

Telluride Newsletter

1975 November Volume 63, Number 2

TRICKS OR TREATS

by Tom Smith, CB75

The Board of Custodians met October 31 to November 1 at Telluride House for the fall quarterly meeting. The Dow hovered at 840 when the meeting opened Friday night, and the value of the portfolio stood at \$3.4 million, down \$180 thousand or five percent since the summer Board meeting.

Friday evening's general discussion in the living room revealed a diversity of opinion on how well the economy was recovering from recession. While sizeable third quarter increases in GNP growth, capacity usage, and new orders inspired consensus that recovery had begun, opinion differed on the speed recovery would take. Ex-Treasurer James Withrow warned of an extremely slow recovery, impeded by production bottlenecks. Among the Custodians, bullish confidence that a federally-encouraged decline in interest rates would liberate capital spending confronted bearish caution that a capital shortage would slow the expansion of private sector capacity. While some Custodians expressed apprehension about the potential ripples of New York City's impending default, others thought this uncertainty to have been widely discounted.

Some Custodians advocated increasing the portfolio's cash holding, and reducing its equity holding, in the hope of augmenting Custodial flexibility. Before the Board voted on particular investment decisions, it approved Chairman Francis Fukuyama's motion to expand the bands of deviation from five to ten percent on the revised Timing Plan's portfolio ratios of 65% stock, 25% bonds, and 10% cash. In final voting, the Board nonetheless decided to order only one block transaction (block size is currently \$111 thousand), and left the cash position unchanged.

Agreeing that migration of capital from New York City's banks would be minimal despite the city's fiscal crisis, the Board, at the urging of Custodian James Johnston, voted to buy one block of stock in Manufacturer's Hanover Trust Company of New York. Its unusually low multiple seemed to the Board to discount already the City fiscal problems, while its solid operation, its good money-centered position, and its hefty yield, all made the bank more attractive.

To generate funds for purchasing Manny Hanny, the Board voted to sell its one block of Amsted Industries, a maker of railroad and construction products. Feeling that it had bought Amsted while it was undervalued, the Board thought the stock had reached close to its fair market price, and was unwilling to cut the timing of the stock's cycle any closer.

Under other sell considerations, the Board took a hard look at the blocks of Exxon and Standard Oil of Indiana. Jim Johnston's motion of sell one half of the Exxon split the Board, though it authorized the inner three to sell Exxon at a likely-to-be-reached 94. Expecting a surge with the end of Federal control of oil prices, the Board hung on to the block of the more domestically-oriented Standard of Indiana, holding out for a sell price of 53.

The customary price-setting for buy and sell possibilities sparked less debate and occupied the last portion of the meeting in a rush of motions. Buy prices were set on stocks in health and household sundries, while sell prices were set on one third of the portfolio's stocks.

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*Edwin M. Cronk Named Dean
and Director of Deep Springs*



Edwin M. Cronk, DS36, TA39, has been named Dean and Director of Deep Spring College as of January 1, 1976. He will also be teaching part-time in the fields of economics and government. Prior to his appointment at Deep Springs he was a career diplomat, his most recent service being that of Ambassador to Singapore.

DON'T FORGET NEW FUNDS DRIVE

*Please make checks payable to Telluride Corporation
and only Telluride Corporation.*

If you wish to split your gift, please state in what proportion. Unearmarked contributions will be divided equally between Deep Springs and Telluride.

Many companies match employee gifts to accredited institutions. If you are employed by such a firm, please ask it to match your contribution. Both Deep Springs and Cornell (not Telluride Association nor Telluride Corporation) are qualified to receive matching gifts; Cornell will direct that gifts and matching funds, *so earmarked*, be used as scholarships for current Cornell Branch members. Checks for matching funds should be made out to Deep Springs College or Cornell University, not to Telluride Corporation.

FIRST TIME OFF THE CRESCENT

by David McQuaid, CB75, and Javier Lopez, CB75



Easing Down

At times one wonders why vanity stopped the hand that would have signed up for bowling. Nothing more encourages earnest contemplation than the first time off the Crescent, braced for rapel against a narrow ledge, perched forty feet above the back-lot gravel behind Schoellkopf Field. Are my legs straight or bent? Feet braced properly? It hurts to trust to tension alone! Two or three others, of course, have already gone down perfectly, but one is certain those types have done McKinley and are in this year for a punt . . .

Adventure training must lie somewhere between its dramatic title and the famous Cambridge pastime. Although this course has attracted both Polynesian maiden and ROTC paratrooper, surely no stranger duo presented itself at G-1 Barton Hall than the two 1975 Telluride freshmen: Javier Lopez, from the hills of Puerto Rico, and David McQuaid, from the swamps of Okeechobee.



What Do I Do Now?

The coed program in basic mountaineering began at Cornell in 1970, under the auspices of the campus ROTC unit, with an initial enrollment of fifteen. Five years have seen a new director, a quadrupled enrollment, and a release from military supervision. Under Mike Waldfogel, a Long Islander who found happiness at Colorado Outward Bound, the course stresses safety, skills, knowledge of equipment, and individual capabilities.



Specks

Why climbing? According to Waldfogel, it provides a unique opportunity for Cornell students to escape from campus and classroom into the numerous parks and wildlife preserves the Finger Lakes offers. Although the advanced climber may encounter difficulty in finding truly challenging slopes here, many local climbs provide ample problems for the beginner.

