TELLURIDE NEWS LETTER
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STAFF
HENRY G. HAYES  EDITOR
E. M. JOHNSON  CORNELL EDITOR
BARCLAY HUDSON  DEEP SPRINGS EDITOR

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Deep Springs Student Body,  
Deep Springs, California.  

Gentlemen:  

I have had few disappointments equal to the one occasioned by my inability to be with you during the past especially important weeks. As my absence is likely to continue for some time I am sending you this brief message.

Stimulate and encourage each other by promulgating fundamental rules of conduct rather than by individual personal criticism. Give heed to the fact that true democracy provides for individual development and growth along the most varied and numerous lines and in connection with the most varied and numerous defects. That as no one is free from myriads of imperfections, so no one has a monopoly on the virtues and good qualities of life. Recognize as the most fundamental absolutely necessary quality of efficient development and effective organization, charity towards all, and as to the meaning of charity read with scholarly purpose of obtaining the meaning verses four to seven, both inclusive, of the thirteenth chapter of First Corinthians. A really vicious purpose should not be tolerated, but I know the members of Deep Springs Student Body and I know there is not one without a fundamentally good purpose. There are no “zeros” among us. There are none so far above the others as to make it safe for them to consider themselves as models from which others should be formed. Each one of us has his work to do. True self-reliance is sincere, humble realization of the necessity of relying upon the voice of God within, and respect for the institutions of society which are the result of the experience of the ages. Less time should be spent in looking for defects and criticizing them, and more time in action; especially less time in criticizing others and more time in forming the habit of seeing quickly and admitting the admirable points of others. This would not tend to lower the standard but on the contrary to inspire each one with the spirit of progress in line with his natural and God-given powers. As stated above, I do not believe that there is a member who does not possess a healthy desire to develop along the line of unselfish service. If there is such a one he certainly should feel without any direct criticism how out of place he is at Deep Springs. Any direct offence against the purpose of the institution should be openly condemned by your Body, but mere individual peculiarities and minor shortcomings need not be noticed, at least not to the point of “ragging”.

I hope to be with you soon, but most certainly not as an example or as a critic. I am to conscious of a life crowded full to the uttermost and overflowing with defects to assume either of those positions. I want to be with you to draw from you, as I do whenever I am with you, life and Divine purpose, remembering always that the promise is to Him who “endureth unto the end”.

Sincerely,  

L. L. NUNN  
Member of the Deep Springs Student Body
This issue of the News Letter marks the return to two practices that, heretofore, have only been justified by the hectic conditions of war times. In short, the News Letter is being printed instead of mimeographed, and it is being exposed to the sinister, if somewhat lethargic, editorial influence of One-Who-Does-Not-Live-At-Cornell Branch. Whether or not printing under the present conditions can be made an unqualified financial success appears to be an extremely debatable question; whether or not it can be made an editorial success depends chiefly upon the manner in which Association men show their interest in a paper from which they seem always glad to receive, but to which they are ever loath to contribute. The editor this year is laboring under the very serious handicap of being out of direct touch with all the centers of Telluride activity, and the News Letter is more dependent than ever before upon the spontaneous cooperation of those who claim to have the welfare of their publication so much at heart. In spite of the valiant efforts of our Editor Emeritus to awaken the public spirit of Cornell Branch, that august body appears all to content to look upon the transfer elsewhere of the News Letter editorial chair as good riddance of bad rubbish, and limits its co-operation to mere querulous complaints on the tardy appearance of this first issue. We had at least felt justified in expecting a stream of true Telluride contributions from the Courtrooms of Provo, to combat the above mentioned "sinister influence", but here again we have been disappointed. The genii of Deep Springs seems to have been successfully diverted into other channels. The alumni have as little interest in the troubles of the present editor as he, being a new-comer in Association circles, has knowledge of the methods of approach to them. —The solution of this present unfortunate problem is not one of extreme difficulty, certainly not beyond the reach of those who have any genuine interest in the News Letter. Yes, you have guessed it!

After which tirade, we turn with real pleasure to contemplate our most recent Association ornament, the little literary Minerva just sprung full-armed from the head of—Jove! Yet in all seriousness—Dean Thornhill is to be very heartily congratulated on the appearance of what he modestly calls his "little pamphlet", for the "Telluride Association and Deep Springs Work" reflects the greatest credit on all concerned in its production, and is a very welcome and valuable addition to the annals of Telluride and Deep Springs accomplishment. With feelings of sincere congratulation, though not unmixed, perhaps, with a little touch of jealousy, the News Letter wishes its sister all success in her auspicious career.

H. G. H.

EDITORIAL (2)

By a decision of the last Convention at Ithaca the 1926 Convention is to open at Deep Springs at 7:00 P. M. on June 16. At the time, this date was believed to allow all members from the East ample opportunity to make the transcontinental trip next summer after the close of college. The members now at Cornell will not be greatly inconvenienced by this early date, but those at other colleges will, and it is imperative that some official action be taken to postpone the opening of the coming convention. For example, the final examinations at both Yale and Harvard are not over until the very day set for the opening session. There are at present three Association men at Harvard, three at Yale, and one a Princeton who will find it practically impossible to reach Deep Springs until too late to take
an active part in the work to be done next June. To further complicate the situation: if these seven men, average only one proxy apiece they will control a total of fourteen votes, and there is at least one constitutional amendment, the final report of the Judiciary Committee, which is to be considered, and which will require a vote of 85% of the Association membership as well as 85% of all members present in order to be passed. No opinion on this question has yet been heard from the men now in and around New York, but the experience of the last convention at Provo, which did not open until June 18, showed that those who were able to attend at all arrived late, even though the distance was shorter and the date later than will be the case this June.

It is strongly urged that this matter be considered by the President of the Association, and that some official action be taken to postpone the opening of the 1926 Convention at least until June 21 or 22.

H. G. H.

EDITORIAL (3)

President Irvine appointed the writer to collect biographical material on the life and work of Mr. Numm, in accordance with a resolution passed by the 1925 Convention.

Last summer the writer spent several days at Provo and Boise searching the newspaper files for material. This fall, the writer sent out mimeographed circulars for the purpose of securing names and addresses of all the persons who were in any way connected with Mr. Numm, and at present has a file containing a large number of names. Several hundred letters have been written in connection with this work, and much interesting material in the way of correspondence, personal reminiscences, et c., has been sent in.

