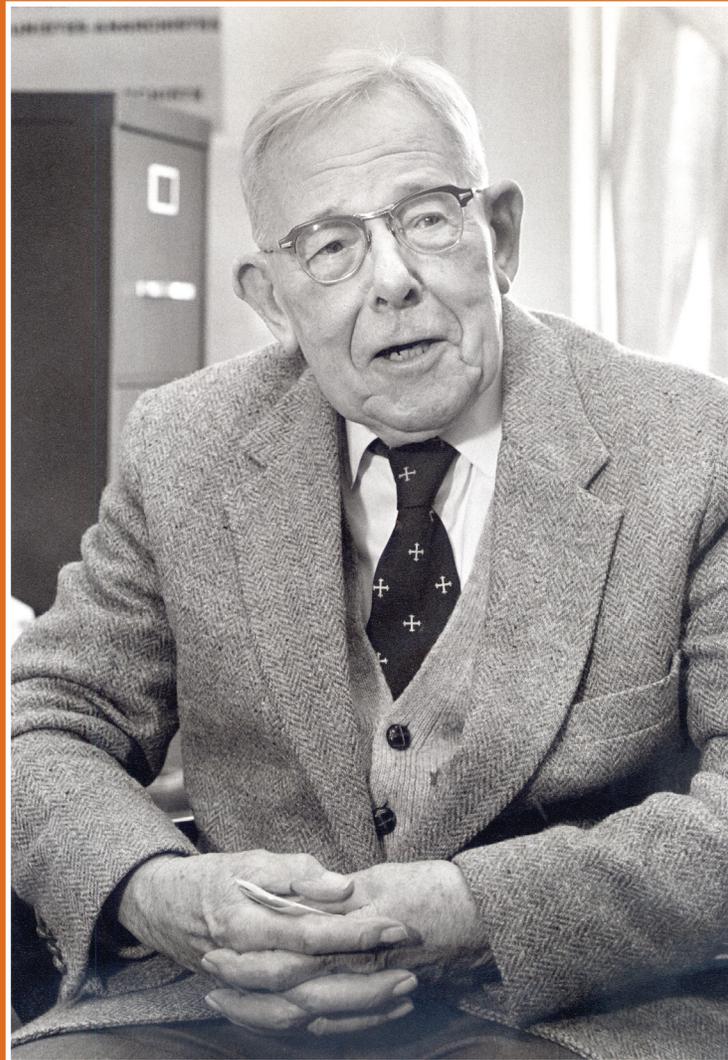


The Papers of F. G. Marcham: V

Cornell

Athletics, Wartime, and Summing Up

By Frederick G. Marcham



Edited by John Marcham

The Internet-First University Press

Ithaca, New York

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Cover: Professor Marcham in his office in McGraw Hall, March 4, 1987,
in his 63rd year of teaching at Cornell University.

—*Charles Harrington, University Photos.*

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This Volume

Cornell contains a number of the writings of F. G. Marcham on aspects of Cornell University: athletics, the campus during wartime, and his view of its operation and a general essay for use in a university book.

Between 1961 and 1979 he wrote 750 pages of memoirs on his days in Ithaca. References to athletics drawn from those pages are added to the separate memoir, "Associations..." which he wrote about athletics and is the first part of this volume.

Foreword

Frederick George Marcham, the Goldwin Smith professor of English history, emeritus, was a Mr. Chips for the 69 years he taught at Cornell University in Ithaca, New York, between 1923 and his death in 1992.

The university asked me, his son, to assemble material that would reflect on his career as teacher, adviser to students, coach, faculty advocate, author, and mayor of Cayuga Heights for 32 years. I drew upon dozens of composition books, notes, unpublished manuscript pages, photographs, and other mementos he deposited in the Cornell archives or left me to sort, turn over to the archives, and control access to.

F. G. Marcham had already shown some of his nearly 2,000 manuscript pages of memoirs, essays, and other writing to students, colleagues, and other friends. After his death, the least complicated and expensive way to continue to make these available to people in Ithaca and at a distance was to arrange MS pages in logical volumes, xerograph, and offer them at cost or to be read in the archives in the Kroch Library at Cornell.

This year Professor J. Robert Cooke's Project for Creating an Open Access Paradigm for Scholarly Publishing began making available and online DVDs and other materials about and by notable Cornell professors, starting with the Nobel physicist Hans Bethe and President Emeritus Dale Corson.

Selections from the F. G. Marcham papers constitute six of the eleven elements of such a DVD on Professor Marcham, produced by The Internet-First University Press of Ithaca. The other five elements: A video introduction by Prof. Walter LaFeber and myself; The Photographs of Frederick G. Marcham; an audio of a talk on Job by Marcham; a video of his talk with the last meeting of a class in 1991, and an audio of his memorial service.

The pages of the six books contain the latest draft I could find among my father's papers. Little effort was made to change his occasional "English English" spelling, capitalization, or punctuation, except when needed to make a point clearer. Any changes of mine are shown by ellipses or within brackets. His own parenthetical remarks are either within parentheses or dashes.

Not among the six Internet-First University books are the following original xerographic volumes: Cromwell (six essays), Cayuga Heights Memories, and Governance at Cornell (an uncompleted MS); and two volumes, Cornell Notes 1967-1979 and Personal Memoirs, which are to be released later.

The Cornell Notes in particular are very frank descriptions of the struggles among professors, departments, college deans, and central administrators to govern a university. Why so frank? I asked a close colleague of my father's. "He wanted to leave his view of the story." Which fit with a remark that the constitutional historian in him once

made, “I’d rather be secretary than chairman [of a group], to be sure the record is straight.”

F. G. Marcham grew up in the slums of Reading, England, and won scholarships to a public (private secondary) school and after World War I to Oxford University.

“Last Lecture” in *On Teaching* gives a sense of his reverence for the documents that record the centuries-long movement in England toward the franchise and freedoms for the working class. His relations to working class advisees and his dogged activism on behalf of Cornell professors and in civic life attest to a concern for underdogs and with arbitrary authority.

Brief observations in the second Cornell Notes, under “His Role in the University,” express disappointment at being shunned for responsible positions by several presidents and deans. In later years he applied his administrative and persuasive energy to keeping Cayuga Heights a tight little village and chairing the History Department.

My editing draws on nearly six decades as a reporter and editor of newspapers, magazines, and books in Ithaca and elsewhere: the *Cornell Daily Sun*, *Ithaca Journal*, *Cornell Alumni News*, and a dozen previous books of Cornell and community history.

Particular thanks go to Bob Cooke and my grandson Liam Frederick Lowe of Etna for their help, especially with these newfangled computers, and to my wife, journalist Jane Haskins Marcham, for patience through the months this project has occupied.

December 2005

John Marcham

Associations with Athletics at Cornell, 1923-61

When I came to Cornell from Oxford in 1923 I had behind me a long and active association with athletics of various kinds. As a child I had learned to play soccer; one of my most vivid memories is of the evening when a neighbor came to my mother and asked if I would like a second-hand pair of soccer boots. They were joyfully accepted, because my parents could not afford to buy them for me (my father, a brewery labourer, at that time earned \$6 a week, our rent was \$1.) As soon as the neighbour had gone I put on the boots, tied the laces carefully, and gently kicked the kitchen table leg. Nothing was more sweet than the feeling conveyed by that hard soccer boot toe.

So I became an enthusiastic soccer player at about the age of 7, and continuously played in the streets of our neighborhood and in the small playgrounds that were within walking distance. At the age of 11, I won a scholarship to Christ's Hospital and there, as at most large English public schools, athletics formed an important part of the day's activity. (My scholarship covered all expenses, except athletic equipment and pocket money of 6 cents a week.)

At Christ's Hospital

On the second or third day I was at Christ's Hospital I, with the other small boys in my "house," or dormitory as we would call it, was ordered out for cross-country running and on a wet April afternoon in 1910 we jogged about five miles. These "runs" as they were called were an infrequent feature of our athletic activities, used to fill in our afternoons when, in the summer we could not play cricket, in the winter when the ground was too hard for us to play rugby. In suitable weather during the summer term we played cricket six days a week and rugby six days a week during the fall and spring terms. Each term lasted fifteen weeks and though cricket is not a strenuous sport, the thirty weeks of continuous rugby kept us in excellent physical condition.

Soccer was frowned on as a somewhat vulgar sport at Christ's Hospital but there were enough of us who liked to play the game to make it possible for us to organize informally, to contribute our pennies for the purchase of a ball, and to play shortened games during our spare hours. While I was at Christ's Hospital I helped to organize these games in my house. We played on asphalt, with a specially ribbed ball, such as I have never seen elsewhere. We wore our ordinary walking

Undated

shoes, we did not change into athletic shoes to play; but we played pretty much as children do in the street. The goal was marked on a brick wall. Most of us acquired a good deal of skill in dribbling and shooting. I myself always played in the center forward or inside left position. On very rare occasions, when the ground was too hard for rugby we were allowed to play soccer more formally on a rugby field.

At Christ's Hospital we played another game which I enjoyed greatly, a kind of field hockey. The ball was a tennis ball, the stick was like a heavy ash walking stick with the handle straightened out at about the same angle as an ice hockey stick. We were allowed to hit the ball forehand and backhand. This was another spare-time game, played on the same asphalt as we used for soccer.

During my vacations from Christ's Hospital, my father, who by this time operated a pub, or saloon, "The Plasterer's Arms" in one of the roughest slum areas in Reading, where I, like the revered [early Cornell professor] Goldwin Smith, was born, introduced me to boxing. He took me to see one or two professional matches and when he learned of my interest he hired a local sixth-rate professional to teach me to box. I was an enthusiastic student and in one of my first sessions made a name for myself by hitting my instructor so effectively in the Adam's apple that he had to go to the hospital. To his great credit our session went forward as though he had not been hurt. I learned of the accident some time later. At Christ's Hospital we had informal sports periods indoors on certain days and boxing was one of the permitted sports. So I continued my boxing with boys of my own age and size, though only irregularly.

These activities continued throughout my stay at Christ's Hospital from April 1910 to Christmas 1914. I did not distinguish myself in either cricket or rugby at Christ's Hospital. The level of performance at the top was quite high; indeed, one of our 16-year-old boys, named Cullen, played in an international rugby match between Ireland (which he represented, of course) and England. In the wish to achieve eminence I was delinquent at Christ's Hospital, both in athletics and scholarship, being content to do no more than was required of me; though in athletics this meant that I acquired good legs and excellent general endurance. I left Christ's Hospital a few months after the First World War began and in January 1915 I entered a military office where, as a civilian, I worked continuously at a desk doing simple clerical work sometimes seven days a week, almost always eleven or twelve hours a day. (I earned the equivalent of \$6 a week.) This pattern of life I continued until my 18th birthday in November 1916 when I became eligible for military service. I volunteered for the army and took a physical examination which disclosed a heart defect and caused me to be rejected. A few weeks later I offered myself for military service again and on this occasion the examination was a cursory one. The defect went unnoticed and I became a private in the Queen's Westminster Rifles on March 7, 1917.

In the Army & a Bad Heart

As a soldier in the British army one part of my experience at Christ's Hospital proved valuable. There we had all had considerable experience in the routine parade ground maneuvers of an infantryman, because we had all been members of the R.O.T.C. [Reserve Officer Training Corps] and had trained regularly week by week, carrying rifles and wearing the traditional army uniform. I had served in the R.O.T.C. for more than two years and had twice, during summer vacations, gone away to camp with units of the regular British army. Indeed when war was declared in August 1914 I was in camp in the English Midlands. My amateur military experience earned me relief from parade ground drill in the Queen's Westminster Rifles, once my proficiency had been demonstrated. Instead I was allowed an informal place in the physical training program. In the morning I gave much time to bayonet fighting, a grueling activity which called into play, though with more strain, many of the arm and chest muscles used in boxing. In the afternoon I was allowed to take one or two sets of boxing gloves and to give informal instruction in boxing, during the periods of relaxation which took place each afternoon. This often led to informal boxing matches with soldiers who had had little experience. I enjoyed these two activities for about two months and then found that physical exertion caused me more and more distress.

A medical examination disclosed a defective heart. "Like a cheap German alarm clock," the doctor said. I was at once declared unfit for active military service and relegated to clerical work, pending discharge from the army. However, instead of being discharged I was sent from one clerical job to another, until in January 1918 I was appointed to a minor position in the War Office at London. I served there through the closing months of the war and then, after further medical examination I was sent to a military hospital on the outskirts of London, where I remained until March 1920. My ailment had by this time been diagnosed as a permanent and serious one by a leading heart specialist. On March 20, 1920 I was finally discharged from the British army and was warned that for the rest of my life I must behave as a person with a badly defective heart; no hurrying on level ground, and I must walk up stairs slowly.

Rehabilitation and Oxford

Before I left the hospital I had been awarded a Veteran's scholarship which took me first to a college that trained men for the priesthood in the Church of England, later to Oxford where I took up the study of history. While at the Church of England college I became physically restless and found it difficult to stand on the sidelines watching games. After a month or so I decided to forget the advice about going slow and began playing goal-keeper in soccer matches. This activity produced no obvious ill effects. However, when I gained admission to Oxford, and so satisfied an ambition that I never dreamed of reaching in my Christ's Hospital

days, the prospect of ruining my career if not ending my life by playing games persuaded me to go slow again.

After a few weeks at Oxford I was called to appear for a medical checkup before a group of military doctors. One of them, named Hobson, a faculty member in the Medical School at Oxford, listened carefully to my heart and asked me to do some strenuous exercises. I declined, telling him of the warning given me by the London specialist. Dr. Hobson said he would guarantee I would suffer no ill-effects, I then did the exercises. He listened to my heart again and at once called in a Professor Dreyer of the Oxford medical faculty. The two of them then declared that I had exactly the heart condition they were looking for, a heart that had suffered considerable damage, but only temporary damage. Their theory was that I began with an extremely well conditioned heart, that my clerical work from January 1915 to March 1917 had been harmful, had caused it to grow flabby, and that the violent activity, particularly the bayonet fighting of my short period of military activity, had put my heart out of action.

They prescribed a slow rebuilding program, based first on walking and running, twenty steps walking five steps running, the mixture gradually changing until it was all running. During the Christmas vacation 1920-21 I worked on this program daily, using the level gravel towpath near my home at Reading. By the end of the four-week vacation I was running, perhaps jogging is a better word, about two miles a day. Back at Oxford I went to Dr. Hobson again and he urged me to take up athletics regularly, though he dissuaded me from boxing and rowing. Anything else, he said, would be appropriate.

My college at Oxford [University] was St. Edmund Hall, the smallest college in the university with about fifty students. Many of these students were wartime veterans, some in their late 20's and early 30's. Some had been seriously injured in the war. The students available for athletics at St. Edmund Hall during my time there never numbered more than thirty. Nevertheless the standing of the Hall in the University demanded that a crew, a soccer team, a field hockey team, and a rugby team take part in the elaborate pattern of inter-college competition. And a cricket team in the summer, as well. Those who were members of the crew squad were of course barred from all other activity and this took out of the thirty perhaps a dozen. The rest of the squads were, in consequence, formed by having some of the athletes take part in more than one sport. I was one of the two or three who were members of three squads. Mine were hockey, soccer, and rugby. I had no great liking for cricket, but regularly served as an umpire at the college games which were, of course, played only during the summer. To keep fit during the summer I played a little tennis.

I began my three sports, fall and spring term, at the beginning of 1921. My first venture was field hockey. I played the position of goalkeeper and had great success because I used my soccer knowledge to kick the ball clear, as a hockey goalkeeper is allowed to do. My performance went so well that in my last year at Oxford I was chosen captain of my team. At the same time (spring term 1921), I began to play soccer and rugby again though at first sparingly. I played the full-back position in rugby, though I had never done so at Christ's Hospital, my principal reason being that the fullback in rugby does less running and usually has less strenuous action than any other member of the team. I played inside left at soccer, and though this

is an active position in the forward line I suffered no ill effects. I did, of course, report regularly to Dr. Hobson for physical examination.

In the fall and spring terms of 1921-22 and 1922-23 I continued this program. The sports schedule was such that during these terms we always played one game of each sport a week and often two, so that those of us who were playing two or three sports often played one sport or the other five days a week. Games at Oxford were played in a less strenuous way than games at the intercollegiate level in the United States and in the sports I played there was certainly far less jarring bodily contact than in American football. The strain was on wind and legs. We played in each sport without substitutions and we played continuous thirty- or thirty-five-minute halves, without interruption. My performance in soccer and rugby was not outstanding, but I received my college “colours,” equivalent to a letter, in both sports during my last two years at Oxford, as I did for the three years in hockey. My interest in other sports was that of a spectator, except for the umpiring I did in cricket. However I enjoyed the experience of feeling physically fit so much—especially in view of my fears for some time that I would never be able to exercise again—that during my last two summers at Oxford I often went for an early morning training run, in the manner of my exercise runs along the Thames bank at home. Otherwise my only recollections are of an occasional visit to an Oxford-Cambridge boxing match or a visit to the riverside to watch the spring and summer boat races.

My participation in sports at Oxford came at an important time in my life. Had I remained an invalid or semi-invalid, as seemed likely when I went to Oxford, I should in all likelihood have chosen a way of life on leaving Oxford that was itself sedentary. In fact when, in my last year at Oxford, I decided that I was unfitted for the priesthood, I looked for opportunities to travel overseas, and for a way of life that was active. Seeking the opportunity to travel, I was willing to do anything that might offer itself and for a time played with the idea of some sort of labor, if that would keep me out and about and on the move. By chance I met Marshall Knappen, who came as a Rhodes Scholar to St. Edmund Hall. Among the interests that soon made us friends was the fact that he was a runner, a half miler or quarter miler as I remember. He told me that the easiest way for me to get across the Atlantic was to go as an assistant in the history department of an American university. He soon introduced me to his friend Professor Wallace Notestein of Cornell and from this meeting came an invitation to serve as Notestein’s assistant in the fall of 1923.

So I came to Cornell, at first with the expectation of observing the American scene as reflected in college life and in moving on to another place—perhaps Canada—and to another career. But the move did not occur. The career I had fallen into by chance was to be my career for life and the place I had come to was to be my scene of action for many years.

On to the U.S.A. & Cornell

I did not, after settling down at Cornell in the fall of 1923, take part in any formal or informal sports activity. I was busy observing the new pattern of life and adjusting myself to it. I had much work to do, and the graduate students with whom I lived at 212 University Avenue were none of them anxious to do more than take long walks and visit an occasional football game. To one of these I went, the famous game in which Cornell's long winning streak from 1920 to 1923 came to an end in a game against Williams, as I remember. American football was and still remains a mystery to me, at least in the sense that I could not tell how a player should react instinctively to a situation on the playing field, as I could in soccer or rugby. Soccer, as it was played at Cornell in those days, I considered a primitive form of the sport, principally because most of the players had learned the game after coming to Cornell and so lacked the basic skills. (I have never got over the fact that American football and soccer players cannot kick equally well with either foot.) So for a while the Saturday and Sunday afternoon walks—not to say the frequent and considerable walks from lower University Avenue to the campus— were my chief physical activity.

But in the winter of 1923-24 Frank Notestein, a graduate student and cousin of Wallace Notestein, who lived with me on University Avenue, suggested a visit to the gym and so we went to the Old Armory in search of recreation. Upstairs, in what later I got to know so well as the boxing room, we found a wooden partition of enough size to serve as the wall for a game of hand-ball. We played a few games and through these visits I came to know two prominent figures at the old Armory, Johnny Fallon, the boxing instructor, and Walter O'Connell, the wrestling coach. Fallon was a small, round-faced, bald-headed Irishman, who had been, I believe, an excellent amateur boxer. O'Connell was one of the most successful wrestling coaches in the United States, a big, bluff, slow-moving Irishman. From what O'Connell told me the two of them had occasional disagreements and sometimes came near to blows. But I got on well with both of them and soon received from Fallon an invitation to referee a boxing match between Cornell's Joe Lazarus and an outstanding boxer from the U.S. Naval Academy. Why this bout took place I do not know, but the match itself was certainly an outstanding one, probably the best ever staged at Cornell. The Navy boxer had been captain of the U.S. Olympic team. Lazarus was perhaps the outstanding boxer at his weight (116 as I remember) in the U.S. and had defeated Fidel La Barba who was to be a professional world's champion. The match was billed as an exhibition, but as in so many exhibition matches I have refereed, the blows were delivered with full force. At one point, as I separated the boxers, the Navy boy asked Lazarus not to hit so hard. (Lazarus had a successful career as a lawyer, I believe. He remained a slender, handsome, gentlemanly man. During the Second World War he was walking along a New York street and came upon some English and U.S. service men who were arguing fiercely and seemed likely to come to blows. He spoke to them quietly, seeking to mollify them. One of the disputants picked him up and threw him through a plate glass window. He suffered a gash in the jugular vein and died at once.)

My participation as an official in the boxing match caused me to become associated in an informal way with boxing at Cornell, but the association at this time led to no more than refereeing, which I did two or three times a year. Boxing was then no more than a recreational activity at Cornell except that each year there were two or three students who were eager enough as boxers to take part in amateur matches in the neighborhood. Once in a while one of these students would assume a name and go off to Elmira or Auburn or perhaps Rochester to box in a semi-professional bout, as did students from other nearby colleges and universities. But with this I had nothing to do. What Fallon knew about it I never heard.

Golf and Other Sports

My own physical activity became centered in the spring of 1924 on golf. Wallace Notestein and some of his professor friends played golf almost daily at the nine-hole Ithaca Country Club course, then situated between Triphammer and Pleasant Grove Road. They asked me to fill a gap in their foursome; I played with them and though a complete novice played well enough to fill the gap in the seasons of 1924 and 1925. By 1925 I found that golf was too time consuming for a graduate student and so I abandoned it. I had married in the summer of 1925 and married life took up enough of my leisure time to keep me from any association with sports, except refereeing boxing matches. I stopped going to the gym. But in the summer of 1930 I had a severe attack of appendicitis and this was followed by a slow recovery. The surgeon recommended exercise to strengthen my abdominal muscles, and so I began a program of regular visits to the gym which I kept up for the next twenty-five years and more.

When I began these visits I turned once more to handball, a game we played first in the small apparatus room of the Old Armory and later in the large room. We played with a tennis ball, using, as I remember, an unmarked court, and treating the game primarily as exercise. Each year, for two or three years, I found a new opponent, usually a graduate student or young instructor. We arranged to meet three or four times a week and played or exercised for an hour or so. I enjoyed the exercise but found more and more difficulty in naming out a time schedule. So I changed over, about 1933 or 1934, to an exercise program that I could carry out alone. This consisted in part of running a mile round the small, elevated, wooden track in the small room of the Old Armory—as I remember one ran fifty-eight times round the track to complete the mile. I also did sit ups and push ups. This exercise program I usually did each morning after my 11 o'clock lecture and I found the solitude very satisfactory because it was such a complete change from the strain of lecturing and the bustle of talking to students in the office.

