

THE CHAKETT OF Chi Phi



Eugene Holman, Nu '17, president of Standard Oil Company, is an inveterate hunter. Here he is shown in Alaska in 1941 before Pearl Harbor.



NOVEMBER

1944



WESTINGHOUSE ELECTRIC & MFG. CO.

LASTING MONUMENTS

A bridge is as strong as its foundation. It becomes a lasting monument only if those who build it have the knowledge, the integrity, the pride to build a span for the generations yet to come. A fraternity chapter is like a bridge. It spans the years from youth to maturity. It becomes a lasting monument in the lives of young men who become its members. Is your chapter a lasting monument? It can be, if you provide it with interest and money. What it means to you, it will mean to your son and to your grandson.

Contribute again to the Chi Phi Emergency War Fund

CHI PHI FRATERNITY, 320 Connally Building, Atlanta 3, Georgia

USA—APO

Somewhere in New Guinea
March 4, 1944

DEAR BROTHER:

I am a Chi Phi of the Alpha-Chi Chapter, Delaware, Ohio, Ohio Wesleyan University graduate in 1942. Although I had only two years as an active brother in the Chi Phi Fraternity, nevertheless I met Chi Phis who will be brothers for a long time. It is too bad that a war had to interrupt our fellowship but in many respects I believe it will bind us closer as it represents what the brotherhood can mean.

In my travels around the states meeting various fraternity men I have always found that Chi Phis were always well represented.

I have most of the back copies of THE CHAKETT with me and reread them often.

Trust that we may do our part to aid a speedy victory.

Fraternally,

LT. MYRON J. SUNDERLAND, Alpha-Chi
APO, 928
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Cal.

April 28, 1944

DEAR FRIENDS:

I'll try anyway to tell you a little about this place (New Guinea). The natives are a low race as far as advancement in comparison, but in this section do very good work and are a very good ally of ours. Missionaries and cocoanut plantation runners here before the war did a lot for them. Some speak fair English and they can all be trusted pretty well. They are pretty bright and seem to catch on to things quickly. I saw one driving a jeep and he was one proud "fuzzy-wuzzy." They get that name from the way they (the men), grow their hair. It grows out like a bush and they bleach the end of it with ashes, thus leaving it a reddish orange color. They are fairly small on the average. I'd say the men average about 5'3". Their arms are weaker than their backs. They can carry a much bigger load on their backs than they can lift. The men wear practically nothing except a "G" string and a few snake skin bands on their arms and legs. On Sunday, their big day, they dress in their best, which is usually a purple, white or some loud piece of cloth hung around their hips. They usually stick a few flowers, like hibiscus, in their hair. Their prize possessions are a piece of mirror and a two-tooth comb something like a fork, which they make from a black palm, which is some species of palm that I never heard of but as hard as steel after it's tempered by charring. They also make clubs of this stuff and spears which they

use mostly to spear fish. They're pretty good at that, too. They live in native villages with huts of native poles and a cocoanut palm-thatched roof which is a good roof here, being much cooler than canvas. The men go out and work in gangs and have their own leader in each gang. Of course, they are controlled by the Australians. They build sheds, which we use for warehouses, cheaper than we can and just as fast. They use native poles for that with our canvas for the roof.* The women stay in the village and do the work. As soon as the men get in the village they forget about work. If they move or something to another village the old lady carries everything and the old man struts along beside her. Of course, they try to hitch a ride and use the old thumb system. The women cut their hair short and wear a piece of cloth around their middle, but nothing above. They are a very repulsive sight and both men and women have a very sickening odor about them. A lot of them have some kind of fungus skin disease and their skin looks like that of an alligator or a crocodile. Crocodiles are plentiful in places here. As far as the trees and timber, I can't tell you much except that there are many varieties but not much good lumber stuff. There is some good mahogany and other hardwoods. Some of the woods are so hard you can't drive a nail into them. I don't know the names of them. Everything here rots out in 4 to 6 months. We are always busy repairing and rebuilding something. Taking care of clothes, especially shoes and leather articles, is a constant job. Leather molds overnight. Maintenance of vehicles and machinery is another problem, too, due to mud and rust. Insects are in great abundance. Every conceivable size, shape, and type, bar none, but they don't bother us except just being a nuisance. Rats abound, too, and they come in all sizes. The big ones, about a foot to two feet long, are called bandicoots. There are a few birds, mostly some kind of squawking parrot and black crows. The parrots are beautifully colored and some here have caught them for pets, although none talk. There's also some kind of a black chicken and some say they are good to eat, but we haven't tried them. There are a few wild pigs. I shot one one day a while back when our diet of "bully" beef was getting too monotonous and it was pretty good fresh meat. We see very few snakes and mostly small ones. We killed one python about 11 feet long in my Company area quite some time ago, but that's the largest we've seen. We aren't bothered by wild animals.