It is interesting to note that those most ready to comply with requests for information or other assistance are former business associates and Alumni who have severed active participation, and not those individuals who at Convention voted so enthusiastically that this work be done. The writer would appreciate the courtesy of a reply from Association members who have apparently used his stamped, self-addressed envelope for other purposes than that obviously intended.

E. M. Johnson

ASSOCIATION INVESTMENT

The last Convention met the problem of the investment of Association funds by authorizing the Custodians, under certain conditions, to invest in trust fund securities. This disposition was recognized as temporary. It was taken as an expedient means of tidying over financial issues in this critical period of readjustment. Trust fund securities were named not only on account of their safety, but also because they can be easily sold. Should Telluride Association find a more permanent investment, cash from these securities would be quickly available.

A special resolution called for the consideration of such plans of investment as might be educationally or socially constructive. One object was to make it evident that the Association had not so abruptly abandoned its financial policy, and that the arrangement made was not final. The way was thereby kept open for the continuation of a basic principle of Telluride Association: to establish, invest in, and conduct commercial enterprises.

As a single illustration of what worthy of Administration and Improvement Building, a building is operating in Washington, D.C., principal object being the building houses for workmen, and not additional. The experience remains uniform and salutary, the soundness of such an investment is not in question.

That such a plan is not to that class, but is yet contributable, well but still, dates to a city or university, the unscrupulous.

The fact that has always been the earnings to meet obligations, with a low profit and an unusual skill with which it has been paid for, at a higher rate, can clearly need.

I cite a statement pronounced by the Vice President on a capital basis, that the Association would itself be an example of such a business enterprise, would it be possible to get people for skilled labor, including the unskilled labor.

Our organization is based on the atmosphere of education, putting the student on a pedestal inspiring and motivating. It can be done only when they have learned to exert their full capacity to the type of our organization.

The problem of Springs and the future of the Association is suitable novelty not the grown or present, but one has even
The problem of membership is an imperative one for both Deep Springs and Telluride Association. Nothing is more important to the future safety and progress of both organizations than that suitable new men be found to fill the ranks of those who have outgrown or passed beyond an active part in these organizations. No one has ever been more conscious of how much depends upon mem-

As a single example of one type of enterprise which would be worthy of Association investment, I offer the Washington Sanitary Improvement Company. It is a company of recognized soundness, operating in the city of Washington for the past twenty-nine years. Among its articles of incorporation appears the statement that "the principal object of the Company is to furnish homes in the city of Washington at reasonable rentals." It builds and rents sanitary houses for wage earners. The capital stock of the company amounts to $500,000. Its assets, taking the cost price of land and buildings and not adding the increase of present value, are $1,066,000. A depreciation reserve of $308,000 and surplus of $233,000 indicate the soundness of the company. The dividend rate is six per cent, and no dividends have been passed. During the fiscal year past, while $50,000 was paid in dividends, $26,000 was reinvested as surplus.

That such work is socially constructive is undeniable. It belongs to that class of undertakings which, while not being philanthropies, yet contribute soundly to essential needs. The construction of simple, well built, healthful houses, and renting them at reasonable rates to a class of people that are too frequently at the mercy of the unscrupulous, is a service.

The fact that the Washington Sanitary Improvement Company has always paid dividends and in addition has been able to reinvest earnings to the extent of making its assets more than double its obligations, is tribute to the policy of doing an essential work at a low profit. The prosperity of the company does not result from unusual skill on the part of those conducting it. All work done has been paid for. Success has come because the company has not timed at large returns, and has confined itself to performing a function clearly needed.

I cite a small company because it is of a size which could be financed by the Telluride Association. Similar work could be done on a capital of less than $500,000; or it could be expanded in definite. The Association could be an investor in such a company, or it could itself found one in any city where needed. The establishment of a branch in connection with the work of constructing the houses would be perfectly plausible, inasmuch as there is a large amount of unskilled labor used in building, together with every degree of skilled labor.

Our organization is undergoing a strange period of inaction. An atmosphere of waiting pervades all we do. We are suspending questions, putting them off for the future, subconsciously awaiting a miracle, such as the discovery of a man to succeed Mr. Nunn in inspiring and guiding us. The miracle will never come. What we can ever do, we can do now. The possibilities of our organization have scarcely been touched. We have in our members and in our alumni talent—in engineering, legal, business, and other lines—which could be marshaled to do more worthy work. Enterprises of the type outlined are one immediate possibility.

Cabot Coville

November 10th, 1925

DEEP SPRINGS MEMBERSHIP
bership than Mr. L. L. Nunn was when he said, speaking to Deep Springs (and it is equally applicable to Telluride Association), "The degree of success of the institution obviously depends very largely on the type of applicants it accepts. Working on a small scale in a large and neglected field, it is essential that what little Deep Springs attempts to do be well done; and it is impossible without the very best material to work upon."

Two organizations with so many ideals in common—a common founder, and an identical purpose—cannot surely find their greatest strength in a policy of separation. Since Deep Springs is the junior organization selection of members for it is of double importance in that Telluride Association ought most certainly to look for members first in the ranks of Deep Springs. There is no obligation on the part of Telluride Association to take men from Deep Springs, and it would be an unwise policy to plan upon that entirely, but the fact that a successful man at Deep Springs ought to be a fit member for Telluride Association puts an added responsibility to the selection of members for Deep Springs. Telluride Association it seems to me, can greatly facilitate the question of membership for itself if it takes an active interest in the men who are selected for Deep Springs.

Deep Springs last June was faced with the problem of filling eight vacancies; six third year men, and four other men left for college, and one man who entered late last spring did not return. Those who were left to form the nucleus of the new student body were Charles Dickinson, third year; Lester Morris, third year; Haydn Roadhouse, third year; John Springer, third year, and Bradford Yaggy, third year. Henry Sohr is returning for his second year. Then there were three men entered after February 1926 who were admitted at that time to increase the number of men who might form a nucleus of older men this September. These men were: Jack Cawood of Los Angeles; Julius Brauner of Ithaca, New York; and John Richardson of Berkeley.

Mr. Sohr was kept busy during the summer but when September came eight men arrived; coming to Deep Springs from all parts of the United States and even from across the Pacific. With so many new men here, those who recently left Deep Springs, and those who have known the students of past years, seem always to ask the one question "Who are the new men?" And surely it will not be many conventions from now before Telluride Association itself will be asking, "Who are the new men?" John Abbett, 18 years, is from Philadelphia and is a graduate of the George School near there; Robert Cavenagh, 19 years, is from Camp Statesburg, Philippine Islands, graduated from Des Moines high school; Leo G. Davy, 17 years, is from Salt Lake City and is a graduate of one of the High Schools there; Charles Edele, 18 years, home in Los Angeles and he is a graduate of a high school in that city, Robert Mansfield, 16 years, Washington, D.C., three years of High School; Geo. Reinhardt, 14 years, one year High School, and lives in Oakland Calif.; A. T. Thomas, 20 years, finished High School, his home is in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Clarence Yarrow, 15 years, from Rowayton, Conn., three years of High School, also Joe Stutz, 17 years; Los Angeles is his home, and he has completed three years High School work there, and entered late to fill the vacancy left by Edward Pettigrew who did not return.