The Politics of Athletics

In 1930 I had been promoted to the rank of full professor and as such found myself a fully fledged member of the University Faculty. I attended faculty meetings and took part in the highly diversified discussions that took place there. Athletics was a subject occasionally discussed and in the early '30's Cornell's intercollegiate athletics came up for discussion because the fortunes of the football team had fallen from the high level sustained in the early and middle 1920's. Plans for the rejuvenation of Cornell athletics were offered on all sides and when some of them came before the University Faculty I intervened to argue that Cornell needed a program that paid more attention to intramural athletics. At that time the faculty members who were primarily associated with Cornell athletics were C.V.P. Young, who was professor of physical education, and Hermann Diederichs, professor of Engineering, who was prominent in the old Cornell Athletic Association.

Perhaps my youth, perhaps the fact that I was a new face in the faculty, led my colleagues to appoint me chairman of a faculty committee to report on the athletic situation. The committee consisted, as I remember, of [Horace] Whiteside, a Law professor, who had been a famous football player at Chicago; H. E. Baxter, professor of Architecture; and myself. Our report criticized the existing organization of athletics and the leadership given to the program by [Graduate Manager] Romeyn Berry. What else we said I do not remember, but soon I received from President [Livingston] Farrand a request to prepare an elaborate program for the reconstruction of the intercollegiate and intramural athletic system at Cornell. This I prepared, in some thirty pages, most of which dealt with the need for indoor, intramural facilities. I consulted with the various instructors and coaches who helped in the existing men's and women's intramural program, and on the basis of their advice, I suggested the building of a large gymnasium that would suit the needs of both sexes. It included a large swimming pool and one of my suggestions was that once a week this should be available for mixed swimming. This part of the recommendation, when it became generally known, was greeted with derision, as something bordering on the immoral.

The other parts of the recommendation contained plans for many rooms where handball, squash, badminton and similar intramural sports could be played. The basic idea of the whole program was that the university should provide opportunity for the student to enjoy recreation in sports that he could undertake by himself, or with a friend. In my innocence I had the view of a student coming away from his classes in the late afternoon and going to the gym for a swim, or a game of badminton, or to punch the bag. What I recommended had sufficient merit to cause the Board of Trustees to prepare a brochure, using extracts from my report as well as pictures to describe the needed facilities and this led to the allocation of sufficient money for the preparation of preliminary plans and a model of such a building as I had recommended. The Board of Trustees held a meeting at which mention was made of the program and I was asked to stand in the wings so that I might be available to answer questions. Matters moved fast enough in the middle 1930's to bring this program almost to fruition, near enough at least to persuade Mr. Walter Teagle to give the university \$1.5 million with which to build the new

gymnasium. But as soon as the money was given, some more academically minded persons became distressed and went to see Mr. Teagle to argue that the money would be more usefully employed on academic projects. They succeeded in holding up the building of the gymnasium during the crucial years before the Second World War. Mr. Teagle (and Mrs. Teagle who also had much interest in the project) did not change their views about what their money would be used for. But the delay caused the building of Teagle Hall to be postponed for about fifteen years.

Back to Boxing

In the early '30's another matter attracted my attention, though what the precise occasion for my interest was I do not remember. Boxing had remained an informal sport and the pattern of my relationship with it followed the same form as in the late 1920's. However I was now more regularly in the Old Armory and paid more attention to the boys who worked out there as boxers. Among these I came to know well Jacob Goldbas, a Jewish boy...from Utica. He was a tough, rough young man who had done a good deal of boxing since his childhood. He was also a student in my English history course and a fullback on the football team. He and I became fast friends. I recognized in him the kind of physical toughness that I admire. Even more I admired his self-reliance as a person and his diligence as a student. I wished very much to help him in his plan to go to the Cornell law school. But the prospects for this seemed poor until the spring of his senior year in the Arts [College].

At this point Fallon, the boxing instructor, resigned and the way was open for a new approach to the management of boxing at Cornell. My high regard for the sport led me to propose to the University Faculty that boxing be given the status of an intercollegiate sport and, in arguing the case, I forestalled the objection that it was a brutalizing sport, associated with low characters, by saying that if the faculty agreed to the proposal I would urge the appointment of one of our own students, Goldbas, as coach.

The faculty listened to my argument, but at once objections were offered in the form that I had suspected, in particular by Professor [E. H.] Kennard, an eminent physicist but, I would judge, a most un-athletic person. To his protests about boxing as a sport I said that boxing among college students was a well-managed and well supervised sport and that there were many students who wished to participate in it, as he could judge for himself if he attended the forthcoming intramural championships. This he agreed to do. He would, he said, report his findings to the faculty at the next meeting and on these terms we adjourned the discussion for a month.

At the championship finals, held in the small, apparatus room of the Old Amory there was the usual wild and woolly scene. The bouts took place in the evening and were attended by the fraternity brothers and friends of the contestants, and these onlookers crowded the floor of the room and hung over the railing of

the small upstairs track. Around the ring a few wooden benches were arranged and in these sat the elite—usually some coaches from other sports, the judges, perhaps a downtown friend or two of the boxing instructors and the seconds who were attending the fighters. On this occasion, for reasons I do not remember, the attendance was larger than usual and not a spare yard of room was to be found except in the ring itself.

The fights themselves were usually quite slap-dash affairs because most of the fighters knew little about boxing and were in relatively poor condition. These facts did not, of course, prevent their friends from urging them on loudly and shouting the kind of advice which is always heard at amateur boxing matches. As the Old Armory rang to this noise and almost shook under the surging and swaying crowd—everyone except those on the benches was standing—I saw to my surprise a commotion at the door and soon the portly form of Romeyn Berry. Behind him, horror of horrors, was the slender, spotlessly dressed, gentlemanly President Farrand. Berry elbowed his way forward and soon he and his guest were recognized at ringside. After much maneuvering a place was found for them near one of the boxers corner and President Farrand, perhaps as if to show he was made of ordinary stuff, put his derby hat on the floor by his feet, the brim upwards. During the next intermission between rounds the boxers retired to their corners and the man who was in President Farrand's corner almost collapsed there, he was so exhausted. His seconds fluttered around him, loosening his belt, wiping his face and ultimately offering him some water to rinse his mouth with. This the young man took and having gargled it for a while he turned his head to spit the water into a bucket. He saw the President's hat, but was too confused to distinguish it from a bucket. So he spat.

This incident is all I remember of the championships and when the next faculty meeting took place I attended it in an alarmed state. My alarm heightened when I saw President Farrand in the chair. Soon Professor Kennard rose to make his report. The incident of the derby hat he had not seen; at least he did not mention it but he did give a lively report of the scene in general. He did it in much the same manner that I might have reported on a complicated experiment in physics. Everything surprised him: the noise of the crowd, the shouted comments of the partisans, and, he said in the manner of a Puritan clergyman who had actually witnessed sin, "The boxers struck one another." In commenting on this speech to the faculty I made a point of this and went so far as to say that the manner of Professor Kennard's speech suggested that he had enjoyed himself.

But Professor Kennard was not my principal difficulty. Professor C.V.P. Young rose and began to speak against the proposal I had offered. Professor Young's method of speaking was almost unique. He knew no sentence structure but wandered on, tacking clause to clause to clause without any observable sequence of argument. At first I was alarmed to have the Professor of Physical Education speaking against me. But as I observed the faculty grow restless with the continuing speech I realized that if Professor Young spoke long enough I might win. So I sat back and waited. The professor continued for perhaps twenty minutes and the normal time for ending faculty meetings—the ringing of the chimes at 5:50—came near. When he sat down I rose at once and said that I thought the faculty had heard enough on the subject for all time and I was content to have the matter disposed of without

further debate. Cries of “question” went up and the proposal being put to the vote, intercollegiate boxing was approved by a handsome majority.

Jake Goldbas became Cornell’s first intercollegiate boxing coach that fall and at once began to train a team and arrange a schedule. Cornell’s first opponents were Penn State, then and for many years after the leading boxing team in the East. The match took place in the large room at the Old Armory and I attended as one of the judges. As I looked across the ring at the Penn State team I was horrified at the tough, professional appearance of the boxers, in particular the heavyweight who was partially bald and looked like Jack Dempsey. In the ensuing bouts only one Cornell boxer, Bob Saunders, a tall, awkward, long-armed 126-pounder, won. But the event was a success and marked the beginning of a short period of intercollegiate boxing at Cornell which lasted until just before the beginning of the Second World War.

During this period Cornell maintained both varsity and freshman teams and had a fair measure of success. Most of the Cornell boxers were men who learned all their boxing at Cornell. Of these the most successful were [John] Clark, an Ithaca boy, who boxed at 155 pounds, and Fred Siemer, a heavyweight. Both became Eastern Intercollegiate champions and Siemer in particular was a formidable fighter. He stood about 6-feet-2, weighed 210 pounds, and had the instinct of a first-class heavyweight. Clark, who began as a shy, timid boy, became an excellent boxer, and like Siemer, won all his matches once he had settled down. They both were examples of intercollegiate boxing at its best, though Siemer’s love for knocking out his opponents and his success in doing so raised a question in the minds of the squeamish. One day, after the boxing season was over, I went down into the locker room of the Old Armory and found it deserted except for the lanky lugubrious figure of Fred Siemer. He was sitting on a bench and looked a picture of desolation. I asked him what was the matter. He sighed and said, “There’s no one to hit.”

When Jake Goldbas finished his work at the Law School he left to begin practice in his native Utica. He was succeeded as boxing coach for one year by a man whose name I have forgotten and then by Allie Wolff, of Penn State, who had had a brilliant career as an amateur boxer and had for a short time boxed as a professional. Wolff was an excellent boxer and a hard working coach. He regarded me as the principal friend of intercollegiate boxing at Cornell and cultivated my friendship. This took the form of allowing me to work out with him and inviting me to offer advice to his boxers from time to time. But he was a moody man and had difficulty in keeping the morale of his team at a high level. On many occasions he called me on the phone in the evenings to report that a boxer had withdrawn from the squad. I then used my powers of persuasion to get the man back. But, all in all there can be no question that Wolff did much good in training Cornell boxers, and his teams had much success in competition. At about the time that Jake Goldbas withdrew from the Cornell boxing scene his younger brother, Moses, appeared as a freshman. Moses came to my office at once and we established a close relationship built principally around his genuine wish to be a student, which was similar to that of Jacob. He followed the same academic path through the university as his brother and, since this carried him through the Law School and his brother often came back to Ithaca, I had a further six years or so of close acquaintance with the Goldbas family.

Their father had died some time before; their mother was councilman or whatever for the poorest, roughest district of Utica, and they themselves, with an equally formidable sister had grown up in the streets and learned to take care of themselves. They were as tough with one another as with the rest of mankind and were at all times argumentative and assertive. But this was not bluster, it was the kind of forceful exchange of ideas and opinion that goes with real intellectual effort. In consequence both Jacob and Moses were good, solid, hardworking students, and more than that, men who valued the intellectual life and continued their own self-education.

Whether Moses was a better boxer than Jacob I would not care to say—certainly not in the presence of either or both of them. At Cornell Moses had the advantage of working as a boxer in a more highly organized program of boxing and training. Jacob had had no more than occasional exhibition matches. Moses gained more fans as a boxer at Cornell because he appeared in intercollegiate matches—all of which he won—and because he became the Eastern Intercollegiate champion at his weight, 128 pounds. Towards the end of his career at Cornell he was a prominent figure in the following incident.

One night, after Navy students had come to Cornell for training, Moses and a girl friend were having supper at the Green Lantern on State Street. Some Navy men came in and one of them, a man of 200 pounds or more, looked in the direction of Moses and his friend. Moses was small, round faced, young looking, and probably not very well dressed at the time. The Navy man passed a note to the girl saying, “Why not come and have supper with a real man.” Moses took the note and went over to the Navy man. What was said at first I do not know but the Navy man somewhat contemptuously invited Moses to come outside. He replied by inviting the Navy man to come to the Old Armory the next day at 4. There they fought in the ring with gloves and Moses cut the Navy man to pieces. His Navy friends, who had come in large numbers to cheer him, carried him away.

My other memory of this period relating to boxing is this. Once a year Cornell had a boxing match with Syracuse and Syracuse then and much later took boxing seriously. I had made friends with Mr. H.E. Babcock, a member of the Cornell Board of Trustees and a person much interested in athletics. It was he who had spurred me on while I was preparing material recommending the building of a gymnasium, and it was in his house “Sunnygables,” on the Elmira Road outside Ithaca, that I had been sequestered on two or three afternoons to write the descriptive passages for the brochure about the gymnasium. After one of these sessions I suggested that Mr. Babcock come with me to a boxing match to be held that night in Barton Hall. And there, after dinner, we went together.

The Cornell-Syracuse boxing matches were raucous affairs. Boxing had become important not only to Syracuse University but to the Syracuse townsfolk and so a large contingent come down to Ithaca to cheer on the Syracuse team. The team had many talented boxers, some of them men who had had much experience in amateur, perhaps even semi-professional boxing. Allie Wolff, a fierce competitor, always looked the Syracuse team over carefully when they arrived, and on this occasion as on others protested loudly that such and such a person was disqualified because he did not meet the collegiate definition of an amateur. A dispute of this sort was going on at ringside before the match began and Mr. Babcock turned to me and

asked what was going on. I explained as best I could and ended with the remark, "You can never trust these Syracuse people." Mr. Babcock remained silent. After a second or two I asked, "Where did you go to college? He said, "Syracuse."

I remained in fairly close association with Cornell boxers throughout the period while the sport was popular at Cornell. Its decline and disappearance as an intercollegiate sport came about through many circumstances. First was growing dissatisfaction with boxing as a sport. Parents heard reports of professional boxing matches on the radio—"Jones connected with a hard right to the head. Smith is down, he has a cut over the left eye"—and they imagined that their son was suffering and so discouraged him from boxing. Some colleges in the East, as also in other parts of the country, began to bring in to their campuses near professional boxers, with the consequence that in many instances boxers in individual bouts were badly mismatched. In tennis or swimming such a mismatch hurt no one, but in boxing it might lead to serious injury. One by one the so-called Ivy League schools dropped intercollegiate boxing; Cornell was the last to do so. In the case of Cornell there was a special reason for the break. President [Edmund E.] Day was a member of the board of trustees of the Naval Academy at Annapolis and at Annapolis (as at West Point) they had an intercollegiate boxing team. A member of the team died, not while boxing or in circumstances that could certainly be associated with his being a boxer. But popular opinion cited his boxing as a cause of death. President Day accepted the verdict and used his influence to end intercollegiate boxing at Cornell. This was about the end of 1940. In 1941 Allie Wolff went into the Navy as a boxing instructor to one of the newly formed officer training units at the University of North Carolina. This event alone would have ended the program, for in those years of hurried preparation for war no instructors of comparable skill were available. However Cornell did wish to continue instruction in boxing as a recreational activity on an intramural basis. In the fall of 1941 I was appointed boxing instructor at a salary of \$400.

A New Athletics Chief

While the boxing program was changing from high activity to a muted existence as an intramural sport, important changes were taking place in the whole pattern of intercollegiate athletics at Cornell. Romeyn Berry had ended his long career as the graduate manager of athletics; James Lynah, a Cornell alumnus and a retired business executive of vast experience, had taken his place. Mr. Lynah was a man of much ability, of complete integrity as an administrator, and of considerable charm. No university could be served by a person of higher quality in this field. He at once undertook the reconstruction of intercollegiate athletics and brought on the scene a number of new coaches, among them Carl Snavely, the new football coach, and his assistants, notably G. K. (Lefty) James, and a man who was soon to be one of my best friends, [Gordon S.] Scotty Little

the new swimming coach. Georges Cointe, the fencing coach, was another who arrived on the Cornell scene at this point, in the middle '30's.

The work of these men had much success and the football team soon rose to be a power in the land. My association with these men was not yet close, except in the case of Scotty Little. I met him during my daily visits to the gymnasium for exercise and we soon learned of our mutual interest in fishing. Scotty was an expert trout fisherman: I never have been. But at that time I knew enough about where trout might be found in the local streams to be a useful companion to him, as he was to me for the skill he could impart.

Badminton and Friendships

One day during my exercise period Allie Wolff appeared and suggested that we play a game of badminton, a game altogether unknown to me. We played and I was soundly beaten. An onlooker at this match was Harold Utter, the janitor at the Old Armory, a man of about 30. After the game was over he took me aside, spoke of my mistakes, and offered to show me how to correct them. I spent an hour the next day with him and soon made some progress with the game. Scotty Little joined us in a little while and our appetite for the game grew so quickly that we began to look around for more advanced instruction. There was at Cornell at that time a young psychology instructor named Lacey, who was highly expert and he agreed for a few dollars a day to give us instruction. We took lessons for a week or two and then settled down to a program of daily games among ourselves. This was about 1936 or 1937.

The daily badminton game was to be for me, in term time and in vacation, not only my chief source of recreation for the next sixteen years or so but my chief source of pleasure. These were for me in many ways, personal and impersonal, years of difficulty and unhappiness. The badminton game was an opportunity to turn away from the ordinary pattern of life. If I had to separate out the twelve most happy hours of my life ten of them would have been spent playing badminton.

We played in the main hall of the Old Armory, at the west end. Conditions were almost ideal; enough height, a good floor, and the right kind of lighting—the latter being most important for badminton. Three of us were almost always part of the foursome—Little, Utter, and myself. Other persons moved in and out of the foursome over the years, occasionally an undergraduate joined us but more often another coach. Two factors made the games enjoyable; as a group of players we were almost perfectly matched so that however we divided up into pairs we could not tell from one day to the next which pair would win. In addition all the competitors seemed to increase in skill at the same rate. But the principal factor was the spirit in which the game was played. We played to win, but we managed from the start to settle on the notion that we would never argue about whether a shot put the bird in or out. The man nearest to the line called it and there was no question. How important this factor is to long time enjoyment of competition, I

learned in an early game—before our foursome had been formed—when I played as a partner of Allie Wolff against Lefty James and his colleague Russ Murphy. Wolff was a competitor who disputed everything and claimed everything for himself. This was an aspect of his combative nature. He and I won the game in consequence of the decisions or points which he forced our opponents to accept. The game almost broke up in a free for all.

The foursome which Little, Utter, and I belonged to, and which Hanley Staley, the other swimming coach, joined later, kept us all in excellent condition and saw us safely through many minor crises. I remember particularly the day when Scotty's wife, Barbara, was at the hospital waiting for her second baby. While she waited we played badminton. From time to time the phone rang in the coaches office by the stairs. We paused for a moment to hear who was called for. After a number of interruptions the call came for Scotty; he ran out of the door and up the stairs. In a little while he was back. "It's a girl." We resumed our game.

A PhysEd Instructor in Wartime

In the early 1940's, as the prospect of war approached, physical training and sports took on a new importance on the Cornell campus, as elsewhere. The University Faculty committed itself to a program of compulsory physical training for undergraduates and in doing so allowed training in certain sports as a means of meeting the requirement. Boxing was one of these sports. While many of our male students were leaving to join the forces, other male students began flooding in as members of the army and naval units sent to Cornell for academic and service training. The students in the service units were of course required to take regular physical training and this too involved training in sports, but here the contact and combative sports were emphasized, as also swimming and so called commando training.

The military and naval high commands, though equally concerned that their men should have physical training, had in this as in other matters, different views of how it should be done. The large naval contingent brought with it many physical training instructors, for the most part men who had been outstanding college or professional athletes. These men gave instruction in calisthenics and in some sports, though not in boxing. The Army program, which had as its students a highly miscellaneous and generally immature group of boys who were in a pre-military training course, left the physical training entirely to the university's own staff. In brief the two service groups put sudden and great strain on the Cornell coaches and instructors, and boxing was a sport which felt the strain heavily.

When this great change occurred—great in the sense that, so far as boxing was concerned some 300 men had to be taught each day—I had just begun to take charge of the intramural program and was with much nervousness and hesitation teaching about fifteen to twenty students each afternoon in the Boxing Room at the Old Armory. This room was at the head of the stairs on the third floor. Under

it was the small apparatus room; over it was the weight-lifting room; beyond it the room where the crew practiced in the winter time, with the result that the boxing room was a passageway for some forty or fifty tall young men every afternoon as they went to and from the rowing machines. The boxing room itself housed a regulation sized ring in its northwest corner but otherwise had a minimum of equipment. Three of the four walls were well supplied with windows. . . These walls were of brick, white-washed. The floor was of a relatively soft wood and splintered easily. The rest of the facilities were primitive, particularly the coaches' dressing room which was a small, unlighted and unventilated closet. For best results perhaps six men and an instructor could use the room effectively, provided too many crew men were not streaming through. During the war and for sometime afterwards we had to conduct classes of twenty or more in it.

When I began my teaching in the fall of 1941 I was nervous because I had never taken a raw beginner and carried him through the preliminary stages of boxing in a formal class program. My association with boxing in the days when Jake Goldbas and Allie Wolff coached had been that of a person who stood on the sidelines and said to this boxer or that, "Keep your left up" "Keep your elbows in" and so forth. That is I had commented on the performance of boys who had some proficiency in boxing. But I found it relatively easy to map out a program and I enjoyed very much demonstrating myself and checking in others the elementary body movements that a boxer makes. My badminton and other physical activities had put me in good enough condition to do the work. And so, just before the wave of servicemen reached the campus I had settled down to a routine that took me to the Boxing Room at 4 each day from Monday to Friday to teach my civilian students physical training class in boxing and such other would-be boxers as came along. Among the latter were some members of Allie Wolff's old squads and they quite properly regarded me, a mere professor, as a poor replacement for their old coach. Indeed, it was so.

But the whole situation had changed: the boxing room was now put to the use of a miscellaneous assortment of ordinary students who knew nothing about boxing; the emphasis was on physical training, not competitive boxing and there was therefore something appropriate in having a middle aged professor—dressed it is true in a sweatsuit—rather than a real coach with fire in his eye take charge of the proceedings from 4 to 6. How innocent our customers were I can best illustrate by the following story. One day we arranged a sparring match between two of them. We put gloves on them and heavy face masks. We ushered them into the ring and put one in one corner and another. I then took a can of rosin and sprinkled some on the floor in a neutral corner. One of the boys went to the corner and bending over rubbed his gloves in the rosin.

When we faced the oncoming servicemen the pattern of life in the physical education department, as in the rest of the university community, changed drastically. Before this time I had been incorporated into the staff of the department, but the fact had had little significance so far as I was concerned. Now I was summoned to attend meetings of the department because large scale plans and heavier work loads had to be parceled out. These plans did not involve the actual incorporation into the department of the naval physical training instructors but rather the designing of a program to supplement the work of those men whose chief concern was with

calisthenics. The total physical training program for the military contingents had to be planned, as also that for the civilian male student body.

