

Cornell

ALUMNI NEWS

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*This week in the News*—Romeyn Berry  
Writes about the Activities on the Campus.

Cows at Cornell: an article about the interesting work of the Department of Animal Husbandry. A short study of Hiram Corson's pedagogic accomplishments. The Graduate Student as a Human Being—by one of them.

Law School Graduates make excellent bar  
examination record.

Volume 36

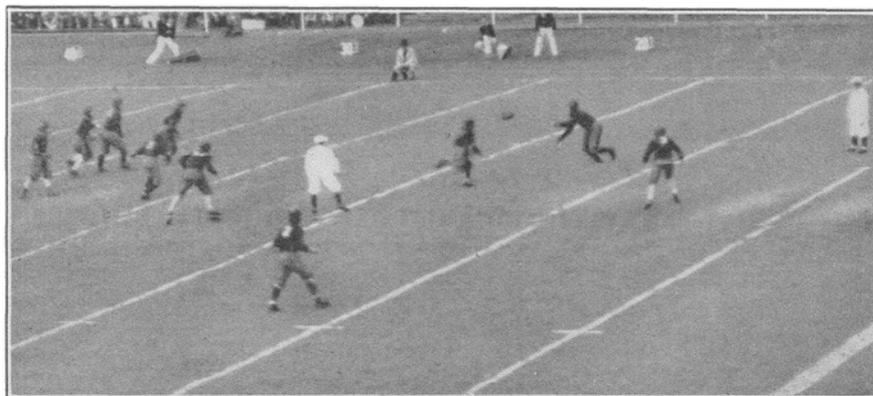


Number 1

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September, 1933

# Football Starts!



## THE 1933 FOOTBALL GAMES

- Sept. 30 *St. Lawrence* at Ithaca. Admission \$1.00 plus 10 cents tax.
- Oct. 7 *University of Richmond* at Ithaca. Admission \$1.00 plus 10 cents tax.
- Oct. 14 *University of Michigan* at Ann Arbor. Tickets \$2.50 plus 25 cents tax. Sale opens Oct. 2.
- Oct. 21 *Syracuse* at Ithaca. Tickets \$3.00 plus 30 cents tax. All seats reserved. Sale opens Oct. 9.
- Nov. 4 *Columbia* at Ithaca. Tickets \$3.00 plus 30 cents tax. Sale opens Oct. 23.
- Nov. 18 *Dartmouth* at Hanover. Tickets \$3.00 plus 30 cents tax. Sale opens Nov. 6.
- Nov. 30 *Pennsylvania* at Philadelphia. Tickets \$4.00 plus 40 cents tax for seats between twenty yd. lines. \$3.00 plus 30 cents tax for seats beyond twenty yd. lines. Sale opens Nov. 13.

(Note—The date given for the opening of the ticket sale for each game indicates the sale to members of the Athletic Association. In each case the general sale opens one day later.

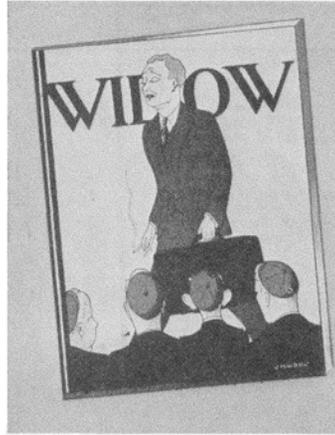
(Note—Prices quoted for the Michigan, Dartmouth and Pennsylvania games refer to seats in the Cornell sections at those games—the only seats handled and distributed by the Cornell Athletic Association. In the case of all three games there are less expensive seats at the ends of the fields which can be obtained of the respective Athletic Associations of Michigan, Dartmouth and Pennsylvania.)

You ought to receive your application blanks about the time you get this paper (if you live outside of Ithaca). If you don't get them (and want them) write

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# Lehigh Valley Service *Your Timetable!* THROUGH CONVENIENT SERVICE TO AND FROM ITHACA

DAILY  
Eastern Standard Time

	<i>The Black Diamond</i>	<i>The Star</i>
Lv. New York (Pennsylvania Station).....	11.05 A.M.	11.15 P.M.
Lv. New York (Hudson Terminal).....	11.00 A.M.	11.00 P.M.
Lv. Newark (Park Place-P.R.R.).....	11.10 A.M.	11.15 P.M.
Lv. Newark (Eliz. & Meeker Aves.).....	11.34 A.M.	11.46 P.M.
Lv. Philadelphia (Reading Ter'l, Rdg. Co.).....	11.20 A.M.	11.10 P.M.
Lv. Philadelphia (N. Broad St., Rdg. Co.).....	11.26 A.M.	11.16 P.M.
Ar. Ithaca.....	6.26 P.M.	7.28 A.M.

RETURNING  
Eastern Standard Time

	<i>The Black Diamond</i>	<i>Train No. 4</i>
Lv. Ithaca.....	12.49 P.M.	10.30 P.M.
Ar. Philadelphia (N. Broad St., Rdg. Co.).....	7.33 P.M.	6.32 A.M.
Ar. Philadelphia (Reading Ter'l, Rdg. Co.).....	7.41 P.M.	6.42 A.M.
Ar. Newark (Eliz. & Meeker Aves.).....	7.43 P.M.	6.39 A.M.
Ar. Newark (Park Place-P.R.R.).....	8.00 P.M.	7.15 A.M.
Ar. New York (Hudson Terminal).....	8.11 P.M.	7.22 A.M.
Ar. New York (Pennsylvania Station).....	8.07 P.M.	7.20 A.M.

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*Catalogue and significant Cornell references upon request*

## CASCADILLA DAY PREPARATORY SCHOOL

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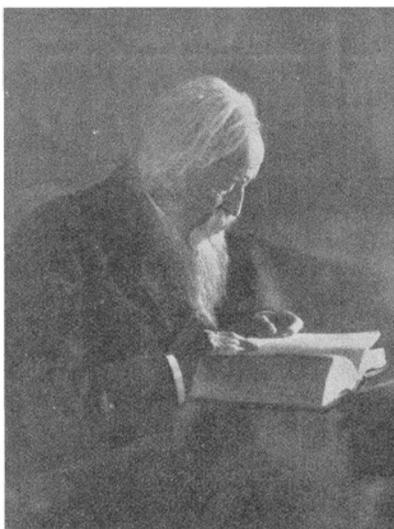
## Hiram Corson: Teacher

Notes on the Pedagogic Methods of One of Cornell's Greatest and Best-loved Teachers

IT is more than twenty years since the striking figure of Hiram Corson passed from the Cornell scene. He came to Cornell in 1870, in the very bleak dawning of the University, and for more than four decades he supplied the University community with three things: an example of conscious, intense, pedagogic method, a type of scholarship that startled and shamed Teutonic precisians, and a genially eccentric personality. This generation of Cornellians knows Corson only for his eccentricities; they have heard countless times the countless amazing anecdotes about him which have become campus classics. But of Corson's greatness as a teacher and scholar, they have heard almost nothing.

Corson belonged to a school of professors which is almost extinct in American universities. They were men who consciously hedged themselves about with little violations of convention; their purpose in doing this was to inspire in the student an awed faith, a mystical respect that could not be paid to the professor who clapped sophomores on the back, exchanged bawdy stories, and generally invited undergraduate familiarity. Men like Corson could be laughed *about*, but not *at*. They dwelt in a semi-divine aloofness, their dicta rolling down from the misty remoteness of the lecture-platform to inspire a respect and obedience that men will not give to the commonplace and prosaic utterances of mere men.

Professor Edward B. Titchener, whose huge black beard and gorgeous robes terrified generations of sophomores, was representative of this school. When he appeared on the lecture-platform, students saw him not as a mere man, but as an Olympian who had condescended to speak a few words to the worldings. And as a result, he evoked from his students not critical and analytical appreciation, but super-abounding faith. Professor Winchester of Wesleyan was another of this group of dramatic pedagogues. Brander Matthews of Columbia, for all his urbane glibness outside of the classroom, shrouded himself in mysticism when he appeared on the rostrum. What veteran of English 22 can forget the difference between the Martin Sampson



*Hiram Corson*

of office and home and the Martin Sampson of the lecture-room? In the informality of his office or living-room, Sampson was a pleasant, thoughtful, kindly, whimsical gentleman; when he entered the lecture-room, he had become a different creature. He appeared to be in a state of exaltation—as one who had just spoken with the gods, and was about to repeat their message. Students believed and worshipped.