The faculty at Deep Springs this year includes: Dean Thornhill, who is teaching the English work; C. U. Foster, B. S. University of Illinois, who teaches mathematics; Frederick Pollioit, B. A. Oxford, languages; and B. M. Hudson, Ancient History. During the year a number of lecturers will supplement the work at Deep Springs.

and to date without ancient history. These lectures illustrated the year for his teaching at Deep Springs. November, December, and January have lectures on 13th century in the year there, and four more to find sixteen new men preparing to the permanent staff and the work is progressing. In the spring we have been interested in the men who have known the students of past years, seem always to ask the one question "Who are the new men?" And surely it will not be many conventions from now before Telluride Association itself will be asking, "Who are the new men?" John Abbett, 18 years, is from Philadelphia and is a graduate of the George School near there; Robert Cavenagh, 19 years, is from Camp Statesburg, Philippine Islands, graduated from Des Moines high school; Leo G. Davy, 17 years, is from Salt Lake City and is a graduate of one of the High Schools there; Charles Edele, 18 years, home in Los Angeles and he is a graduate of a high school in that city, Robert Mansfield, 16 years, Washington, D.C., three years of High School; Geo. Reinhardt, 14 years, one year High School, and lives in Oakland Calif.; A. T. Thomas, 20 years, finished High School, his home is in Brooklyn, N.Y.; Clarence Yarrow, 15 years, from Rowayton, Conn., three years of High School, also Joe Stutz, 17 years; Los Angeles is his home, and he has completed three years High School work there, and entered late to fill the vacancy left by Edward Pettigrew who did not return.

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The problem of filling the fourth year man left at Deep Springs did not rest with the new student; it was upon the third-year men to bear the responsibility. The Association was left in the hands of those who were willing and able to work. The work was not easy, but it was not impossible. The men who were selected for the task were not the most talented, but they were willing to work hard and do their best.

CONSTRUCTION WORK AT DEEP SPRINGS

The construction work now going on at Deep Springs is all toward the permanent improvement of a permanent institution. Perhaps the most important work is the construction of a rock and cement lined ditch from the mouth of Wymann Canyon to the head of the ranch. This ditch will carry with it no loss of water in the Wymann Creek and, Crooked Creek, across the two-mile stretch of desert that lies between the ranch and the mouth of Wymann Canyon. It is estimated that in the summer months this ditch will increase the water supply for irrigating 14 acres of land. The ditch is about half completed now and will be finished by June 30th.

Another job that will soon be completed is the 300,000 gallon reservoir for the domestic water supply. The excavation has been made and the work of lining the excavation with concrete is now progressing. In connection with the reservoir, a concrete pressure-box has been installed near the site of the old pressure-box. Anyone who has stayed up all night long, with the thermometer hovering around zero, to go to the pressure-box and crack the ice that forms on the screen, will appreciate the convenience and safety of a non-freezing pressure-box. The “good old days” when a regular job was to go to the pressure-box every night at midnight, when a wind was blowing that would freeze the spark in anything but the old Ford, will soon be gone.

We have had a fairly successful season with the farm and the cattle. There was an unusual amount of rainfall in the valley during the summer months and the range is now in fair condition as a result. The cattle are in good shape. The farm produced twice the tonnage in hay and corn that was produced last year.

There are five students at Deep Springs who are third year men; there is one second year man and there are twelve who have been at Deep Springs less than a year. The new men are beginning to adjust themselves to their new environment, but as yet neither the new men nor the old men have moved any mountains.

Charles L. Dickinson
Telluride House,
Ithaca, N. Y.
Jan. 6, 1926

Dear members and Alumni of Telluride Association:

Listen to a neglected section of the minutes of the 1925 convention of engineers and lawyers at Ithaca, N. Y.

"Be it resolved, that the hospitality of Telluride House be, and hereby is, extended to members of Telluride Association and Telluride Association Alumni upon the occasion of visits to Ithaca, N. Y., during the school year 1925-1926."

The above quotation, copied accurately in all its formality, says in exactly that way what the convention meant to be said. A few stray descriptive details might not be amiss to produce the "come-along" effect which has been demanded of me by the resident members in Telluride House. A picture or two:

Our president Shorty himself seated at the head of one of two sparsely attended training tables and judiciously lending equilibrium to juicy portions of Swede's steak, or chicken, or roast lamb.

19 of us, a little later in the evening, upstairs before the fire and listening to humor and wisdom flowing from the lips of such men as Sherwood Anderson, Judge Manton of New York, Mr. Alex Dow of the Detroit Edison Co., Colonel Charles Furlong.

Poppy Burr expressing an opinion which is backed by some profound thinking, but said as if it were an odd piece of a conclusion that no one would miss if he had any sense of his information.

Or - But come back and remember a lot more! We stay open here at all hours of the night and we're sometimes here on weekends.

It is the sincere hope of the Branch that during this last part of the school year many more Telluride men will find their way to Ithaca than have considered the possibility here tofore.

Sincerely,

J. R. Schraavesande, Sec.
Cornell Branch

THE APPROACH OF THE MILLENNIUM

I consider the appearance last year of ashtrays in the dining-room of Telluride House a symbol of the more liberal spirit which pervades that place. From the Branch Executive deck a gage up thru the pretty barbarities of House Critics and "still collars" legislation, cigarettes in Telluride House mark a point in personal freedom little expected five years ago. The change might be branded self-indulgence by those brothers who of old made Convention halls reverberate with their oratory against cigarettes, unless they have been mollified by years - and perhaps by cigarette smoke, too - but I venture to affirm that the number of dining-room smokers is larger than the number of behind-the-schoolhouse smoking prohibition days. More and more has the Cornell Branch placed responsibility upon the individual member for his personal conduct, and slowly but surely have laws involving personal fates correspondingly vanished from our books. No longer does the favorite cigarette of a guest taste suspiciously to him of disapproval or envy; no longer are fingers injured at the House humidor in the zeal of the brothers to "keep a guest company." Thus far, Dean Thornhill, who has visited us two or three times, has not fallen under the spell of rampant and untrimmed Dame Cigarette, but there is no telling when the Dean, too, may begin to flick a mean ash. And when he does, our gay little symbols of personal freedom are ready to receive the deary cinders and butts.