In my own case this meant that the staff for instruction in boxing had to be increased. Ray Morey, a trainer on the athletic association's staff joined me for ordinary class work. I joined the ordinary calisthenics staff and from time to time assisted in directing classes in soccer, and had the great joy of playing the game again. On an average day during the war-time period I spent two hours in the morning teaching boxing or helping with calisthenics or soccer and two hours in the afternoon—usually from 4 to 6—in the Boxing Room. During the war the Boxing Room in the Old Armory was closed down and our equipment was moved to the top room in the south tower of Barton Hall. My constant activity as a physical training instructor of one sort or another kept me in good condition and I was able, despite my age—I was in the late 40's—get in the ring and box a little when classes were in progress.

We had a large physical training staff in which the naval instructors were constantly being shipped in and out on short tours of duty. Perhaps for this reason we of the civilian staff developed an esprit de corps that lasted through the war. We took much pride in the so-called commando course, developed largely under the direction of Georges Cointe, the fencing coach, in the general area of the Kite Hill parking lot and here we cheered on the students who tried to climb board walls and jump over obstacles, echoing the sentiments if not the words of Georges' half French battle cry, "You can do eet fat boy."

The servicemen who came under our supervision had a great variety of abilities in physical activity. One group—the Army's specialized training program as it was called [STAP]—consisted of boys of about 17 who were almost entirely devoid of ability. Here I saw for the first time in my life boys who could not throw a stone or ball. Many of them, when required to run at a moderate pace for three or four hundred yards actually collapsed and vomited. And I remember that when we lined up one group for calisthenics inside Barton Hall some of them wore their gloves.

The Navy men had been chosen as officer material and much more attention had been given to selecting candidates who were not only physically fit but demonstrated some physical skill. So it happened that during the war a number of quite expert amateur boxers appeared and made their way up to the boxing room in the late afternoon. Among them was Bill Fugazy, a New York boy, of a famous New York Italian family, whose uncle had long been associated with professional boxing. The uncle had seen to it that Bill had expert professional training as a boxer from his boyhood, with the result that when he came to Cornell he was accomplished a stylist as I had seen since the days of Joe Lazarus.

The naval department, in arranging for its men to get a general education on the Cornell campus, was much less concerned with service protocol than the army. Army men moved about the campus in military formation. Going from one class to another they lined up in a small column, the section leader barked out his commands, and they marched in step. When they went to class they were the class; no other students were there. But the navy men, except for their uniforms, had almost the same freedom of movement as civilians; they walked about as they

chose except when they were involved in formal parade ground exercises, and as they wandered about the campus they were often accompanied by undergraduate girls who were attending the same classes as they. So it happened that there was a good deal of rivalry between the two service groups.

Grudge Fights

One day as a group of Army students were being marched from Boardman Hall to Goldwin Smith my friend Fugazy was nonchalantly strolling in the opposite direction. He was slight of build, stood about 5-feet-7; weight, 128 pounds, and had a lean, handsome, boyish face. His manner was always bright and sassy. On this occasion the sight of the soldiers on their serious way to class provoked him into derogatory remarks. Insults were thrown back and forth and before the exchange was over one of the enraged Army men shouted that he would fix the tormentor. How I heard of this in this early stage I do not remember, except that it was from the army men who were in one of the American history classes that I taught. They told me merely that one of their number was going to knock the daylights out of some Navy character who had been fresh. I next heard that this was going to take place in the boxing room.

I began at once to inquire who was involved and soon learned that Fugazy was the offender. I then sought out the Army boy who had uttered the challenge and through his friends sought to dissuade him. But by this time the honor of the whole Army contingent was involved and there was no backing down on their side. Similarly the word had got around among the Navy men, and though few knew of Fugazy's skill, they were all equally concerned that the bout should be staged. Late one afternoon the match took place and it was a repetition of the famous encounter which Moses Goldbas had except that the Navy won. I talked to Fugazy before the match to ensure that there would be none of the blood and slaughter that marked the Goldbas affair. And so it went. A big Army boy came out of his corner, 6 feet tall, weighing about 180, Fugazy danced around him a little and hit him once or twice and he fell down. Ray Morey, as I remember, was referee, and he rushed in, counted 10 rapidly and all was over.

My own experience with these so-called "grudge" fights has not been extensive. But once every two or three years while I taught boxing at Cornell, two very earnest boys, who might have been brothers, would come to me and say that they wished to fight. I would say, "Not fight, box." And they would say, "No, fight" and then would tell me of some misunderstanding that had excited them to the point where a fight was the only solution. I then would say, "Alright but on my terms" and not knowing what my terms were they would agree. So I would then say, "Come back tomorrow at 3 and I will supervise the fight."

So the next day I would go to the boxing room and get an old set of 16-ounce gloves and drip water into them until they weighed about 24 ounces each. When the boys came I would put the gloves on them and they being novices would not

notice the weight. Then I would say, "Of course you must wear head masks," and after a little protest from them I would put the masks on. The boys, being novices, would not know what it was like to wear a head mask and, taking advantage of their ignorance, I would lace the masks so tightly that they could hardly breathe. This done I would say, "Alright, fight." There would be a flurry for about thirty seconds but by that time, what with the weight of the gloves and the tightness of the masks, both fighters would be exhausted, would realize the hopelessness of a dramatic victory for either side, and could be talked into calling the whole thing off.

The Military Arrives

On the day the first Navy contingent was to arrive Bob Kane, assistant director of athletics, called a meeting of the department's coaches to set before them the vast problem of organization and work that now faced us. Carl Snavely, head football coach, was one of our members. We met in the lecture room at Schoellkopf Hall and Snavely sat in the front row, with that strange, almost sleepwalking expression that he wore when not talking about football. Kane began by telling us that a thousand or twelve hundred men were at that moment arriving on the Campus and would be incorporated into the University's student body. Snavely woke up and said, "Are any of them football players?" Kane said he supposed some of them were, but, he went on, this was no time to worry about that; we had to plan a program for the whole group. "Well," said Snavely, "will the football players be allowed to play for Cornell?" "Perhaps they will," said Kane, "but look," he continued, "we can't worry about that now." "Do you think," said Snavely, "they could come out for practice this afternoon?" While Kane was trying to find an answer that would end this exchange Snavely got up and said, "I'll go and phone the commandant." With that he left the meeting.

The coaches had their own ideas about conducting meetings and they differed considerably from those I was used to among my academic friends. I remember another meeting in the Schoellkopf lecture room in the evening. All the coaches were there and after some preliminaries Nicky Bawlf, Walt O'Connell, and various other members of the group began talking loudly and at the same time. They stood up to speak and when they warmed to their subjects they began to walk around the room and to address such members of the group as remained seated. At one time Bawlf and another coach stood in front of me as though they were salesmen competing for my business. This turmoil continued for some minutes. Max Reed, a football coach, who had remained silent, as had I, then stood up, put on his overcoat and said in a firm voice, "Aw, shit, I'm tired." He began to walk out. The others stopped talking and walked out too. When I told some of my academic colleagues about this they said how often they had been of Reed's opinion during an academic meeting and how much they wished they could close the proceedings as dramatically.

The wartime rush of business, for the physical education department, kept me busy and happy. In the morning I might assist in a large calisthenics class conducted by Frank Kavanagh and, while he barked out his commands, Ray Van Orman and I would walk through the ranks checking on straight backs and seeing that exercises were properly executed. Sometimes I commanded these groups myself and once or twice in my zeal tried to outdo the group by challenging them to do more push-ups than I could. I was happiest, as I remember it now, when I took off a group of students to the soccer field and there for an hour played soccer with them. The involved and heavy physical education programs caused members of the staff to be stranded once in a while, with nothing to do between the period when one class ended and that when another began. When I was working in the new boxing room at Barton I filled in the time with exercises or bag punching.

Sometimes my rest period had to be spent at the Old Armory and then we got busy with a badminton game. Or it might be that headquarters for the morning was Schoellkopf. At Schoellkopf the coaches had worked out a game for themselves called paddleball. They played in the small gymnasium on the top floor, weaving in and out among the apparatus, and using a highly complicated set of ground rules because there were so many obstructions. Georges Cointe (before he went into the service) and I played many a game here and I learned that though by all the signs as I could read them—particularly my much greater experience with the bounce of ball—I should have beaten Georges easily, in fact I did not and he often beat me. Paddleball was a variant of handball, played with a tennis ball and an enlarged ping pong type of bat.

There were essentially two ways of playing the game, the gentlemanly and the not-gentlemanly. Under the first the players took account of the fact that the space was limited and body movement rapid and vigorous; accordingly they did what they could to keep out of one another's way while playing. Under the non-gentlemanly system they used body blocks and other devices for keeping an opponent from the ball. Georges Cointe and I played the more leisurely variety and derived our pleasure from beating one another by well-placed shots.

One day a young graduate student in our history department who had studied at Notre Dame and had a sense of sacrifice, saw me in Schoellkopf as I was going to play with Georges. He asked if he might play and, when Georges and I had found another player, we made a foursome, the young man becoming Georges partner. I explained to him the rules of the game and he said, "Yes," he knew all about handball and would simply have to adapt to the paddle. Part of the pleasure of the game, when played in the leisurely manner, came from an understanding between the partners as to who should attempt a shot and who should stand back. As play went on the young student seemed concerned to demonstrate his agility and proficiency. As Georges was about to make a shot his partner would dive in and attempt a dramatic backhand or in some other way take the shot away from Georges. These lunges and other heroics almost always cost Georges and his partner the point. Mercifully, we quickly beat them and I ushered the young man out. Georges had been too polite to remonstrate with a stranger, particularly as the boy had been in a sense my guest. He remained silent throughout the last stages of the game, but one who knew him could recognize in his silence and the tightened jaws that self-control had reached its limit. When I returned to him he was sitting on a bench and a tear of rage ran

down each cheek. We said nothing but in a few minutes washed out the incident by a quiet game alone.

I kept in this Schoellkopf gymnasium a bar bell with weights attached to it to make a total weight of about thirty-five pounds. The weights were held in place by small collars slipped over the bar and held in place by bolts. For two or three days in succession when I went upstairs to exercise with the bar bell I found it dismantled, the bar lying flat on the floor and the weights and collars arranged alongside it. This annoyed me because I did not ordinarily have within reach a wrench with which to reassemble the barbell. So I took a piece of adhesive tape and wrote on it, "PRIVATE PROPERTY OF F.G. MARCHAM. You may exercise with the bar bell but do not meddle with the weights." Nevertheless when next I went to use the bar bell it was dismantled. I decided to catch the culprit.

One morning I found him. He was alone in the room, and, indeed, as I entered he was on his knees by the bar bell, almost killing himself, as with a wrench he tried to loosen the bolts that I had fastened with all my energy. I approached him and said, "Hey, bud, what goes on?" Still kneeling and straining on the wrench, he said, "Wait a minute, I'm busy." I said, "Yes, but stop, that's my bar bell." He shouted, "I can't undo this bolt." I grabbed him and said, "Get up and leave the thing alone. It's my bar bell." When he stood up I said, "What the hell are you doing, can't you read those instructions there." He said, "Wait a minute, look." And he reached under a mat and produced a piece of paper which set out a long list of exercises; so many times with 15 pounds, so many with 20, and so forth. He said, "There's my program, how can I do it if I don't take some of the weights off?" I said, "Look, that's my bar bell, and those are my instructions to you or anyone else who wishes to exercise with it. Don't you see the plain words 'Don't meddle with the weights?'" "Meddle with them," he said, "I wasn't meddling with them, I was using them."

Post-War Boxing

One day in the fall of 1945 while I was teaching a boxing class in Barton Hall I saw a tall student standing alongside the class watching me. When the class was finished he remained and came to talk to me. I asked if he was interested in boxing and he said, "Yes." He went on to tell me that he had boxed a good deal as an amateur before he entered the service and in the service too. His name was Frank Best. I asked if he intended to box now that he was a student at Cornell, and he said, "No," but he'd like to help me coach. The idea pleased me because I thought it possible that, with the return to a peacetime program, boxing would slip back to the position of a minor intramural sport and that while this was happening I might draw out of the program and pass the responsibility for managing it to such a person as this. He was a man of about 26; he spoke of taking the four year course in agriculture. A little acquaintance with him showed me that he was an excellent

boxer. He had, it seemed to me, one quality I could no longer claim—the ability to get in the ring and box three fast rounds with anyone who might show up.

So I presented the picture to him of a pattern of four years of studying and coaching, to be followed by the purchase of a farm near Ithaca and the combination of farming and coaching after he had graduated.

This appealed to him for a while and I had a vision of returning to a life of teaching history and playing badminton. My new acquaintance worked out regularly in the gymnasium and demonstrated great ability for an amateur boxer. But I soon learned that he wished to earn money from boxing and had signed an agreement to box in a professional match at Binghamton. His success there was immediate. “Best wins in 30-second knockout” said the headline. The experience led him on to other commitments and before the academic year was out he was signed for a ten-round, main event match in Buffalo, N.Y. By this time I was beginning to wonder about him. He had been drawn into the web of second- and third-rate professional boxing where managers have little regard for their boxers. In this instance, as in so many others, he was being moved along by a manager or group of managers who wished to use him as a dummy in setting up a fight for a far better boxer. And so he was entirely mismatched in the Buffalo bout and badly beaten. I heard no more of him as a student or a boxer after that year.

By this time the university was crowded with returning ex-servicemen and among them many boys who had boxed in the service including one or two, such as Bill O’Brien, who had boxed briefly in my classes back in 1941. I would gladly have stepped out of the picture at this point but two circumstances at least prevented me: one was the lack of anyone to take my place and the other was the maturity of the boys who came to the Boxing Room and the consequent lessening of the need of actual instruction by the instructor. He could do his work by simply standing by and offering a few suggestions.

As soon as possible after the war had ended, boxing had been moved back to its traditional place in the Old Armory. The university continued to impose its physical education requirement on male students but excused juniors and seniors and all students who had been in the service. Therefore I continued to conduct afternoon classes from Monday to Friday each week from fall until Easter vacation. But these classes were overshadowed by the turnout of ex-servicemen who had become interested in boxing. While these ex-servicemen continued to be a prominent body among the Cornell students, intramural boxing flourished at Cornell as it had never done before. An intramural tournament would attract fifty or sixty competitors and the level of ability and even more of physical fitness remained high. From these years—say from 1946 to 1952—come my happiest memories of boxing at Cornell. I formed strong friendships with many of the men who took part in the program, notably the late Gordon Pritchard, an Ithaca boy, Ted Reifsteck, who served as my assistant for a while, Mike Hostage, Bob Czub and Jack Barnwell.

To manage this program was in some respects difficult. We taught boys to box or to improve their boxing. This was relatively easy. But we had to box among ourselves always and this way the boys got to know one another well as persons, and to like one another. To put them in the ring and expect then to box all out was impossible. But somehow or other we got along. My own part became less and less

that of an active participant. I tried always to keep in good physical condition. I skipped rope, punched the heavy and light bags (and of course, played badminton daily). But for actual work in the ring I had to depend on such assistants as I could persuade to help me over the years. From about 1952 on the Athletic Association allotted a sum of \$250 or \$300 for an assistant.

One of these, Mike Hostage, deserves special mention, because his early career as my assistant illustrates the difficulty of teaching boxing. Mike was a handsome Irishman who weighed about 180 pounds and was as strong as a horse. He was a fair boxer and a murderous puncher. He also had a quick, Irishman's temper. When I took him on as my assistant I explained to him that he would have to keep himself under close control, that he would be justified in hitting lightly to keep his opponent on guard, but that he must never hit hard whatever the provocation. I rehearsed all this very carefully with him and even got into the ring and sparred a little with him. A day or two after I had given those instructions I left Mike in charge while I went downstairs for a shower. When I came back five minutes later Mike was in the ring with gloves on and his pupil was lying on his back unconscious. Mike looked away from me. A day or two later the same thing happened and as soon as we had revived the pupil I sent every one down to the showers except Mike. "Mike," I said, "what did I tell you?" "I know, Prof.," said Mike, "and I've done my best to follow your instructions, but every time I get in the ring with one of these boys there's an accident."

In following instructions of this sort Ted Reifsteck was in my judgment my best assistant and surely one of the best student friends I have had at Cornell. He was also an excellent student and has since done well as a lawyer. But Ted had his troubles. One day when we assembled for a boxing class Ted appeared with a black eye and a cut on his cheek. He had obviously been in a fight. But what kind of a fight, I wondered, for Ted was a tough ex-serviceman and an excellent boxer. No one on the Cornell campus could damage him like this, I felt sure. But I made no comment on his appearance. We both undressed in the small cupboard-dressing room we used and we exchanged not a word. When we faced the class the students at once asked Ted what had happened. He said nothing and they turned to me for the story. I told them to mind their own business.

Ted appeared two or three times later in the next month and he was similarly marked. We said not a word. But there was a last time when he asked, "Do you want to know what happened?" I said "No, please don't tell me; it's none of my business." No more was said on the subject until he finished his work at the law school. Then as he was about to leave the campus he came to me and said, "About those black eyes and cuts I had a year or so ago, you see it was like this. I got engaged to a girl whose parents are rich. I wanted to give her a good engagement ring but I didn't have any money. So I took an assumed name and turned professional to earn some money. I bought the ring and soon we shall be married." And so they were.

A Role in Ivy League Oversight

During the period following the end of the Second World War my association with Cornell athletics suddenly took a new turn. Late in 1945 President Day called me to his office and told me that the so-called Ivy League Presidents (including Brown, Columbia, Cornell, Dartmouth, Harvard, Pennsylvania, Princeton, and Yale) had decided to create a formal organization in order to guard against the evils of intercollegiate athletics. They feared that, with the return to a peacetime pattern of intercollegiate relations, athletics might enjoy great popularity and that big-time operators outside the colleges might abuse the development. Athletics might assume a disproportionate importance in college life. The wish of the presidents was to maintain direct control of athletics themselves. They had therefore formed a presidents' committee and had drawn up an agreement to incorporate the basic principles which they believed should be adhered to. The enforcement of these principles they intended to leave to two subordinate committees; one consisting of faculty members (one from each college) and the other of athletic directors. He asked if I would represent Cornell on the faculty committee. I did not wish to do so, but when he pointed out that I had had more experience of college athletics than any other faculty member at Cornell, I agreed to do so. He then said that as the Cornell representative I would be the [first] chairman of the committee.

The main purpose of our committee was to design the specific rules which would embody the principles agreed to by the presidents. I went to New York one winter day to attend the first meeting of our so-called Eligibility Committee (later called the Committee on Eligibility and Co-ordination). The meeting was to be at the New York Cornell Club, a place I had never visited, with the result that I did not know how to get there. When I arrived late I found the other committee members present and as we introduced ourselves I learned that the other seven colleges had all sent to the meeting as their representatives their deans of men, all of whom knew one another well because they attended regular deans meetings for other purposes. However they did not resent the presence of a professor and we soon became close friends.

We went to work at once on drawing up a set of rules and accomplished this in a series of four or five meetings. Almost at once we recognized that we had another and extremely difficult task to perform, namely to consider individual cases that arose in consequence of our rules. The cases were difficult because most of the students to whom they applied were ex-servicemen whose collegiate careers were extremely complicated, perhaps a year in one college before the war, a year in another in a service program during the war, and attendance at a third college after the war. Should we be strict in applying to these men the general accepted rule that a student who transferred from one college to another should be ineligible to play in intercollegiate competition for the first year after the transfer? Or should we recognize that these men were in a hurry to complete their education and get out into the world to earn a living and thus would be unfairly handicapped by being forced to abide by the transfer rule? A hundred variants of this and other situations arose and kept us busy. But the committee worked well as a device for disposing of these questions. At first our only concern was with intercollegiate football; later all

intercollegiate sports came under our jurisdiction. For the next fifteen years we met regularly two or three times a year; the members of the committee changed often for deans move on to higher levels of authority. As a mere professor I continued to represent Cornell; with me the only survivor from the earliest days was my good friend Dean Robert Watson of Harvard.

What might have happened if there had been no control by the presidents I learned quickly enough. One day in the fall of 1945 I went to Schoellkopf Hall to exercise and saw sitting on the steps as formidable an array of young men as one could imagine. I asked who they were and was told that they were ex-Notre Dame football players who having left the service intended to transfer to Cornell. By this time Cornell's football coach was Ed McKeever who had coached at Notre Dame. After I had changed into exercise clothes I went out on lower Alumni Field where football practice was being held and there, sure enough were the Notre Dame men, including the famous Johnny Lujack, working out with the Cornell football squad. The advice of some outsiders, including myself, was that if this mass transfer to Cornell took place it would constitute an athletic scandal. And fortunately—assuming that our view was correct—only one Notre Dame man did come to Cornell. But the Cornell squad, like those of other colleges during the post-war period, did contain many men who had gained considerable reputation as athletes in the service and were transfers from other colleges. Some of them became good friends of mine, notably Frank Wydo of Duquesne, Matt Bolger of Notre Dame, and Bob Dean of Indiana. Some of my old Cornell friends also returned after the war, including Walter Kretz and Joe Martin.

The career of Frank Wydo illustrates well the problems that we faced in consequence of the turbulent state of post-war athletics. Frank Wydo had attended Duquesne but apparently spent almost all his time there playing football. When he applied for admission to Cornell he was the most unpromising student I had ever encountered. We worked out a program for him and helped him through the first term or two by enrolling him in Russian, a language which his parents spoke. With some help from me and others and by great effort on his own part he struggled through his first year and in the fall of 1945 he demonstrated his outstanding ability as a football player. McKeever rightly regarded him as his principal find, but McKeever had a strange streak in him; he wished to make fun of Wydo's work as a student.

One day in the fall of 1946 McKeever chose to show off Wydo and to make fun of him too. I was in Schoellkopf Hall and saw McKeever with a friend of his, who looked as if he might be a visiting coach. Wydo came in. McKeever called him over and talked football with him and began joking about his studies in such a way as to suggest that Wydo's studies amounted to nothing, a mere excuse for his playing football. "Say, Frank," said McKeever, "you aren't really studying are you?" "I certainly am," said Wydo. "What are you going to do this evening," said McKeever. "Write an essay," said Wydo. "Go on," said McKeever, "what's the subject?" "James II, King of England, a Machiavellian character," said Wydo. And he was telling the truth for he was writing the essay in one of my courses.

After playing college football for one year at Cornell Wydo became a professional football player and so could not attend Cornell in the fall term. Nevertheless, by

coming to the university in the spring terms and in summer sessions for a number of years he completed his undergraduate studies and received a Cornell degree.