This was Corson's method. He was not a mere teacher; he was a prophet of poetry, a Moses come down from the mount to deliver his message. Of course, he was charged with being a *poseur*, and it may well be that his attitudes were deliberately assumed. If they were they may be justified by the results he obtained. What ineffectual professor, whose students leave the class-room unconvinced and unmoved can afford to despise the pose that established Corson as a great teacher, that instilled in students a respect and admiration that persists to this day? One of Corson's former students, a man who is not engaged in the teaching of English, but who occupies a high administrative post in a great university, contributes the following notes on Corson's pedagogy:

"His power as a teacher of English literature resided in a scholarly knowledge of the language and the literature, in critical acumen, and above all else in his mastery of the craft of reading aloud. In his undergraduate course on the English poets he subordinated everything else to the reading of them. His lectures and briefer observations in the class room were aimed at making the student alert to the qualities of something that he was about to read—to poetic form, prosodic art, dramatic force, and the music of words. As a rule he read single masterpieces without any pause for comment. Great poetry, he used to say, could be trusted to communicate itself if only it could be heard as the poet intended it to be heard. The teacher's function was to serve as the vehicle of that communication, and thus to train the student to read poetry for himself so as to get all the values of it through the sound of it, whether the sound be made with the voice or only remembered or imagined.

"His rule for the reading of verse was that any departure from a monotone should be made 'only for an organic reason,' thus excluding 'elocution' on the one hand and refusing on the other hand to debase poetic rhythms to a prosaic chatter. The sensitive response of his inflections to the play of thought and feeling made his own reading anything but monotonous. His voice was naturally robust, musical, and of wide range, and he had trained it to an extraordinary flexibility and brought it under perfect control.

"In his choice of poets for undergraduate study his single purpose was to give the student the surest attainable standard for the judgment of any poetry whatever. His method was the intensive study of the great poets and he wasted none of the student's time on lesser writers. 'It is made a leading purpose,' so he wrote in his announcement of courses, 'to present the literature in its *essential* character, rather than in its historical, though the latter receives attention, but not such as to set the minds of students especially in that direction. It is considered all-important that students should

(Continued on page 8)

# The Graduate Student

One of the Breed Reviews the Characteristics of His Fellows  
And Their Daily Life

ABOVE or beneath the notice of most undergraduates, there struggles a group of conscientious, and penniless, grinds in search of the Higher Learning—the graduate students. Because they are so modest, so self-effacing, so busy, the manners and customs of these folk are little known to the average Cornellian. For that reason, the average Cornellian should be interested in an investigation into the *mores* of the graduate student.

At Cornell graduate students, like undergraduates, are a most heterogeneous group. They come from China to take advanced work in Engineering; from Egypt, to get the best in Agriculture and Dairying, from Central America to study Economics, from Germany on exchange fellowships ("to foster international understanding"), from Trumbull's Corners, N. Y., to study Education. Some are married, some single; some are twenty, some sixty; men, women, fathers, mothers, school-principals, professors, school-marms, white, black, yellow, blind, crippled, rich, poor, kleptomaniac, philanthropic, stupid, brilliant, illiterate.

They sound like an interesting group—and as a group, they are interesting. But if one isolates any single one of the creatures, he will probably seem prosaic enough, even dull. For, despite their seeming variety, the great mass of graduate students are only specialists preparing for a profession, a profession which many are inclined to regard as a pretty dull one. We mean teaching—or rather, "professing." For most of the graduate students regard themselves as prospective professors, and very few as teachers. The academic business, one must understand, is a self-perpetuating one. In every class there will be a few students who take the work seriously, and by the time these have finished a college education, they have collected a considerable mass of mental goods which turns out to be useless for them, but which they cannot afford to waste entirely. And so they continue on into graduate work, amass a still further stock of mental goods, and pass on into the profession of "professing" what they have learned.

This is not the whole story, of course. Many men and women deliberately select the academic life because they are constitutionally unqualified for the competitive strife of practical life. They dislike the bitter competition in business, nor are they interested in the essentially pecuniary nature of its rewards. Thus we are not surprised that many graduate students are socialistically inclined in their politics, yet opposed to revolutionary

methods because their type instinctively shies away from bloodshed.

Whatever motivates the graduate student, here he is, reading books and taking notes on small rectangles of paper; reading more books and taking more notes, all this against the inevitable day—or days, it should be said—when he must compose his *magnum opus*, his thesis, which will be read by his mother, his wife, and his major professor; two for love and one for duty. But it will be a contribution to Scholarship, and there is a place in the Library where the offerings to that greedy god are deposited—though for some reason he never comes for them.

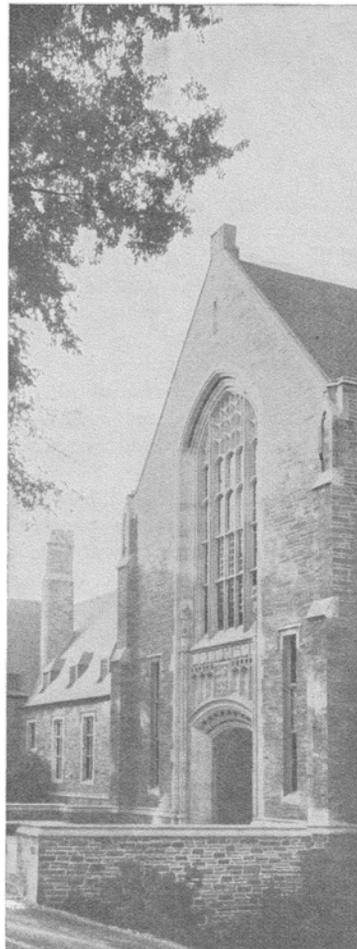
Domestically, the graduate is scarcely less prosaic. If he is unmarried, he lives in a four-dollar room, where he probably prepares himself at least one meal a day, and lives on about \$750 a year. If he is married—and the number of married students is surprisingly large—he is apt to be supported in whole or in part by

his wife, who may do secretarial work or typing, tending children, or whatever else is available. If this is a full-time job, the male may be forced to take on the duties of house-husband, and many graduate students in fact have become excellent cooks and dish-washers. The wife of the graduate student must indeed be a good Christian soul, who will support her husband through his apprenticeship to a profession which at its best may never be very remunerative.

The married couple in Ithaca lives in what is called an "apartment." This is not to be confused with the ordinary use of that term. At its worst the "apartment" consists of a couple of rooms in a semi-cellar (with windows on the downhill side), embellished with four or five pieces of "furniture," and an intricate maze of hot and cold water pipes around the walls and ceiling. There is access to a bath, which is shared with the lady of the house and perhaps a roomer or two. For the privilege of these luxurious appointments the graduate gives up about a third of his income, that is, about thirty dollars a month. It should be possible to live less crudely, but if one wanted to try, the opportunity would be lacking, for there is nothing cheaper.

The graduate student has a little fun, though. Over a cigarette on the Library stoop or a cup of coffee in Straight he chats wittily with a fellow, not unimpressed with his own growing erudition, his improved enunciation, his better-modulated voice. Occasionally he and his fellow satellites gather about their orb. Over here are the Cooperians, neophyte philologists, not too close to the scorching illumination of their sun, serious, respectful; there are the Masonians straining for *bons mots*, *gay hommes du monde*; yonder the Drummondites, tragedy and the consciousness of the spotlight written all over their countenances; here again the Beckerians, learned historians, disillusioned, radical.

Out of these groups will emerge tomorrow's professors of language, literature, history, and the rest—kindly, tolerant, sometimes delightful gentlemen, perhaps a bit more refined, but neither wiser nor less wise than their fellows. In the future they will remember that they acquired tolerance and refinement at Cornell, along with the information and the degree which are the badges of their profession, through association with learned men of that stamp. As for wisdom, that is not Cornell's, nor any other university's, to give.



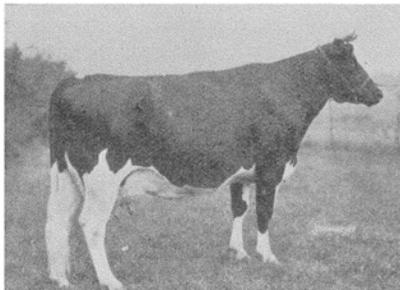
WILLARD STRAIGHT HALL:  
The Graduate Student's Chief Resort

# Cows at Cornell

Something About Happy Beasts in the University's Pasture and About the Men Who Try to Make Them Happier

*"A University . . .  
A habitation sober and demure for ruminating creatures,  
A domain for quiet things to wander in . . ."*  
Wordsworth: *Prelude*: Book III.