Perhaps the program's greatest challenge, however, is the mental, rather than the physical, aspect. Climbers must develop the ability to think for the group, in addition to themselves, and must provide support for the less accomplished members. Then, too, simply thinking about the problems posed and then tackling them requires a special attitude. "Learning to conquer your own fears and to develop self-reliance," says Waldfogel, "engenders a confidence that extends into everything you do."

The following TASPers from the 1975 Programs have been preferred by PCPC.

- | | |
|-----------------|------------------|
| Louis Crandall | Carol Miller |
| Hallie DeChant | Margaret Miller |
| Mary Ellsberg | Patrick O'Connor |
| Joan Feigenbaum | Kenneth Pomeranz |
| William Haines | Daniel Segal |
| Lilian Stern | |

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The Custodians looked briefly at the portfolio's heritage of long term bonds in utilities and authorized an inner trio effort to sell 10% of the longest term bonds at the hopefully increasing market prices. Ulterior motives for the effort included the intention that the effort elevate the Custodians' awareness of just what is going on in the bond market, after years of relative inattention. Besides the psychological impetus to watch more closely the bond market, the Board hope primarily to convert, sometime in the future, some of the long term bonds to shorter maturity securities, preferring the more capital-stable and liquid bonds of the U.S. Treasury.

Chairman Fukuyama praised the House assistant custodians, Balabon and Christina, organized by Custodian Russell Hawkins, for the quantity and quality of their stock reports. The banquet Saturday night was followed by three more hours of discussion, but the length of the evening did not seem to dampen post-meeting spirits in any sense; younger Housemembers were treated much later in the evening to the "James Madison Rag," which one suspects is something that could be sung only at Telluride House, when former Housemembers had returned in the guise of Custodians.

In attendance besides those already mentioned were Treasurer Charles Christenson, Association members Abe Shulsky and Ernie Isenstadt, and Custodians John Burleigh, Tim Greening, Russell Hawkins, Joel Schwartz, Steve Sestanovich, Kathleen Sullivan and Jan Svejnar.

Soft Hiss and the Clicking of Ratchet

by Denis Clark, DS69, TA73

When it is disclosed that you are planning to make a bicycle trip from New York to California, what might otherwise be a normal conversation is tainted by the fear of mental instability most people assume in anyone who would seriously contemplate such a tour. Bicycling that long a distance, they reason, shows an ability to resist torturous physical pain in seeking an arbitrary goal; why anyone would be proud of or want to cultivate such an ability is a dark, scary question, not to be asked directly. The truth is that these reasons are not the only ones that can motivate a bicycle tour. I am not sure why I conceived the trip; my attitude during its course varied a lot; and my assessment afterwards, though enriched by a number of images and encounters, remains a vague, "it was a great trip." There is, in retrospect, no triumph over sheer distance, environmental adversity, or common sense, no permanent damage; there is just the trip and the thinking I did during its course, with a beginning and an end nor more fateful than the middle. Well before I reached California, I had put the minimum of cycling ritual and paraphernalia I had originally allowed myself completely out of mind; I could move through my environment for days on end with an ease and awareness I'd seldom before experienced.

LEARNING TO READ IN CYCLING TIME

Geographically, a New York to California trip sounds very imposing. Most people, who have crossed the country by car, immediately think how Nebraska never seemed to end, and how much more endless it would seem on a bicycle. There are, however, good reasons to dissociate car distances from bicycle distances. Cycling is simply a different mode of travel. You learn to read road maps in cycling time, just as you learn to read them in driving time, or to read topographic maps in hiking time. I never let my mind dwell on the fact that I had gone one-fifth as far per day as a car might; although I often considered that I had gone half as far as the pony express, or five times as far as a wagon train.

Another reason not to think in motor vehicle distances is that you quickly find autos to be the enemy—fast, smelly and barely controlled. They move by, a few feet (that can seem like inches) from your left handlebar, and all you can do is trust them, as the noise grows from behind. Large trucks are the most ominous, but at least they know how to drive, so you know that if a truck sends you flying over the guard rail, it was intentional. Logging trucks are the worst; perhaps trying to get that fifth daily load, plus the short life expectancy, makes them a little meaner.

By the time the trip was half over, I was able to judge a car's or truck's position in the lane by the sound as it overtook me. This allowed me the option of pulling over (or bailing out, which I never had to do) if things got too close. Most police departments consider bicycles to be vehicles, but this opinion has not filtered down to the average, subhuman motorist, who will honk for you to move over, scream at you to get your piece of junk off the public thoroughfare, or, most annoyingly, consider you nonexistent on a two-lane road, if he wants to pass. It helps to do a little screaming of your own, if the occupants of the car seem unlikely to be armed.

INTERSTATES COULD BE BEST BICYCLE ROUTES

Occasionally I found relief by following local bike routes. One in Wisconsin followed an abandoned railroad, tunnels and all, which afforded gentle grades and no auto traffic. But much of the cross-country cyclist's map study time is devoted to deciding how to avoid the interstates. It is a shame that bicycles are not allowed on these highways. With a little extra line paint and a few signs, they would, with their wide shoulders and good visibility, be far safer than most roads I travelled.

Stretches of interstate caused me several hundred cumulative miles of detours, most of which, fortunately, I would be willing to recommend as side trips.

FOOD, WATER AND SLEEP

When travelling under your own power, you become very aware that food is fuel; that your body's need for water must be satisfied, and that hunger and thirst are not adequate regulating mechanisms when exercising for hours at a time. I relied on cheap restaurants for food, which I supplemented with groceries, as restaurants became scarce out west; in this way I spent about \$3.50 per day. I carried a one-quart water bottle and added another at Denver in anticipation of drier country with fewer domestic sources.

