

NEW YORK STATE VETERINARY COLLEGE

CORNELL UNIVERSITY

ITHACA, NEW YORK



CHRISTMAS, 1958

DEAR ALUMNUS:

I am feeling pretty well this late fall morning as I begin to compose this annual epistle which will not reach you until winter is duly installed. The autumn colors, now vanished, were never brighter, old Sol has been on the job more than usual, Comrade Khrushchev has been unusually quiet for an unusually long time, and the Cornell football team looks as if it might make the first division. If I didn't feel good, it would have to be my digestion, and since my digestion is all right, I ain't mad at nobody!

We are well on our way in a new collegiate year and nearing the close of another calendar year. How they do go! For most of us at the Alma Mater all is going very well. We hope this is also true for most of you. Unfortunately it can never be so for all. During the entire summer, both Dr. Earl Sunderville and Mrs. Sunderville were critically ill in the hospital. Mrs. Sunderville passed away on October 8th, and Sundry less than a month later, on November 4th. In the early summer the entire Ithaca community was shocked and saddened by the tragic death of Ethel Hodges, wife of Dr. Harry Hodges, who was killed in an accident with a runaway truck on Ithaca's State Street Hill. Ethel had made a place for herself in the hearts of all who knew her because of her attractive personality, her friendliness, and her constant readiness to participate actively in affairs of many worthwhile organizations.

Now that our principal troubles have been recited, we can turn to happier things. Our two living Emeriti, Ray Birch and Hadley Stephenson, are well and full of ginger, and their wives are well and active. The widows of other Emeritus Professors—Mrs. Gage, Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Milks and Mrs. Udall—are living in Ithaca. Miss Cecelia Law, daughter of James Law; Dr. Norman Moore, son of Veranus A. Moore; Miss Louella Williams and Mrs. Mary Williams McDonald, daughters of W. L. Williams; and Mr. William C. Fish, son of P. A. Fish—all second generations of the original faculty of the Veterinary College, are living in Ithaca.

Mike and Evelyn Fincher write interesting letters from Salonika, Greece, where Mike is helping the struggling veterinary faculty there. Don Baker reported last from the Philippines where he was still chasing monkeys in the jungles but he had had about enough of it and was looking forward to coming home soon. Don didn't say much about the natives in the southern islands of the archipelago where he had been sojourning, but if my information from other sources is correct, it isn't the healthiest place in the world. Those boys are mostly smug-

glers and are not thoroughly indoctrinated in the refinements of civilization. They carry and wield a mean bolo, a long heavy knife, which they use for various purposes, including picking their teeth, shaving, slashing through matted jungle vegetation, splitting firewood, and lopping off heads of those who are so careless as to offend their sensitive natures. I am sure that Don's vibrant personality would save him from such a fate, still a moment of carelessness might be disastrous. Ruth probably will be glad to see Don home again. I hope she hasn't heard about the peculiar pendants of these natives.

Howie and Erica Evans turned up this fall after a year's sabbatic leave during which Howie worked most of the time at the University of California. Morley Kare and his family had the interesting experience of spending most of the spring semester in East Germany where they were well received, and Morley was given good facilities with which to work.

Ken McEntee has been away with his family since last summer. He will be back in February. He has been working in the laboratories of the Armed Forces Institute of Pathology in Washington. Clyde Boyer is away for the year, learning what Texans know about raising turkeys and what they do about it when psittacosis becomes well established in their flocks. Gordon Danks, accompanied by Dr. E. R. Frank of the Veterinary Faculty of Kansas State College, visited veterinary schools and places and persons of interest in many locales in Europe during the early summer. Drew and Dudley Baker did the same thing, only earlier in the year. During part of the summer Cyril Comar represented the Atomic Energy Commission at the Atoms for Peace Conference in Geneva, Switzerland and I had the privilege in midsummer of spending about a month traveling in the Soviet Union as a member of one of the exchange missions arranged for by our Government and theirs. Ellis and Alice Leonard are using a spring semester sabbatic leave beginning early next February, to travel the length and breadth of this country visiting veterinary schools and private veterinary hospitals. I hope they will take a look at the country too.

It sounds as if most of our faculty members were on the fly most of the time. They are, but most of the flying is done close to the eastern extremity of the campus. We now have close to 40 professors who are eligible for sabbatic leaves and this means that about a half dozen, on an average, are eligible to go each year.

Pete Olafson is carrying the added burden this year of the office of President of the New York State Veterinary Medical Society. He is bearing up well. Hadley Stephenson is in training for taking over the job next year. I think he is bearing up all right, too. Steve Roberts is managing the Department of Medicine in Mike Fincher's absence, is still riding ambulatory day and night, is teaching classes regularly, and between times is coaching polo. I don't know how he is bearing up, but he is young and hardy and probably will make it.

Mac Miller seems to be getting along satisfactorily after all his bouts with surgeons in recent years. Herb Gilman still holds the position of lead authority on pari-mutuel and off-track mathematics, but his prestige suffered greatly as a result of a disastrous performance last May in connection with the Louisville classic. If he doesn't do better next spring it is rumored that the local group will look around for a replacement.