Cows look pretty much alike. So do horses, and human beings. Some horses win rich stake-races for their owners, some of them spend their time between the shafts of ice-wagons, and some of them can look forward only to the vats of the glue-factory. The application of the



**WORLD'S CHAMPION**  
Cornell Ollie Pride

analogy to human beings might cause some of our readers to become introspective. In the same way, there are cows *and* cows. Cornell cows belong to this latter group.

There are Cornell cows because Cornell includes the State Agricultural College of one of the largest and most important agricultural states in the Union. The urban character of New York's population is as much over-rated in the popular imagination as it is under-represented in the State's legislative halls. The state

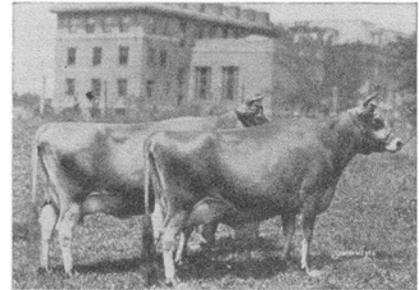
that contains the world's largest metropolis is second only to Wisconsin in the value of its dairy products, and it is only fitting that the State College of the second most important dairy state should devote much space and attention to the task of teaching farmers how to care for their cattle. It is also fitting that the gentlemen in Cornell's Department of Animal Husbandry should dedicate much time to breeding fine cattle.

Until about five years ago, Cornell's cows were just cows. The average farmer might have turned his nose up at some of the sad-eyed creatures who mooed in the University's stalls. Motorists spinning past the Cornell herd in the Cornell pastures ignored the prospect of ordinary cattle ruminating in ordinary fields. But the magical wand of the legislature has changed this. Back in 1928, when the legislature's chief fiscal problem was to find methods of reducing the internal pressure on the public strong-box, the Department of Animal Husbandry received a large grant to be used for the development of its dairy herd.

When the professors of animal husbandry, who had wept from frustration every time they laid eyes on a blooded cow, found it within their power to build up a fine herd of their own, they set about the task with cow-sense and determination. They traded and purchased hundreds of cows; today there are 245 animals in the University's herds. The Holstein-Friesian breed predominates, and there are Jerseys, Ayrshires, Guernseys, Brown Swiss, and Shorthorns.

Each one of these cows is born to the purple. Her entrance into the world is

superintended as carefully as if she were the heiress presumptive to a throne; correct habits and tastes are inculcated into the bovine princess; her daily life is the subject of scientific attention and statistical labor that would exhaust the guardians of the most precious princess. She lives in a shining, white barn, wherein she has a private stall. The straw in the bottom of her stall is of the finest, warmest quality, and it is changed frequently. In winter she is mechanically warmed and in summer a huge electric



**JERSEYS**  
Ixia's Oxford Spur, Ranulph's Fancy Fern

fan drones over her stall. From flies, her chief enemy, she is protected by an "insectocutor"—an electrified screen that traps the flies and electrocutes them. One brown-eyed princess, a veritable bovine Borgia, spends much of her time grimly watching her little enemies burning their lives out on the terrible screen.

The milk from this regal herd is produced under the finest sanitary conditions. The health of both animals and attendants is carefully watched, and as a

*(Continued on page 11)*



**CORNELL'S FINE HERD OF AYRSHIRE**

*All Photos by Strohmeyer*

## CORNELL ALUMNI NEWS

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SEPTEMBER, 1933

### BLACK BREAD And College Education

THERE SEEMS TO BE widespread belief in the educational world that the day has passed when everyone will expect a college education. How much of this philosophy is the result of the present business conditions cannot be determined correctly. Obviously there must be laborers, and with the present immigration laws it is probable that not so large a percentage as formerly can be trained as executives and professional men.

The belief receives a certain substantiation from the slowness with which applications have come in this summer for matriculation at various colleges. Whether education can be continued on its past grand scale or not will be determined in the next few years.

We have often seen the power of a widespread feeling of any sort. To cite one instance, it seemed at one time not long ago that soldiers were forever to have the white flour, while the civilians would eat rye, whole wheat, half wheat, bran, and black bread generally. The composite mind dwelt on the benefits of the necessity, and behold, millions saw the peril of white bread—until the necessity was over.

Whether the need of college education will bounce back, as did white bread, like a rubber ball, when the pressure is over, no one is wise enough to forecast.

Since the beginning of the heavy demand for college educations, Cornell has restricted its enrollment. She has not accepted every qualified applicant. She has built up a valuable clientele of children and relatives of alumni. The physical plant has become vastly more attractive.

Perhaps, if the black bread point of view persists, and establishes itself in a big way, we shall have less of a problem than have the sister institutions. Or, perhaps, with the relief from pressure, the world will still expect its sons and daughters to receive the best possible education.

### TRAGIC POSTSCRIPT

Out of Manasquan, N. J., on August 20, sailed the tiny sloop *Postscript*, bound for Boston. At the helm was John L. Niles '32, former Cornell crew star, and son of Dr. Walter Lindsay Niles '02. The crew consisted of Walter Lindsay Niles, Jr. and P. D. Irving. Propelled by a strong northward breeze the little boat went far out to sea.

The breeze became a hurricane that raised huge mountains of water, foundered sturdier craft than the *Postscript*, drove Atlantic shipping scurrying into harbors. None of the many harbors that lay along the course of the *Postscript* saw that vessel. Fear for the safety of the young mariners mounted in the hearts of friends and parents. After six days of silence Coast Guard planes and patrol boats began a search for the *Postscript*.

For three days the motors droned over the now-placid Atlantic, until a Coast Guard pilot spied a bit of wreckage, the shattered hull of a sloop that may well have been the *Postscript*. Of the young skipper and his crew there was no sign. Strong swimmers though they were, it was concluded that they had been engulfed by the tremendous waves of the hurricane-torn Atlantic. All hope of their safety was abandoned.

### PSYCHOLOGIST APPOINTED

Dr. Kurt Lewin, world renowned child psychologist of the University of Berlin, has been named acting professor of psychology in the University for the coming academic year.

The psychologist, one of the many German professors dismissed by the Hitler government, will come here as a result of appropriations from the Rockefeller Fund and from the Emergency Committee in Aid of Displaced German Scholars, of which Dr. Livingston Farrand is chairman. He will give two courses and will engage in research in the practice schools of the College of Home Economics. Dr. Lewin will teach mental development during the first term and the theory of behavior during the second term. Both courses will be given on a seminary basis, open to advanced and graduate students.

Two years ago Doctor Lewin lectured here, showing some of his famous moving pictures of little children. His particular contribution has been in the field of forces influencing child behavior. He will have a laboratory in the Cornell Nursery School, in Martha Van Rensselaer Hall.

### Just Looking Around

WHILE we were looking the other way for a moment, an enormous building arose on the Ag Campus. It is big enough to accommodate the entire Cornell University of 1868, with a Presidential mansion in the attic. I refer, of course, to Martha Van Rensselaer Hall, the new quarters of the College of Home Economics and the School of Hotel Administration.

You read in our last issue about the magnificences of the new Hall. Let us now look with special attention at the northeast wing.

Here is a five-story structure, separate from the main building. The ground floor is a nursery school for twenty-five babies. It has the cutest little washstands and things you ever saw. Three of the stories are composed of nine-room apartments, each with three baths, kitchens, antique furniture, china, linen, silver, and everything you can imagine. If the apartments were on Park Avenue, they would rent for \$600 a month. As they look down over the pines to Beebe Lake and distant Cayuga, they ought to be worth \$1,000 a month.

Here the students in Household Economics 126: Home Practice, Laboratory Course, are required to spend five consecutive weeks. "The purpose of this course," says the announcement, "is to provide opportunities for the students to develop an appreciation of the rich possibilities of home living." If you want to be cynical, you can say that the purpose of the course is to provide opportunities for the best of all girls' games—playing house. If you want to be sociological, you can say that the purpose of the course is to introduce the students to an ideal of home life which they won't find when they go back home or when they get married. The girls may even be a little annoying to their mother or husband, with their recollections of the way we used to set the table at dear old Cornell.