One of Wydo's friends was a neighbor of his from Connellsville, Pennsylvania, named Bob Dunston, a young man who had not been in the service. Dunston was an athlete of great potential ability, gifted as a runner, a football player and basketball player. He had a high opinion of his ability and justly so: but in addition he resented being disciplined and subject to the controls that operate in a football squad. The consequence was that he fell out with the coaches and on one famous occasion during an early season game between Cornell and Navy he was so irked at not being called off the bench during the first half of the game that he took off his uniform during the half-time interval and left the squad. (In his four years at Cornell he never represented the university in a single athletic event.)

Despite the difficulties he created for the coaches he was a reasonably good student. But he was erratic; in class one day, absent the next and from time to time he left or threatened to leave Cornell. Nevertheless the university continued to grant him his scholarship and in due course he graduated.

He had married before he left Cornell, and on leaving he disappeared from view, as do many students, with not even a Christmas card to keep alive his memory. One day, a year after he graduated my phone rang, a long distance operator asked, "Is this Professor Marcham?" and another voice said, "Prof., this is Bob." I asked "Bob who?" "Why your old friend Bob," said the voice and after a word or two more I knew it was Dunston. He said, "Prof., I want you to help me, I am dying." I asked at once, "Where are you?" and he said, "Columbus, Ohio." Dunston had often acted in such an irresponsible way in the past that I thought he might be on this occasion mentally unbalanced, or drunk. So I asked where his wife was and he said, "Here, beside me." "Let her speak to me," I said, and within a few moments I learned the news that a doctor had just declared that Bob had leukemia and would die in a few months. They wished me to inquire at the Cornell Medical Center in New York if there was any specialist or any cure that might help him. I told them to hang up the phone and I would call back in a few minutes and I then called Dr. Hinsey, head of the Medical Center, who gave the name of a specialist in Ohio and offered to set up an appointment. This was done and further examination confirmed the diagnosis. I wrote to Bob and his wife offering to do whatever I could to help.

I heard no more from them until after a week or so the phone rang again and this time it was the wife. Bob had one wish, to see one more Cornell football game, the game shortly to be played between Cornell and Ohio State at Ithaca: could I get seats for them. All seats were sold, but through the good offices of Ben Mintz, two excellent seats were obtained and Bob and his wife saw this game, one of the most famous in Cornell's football history. They did not call me while they were in Ithaca and again there was a period of silence until in the following spring Bob's wife sent me a letter reporting his death. She who wrote it was, as I knew, a little slip of a girl, but the spirit in which she wrote was so admirable, so free of self-pity, that I hope to make it a part of this record. [The letter not found.]

Changes in Athletics

McKeever's career as the Cornell coach became increasingly stormy in consequence of two qualities of his. The worse was the strife he created in his squad by his own words and conduct. This reached such a point that some of the players informed me (I was at this time the so-called academic advisor to the squad) that after the Pennsylvania game at the end of the season some players intended to do physical violence to McKeever. I spent a long afternoon with one of the supposed attackers-to-be trying to dissuade him. The other fault of McKeever's was not so well established. It amounted to a suspicion that alumni or other interested outsiders were, with McKeever's connivance, mailing gifts to football players. The two situations came to a head about the same time with the result that Bob Kane, George Pfann (a trustee) and I (as representative on the Eligibility Committee) went to see President Day and put to him the question whether McKeever ought to continue as coach. This was immediately before the Dartmouth game, the last but one for the season. President Day agreed to the plan to end McKeever's contract after the Pennsylvania game and when this plan was announced, a day or two before the Pennsylvania game, the threatened free-for-all was avoided.

So began the long career of Lefty James as head football coach at Cornell, a career that interested me a good deal not for the fortunes of the football squad but for the character of the man, whom I came to know well and admire, and for the personal qualities of many of the men who, as they say, played football for him. I hope to deal with this aspect of my association with athletics at Cornell in an essay-like appendix to this record. Therefore I shall say nothing on the subject here, but pass to another major development, the transfer of the indoor sports program from the Old Amory to Teagle Hall.

Teagle Hall had been conceived, in the bodily sense, before the Second World War but, as I have explained, delivery had been delayed. After the Second World War, when I served on the Cornell Board of Trustees, I listened attentively to descriptions of the university building program and learned with alarm that Teagle Hall was way down the list. First an administration building (Day Hall) must be built, next an Engineering building or two, and so the program went until I began to wonder if I should ever see a new sports building actually in the stone. The delay was in part clouded by long discussions about the plans for the new building. The various coaches, instructors, athletic administrators and so forth were invited to submit ideas. I in my innocence suggested plans for a boxing room that would be about three times as large as the room in the Old Armory. But I soon learned that this would be impossible. A rapid rise in the cost of building since the late 1930's had made Mr. Teagle's gift inadequate for anything but a building with modest facilities. And these facilities it soon appeared were to be primarily for intercollegiate sports: rowing, swimming, fencing, and wrestling.

As discussions went forward to decide the allocation of space in Teagle Hall the price of building continued to rise and when in 1952 and 1953 the final plans were being prepared matters had got so much out of hand that, even to provide a building with minimum space allowances, appeals for more funds had to be made to Mr. Teagle. Presumably if the funds had been invested in 1937 or 1938

they would have grown appreciably by 1953; the university usually made at least 4 percent on its investments. Whether the funds were so invested I do not know. But in any case when Mr. Teagle had enlarged his grant and the building had been built I found myself supplied with a boxing room that was very little bigger than the room in the Old Armory—perhaps 15 square feet bigger—but one that benefited chiefly from being no longer a passageway for the crew.

I left the Old Armory with many regrets for I had spent hundreds of happy hours there. And, though the showers didn't work and the floors were splintery and the whole building harbored the dust of many scores of thousands of Cornellians, the Old Armory did contain an excellent badminton court and some other facilities—even the strange little circular running track which offered opportunity for exercise to the student. So when the building came down I salvaged two bricks, one for Scotty Little and one for me.

Once we were settled in Teagle Hall we soon learned that our badminton days were gone. The floor of the main exercise room was too sticky to allow free movement for a player and the lighting was bad because the walls were painted grey and white, and made the sighting of the badminton bird extremely difficult. Two or three times a year we would make an attempt to play a game, but each time we concluded that conditions were too poor for good play. When we mastered for a time the floor—I wore boxing shoes for the purpose—or tried to put up with the lighting, we found the relatively low ceiling rafters or the overhanging basketball baskets a hindrance. Since then such games as we have played—I think the last was less than a year ago—have been to revive old memories rather than for real play.

Intramural boxing has declined in popularity though not entirely, I believe, because of the shift from the Old Armory. Teagle Hall has not been as commonly frequented by the ordinary at-loose-ends student as the Old Armory was. Perhaps there are fewer students at loose ends than there were in the old days. Certainly the effect of showing professional boxing on television has been to emphasize if not the physical injury aspect of the sport, at least the extraordinary degree of physical fitness that is necessary to succeed in it. We continued our intramural championship twice a year, and those sturdy supporters of Cornell boxing, Jacob and Moses Goldbas, remained staunch friends of the sport, sending down regularly two trophies for competition and often coming to referee or judge the matches. But student interest declined slowly, students were less and less ready to undertake the necessary physical conditioning, and though some registered for the boxing classes in the physical education program, the level of performance declined. On some occasions it seemed doubtful if we would be able to enroll the sixteen or so men necessary to fill out the eight bouts for a championship program.

I believed that in part this was the consequence of my own advancing years. I had come to depend more and more on my assistants and though I had excellent assistants during my years at Teagle Hall the logic of events seemed to suggest that I should withdraw from the program completely and give someone else a chance to put intramural boxing in a new footing. The chance came in 1959 when one of my former students, Jack Barnwell was completing his undergraduate career at Cornell. From 1958 to 1959 he was my assistant—that is I went to the boxing room on most days when classes were taught and worked with him on instruction outside the ring but left him to do the work in the ring. In 1959 to 1960 he took

full charge of the program. In the fall of 1960 a new student instructor took over and I severed my formal connection with the program completely.

I do not wish my remarks about boxing and badminton at Teagle Hall to stand as an indictment of the building. Without question the facilities provided by the building for swimming, crew, fencing and wrestling have been great value to those sports. The large swimming pool I regard as the handsomest single room on the entire campus, when appearance and use are considered together. Nor do I overlook the fact that the swimming pools offer opportunity for wide enjoyment of swimming by many members of the university community, young and old, male and female. The family swimming program even exceeds the use I had suggested in my recommendation of the 1930's and, thank Heaven, calls down no reproaches from the respectable. My principal observation is simply that the building was primarily designed to suit the needs of intercollegiate squads and is not, as I had hoped in the '30's, designed to lure in for exercise the ordinary unattached student. But when I say this I also recognize that the Grumman Squash Courts and Lynah Rink have added much to the facilities for recreation now available to the student, though these, like the facilities in Teagle Hall, are likely to be preempted by varsity squads during the late afternoon, when the unattached student is most likely to have free time.

I should leave a wrong impression, however, if what I said above made it appear that the intercollegiate program at Cornell satisfied the needs of a small proportion of the Cornell male undergraduate group. Cornell has so many intercollegiate sports and such large squads of students in training—the varsity squads, the freshman squads, in some sports the lightweight squads—that altogether perhaps a fifth or even a fourth of the able-bodied male undergraduates take part in intercollegiate athletics of one sort or another. And the size of this group is worth a second thought. First it is testimony to the excellent facilities provided by Cornell. In the past twenty-five years Cornell has developed a full-sized golf course, a ski slope, Teagle Hall, the Grumman Squash Courts and Lynah Hall, to mention the chief that come to mind, to add to the excellent facilities available in Barton Hall, the Riding Hall and the Cascadilla Tennis Courts.

The Student Athlete

In addition I am keenly aware of the part played by these intercollegiate athletes in the total life of the university. For many male students at Cornell the chance to compete for an intercollegiate team is an event of great importance. They must work hard and maintain a level of physical condition that puts them under pressure, pressure that is good in itself, because it contributes to their physical development and good indirectly because it provides a valuable contrast to their work in the classroom. A student body that lacked the intercollegiate athlete group would in my judgment be a much less balanced community than the Cornell student body is. I will not argue the case that intercollegiate athletes are student leaders. I do not

know enough about student life to have an opinion on this subject. But from my own observation the student athlete is, at Cornell at least, a person whose experience as an athlete is likely to make him a more effective student than the non-athlete.

The typical Cornell student athlete is a relatively poor boy; often he works for his meals or in some other way helps to pay his bills while in college. He is a student of average ability. The demands of athletics and his job force him to give much more attention than the ordinary student gives to the wise use of his time. This is not merely a matter of budgeting his time from day to day but also presents a problem of particular difficulty when he is called on to take part in intercollegiate competition. Then he may be under special physical and nervous strain and in any case will have to spend some time away from the campus four or five times at least each term. He must learn how to meet these times of crisis. He may be injured once or twice and have to make important adjustments in his time and habits on that account. All in all his life is a much more demanding one than that of the ordinary student. Therefore if he can succeed as a student—that is meet his classroom requirements and make ordinary progress towards graduation—he does the work of a responsible man.

I have known many of these men well, particularly during the last twenty-five years and particularly from the ranks of the football players. I might begin with Sid Roth, go on to Walter Kretz, and so proceed down the years to Harvey Sampson, Dick Cliggott, Jack Morris, Arthur Boland, and Phil Taylor and more recently Russ Zelko, Dan Malone, Don Fanelli, Wes Hicks and George Telesh. These men have all been, to some degree, close personal friends of mine, in a relationship somewhere between that of a son and a mature personal friend. I should add, to go outside the ranks of football players, Paul Althouse, the hockey player. These men excluded, I admit that not all I have known have been desirable characters. All of them were, when I first knew them, still boys and many of them had to a high degree the variability of all adolescents. One or two I have known who were by any standard undesirable and untrustworthy, willing to take advantage of my friendship or that of anyone else. Some of them have blown hot and cold in their performance both as athletes and students. Indeed it remains to me a source of wonder how the intercollegiate athletic program succeeds as well as it does given the unpredictable actions of some athletes. But the same could be said of any group of students.

The overriding impression that I have, however, is that intercollegiate athletes as a group represent if not the best, at least nearly the best element in our student population. In the first place, as one deals with them in the classroom, they are in general a more purposeful group than other students. They wish to gain an education and a high proportion of them, particularly in the last few years, have gone on to postgraduate work in medicine, in law and in schools of business and public administration. In the second place, with them, more than with other students, maturity is truly achieved in college. Their participation in athletics seems to do this to them. And again my own experience is that a teacher who understands them can more effectively deal with them as students. What they have to learn as athletes seems to make them more efficient learners in the classroom. And I think they have a greater sense of responsibility—or respect for themselves as individuals—than do other students.

These views of mine, regarding student athletes and regarding sports as a means of developing the personality of the student and his capacity to learn, caused me to continue my long association with boxing. To teach boxing in an intramural program, where the emphasis is upon physical recreation, upon physical coordination, and upon the ability to depend on one's resources of courage and physical condition, is a highly satisfying experience. Most of the students who offer themselves for instruction are ill-equipped physically, many of them are outcasts from intercollegiate sports squads. All of them come to boxing with no experience. If you ask them, "have you ever boxed?" they say no, though some admit sheepishly that they have been in a fight or two. Some explain that they wish to learn to box because they are strongly conscious of being timid or poorly coordinated.

In dealing with students of this kind the first requirement is to gain their confidence completely, confidence not only in the instructor's own ability to do the things that he is teaching, but in his temperament, above all in his complete self-control. An instructor who cannot take a student's blow, either intentional or accidental, without a flicker of response, is lost from the start. So also is the instructor who, wishing to demonstrate his own skill, feels it necessary to hit the student sharply now and then. On the other hand, in sparring with the student the instructor must not be careless nor must he let the student be careless. He must shove a glove into the student's face from time to time to make him keep his guard up. He must hook him in the stomach so that he uses his elbows properly to guard himself there. In brief the instructor must carefully bring the student along, using just so much force and direction in his blows as to make the student respond properly. To do this one must know the temperament of each student well, judging that this one will be ruffled if pressed too hard, that another will not work as effectively as he should unless he is forced to defend himself vigorously. I have seen Allie Wolff tear into Fred Siemer so viciously and goad him so continuously with taunts and even insults until Siemer became enraged, and I and Wolff both began to wonder if Siemer would not tear Wolff apart. On the other hand I have had to spar with a student so timid and difficult to bring along that the only way I could get him into the ring was to agree to have one hand tied behind my back.

Another feature of teaching boxing in our program was the difficulty of matching student with student in boxing practice. They must be matched by weight, they must be matched as nearly as possible by temperament. The better boxer must be so completely under the instructor's control that he will not press his advantage to the point of hurting the inferior boxer. The inferior boxer must be given the experience of boxing with someone just so much better than he that he will learn something from the experience and not take a beating in the process. Problems of this kind arise in teaching all sports, of course, but they present a peculiar difficulty in boxing because the result of a miscalculation is physical hurt to one party. I had the good fortune during some eighteen years of coaching boxing never to have one of my boxers seriously injured.

What I have said above will indicate why my experience in teaching boxing at Cornell has been a great pleasure to me. The instructor-teacher situation is a particularly close one and depends not only on knowledge of one person by the other, and an adaptation of technique from one student to the next, but upon the confidence of the student in the instructor. And further I have always taken

pleasure in the two great objects to be sought in teaching boxing in a program such as ours; namely, the maturing of the student's personality—his acquisition of self-confidence—and his improvement in physical condition and coordination. Nor do I overlook the fact that my own physical condition benefited from the exercise and my understanding of teaching as an art considerably improved as a result of the experience. I learned above all the greatest lesson a teacher can learn, that his purpose is to promote the well-being of his students.

Lefty James and Scotty Little

To conclude these remarks about my own association with athletics at Cornell I wish to say a few words about two men with whom I have had close contact during the past twenty-five years. I dare not call them fellow coaches because my work has been that of an amateur and they are professionals. I speak of these two not because they are necessarily the two best professional coaches I have known at Cornell but because they are the two I have known most fully as persons.

I begin with Lefty James, the football coach, a man I have known principally through my honorary position as academic advisor to the football squad. Lefty I knew first in something more than a casual way during the Second World War, when he was in charge, for a time at least, of the physical training program for all and sundry, soldiers, sailors, and civilians. Our acquaintance then was such as one has with a person who has a locker next to yours in a dressing room. Later, when he became head football coach, we talked often about the academic problems of some of his players. And on one famous occasion in his early days as head coach I persuaded him to take back in his squad for a while the erring Bob Dunston.

In more recent years we found it necessary to consult about the academic welfare and other characteristics of many of his players. I found that in these discussions his overriding concern was always the education of his players. I have never known him to seek anything but their self-development or have before him any other goal but their graduation and their success in life after graduation. This he had sought not in a namby-pamby way. He was always a stern taskmaster seeking to get the best out of his players. He knew that hard work and devotion were the keys to self-development. Indeed he stressed these qualities with such singleness of mind that I have often thought that he should have been a preacher rather than a football coach.

The stern, withdrawn, earnest quality in Lefty James goes hand in hand with another of a high order. He is a man who makes fearless and upright judgments on all personal matters. Among the many scores of persons I have known at Cornell none has served me better when I have wished the judgment of an outsider on a personal problem affecting myself. I have not taken all my problems to him, of course. But on some I have consulted him and in every instance what he has had to say has been, whether I liked it or not, precisely the clear, impersonal advice that I could not supply myself. Therefore I have treasured my friendship with him for

the benefit I have received directly from it and for the assurance his personality has always given me that the welfare of one group of Cornell student athletes was in good hands.

My acquaintance with Scotty Little has lasted now for a long time. I have known him as a swimming coach, as a fellow badminton player, and as a fisherman. For every minute I have spent alone with Lefty James I have spent many hours with Scotty Little. Of Scotty as of Lefty I say nothing concerning coaching skill. I know too little about either sport to be a commentator, let alone a judge. But I do know that Scotty, a man of warm, outgoing temperament, has always concerned himself with the total well-being of his student athletes. I have from time to time—though in a much lesser degree than with Lefty—helped out a student of Scotty's who was in difficulty by advising him on his academic work or trying to strengthen his self-confidence. But my relations with Scotty have been from the beginning on a close, personal plane. I have gone to him not so much for advice as for consolation and I have never found him wanting in this. He is by his own rights, as Lefty is, a just man. But his concept of justice contains, in my opinion, some more room for the weakness of the ordinary mortal than Lefty is willing to allow. So I have taken advantage of a somewhat indulgent friend in my relations with Scotty Little. But his willingness to indulge my weakness—my lack of skill as a fisherman, my mistakes as a badminton partner—has never left me in any doubt as to what he considered to be right. In all the things that he does he is a man of sound knowledge and the most rigorous standards of rightness.

My friendship with these men, as with other members of the Cornell coaching staff whom I have known less well, convinces me that in considering the place of athletics in the life of Cornell, proper place must be given to the value to the student athlete of his association with the coaches. What he learns from them is likely to be of more value to his total personal development than to the development of his intellectual interests alone. But I say this strong in the belief that the purpose of this, as of any other university, is to develop the total person. And my testimony is that in this respect Cornell is well served by its coaches.

More on Athletics from 'Cornell Notes' Memoirs

Changing Cornell Athletics

About 1930. . . . I presented [an] issue to the University Faculty [that] concerned Athletic policy. I had kept up my association with the boxers and I knew about the miserable conditions in which the women's physical education program took place. What I saw made me judge that what the university needed, for men and women alike, was facilities for informal sports and exercise. I had watched boys walk into the Old Armory in the late afternoon and try to find a place to lift weights, or play a little handball. They were crowded out by the varsity wrestlers, swimmers, and the crew-men on their indoor machines.

The graduate manager of athletics at the time—he was not a member of the faculty—was Romeyn Berry, a man of great gifts, particularly as a writer. He was large and corpulent, he loved the witty anecdote, and he was almost the ideal after dinner speaker. He had a small farm near Trumansburg and wrote a weekly bucolic piece in the *Ithaca Journal*, reporting the progress of his crops and vegetables, the war between the barn swallows and his cats, and the problem of getting rid of grapefruit peel in the winter, when he couldn't struggle to his garbage disposal area. Like everyone else I applauded these homespun essays and I also stood in awe when I learned that from time to time he substituted for another Cornellian, E. B. White, on *The New Yorker*.

What irked me about Rym (as he was called) Berry was his attitude to intercollegiate athletics. His central activity was direction of Cornell athletics. He did this well on ceremonial occasions, say an indoor track meet, when he appeared in top hat and tails and with his massive presence gave dignity to the affair. At the same time he directed some of his wit and most of his sober comment to downgrading intercollegiate athletics. Perhaps I could use this conflict of interests to advantage in promoting the cause of intramural athletics: quote Mr. Berry against himself.

It would have to be done delicately for he was an institution and some members of the faculty, particularly some of the older professors of engineering, were pillars of the intercollegiate athletic program. They remembered the great old days of [George] Pfann and [Edgar] Kaw and Tom Fennell and the victories of Charles Courtney's crews and Walt O'Connell's wrestlers. The best bet would be to emphasize the needs of the ordinary student, to depict him as deserving as much consideration as the intercollegiate athletes. A quotation or two from Rym Berry, but all done with a light hand.

These pages expand or in some instances repeat elements of "Associations..."

I asked the University Faculty for no more than a committee to enquire about the needs of the ordinary student, male and female. To my amazement, after a short debate the faculty endorsed the proposal. The dean of the faculty—[William] Hammond had retired—appointed a faculty committee and made me chairman of it. Among the members was Whiteside of the Law School, an enormous red-haired man who had been a folk hero in intercollegiate football when he was a student at Chicago. The committee endorsed the general plan, and when the matter came again to the faculty it again had support. When we left the faculty meeting Professor Diederichs, a long time member of the engineering faculty, a big, burly, and aggressive man, came over to me and said, pointing to the faculty meeting place in Boardman Hall, Room C, “It won’t be settled here, but over there,” and he pointed to Morrill Hall, headquarters of the administration and of the Board of Trustees.

Soon after the faculty meeting President Farrand called me to his office and said my next step was to translate the policy recommendation into a specific program, a description of the facilities needed, room by room, court by court, swimming pools and so forth; also I should prepare a brochure describing the various uses to which a new building would be put. I canvassed my friends in athletics and physical education and gradually put together a list of facilities, and—marvel of imagination as I thought—suggested that they be located around a large indoor swimming pool which would be available to the girls’ quarters on the one side and the men’s on the other. At the time the only pool available to the men was about 25 yards by 15; the women’s pool I never saw, but it was much smaller. I suggested that at certain times a week there be mixed swimming. I knew that the prospect of succeeding in this co-educational program depended on establishing an air-tight corridor between all other women’s and men’s facilities.