Yours,

"MAC" JACKSON, Gamma '36
Capt. E. M. Jackson
APO 503
c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

*See picture on page 20.

New Guinea Jungles,
6 August, 1944.

DEAR BROTHER TURMAN:

Not having heard from Chi Phi for over three years, your air mail letter, dated 19 July, 1944, was a most pleasant and welcome surprise. THE CHAKETT has not reached me for a long time now, due, I suppose, to the fact that mail is easily lost in wartime.

As per your request I believe a short biography of my war activities is in order at this time. My exploits against the Japanese are not worthy of any special commendation. However, I have the honor of having served a longer time overseas than 6,000,000 other soldiers have even been in the army. To date, I have been overseas for 30 months, 21 months of which have been in the front line trenches in New Guinea. Naturally, you can understand why I'm anxious to return to the States. I have received one award: The Presidential Citation, given to those who participated in the highly successful Papuan Campaign of 1942. To my Asiatic-Pacific Theatre Ribbon I have added three bronze battle stars.

The above is not much of a history, but I feel that a little information is better than nothing. Should you run into any brothers from my old chapter, Gamma Delta, please extend my regards to them. Drop me a line when you can find time, Brother Pollard. Letters from home are greatly appreciated, always.

Fraternally yours,

LT. JAMES M. HAFEY, Gamma Delta
Adjutant, Air Corps

APO 920
c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Cal.

"Somewhere in Holland"
29 Sept. 1944.

DEAR BROTHER TURMAN:

Thought I'd drop you a short note to let you know that I'm here in the Netherlands on my fourth airborne invasion. I came in by glider again—maybe by the time the war's over I'll be used to the "crates."

After spending 5 weeks in Normandy I pulled out and went back to my base in England to get ready for this job. I imagine we have plenty more campaigns to sweat out before this war is over. I'd like to get home, though.

I haven't run across any Chi Phi Brothers since I saw Bill Walton in Normandy. He was up here today, though, and I missed him. He's still reporting the war for *Time*.

So long for now. Will write again when we come in again somewhere by the air route.

Very sincerely,

LT. WILSON W. HOLZ, Gamma '41
APO 469
c/o Postmaster
New York, N. Y.

The Chi Phi CHAKETT

NOVEMBER, 1944

Contents

- USA-APO, Cover 2
Part-Time Samaritans, 2
Beach Parties Are Not Picnics, 5
Epsilon's Williamses, 8
The Greatest Sounding Board in the World, 10
Rear Admirals Are Engineers, 12
Powell Belongs to "Swimming-hole Cabinet," 14
Holman of Standard Oil, 15
The Function of the Postwar Chapter, 16
Alumni Leaders Are Chi Phis, 18
That Men Shall Be Free, 20
Chicago Club Sponsors Drive, 25
Gamma Delta to Have House, 25
College Chapters, 26



Omega Chapter
at Georgia Tech
is living in its
house this fall



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Part-Time Samaritans

A YEAR ago James A. Hamilton, director of the New Haven, Connecticut, Hospital and a member of the local Rotary Club, told his executive board that he would have to close a section of the hospital because he lacked the men to operate it. Situated in the center of a great munitions-production area, the New Haven manpower pool had been drained dry. The job of hospital orderly is scarcely one of the most desirable—and there just weren't any male orderlies to be had.

Mr. Hamilton didn't have to close his hospital. For, in a great unselfish community effort, the citizens of the town, under the leadership of Frederick Grave, vice president of the First National Bank and a former Rotarian, came to the rescue and staffed the hospital.