Well, of course, a fool will always be a fool. But most girls aren't fools; and the five weeks they spend in the practice apartments are likely to have more effect on the routine of their future existence than any other five weeks of their careers. Most of the girls are going to spend most of the rest of their lives in apartments, and the more they learn about apartment technique the better.

It isn't only cooking and cleaning, you know. They have to be hostesses and entertain at dinner. They have nurseries in the apartments, and they borrow Practice Babies from the Well-Baby Clinic and do practical work in Baby Behavior and Misbehavior.

No, there is no provision for practice husbands. I knew you were going to say that, you old devil.

M. G. B.

# The Week On The Campus

News from a Re-Awakening Campus—Berry now Batting for Bishop

THE WEATHER is always a safe topic on which to resume a conversation with people you haven't seen for a long time.

ALL summers are lovely in Ithaca but this one disappearing around the corner was the best. The showers of June and July were so bountiful and so nicely distributed that at no time did we become a dry and dusty place. And the rains of August were opulent downpours which made Triphammer Falls roar in the night. As a result September lawns are lush and green and even the Joe Pye weed, the melleins and the Queen Anne's Lace along the dirt roads of Danby have a freshly washed and spring-like look unusual at the end of summer.

THESE same rains have brought on a terrific crop of mushrooms. Professor H. H. Whetzel of the department of Plant Pathology (who knows his vegetables) states that the best mushrooms are those rolled in flour and fried in butter. He says its quite unnecessary to peel them first and generally a mistake to do so.

WHAT the correct answer is to any question about Ithaca depends a lot on whom you ask. Alumni should remember this and check their information before they accept it as fact. Take Summer School for example. Someone else might have a different opinion but I would tell you that this past Summer School was far and away the best in 12 years. Down in numbers and up in quality. There were fewer frivolous people and more interesting, mature persons pursuing some strange intellectual interest with breathless enthusiasm.

THE entomologists were particularly in evidence. All summer the miasmic pond which is the water hazard at the 6th hole was full of web-footed lady scientists in bathing suits who, wading with nets, exhibited (1) a keen interest in slimy animalculi of the baser sort, (2) complete obliviousness to the game of golf and (3) noteworthy expanses of sun-bronzed legs, arms, backs and shoulders. At first the presence of these fair amphibians was resented by the more elderly and irascible foursomes as adding to the mental hazard of the 6th, which has always been regarded as a stinker. But resentment presently gave way to gratitude and appreciation. The lady entomologists were so nice, and so kind about retrieving balls topped into the pond, that they soon wormed their way into the hearts of all bad golfers.

You'd hardly recognize the campus after a large number of foreign gentlemen

have labored over it all summer. Mr. Conant Van Blarcom, Superintendent of Buildings and Grounds, continues to sweep clean long after he has ceased to be a new broom.

THE University Club (born the Prentiss house and later known as Sage Cottage) has entirely disappeared. President's Avenue (the one in front of Boardman Hall and the Medical School. The trolley ran down there at one time, you remember, and turned around at the Library)—President's Avenue is no longer a road. It has been closed off and sodded into a broad walk or mall. The new Psi Upsilon and Sigma Phi houses—brick twins at the south end of Old Frank Cornell's cow pasture—are practically completed. The Library slope has been neated up, a broad stone terrace has been built to the west of Willard Straight and a new concrete road with the sensuous curves of a roller coaster has been constructed from a point in Central Avenue near the University Club to the intersection of South and Stewart Avenues. West Avenue, where it passed in front of the Delta Upsilon and Telluride houses, has been plowed up and put into lawn. The north end of West Avenue in front of the War Memorial and dormitories has been concreted and curbed, and that isn't nearly all. (Loud cries of "Van Blarcom!")

THESE notes are written before, and will appear after, the return of the football squad on September 11th. A discussion of football prospects is a frivolous pastime until one sees who actually appears and is eligible to play. The only reliable news at this writing is that our Mr. Floyd Darling and Dr. Frank Sheehan, the popular trainer, have fumigated, washed and sterilized the locker room and have made all things ready on the field.

At Schoellkopf you can keep track of what is going on downstairs by the smell. The track smell is mostly winter-green oil and camphor. The football smell for the first two weeks of September is

largely lysol. A little later there are added the elements of hot human body and expensive harness leather. Every old football player knows this smell and it's apt to make him whinny.

THE Alcoholic Beverage Control Board of Tompkins County has announced the selling hours for beer and light wines in Ithaca. On week days you can sell from 6 a. m. to 1 o'clock the next morning but on Sundays you can't start until noon. The Control Board is composed of Mrs. Professor Frank Thilly, Mr. William T. Vann of Willow Creek, and Mr. Thomas Shannon, executive secretary. Mr. Shannon is the son of Officer Shannon, well known to naughty students at the beginning of the century.

THE City of Ithaca has adopted a definite speed limit of 20 miles an hour and proposes to enforce the same. Heretofore automobiles have been limited to a "reasonable speed," but that hardly works in a college town. A stout alderman taking his family out for an airing at Buttermilk and a student intent on breaking the record to Elmira (now 42 min. 5.4 sec., I believe) could hardly be expected to see eye to eye on what constitutes "reasonable speed."

FOR the first time in many years there is a full Democratic ticket contesting all offices in Tompkins County this fall. Since the Bull Moose movement Democrats running for office outside Ithaca have run for exercise exclusively. There is a feeling this year that things may be different, but the old warhorses don't think so. They know that Trumbulls Corners still casts a unanimous ballot for Ulysses S. Grant. In the city Lou Smith and Fred Evans are battling in the primary for the Republican nomination for Mayor. The winner will be matched against Mayor Herman Bergholtz (Dem.) who is now finishing his second term and is perfectly willing to start a third.

THE old Stewart Avenue bridge across Fall Creek was torn down during the summer and an entirely new one was constructed in its place.

President Farrand is back.

Professor Drummond is back.

For that matter practically everyone is back.

(Loud chants from the cheaper seats!)  
"He's weakening. Take-him-out. Bish-up! Bish-up! Put in Bish-up! Let Bish-up pitch."  
R. B.



## Portrait of . . . . . N. H. NOYES '06 Druggists' Businessman

"Amid the turnips and cabbages of Dansville, N. Y., Nicholas Hartman Noyes '06 first saw the light of day August 8, 1883. With some of the mud clinging to his cow-hide boots, he was shipped to Lawrenceville to get cultivated. The school worked hard over him, but traces of loam, a bucolic cast of countenance, and a certain unvaccinated way of speaking, were still noticeable when he came to Ithaca. Since 'Nick's' sojourn among us he has become a thing to live with,



NICHOLAS H. NOYES '06

and from his propensities for making the rocks sweat, he was made business manager of the *Sun*. He was also in Mummy Club and all the honorary societies."

This was the description of Noyes contained in the 1906 Class Book. It hardly describes the urbane gentleman who directs the business interests of one of the largest pharmaceutical and biological manufacturers in the world. There is nothing bucolic about Noyes today; he seems to have fitted himself very well into the life of the city. His city is Indianapolis, and his fellow-townsmen are so well satisfied with him that they have made him president of their Chamber of Commerce. He is active in local banking circles, and he represents the Hoosiers on the Chicago Federal Reserve Board. Cornellians think highly of him, because they have elevated him to Cornell's select Board of Trustees. He was President of the associate alumni for two terms.

Noyes did not find himself for a couple of years after his graduation from Cornell. In college, his fiscal talents expressed themselves in his able handling of the *Cornell Daily Sun*. He had a few jobs after graduation, and found a career with the Eli Lilly Company of Indianapolis. This huge drug concern needed somebody to handle its tax, insurance, and investment problems. They picked Noyes, and he has been discharging these tasks for more than twenty years.

Noyes supplies the commercial background for some projects that have become internationally important. His company was the first to make insulin obtainable by sufferers from diabetes.

Ephedrine, amyral, and sodium amyral (recent and "safest" anaesthetic) are all produced by his firm. The commercial marketing of these drugs presented quite a problem, and it was largely through the abilities of Noyes that they were taken out of the scientist's laboratory into the hospitals, where they are available to countless sufferers.

As a new trustee, Noyes is reluctant to say very much about what he intends to do. It is obvious, however, that he has very definite ideas about the relationship between the alumni and the University. He hopes to counteract the tendency of so many alumni to let the University slip out of their psychological world; he wants to help alumni officials in establishing a closer tie between the institution and its products.