E. M. J.
SONNET TO THE THESSES IN THE CRYPT OF CORNELL LIBRARY

In solemn rows the black-bound theses crowd
Upon their shelves, the haunt of moth and worm;
And Learning's queenly vitals writhe and squirm
At sight of them. This tone is full of dread
And bane, and that with anything but compact;
For Aristotle's euphoriad this fool
Has fished for fags and bits; that dolt has sucked
A thousand winking songs for T's uncrossed
And never felt their surge, nor heard the cries
Of noble souls in pain. On them, all lost —
They annotate, make footnotes, analyze.
Here Learning stands to weep her loss and sighs,
And ancient runners creep away to die.

E. M. J.

2067 Green Street,
San Francisco, Cal.
December 15, 1925.

Dear Ed:

What a slacker I turned out to be! Although it was but a few
months ago that I heaved a heavy sigh and gave over the tormenting
task of scraping together fragments of news to launch an occasional
issue of the News Letter, here I am already perfectly content to fall
into a lazy slumber and do nothing to help out. It's a bad thing!
But I begin to worry. Has our little publication really gone on the
reckers this time? This is uncommonly long for it not to appear.
But wonder if I don't smell a rat — perhaps the Dean's little literary
venture has drawn off some of the fire. Still I haven't seen signs of
life in that direction either. Well, good luck to you Mr. Editor, and
may the lure of shiny pages and glossy block print draw a more
copious correspondence than has helped it through the struggle for
existence in past years.

I was going to make an excuse for not writing that I have just
been through a siege of final examinations, the culmination or crisis,
as it were, of a long epidemic of exams, about thirty-five in all,
which bents anything I ever had even as an undergraduate at Corn-
nel. But thank heaven, that's over.

I have little personal news to offer. After another summer in the
Berkshires with little New York Jew boys, which seems now a very
long time ago, I came straight to the University of California bent
on getting a master's degree from the department of Anthropology.
And this has been my sole occupation ever since. — I even eat and
sleep in terms of anthropology. It is a tremendously interesting and
worthwhile subject and I heartily recommend it to everyone. And
I'm as much as I have nothing more momentous to write about, I might
expound a bit on the why's and wherefore's of anthropology. For I
find that even most college graduates have little idea of what it's
all about.

First of all, anthropology is not the study of petrified bones, pre-
historic monsters, dinosaur eggs, or monkeys. But as "anthrop-
ology" means literally the "science of man", it might obviously be
stretched to cover anything connected with man. In its broadest
scope it is the study of man socially and physically; we speak of
"social" and "physical" anthropology. The former is a study of
human culture, that is, of the political and social organization, language, religion, art, magic, warfare, food getting, etc., etc., of primitive races such as the American Indians, native Africans or Australians. It also includes prehistoric such as the stones and bronze ages of Europe and other places, but this is rather archeology. Physical anthropology is largely a study of the comparative anatomy and physiology of the various races; also of fossil remains of prehistoric peoples and "missing links."

If all this seems a bit forbidding and formidable let me quickly add that the subject matter is far from being so. What could be more fascinating to anyone interested in humanity than the "quaint and curious" customs of the Filippino pygmy negroes, the head-hunting, canniblistic Fijians, the marvelous architecture, flamboyant art and robust writing of the ancient Aztecs? Aside from the interest, it undoubtedly has a definite value. I can imagine no better way of grasping the complexities of our own civilization than through a comparative study of primitive civilizations and the interplay of "cultural complexes" of the various peoples which has stimulated the growth of that high culture which we boast today. I would venture to say that even an ardent student of the law, for instance, could do worse than consider the intricate law code of the pagan Hugno of the Philippines who always strictly obey it in spite of a total absence of any government, police or law courts to enforce it. All this gives a perspective almost as good as Poe's "Hans Pfaal" had of the people of the moon.

I may sound like a Los Angeles realtor (or I should say now a Florida realtor) trying to sell an honest citizen a piece of land. But I really do feel that anthropology has a unique approach to social problems. It is to be regretted that there is no chair at Cornell. But I am convinced that anthropology is coming more into the limelight, and now that it is getting out of its infancy will receive a good deal of recognition.

Best regards to everyone,

Julian Steward

Aboard S. S. Southern Cross,
"Rolling Down to Rio",
October 10, 1925.

Dear Ed:

We just sighted land ahead, and it reminds that I promised you a letter for the first issue upon reaching Rio de Janeiro.

The land, Cape San Roque, on the Brazilian coast, is about three days distant from Rio in point of running time, and these three days would just about give me time to start this letter and lay it aside, were it not for your stirring appeal for news which I carried away with me!

News is a rare item out here. The tropical sky and lazy, summer sea, soon make one forget that time and space have a way of arranging themselves to form events. It is true that the ship's wireless operator has not failed to let us know that Washington lost the World's Series, and that Secretary Mellon is opposed to any leniency of the severity of the income tax provisions. But aside from these occasional interruptions and a few fierce games of deck quoits, we have generally been allowed to eat four meals a day, and sleep, rest, dose, nod, or relax for the remainder of the time.

However, my senses haven't been so lulled into inactivity that I can't remember a recent cold, blustry day in New York. It was October 10, the day we slipped out of the Bay and turned South,
Julian Steward

Born Cross, Down to Rio”,
October 19, 1925.

I well remember that our pilot was nearly spilled over-board, as he was being transferred to the pilot boat, because of the heavy sea which we struck as we faced the Atlantic. Our pilot was dressed in an ordinary black business suit and a seedy black overcoat with a newspaper in one pocket. He was decidedly corpulent in appearance, and looked anything but nautical. Evidently it is not professional for New York Bay pilots to look nautical. A few days out of New York, as we were reaching the warm waters opposite Miami, wireless reports were received stating that the Coast Guard Fleet had been scattered by a storm in the North Atlantic — the very storm we missed by turning south October 10!

Our southeasterly course carried us outside of the Bermudas, outside of the West Indies, and even out of sight of Barbados on the eastern fringe of the group.

It was a lonely course. We have sighted but three ships thus far, one of them being the S.S. Pan America, sister ship of this boat, which passed us going north about two degrees north of the Equator.