The mixed swimming part of the proposal met with firm opposition among influential alumni, and opinion gradually turned against the placing of facilities for women in the building. But President Farrand saw that it might be possible to seek support for a separate women’s gymnasium—they had none at this time—and that I should go ahead with planning for a new men’s building to serve the purposes I had originally proposed. The next step, he said, was to seek support of the board of trustees, in effect to work with H.E. Babcock, creator of the G.L.F. [Grange League Federation co-op], later Agway, and a prominent member of the board.

Babcock had his home in Ithaca and had been a Cornell professor before he took up organizing the great farmers’ cooperative. In him I found an entirely new kind of person. He worked like a dynamo. He invited me to come to his house, fixed a day and sent a car to pick me up. We talked for a few minutes, then he led me to his workroom in his home, gave me two sheets of paper and said, “Write a description of your proposed building, the facilities it should contain and the purposes it will serve. I’ll be back in half an hour.” He left the room. When he returned I had finished my writing.

“We will need a series of sketches to show the principal facilities in use. Make a list of the sketches we’ll need,” he said. I went to a table and prepared a list. “These sketches, interspersed with the text, will take up about eight pages,” he said. “Next we must decide on the size of the pamphlet.” He pressed a buzzer and a secretary appeared. He asked her to bring a dozen pamphlets of assorted sizes. She brought

them and he scattered them on the floor like playing cards. The secretary stood by. He said to me, "Which one do you choose?" I chose one. "Now," he said, "we need to choose the design of the cover," and turning to the secretary he said, "Bring me a dozen pamphlets with different cover designs." She brought them and he scattered them on the floor. "Make your choice," he said to me. I chose and the business was done; it had taken an hour. He showed me around his house and his chauffeur drove me home.

In due course a pamphlet appeared and at the hands of an architect a preliminary sketch of the building was made and soon after that a model of the building. Babcock displayed the model at a meeting of the Board of Trustees, which I was invited to attend, not as a witness but as a person who might answer questions from individual trustees after the meeting ended. The trustees gave the program their blessing and put it on a list of projects for which they would seek funds. In ways not known to me it came to the attention of Walter Teagle who agreed to finance it. What then happened to the money he agreed to give, to modifications of my original proposal and to the priority assigned to the building in the university's building program, is another story.

Syracuse and Reifsteck

... [Edward R.] Ted Reifsteck was in my judgment my best assistant and surely one of the best student friends I have had at Cornell. He was also an excellent student and has since done well as a lawyer. He was a poor boy whose father had been a high school coach in Rochester and had died before I knew Ted. Ted came to Cornell after completing his wartime service as a paratrooper. He was of medium height, weighed 145 pounds and had learned to box in a conservative fashion, elbows in, guard up, good footwork. He had learned to pivot well and could hit hard. The weight class in which he fought was the most competitive, and in the years just after the war the level of boxing was excellent. Each year Ted fought his way through the competition and emerged as [Cornell's intramural] champion. There was nothing spectacular about him; he was a solid, determined, courageous boxer.

In [1951], his senior year as an undergraduate, I obtained permission to enter him and two other Cornellians in the Eastern Intercollegiate Boxing Championships at Syracuse. An exception was necessary in Cornell's case, because we did not have an intercollegiate team, as did the other competing colleges. And when permission was granted some of the colleges protested, saying the championships contended for were team against team championships; that to introduce individual athletes was to upset the pattern. These rumbles of protests continued after we reached Syracuse.

In each weight class there were some eight or ten boxers. For us, the interlopers, the great disadvantage was that while all the other boxers and coaches were well informed on the styles and abilities of the competitors; we had never seen them box. The disadvantage was of course crippling. The only advantage, and that a

slight one, was an article in the *Syracuse Post Standard*, on the day the competition opened, naming the outstanding boxers in the tournament and in particular the man chosen by the coaches as likely to be the best boxer of them all. He was a Syracuse student, in Ted Reifsteck's class.

The three Cornell boxers and a trainer and I went to the large Syracuse Armory for the matches and found a huge crowd assembled. We checked in with the authorities and learned, first, that we had not been allotted a dressing room, but must share the Syracuse room and, second, that the opening bout of the tournament pitted the Syracuse hero against Ted. This was bad. I had hoped to be able to watch a few bouts and get a notion of the quality of the boxing before the first Cornellian entered the ring. Now I would have to improvise.

The Syracuse coach, one or two other persons and the Syracuse hero joined us in the dressing room. Clearly they were confident, and the hero was jaunty. He was tall, say 5-foot-11, rangy, but well built. Ted was about 5-7. The Syracuse Coach [Roy] Simmons I knew to be an experienced teacher of boxers. He busied himself with his team of eight and beckoned to the hero to dress and put on his gloves. Ted Reifsteck was dressed, our trainer was helping him with the gloves. As soon as the Syracuse boy was ready, I walked over towards him. I had been introduced as "Professor Marcham." I now assumed my most other-worldly look and said to the boy, who was restless, "Would you care to warm up?" And before he could answer, I held up my hand at shoulder length, arm extended, palm towards him, and said, "Throw two lefts and a right." This is a common command given to boxers and he reacted automatically. I moved outside the dressing room door and he followed me. I still had my hand up; I said, "Make it four lefts and a right" and so for a minute or two I helped him to warm up and carefully watched his recovery motion after had thrown the left. It was slow. His other motions in throwing lefts and rights were excellent. But with what I knew I could develop a little strategy. If he was as good as people said, Ted had only one line of attack; he must slip inside the straight left and hook the Syracuse boy to the stomach with his right and follow this at once with a left to the jaw. As we walked from the dressing room to the ring I advised him what to do.

The Syracuse boy climbed into the ring; the crowd cheered. We were assembled in our corner; the referee signaled to the boxers to come to the center of the ring and gave them instructions. They returned to their corners, the bell sounded and the match began. After a few seconds of circling the Syracuse boy threw a straight left, Ted slipped under it and in one motion hooked a right to the stomach and a left to the jaw. The Syracuse boy dropped to the mat; he was out. The crowd was silent and Coach Simmons, on his feet, looked like a man who had seen the impossible. But this was not the end. The referee bent over the Syracuse boy; he did not count the customary ten, but spoke to him and after fifteen or so seconds he helped him to his feet. He guided him to the ringside and propped him against the ropes. He spent another ten seconds rubbing the rosin off the boxer's gloves and then separated his eyelids and peered into his eyes. Some forty seconds had elapsed since the Syracuse boy went down and now with some further assistance from the referee he was recovering. By the time the referee signaled the boxers to the center of the ring, more than a minute of the two-minute round had passed.

The Syracuse boy knew enough to stay away from Ted. As he moved past me the referee turned and shouted over his shoulder, “Referee’s discretion.”

He exercised his discretion in the second round. The Syracuse boy—who told me afterwards that as an amateur and an Army man he had over 150 fights—knew enough not to let Ted slip his left again and began to land a few punches on Ted; but they were still fighting on equal terms along the ropes just above me when the referee stopped them, raised Syracuse boy’s hand and cried, “Technical knockout.” Simmons and I and the two guys walked back together to the dressing room. I asked Simmons where did this “referee’s decision” come from. “Well,” he said, “in this league we thought it unfair to see a boy beaten by a freak punch. The better boxer should win. And so we allow the referee to decide whether, when a boy is knocked down, the blow was a lucky one—accidental, you might say.” On our way back to Ithaca Ted and I wondered whether the rule was introduced to discourage the three Cornell interlopers. The other two Cornell boxers did not knock down their opponents—though I thought they won, they did not get the decision.

The Eligibility Committee

My withdrawal from the athletic program coincided with my retirement from the Ivy League Eligibility Committee. I had served on this committee and been its chairman for three years. I found the work interesting, partly because as a committee we did what could be done to keep Ivy League athletics honest, a task I thought to be important for the sake of intercollegiate athletics and for the good name of the Ivy League universities. We learned quickly to apply our rules with rigor and among these rules the most important dealt with the question of subsidizing athletes. We devised a form which each athlete was required to sign at the beginning of the college year, on which he stated with the fullest detail the sources of his income. The athletic director and financial officer of each university countersigned the student’s statement and at the beginning of each athletic season the representatives, such as myself, brought the forms for his university to a meeting and laid them on the table for all to examine.

We followed up stories from the press and otherwise about athletes who received under-the-table payments. On our own initiative, as I have recounted, I and two other members of the Cornell community went to Day and demanded the resignation of a Cornell football coach, with success. In a second instance the committee validated the story of considerable misdoing at another Ivy League university and forced the university to dismiss some eight or ten of its best players from the football squad. No one gave or asked mercy on these matters.

A problem that might have been troublesome was what constituted participation in a season of eligibility. Our rules allowed a student to play for three seasons after his freshman year. Our first major casualty was an outstanding Cornell quarterback. In the first play of the first game of his junior year he broke an ankle. Was that a

season of eligibility? The committee said, "Yes." The athletes of other universities drew decisions of equal severity. There were also occasions for humor.

Once in the '50's, when I was chairman, my phone rang and a fellow committee man called and said, "Fred, this is Bill, would you care to give a ruling on a hypothetical case?" I said, "No. Bill, we have enough to do with real cases. It would look foolish if I had to write a letter that said, 'Suppose student X at A university and so forth; surely you have a living person in mind.'" He said in fact he did; and bit by bit he put the question this way: the student was poor; he had a widowed mother. I began to write down the story, item by item and at the end said, "I'll send out the enquiry, all I need is the student's name." The committeeman stammered a bit and then uttered a name I could not understand. I said, "Spell it out, Bill." He said, "PRYLNYSKY, and then apologetically, "He has no vowels."

I gained a good deal from membership of this committee. I remained during my fourteen years of service the only professor on the committee, and this in spite of the fact that most universities had three or four representatives serving in succession during the period. It was the case that many of the deans who served had been professors, or assistant professors, before they moved into administration, but with the exception of one or two, notably Dean McKnight of Columbia, the marks of the professor had worn off. When we broke off our meetings for lunch or dinner they slipped at once into conversation about their problems as deans: liquor, housing, cheating, girls—five of the universities were for men only—and as they exchanged tales of their misfortunes, I had a sense of a group of professionals with their hair down. "Have they tried this on you yet?" one would say, referring to the latest eccentricity or perversion on his campus. I had no tales to add to their collection; nevertheless, I was to them "Fred," the guy who often was chairman at their meetings and usually wrote their resolutions. My experience with them made me aware that I had acquired a new element in my personality. I enjoyed a certain kind of committee work partly, I suppose, because I had convinced myself that I could work well in certain kinds of committees, but more because there was, for me, a real pleasure in watching the minds and personalities of the other members gradually appear.

Wartime Letters to Students in the Military

Marcham's Newsletter No. 1

Boardman Hall

February 14, 1944

Dear Friends:

This is a scandalous way of meeting one's obligations as a letter writer but the fact is that I am getting so far behind with my letters to friends in the services that I have no alternative between resorting to this newsletter program and committing suicide. I may be driven to the latter in the near future but I thought I would try the newsletter first. I shall not be able to answer any specific questions in the letter proper but presumably I can always add a penciled note where that is necessary. So if you have any individual queries to address to me, don't be put off by the fact that you are receiving a community letter.

There is one other difficulty in such a letter as this—that is that it must deal with the Cornell scene, my friends, and myself rather than with you. But perhaps with time we can get around this difficulty. My intention is to send out one of these letters to all who wish to obtain it at the rate of about once a month. So please keep me posted regarding your address and if you know of any Cornellian friends of mine who might wish to be on the mailing list,, please write to me about them.

If I am to talk about the Cornell scene I suppose I should begin by saying that the view from my office this afternoon is a wintry one. Snow has been falling on and off all day, the temperature is dropping, and the weather report over WHCU was for a blizzard and cold wave. This report is all the more distressing to us because the weather so far this winter has been unbelievably mild. You will find it hard to believe that we came all the way from the middle of December until almost the middle of February with hardly any snowfall. Day after day the sun shone brightly from 8:30 a.m. to somewhere around 5:30 p.m. Once in a while a male hero strolled across the campus in his shirtsleeves. The girls who had planned to cut quite a figure in slacks found it hard to discover the proper excuse for wearing them. I would not dare to talk about the weather if it were not so exceptional. For me the most remarkable thing about it has been the impression it has made on the thousands of Army and Navy boys who are studying here under the various programs. A great part of them have never seen Ithaca in the wintertime before. If they leave in the course of the present year they will go away with a notion that the place deserves to be a winter health resort—a second Sun Valley. .

These Army and Navy boys, that is, of course, all who had not originally entered as Cornellians, are a remarkable bunch. They make the oddest group of students any of us have ever taught. They sleep. What they do at nights I don't know; indeed, I don't like to imagine. But in the daytime they sleep. They sleep in lectures. They sleep in recitations. They sleep in 8 o'clock classes. They sleep immediately before

lunch. And, of course, all the more soundly immediately after lunch. My long experience in History 61 has, of course, made me well acquainted with the sleeping student. I always believed that no class was complete without a sleeping student and a sleeping dog. (That, by the way, reminds me that most of the campus dogs have gone and that one famous description of a lecture of mine, "laughs and a dog fight," could no longer apply.) I was always interested in the sleeping student and I got to know pretty well the sleeping habits of a great many. But this knowledge counts for little in face of the scene which I see before me daily. Whole rows of students sleep. Last Tuesday morning I taught a class at 9, decided to begin it by a pep talk. In the space of ten minutes I spoke on the folly and scandal of this practice of sleeping. By the time I had finished half the class was asleep. In the course of the rest of the hour the best part of the remainder decided to follow suit.

But the best story on the subject has to do with the performance of another history teacher. He was shocked by the number of Army boys sleeping in his classes. He warned them that he would take drastic action against offenders. When they took no notice of his warning he sent in a report to local Army headquarters and a lieutenant was detailed to attend the next class and take the names of all sleepers. The lieutenant came and, since the students spotted him and guessed what he was there for, he had a hard time during the first five minutes finding a name to write on his pad. But habit was too much for the students. First one and then another settled down to rest. He wrote their names out on his pad. At twenty minutes past the hour his pad and pencil slipped silently to the floor. The lieutenant himself was asleep.

I should hasten to add that we are not all asleep and that, at least in my boxing classes, though an occasional learner gets put to sleep, nobody does so of his own free will. Those of you who are interested in boxing will be glad to learn that instruction in boxing goes forward at a greater rate than ever before. When the new term opens in March there will be continuous instruction daily from 8 to 12 and from 1:40 to 4 in half hour classes which will follow one another right on the minute. You may have heard that boxing has been moved out of the Old Armory into a room in the southwest tower of Barton where fencing used to be taught. It is a splendid room, extremely well lighted, and has more equipment in it than we had in the Old Armory. But the old timers who were brought up to box in the Old Armory tell me that they miss some essential features of their early training. "The place doesn't smell right," Mac Todd said to me the other day. What I miss even more is being walked over by the crew men on their journeys to and from the rowing room. I also miss the noise made by the weight lifters up above. And, of course, even more the opportunity to see and play badminton with Scotty Little. Scotty, by the way, is in fine shape and is adding laurels to Cornell's athletic records and those of the swimming team. Up to date he has had an unbroken string of thirteen wins. When I visited him on a Sunday morning a few days ago I found his two-year old son, Randy, out in the front yard practicing with a casting rod.

There is no intercollegiate boxing although for a time we thought it possible that we might have a Navy boxing team. The Navy contingent contains some really excellent boxers and if we could have got permission to organize a team I am sure it would have acquitted itself well. Perhaps you know that Ray Morey is doing most of the instruction in boxing now. He is doing it extremely well and I think there

is little doubt that the class instruction being given at Cornell is as good as that at any university. As for myself, I have been kept pretty busy teaching History 61, which has about a normal enrollment, and teaching seven sections of the Army American history course. I also do about two hours teaching in the boxing program every day. In order to relieve the strain of this active life I bought a farm nine miles northeast of Ithaca and have been spending my weekends out there trying to put things in shape. "In shape for what," you will ask. Let me explain right away that I have no illusions about myself as a Future Farmer of America. If I tell you what the farm has I think you will know the answer to the question. First of all it has a trout stream. Secondly, it has a pond said to be haunted by pickerel and bass. The seventy acres or so of woods have a good many rabbits and other animals and some birds they tell me too. A deer was shot there this winter. So you can guess that one reason for buying the farm was the wish to provide some private fishing and hunting for myself and my friends. We will try to get it in shape for you when you visit Ithaca next. When I say "we" I mean Scotty Little and myself and one or two others who have already begun to mark out the ideal places for catching trout. Perhaps we can discover ways for wangling a few fish for stocking purposes out of the fish hatchery or some other university or public concern.

I know there are not many things that I can do at the present moment for any of you but I want you to believe that I am eager to do what I can. If there is anything that I can send you in the way of books or magazines or if there is any kind of information that you want me to get for you or letters of recommendation that I can write, I shall be only too glad to be of service. Above all I would like you to write and let me know if there are any kinds of information you wish me to put in future numbers of this newsletter service.

With the good wishes of Mrs. Marcham, our children, and myself,

Yours sincerely,
F. G. Marcham

Marcham's Newsletter Number 2

Boardman Hall

March 17, 1944

Dear Friends:

My plans for keeping up my service correspondence by these mimeographed newsletters seems to have been justified for I have already heard from a number of satisfied customers. Some of these, like Barber Conable, Strabo Claggett, and Tony LaScala, are still in this country. Others, like Ben Mintz and Jake Goldbas, are overseas. I imagine that in many instances the addresses I am using are out of date. I shall try to keep as up to date an address list as possible.

Since I wrote to you last the chief activity that I have been involved in was a visit to the Cornell alumni at Buffalo. I have been to see them many times before and always enjoy the trip. On this occasion I went up on the morning train that got me there about 1:30 and left on the evening train at 10:30. It was a short visit but I saw a considerable number of Cornellians and was really surprised that as many as ninety found it possible to turn out to a Saturday evening dinner. There were some servicemen present at the dinner but only one of them was known to me, namely Jerry Brock who played center, I believe, on the varsity team about 1934. He is a lieutenant in the Navy, was wounded during the landings at Salerno, and is now in this country recuperating from his wounds.

The chief event concerning student affairs during the last month has been the close of the winter term and with it the change in the service personnel stationed here. About 400 Navy boys, including many outstanding athletes, went from Cornell to Dartmouth—which, as you may guess, was already pretty well loaded with talent. Other Navy boys have come in to take their places but as yet no one knows what their abilities are, scholastic or athletic. The Army program underwent a violent change when the War Department abolished the so-called basic training part of the program for men over 18. This involved pulling out of Cornell some hundreds of men who had just about got started on their work here. News of the change came about a week before final exams and, as you can well imagine, wrecked the morale of all the classes. From that day on nobody did any work and the only way a lecturer could keep attention was by telling fifty minute's worth of stories. A new group of over eighteen trainees has since come in and in consequence we have almost as many Army men on the campus as we had before. They are almost to a man residents of New York City and Brooklyn and as yet they haven't settled down to Cornell or Army life.

I worked yesterday in Barton Hall with some other P.T. instructors trying to persuade these beginners to obey the commands of Frank Kavanaugh. It was their first P.T. period; it was held indoors. Ninety percent of them had their overcoats on; 50 percent wore their caps; about half of them had their rubbers on over their shoes and two guys were actually wearing their gloves. So it looks as if it is going to be a long haul for everybody in the classroom and out of it.

At this point perhaps I should tell you a true story about Army and Navy affairs, one that will help to bring out the sense of rivalry as it exists among the two services on the campus here. One outstanding difference between the way in which the two services manage their affairs on the campus is that the Navy boys walked back and forth to class or to meals just as they pleased, like ordinary civilians, while the Army boys were marched in sections of about twenty-five. When an Army class is over the section leader calls his gang together, lines them up outside the building, tells them to dress off, right face, and marches them away. You can well imagine that the Navy boys, seeing the Army suffering from this discipline, sometimes find it hard to forego a smile or a smirk of satisfaction. You can imagine that the Army boys decide there is something wrong with the world when they have to stand in line and watch an acting seaman strike up an acquaintance with a cute little blonde and walk with her from Rockefeller to the Library.

Well, the other day a worried section leader was lining up his section outside Rockefeller. He was trying to call the roll and otherwise put his affairs in order when

half a dozen Navy boys walked down the path. Perhaps one of the Navy boys began to shout one, two, three, four. That, at least, was what the section leader thought he heard. At once he decided that these Navy boys were making fun of Army discipline, perhaps even trying to make a fool out of him. He wasn't sure what to do but he believed that he must act somehow so he reached out and grabbed the smallest and most inoffensive of the sailors. Now this sailor is relatively small, I should say he weighs about 140, and he has a rather smallish face and the habit of smiling in a rather helpless way. He shrank almost into nothing when the soldier laid hold of him and began to pull him out, in fact threatened to knock his head off. The sailor said he had done nothing, he was innocent, he wanted no part of it, but the section leader who was doing all this in the presence of his section obviously would get nowhere if he let the sailor go. So in a large voice he threatened once more to knock his head off and offered to arrange time and place where he would do it. The sailor meekly agreed to these details and a few minutes after came running into my office to tell me all about it.

Now it happened that this sailor came of a well-known New York boxing family and indeed was a year or so back the 135-pound representative of the east on the Golden Gloves team. He insisted that he didn't want to get mixed up in anything of this kind but he said the soldier was a big soldier and that he had been most profane and ornery in all that he had done. The meeting took place the next afternoon in the boxing room and you can well imagine that I was there, anxious first of all to see who the soldier was and whether he was in one of my sections. I was, of course, also interested to see what the fight would be like. Well, in due course sailor and soldier arrived. The sailor warmed himself up on the heavy bag, the soldier changed into his gymnasium clothes and, sure enough, he was a member of one of my sections, a boy about 5-feet-11 weighing about [180].

Well, that's about all the story because when they got in the ring and the bell sounded it was, as you can imagine, soon all over. We were all of us, including the sailor, anxious to see that the soldier didn't get really hurt but we were also anxious to see that he was put in his place and taught to be a little more discreet when he reached out and grabbed hold of unoffending strangers. I suppose that all told some five or six blows were struck all except one to the jaw. In about a minute the soldier... was just about out. We stopped it, they shook hands, and we all returned to our various programs for helping the war effort.