Cornell plays an important part in the life of the Noyes family. Frederic W. Noyes '76, sent his two sons to Cornell. (Frederic W. was one of the founders of the Psi Upsilon chapter at Cornell.) The two sons were Nicholas H. Noyes '06 and Jansen Noyes '10. A third generation of Noyes will enter Cornell this September, when Nicholas's son becomes a freshman.

## Hiram Corson, Teacher

(Continued from page 3)

first attain to a sympathetic appreciation of what is *essential* and *intrinsic*, before the adventitious features of literature—features due to time and place—be considered.' So his annual five-hour course in English Literature dealt with the poets in eight groups, of which the central figures were Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Dryden, Pope, Wordsworth, and Browning and Tennyson.

"What he wrote can always be read with profit, and especially two small books which Macmillan published in the '90s, *The Aims of Literary Study* and *The Voice and Spiritual Education*. A handsome recognition of the permanent value of his work came from the University of Cambridge only about a dozen years ago. Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch began the first of his lectures *On the Art of Reading* by saying: 'No doubt it has happened to many of you to pick up in a happy moment some book or pamphlet or copy of verse which just says the word you have unconsciously been listening for, almost craving to speak for yourself, and so sends you off hot-foot on the trail. . . . Such a book—pamphlet I may call it, so small it was,—fell into my hands some ten years ago; *The Aims of Literary Study*—no very attractive title—by Dr. Corson, a distinguished American Professor. . . . I find, as I handle again the small duodecimo volume, that my thoughts have taken me a little wide, perhaps a little astray, from its suggestions. But for loyalty's sake I shall start just where Dr. Corson started.'

"A highly refined sense of the dramatic was one of the qualities that made Professor Corson such an able critic and teacher. What seemed like eccentricity in his speech or behavior was often simply his dramatizing of an incident or a situation. One of his students had an appointment with him at his home on a Saturday evening in the Fall. He had just returned from giving a lecture at Wells College. The single coach on the train from Aurora had been filled with Ithaca high school boys, noisy after a football victory at the old Cayuga Lake Military Academy. When the visitor presented himself Professor Corson was pacing his study. He turned, struck a pose, and intoned: 'License they mean when they cry liberty! Come in, my boy!'

"Professor Hammond tells of returning with him from a walk one day when the ground was being cleared for the building of Goldwin Smith Hall. Professor Corson halted, looked at a row of prostrate trees, shook his stick at Morrill Hall, and said: 'We are ruled by arboricides. They trample on the feelings of dendrophiles.'"

Anecdotes about Corson are so abundant and so current that it would be futile to reprint them here. How the venerable professor was observed plodding up Buffalo Street in the rain, holding his umbrella over the head of a toiling horse; how he expressed his scorn of a scheme to formalize the campus landscape by suggesting that the entire Quadrangle be covered with concrete and painted green; all these, and other stories have been told of him. But his chief value to Cornell did not result from his ability to startle the community with his unconventional manners. A colleague once wrote of him:

"To an institution whose trend toward the practical and the immediate was so marked as Cornell's, and especially in the early days of her cruder and more aggressive enthusiasms, it was a rare feature to possess in Professor Corson so potent an expositor of all that is classic and abiding in English letters. For more than a generation of human life he stood foremost among his colleagues as a spokesman of the higher interests of the soul; and in every class which went out from Cornell he kindled something of his own noble love of literature, of his sensitiveness to the ideal, of his contempt for the merely material in act and life."

Some of Corson's colleagues condemned his methods as "slovenly and slipshod." Some of the members of his own department affected to regard him as a dilettante—because he had never earned a college degree! Of course, he received many honorary degrees. St. Johns College honored him with an LL.D. in 1878; Princeton conferred on him an honorary Master's degree in 1864, and the doctorate in 1903. But his youth had been too

(Continued on page 11)



**SOME FACULTY MEMBERS  
BACK AT WORK:  
Professors Cooper, Weld, Merritt,  
Howe and Brauner**

## FOOTBALL

Advance reports on the seven opponents that Cornell's football team will have to face in its arduous 1933 schedule indicate that Michigan will prove the most formidable. Coach Harry Kipke has lost the two outstanding stars of his 1932 eleven, but he has nineteen veterans of that team available. Harry Newman, the great back who supplied so much offensive power to the Wolverines last year, is lost to them. His successor will probably be Bill Renner, described by Kipke as "just as good a forward-passer as Newman."

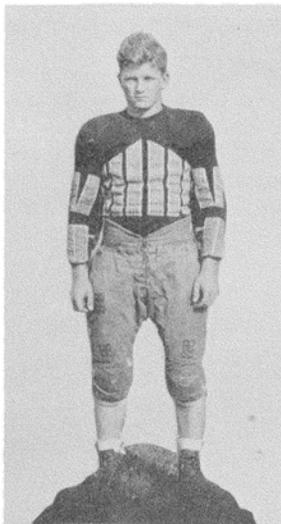
For the place vacated by Ivy Williamson, star end of last year's team, Kipke has Willis Ward, the track star. Every other regular in the line will return to school, including Chuck Bernard, whom Kipke hails as "the best center in the country." The average weight of the powerful Wolverine line is over 200 lbs. All these advantages make Kipke very optimistic about the season's prospects. Before meeting Cornell at Ann Arbor, October 14, the Michigan aggregation will have encountered only one of its other opponents, Michigan State.

Cornell will prepare for the Michigan engagement by meeting St. Lawrence and the University of Richmond. St. Lawrence brings to Ithaca the same team that threw a scare into the supporters of Syracuse last fall, and they should furnish valuable experience for Cornell. The Southerners who follow St. Lawrence on the schedule are noted for their determined and deadly forward pass attack, and should also supply some training for the important Michigan game.

### The Syracuse Team

The Saturday after the Michigan game will see the much-discussed game with Syracuse. The Orange had a team of sophomores last year, and they occasionally displayed some brilliant football. Inexperience appeared to be the outstanding weakness of Vic Hanson's team last year, and if the men profited much by the lessons they received from such teams as Colgate and Columbia, Syracuse should have a capable aggregation. On paper, at fullback for the Orange will be a big, fast, versatile man named Lou Stark, whose occasional flashes of brilliance last season were dimmed by the rawness of inexperience. If Stark's native powers are improved by his experience, he should be able to make much trouble for a Cornell line that will be weakened by the loss of a couple of regulars.

Next to the game at Ann Arbor, the most difficult game on the Cornell schedule is with Columbia. This year the Big Red Team will not suffer from the psychological hazard presented by the "Baker Field Jinx." A more tangible hazard is that offered by Lou Little's



WALLACE



ANDERSON



BROCK

Three of the men who are expected to play important parts in the impending football season. Wallace and Anderson are ends; Brock is a center.

deadly forward pass combination: Cliff Montgomery and Tony Matal. Montgomery is undoubtedly one of the greatest backs in the game today, and he will have capable running-mates in Linchan, Brominski, Schwartz, and Maniaci. Behind a line composed of such veterans as Newt Wilder, Dzamba, Wuerz, and Joe Ferrara, these speedy backs present a real threat. This year's Blue and White team is the strongest in years, and a real battle can be expected when they appear on Schoellkopf Field.

### Dartmouth and Penn

Playing Dartmouth at Hanover, where local spirit effervesces, is an ordeal for any team. Dartmouth will have substantially the same team that Cornell drubbed at Ithaca last year, but it should be strengthened by a year's campaigning. Hoffman, Branch, Mackey, and Trost, the last three ends, are the only regulars lost to Coach Cannell. Powers, Hill, Fishman, Hedges, and Roald Morton (Big Bill's big little brother) are the backs expected to do the tearing through for the Green. None of these men is as dangerous as Oberlander, Lane, Dooley, Marsters, or the older Morton, but they form a capable and versatile aggregation.

At this stage, little can be said about the machine that is being built at Philadelphia. Penn loses most of the men who out-played Cornell last year, but the Red and Blue freshmen were far stronger than the Cornell yearlings, and it remains to be seen what they will be able to contribute to the varsity. Inexperience may prove the undoing of Penn this year, but by Thanksgiving Day Cornell should have as opponent a team that is at least equal to the Ithacans.

### RICKSHAW RACE

The limbs, nerves, and heart that carried Joe Mangan '33 to victory in many intercollegiate contests last week brought a new and novel honor to the captain of last year's track team. Paired with a former team-mate, Bill Davis, Mangan won the "collegiate open rickshaw race" at the Century of Progress Exposition at Chicago.