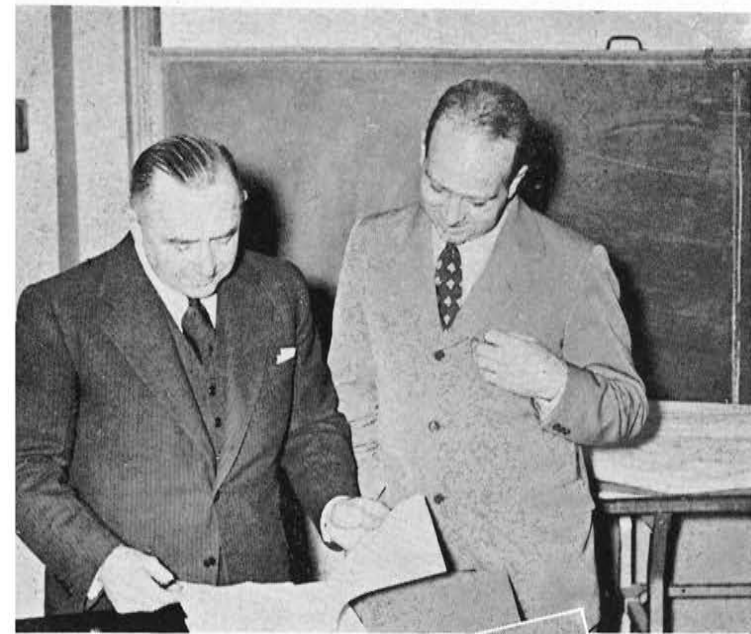
Now if you walk the corridors of the New Haven Hospital any night, you are likely to see the town's leading banker wielding a mop, a well-known lawyer emptying a bedpan, a member of the Yale faculty shaving a Negro patient. No job is too menial, too difficult, for these people—and they do them all well, and without quibbling. A bedpan may be a disgusting symbol to some, but these men have sublimated it to a position of honor.

A few months ago an elderly woman became suddenly ill at a local church and a hurried call went out for an ambulance. A few minutes later, as the parishioners hovered anxiously around the church entrance, the ambulance arrived, and a plump, middle-aged man stepped briskly from it. When he and the ambulance driver had put the patient on a stretcher and carried her to the ambulance, he paused to wave a brisk greeting to open-mouthed friends. One man turned to another: "Why! That was Fred Grave, of the First National Bank. What in the world is he doing on an ambulance?"

Riding the ambulance, a task performed by the more advanced Volunteer orderlies at the New Haven Hospital, is only one of many jobs these men perform. They are not dilettantes. They give baths; take temperature, pulse, and respiration; serve meals; collect specimens for laboratory analyses; prepare patients for operations; scrub floors—in fact, they do anything a well-trained orderly, porter, or janitor would do.

Before being accepted each Volunteer must sign a pledge which reads in part, "I will dignify my service with reliability and understanding, aware that in

Top, Frederick D. Grave, Omicron '11, and Ogden Miller look over M.V.C. Plans. Center, Nathan White, OPA Rent Control Director, sterilizes instruments. Bottom, Men Volunteers get eight basic 2-hour demonstrations and lectures and one 1-hour review class monthly



By T. E. MURPHY
in the Rotarian and
Reader's Digest

the care of the sick and in safeguarding health no act is menial or inglorious."

That is why you will see, as I did, a benignant-looking, white-haired gentleman engaged in washing from head to foot a nameless derelict who must in minutes go to the operating room. "He's no rose," he tells you cheerfully as he sponges away. "Six months ago I would have said I couldn't do a thing like this. Now I take it in my stride without thinking." Yes, I thought, with as little concern as Christ bathing the feet of His apostles.

So far, no Volunteer has rebelled at performing any assigned task, no matter how distasteful to him—and these are men to whom menial work was a remote thing a few months ago. They include men such as Ogden D. Miller, Yale University's director of athletics and a former Rotarian; William James, of the Connecticut Society for Mental Hygiene; Yale's football coach, Howard Odell; Graham Thompson, retired businessman; Murray Murdock, former big-league hockey player; and others equally prominent. In a recent poll of Volunteers there were nine bankers, 11 educators, five lawyers, 24 manufacturers, three clergymen, and 25 public-utilities executives. One man, formerly employed as a porter and now in war work, gives his services gratis several times a week. The experiment is clearly no flash in the pan. Now, after operating more than a year, there is a working force of 147 Volunteers, of whom 14 are Rotarians. Some have left to join the armed services; others have been transferred to other work outside the city; but of the original group of 200 only four have resigned because the demands of the work were too exacting.