We crossed the Equator at 3:10 yesterday afternoon (the coolest day of the trip) and every horn and bell on the ship vibrated for one exultant minute in announcing the fact. After which King Neptune came up over the bow and summoned his court. This tribunal was made up of those who had previously crossed the Equator, and of course the subjects were those who had not. The sentences were meted out, but proper regard for the mysteries of the sea forbids my relating them.

The only really thrilling event occurred yesterday when a flying fish cleared the after deck and landed in the swimming tank! The water was drained out, the fish caught, and fried for the captain’s supper — an ignoble fate after such a daring exploit.

The ship’s clocks have already been set ahead two hours because of the easterly trend of our course. Few realize how far South America is from North America. For instance, Valparaiso, Chile, on the west coast of South America is east of New York City.

We have bucked a steady trade wind all the way down — which has kept our mileage under 410 miles for a 24 hour day. However, we are now favored by the Brazilian current, and should make 420 miles or better.

I played chess with a Brazilian yesterday, or rather he “played” with me. Before the opening move he told me that he was a very weak player; indeed he appeared so sad and depressed about his game that I was on the point of offering some cheering remark. I was quickly disillusionized, as he mated me in several moves! I am told that self depreciation is a Brazilian characteristic.

There is an extremely interesting passenger list which includes: two Argentine cattlemen; a private Jewish trading corporation bound for Buenos Aires to promote trade with Soviet Russia; an American coffee importer and his Brazilian wife; an Argentine lady who owns a vast estancia on the pampas and her recently acquired American husband; an American “boaster” who had tried to run everything on the ship including the navigation; two professional Portuguese gamblers whom prudent passengers are cautioned to avoid; a variety of diplomatic and consular officers, and an American doctor who is being rushed to the Standard Oil holdings in Bolivia to fight malaria.

“Rio”
October 22, 1925

We arrived here on a rainy, misty day and were not for the tropical growth it would have all the aspects of a foggy day on the New England coast. We were informed that Rio is having her season, and believed it.
The mist is not sufficiently heavy to obscure the sharp outlines of Sugar-loaf peak, Corocoro, and the picturesque shore lines.

As we came through the narrow entrance into the harbor, we passed the battle cruiser Minas Geraes, pride of the Brazilian Navy. This ship has a habit of entering most any revolution which pops up. During the recent attempted naval coup, she hauled down the Brazilian flag, hurled defiance at the government, and steamed for the open sea. The fortress guns could have blown her to pieces as she passed between them, but the commanders did not want to blow up the only good ship in the Brazilian Navy, so they fired first on one side of her and then on the other until she had passed! The revolution was therefore a huge success, the only difficulty being that there was no one on board the Minas Geraes who could navigate her. After narrowly escaping a disastrous end on the rocks near Montevideo, the prodigal was brought home by an aged pilot whom the Brazilian Government keeps for just such emergencies.

We have landed, and it's time to go ashore and stretch our legs on the beautiful Avenida Rio Branco, one of the wonder streets of the world.

My very best to the “old guard” and the “new”, and cordial good wishes for the success of the Yale editions of the News Letters.

Harvey Gerry

Magdalen College
Oxford
November 5, 1925

Dear Henry: (or Editor!)

I have purposely delayed in answering your letter so that ideas and impressions of Oxford might have all available time to filter through the rather impervious stratum of thought imposed by pre-conceived notions and current legends about the University. Yet three weeks have hardly sufficed to give me a very well founded outlook on Oxford and its ways. I can only give you some rather rambling impressions and sensations at the risk of repeating much that is already widely known.

My entry into Oxford was no doubt very much like that of all Americans who come here; much like that of many Englishmen and men of the Dominions upon the first time. Eight or ten of us, all Rhodes Scholars, came up from London by the same train and stepped out on the Oxford station platform with mixed emotions. No one appeared exactly jaunty. With sinking hearts and a queer chill in the gutters funeral goodbyes and set out to enter what seemed a new world alone. The colleges which were to be our homes for the major portion of the next three years held one immediate terror, the inspection, silent though it might be, which we might expect from the porter and the “scout”. To my knowledge I was the only American going to Magdalen College, and what with a cold grey day and the general depression I would have given an entire world for someone to share my debut with. I was finally set down from a queer old cab at the College Lodge and to my great relief was almost effusively greeted by the porter, who thought I might be a younger brother of an Olmsted from Harvard, who was here several years ago. In due course he sent an underling off with my bags to show me to my rooms on the “Kitchen staircase” (hardly an auspicious location I thought) and introduce me to the much feared person, my scout.

An Englishman has since told me that even for them coming up with a fair knowledge of Oxford, the “scout” excites great terror.

In all the ante-chains who ministered to me, I have heard comments and occasionally remarks, but have never heard a word of the form of “gentleman Oxford” or the like, so I feel justified in saying that Oxford and those associated with it are not do and don’t. There was an incident, however, which brings up the question of manners as one of the basic aspects of the Englishman.

Magdalen College is located right on the Thames, for Oxford more sedentary than a university is situated directly in the middle of the river. If you look the man, merrily rowing up and down, you will find one of the smiles which I believe the Englishman's most characteristic. Obviously he is rowing about as a pastime, but the manner of rowing, the peace, and the very air of the place make you feel that there is no more than a pleasant outing. The experience is not to be described, but to be experienced.

The famous Proctor Hall, which is the dining room in the college, is situated right on the river, and is so arranged as to throw a cold and clipped air of business about even the most baroque of days. The dining room is the place where the members are expected to eat, and there is no question but that the great majority do eat there. A cold and clipped air of business is the atmosphere that prevails. Indeed! From the top of the table down to the bottom, from the head of the table to the foot of the table, you are expected to speak without any modulation of voice, and definitely without any indication of emotion.

The students are expected to be polite, but it is expected that they will be polite at all times. The same is true of the faculty. The students are expected to be polite, but it is expected that they will be polite at all times. The same is true of the faculty.

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Harvey Gerry
College
Oxford
November 5, 1925
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In all the colleges, the "scout" is a sort of serving man and valet
who ministers to the welfare of all the men who have rooms
opening on his "staircase". Usually of great antiquity and essentially a
"gentleman's man", he is the great source of all information about
Oxford and the proprieties of Oxford conduct—information often
volunteered for "young American gentlemen" who inevitably tres-
pass on the odd niceties of English manners. The scout has known
countless Oxford men; knows what "young gentlemen" do or do
not do and wear; in short "knows his Oxford" thoroughly and in
great detail, so do what he may, a young American unerringly does
the wrong thing while the scout looks on in abject horror. Such was
the man I had to face and accept as a servant. Fortunately for me,
one of the first confessions my scout made after he had shown me
my rooms was that he had had Americans on his staircase before.
Obviously he was philosophically resigned to the worst. The day was
saved: I might do just as I wished and be natural: the sacriilege of
manners and conduct I committed would be accepted as "the nature
of the beast"—natural and inevitable!