Drawing the rickshaws introduced to the Century of Progress by H. C. Daggett '16, Mangan and Davis outran contestants from a dozen other colleges. The race was run over a 2500-meter course, with the pair changing places at each 500 meters, one running and the other riding in the rickshaw seat.

Mangan and Davis were far superior to their rivals, winning by 60 yards from a team of athletes from the University of Alabama. In third place was a team from Michigan State College. Winning time: 8 minutes, 45 seconds.

**Books . . .**

*The Technique of Verse.* By Ralph Gordon, Ph.D. '24. New York. Published by Frederick B. Robinson, President of City College. 1933. Sm. 8vo, pp. 56. Price, 25 cents.

Dr. Gordon's aim is to explain the movement and sound of English verse, and their contribution to its artistic effect, with the least amount of technical jargon, to write not a pseudo-scientific treatise but a helpful guide to the qualities which poetry has in common with music. He does this with marked success in the brief space of fifty-six pages.

After defining meters as "patterns of insistent and uninsistent syllables," he shows first how verse consists essentially of constant variation from the selected patterns, and next how within these patterns the music of tone-color is brought into play. The third and last chapter, in which these effects of tone-color are illustrated and analyzed, is especially illuminating, and, like the author's treatment of metrical variation, shows a keen appreciation of the subtleties of verse.

Printing and binding are by the Cayuga Press. The book is sold below the cost of manufacture, having been published for use as a text-book in the College of the City of New York. So excellent a treatment of the subject should circulate far beyond the limits of a single college.

W. S., JR.

*French Travellers in the United States, 1765-1932.* A Bibliography by Frank Monaghan '27. New York: The New York Public Library, 1933. \$1.00.

Most people probably do not feel the strange charm of a bibliography. This 114-page list of 1583 books on America by French visitors will seem to them useful, no doubt, for the scholars, but hardly the thing for a long winter evening by the fire.

Well, you learn to love a good bibliography. The real fun, of course, lies in the doing of it. Dr. Monaghan (who is now teaching history at Yale) has pursued his 1583 items through the libraries and private collections of two continents. He has had to decide thousands of ticklish questions of authorship, authenticity, dates, editions, and so on. And he has summed up his labors, in sprightly and amusing style, in modest 6-point commentaries.

It is a better game than most, and one that renders invaluable service to a few people. Part of the game is that the reviewer shall gently reprove the bibliographer for over-looking two items among his 1583. Thus this reviewer is shocked not to find Charlevoix's "Voyage dans l'Amérique septentrionale" (1744). And God bless my soul, where is Le Page du Pratz's "Histoire de la Louisiane" (1758)? The Memoirs of Baron Cloisen might have been cross-

indexed under Jusserand's "With Americans of Past and Present Days." And Durtain's "Quarantième Etage," tripe of the purest water, should certainly be here.

The compiler regards his vast labors with a pleasantly humorous air. He says: "To my wife [Sylvia Harris '27], who has tolerated and encouraged this innocuous form of bibliomania, I offer this bibliography as an apology for many silent hours." M. B.

**Hiram Corson: Teacher**

*(Continued from page 8)*

crowded and intensive to permit of a formal education. In the 1840s, when other young Americans of his class were writing Latin odes, Corson was reporting the Webster-Hayne debate in the Senate, cataloguing the Library of Congress, helping direct the Smithsonian Institution. Even his pedagogic background was unusual. He had done some lecturing in Philadelphia, at Girard College, and at St. John's, at Annapolis. When President White found him there, in 1870, he had had none of the lone years of thankless effort that are usually required of a candidate for a professorship. It was very unconventional!

And Corson was unconventional at Cornell; in speech, in dress, in action, he flouted the acknowledged professorial modes. Slowly, the disdain of his colleagues changed to respect, respect to worship. So firmly was this great teacher established at Ithaca, that his death in 1911 was a local catastrophe. When he was gone, many professors and students could say of him, as Moses Coit Tyler wrote of him: "I never travelled with a more delightful companion!"

**Cows at Cornell**

*(Continued from page 5)*

result the herd is abortion-free and is accredited free from tuberculosis. The milk that they furnish is used for the most part by students in the University dining-halls. The milk is taken from the cows by electric milkers, sterilized scientifically, cooled in huge and impressive vats, and packed so as to exclude unwelcome bacteria.

Rank among cows depends on ancestry, age, milk production, butterfat content. Queen of the herd is Lindy's Carlina, an Ayrshire who has attained the world's record in the 305-day class for senior-three-year-old heifers. From June 22, 1932 to April 22, 1933, she produced 16,476 lbs. of milk, 565.68 lbs. of butter-fat, winning 1,225 points. Lindy's Carlina won the French Cup (Cowdom's Pulitzer Prize) in 1932, and she looks like a repeater for 1933. But the supremacy of Lindy's Carlina is threatened by the achievements of a rising young Holstein-Friesian named Cornell Ollie Pride. This promising prospect is the world's champion in the 305-day class for senior two-

year-olds, with a production of 16,986 lbs. of milk, 643 lbs. of butter-fat. Another year, and the world will see a terrific battle between these stable-mates. The University employees in the barns love Lindy's Carlina as much as ever, but they predict that Cornell's Ollie Pride will have little difficulty in wresting championship honors from her.

The purpose of dairy-cattle breeding is to achieve greater production. The ability of dairy-cows to produce depends largely upon inheritance. The most satisfactory method yet found of improving the breed is by the use of high-grade, blooded sires. The bulls to be found in the Department's barns are huge animals, some of them weighing more than 2,300 lbs. Their names are almost as large and magnificent as their bodies. For example, there is Walgrove Regal Knight.

One of the problems connected with the care of the bulls is raised by the physical lethargy into which the creatures fall. Dignified, lordly bulls don't like to move about; they prefer to stand in their stall, in regal inactivity, indolently raising their heads to snort at flies. But good bulls must have exercise, and when a bull exhibits any special antipathy toward exercise, he is hitched to an electrical exerciser perfected by the department. The ring in his nose is attached to an arm actuated by a powerful electric motor; the arm revolves horizontally around the motor, drawing the bull around a wide circle. When a ton and a half of bull fights a couple of hundred horse-power of electric energy, the struggle is interesting. But the bull always loses, and after a few futile attempts to wreck the exercising device, he becomes reconciled to its superiority and follows the arm about quite meekly.

Of course, the Department does more than raise fine cattle with which to shoot at records. It teaches young men how to raise cattle that will produce more, and better, dairy products. It conducts extensive researches into problems which puzzle farmers. And it engages in a widespread educational program among the farmers of the state. Its activities with dairy cattle are paralleled by its activities with horses, sheep, beef cattle, and swine. The dairy herd represents only one part of the work of the Department of Animal Husbandry, but the development of the Cornell herd is perhaps the most important of the Department's achievements. Babies will become fat and rosy, farmers happier and more prosperous, largely because Cornell owns and studies a herd of cows.

THE city golf championship was won by Robert A. Hutchinson '15 from Charles E. Treman, Jr., '30 on the 38th green. Professor J. K. Wilson again won the lawn tennis championship of the town and also of the Faculty. The latter honor he has monopolized for 17 years.

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NO THIRD**

## BAR EXAMS

Last June twenty-two graduates of Cornell Law School took New York State's famed, dreaded examination for admission to the practice of law. Behind them was the experience of the Law School's comprehensive examination, designed to train them for the ordeal of the bar examination. Through the two hottest days of the year, the twenty-two Cornellians and more than twelve hundred others toiled and perspired over the tangled legal problems.

Of the twenty-two, only four toiled and perspired in vain. Eighteen others won for themselves the coveted certificate of the New York State Bar Examiners. Of the other four, two had passed the substantive law part of the examination, one had passed the adjective law part, and the remaining one had failed at both parts.\*

Among the relieved, successful young men passed fervent congratulations; to the faculty of the Law School passed fresh laurels: their achievement was equipping the group who had made this remarkable record. Of all the men and women who took the bar examination, 44% had passed; of Cornellians who took the examination, 88% had passed.