Every Volunteer wears a blue three-quarter-length wrap-around coat, paying for it and its laundering. A small star on the left sleeve indicates each three months' service and at the end of a year a bar is placed under the stars. The Volunteers are given preliminary training and their duties are strictly outlined. They are taught how to clean the ward and make beds, how to sterilize equipment, put linen closets in order. They perform 48 separate jobs ranging from making beds to giving shampoos and treatment for pediculosis. They work, of course, only in male wards. Some of the men do a great deal of extra duty. For example, one bank executive arrives early every Sunday morning to do his stint—cleaning and shining every elevator in the hospital.

Top, Lawton Sargent is a manufacturer by day, helps with bedmaking at night. Center, Howard Odell, Yale coach, learns how to bathe a patient. Bottom, Frederick D. Grave moves oxygen equipment as a part of his night job. There is a National Men's Volunteer Corps now



Where so much community dignity is thrown into contact with housekeeping duties there is bound to be comedy. Recently a charge nurse, watching a dignified judge and a well-known attorney trundle a cart filled with mops and pails down the corridor, saw them pause and engage in heated argument. "Madam," the judge appealed to her courteously, holding his temper in check, "we have been assigned to wash these walls and frankly we're in a quandary. Now this—this lawyer—says we should use sponges and I maintain a mop would be the better, more effective tool. What do you say?"

And a rotund gentleman, standing high on a stepladder cleaning electric-light fixtures, perspiration streaming from his forehead, suddenly observed his wife standing there with a gleam in her eyes. "And you're the man who can't do things around the house!"

Last summer the New Haven area was stricken with an epidemic of infantile paralysis; 205 cases were admitted to the hospital. Because many of the Volunteers have children, they were told that they would not be required to expose themselves. The Volunteers knew what the situation was—that regular staff members were ready to drop with exhaustion from overwork. Not one Volunteer stayed away during the epidemic; and some, such as middle-aged Graham Thompson, who had no small children, worked in the quarantined wards. Says one doctor, "Their help was more than just the wet packs they made up for us. It was stimulating to us to have citizens from the community working side by side with us."

From a bookkeeping point of view the work of these Volunteers gives the hospital the equivalent of nearly a dozen full-time orderlies. Actually, because they are all intelligent, enterprising individuals, used to thinking problems out, their contribution cannot be measured in dollars and cents. Some have made valuable suggestions for more efficient operation. Rotarian Albert Worthen, who works for a traprock company, seeing how difficult it was

to raise an oxygen tank to the platform on which it rests during use, devised a gadget for moving it up quickly and easily.

Not long ago a Mexican track laborer recovering from pneumonia filled the air with Hispanic lamentations every time the nurse came into the room. She spoke nothing but English; he spoke nothing but Mexican—an impasse. So they sent for a Volunteer worker—a linguist from Yale—who listened to the man's story. "He objects to ice water," he told the nurse. "Thinks it's bad for him. Serve him tepid water and he'll be quiet." Then he sat down and wrote out a short, concise Spanish-English dictionary for intercommunication between patient and nurse. It settled the difficulty.

Besides many specific gains for the hospital, there are imponderables that will help the hospital in the future. To some 150 of the leading citizens of New Haven and their families the hospital has become in a very real sense "our hospital."

One man, who had previously complained about the size of his hospital bill, said, "I didn't realize that a hospital wasn't like a hotel. When I see the tests, the services that the patient gets, I realize that the bills aren't exorbitant at all." Another, after a few months' duty: "Once I was in the hospital and griped because my breakfast came an hour after I was bathed. I didn't realize that there were a lot of other people to be bathed too, before breakfast could be served to anybody. Now I know what the nurses are up against."

Hospital work has been good for these "tired businessmen." One staff physician describes it as "diversional therapy." "These men who have been using their minds all day get as much good out of it as they give," he explained. "To work with their hands at night, doing something they can see is useful, is a great recreation for them."

The patients realize they are getting better care, although there are some misunderstandings. Recently, after a public-utilities executive had finished a bed change for an elderly man, the latter asked, "How

much do you get for this job, son?"

The middle-aged executive allowed that he wasn't paid a cent. "Well, never mind," the ancient one commiserated, "When you get good at it, maybe they'll pay you."

One Volunteer whose four sons have grown to manhood is in particular demand because of his persuasive ability with small boys. When a recalcitrant youngster refuses food or medicine, this Volunteer is sent for, the problem outlined. He merely sits by the youngsters' bed and talks about his own son, now in the Army Air Forces. A few minutes of this and the conversation veers round to the subject—"You know, one time Bill was in the hospital just like you . . ." From here on, after self-identification, even castor oil is easy.