Jim Murphy has resigned from his position here as of next spring and will pursue his fortunes elsewhere. Francis Fox, ably assisted by his faithful Teko, is

working hard in the ambulatory clinics, leaving most of the office work to Teko. John Bentinck-Smith is still so far over his head in work that he hasn't found time to look for any candidates for the MRS degree. I think this is about as much space as I can devote to personal matters, since other things must be mentioned. I am sorry that many other worthy faculty members must be passed over but since there is no space to include them in, I shall have to include them out, as Sam Goldwyn (or was it Casey Stengel) used to say.

The program for the 51st Annual Conference for Veterinarians has just about been completed by a faculty committee under the able guidance of John Bentinck-Smith, and it will go to the printer very soon. The dates are January 7th, 8th, and 9th. On the day before the beginning of this year's Conference (January 6th), we plan to hold our Second Conference on Public Health for Veterinarians. This will be similar to the one that we held in 1956, and it will be sponsored by the same groups that were responsible for the former one, namely, the Veterinary College, the New York State Health Department, and the U.S. Public Health Service. A program will be enclosed with the regular Conference menu. We hope that many of you will be able to attend all four days. We think it will be worth your while.

Including those who graduated last spring, the total of those who have earned D.V.M. degrees at Cornell is 1905. Of these 1856 were men and 49 were women. According to our records 325 of these have fallen victims to the grim reaper leaving 1580 to carry the Alumni banner forward. Nearly one-half of all Alumni received their degrees since 1935 and almost one-third since 1945. As might be expected, more than one-half of the deaths have occurred since 1945.

We have learned of the following deaths:

Roy S. Youmans, '14, Dec. 15, 1957	Hugh D. Laird, '17, Aug. 24, 1958
Leon L. Parker, '10, Dec., 1957	James R. Tremlett, '23, Sept. 7, 1958
Arthur J. Burley, '05, Feb. 16, 1958	Merrill Goodman, '43, Oct. 3, 1958
Milton H. Covert, '38, June 6, 1958	John C. Wheat, '13, Oct. 1, 1958
Lloyd B. Sholl, '23, July 14, 1958	James E. Sherwood, '23, Oct. 17, 1958
Sidney Nathanson, '36, Aug. 19, 1958	Earl Sunderville, '08, Nov. 4, 1958
Lewis F. Reed, '13, Aug. 24, 1958	

In addition we have received reports which we are unable to confirm that Lloyd H. Sachs, '32 and John B. Tiffany, '04, had died some years ago. Although she was not an alumnus, many of you knew Mrs. Nellie Reed Burnett, the wife of Dr. Samuel Howard Burnett, '02, since she worked in the Veterinary Library for many years after her husband passed away. Mrs. Burnett died on December 14, 1957 at the home of her daughter in Cazenovia, New York.

This is the 26th letter of this series that I have written and I helped with another, in 1931, when the letter was written by Earl Sunderville, Ray Birch, and W. A. Hagan, who constituted an Administrative Committee for a few months. In 1944 the letter was written by Mike Fincher who substituted for the Dean while the latter was running from one end of the country to the other for the Federal Government.

This letter will be my last. It will not come as news to most of you when it is said that I am planning to retire at the end of the present collegiate year. By that time I shall be well into my 66th year, and although I could stay on under

University rules for about two years more, it is the wish of both Mrs. Hagan and me that I relinquish the responsibility so that we can do some postponed traveling that we would like to do while we are well enough to be able to enjoy it. I have promised my long-suffering and faithful spouse that I shall not take on any other responsibilities for at least six months after retiring, at which time I suspect that both of us may have had enough traveling for a time at least. I haven't any talent for loafing, so unless health plays some unexpected tricks, there will be some sleuthing for work for idle hands to do after that. We might leave Ithaca, temporarily, but since both of us are firmly convinced that Ithaca is a good place in which to live for about nine months each year, we think we will return.

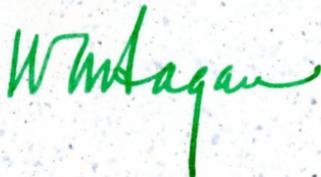
The search for a new Dean is on. During the summer President Malott appointed a committee of seven members of the Veterinary Faculty (Danks, Dukes, Gillespie, Habel, Kirk, Rickard, and Roberts) and Provost Atwood, who is acting as chairman, to canvass the situation both within and without the College. This committee has been instructed to present to the President a list of about one-half dozen names of persons whom it considers worthy of consideration for the job. President Malott has said that he expects to make the choice from this list. The committee has been working regularly all fall and is in process of winnowing out a few names from a large number suggested. It is expected that a selection will be made during the winter or early spring so the new appointee will have some time to acquaint himself with his new duties before he has to accept full responsibility for them next July.

Of course I am playing no part, and do not wish to play any part, in the selection of my successor. I have every confidence that the machinery now operating will produce a dynamic and competent man, who will give new impetus to the work of the College, and indirectly to the work of the veterinary profession of this State.

This is not a good bye, since I expect to be around and will see many of you often in the future, I hope. I do wish to take this occasion, however, to thank all of you most warmly and heartily for the support that you have always given me and our faculty. It has been appreciated more than I can tell.

I hope that all of you will have a wonderful Christmas and a fine and rewarding New Year.

Cordially yours,

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "W. M. Hagan". The signature is written in a cursive style with a long, sweeping tail on the final letter.