narrow
itself to any more specific philosophy than that mentioned above, and I believe a few feel that way, I should like to hear some discussion of it, for I have never been able to believe that it is either justifiable or feasible. This is by no means a purely academic question. It was brought up last convention in connection with the granting of preferment. It has been touched on by those who have been wont to frown on such things as Socialism. It will doubtless affect our actions in the future, if not through the Association as a whole, at least through many individual votes.

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We were very sorry to receive the following communication from Mr. Noon:

My dear Julian:

Many of the boys knew my sister, Mrs. Briscoe, who has been connected with Telluride Association for many years, and so will be interested in knowing that she died at Los Angeles on October 31st, and was buried in the Provo cemetery on November 4th. The Episcopal funeral service was read by Dean Fleetwood of Salt Lake.

Sincerely,
F.C. Noon.

From Mr. Noon we learn that Mrs. Briscoe was born and raised in Provo. Her marriage to Edward A. Briscoe, an engineer in Mr. Nunn's organization, took her to Telluride, Colorado until his death in 1909, when she returned to Provo. Employed in the Salt Lake Office of Telluride Power Company, she was forced by poor health to give up her work and went to Los Angeles to join her sister, Mrs. J.R. Broughton. It was there that the cancer developed which lead to her death.

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My dear Editor:

The November News Letter has just reached me—and altho I have little news, I can at least give a short account of myself and notify you of my change of address.
As you will recall, I am no longer in Choteauville, but back at the University of Texas where two years ago I was a student. This time, the, I have a position in the creamery. Am still following the creamery game and find it just as interesting as it was when I was here as a student. Am at present in the ice-cream department, but one is put in one department for a time and then moved into another; its very good experience tho; will very likely be here till a better position shows up, or I am fired.

This is about all the news I can give you. Am still single with very good prospects of remaining so for an indefinite time.

Give my best regards to all the Telluride men in the House. Hope I can see them all again some day.

Beta Phi House, Very sincerely,
Davis, California. Merrill C. Wrench.
Dec. 5, 1944.

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- CORNELL BRANCH NEWS -

Cornell Branch has recently made two additions to its membership. "Doc" Connell came up about Thanksgiving time to be with us for a couple of months while studying for his medical examinations. Frank Monaghan has been invited to be a guest of the remainder of this term. Monaghan is a Sophomore in the University and expects to go into law.

The News Letter is pleased to announce that Charlie Schaeffer has been elected to the Editorial Board of the Cornell Daily Sun. This election followed a hard and grueling competition and we wish to congratulate Charlie on his success. Charlie has also recently been made a member of the Sophomore Banquet Committee.

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In recent debate tryouts, Jack Laylin was selected as a member of the Cornell team of three men to meet Princeton. The subject of the debate which will be held
in February will probably the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution. Jack was also selected on the first try-outs for the '34 Memorial Prize Speaking Contest.

Johnny Newell has been working on the Dramatic Club competition. He seems to be at present chief scene mover, and says that he thinks this work leads to the position of manager of dramatics.

Don Falconer on his recent trip to Montreal covered himself with glory by defeating the McGill University Debate Team on the question, "Resolved: that the Waterways of the St. Lawrence River be Deepened." The debate was conducted after the fashion of the English Parliament, the Prime Minister bringing in a bill to put through this project. Falconer and his colleagues, by convincing the House that this project was unwise summarily put the Government out of office, necessitating new elections.

Falconer declares that he had a very pleasant trip. He returned from Montreal with his suitcase filled with fine woolen socks!

Osgerby was recently elected to Phi Kappa Phi, the honorary scholastic society which draws its members from all branches of scholarly activity.

One of our staunchest debaters is Frank Monaghan. He recently made the Cornell-Colgate debate which was held in Ithaca, the subject of which was the three presidential candidates. Each speaker upheld one of these men. Monaghan felt that his efforts should be devoted to showing the superiority of Mr. Davis.

Monaghan also was captain of the Sophomore debate team in its recent contest with the Freshman team.

The House "threw" its usual successful party at
Thanksgiving time. Festivities were extended this year to a small house party, which lasted from Wednesday evening, when a formal dance was given, to Friday morning when "eight o'clocks" called us back again to the grind. Seth Vakeran and his sister were the chaperones. On Thanksgiving day, the party turned out at the New Armory to sing out encouragement to Cornell's team as they watched the returns of the Cornell-Penn game which were sent in by telegraph. Following the returns, we enjoyed one of Burt Olsson's unequalled turkey dinners.

It is reported that the Danes have been chosen members of the Senior Dance Committee.

Cornell Branch has been very active this fall in entertainment. Among the guests have been Professor and Mrs. W.K. Stoner, Professor and Mrs. Hull, Professor G.E.G. Catlin, Rev. Hugh Moran, Dr. and Mrs. Mountford, Professor Michalms, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Dean A.V. Smith and Mrs. Smith, Herbert and Mrs. Reich, Col. Furlong, and Mr. Dow.

Dr. and Mrs. Aird visited the Branch while on their trip east. Mr. Newell and Judge Irvine also paid us visits.

Five men from the House have been selected for the annual trip of the Cornell Musical Clubs'. These men are Rog and Bob Dann and Charlie Schaaff on the second tenor part, Falconer, first base and Steward, second base. More than this, Bob Dann was just elected leader of the Glee Club. Rog Dann was elected President of the Musical Clubs last year. Steward and Schaaff were also successful in making the special sextet. Walt Welti will accompany the Club again this year as one of the chief soloists.

- CHANGES OF ADDRESS -

Wrench, Merrill C. - Beta Phi House, Davis, California.
The News Letter regrets to announce that Bernt Olsson is suffering an attack of typhoid fever. Bernt, who probably contracted this while on his recent trip to New York, was taken ill about a week after his return to Ithaca. He is at present in the Ithaca City Hospital, and we are daily hoping for some good word.