I usually started each travelling day early and finished late, resting for several hours in the middle of the day. Some towns provide free camping space, but more often I fended for myself, stopping at the nearest coincidence of dusk and a good place to sleep. I found cemeteries to be a good combination of soft lawn, quiet, and security. Highway bridges offered rain protection and sometimes enough water to take a bath in. As the land opened up farther west, there were many more places available by the roadside. Apart from a rainstorm or two, my sleep was never disturbed.

BIKE AND BAGGAGE

Bicycles have been refined to the point where, for a reasonable price, you can get a machine that will carry you with extraordinary efficiency over thousands of miles. Mine is a Peugeot A08, a good basic ten-speed, made in France that retails here for approximately \$150.00. Like most bikes in its class, it comes with a light, strong, steel frame, narrow, high-pressure tires, caliper hand brakes, and a ten-speed gearing system that will get you up all but the steepest hills and send you whizzing across the plains while you just turn the pedals at a humanly-efficient once a second or so. Although I had never ridden a ten-speed more than a dozen miles at a stretch, I found that I fell into the proper rhythm once I was underway. The narrow, firm seat and drop handlebars look uncomfortable, but are the only reasonable equipment for long distance riding; once you become used to them, they prove comfortable and efficient.

Faced with six weeks travel, I had to find a way to carry my gear. The standard method is one of nylon sacks suspended from various points around the bike. For no special reason except perhaps a confidence that I could come up with something better, I passed this by and built a plywood box, prefabricated in San Mateo and assembled in Ithaca. The more direct transmission of weight to the rear wheel may have been a little

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TELLURIDE NEWSLETTER

The *Telluride Newsletter* is published four times a year in Ithaca, New York.

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The editors welcome letters, comments, and suggestions from readers. Please address correspondence to Elizabeth Bolgiano, Telluride Association, 217 West Avenue, Ithaca, New York, 14850.

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ADSTA Attends Deep Springs Trustees Meeting

The big news item of the October Deep Springs Trustees meeting is one of the headline items of this issue and hence need not be covered here. But since Ed Cronk is well-known to many of the alumni, it is appropriate to register what I feel certain are feelings of approval, delight, and appreciation by our alumni that one of our members, and so singularly excellent a choice, will fill the spot handled recently and capably by Randall Reid. The unanimous and favorable reaction by the Deep Springs Student Body is of course of far greater significance than that of the alumni, but the combination of all this favorable support should launch the new Directorship under especially sunny and fair skies.

There are other good omens for the immediate future as well. The most important is the quality of the present Student Body—26 strong at the moment—vigorous, healthy and vocal. As a group, they will stand up to the best of the past; a particularly impressive trait is their own concern with the quality of their educational experience and their involvement in bending it toward the best possible.

The physical plant, too, is in impressive shape. There has been a record-breaking alfalfa crop, and the new and ever-improving sprinkler system shows great promise of continuing such achievements. The boarding-house staff is superb and, through a prodigious program of canning and freezing, has held food costs increases to an astounding 5% over the past three years. The garage is rebuilt and will soon be reequipped; thanks to alumni generosity (especially the on-the-spot, hands-on help of alumnus Herbert Reich) plus Deep Springs ingenuity and self-help, recovery from the nearly-complete destruction by fire will not require dipping into capital funds.

FINANCES STILL A MAJOR PROBLEM

The biggest question marks relate to the Deep Springs endowment and to the budget. Thanks to the dedicated effort of Bob Aird and the response of our alumni, endowment pledges show genuine promise of alleviating the depletion of capital (more about that from Bob); and thanks to Bob Aird's fund-raising as well as to Deep Springs economizing efforts by both students and administration, the budget teeters on the verge of balance. In spite of this promising progress, these financial problems of Deep Springs still require some help from each of us. With the goal in sight, I know that ADSTA and its friends can and will get behind Bob Aird and Ed Cronk and the Deep Springs community to give that extra push which will bring success.

ADSTA wishes the best of good fortune to our fellow alumnus, Ed Cronk, as he begins his new responsibilities as Director of Deep Springs. We look forward especially to his continuation of the process of increasing and improving the interaction between Deep Springs and the Association—a process so well and ably started by the recent leaders of both the Association and Deep Springs. We also extend to Ed a very cordial invitation to attend as many of our local ADSTA functions as his busy schedule will allow, so that as many of us as possible can greet him personally and learn first-hand of his plans for Deep Springs.

Erik M. Pell, ADSTA President

Serving Deep Springs

At the October Deep Springs Trustees meeting James R. Withrow, Jr., DS27, TA30, was named Chairman of the Board of Trustees. Francis L. Tetreault, DS37, TA40, will serve as Secretary and Robert B. Henderson, DS35, TA39, as Treasurer. Robley C. Williams, TA29, now serves as Emeritus Trustee and Vice-Chairman, Trustees.



The Renascent Season at Deep Springs

by Jordan Greenwald, DS75

Ours is a twisted song: rare in light electric we are in the night moving in light flashing in rain slamming and slamming.

Events are without import. Like anything in a causal series, an "event" is only mechanical and—especially at Deep Springs, where ranch-work is compulsory—does not, cannot, faithfully reflect our sensitivities. Events, then deserve only brief mention—for which reason I have enclosed a photo of the new sprinkler-line which waters the "South Forty," one of the garage, and a note saying, "recently, much rain" and "ranch-work goes well." Instead, I, here for three months and with admittedly slight perspective, will describe the wash of my recent thought.