Even more remarkable is the record of Cornellians over the entire year. Counting both March and June examinations, thirty-seven Cornellians presented themselves for admission to the bar. Thirty-two of them succeeded in passing both parts; only two failed the adjective law part, only four failed the substantive law part, and only one failed both parts. General average: 91.89%

Because the bar examiners will not make public the records of students from the various law schools, statistical comparisons are not feasible. Unofficially, Cornell Law School is understood to have made the best showing, better even than such far-famed institutions as Harvard, Yale, and Columbia.

The Cornellians who succeeded in passing the June bar examination:

Leo E. Cline, Glens Falls; Carlton H. Endemann, Forest Hills; Nicholas J. Fowler, Kingston; Milton S. Gould, New York City; Archibald C. E. Gregory, Saranac Lake; John A. Noble, jr., Ithaca; Leo Sheiner, Monticello; William F.

\*Substantive Law is common law, dealing with rights and duties. Sometimes it is found in statutes, sometimes in cases. Always, it treats of the fundamental legal relationships arising out of normal human transactions. If A contracts with B, who fails to discharge the contractual obligation, A's right against B is a substantive right.

Adjective Law is technical, procedural law. It treats of the method of enforcing substantive rights. Such questions as what court to bring A's action in, how to draw the pleadings, how to present the evidence, are questions of Adjective Law.

Law students dread Adjective Law more than Substantive because it is intricate, arbitrary.

Sullivan, Amsterdam; Lucien R. Tharaud, New York City; James K. Albright, Rochester; Jacob N. Blinkoff, Buffalo; James P. Donovan, Canandaigua; Harold W. Halverson, Rochester; Robert M. Hennessey, Rochester; Jacob Lutsky, Brooklyn; Andrew McGray, Scarsdale; Herman Stuetzer, jr., Port Washington.

## LATE SUMMER On The Hill

TODAY I sat for a time on the bench under the elms east of McGraw Hall. Already the elm leaves have lost their June freshness; doubtless their work is nearly done and the tree trunks are a ring larger, and the bark has stretched again. There was blue haze over all the distance, and Connecticut Hill was just a dim blur against the western sky. I think the grass of the quadrangle was never before as green in August as now.

I saw black smoke issuing from the Sibley stack, which must mean that the College of Engineering is stretching and rubbing its eyes and getting up steam.

Members of the faculty have drifted back and are playing tennis east of Rockefeller Hall to get increased lung power for lectures of the coming year.

The slaves who work throughout the summer came quietly out of various buildings and faded away. I hesitated to go for fear of breaking the stillness.

Presently football men will appear and Schoellkopf Field will grow noisy, and those who are responsible for replenishing the larders of Willard Straight Hall will be too busy to look at the landscape.

Then strangers—young men and women with anxious faces—will come seeking welcome to this beautiful, desirable place. And then there will be the grand rush from everywhere of returning ones, and the full flood of the year will flow on steadily.

How unconcernedly time moves on; how uninteresting the world would be if it didn't! We used to know all about Time—the haggard old man with a scythe and an hour glass; but now even Mr. Einstein is puzzled to account satisfactorily for him. To paraphrase Mark Twain: Everybody realizes how Time rushes on, but nobody does anything to stop him.

These last few days of quietude in the quadrangle are full of joy for at least one who has outlived the rush of the day's work.

A. W. S., '78.

CARLTON JAMES KING '15, a civil engineer, died at the home of his father in Glens Falls, N. Y., on March 7, of an abscess of the lung. He was born in Glens Falls forty-two years ago, the son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles F. King. He took four years of agriculture. He assisted in the layout out of the Tercentenary at Philadelphia, and devoted much of his time to land surveying.

## CORNELL CLUB LUNCHEONS

Many of the Cornell Clubs hold luncheons at regular intervals. A list is given below for the particular benefit of travelers who may be in some of these cities on dates of meetings. Names and addresses of the club secretaries are given. Unless otherwise listed, the meetings are of men:

<i>Name of Club</i>	<i>Meeting</i>	<i>Place</i>	<i>Time</i>
Akron (Women) Secretary: Mrs. Ralph B. Day '16, 245 Pioneer Street, Akron.	1st Saturday	Homes of Members	1:00 p.m.
Albany Secretary: George W. Street '23, 158 State Street, Albany.	Monthly	University Club	12:30 p.m.
Baltimore Secretary: Frank H. Carter '16, 220 Pleasant Street, Baltimore.	Monday	Engineers' Club	12:30 p.m.
Boston Secretary: Walter P. Phillips '15, 11 Beacon Street, Boston.	Monday	American House, 56 Hanover Street	12:30 p.m.
Boston (Women) Secretary: Mrs. M. Gregory Dexter '24, 38 State Street, Belmont.	Tuesday (3rd)	Y. W. C. A.	4:00 p.m.
Buffalo Secretary: Herbert R. Johnston '17, Pratt & Lambert Inc., Buffalo.	Friday	Hotel Statler	12:30 p.m.
Buffalo (Women) Secretary: Miss Edith E. Stokoe '20, 5 Tacoma Avenue, Buffalo.	Monthly	College Club	12:00 noon
Chicago Secretary: C. Longford Felske '24, 33 South Clark Street, Chicago.	Thursday	Mandels	12:15 p.m.
Cleveland Secretary: Charles C. Colman '12, 1836 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland.	Thursday	Cleveland Athletic Club	12:15 p.m.
Denver Secretary: James B. Kelly '05, 1660 Stout Street, Denver.	Friday	Daniel Fisher's Tea Room	12:15 p.m.
Detroit Secretary: Edwin H. Strunk '25, c/o Packard Motor Co., Detroit.	Thursday	Union Guardian Bldg.	12:15 p.m.
Los Angeles Secretary: Charles G. Bullis '08, 828 Standard Oil Building, Los Angeles.	Thursday	University Club	12:15 p.m.
Los Angeles (Women) Secretary: Miss Bertha Griffin '09, 1711 West 66th Street, Los Angeles.	Last Saturday	Tea Rooms	Luncheons
Milwaukee Secretary: Henry M. Stillman '30, 727 Maryland Street, Milwaukee.	Friday	University Club	12:15 p.m.
Newark Secretary: Eric Ruckelshaus '27, 159 Irvington Avenue, South Orange, N. J.	2nd Friday	Down Town Club	12:30 p.m.
New York Secretary: Andrew E. Tuck '98, 245 Madison Avenue, New York.	Daily	Cornell Club, 245 Madison Ave.	
Philadelphia Secretary: Stanley O. Law '17, 907 Fidelity-Philadelphia Bldg., Philadelphia.	Daily	Cornell Club, 1219 Spruce Street	
Philadelphia (Women) Secretary: Miss Miriam McAllister '24, 520 South 42nd Street, Philadelphia.	1st Saturday	Homes of Members	Luncheon
Pittsburgh Secretary: George P. Buchanan '12, Hotel William Penn, Pittsburgh.	Friday	Kaufman's Dining Room	12:15 p.m.
Pittsburgh (Women) Secretary: Mrs. James P. O'Connor '27, Coronado Apartments, Pittsburgh.	Monthly	Homes of Members	Afternoon
Rochester Secretary: Leslie E. Briggs '21, 236 Powers Building, Rochester.	Wednesday	Powers Hotel	12:15 p.m.
Rochester (Women) Secretary: Miss Ruth A. Boak '26, 312 Lake Avenue, Rochester.	Monthly (usually Wednesday)	Homes of Members	Evening
San Francisco President: Walter B. Gerould '21, 575 Mission Street, San Francisco.	2nd Wednesday	S. F. Commercial Club	12:15 p.m.
San Francisco (Women) Secretary: Mrs. Walter Mulford '03, 1637 Spruce Street, Berkeley.	2nd Saturday	Homes of Members	Luncheon or Tea
Syracuse (Women) Secretary: Mrs. Lester C. Kienzle '26, 304 Waverly Avenue, Syracuse.	2nd Monday	Homes of Members	6:30 p.m.
Trenton Secretary: Carlman M. Rinck '24, 685 Rutherford Avenue, Trenton.	Monday	Chas. Hertzels Restaurant, Bridge & S. Broad Sts.	12:00 noon
Utica Secretary: Harold J. Shackelton '26, 255 Genesee Street, Utica.	Tuesday	University Club	12:00 noon
Utica (Women) Secretary: Miss Lois E. Babbitt '28, 113 Seward Avenue, Utica.	3rd Monday	Homes of Members	Dinner
Washington, D. C. Secretary: James S. Holmes '20, 331 Investment Building, Washington.	Thursday	University Club	12:30 p.m.
Waterbury, Conn. Secretary: Edward Sanderson '26, 155 Buckingham Street, Waterbury.	2nd Wednesday	Waterbury Club	12:15 p.m.