Magdalen is located on High Street in the southeast part of col-
legiate Oxford. On the east the Cherwell, a small tributary of the
Thames, forms the boundary of the college. To my great delight I
found that my study, light and cheery with lots of windows, was
situated directly above one branch of the "Cher": the east windows
looked directly across the stream into a splendid grove of trees,
gay and fantastic in their brilliant autumn leaves. From the south
side I found the windows looked out across "the High" and Magda-
len Bridge to a soft velvety green meadow set in a ring of fine old
deciduous. A beautiful outlook, a cheery light interior, a good fireplace
—surely the Kitchen "staircase" belted its name. I was fortunate
indeed! From a feeling of having been dropped suddenly alone into
a cold and gloomy and entirely new world, almost without clothes
so to speak, I found that new world rapidly taking on a rosy hue. A
goodly amount of mail which I found awaiting my arrival only
heightened the effect. So I arrived and so I still feel—very happy,
very fortunate; as an American would have it—"Shot with luck"
to be here.

The experiences of the first few days were what the Englishmen
call "priceless". The first deadly silent meals in Hall (the College
Dining Hall) in the midst of a cowed and frightened group of very
young (so they seemed) English boys; the icy terrors of the two
hours spent in the age old chill of the Hall waiting to meet the
President of the Colloge the visit of the representatives of the var-
ious athletic clubs enlisting recruits for the various college sports;
the quaintness of the University matriculation ceremony with its
mumbled Latin and the copy of "Excerpta E Statutis", half in Latin,
given to each " Fresher". The first week would inevitably be cram-
med tight with new experiences and new impressions, almost num-
berless and in themselves petty, yet taken together of singular in-
terest to one to whom all of Oxford is new. The incidents of that
first week unite with the beauty of Oxford—in particular with the
beauty which I have found in the buildings, walks, and gardens of
this College, to leave a picture on my mind which I think will
prove almost as deep carved as that of my first visit to the city of
Washington shortly before the 1925 convention.

Of the serious side of Oxford life one sees at first but little evi-
dence. The number of non-academic interests and diversions seems
legio. Clubs political, literary, musical, serious and not so serious
exist in profusion; concerts and theatrical performances flourish;
games of all kinds fill up the afternoons; tea time is a favorite
hour for social gatherings; the clubs occupy the evenings; lect-
ures fill the mornings; everyone apparently finds time during term for everything but serious study. Based on the experience of the term alone, an observer would be led to remark that one got an education in spite of rather than because of, Oxford. To offset this condition, the six months of vacations seem to afford the necessary time for reading.

The number of men who do almost nothing is large; many others find in athletics and other things their principal interests. In fact there seems to be something of a watching of an illness about Oxford—a tendency to remain in a state of mental rest, but once started going on to great distances. Seemingly Oxford offers little stimulus to the growth of intellect or character; on the other hand it seems the easiest way to the line of one's progress, which calls on every side. Yet somehow the mixture of a large degree of individual independence and responsibility, the admonitions of a good tutor, and the spectre of the final examination schools interacts like some unexpected and illogical chemical combination, to produce a large number of men of fine character and education. A well known author has commented on the rather singular strength which is the heritage of a man who comes through Oxford better in every way than when he entered. The great wonder is that the University produces as many men of high aims and abilities as it does. Thus a superficial and cursory observations of three weeks seem to lead to a paradox; a paradox which subsequent knowledge of Oxford will doubtless help to explain.

From a personal point of view I am finding the life and the work here very attractive. I have a good tutor who assigns but few lectures so I am able to devote the whole of nearly every morning to solid reading. The work in the School of Modern History becomes constantly engrossing. I have always wanted to read along these and related lines and so the work does not seem at all like study. At times I feel almost that I must be reading in the leisure time of a vacation from which I will all too soon be led back to calculus, chemistry and geology. Perhaps the atmosphere and the method of Oxford also helps to make study more of a pleasure and less of a drudge. Except for the essays to be written each week for one's tutor, one does one's work when and how one sees fit. This freedom of ways and means of attack removes to my mind one of the greatest inhibitions of American universities against thorough scholarship.

The disadvantages of this system are obvious, especially for a young Englishman fresh from all the restrictions of public school who is suddenly placed on his own responsibility in every way. Such is Oxford; the individual is given almost complete charge of himself; what he achieves is his own concern; except for a few traditional restrictions he is his own master. I have reacted very strongly to this sense of individual responsibility. I feel that wherever one goes about Oxford a silent challenge is being flung at all Oxonians from spires, from towers, from cloisters. What the challenge is is quite apparent: "Are you made of stern enough stuff to overcome the inertia and resistance of Oxford? Can you "quit ye like men, be strong?" Tint as I feel it is the gauntlet which Oxford flings down, few of us who have just "come up" progress in the jousting which is to follow is yet a concern of the future. With heartiest wishes to all Telluride men and the hope that anyone fortunate or unfortunate enough to be in England will be sure and look me up, I am,

Yours Sincerely,
J. W. Olmsted
CARMEL MISSION
Carmel-by-the-Sea, California
(Founded by Father Junipero Serra in the latter part of the 18th century)

It stands between the highway and the tide
That azure-hems the Californian coast,
Its quaint and humble beauty glorified
In its slow rain. It is but the ghost
Of former days, a dim glimpse of the past,
Forgotten in the busy rush of years.
Yet o'er its crumbling walls a glamour, cast
By memories of the faith, the hopes, the tears,
That it has witnessed, in those by-gone times
When the mild, hooded friars called to prayer
Their Indian converts with its silvered chimes,
Commands our reverence. We half prepare,
On entering its doors, to see again
The holy Serra at the altar rail
Preaching the story of the Path of Pain
That led to Calvary, or hear the wail
Of mortal anguish that arose from all
His dusky congregation when he died.
Three hewn slabs at the altar's foot recall
The eager sacrifice of men who tried
To brighten with the Cross a heathen land,
And every arched timber in the roof
Bespeaks the deep devotion of the hand
That placed it there. It seems to hold aloof
From our mad world of pleasure and of greed,
Counting the golden treasury of its dreams,
Breathing the spirit of the sacred Creed
That gave it birth. Its sanctity redeems
From tragedy its lingering decay
Beside the teeming highways of to-day.