There was an artist whose room was colored only by an artificial tulip which he called "a feminine presence." We have no "feminine presence" here, and though the candle burn our thighs and flowers burn and burn, still we sing our lambent age which echoes among a billion stars: O it is ugly O it is pretty.

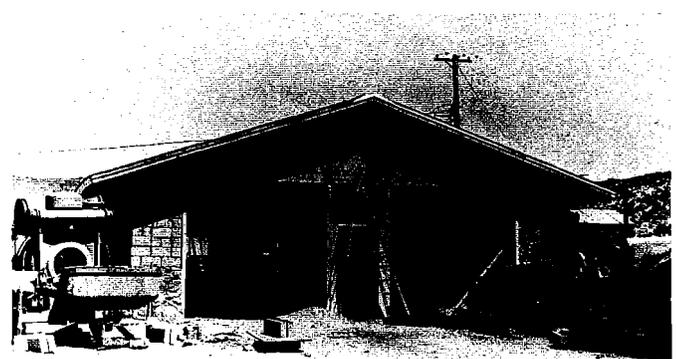
As the sun burns low it tears something bleeding from us. Now I could be doing few things better than sitting at my desk in unbright clothing and cleaning my fingernails as I write this; there is an innate rhythm which flows and flows and like a fine poem rhymes so well and subtly that one wishes that it never stop rhyming as it does. But think of Thomas' lines:

Wild men who caught and sang the sun in flight,

And learn, too late, they grieved it on its way . . .

The time when we could say "I will have time" has passed; sensing an empty shade we must groan wrenched, groan hot and terrible; exalt darkness; taste the windfall apples they die soon.

Twisted and in the night moving we sing to far and frozen stars.



NEWS FROM ALUMNI AND FRIENDS OF TELLURIDE

■ On September 2, 1975, the *New York Times* carried an article, excerpts of which appear here, on the Telluride Film Festival, whose debut took place last year. "This year's Telluride Film Festival drew about 1,000 film buffs and business people to this hip, beautifully restored Victorian mountain town over the weekend. There was enough celluloid sex and violence, philosophical talk, documentary realism, wide-screen premieres, archival silents, cartoons and popcorn every day from 9 a.m. until the pre-dawn hours, to keep most bleary-eyed moviegoers happy. The only real controversy was over the limited number of tickets available with demand far outstripping supply. In only its second outing Telluride seems to have established itself as a film world event of major proportions.

"This year one-third of the 200 or so \$50 general admission passes were snapped up by local residents at half-price several months ago, while the rest of the tickets were sold by mail to a festival list of interested parties before the program was announced. Many first-time visitors were rhapsodic about the weekend during which they alternated between watching movies and taking hikes or jeep rides into the sun-splashed crescent of San Juan Mountains that serves as a backdrop for the town."

■ *Thomas Darter*, TA69, has been named editor of a new publication, *Contemporary Keyboard*. This is a bi-monthly consumer magazine devoted solely to the interest of people who play piano, organ, synthesizer, electric piano, accordion, and all other keyboard instruments. In addition, *Contemporary Keyboard* carries regular how-to columns covering nearly all aspects of playing, written by the most highly respected performers and educators. Darter, accomplished pianist and prize-winning composer, has been on the faculty of the Chicago Musical College of Roosevelt University in Chicago and has just completed a Ph.D. in music. He has wide-ranging experience and knowledge in many fields of music, including classical, jazz, and rock. In addition to piano, Darter also plays all electric keyboards including synthesizer, plus trumpet, guitar, and bass guitar. He has written for numerous publications, among them *Music Journal* and *Guitar Player*.

■ A news note from *Michael J. Moravcsik*, TA53. "When I left Cornell and CB almost twenty years ago, I was a budding theoretical physicist and a music critic for the *Cornell Daily Sun*. Vingt ans apres, I am a theoretical physicist in full bloom (or perhaps wilting?), the music critic of the *Eugene Register Guard*, and, in addition, reaching into areas I did not anticipate two decades ago. After publishing an article in *The Music Review* on the codas in the symphonies of Bruckner two years ago, I just published an article in *Foreign Affairs* on science in less developed countries and a book on the same subject. I am now off for a sabbatical year at the University of Sussex, splitting my time between the physics department and the science policy research unit.

■ *Frederick E. Balderston*, TA42, Chairman of the Center for Research in Management Science at the University of California, Berkeley, is the author of a recently published book, *Managing Today's University*, a subject matter bound to be of interest to many TA associates and friends.

■ *George M. Carstairs*, CBG48, is Vice-Chancellor of the University of York. He writes, "Old friends and more recent Telluriders are invited to visit York, England, the former capital of Roman Britain. It abounds in Roman and Mediaeval remains and York Minster is incomparable. On the edge of town is a new university, judged the best architectural lay-out of its generation. Guest rooms are available in its Colleges. Don't forget to give me a call."

■ *James R. Withrow, Jr.*, TA30, has recently become an Executive Vice President of the Visiting Nurse Service of New York, after having been on the Board for a number of years. He also is now a Fellow of the American College of Trial Lawyers.

■ On Sunday evening, the ninth of November, the B'nai B'rith Foundation of the United States gave a Gold Medallion Dinner and Ball honoring *Albert E. Arent*, TA30, who was presented with the B'nai B'rith National Humanitarian Award.