I wonder how many of you used to be interested in watching the spring birds come back to the Cornell campus. That is something I have always done ever since I came to Cornell. I can't tell you just why. The only explanation I can give is that I make a practice of being interested in as many different things as possible. Sometimes it is birds, sometimes it is flowers, sometimes it is books, and sometimes it is people. My philosophy is that the more interests a person has the more he is likely to remain happy. So I have learned enough about birds to be able to distinguish the principal species. The spring birds have been late in coming back to the campus this year, I can remember that a year ago I saw my first robin on the 22nd of February. This year I saw a robin for the first time on March 13. I had, however, already seen some other spring birds, the prairie horned lark, the meadow lark, and the mourning dove. But today there were a number of robins on the campus and to provide evidence that they chose their visiting time correctly,

the first worms came up to the surface this morning. Mention of worms leads right on of course to thoughts of fishing. The season will open three weeks next Saturday and I shall have to scurry around this coming weekend to look over my tackle and see what's needed for 1944. But I'll leave it to my next letter to tell you what luck my friends and I have during the opening days.

Perhaps you have heard how the winter athletic season came to an end with one bright record. The swimming team accomplished the almost impossible by winning all of its meets. In most instances it won by very decisive margins; and throughout the season it won because of extraordinary team spirit. Right now we are in that strange period in Cornell affairs when nothing much is happening in athletics. The lacrosse and baseball teams are practicing but it will be six weeks or so before baseball gets under way. Don Clay, our star pitcher for the last two years, is in the Marines and has left us. There is a rumor that Otto Graham, one of the great Middle Western athletes who is at present stationed at Colgate, will be transferred here in a month or so. If that comes about it will be a great help for the experts tell me that Graham is better as a baseball player than in any other sport and that really is saying something, for as I remember he was an all American football player last fall. A note in the *Cornell Bulletin*—wartime successor to the *Sun*—says that the crew soon will be out on the lake.

This does not add up to a very exciting bundle of news but as you will remember it is hard to be exciting during the middle days of March. We have had heavy rains since the beginning of the week and dirty brown water is now thundering through the gorges. The grass on the main quadrangle is a sad sight. The feet of Army sections have churned it up and as you look at it today it's hard to believe that it will ever be green again. Little piles of wet swept-up cinders are to be seen in the gutters along all the campus roads and here and there on the north side of a building, for example down by the Old Armory, you can see a dirty pile of snow and ice through which are emerging old pieces of paper and bits of cinders. The sun has not visited us for three or four days. In fact, as I suggested before, if we didn't have the robins to console ourselves with we might become melancholy and refuse to believe that a month from today all the grass will be green and the forsythia will be coming into bloom.

Yours sincerely,
F. G. Marcham

Marcham Newsletter No. 3

April 21, 1944

Dear Friends,

This letter is going to be tough on those of you who are not interested in trout fishing, because the opening of the trout season is the big news of the month. If I were to plunge into the story of the opening day at the beginning of this letter, I should discourage the non-fishermen from reading any of it. So I shall begin with non-fishing news—stopping here only to assure John Conable and others that I caught one ten-inch brown.

The big non-fishing news is the weather; or perhaps I should say the signs of spring on the Cornell Campus. The weather has not made the strides towards warmth that I promised in my last letter. There's no forsythia yet on University Avenue—though today I did see the first dandelion in bloom down towards the bottom of Wyckoff Road. But though we have had a cool, sometimes snowy time of it, spring has somehow forced its way through. The elms and maples have red buds on them; from a distance each tree has a reddish tone. The willows—particularly the one at the corner of South Avenue where the road curves round behind Hoy Field—the willows are a golden yellow. But for the non-nature lover there are more convincing signs. For me the year changes from winter to spring when they remove the shed-like covering from the sundial at the south end of Goldwin Smith Hall. Another sign is the removal of the board track from Schoellkopf Field. As I looked out there yesterday the groundsman were just dumping a load of yellow sawdust in the pole vaulter's pit.

Then, again, as you go by Upper Alumni Field around 5 p.m. you see plenty of softball games, and a large squad of football players in action. One of the best lacrosse squads of all time is practicing under Ray VanOrman on Lower Alumni. And Coaches [Stork] Sanford and [Norm] Sonju have a large contingent of crewmen down on the Inlet. They were out on the lake for the first time last Saturday. As for baseball, Lefty James has a large and pretty good squad working out on Hoy Field. They play their first game a week next Saturday. While I'm talking about sports perhaps I should tell you that there have been many rumours about Carl Snavely's leaving Cornell. By way of the grapevine I learn that the matter has been under consideration by Mr. Snavely, but I was more or less officially assured a day or two ago that there was every reason to believe he would stay.

To get back to the arrival of spring, I should report that we have been out to the farm twice a week during the past two months and are getting the farmhouse in some order. We see plenty of rabbits and pheasants and whenever we go down to the pond we put up four or five wild duck. The bird life out there is going to be one of the main attractions of the place for me. Robins, redwing blackbirds, phoebes and bluebirds are already in possession. And as we came away last evening at sunset the peepers were singing loudly.

As I went over to the campus this morning for my 8 o'clock class I was once more struck by the fact that one sees ten service men to one civilian. Sailors in

blue, with white hats are everywhere, soldiers are falling in for roll call outside Boardman and Goldwin Smith. These poor fellows HAVE to go to 8 o'clocks. I suppose the civilians are too smart to get up that early. Clayton Rockmore and some others have asked, "What about the co-eds?" What do you expect me to say about them? They are still with us, God bless 'em; much the same in attractiveness of face and form as they always were. They still come late to class. They have all the old excuses for being absent, plus the new one, "I had to go to New York to say goodbye to my fiancée."

Why didn't someone ask about the campus hounds? Did they join up, are they helping the war effort? Definitely yes, hardly an Army or Navy section moves across the campus without being led and barked at by a dog. The poor things exhaust themselves to the point that the leather seats around the lobby of Willard Straight are crowded with sleeping dogs. Few of them have time or energy to go to classes, but one little fellow, probably under age or a 4F-er, turned up for a lecture on British India the other day.

What about the underage reservists I told you about in my last letter? They are still here and they have responded well to the medicine of Frank Kavanaugh. Watching 150 of them the other morning at calisthenics I spotted only two who were obviously out of place. But by and large they are a pretty hard bunch to deal with. They talk and argue about everything. They are all New Yorkers, whose vision of higher education stops short at N.Y.U. The other day when I asked a class what was the first institution of higher education established in the American hemisphere, the answer came back quick enough, "C.C.N.Y." When turned loose to act on their own, they are like kids in a sandpile. We left the boxing room open the other day and sent a section up ahead of us. By the time we arrived there the place was in an uproar. Everyone was busy. Many had put on boxing gloves and were slugging it out with one another. Some were feverishly skipping rope or punching the bags. Two poor little fellows did not feel equal to this. One of them was vigorously whacking the timekeeper's bell. The other was winding up the timekeeper's clock.

But why all this beating about the bush. Why don't I settle down to tell you of the adventures of April 1. The week before the trout season opened the weather was relatively warm. Most of the snow disappeared from the fields immediately around Cornell and the streams came down to about their normal level. It was, however, quite cold on the Friday evening before April 1 and as usual I debated for some time whether I would get up the next morning. But get up I did. At about 5:40, the first light just appearing, I got into my car and headed out towards Slaterville. It seemed terribly cold and during the night an inch or so of snow had fallen. As I drove along the road by the pig barns I saw going ahead of me the tracks of another car and I assumed that, though I was up early, at least one other fisherman would be there ahead of me. The nearer I came to Slaterville the colder it got. I drove through the village, turned left on the road up towards the 600, and stopped about half a mile above the village. When I got out of the car it was just daylight and colder than the devil. I could hardly put my rod together or tie the leader to the line. For awhile I decided that the best thing to do was to fish with gloves on but my efforts to impale one of Marcham's best garden worms on a #7 hook soon convinced me that gloves were out. The stream was low and clear. I marked out a small hole and thought I

would try my first few casts there. That would be better than spoiling a good hole with practice casts.

My first attempts to place the bait in the hole went a yard or so too wide of the mark. But the sixth cast went just where I wanted it to go and at once I felt a fish, a twelve-inch Brown, and had him on for about twenty seconds. I decided that I better work a little harder to get my touch and so cast into the same tiny hole again and felt another fish. This one I hooked and landed and it was a ten-inch Brown. Well, by this time I thought that the opening day was going to be a pushover. The time was about 6 o'clock. I had a class for which I had to be back at 9. It seemed certain that at this rate I could catch my limit before I went home. And I thought to myself, why waste time on this little hole. If you can hook two here in a couple of minutes why not fill your creel in the next hole upstream. So I went upstream and carefully fished the next hole. And the next and the next and the next. But not a strike. Though the sun was coming up the weather seemed to be getting colder. My line froze in the guides and I tramped back downstream and looked hard at that first hole. Perhaps there was another fish there. I cast in and sure enough, there was one. It was pretty hard to feed him line but when I struck he was there. And he stayed on like the first one for a few seconds and then left me. So back I went to the car with mixed emotions. I had been up and out on a cold morning; that would be something to brag about. I had caught a fish; that would be more to brag about. But my final thought was how typical this experience was of a day's fishing. As a rule you get your luck in short spells, either with your first few casts or just as you've decided to pick up and go home.

As soon as I got back to town I inquired about other fishermen and found that their luck had been much the same as mine. That, at least, was the story until I got this authentic report about the doings of Scotty Little and his friends. Eight of them had organized a party to go to the famous Catharine Creek in Montour Falls, home of the largest Rainbow trout in eastern United States. They got there just before midnight. "Were there many people around," I asked Scotty. "Why no," said he, "not many, not more than twenty thousand." "Where did you fish," I asked him, "Well," he said, "we found a hole and the eight of us decided to share it." But thirteen other people shared it with them and so in the dark this little gang began their 1944 fishing. After a while Scotty had a strike and hooked his fish and landed it. But as he went to take the hook out of the fish's mouth he noticed that the sinker was not one of his. The truth was that it wasn't his fish. Dwight Webster of the Biology Department was the proud possessor of the fish. Scotty's line had merely tangled with his nextdoor neighbor's. A little later another member of the party got a strike and he too landed the fish but once again Webster was the owner. So it appeared that Webster came home with two fifteen-inch Rainbows, Little with none. However, the honor of the party was more than protected, for one of the Navy CPO's who had gone along—[Casimir] Hipolit will like this—caught a 6 1/2-pound Rainbow.

I sneaked over in the afternoon to fish the little stream on our farm. It's as fine looking a stream as you could imagine but for me that afternoon there were no fish. A week later I fished again in Slaterville without any luck and along towards the late afternoon went up to Dusinberry Hollow. What memories that piece of stream brings back. Elsewhere the snow had gone but there in the woods as you

went down towards the Forks Hole the woods still had snow and the ground was frozen. The fish were moving and I had three strikes but landed only one of them, a 7 1/2-inch Rainbow. Since then I have not had time to go out. Work is pretty heavy for all of us but I still have hopes for a few hours this weekend. As in the past I am still under suspicion when I do not meet my classes or keep my appointments. So to protect myself yesterday when a hurry-up job appeared, I was forced to put this notice on my door: "No seminar today. P.S. I am working, not fishing."

My best wishes to all of you.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. Marcham

Marcham's Newsletter No. 4

June 5, 1944

Dear Friends:

Today, Monday, June 5, is the first restful Monday I have had for a year and I want to celebrate the fact by starting this letter. I lectured at 8 this morning in the room on the top floor of Boardman that looks out towards Stimson and had my thoughts scattered by the sight of a small squad of Waves doing their drill in the parking place to the south of Stimson. Either that is the first time they have drilled there or I have been unobservant all the past term. I told the class what was happening so that they would understand if my sentences wandered. At 10 I reported at Schoellkopf and got dressed for my morning work with the Army physical training program. But no P.T. today, said Max Reed, who was all set to start a two weeks' vacation. There was no Army P.T. because there is no Army hereabouts; for the present, at least not much of it. Saturday saw the end of an Army term and we shall have little to do until next week. All the A-12 boys from C.C.N.Y. that I have been telling you about have gone, at least for a while, and the consequence is I have no American history to teach this afternoon. Frankly I'm glad to see them go. I got to know some of them pretty well and there were some good guys in the outfit, but there were too many of the same kind for any one's good and too many who were still at the stage when they liked to scrawl things on the blackboard.

Hardly a day but the first teacher in the room had to get there a bit ahead of time and go to work with the eraser on the four letter words daringly chalked up by the A12-ers in the last class the night before. One of their officers told a story to me that he swears is true—and you know what officers are. A few weeks ago he was at Cascadilla Hall where many of them were located. It was midnight, Saturday night, and he was talking with the officer of the day. They heard a commotion in the corridor outside the office and soon two big A-12ers came in, tears streaming down their faces. "What's the matter," said the officers, "are you drunk, have you

been drinking?" "No," sobbed the boys, "No, Sir." "Well, what is it?" "Well," said the boys, "it's like this. We went roller-skating this evening at the Old Armory. We met some girls. We took two of them out in the bushes behind the Old Armory. We went too far. Now, Sir, now what do we do?"

These were among the heroes who left us last Saturday. My guess is that no group of students ever attended Cornell during the spring and were less appreciative of its beauty. Their attitude throughout the past term can be summed up in the famous phrase, "We was robbed." What they expected, I cannot imagine. They were clothed, fed, housed, taught, and doctored free of charge. Heaven grant that when they get to basic someone will adjust their perspective for them.

But here I am breaking one of my own fundamental rules of conduct. I resolve every year and particularly during the worst part of the winter, never to harbor an uncharitable thought during the spring and early summer. This is the time of year I live for and I am so anxious to enjoy every minute of it that I want to spend no time thinking ill of anybody or anything.

What kind of a spring have we had? A wonder of a spring. Just the right amount of sunshine and rain, hot weather and cool. The pastures—do you remember, that old farm of mine—are said to be the best in years, the trees are as green and magnificent as they could ever be and the view out over the valley has been sometimes warm and misty and sometimes as dear as crystal. I didn't get around to one of my favorite springtime occupations; that is, looking out over the valley on the days when the apple trees are in bloom. If you choose the right days you can see them clearly on West Hill. Nor did I do what some of you reminded me of in your letters—hold morning classes on the library slope during the spring. The reason for this you will never guess. I have twenty sailors in with the civilians in my early morning class and I didn't dare to settle them out there for an hour on the damp grass in their Navy whites.

One great achievement of the spring has been an excellent Spring Day. The weather was perfect and the activities began with a parade of all service men, two service bands being provided. The 3-4,000 men almost filled Upper Alumni and made a fine sight. Once the parade was over, all adjourned to the little hill where the obstacle course is just east of Schoellkopf. There tents and booths had been erected and the citizens made merry in the time honored fashion. There was a double-header baseball game in the afternoon, a lacrosse game, and a race on Cayuga. Our representatives did not do so well, and on the following Monday morning the coaches' room at Schoellkopf was thick with gloom. Since Nick Bawlf had had no teams engaged I thought he was the best person to start conversation with. So I approached him cheerily. "Hello Nick, how's it going?" "Terrible," says Nick. "Why," I asked, "what's the matter?" "Look out there," says he, pointing out of the window, "I've got a flat tire."

The baseball team has had tough sledding this spring, with weak pitching as the main difficulty, so Lefty James tells me. Mose Quinn, now a lieutenant commander, is in town and looks in fine shape. He has been in the Pacific Area, and tells of seeing, or almost seeing, quite a few of the Cornellians there. I have heard in the last few weeks from Allie Wolff who is still at the North Carolina Pre-Flight School, Chapel Hill, as boxing instructor. He would, I am sure, be glad to hear from any

of you who have time to write. Mention of him and his letters to me reminds me that I am now hearing from time to time from quite a few boys, and an occasional girl or two, in service. If you think it would be a good idea I'll devote part of one letter to addresses so that you can write to friends in service whose addresses you don't know. Or if you have any individual enquiries to make, let me know of them and I will add such addresses as I can give as a P.S. to my letter to you.

Two or three incidents stand out in my mind from the events of the past month. The most vivid is an afternoon with Scotty Little in early May. No, not fishing with him. I have not had time for fishing during the past seven weeks. But one Saturday he and I went out to my old farm to fix up the dam on the millpond. The dam gate had gone and our job was to recover a large iron plate which used to serve as the dam gate, to clear away a lot of debris that was half clogging the outlet, and then to put the gate in place. We had to let all the water out of the pond, which is stream fed, to do this; and we waited around for an hour or two watching the water level drop and splashing around in the mud as it got lower and lower. We traced out old muskrat burrows and hunted in the last puddles for the few fish that were in the pond. It was fun listening to Scotty's excited shouts as he saw a six inch sucker cruising around in the shallows. It might have been a whale for the thrill it gave him. Which reminds me of Scotty's definition of a huge fish. He was telling me of such a fish that he had once hooked and lost. It was huge, he said. But, I asked him, just how big was it. Well, he said, when you've been catching 8-inchers all the afternoon a 9-incher is huge. We got our dam gate in place about suppertime and that night it rained hard. Since then the pond has been in good shape.

The other outstanding incident was more or less staged on my part, but I think the staging was justified. Those of you who know anything about birds will know that the spring migration passes through Ithaca during the first three weeks of May. A prize observing post is the little grove on the north side of Sage, the one near the tennis courts there, where the little stream runs down through the larches and the big old willows. There on a sunny day in early May it is greener than anywhere else I know, for the grass is thick and the larches are just putting out their first green shoots. Such a place the poet Marvell had in mind when he spoke of

Annihilating all that's made,

To a green thought, in a green shade.

(If you'll excuse the poetry.) There I went at the appointed time and filled myself for half an hour with the greenness and sunshine and the birds—warblers, pine-siskins, and gold finches, by the dozen. Be sure to try it next time you are in Ithaca in early May.

Can you bear another story? It's on me and it happened this morning. For years in my daily workouts at the gym I have used a set of weights. They are on a yard long bar and consist of a 10- and a 5-pound weight slid on to the bar at each end and held in place by a gadget like a large nut which is held firm by a set screw. Each of the weights is shaped like a discus with a hole in the middle. For the last three weeks this piece of apparatus has been in the little gym on the top floor at Schoellkopf and I have gone up to use it before taking my shower. But almost every day since it has been there someone has monkeyed around with the weights, loosening the setscrew and often scattering the weights on the floor. I tried to warn off the vandal

by putting a tag on the bar which said "Private Property, F. G. Marcham." But, no luck. They were still scattered around and I could do little with them because I had no means of tightening the setscrews with my fingers. I would reassemble the weights on the bar, do the best I could to tighten the screw with my fingers, start exercising, and then have the weights start sliding off the end.

I could never set eyes on the fellows who were interfering with my prize possession. Two days ago I hit on a new policy. I took two large pieces of adhesive tape and wrote on each that the weights were my personal property, that anyone was welcome to use them provided he did not tamper with them. "Under no circumstances," I ended, "interfere with these weights." These pieces of tape I stuck, one at each end by the setscrews. I then took a wrench and tightened the screws to the limit.

This morning I went up to exercise and there to my amazement was a sailor kneeling on the floor astride the bar and grunting away as he struggled to loosen a screw. "What the hell are you doing?" I said to him. "Gee," he gasped, "someone sure has tightened these screws, I can't get the damned things off." "But good grief," I said, "those are my weights, didn't you read that notice?" He ignored the question. Without batting an eyelid he went on to say, "I can't use these weights like this; look here," and he fished out a piece of paper, "my routine says I have to use a 5-pound weight for this exercise and a 10-pound weight for this other. You can't expect me to do this bending exercise with all the weights you have on this bar." "But wait a minute." I said, "these are my weights. Mine. My personal property. Didn't you read the notice?" "Why, yes, mister, I did but that doesn't apply to me. It says, don't tamper with the weights. I don't want to tamper with them. I want to use 'em."

Best of luck.

Yours sincerely

F. G. Marcham

Marcham Newsletter No. 5

22 July 1944

Dear Friends,

It is seven weeks since I wrote my last letter, a fact that is to be accounted for by a number of events. But of that I will say something later. Today is Saturday, as fine a summer day as Ithaca ever saw, the temperature moderate and the sun bright all day. Have you ever noticed how the effects of sunshine differ in Ithaca at different times of the year? A sunshiny day in winter is always clear and bright, the shadows on the snow are sharp and the lake looks clear blue. Across the valley the bare trees are crisp and black. In the spring, sunshine usually makes the air a little misty. I always know spring is here when you look across the quadrangle in the sunshine and see that slight warm haziness.

In the summer there are two kinds of sunshine, the kind you get when the temperature is in the 90's and the kind when—as today—it is in the 70's. I came across the quadrangle this evening about 6:15. Since it was Saturday evening there were few people about—a couple of soldiers with their girls walking over to Willard Straight. Everything was quiet and cool, the big elms by Morrill and McGraw cast long, green shadows almost all the way to Goldwin Smith. To the west of Morrill at the top of the slope two or three people sat on the grass looking across the valley, where just a little smoke drifted away from the Lehigh Station.

This morning I got up fairly early, put a hoe in the car and drove out West Dryden way to do some work on the potato patch. It was just two months ago that I persuaded a nearby farmer to plow up the vegetable garden. The neighbors had advised me against planting a garden there. They said rabbits, woodchucks and deer would eat it up for salad. As a matter of fact we had already planted two much smaller gardens in Ithaca and looked to these gardens to supply us with our ordinary needs. So I decided to try my hand with potatoes out on the farm, despite the fact that I know nothing about growing them. I bought some seed from the university and as a first effort planted six rows and took Walter Boek of the boxing squad and the College of Agriculture out to see them a week or so later. Walt grinned at my work—the rows were too far apart. “You’ll have to plant some rows in between,” he said, “or I’ll be cultivating wide open spaces all summer.” So back I went to the university and bought another bushel and a half of seed. But somehow in sowing this I went far beyond filling the spaces in between. I now have 18 rows and have landed a major job of cultivating and spraying these. I go out on Saturdays and spend four or five hours with the hoe and sprayer. It is lots of fun for, except for an occasional car up the road or perhaps one or two people on foot, my only companions are the barn swallows and goldfinches. I stopped work about 1 o’clock today to build a fire in the little brick and stone fireplace we have made on the edge of the garden. There I boiled a kettle and made tea and fried some eggs and bacon. My midday meal I then ate under hemlocks at the back of the house.

For the past two weeks I have not had time to go down to the pond but from what was happening when last I saw it, the work Scotty Little and I did in the spring is not having the desired effects. To make the dam watertight we shall have to drain the pond out dry and let the bottom harden. Then we’ll get a steam shovel and a truck and shift some of the clay bottom around to the side of the pond. Then we’ll have about three acres of surface and a depth varying from one to eight feet. Dwight Webster of the fish department says we should stock the pond with pickerel and perch—so there goes any hope that John Conable and others of you may have had of hauling out trout. We shall see what we can do with a few trout in the stream that comes down through the woods into the pond.