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### DR. FORMAN DIES

Dr. Lewis Leaming Forman, for many years instructor in the classical department of Cornell University, died on September 10 at his home in Ithaca. He was seventy-six years old.

He had been in frail health since spring.

Doctor Forman is survived by his widow, Isabel Leaming Forman, and a brother, Thomas Forman of Detroit. He and Mrs. Forman returned to Ithaca from France in 1931 and had made their home here since.

A dynamic teacher whose students numbered many among the classical scholars of the country, Doctor Forman had a colorful career. He was born in Romney, Ind., Dec. 10, 1857, was graduated from Wabash College and received the degree of Ph.D. from Johns Hopkins University. His teaching began in the Greek department at the University of Pennsylvania. He taught at Cornell three different times. Coming to Ithaca in 1894, he instructed in Greek until 1900, returning again in 1902 and remaining until 1909. Upon the death of Professor Charles E. Bennett in the spring of 1921, Doctor Forman returned and taught Latin until 1924. He refused the title of professor, preferring to remain as instructor.

#### Author and Organist

Doctor Forman was the author of *First Greek Book*, *Selections from Plato* and an edition of Aristophanes' *Clouds*. He was an accomplished organist, having that position for several years at St. Luke's in Philadelphia where he was also choirmaster. During his earlier connection with Cornell University he used to give twilight concerts in Sage Chapel.

The most spectacular part of Doctor Forman's career came during the World War. He went abroad to live in 1912, and when the war broke out devoted himself entirely to the cause of the Allies. For two years he performed heavy duties in a munitions factory at Eyreth, England, turning his pay over to the Institute for War Blind.

He returned to this country in 1916 to organize the work of the American Rights Committee which had as its immediate objective America's entrance in the war. Going back to England in 1917 Doctor Forman put his energies into securing maintenance for French war orphans placed out by the French government. He "adopted" upwards of 40 of these orphans himself, some of whom still continued to write to him. He lived in France from 1923 to 1931.

#### Last Public Appearance

The temper of the modern age was largely antipathetic to Doctor Forman, as he made known in his last public appearance here March 29 and March 31, 1932, when he spoke on the Goldwin Smith Foundation. "This Shattered World" and "How to Make It Whole

Again" were his subjects. He was introduced by the late Professor Othon G. Guerlac.

Northern France after the war depicts the mental condition of the world in the sunset of western civilization, he declared in the first speech, in which he held up the "fragments of this shattered world" in ridicule and dismay. Science has become the religion of the Occident, and has only led us into the wilderness, he believed. It has "dehumanized and demoralized man," he said, although it had promised much in the romantic days of the 19th century when the world lived under Aristotelean logic and inherited Roman law. In his second lecture, Doctor Forman advocated the Greek way of life as the cure.

**REUNION: WOMEN OF 1931**

Ninety-four jaunty red shoulder capes paraded around the Cornell campus on reunion weekend; they greeted each other, rushed to the Drill Hall, pranced to Baker to hear Dr. Farrand, stampeded to have their pictures taken, flitted to Sage to dine, ran to rally, and gambolled on the green as senior singing and class day exercises took place. The wandering women of '31, again united, were making the most of their Ithacan hours.

Highlights of the weekend included, first, the appearance, in person, of two of the still small number of class babies; Alice Schade Webster brought Lin from Ohio, while Helena Merriman Stainton wheeled her youngster all the way from Stewart Avenue for the occasion.

The Alice in Wonderland Banquet, invented and arranged by Hilda Smith and Company, will be talked about as long as '31 reunies; one entered Sage dining room via the Looking Glass and became, all at once, a white rabbit or a mad hatter or a red queen. Dinner began at the beginning with Soup-of-the-Evening, becooteefool soup, went on to the end, which was Dormouse's Dose, and then stopped. Marguerite Kline, toastmistress, called upon Emily Gorman, Helena Stainton, and Polly Cronyn for detailed reports of Alice's activities since that June when she was so rudely banished from the Cornell campus; so impressive was each orator that not a single soul shouted: "Off with her head!"

At last Wonderland, always desirable, had to be deserted in favor of the Rally. '31, finding its "reserved" section already thickly populated, paraded to the foreground, found itself first row seats, and was on hand to applaud Foster Coffin loudly as he explained to the august assemblage that "largely due to the efforts of the women" the class of 1931 had the second largest attendance.

These were the principal group enjoyments of the weekend; also noted, however, were other pleasures, possibly



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more individual; the singing of the Alma Mater by so large a group of Cornellians; the cooperation between the men and the women of 1923; the bong of chimes at twilight, and the lights in the valley after dark; men's and women's senior singing, and Lane Cooper strolling back and forth and round about; and, above all, Dr. Farrand addressing alumni with vigor and emphasis, and with a boundless enthusiasm for things Cornelian.

The women of the class of 1931, now scattered to all parts of the country, look forward already to their five-year reunion. P.C.

### Concerning The Alumni

'88ME—Henry W. Fisher motored with his wife from California to the World's Fair and thence east to visit their two sons, Kenneth '16 and Leicester '18. They will be in the neighborhood of New York for several months and may be addressed c/o the General Cable Corporation, Perth Amboy, N. J.

'07 MD—Thomas F. Laurie has been appointed secretary of the newly formed section on Urology of the Medical Society of the State of New York. His office is at 713 E. Genesee Street Syracuse, and his residence on Euclid Terrace of the same city.

'15 ME—Howard B. Carpenter has recently become connected with the Pennsylvania Lubricating Company, a subsidiary of the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and is in charge of development work in connection with wood preservation. His office is at 26 Broadway, New York.

'17 AB, '20 MD—Raymond S. Crispell, neurologist, will join the staff and faculty of the Duke University School of Medicine on October 1 as neurologist and psychiatrist.

'22 AB, '30 PhD—John J. Elson is an instructor in English at George Washington University in Washington, D. C. He and Mrs. Elson (Elizabeth J. Slights '32), with their infant son, James Martin Elson, are living at 6602 First Street, Takoma Park, D. C.

'27 AB—Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Spitzer of Brooklyn announce the marriage of their daughter, Harriet, to Raymond Reisler '27, on September 10. Mrs. Reisler was graduated from Adelphi College in 1931, and received the degree of Master of Arts from N. Y. U. in 1933. Reisler obtained his LL.B. from Columbia Law School in 1929. He is at present associated with the law firm of Ruston and Snyder in Brooklyn.

#### Mailing Addresses

'01—William Butler, 61 John Street, New York.

'12—Stephen C. Hale, 1403 Emory Road, N. E., Atlanta, Ga.

'13—Florence M. Carpenter, 1410 Coronado St., Los Angeles, Calif.

'17—David A. Stafford, General Delivery, Bethel, Me.

'21—Samuel D. Brady, Jr., R. D. 4, Morgantown, W. Va.—Robert E. Friedlich, 6 So. Clinton Ave., Rochester.

'22—Richard B. Steinmetz, Grand View Ave., Dobbs Ferry.

'25—Robert C. Ludlum, Socony Vacuum Corp., Foreign Service, 26 Broadway, New York.

'26—William S. Loeb, 812 W. Sedgwick St., Philadelphia, Pa. Maurice B. White, 64 Park Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

'27—Arthur B. Berresford, 12 Linnaean St., Cambridge, Mass.

'28—Marie C. Jann, 309 E. 55th St., New York.—Malcolm P. Murdock, 139 S. Union St., Olean.—Harry J. Limbacher, 20 Liberty Place, Ridgewood, N. J.

'30—Obie J. Smith, Jr., 3619 N. Penna. St., Indianapolis, Ind.—Howard O. Aigeltinger, Langley Field, Va.—Janet H. Dalton, 20 Sidney Place, Brooklyn.—Edith G. Nash, Home Bureau Office, 402 Pearson Block, Auburn.—Harry H. Hilyard, 50 Fernwood Rd., Summit, N. J. Eugene Michailovsky, 130 E. 39th St., New York.

'29—Theodore C. Ohart, 902 Caledonia Ave., Cleveland Hts., Ohio.

'32—Dorothy Lee, R. D. 6, Albion.

'33—Hamilton D. Hill, C. C. C. Camp, F 9, Lakemont, Ga.

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