■ In addition to teaching in the English Department, University of Toronto, *Nancy Wallace*, CB68, is eating out, getting paid for it and writing about it for *Toronto Life's Restaurant & Gourmet Guide*.

■ *Nina Gilbert*, TASP72, is a senior in the music department at Princeton, busily investigating graduate schools that offer programs in conducting. At present she finds herself more and more involved in musical theater work and some journalism.

■ *Paul Kemp*, DS60, reports that he now resides on the north shore of Oahu, Hawaii. "I continue my progress as a devotee of the 4 s's: sunshine, surfing, schooling and sex. I have changed from Analytical Chemistry to Organic Chemistry and am studying both high polymers and irreversible tissue ageing (human) which turns out to be the same subject. I have been divorced by my wife of 11 years and am 'getting off' on my new shot at bachelorhood."

■ *Nicholas Ziegler*, TASP70, is a senior at Princeton this year where he is completing a bachelor's degree in European History. He hopes to continue these studies at the graduate level in England.

■ *W. Paul Jones*, TA15, is 84 years old. He is still at work, preparing to publish the seventh edition of *Writing Scientific Papers and Reports* in January 1976.

■ *Food for a Small Planet*, a short film about the food crisis and the use of grain fed beef, was produced and written by *Robert Richter*, PB49. The film is distributed for rental or sales by Pictura Films, 43 West 16 Street, New York City. *Environmental Education—A Beginning*, another Richter-made film, won a Gold Medal at the NY International Film & Television Festival. A fifteen minute version of this film is currently playing in local movie theaters across the country.

■ *Christopher Keene*, BB64, has been named Music Director of the Syracuse Symphony Orchestra for the 1975-76 season. Keene has already established himself as one of the country's brilliant young conductors. At the age of 28, he is a principal conductor of the New York City Opera and the second youngest conductor ever to have been engaged by the Metropolitan Opera. In 1973, at the invitation of Gian-Carlo Menotti, Keene became Music Director of the Festival of Two Worlds at Spoleto, Italy. Earlier this year he was appointed Music Director of Artpark, near Niagara Falls. Keene has conducted many orchestras in this country and abroad, including the Chicago Symphony, the National Symphony of Washington and the Buffalo Philharmonic.

■ *Austin H. Kiplinger*, TA38, has been named vice chairman of the recently announced five-year campaign to raise \$230 million in total gifts to Cornell's colleges at Ithaca.

■ *Harold Levy*, TA74, has been elected to the New York County Democratic Party Committee from the 73rd Assembly District.

■ *Linda Durbin*, TASP69, is now attending the University of Washington at Seattle.

■ After leaving secondary teaching in 1969, *Paul Nunn Cleaver*, DS53, became involved in fibre and textile crafts. In 1970 he founded Folklorico Yarn Company, at Palo Alto, which specializes in imported yarns for weavers. The company imports and distributes yarns from Spain, Iceland, Portugal and Mexico. In 1971 he was founding director of Bernal Woolen Mills, Inc. and is now President and Chairman of the Board of Directors. Bernal Woolen Mills, located in Menlo Park, specializes in wool yarns and has a spindle capacity of 400, using the Bradford Wosted system.

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Faculty Guests at Cornell Branch

David Cast leans back in the sofa, hands folded before his characteristic white jacket, smiling as he tries to think of something interesting to say in the way of self-analysis. His round Oxford tone with its Yale overtones smooths over the latest in chic dissonance from a naturally dissonant piano and a cacophonous pile of erudition preparing for the daily ritual of dinner.



Professor Cast, a faculty guest at Cornell Branch this year, was born and grew up in London. He became an undergraduate at Waldeim College, Oxford, where he studied Greek and Latin. Then America, in the form of Columbia University's Department of Art History, beckoned him. He received his Ph.D. there in 1970. Since then Yale has been his official haunt and he returns to Europe in the summers. He describes his view of the United States as basically "northeast," Chicago being the western terminus of his wanderings.

Asked to compare English and American colleges, Cast notes the larger American classes, but points out the advantages of that American institution, the seminar. He finds the atmosphere here freer and easier, a "terrific difference." He likes the openness, as long as it is not total.

"I'm quite contented here. I feel very productive in the situation of living at Telluride and working with the Society for the Humanities." Asked to compare Cornell's atmosphere with that of Yale, Cast said, "It's very difficult to say so far. In my subject the students are not as well prepared." However, he finds the faculty here instructive and he is impressed by his broader student contacts, "though the faculty keeps telling me that you can't generalize from Telluriders."

Professor Cast approaches art as part of cultural history. "I'm much concerned with the literary aspects from which the history of painting is derived," he explains. He cites his early studies in literature and his father's vocation as an artist as influences which directed him toward his present field. Cast's special interest is the Classical tradition in art.

Other strong interests include architecture, as part of cultural history, and film. Examining cities such as London and Rome from the viewpoint of architecture, Cast has taught courses which he describes as "not urban sociology, but the form and physique of a city."

The talented Professor Cast had an extremely brief cinematic career. "Some friends and I made a film in Italy, but no one has seen it besides the director." In that one film, Cast worked at fifteen different jobs, including script writer, key grip, and "continuity girl." He recalls the latter as being the hardest.

So today Cast and Co. are doing the old soft shoe at Telluride. Eat your heart out, Hollywood!