Sometimes the good work started in the hospital is continued on the outside. An industrialist whose large factory is making war goods took care of an elderly Italian. He reassured him before his operation—an amputation of the left arm—and followed the case through the period of convalescence. One night he found the patient crying softly to himself.

"Here, here, Tony," he remonstrated, "What's the matter?"

The man pointed to his stump. "I'm no good now. Who wants to hire a man with one arm? Me and the old woman will starve now."

The manufacturer handed his card to the patient. "Here's a job. When you get ready, come around and see me. I'll put you to work." Recovery was rapid thereafter.

Sometimes the patients try to return the kindnesses. Recently a businessman whose income runs into five figures prepared an ancient Negro for discharge. Previously he had bathed him, wheeled him to the x-ray room, prepared him for operation. Now as the Negro stood on shaky legs at the hospital's exit, he pressed a wrinkled dollar bill into the hand of the businessman. "You've been awful good to me, sir, and I want you to know I appreciate it."

The money wasn't taken, but, as the businessman explains, "That was the nicest dollar I have ever earned."



Article and Cuts from the Lafayette Alumnus

Beach Parties Are Not Picnics

By Lt. (jg) WILLIAM S. FLAD, Rho

TO the uninitiated, the term "Beach Party" brings memories of blazing bonfires, smoke, hot dogs, and moonlit nights. Here in the Central Pacific, we, too, have our beach parties, but they are a far cry from anything we knew by this name at home. In place of sand, flies, smoke and burned food, our beach parties have such pests as machine gun, rifle and mortar fire, Jap snipers, and land mines. These are only a few. Others might be

mentioned—such as living for days on "K" rations, drinking lukewarm, evil-tasting water, sleeping in fox-holes (if you sleep at all), picking up a rifle to hold off Jap counter-attacks, helping wounded Marines to the beach, and lending a hand when needed to bury the dead.

This describes part of the job of a beach party, Central Pacific style. We have just such parties as this aboard the attack-transport, manned by the Coast Guard, which,

now, incidentally, guards the coast pretty much all over the world. Each ship in a transport division has just such a beach party, consisting of radiomen, working parties, medical units, and repair crews. You hear little of them and their work, yet they do much to help our forces drive the Japs back, little by little, toward their homeland. When Marine or Army assault troops splash up the beaches of Tarawa, Kwajalein, or Eniwetok,

they have with them a group of these unsung heroes, who in more than one case have had to fight their way out of a tough spot. Once the assault wave hits the beach on these coral islands, the problem of supply, paramount in any type of warfare, has to be taken care of. This is the job of the beach party. Without close direction, by experts, all would be chaos.

Hitting the beach with Marine assault waves, the beach party immediately goes into action. First of all, communications must be set up with the ship. Then the beach and shoal waters must be marked for the waves of landing boats bringing in more men, ammunition, supplies, and water. Casualties from the first waves are immediately taken care of by the medical party, who in turn route all serious cases back to the ship's sick bay on returning boats. While the medical unit is doing its job, working crews in rolled-up pants splash about the warm water, heedless of enemy fire, directing boats loaded to the gunwales with men and supplies to their correct portions of the beach. As fast as loaded boats drop their ramps on the sand, working crews wade out and haul in boxes, stretchers, guns, ammunition, and water cans, while on another section of the beach, jeeps, heavy guns, and tanks may be coming ashore. Portable power speakers are set up and the beachmaster's voice can be heard over the bedlam of gunfire, calmly directing boats to their assigned landings. Wrecked boats are repaired, bullet holes are patched, and those aground are towed off the beach. All of this takes place while not 100 yards inland, or frequently much closer, Marines are establishing their front line.

Back on the ship, orders for



Lt. (jg) William S. Flad, Rho, is a member of the U. S. Coast Guard, son of Erle L. Flad

badly needed mortar shells, flame-thrower fuel, extra litters, or water come in from the beach party radiomen. "Send two boatloads of 75-mm. shells . . . our tanks are having a tough time down near the Point" . . . was a call heard when making the landing on Parry Island at Eniwetok. Jap anti-tank guns and barricades were making it tough for our men. Almost before the message was written down, boats were on their way to shore, deadly cargoes of slim 75-mm. shells inside. TNT, dynamite, and detonators, which are part of the demolition equipment used against pillboxes and blockhouses, are handled by the beach party. It takes guts to tote that stuff around on a shallow beach, with bullets whizzing by every second and your friends toppling over.