I haven’t been trout fishing since the second Saturday in April. No time I’m afraid and the good citizen is not supposed to use his gasoline for such purposes. My only recent outings have been two evenings bass fishing in Beebe Lake, one with Scotty and the other with Ed Graham. We don’t take this very seriously because very few of the bass one catches there are above the 10-inch legal minimum. But if you strike the right time and take along a fly rod and the right fly—Little’s Little YellowB being our favorite—you can have some fun. That first evening we waded out into the deeper water and between us caught about twenty of which seven were

over 10 inches. It is grand to fish in the water up near Forest Home and to look out towards Johnny Parson's Club as the sun is setting. We would hear the splashes made by the last few bathers in the pool, we saw the fireflies flashing along the shore out there until, as I lit my last pipe, the match made a little circle of light.

But let's get back to the campus and what goes on there in the daytime. There's quite a lot going on although it's mid-summer. A summer term and Summer Session began in the first week of this month and brought many people to the university, particularly the Navy. We have 1,500 Navy men in the regular summer program and hundreds of midshipmen and ensigns in other programs. I am not teaching in any of these programs, indeed my only work is at present confined to teaching civilians in the Summer Session and taking sections every afternoon in the Army physical training program. Each section has soccer one afternoon every two weeks and they turn this group over to me. I enjoy it because I know all the boys well enough to be able to keep some sort of order and play soccer with them. So whatever else it does it keeps me in fair shape.

My class comes off the field about 4:15 and Nicky Bawlf then takes over with his soccer squad. He has about 30 men out there every day and he treats them to that mixture of Irish-Canadian wit and profanity which has produced many a fine soccer player. As you stand on the steps of Schoellkopf about 4:15 the first thing you notice is the Navy men marching in small groups to their games on Upper Alumni. Then you see Nicky and his men, many of whom are from the Navy. Then away towards the north end of Lower Alumni Field you see the football players getting ready for practice. There is a large squad of about 100, most of them inexperienced, they tell me, but all big and strong. Thirty are Navy men from the fleet, happy to have the chance to change from the close quarters on shipboard. The coaches tell you first how green they are as football players, but all agreed that the squad is more promising than last year's.

I promised to offer some explanation for my delay in sending this letter. It is in part the fact I moved my office. I got a little tired of the big room I had in the S.E. corner of Boardman, and when Professor Bretz retired at the end of June I took over his office at Room 223 Boardman. I have always liked this room, particularly because it is the only office in the university that has a fireplace still in working order. So if you can manage to visit me sometime between September and April we may be able to relax in front of a fire. There is even talk of afternoon tea, they tell me.

Yours sincerely,
F. G. Marcham

Marcham Newsletter No. 6

December 1944

Dear Friend,

Last Monday afternoon, a week ago today, I was standing in Barton Hall dressed in a turtleneck sweater and sweat pants and doing my best to look the part of one of Frank Kavanagh's assistants as he put the Army trainees through their daily calisthenics. It was supposed to be a big day, for the Army authorities had sent up from Washington a group of officers who were inspecting our Army training program. My thoughts were on these officers and on the other half-strange faces of the officers—some newcomers—who command our Army group. So I stood watching down the west end of Barton Hall, when a new officer walked out from under the shadow of the balcony. The face seemed familiar, or half familiar; he smiled, I smiled back not troubling to remember the face exactly. He came towards me, he was going to speak to me, and then as I looked again I saw to my amazement that this was not one of the big shots from Washington but our own Phil Donovan, Class of '44. I had not seen him since he left Cornell in the summer of '42 to join the Army.

I had heard about him pretty frequently and had gathered from his last letter that he was mixed up in some hush-hush business connected with the invasion of France. I thought him to be in France and here he was in Barton Hall, dressed in the uniform of a captain of paratroopers, looking finer and fitter than I had ever seen him, the first of my correspondents to return from the wars. (In case you should think he got this leave by working a racket I should tell you that he was among those dropped in France before D-Day, remained behind enemy lines for many months, and got back here on leave by volunteering for equally hazardous service elsewhere.) We have since had a number of talks together and in the course of these I resolved that the least I could do was to write you another newsletter and try to get back in stride of monthly letter writing with which I began this series last February. So here goes.

I don't quite know why it is that I have let almost five months pass since I wrote my last letter. I sometimes explained my negligence by the fact that I had lost my secretary. But I suspect that the real explanation was these months from August to December have been pretty crowded. Crowded with what? Well, first with teaching. I taught out the rest of the Summer Session and then began again in the fall term which started at the beginning of November. The total enrollment for this Fall Term is less than that of peacetime but it is still pretty high. The Army groups studying on the campus have fallen off in numbers, but the Navy figures are about the same and while the civilian male student body is way down the number of girls is unusually high. So much so that no new girls will be taken until next fall. History 61, which is my cross section of the Arts College student body, is about as large as usual, but it contains only a dozen or so boys, of whom six are in the Navy or Marines. I was fool enough to agree to give this course at 8 on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays. I speak to an audience which is not quite awake or not quite recovered from the hardships—so called—of struggling through the snow. The main advantage of the

winter 8 o'clock I find is that few campus hounds start their classroom work that early. My one blind student with his seeing-eye dog goes unsniffed at.

Of snow we have had unusual quantities; in fact, three considerable snowfalls already this winter. They came upon us so early and in such quantity that for the first time in history there was no time to put up the board track on Schoellkopf Field. And when my son John and I went out to the farm Sunday to get a Christmas tree we had to shuffle through three-foot drifts of snow. John, I might add, in passing, entered Cornell this fall as a freshman in E.E. He has already acquired the engineer's low opinion of Arts students. "Honest," he said, "I don't see why they give arts students a degree." No, he's not taking History 61 as an elective.

What about the football season? That's come and gone since I last wrote to you. Well, in case you don't know the simplest details about it I'll report that we lost to Navy, Colgate, and Penn and won over Bucknell, Sampson [naval training station], Columbia, Dartmouth and Syracuse. Navy beat us easily, as you would expect. We held Penn, who were much stronger than we were, until halfway through the third quarter and then tired in face of a much heavier team and let them score three touchdowns. By rights we should have beaten Yale and Colgate pretty easily, say by two touchdowns apiece. But the boys just weren't clicking. The Dartmouth score was 14-13, but the most exciting game was against Sampson at home. That one we won [o]n a pass, thrown as the clock gave us four seconds to play. Bucknell, Syracuse, and Columbia we beat easily, and probably the day we played Columbia marked our smoothest effort, though the coaches all thought that the team was playing its best football at the end of the season when we met Navy and Penn.

The task for the coaches was more difficult than last year. Five or six of the first-string players graduated at the end of October. The rest of the squad—largely Navy and Marine—changed a good deal from week to week, until no one but the coaches and players could recognize the names in the lineup. Russ Murphy, the backfield coach, told me at about the time of the Navy game that already he had trained 16 fullbacks since the season began. I think there were 10 different centers during the season. And a boy weighing 142 pounds started at guard in the last three games. Cornell's star player was Allen Dekdebrun, a Buffalo boy who would, I think, have been there with any of our backfields in recent years.

What about the soccer team? They came pretty close to having an unbeaten season. By bad luck they struck their worst form on the day they played Penn—a pretty good team. They lost that one, but came through in all the others so equalled their last year's performance of losing only one game. And perhaps you don't know that the basketball squad has got off to a good start. They won their first three games and beat Columbia in the first league game by 56-35. And don't forget Scotty Little and the swimmers. They have lost only one meet in the past two seasons. Last Saturday they started the new season on the right foot by beating Colgate 64-11. It should also be known that since the war began Scotty has taught thousands—yes, thousands—of Army and Navy boys to swim and has never had a failure. He says, however, that three of his present pupils look as if they might break his record. After a month's instruction—or should I say persuasion—he has managed to talk only one of these three into getting into the water. These three I should report for the honor of the Army, intended to be naval officers. They are in midshipman school here.

Thoughts of Scotty bring thoughts of fishing. John Conable writes from the Pacific to tell of his unsuccessful effort to coax fish out of a jungle stream. According to him hand grenades were the only useful bait. Here we have had to be content with thinking about fishing. My fall fishing consisted of one outing in the company of a new friend. And what a fisherman he is. His name is Myron Webster and he is Cornell graduate somewhat older than myself who is temporarily on the staff here as a teacher of Navy students. He asked if I could show him some good bass fishing in Cayuga, so away we went one afternoon in October to a favorite bay of mine in Cayuga about 25 miles up the West Shore. We went in a little old Ford convertible with the boat held over the body by means of special framework he had build himself. This car itself is all the evidence one needs of Webster's zeal as a fisherman. He bought it for fishing in 1929 and has used it exclusively for that purpose. What's the mileage? It now stands at around 175,000 which you see amounts to about seven trips around the equator in fifteen years. And all for fishing. Even Scotty could not prove his devotion so convincingly.

Did we catch any bass? Yes, a few small ones. We came off the lake about 6:30 when it was getting dark and the wind was howling in from the north. The beach was exposed and we had quite a job getting the boat in. I was cold, chilled right through and could think of nothing but getting home to a warm supper. But Webster suggested we eat right there. Perhaps, I thought, a fire right here would thaw me out, and I began looking for wood. But Webster had other ideas. He backed his car up behind a few trees and invited me to watch him go to work. Over the back bumper of the car stood a box perhaps three feet wide, two feet high and one deep. To the sides of this box, I now noticed for the first time, some collapsible seats were strapped. He took off two. He let down the back side of the box which proved to be a table. This opened up the box itself, which was fitted out with shelves and other compartments—with a small gasoline cook stove. From nowhere he produced electric cord and light. He plugged the cord into the car and hung the light over a branch and then went on to cook the meal. The kettle soon was singing and while the coffee was percolating he made pancakes and fried the fish we had caught. Fifteen minutes after we got the car into position out of the wind, we were eating the meal of meals on the shores of Cayuga.

I have eaten some other memorable meals this fall, but they have mostly been out at the farm. We have installed a wood stove there and my favorite pastime has been to go out to the farm during weekends and to cook sausages and potatoes on the cook stove. Large quantities of tea have by this time been consumed there. My potatoes came out pretty well. That is pretty well for me. About fifteen bushels of them, which I swear, without the slightest bias, are the best raised in Tompkins County. They bake, they boil, they fry. They go well with sausages. The only thing I have against them is that they make it hard for me to preserve the waistline appropriate to a boxing instructor.

I spent a great deal of time at the farm during September and October when we were trying to get ourselves a good pond by fixing the old dam. I hired a steam shovel and a truck and a bulldozer and we worked for a long time trying to ram soil in front of the existing dam so as to seal it. My skill as director of these operations is, you can well imagine, zero. And this perhaps accounts for the fact that after all our efforts the dam still leaks. And it looks right now as if next summer we shall

have to go to work again and tear out the soil we dumped in so that we can start all over. But why worry about such things. That's a job to plan for next summer when it will be fun to strip down to the waist and work out in the sunshine and talk over the local gossip with Dean, the steam shovel operator, and Dirty Bill Freer, who drives the truck. But before all this happens I shall have written to you again, many times I hope.

For the present a Merry Christmas and the best of luck from all the Marchams.

Yours sincerely,

F. G. Marcham

Marcham's Newsletter No. 7

April 1945

Dear Friends,

There is a good deal to talk about this time what with the opening of the trout season, a change in football coaches, the long hard winter and the early spring, not to mention the fact that we have a new dean of the Arts College. Following my practice of last year I will leave an account of my fishing experiences to a later part of the letter, reporting now only that on my first effort I caught, for me, the record-breaking number of four.

Let me begin by giving a general picture of the present student population as I see it, which means, of course, the status of Army, Navy, and Marine groups on the campus in relation to civilian students. We still have as our chief contingent a large Navy group most of whose members are in the V-12 program. These boys, who include some marines, are going through with their regular college study programs plus one or two special Navy courses. To all intents and purposes they are civilian students in uniform suffering under a little Navy discipline and benefiting by free food and Navy pay. It is widely rumored that there will soon be added to this group a naval R.O.T.C. unit consisting, as I understand it, of civilians who have agreed to take certain Navy courses and become candidates for reserve commissions in the Navy. The story is that these men will be rather carefully selected, presumably will receive some scholarship aid, and will make up a contingent of about three hundred. If this plan goes through at Cornell, as it has already done at some other universities, we should get a small but able and selected group of young men on the campus who should be a valuable addition to all campus activities.

The status of the Army group on the campus differs from that of the Navy group because no one seems to know from day to day what is happening. When I last wrote to you we had, I think it was, some 500 men who were supposed to be candidates for West Point. It was supposed that they would go through with their

training for West Point at Cornell and would be here for some months. However, the Army changed its plans and arranged to pull them out at the end of February, and so we prepared for the end of the Army program at Cornell, but the Army changed its mind again. It shipped out those 500 men and shipped in another group of about 250 who began to prepare for West Point. None of the 500 who went out went to West Point. They were distributed in Army and Air Corps training units. Some of them may get to West Point eventually. A few of them, I would judge, deserve to, but only a few. Of the present group the outstanding characteristic is the fact that they have all seen service, most of them a good deal of it. They are a fine group of boys. None is finer than my good Cornell friend, boxing associate, and native-born Ithacan, Al Culbertson, who to my great joy returned in good health and with a smile on his face that looks as if it can never be removed. I see these boys every day in the physical training program where Frank Kavanagh, Ray Van Orman, and I are at present helping them to get into shape to pass the West Point physical tests.

So much for the Army and Navy on the campus. The civilian student group has as its largest unit the girls. Indeed, so many of them that registration of entering girl students has been suspended until November. They are as lively and beautiful as ever and if you know the right ones it is amazing what you can get done. For example, on Tuesday last, contemplating my first fishing trip of the season, I arranged with four of them to offer up a prayer at about 5:15 p.m. as I was heading towards Slaterville. Of course, it may be sheer coincidence but it may be more than that to record that I caught four trout. There are fewer and fewer young men students but a slowly growing stream of returning veterans. At present I suppose there are approximately 150 or 200 of these enrolled in the university, perhaps 30 or so in the Arts College. I am supposed to be their academic advisor. It is an easy job for most of them know what they want, settle down to their work readily, and succeed in getting good marks in their courses.

When I think of students I think of them as they move about across the campus on their way to classes or to Willard Straight. Those are scenes very pleasant to recall these days because we are now enjoying one of the most brilliant and long continued springs in local history. We had, as you may have heard, a hell of a winter. For three months it seemed as if the Ice Age had returned and the civilization of North America was to be forced southward towards Mexico, but Providence relented and spring not only came, but came a month early, made the grass green, brought the forsythia and magnolia into bloom, and stirred up our hearts to the point where some persons were swimming in Beebe Lake before the end of March. Everything is a month ahead of schedule except the birds which seem to be more influenced by the light than by the temperature. The robins and the red-winged blackbirds and the grackles and the meadow larks and the kingfishers and all the hawks are with us now, and within a month I shall take up my stand as I did last year in the little grove of larches and willows over by Sage Hall.

Indeed, this very morning as I was on my way to the Co-op from Boardman I heard a strange bird singing there. I went back to my car and got out the long telescope that I use for spotting birds and made my way down by the little stream near Sage tennis courts. There I saw my bird high up in the top of a tree and tried to bring the telescope to bear upon it. (I might add that hanging around Sage

Hall with a telescope in your hands might be regarded as questionable practice in peacetime, but now all the rooms are occupied by the Navy.) I couldn't see my bird clearly enough to identify him so I rushed over to Stimson where my newly found friend, Mr. Axtell, was soon located. He came out, identified the bird from its song as a blue-headed vireo, and I felt something of a hero.

Now for a little about the football coaching situation. As I was writing my last letter to you the rumor was abroad that Carl Snavely was leaving and resign he did within a few days. His main reason for going seemed to be that he despaired of getting at Cornell the steady flow of first-class material that he felt was necessary to produce first-class teams. He took with him Russ Murphy and my old paddle-ball opponent, Max Reed, and they left us about six weeks ago. At about the time of their leaving the new coach, Ed McKeever, recently coach of Notre Dame, was appointed to the command, and he brought with him Pat Filley who had been captain of the Notre Dame team during the past two years. They are young, enthusiastic fellows. They teach a very much simpler brand of football than Carl Snavely, but they count more heavily than he did on having all the boys in the right spirit all the time. Ed McKeever is a cheerful, relaxed Texan, who, seen at a distance, looks almost exactly like Allie Wolff. I feel sure that he and Pat Filley will get on well here and that with the aid of Lefty James, Ray Van Orman, Speed Wilson, and Bob Cullen, not to mention our old friend Pop Young, they will do a good job of coaching.

An old fishing companion of mine has returned from the wars to the Cornell scene. He is Georges Cointe, our fencing coach, who served for two years in the French army and is now demobilized. He is in fine shape and is my daily paddle ball opponent. That brings me to Scotty Little and the swimmers. Scotty and his team had another unbeaten season. Indeed, they torpedoed all opposition with considerable ease. They went out two weeks ago to the National Collegiate Swimming Championships at Ann Arbor and there, for the first time in Cornell's history, won a place for themselves in nationwide competition. Only civilian members of the team were allowed to make the trip but this group won third place for Cornell and one member, Paul Murray, won a national championship. Scotty is, of course, busy fishing these days and breaking all the records on catches. All in all he is a very happy man and still able to smoke those extraordinary two-for-a-cent stogies which he hunts up in the less frequented cigar stores of Ithaca.

As for my own fishing experiences they are limited to one trip taken Tuesday evening last to a stretch of Six Mile Creek just above Slaterville. The day was warm and sunny; the water clear and low, and my heart was just as low as the water when I saw three farm boys tramping around in the holes in which I intended to fish. I waited for them to go then tried my luck with some little worms dug from our vegetable garden. These worms plus the prayers of the four ladies mentioned above proved to be all that was necessary. In a couple of hours I caught four trout, the largest 12 inches, and then drove home, fried them and had one of those unforgettable suppers which bring to an end the perfect fishing day. Indeed, I was so excited by the experience that I called Dwight Webster of the university's fish department and asked him what the prospects were for stocking the pond out at our farm. It now seems as if the dam which I had so much trouble with last year may now hold water. Certainly it has been doing a good job so far. So my next letter

may report that we have established some families of pickerel, perch, and bullheads and that the date for a public ceremonial opening of the pond is not far distant.

We were unable to get to the farm for three months during the winter. Roads were completely blocked. But since this heaven-sent spring appeared I have been going out regularly to tidy up in and around the house and to arrange for my agricultural program for 1945. This includes a large vegetable garden with potatoes and such and also a project for raising a little meat for next winter. I have found a friendly and helpful neighbor farmer and we are working on a plan whereby I help him fix the fences on the pasture and he pastures some of his cattle there. I am trying to buy a bull calf which can be turned out to graze and which, though not yet bought, in my imagination has already grown to be about the size of Paul Bunyan's ox, but I must tell you about that later when I have actually purchased some live meat.

I mentioned the new dean of the Arts College. Dean [Robert] Ogden retires this summer after twenty-two years of service and he is to be replaced by Professor [Cornelis] de Kiewiet who came to Cornell to take Mr. [Carl] Becker's place three or four years ago. Not many of you will know Mr. de Kiewiet but I assume that you will expect me to say no more about him but that he is a historian and, therefore, must be a good man.

Mention of Mr. Becker's name brings me to the sorrowful part of my story which is to record that Mr. Becker died suddenly just over a week ago after a short illness. I am also sorry to have to tell you of two casualties, the first two serious ones among the ninety or so service men who receive this newsletter. Clayton Rockmore, a major in the marines, died in the attack on Iwo, and Bill Woodcock, late of the boxing team, is reported missing after a bomber flight over Germany. I hope that we shall soon hear news that he is a prisoner of war.

With best wishes of all the Marchams, I remain

Yours sincerely,
F.G. Marcham

Marcham Newsletter No. 8

July 1945

Dear Friends,

Here I am, just seated in an armchair at 10 a.m. on a damp, cloudy July morning. It is halfway through the summer session in which I am teaching 8 and 9 o'clock classes. In Boardman Hall I hear the noise of students changing classes. Outside I hear the "Left, Right, Left" of midshipmen marching from one assignment to the next. By 10 a.m. I regard the work of the day as more or less done. I have, of course, my own affairs to attend to; letters to write, students to see, lectures to prepare. But this is not work in the sense that teaching is. However, my teaching this summer is

quite easy. My chief class consists of 32 women and 1 man. The women are almost all undergraduates from other universities, a lively, talkative group. So it is easy to lecture for a while and discuss for a while and thus to make time go quickly. Each afternoon as in the past I help in the Physical Training program with Frank Kavanaugh and Ray Van Orman. We have as our charges about 150 Army men who are here studying Russian. It is pleasant group to work with, and my work is particularly so, since it means nothing more than playing a game of soccer each afternoon with a group of boys I have come to know pretty well.

While my mind is on Schoellkopf I had better put together a record of sports news, though there is little of great importance to say. The baseball, lacrosse, and rowing squads had moderately successful seasons and in each case the schedule was curtailed by travel difficulties. Perhaps the outstanding event of the spring was John Kandl's success in winning the National A.A.U. 5,000 meter race rather easily. Should I mention a faculty-student softball game in which the student team won and your humble servant played his first game of baseball. The main sports activity now is football practice, in which Ed McKeever is trying to teach a squad of sixty the mysteries of the T-formation. This squad looks like a good one and for a short time it looked like a record breaker. Here's the story.

Last spring a boy named Bouley came to Cornell to do his last year undergraduate work under the G.I. Bill of Rights. He had begun at Boston College where he had been a star football player, height 6-foot-2, weight 220, and the fastest man on the Cornell squad he had shown himself to be in practice. At Boston he had played in the line, but when summer practice began McKeever shifted him to the fullback position, the new No. 1 backfield to consist of [Al] Dekdebrun, Bouley, [Paul] Robeson [Jr.], and a very good, fast boy from Duke named Davidson. It looked like the perfect combination and so it was until a week ago when the Cleveland Rams, hearing of Bouley's ability, came here and enticed him away with an offer of \$8,000 a year for two seasons. What happens next I don't know; but you can easily imagine that for the present gloom has settled over the practice field.

I watched practice for a while last week with Mike Ruddy, who was here for a few days, boasting a wife and a degree as doctor of medicine. Mike has had a tough time keeping in good health the last few years and had to rest up for awhile when he was studying medicine in New York. All his friends pray that his health will improve and that he will be able to realize his ambition of setting up practice here in Ithaca.

While I am talking of visitors I must mention two who have been in to see me since my last letter; namely, Matty Urbanowitz and Ed Mintz. Capt. Mintz was back from the Burma front and he brought with him some interesting stories and pictures of activities there. He looked well and was as I remember on his way for a spell of duty in Washington. Matty, now a major, has had a hectic career in North Africa, Sicily, Italy, and Belgium and in the course of it has been wounded on six separate occasions, his last wound being the most dangerous. A machine gunner got him in the throat, the bullet ripping in under one ear and out the other. How it missed his jugular arteries I don't see, nor do I see how they have patched up his voice box. He speaks now in a loud whisper and is getting better all the time. He looks like being one of the miracle recoveries. He is otherwise in fine shape, as

lively and vigorous as ever, and anxious since he cannot stay in the Army to get a job coaching. I hope he succeeds.