Ross Haarstad, CB75

Lincoln Fellowship

Men interested in applying for the Lincoln Exchange Fellowship to Oxford should submit the following information to the Telluride office immediately:

1. Personal factual data: name, home address, date of birth, marital status, etc.
2. Academic record: institutions, dates of attendance, courses taken, major subject, degrees, transcripts of record.
3. Explain the particular value to your educational and vocational plans of a two-year period of study at Oxford. Detail as far as possible your plans for that time, including your field of concentration, program of activities during the long recesses, etc.

After last spring's tantalizing visit of a few weeks, the House is delighted to have Martin Bernal as a Resident Faculty Guest for two full terms this year.

Professor Bernal's tenured position at Cornell requires an average of a term's teaching per year. In addition to his spring sojourns in Ithaca, when he arranges fall classes, Mr. Bernal spent the fall of 1972-73 at Telluride House. A specialist in Chinese studies, he is now teaching a course in Chinese government and a seminar on culture on the mass line. Despite the demands made on his time by the preparation for these and his spring courses (a general course on revolutions, a graduate field seminar with Peter Katzenstein, a freshman seminar on either Mao Tse-tung or Ireland—none of which he has taught before), Mr. Bernal is generous about spending time with Housemembers. At a recent, impromptu House party, all reports



about his vast and well-sung repertoire of folk songs proved true. His conversation is equally enjoyable and, according to Mr. Bernal, mutually beneficial. "What's great about being at Telluride is the strong intellectual thing" which "forces one to think and re-think." Topics of conversation are not lacking; Mr. Bernal spent the past summer in China and North Vietnam, doing research on the early history of the Communist movement in Vietnam, 1930-31.

Asked about his impression of this year's House, Mr. Bernal observed that the atmosphere, a mixture of seriousness and fun, was similar to that of past Houses. He feels that the most notable change is "the change from patriarchy to matriarchy."

Julie Neisser, CB74

The ADSTA Agenda

Attending the fall ADSTA Council meeting in New York on September 29, 1975 were Gatje, Murray, Pell, Szasz and Alumni Secretary Bolgiano. A resume of the meeting follows.

1. Membership: Has declined since the inception of ADSTA. It is hoped that the coming January Membership Drive will reverse this trend as members recognize the need to support the positive accomplishments of ADSTA: the \$1,000 gift to the Association for the Rinehart Professorship at Deep Springs; the considerable relief for the Association from the expenses of maintaining alumni contacts and conducting alumni events such as the Deep Springs Reunion, the Alumni Weekend at Ithaca and area meetings.

2. Area Reports: Washington associates enjoyed the hospitality of Norton Dodge and joined the TASPers for a barbecue at Cremona Farm this past August. Bill Allen is organizing a fall meeting of the Washington group. Rochester/Syracuse/Buffalo will join forces in arranging a get together. San Francisco and Los Angeles are pulling together in preparation for the Deep Springs Reunion. John Murray arranged a November meeting for the New York area associates. David Cole hopes to organize a program in Boston next spring "to evaluate the Summer Programs" which should appeal to the many TASP alums in the area.

3. Deep Springs Reunion: To be held over Labor Day weekend in 1976 if sample survey indicates good prospective attendance.

4. Alumni Weekend: Scheduled for April 23-25, 1976 at Ithaca; the seminar topic will deal with social issues in the law and will be organized and led by Michael Davidson.

Christian Martinus Susseg Midjo

April 8, 1880 - December 29, 1973

Professor Midjo, native of Trondheim, Norway, taught drawing and painting at Cornell for thirty-seven years. He died in Malvik, Norway, at the age of ninety-three. He is affectionately remembered by students and many friends as a most stimulating and demanding teacher, a dedicated and imaginative painter, and not least, as a complex and fascinating personality.

At an early age he commenced to draw and paint strange compositions based on impressions received while endlessly sailing in all weathers in and out of the wildly romantic fjords around Trondheim in a small boat, either alone or with his younger brother, Arne. Throughout his long life Midjo's painting was to reflect his early sensitivity to the more awesome aspects of nature, the feeling of eerie light and glacial spaces peculiar to the land of the midnight sun. The lonely wanderer, wayfarer, navigator, or mountaineer was to become for him in later years a recurrent theme.

In 1909 he was appointed an instructor at Cornell. Bringing with him the European tradition that included a fastidious and elegant appearance in the studio, Midjo was an immediate success. He was known as a man of few words; actually at that time he was a man of few English words who found that a radiant smile and an eloquent gesture or two went quite far as teaching aids.

In these early days Midjo's blithe spirit and sense of humor endeared him to his friends and their children, whom he entertained with stories and antics worthy of a great clown. He had in his repertoire a delightful performance on imaginary skis in which he pretended to lose one ski with ludicrous consequences. He did excellent impersonations including a memorable one of a very drunk Charlie Chaplin.

But Midjo's real energies were devoted to his painting, at which he worked incessantly, striving to clarify his ideas and climbing to new heights of discovery as the light was revealed. Having had successful one-man shows in Hamburg, Washington, and the Addison Gallery of American Art at Andover, Massachusetts, he turned his back on the world of exhibitions, dealers, museums, and critics, painting only to please himself and becoming increasingly difficult to please. He habitually destroyed those paintings of his that did not meet his exacting standards.

He did figure compositions, landscapes, still lifes, and a great many portraits. The Telluride Association owns six western landscapes painted by Midjo while he was artist in residence at Deep Springs College.