One of the beach radiomen, Russell Olsen, RM 3/c, of Modesto, Cal., told of the first night on Engebi in the Eniwetok Atoll. Hitting the beach early in the morning, it was hoped that the entire island could be secured by nightfall. However, the going was not so easy. As darkness dropped like a black curtain over Engebi, Olsen and his

radio party crouched in their shell-hole headquarters, and watched tracers criss-cross overhead against the starless night. "It is an unnerving experience to just sit there in the dark, imagining all sorts of moving shapes among the wreckage of splintered palm trees, dirt and rubble," Olsen said. "Once in awhile the crack of rifle fire, or the tat-tat-tat of machine guns would let up, and we could hear Japs yelling. The first night, one on Engebi yelled out in broken English, 'What in the hell are you guys trying to do, kill everybody?' We heard one of our Marines curse, and then an explosion as his grenade hit . . . we heard nothing more from the Jap."

Many of our landing boats have been hit and sunk, and many more have gaping holes where machine gun bullets or shrapnel have struck home. One of the tiny LCI (Landing Craft Infantry) took a direct hit from a Jap anti-boat gun, which wiped out the entire 40-mm. crew of the after gun. A leading wave boat officer from one of the Coast Guard transports, Lt. (jg) John W. Johnson, USCGR, was on hand to see this sight. He was at the time guiding in his wave of amphibian tractors, "Amtracs," when shrapnel bursts started getting closer and closer to his wave. A number of LCIs, being used as beach fire support boats, were off his right flank. In Johnson's own words—"Suddenly, a sharp crack echoed over the water and we saw a black puff of smoke over the water about 200 yards away. Next thing we knew, one of them connected with the stern of the LCI near us, and something exploded, probably fuel or a shell magazine. I told my coxswain to go alongside the LCI immediately, as flames were licking the entire stern by that time. As

we came alongside, we saw a horrible scene . . . one boy was lying over the gun shield, decapitated, four others were burned to death at their posts, and a number of others, eight in all, were badly wounded. The crew of the LCI couldn't seem to get the fire out, so we tied up alongside and jumped aboard to help. Rockets and shells had been strewn all over the deck by the explosion and the fire was getting closer to the magazine every minute. We started tossing shells, rockets, everything inflammable over the side as fast as we could, and got a fire hose stuck down into the magazine itself. Two of the men had bad leg wounds . . . one boy's leg was just about completely off, just hanging by shreds. My boat crew tossed up our first aid kit and we managed to slow the flow of blood from the most badly injured boy's leg . . . it was coming out in spurts from the large leg artery." Johnson and his crew finally picked up the surviving men from the LCI and took them to a hospital ship. The wounded were aboard the hospital ship 25 minutes after the explosion, and probably will be saved because of the speedy work on the part of this Coast Guard crew.

Koreans, used as slave-working crews by the Japs, have been all smiles when finally captured. When our forces land on the various islands the Jap masters tell their charges that they must fight or be

killed . . . either by the Japs themselves or by us. Many of the Koreans have died fighting, but many have been taken into custody after hiding out in holes or dug-outs. The Koreans seem a bit dazed by it all. The sudden appearance of our huge task force seems incomprehensible to them, and although they are usually timid and cowering on coming aboard our ships, once here they are all smiles, for they have escaped their Jap masters. They all seem to want to come to the United States. There is no thought of going back to Japan, or even to Korea, for most of them, as Japan has so despoiled that country that they would rather not see it again.

The fact that the Jap is an enemy at once westernized and up to date in his weapons, but at the same time retaining a medieval fanaticism makes him a very tough adversary. Where any other soldier would prefer capture, the Jap will fight to certain death and glory, or commit suicide for the same glory. Looking at it in any way, it merely means that to the Jap his life is worth nothing . . . the disgrace of capture or defeat reflects not only on him but on his family and Emperor as well. This is the sort of an enemy our men are fighting in the Pacific. And this is why men out here look for no quick or easy finish to the war with Japan.