I asked Matty for advice on a subject which he suggests I mention in this letter. I am in the market for a pair of field glasses to use in my observing of birds. He thought it possible that some one of you might be able to buy me a pair from the souvenir collectors. If any one can find a spare pair at a reasonable price, I wish they would let me know.

That brings me to the business of the Marcham family as agriculturalists and students of nature. We did our usual spring walks and rides in search of birds and found as usual that the two best spots are the Sage College stream and the farm. I'm getting worried about the future of that beautiful spot beside Sage. A month ago some construction men were out in that general direction drilling so that they could find out about the subsoil and the likelihood of striking rock when they go to putting up the new administration building there.

What about the farm? Great progress to report. First, I bought an Angus Aberdeen heifer calf about four months old, which is now out at pasture. There she grazes and I hope puts on weight along with eleven other head of young stock which belong to my neighbors. These neighbors joined up with me late in April and early May to build fences for a large part of the farm and the bargain was that in return for this labor they should have the right to pasture their cattle for a year. The pasture has been fine and they are thoroughly satisfied. As for me, I have got an excellent fencing job and feel that I got my share of the bargain. Almost every other day I get out to the farm to spray potatoes or hoe the weeds out from the onions and right now it looks as if the Marchams will be well fed for the coming winter.

As to fishing I'm ashamed to say there is little news. Of course, Scotty Little has been catching trout. In fact he stopped me the other day and reported that his record to date was about 150. Dwight Webster was in to see me at home the other evening and told of how he planned to get some large mouthed bass and bullheads for our pond. But nothing has happened so far. I was, however, down by the pond the other evening and saw thousands of minnows in it, which suggests that if we do get the bass established in the pond they will grow at a great rate.

As I look outside the window I see it is still damp and cloudy. Upstairs I hear the voice of a lecturer—probably Professor Gates. A few sparrows are chirping in the maple outside, otherwise all is quiet. We have had a cool summer so far and the view across the valley is more often clear than misty. It is, of course, a beautiful view in any circumstances, and just now all the more so because the little rectangles of fields are light green with oats, golden brown with wheat, or dark green with pasture. Try to fix the picture of those hills in your mind, or the picture of the library tower against the blue sky, its light grey stone walls and its dark grey and ribbed, pointed roof. Or think of the beautiful avenue archway of elm trees on East Avenue. These sights and many others await your return, as do I, and the rest of the Marchams.

Yours sincerely,
F. G. Marcham

Then and Now

I write about my experiences as a member of the Cornell community during the past fifty-six years. As I write I have it in mind that many of my readers have had similar experiences. I do not claim that mine have been unique. However, I thought it appropriate to show what the life of the university has looked like to a person whose view has been from the Arts College campus, from the athletic campus and from the Cornell Board of Trustees where I served from 1945 to 1950. I have been continuously a member of the History Department since 1923. I was boxing coach and otherwise associated with athletics from 1940 to 1960. What I have to say will be largely anecdotal. As a historian I take the position that my job in this essay is to explain what has happened, not to say “that was good,” or “this is bad.” I am an analyst, not a judge.

My first anecdote is this. In 1925 my wife and I were married and she became a secretary in the College of Arts and Sciences. The staff of that office consisted of a part-time dean, a male administrative secretary and two women secretaries; 3 1/2 administrators. They dealt with all academic matters; grades, registration, individual student records, curriculum, budget, new faculty, promotions, academic discipline and the appropriate correspondence. Student enrollment in the college was 1,920. Today the staff of the same office is 35. Student enrollment in the College is 3,600. Student growth in the last fifty-four years has been about 88 percent. The staff is ten times larger. They have computers, Xerox machines and the rest.

My next anecdote concerns law and order on the campus in the late 1920's. One of my first Cornell friends was Dean William Hammond, dean of the University Faculty and professor of philosophy. We played golf together on a course near what is now Jessup Road. As dean of the faculty, Hammond managed the affairs of the whole faculty, dominated the monthly meetings, directed numerous faculty committees and, in a sense, had much the same status as the president. (This was in the days before vice-presidents and provosts.) In addition, Hammond was the sole source of justice for the student body. One day Dean Hammond and I were walking across the campus on our way to golf and had almost reached Triphammer Bridge. At this point Proctor Twesten appeared with a student in tow. They stopped in front of the dean and the proctor lodged a complaint against the student—he had been involved in a scuffle on State Street. Dean Hammond, who was smoking a cigar, removed it from his mouth and rolled it in his fingers for a half a minute or so.

Revised in 1979 from a 1972 talk to a group of university second-level managers known as Administrators Anonymous.

He said to the student, "What is your side of the story?"

The student admitted he had been scuffling with some city boys, but said they had provoked him.

"I admit, sir," he said, "that I had had a little to drink. "

Hammond took a puff on his cigar and looked away for another half minute; then he said, "Probation for the rest of the term; suspension if it happens again." "Yes, sir," said the student.

Hammond and I walked across Triphammer Bridge.

This was rough justice but not harsh. On another occasion, a student told me he went to Hammond and asked to be excused from R. O. T. C.

"On conscientious grounds?" Hammond asked.

"No, sir," said the student, "Those R.O.T.C. uniforms make me itch."

"Yes," said Hammond, "Excused; bring me the papers to sign."

Half a century ago the university was much simpler in structure than it is today; in consequence relations among individuals were more intimate and informal.

In the 1920's almost all members of the administration and faculty, as well as the students, lived within walking distance of the campus. People walked to work. Ray VanOrman told me that when he was a student, about 1910, he regularly walked to classes from his home, two miles or so out of Ithaca on the Elmira Road. Even Carl Becker, who lived two miles from the campus on Upland Road, and was in poor health most of his life, walked to his office. Some professors lived on campus, as did the president, and so, day by day, one saw the most distinguished professors on their way to and from classroom and home. President Farrand walked back and forth between the president's house and Morrill Hall. He said "good morning" to young and old and sometimes stopped for a word or two.

Meetings of the University Faculty were in consequence something of a family affair; sometimes a family free-for-all, in terms of the opinions offered. And not without passion; as when my colleague George Lincoln Burr stopped proceedings just before a vote was being taken and said to President Farrand, the presiding officer,

"Mr. Chairman, I demand the right to cast two votes."

"Why?" said Farrand. "Because," said Burr, "I feel more strongly about this motion than anyone else."

The University Faculty was—under the Board of Trustees—the supreme legislative and policy making body of the university. The opinion of the faculty was so highly regarded by President [Jacob Gould] Schurman that he persuaded the board to incorporate four faculty representatives as members of the board. Schurman saw them as a body of informed opinion to which he could appeal in dealings with other trustees. At the end of my own term as faculty representative—perhaps because of it—the trustees changed the pattern. The alignment in the board had come to be president and trustees against the faculty representatives. After 1950, faculty representatives were no longer freely chosen by the faculty.

A professor in the endowed colleges in the 1920's and 1930's was likely to be the son of a professional man and to have some small means besides his salary. If he

was a man of real academic distinction, his salary might be \$7,000; if a beginning full professor, \$4,500 or \$5,000. As late as 1946-7 a professor of mathematics of national standing, with twenty years service as full professor at Cornell earned \$5,400. A professor of engineering, with forty-two years at Cornell, twenty-four as a full professor, received \$4,800. A professor of architecture with thirty-five years at Cornell \$4,000. I offer these figures merely to make the point that the professor's life in the '20's, '30's and '40's was heavily circumscribed by lack of money. If he kept his family to the minimum appropriate to the middle class life, he might once in a lifetime save enough to support himself for six months' or a year's study abroad. Becker, who was a great national and in some respects an international figure as a historian, and whose field of study was European History, went to Europe once only in a career that lasted almost fifty years.

These were the days before the Guggenheim Fellowships and the Ford Foundation and the great federal funds to support research. The professor spent most of his time on the campus. The mode of study for the Cornell professor held him to his office, his laboratory, the library. One consequence of this was that he was much more accessible to his students than he is today; further that he planned a program of teaching that was more full and continuous than that of later academics. How times have changed in this respect I learned when I became chairman of the history department in 1964. In my first year, seven of the twenty-four professors were absent on leave and I had to replace them with six visitors from Europe and one from Israel.

The Second World War helped to break up the old tradition of a career spent on the campus. It produced shifts and changes. Many persons were drawn off the campus for war work; most of the rest assumed new responsibilities. I, myself, added to my work in English history two new jobs; I taught American history and was boxing coach and physical training instructor.

By this time I had become active in faculty affairs as a member of the University Policy Committee, an elected committee of seven, presided over by the dean of the University Faculty. We prepared faculty business, were active in faculty meetings, and exercised a good deal of influence in university affairs. For example, in the early 1940's the president wished to appoint a certain person to the position of provost, a new office, second only to his own. He came to the committee and told us that his nominee was the only person qualified for the post. The committee said it would consider the matter. We consulted with our colleagues on the faculty and formed an unfavorable opinion of the candidate. We told President Day so when he next met with us. He stormed; but that was that. Some years later a president made an appointment to the academic hierarchy even though 90 percent of the faculty by ballot and public meeting opposed it.

I do not have time to work out for you this shift in relations between administration and faculty. On the one side a new kind of president came on the scene. During and after the Second World War universities became involved in many activities that were in the traditional sense non-academic. Cornell's wartime activities are examples of this: a vast invasion of Army and Navy personnel, training schools for service men in languages, area studies, diesel engineering and so forth. This meant more or less constant negotiations with Washington and new funding approaches to the General Education Board, the Carnegie Corporation, the Ford

Foundation and a dozen others. Big government, big foundations and big business now became an extension of the university. The university needed as president a man who was worldly.

Andrew Dickson White and Jacob Gould Schurman had been worldly in a way—that is, ambassadors, the one to Russia, the other to Germany. They gained their status in the world by their eminence as university administrators. But what was needed in the late 1940's was another kind of worldliness: namely the art of succeeding in the non-academic world by raising money, gaining favor with foundations, knowing how to deal with government departments. The new president would be an aggressive man, on the move from New York to Washington to Paris to Tokyo to London. He would be likely to regard campus affairs as something he would delegate to vice presidents. His mind would be on large projects likely to attract support—a school of industrial and labor relations—what about a federally supported study of housing or of crime? The new leaders regarded the university more and more as a social service agency. In the late 1940's President Day berated us of the History Department: We were not performing our social duty, which, he said, was to use our knowledge of the past to predict the future.

The more diversified these social programs became, the less competent was the faculty to act in its old role of university policy maker. The new issues had to do with managing the Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory, acquiring a university airport, financing programs for faculty and student housing. In addition, there was a rapid enlargement of the administrative mechanisms of the university through creation of new vice presidents; there are now eight, plus a provost, one associate vice president and two vice provosts. These administrators became active at faculty meetings where they functioned as a kind of presidential cabinet and were called upon from time to time to report on the work of the departments.

This meant that the business of faculty meetings moved away from debate on faculty matters and this meant that the business of the University Faculty meetings moved away from debate on academic matters to listening to the reports of the new dignitaries. Professors are not as good at listening as at talking. They accepted the fact that the issues of the day were beyond their competence; they did not wish to listen to the latest report, half an hour long, on housing and food services. They stayed away. The University Faculty declined and then vanished as a deliberative body.

The fault was not all with the administration. Faculty members themselves had undergone important changes in outlook. There were many more of them than before the war. There was less social and cultural homogeneity among them. Most important many of them were caught up in off-campus activities. They had research grants which took them away from the campus. They flew to Washington, to London, Rome, Tokyo, Moscow, Canberra. The professor with prestige was a widely traveled man with academic connections across the globe. And those who did not travel extensively often adopted a life pattern built around research rather than teaching. They were busy with their own affairs and the notice on the office door told the story: "Office Hours, 12:00-1:30 Tuesdays and Thursdays." The university was no longer a close community, with all persons, administrators, faculty, students, held together by a prime concern for affairs on campus.

But the change did not come at once. In the years immediately after the Second World War the students who returned from the armed services and other forms of work for the nation, as well as the professors of like experience, threw themselves into academic life. For some the impetus to do so came from the joy of entering a community dedicated to activities far removed from the arts of war. For others the impetus was the wish to build the foundation for a career as quickly as possible. The university hummed and hustled with concern for study and research.

In a few years this zeal gradually gave way to interest in aspects of the national life at large—the civil rights struggle in the South and variety of other causes, culminating the black-white crisis of the late 1960s and the war in South Vietnam. Disorder gradually increased at Cornell through acts of personal violence on the campus, hold-ups, the seizure of buildings, arson and the trashing of the Campus Store and parts of the University Library. New forces swept Cornell into a new world. They could not be readily handled. There was no longer a central body of opinion such as the prewar meetings of the University Faculty had given rise to, capable of drawing to it general loyalty and the sense of common interest.

The new pattern of life at Cornell became clear in the history of the [University] Senate; the creation of the late '60s which tried to give voice to the interests and plans of students, faculty and a non-academic personnel. The hope was that through the Senate university policy-making would now pass into the hands of a truly representative body. Mass meetings in Barton Hall preceded the formation of the Senate. In the hall, speakers from all parts of the university cried out for a restructuring of the university and dedicated themselves to promoting a new sense of unity. When the planners began to draft a constitution for the Senate, they ran into the difficulty defining terms and agreeing on the purpose of the restructuring. In a few weeks enthusiasm waned and when time came to launch the Senate on its new career only a few dozen of the original thousands were still on hand.

The written constitution of the Senate gave promise that Cornell now had a new forum for the discussion of university affairs and for the shaping of policy. The elaborate system for representing the various interests in the community seemed to assure this. But quickly those who were elected to serve found the demands on their time to be too heavy; and, what was worse, they began to be aware that the floor of the Senate had become a playground for a host of small groups, each busily trying to advance itself and its own special commitments.

Leaders of these groups manipulated discussion by playing games with Roberts Rules of Order. It seemed that some leaders were using the Senate merely to further their own political ambitions. To call attention to themselves they introduced ridiculous motions: to obstruct business that went against their interests they ordered their followers out of a meeting and then shouted "Quorum." Their acts of disruption rendered the Senate helpless. Attendance at meetings dropped and in a short time the Senate collapsed. The folly of the leaders, mostly students, gave new proof that concern for the university as a community was vanishing. The university was becoming a formless, open society.

Today Cornell is not an open university in the sense that it has opened its undergraduate colleges to all who care to apply. But it is open in the sense that much of its concern and activity is outward looking, at the expense of the inner life of

the university. For example, what is today a major issue, the university's need for money, leads to appeals to alumni, the foundations and various federal and state agencies. This makes it necessary for the university president to spend much time off the campus, moving about the country under the guidance of one of another of the seven regional offices the university maintains in order to keep in touch with business and other interests. And when the president returns and speaks to the faculty and students his account of economic problems, national and local crowds out his consideration of teaching and research.

Those who manage Cornell's affairs today regard the university as involved in and to a degree controlled by waves of social pressure—the relations of black and white, the university's investment policies as they relate to social aims and labor problems, traffic in drugs and coeducation. In these and similar social issues the university officials do not commit themselves to a firm, clear policy, nor are they willing to stand aside and say, "hands off." They are caught in the middle and therefore have difficulty when confronted with extremists. Like the housewife who opens the door and lets the salesman in, the university's officials maneuver from a position of defense.

Suppose they decided to act decisively, how would they go about it? They cannot act as Dean Hammond did. No one accepts authority. There is no acceptable moral code that envelops and interpenetrates Cornell. Nearly everyone has his own moral code. The rights of the individual prevail over those of the community and any attempt to promulgate a code of conduct, or a system of procedure to enforce it must be hedged around with a hundred safeguards to protect the offender. See the forty-eight-page booklet on judicial procedure which has replaced Dean Hammond.

Consider for a minute the alternatives that face the university official who wishes to act against the unruly. What agency shall he use; the campus patrol, the city police, the sheriff and his deputies or the state troopers? Shall he instruct his agents to take photographs of demonstrations and shall they print pictures and blot out or leave in the faces of those who were only looking on? Who is an offender? Before whom shall he or she be taken; one of our own campus tribunals, the city court or the local . . . division of the [state's judiciary]? Questions appear to be endless and insoluble. Even the question, "Does the student have the right to pursue his studies in reasonable peace and security?" elicits a variety of answers.

Certainly, the faculty and students are as fragmented politically as persons in the world outside the university. And with fragmentation goes the general lack of interest in university affairs. The recent history of the University Faculty proves it. This faculty consists of some 1,500 persons. It decided that it could act formally only when a quorum of 10 percent attended meetings. The necessary 150 members did not attend, therefore the faculty reduced the quorum figure to 5 percent. At the faculty's last meeting 35 members were present.

In many of Cornell's most important activities there is no longer the idea of structure and order nor are there institutions that promote the sense of community in the university. The open university exposed to and moved by the surge of political, social and moral ideas in the world around it, has accepted the notion that its academic purpose and actions are subordinated to the claims of society at

large. And with this notion come the frustration and indecision and the sense of guilt that affect the world outside.

We have seen a vast change in the concept of a university since the days of Ezra Cornell. When he said, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any subject," he was creating a place of learning. For him a place of learning was itself a social institution, a part of society. In creating it he was fulfilling, he was discharging to the full his obligation to society.

His modern counterpart would say that this is not enough. He would urge us to reach out into society from the campus: we must allow society in its many forms—the government agencies, big business, the unions, the extremists of whatever conviction—to thrust themselves into our academic life, to use the campus as a stage, to paint their slogans on our walls. Had Ezra known of this he might have said, "It is enough for the hospital to say, 'we heal the sick,' it is enough for the university to say, 'we help people to learn.'"

What does the university lose if it is no longer a well-knit community? Is the disintegration of the faculty and the student body evidence of decay? Does the university need vigorous, central on-the-campus leadership?

Perhaps not. Perhaps in this new age the vital concern for the university will be not its form and structure, not whether its members acknowledge a sense of community, nor the presence or absence of a strong academic leader. Perhaps the new age will be the age of the individual and the strength of the university will lie in its ongoing scholarly life, product of the spirit and enthusiasm of the individuals, the general students and the Cornell faculty.

Cornell

On a hilltop: broad acres of lawns and trees and academic buildings old and new. Cornell University, high above the city of Ithaca, New York. To the south, wooded valleys and hills, miles upon miles. To the north, Cayuga Lake reaching to the horizon. Running east and west across the campus are two deep gorges; at hand, rushing streams and waterfalls. Cornell University has flourished in this beautiful and unparalleled landscape for more than a century.

Two men were its creators. One was Ezra Cornell, a wandering carpenter's laborer, self-educated, handy with tools and ideas, a self-made man who became a man of wealth. In his mature years he served in the Senate of the State of New York, where one of his chief interests was education. The other man, Andrew Dickson White was a fellow senator, half Cornell's age, a member of New York's cultural aristocracy, well educated and well traveled, and, before he became a State Senator, a youthful professor of history at the University of Michigan.

The common interest of those men in higher education led them in the early 1860s to join forces in promoting the idea that the state of New York, and indeed the nation, needed a university built on new principles. Fate helped them. In 1862, the U.S. Congress passed the Morrill Act which made available to each state vast acres of forestland to be sold to provide endowment for higher education.

Together Cornell and White persuaded the State of New York to give its federally-allotted land to the university they wanted to create. And so those two combined their practical prowess, and their tenacious energy to found a school that would meet their vision.

Cornell and White saw their university as a community that would directly serve the needs of their day, that would provide trained engineers, farmers, architects, chemists, physicists, businesspeople, teachers, and public officers. The University, founded in 1865, expressed Cornell's interest in the practical—engineering, agriculture, and the sciences—and White's in the scholarly—literature, history, government, and philosophy. To them university education in a democracy was open to all fields of study: Cornell University considered the practical and the scholarly, agriculture and literature, to be equally worthy. In that, the university was a pioneer.

At Cornell University the world of material things and the world of the spirit, explored in all their richness and diversity, bring life to the classroom and the laboratory. What an array of knowledge! Engineering and philosophy, agriculture and history, nuclear physics and law, medicine and poetry, chemistry and Greek, architecture and economics, nutrition and geology, computer science and entomology, astronomy and psychology—the range is enormous. What humankind knows, and aspires to know and to be, is here in the minds of the men and women

Written in 1983 for a book, This Is Cornell.

on this hilltop, in these buildings, and in the other Cornell centers of study that have taken shape in the past century, such as the Medical College in New York City.

The academic activities of Cornell University are the life of the campus during a large part of the day, as men and women go from classroom to library to laboratory. But these men and women have other needs to satisfy. They wish to worship, to dance, to make music, to act, to attend concerts and plays, and to discuss in seminars issues that are outside their formal studies. And almost all, women as well as men, take part in sports; no other university has so wide a range of athletic programs, intercollegiate and intramural, as Cornell. For those who seek simpler pleasures there are paths through the steep gorges and among the oaks and maples that surround nearby Beebe Lake.

As an academic society the University is, in many ways, separate from the city of Ithaca, and its location in rural New York adds to its separateness. To be separate is to be self-contained, a coherent society, held together by bonds of friendship and interdependence. In this cosmopolitan university, with students and professors from all parts of the world, the effect of separateness is to bring all persons together; they help one another and learn to share and enjoy one another's cultures. The life the students share in their dormitories, fraternities and sororities, the clubs they have formed, the rivalry of intramural athletics, the companionship of the dining hall and cafeteria—all ensure that the student has a wide circle of acquaintances.

Cornell University has flourished since 1868. Traditions are well established, and the basic characteristics of the university are clear. It is in part a private and in part a state-supported university, as it has been since the days of Ezra Cornell and Andrew Dickson White. It is devoted to the practical and the scholarly, as they intended it to be, a place for teaching and research. And as they foresaw, the intellectual life of the University draws strength from the variety of fields of study and the daily close and friendly association of students and professors.

Out of his sense of the importance of education and his concern for the person who wanted to learn, Ezra Cornell said, "I would found an institution where any person can find instruction in any study." Those words are now the University's motto. The University's programs fulfill that promise. Ezra Cornell's concern for "any person," for the worth of individual—that, too, is at the heart of the University's way of teaching. Each undergraduate has opportunities to study in large lectures and in small classes and seminars. There students express their own views in discussions and through essays, reports, drawings, and demonstrations, and so gradually develop maturity of mind and personality.

To the question, "What have you gained during your years at Cornell?" a student might reply, "The basic knowledge and skills with which to go out on my chosen path; the ability to work with other people, to find and keep friends; the capacity to recognize beauty, truth, and things well done; and the desire to keep alive in the years to come the zeal for the life of the mind and spirit."

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