After retirement, Midjo went to California, spending six years at Oakland and later moving to Sacramento, where a friend from Cornell days built him a studio. In 1961 he returned to his native Trondheim and made his home with his brother, Arne, who also built him a studio. He continued to paint until the last year of his life though he remarked from time to time, "The light is not what it used to be."



ALL YOUR NEWS THAT FITS WE'LL PRINT

Your friends and TA Associates are interested in what has become of you. Write us about your recent travels and adventures, honors and awards, books or papers published, promotions or job changes, marriages, births and address changes for Newsletter publication.

NAME

ADDRESS

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■ *William Hauser*, TASP62, now works in a long-distance development department at Bell Telephone Laboratories. He has been there since November 1972 when he finished his work for the doctorate at M.I.T. The group is developing a system—millimeter-wavelength—to carry over 250,000 voice messages simultaneously.

■ The following lines were taken from an article on *L. L. Nunn* which appeared in the October 5, 1975 issue of *The Denver Post*. "So what does the Ames-Gold King-Alta line serve? It now serves the Telluride Ski Area, something that even the visionary Nunn couldn't have foreseen. The historic old line now powers the six lifts of the Ski Area and has gone underground at the upper reaches to protect the environment.

All that remains on the Telluride side of the mountain is the narrow swath of right-of-way cut through the trees and it is crossed a number of times by the famed ski run, The Plunge, which leads from Palmyra Ridge into Telluride.

Although the Ames plant and the line to Gold King was Nunn's first, and the beginning of a new industry that broke the economic hold of the Robber Barons who controlled the railroads and the coal mines, it wasn't his biggest achievement, nor what he considered his monument.

His biggest undertaking was the Niagara Falls, N.Y. plant of the Ontario Power Co. And his monument upon which he spent the final years of his life, was Deep Springs College on the California-Nevada border and the Telluride House and Telluride Foundation at Cornell University."

■ *Jill Silverman* and *Susan Handelsman*, 70TASPs, welcome visitors to New Haven to their apartment at 1472 Chapel Street. Both are first-year students at Yale Medical School. Visitors are advised that Susan is now using her middle name, *Alix*.

■ The OMI 12th Annual Washington Non-Profit Tax Conference will be held February 5 & 6, 1976. The Honorable *Barber B. Conable, Jr.*, TA47, Member of the Committee on Ways and Means, House of Representatives, will be one of the speakers at the breakfast meeting on February 6, when his topic will be "Congress and the Nonprofit Scene."

In Memoriam

COLONEL BEN C. LUTH, April 24, 1975

continued from page three

harder on the spokes, the bike was a little harder to handle when walking, and purists recoiled, but wind resistance was lower. Packing could be more careless because I could cinch down everything until it fit, and if I wanted to stop out in the open, I could lay the bike down and sit comfortably on the box.

FIRST DIFFICULTIES RESOLVED

I put my gear together after Convention in my third-floor room at Telluride House. At 5:20 a.m. on June 19 I lugged my loaded bike downstairs, wheeled it out the kitchen door, and, feeling more groggy than fated, headed for California.

My first problem became apparent halfway down the Buffalo Street hill. My box, although well within the strength limitations of the carrier, was in such a position that it swayed from side to side in a harmonic motion that caused the front wheel to shimmy when I slowed down. I quickly learned to hold on firmly when I braked. The first day out also exposed me to several other cycling difficulties; heavy rain, a flat tire, and my first and worst encounter with a big dog, a Saint Bernard in the tiny hamlet of Seneca Castle.

I pulled into Pepper Trail's driveway that afternoon and spent the next day with his family. I expected to be very sore, after fifty miles, but I wasn't at all. Pepper's father, an expert carpenter, modified my box so that it would ride up closer to the seat. This, plus strapping my full water bottle and locking cable to the handlebars, ended the shimmy and favorably redistributed the weight. Another early start and I was off to Niagara Falls via the back roads of western New York state.

JUST GETTING THROUGH

Gradually, through New York and Ontario, the trip became something to be accomplished. As I got up each morning and prepared for the day's ride, the bike, the road, the weather and the motorists were all hazards or enemies that I could face only by counting the accumulated miles, taking them as a percentage of 3000 to give them significance and leaping ahead to the time I would cruise across the Golden Gate Bridge, embarrassed as Lindbergh at the fuss people would make over me. It was probably this as much as the weather and scenery that made me regard Michigan as a dreary, humid state full of dreary, humid people. I crossed it quickly and uncomfortably, and slept on the night ferry from Ludington to Milwaukee, being anxious to knock off the seventy miles to friends in Madison the same way.

In eastern Minnesota I abruptly left the Mississippi's flood plain for the edge of the Central Plains. Up a long hill, and, instead of coasting down the other side, I was in high gear, moving through places with Swedish names. The weather cleared and as I moved west at 80-100 miles a day, I noticed that the sun began to set earlier. I got into better cycling shape and took in the rhythm of travelling by bike and felt much more clearly that I was out in what I saw passing me.

THE SLOWER THE PACE, THE GREATER THE APPRECIATION

I was also beginning to appreciate the countryside while moving which is impossible in a car and even rare when walking; it's usually the stopping places on a hike that you remember because you're too absorbed in where to put your feet. Except for the soft hiss of the tire and the clicking of the ratchet on the rear wheel when coasting, a bike is practically noiseless, while the wind noise can be tuned out by turning your head a little. Not only can you hear small animals, you don't scare them off until you're quite close. You're moving slowly enough to appreciate them: a hawk on a fencepost ten feet from the road, watching you pass; a butterfly passing unharmed through your front spoke, versus being mashed on your car radiator for later inspection; five miles of red-winged blackbirds, swooping down to defend successive territories from your intrusion; horses, cows, deer, antelope, coyotes, all very unsure what to make of you.