H. G. H.

CORNELL BRANCH NEWS

Nineteen men this year occupy Telluride House. Professor Burr is busy revising one of Dr. White's books. The new revised edition goes to press early in the spring.

Ian Phillips is an Australian graduate student in genetics, selected by the Committee composed of Dean Thornhill, Professor Burr, and Dean Kimball, as a graduate resident guest during the year. Phillips is working for an M.S. ('26) on the subject, Inheritance and Linkage of Virescent Seedlings in Maize.

Ledger Wood, Ph. D. ('26), is a graduate resident guest selected by the same Committee. He is working on Descartes, Spinoza, and Liebnitz on Space and Time.

Robert Alden, A.B. ('26), is majoring in physics and chemistry. Will enter Medicine next fall. Sang second bass on the Glee Club trip this Christmas vacation.

Wm. L. Biersach, Jr., is taking preparatory work at the Edminster Preparatory School.

Ralph Dunn, Law ('27), Dahn is one of the Student Editors of the Cornell Law Quarterly.

Donald Falconer, A.B. ('26) Law ('28).

E. M. Johnson, Ph. D '26. Writing thesis on Joseph Conrad. Faculty member on Board of Managers for Willard Straight Hall.

George Lyon, Arts ’29. Sings first bass on Glee Club.

Harvey Mansfield, Arts ’27. Is specializing in history and government, Debated with Oxford and Boston Universities this fall.

James Mansfield, Arts ’28. On debate squad; alternate on the Cornell-Boston debate.

John Newell, Arts ’27. Medicine, Dramatic Club.

Joseph Nunn, Arts ’27; transferred from Willamette this fall.

Goes into Mechanical Engineering when he finishes Art work.

Isham Railey, Arts ’28.

Charles Schuall, Arts ’27. Law, Associate Editor Cornell Daily Sun.

Student member of Board of Managers of Willard Straight Hall.

John B. Schravesande, Arts ’29.

Huntington Sharpe, Arts ’29.


Robert Dann is Branch President; Robert Aird, Vice President;

J. B. Schravesande, Secretary; Donald Falconer, Treasurer;

Huntington Sharpe, Cat-puter.

During the past year many friends of the Branch have presented our library with beautiful and useful volumes. Among the more recent acquisitions are:

Grover Cleveland, by McElroy, the gift of our old friend Judge Harrington Putnam.

The Public Life, by Spender, gift of Judge Cuthbert Pound.

Mark Twain’s Autobiography, Gift of Dr. Jas. Mountford.

The Fight For Everest, by Norton, gift of Mr. Whitney Shepardson.

The Medici, by Young, gift of Mr Thomas Ewing.

Occasionally Professor Burr slips a fine volume on the shelves—our library thinks it’s Christmas all the time.

While the Branch has done considerable entertaining this year, the amount has doubtless fallen below that of some previous years. We have entertained many student friends, and faculty members such as the Kimballs, the Comstockes, Professor Gage, the Burdicks, and the Mountfords.

In addition to these, we entertained Leonard and Mrs. Elmhirst and Master Whitney Straight at the time Mrs. Elmhirst presented to Cornell her two million dollar student union as a memorial to the late Willard Straight. Everybody enjoyed the visit; the older men were specially glad to renew acquaintances with “Blighty.” It may interest old Cornellians to know that the Willard Straight Hall stands south of the Library on the west side of Central Avenue, less than a block from the rear of Telluride House.

Sherwood Anderson, the novelist, was Branch guest while in Ithaca to address the University body.

Whitney Shepardson spent about a week as our guest while investigating the needs of Cornell in connection with the work of the Rockefeller Foundation.

Charles A. Beard, the historian, was guest while here giving lectures on the economic interpretation of the United States Constitution.

Alex Dow, President of the Detroit Edison Co., of Detroit, was again Branch guest while on a recent trip here. Mr. Dow says he’s beginning to consider Telluride as a sort of home.

Dr. F. H. Oglesby of Salt Lake City, claims Johnnie Coltrane a sort of a sort of a flour for the purging of the system. Judge M. M. Bowden again missed us on a recent trip here.

We have entertained Mr. and Mrs. Cabot Coolidge at a dinner at the Willard Whitney Straight Hotel in Ithaca during the summer.

Judge Coolidge and his wife are the owners of Telluride House. Their guest while on a recent trip here.

Mrs. Thorpe, who has retired to Ithaca from abroad, is a regular member of the Willard Whitney Straight Club.

Huntington Sharpe, our old friend Judge Harrington Putnam, presented a copy of "Blighty." He said he was glad to renew acquaintance with us.

With feeling, Sumner C. Newell.

Dear Mr. Gage:

Associate editor of the News, Power Co, diving for the future, and yourself, following your address at Willard August 1st. You may have learned what we have been doing this year, and advertise your book "The Men Behind the Great War." The University body think we are doing well.

John Newell, Arts ’27; transferred from Willamette this fall.

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Dr. F. H. Newell, of Washington, and Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Irvine, of Salt Lake City, were house guests during the fall. Dr. Newell claims John, and the Ivines claim Ralston.

Colonel Furlong again was house guest during his visit in Ithaca for the purpose of delivering a lecture.

Judge Martin T. Manton of the U. S. Circuit Court of Appeals visited us early in October.

We have had calls from the following members during the term: Tommy McFadden, Jimmy Austen, Sid Walcott, Carroll Whitman and Ollio Clark. Frank and Mrs. Noon, who remained in Ithaca during the summer, were visitors.

Judge Cathbert Pound accepted the invitation extended by the 1925 Convention, and lived at the House several weeks during the summer while he attended lectures and renewed acquaintances with old Cornell friends.

Mrs. Thornhill has resided at Ithaca since the family returned from abroad last fall. Mary Virginia is attending Ithaca High School. During the holidays, Dean Thornhill, who has been busy with school work at Deep Springs, visited the family and spent several days at the Branch getting in touch with our work and interviewing candidates for Deep Springs.

NOTES AND CLIPPINGS

With feelings of deep regret the News Letter prints the following letter and clipping received last Fall from Ben Armstrong.