Within two days, I passed the 100th meridian, the Mountain

Time Zone boundary, and the Colorado border—all very significant imaginary lines to the westward traveller, but they caused no special celebration. Nor, anymore, did the rumored character of the inhabitants of certain states seem to line up with political boundaries. Towns spread, then sprawled, from the neat, lush green of compact eastern villages to random, western towns with as many dry vacant lots as buildings. Balancing this continuity, I was travelling up the Platte River valley, where easy irrigation allowed corn to grow clear into Colorado and masked the gradual drying out of the Great Plains. My brief views of the country outside the valley made the changes more noticeable, climaxing in the final few dozen miles into Denver out of the valley, to avoid the freeway, through long stretches of rolling, dry-land wheat country.

NECESSARY MAINTENANCE

Here the fragile nature of the spoked wheel caught up with me; I had badly bent the rear rim in Ontario and had kept it more or less straight with selective spoke tightening. By Denver six spokes had broken and I had to have the wheel rebuilt. I stayed there with my brother, glancing first at the Front Range rising steeply up to the Great Divide, then at my bicycle, then at my brother's big, new motorcycle. . . . But after five days and a general cleaning and readjusting session, during which I made a sort of final maintenance covenant with my machine, I headed north into Wyoming, to avoid having to cross the Divide at its highest point and the Great Basin through its driest, most inhospitable desert.

END IN SIGHT

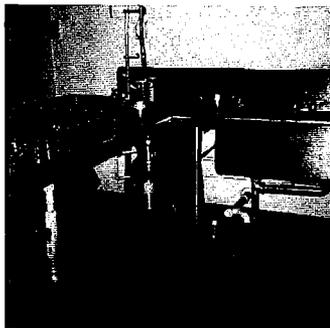
The segment of the trip from Denver to California, broken by a week's stay with friends in Boise, was the one I had been looking forward to most and proved to be the most rewarding. Here, and especially after Boise, I had known for some time that I would be able to finish the trip. It seemed I did not have to direct my course consciously; deserts and mountains moved be me; the bike was there just to hold me at the best height for observing. I don't remember being tired, hungry or sore for those 1600 miles, though I must have been a little of each at different times. And, despite the pig-eyed eastern Idahoans, who told me to get off the road, then followed me out of town a ways in a pickup with the .30-30 in the window, and the dope fiends on Harleys who, at a mountain resort near Sun Valley, kept asking me how much was my bike worth and wasn't I worried about getting ripped off and how far was I going that night, and the careening logging trucks on the narrow, rough road into Boise, things were going too well and too naturally for me to get scared. After each incident, I just climbed back on the bike and let some scenery roll by and it was O.K.

THE FINAL LEG

I stayed a couple of days in Quincy, after my entry into California via the inevitable agricultural inspection station, and then cruised down the Feather River Canyon to start the final 3-day leg into San Francisco. But as I came over the last hill and coasted down the four-lane to Oroville, the trip ended. There were external reasons for stopping there: the vegetation—oak trees in dry grassland—was the first that finally convinced me I was really in California; two spokes had broken, and the rear wheel would have to visit a bike shop before making it to the Bay Area; I'd seen some TV news film of a group of cyclists finishing a coast-to-coast trip in San Francisco, frolicking with their front wheels in the surf, and the motives for this seemed silly, something to avoid; there was an unseasonable rainstorm ahead, probably ruining peach crops and unpleasant to ride into. But the real reason I stopped was simply that the fine edge of perception I'd become used to had evaporated. To return occasionally, I would hope, and with less ritual than a two-month bike trip to prompt it; but you have to know when you can't force things.

Ed's. Note: The trip took 60 days total, 42 days riding, and covered 5477 kilometers.

TASP 75 Impressions



TASP '75, adj. 1. of or pertaining to an action which benefits one's society and/or the members of that society; 2. of or pertaining to a communal event.

It had been more than four hours since the final evening of the summer had become the final morning. Soon it would be sunrise, and after that three or four of us would leave Telluride, marking the first in a series of sad departures. About twenty-six TASPers, including myself, were lounging in various positions on the couches, chairs, and floors of the music and living rooms when the desire to see the sunrise was communicated from body to body, and eventually to collective body.

So we went together to a hill to see the sun rise high into the sky. The sky lightened, and around me people cried. It lightened more, and people laughed and cried together.

As we sat and watched the day come in, I remembered another time when five of us had gotten up early, after a night's sleep, to see the sunrise. I felt a sadness in my bones, like an

early morning chill, but the light was growing stronger; I had sat with friends two different times, and had seen the sunrise from both ends.

I remembered Roger in *Lysistrata* and how cocky he had become. I remembered trying to catch a small bird in the music room, with Ken, Gail, Taina and Kathy—until we found out it was a bat and not a bird. I remembered spending five minutes trying to let the bat loose outdoors, after we had trapped it in a trash can liner. I remembered midnight visits to the Deli and to Elba's. I remembered the insanity of Dr. Ahl's party, with a Chaplin film, and English trifle, and Parker's flute accompanying the early Beatles; and the insanity that came with our papers, working hard to bring together a summer's fill of thoughts.

But I must apologize. I promised to write a funny article and I have not, because although there were many funny times, mostly it was just very, very TASP.

Daniel A. Segal, TASP75

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