1021 Florida Street,
Los Angeles, Calif.
September 1, 1928.

Dear Mr. Editor:

Association members whose affiliation dates back to Telluride Post Co. days at Olmsted will remember Bert Cummings, who was associated with the legal department of the Power Company. The following notice of his death appeared in the Los Angeles Times of August 24th. I have called on Bert frequently during the past two years and always found him to be the same cordial and industrious Bert whom we knew as of old. His constant, vigorous application to professional duties brought about his illness, and even when critically ill he could not be prevailed upon to rest. Mucilous Colitis was the cause of his death. The Telluriders who attended the funeral were Steigmyer, Anderson, McAllister and myself.

Regards to all,
Ben Armstrong

From the Los Angeles Times of August 24th:

LOCAL ATTORNEY DIES FOLLOWING LENGTHY ILLNESS

Burton A. Cummings, attorney, with offices in the Chapman Building, who resided at 1925 Cambridge Place, South Pasadena, died yesterday morning at the Methodist Hospital, after a prolonged illness.

Mr. Cummings came to Los Angeles five years ago from Pocatello, Idaho, where he held the office of City Attorney and State Senator. He was a Knight Templar, which order he joined while a resident of Toledo, O.; a thirty-second-degree Mason; a Shriner and a member of the Jinnistan Grotto. He was president of the Sierra Vista Improvement Association and a member of the X and Celtic clubs.
Under glowing headlines that stretched across the entire top of the front page the Boise Evening Capitol News for August 24th, 1925 printed the following dispatch:

Swampscott, Mass., Aug. 24.—President Coolidge today appointed Hoyt E. Ray, of Pocatello, to be district attorney for the district of Idaho.

The Association congratulates Skip most sincerely on his new job, and wishes him all good fortune in its execution. In true Johnssonian terms; "We are clinking imaginary congratulatory brimming beakers over your appointment."

From the Cornell Sun of September 26, 1925:

H. S. GERRY '24 RECEIVES POST IN BUENOS AIRES

H. S. Gerry '24 who last spring successfully passed the competitive examination for the consular service, will sail October 10 to fill a vacancy in the American staff at Buenos Aires, Argentina.

Gerry, who is well known to many Cornell students and faculty members, was prominent in numerous activities during his four years in the University. He was on the board of The Sun for four years, and in his senior year served as managing editor. In track he was Cornell's stellar performer in the rille during the 1924 spring season, and he placed fifth in the national tryouts for the American Olympic team, being the first college man to cross the line. In his senior year he was acting as president of the student council, and president of Quill and Dagger honor society.

Since his appointment in April, Gerry has been located at the Department of State in Washington, D. C. where he has been attending the consular school, recently established there, and dong certain work in preparation for foreign service.

Last September W. Paul Jones passed his examination for the degree of Ph. D. His major subject was the technique of fiction, with minors in the history of philosophy and American literature. His thesis subject was: "An Examination of Henry James' Theory and Practice of Fiction."

Although somewhat awed by the Prof's accomplishment, we again take the opportunity to clink the imaginary beakers.
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MEMBERS OF TELLURIDE ASSOCIATION
October 1, 1925

Aird, Robert B. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Ashley, C. M. % Carrier Engineering Corp.,

Bacon, Prentice Foster % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Bailey, C. S. % Carrier Engineering Corp.,

Balley, Parker % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Bierach, W. L., Jr. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Bonnell, E. C. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Boehm, J. A. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Bobson, Paul F. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Clark, O. D. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Clark, P. L. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Cook, Wallace L. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Coward, Cadet % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Dann, Robert H. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Dann, Roger L. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Davis, Sherlock % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Dickinson, Charles L. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Dinkel, N. B. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Edwards, L. R. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Finborough, Donald W. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Gerry, E. E. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Gerry H. S. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Harasz, James Kirtland % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Hayes, Henry G. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Holmes, J. S. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Hoyt, H. V. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Hoyt, J. D. H. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Hudson, Barclay M. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Irvine, Ralston R. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Jarrett, Edwin S., Jr. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Johnson, E. M. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Johnson, W. D. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Jones, W. Paul % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Joyce, Robert P. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Lamb, H. R. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Laylin, John G. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Lindsay, D. C. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

Lyon, George C. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
McFadden, Thomas J. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Mansfield, H. C. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Moxfield, J. S. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Mechan, J. E. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Newell, John M. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Nunn, Joseph J. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Nunn, Charles T. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.
Olmsted, J. W. % Telluride Association, Ithaca, N. Y.

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1 East 10th Street, Casper, Wyoming
606 Otis Bldg., 810 18th St. N. W.
Washington, D. C.
1926 E. 79th Street, Cleveland, Ohio
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New York, N. Y.
Provo, Utah
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Berkeley, Calif.
Box 417, Farmington, Utah.
120 Catherine St., Ithaca, N. Y.
1057 Yale Ave., Claremont, California.
2503 California St., Washington, D. C.
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% L. M. Umsted & Company,
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Pugsley, E. D.

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Schaaff, C. H.
Scott, Irvin L.

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Steward, Julian H.
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Walcott, S. S.
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Welti, Walter
Whitman, G. N.

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Whitney, S. N.

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% American Express Company, Paris, France.

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227 Church Street, New Haven, Conn.
% Deutsche Bank, Berlin, Germany.
% Dixie Power Co, Cedar City, Utah.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
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<tr>
<td>J. W. Aird</td>
<td>Provo, Utah</td>
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<td>A. A. Anderson</td>
<td>333 Pacific Mutual Bldg., Los Angeles,</td>
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<td>Hollingsworth Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.</td>
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<td>% Utah Power &amp; Light Co, Salt Lake City, Utah</td>
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<td>5112 Delancey St, Philadelphia, Pa.</td>
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<td>% Ramsey Chain Co, Inc., 41 East 42 St.,</td>
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<td>New York City, N. Y.</td>
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<td>920 Westminster Bldg., Chicago, Ill.</td>
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<td>200-261 Beckling Bldg., Casper, Wyoming</td>
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<td>5511 Euclid Ave, Cleveland, Ohio.</td>
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<td>% Carbon County Bank, Price, Utah.</td>
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<td>% Fairbanks-Pickford Studios, Hollywood,</td>
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<td>% Idaho Power &amp; Light Co., Provo, Utah</td>
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<td>% Pacalito, Idaho.</td>
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<td>3103 West 7th St, Los Angeles, Calif.</td>
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<td>143-161 West 2nd South, Salt Lake City, Utah.</td>
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<td>Cornell University, Ithaca, N. Y.</td>
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<td>Telluride Association, Provo, Utah.</td>
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<td>% Oil Cities Electric Co., P. O. Box 1117,</td>
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<td>Eastland, Texas.</td>
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<td>909 Insurance Bldg., Dallas, Texas.</td>
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