The forceful and continued use of war propaganda has had great

effect on these men. They all express the confirmed belief that "Japan will win the war . . . we don't know when or how . . . but she will win." They have been told nothing else . . . merely that Japan will win. The army and navy get the best of everything, and our invading forces have found well-stocked storehouses in all Jap bases. They have taken a liking to our familiar "K" rations, too, and many captured Japs have been found with stolen U. S. food picked up on the battlefield, or during the night when their regular scouting patrols would be out.

The Coast Guard is perhaps the least known branch of the fighting services that are bringing closer the day of victory. These World War II Coast Guardsmen are something new in modern warfare. They combine what were formerly operations of Marines, technicians, combat teams, landing parties, and stevedores into one closely knit organization. It's not easy duty, and casualties often run high, but it's an important job and one that has to be done. Today's beach parties are a far cry from the beach party of peacetime, with rifle fire in place of bonfires, and "K" rations taking the place of hot dogs. In fact, it's not much of a party for the crew who make it up. But these "Central Pacific Beach Parties" are, step by step, island by island, helping to drive the Japs closer and closer to Tokyo.



Epsilon's Williamses



William Twyman Williams, Jr.



James

WILLIAMS is a name renowned in American history. Roger Williams founded the Rhodes Island colony. Colonel Ephraim Williams left his name for Williams College. William Williams was one of Connecticut's signers of the Declaration of Independence. The Williams family has been a strong in-



William, III



Mark

fluence in the church since John Williams, the divine, wrote "The Redeemed Captive." There was Eleazar who was a missionary to the Indians and who claimed to be the lost dauphin. The name was borne by several missionaries, both English and American.

Williams is the name found on more than 75 cards in the Chi Phi

files. There aren't so many more Browns, Jones, Johnsons, or Smiths. But the record of the Williams cards lies not in the number, but in the fact that seven of them represent the kinship of father and sons. Say the name Williams to a Hampden-Sydney man and he will ask you which Williams. He won't say, "You mean the Chi Phi Williams," for all Williams are Chi Phis.

Hampden-Sydney College granted a bachelor of arts degree to William Twyman Williams, Jr., in 1903. He stayed on to get his master's the next year. Then, perhaps because tradition bade him he went to Union Theological Seminary from which he graduated in 1909. The same year his brother, the late Judge Philip Williams, was initiated at Epsilon. Some years later, Rev. Williams received his doctor of divinity degree from Washington and Lee University. He became the pastor at Falling Spring and Glasgow churches in Rockbridge County, Virginia, after Seminary; served the Floyd Street Church in Lynchburg from 1912 to 1924. At that time he became pastor of the Col-



John

lege Church at Hampden-Sydney and there he has remained.

While he was in Rockbridge County, Brother Williams married Annabel Preston Lyle. Six sons were born to the union. Whereupon records began to be made. The four elder lads were in Worsham High School near Hampden-Sydney at the same time. On the same day at the same hour the four classes meeting in different rooms each elected a Williams as its president.

As college days came along each of the six registered in their father's Alma Mater. Patrick Henry lived near Hampden-Sydney at one time and sent his six sons there to become alumni, but Patrick Henry was not an alumnus himself. He was only a charter trustee.

Fraternity rush weeks came and went from 1929 to 1940. On the lists of pledges appeared the names of Williams boys who believed that "Father chose best." First came William Twyman Williams, III, Class of '33. Mark Bird Williams followed, Class of '36. James Taylor Williams and John Lyle Williams were graduated in the next two classes. Archibald Alexander completed his bachelor of science degree in 1940. George Bruce was a junior in 1943 when he was inducted into the Army Air Corps as an Aviation Cadet. Epsilon looks forward to his return.

Five of the six Williams boys have served Uncle Sam in uniform. The sixth, as a combined farmer and a defense plant worker, is serving behind the front. John developed arthritis during prolonged desert maneuvers and has an honorable discharge. He was a private in the Medical Corps of the Sixth Armored Division. He is at home now in Alexandria, Virginia, a salesman for Procter and Gamble.

Mark took postgraduate work at the University of Tennessee and



Archibald

received his doctor of medicine degree from the Medical College of Virginia. A First Lieutenant in the Army Medical Reserve, he has been a resident physician at Stuart Circle Hospital in Richmond. He was slated to enter active service in October.

James was an instructor at Fishburne Military School before he became an Aviation Cadet at the University of Southern California, graduating in meteorology with a commission as Second Lieutenant in 1942. For his work in establishing the weather station in England he was given his Lieutenancy. At present Captain James Williams is in North Africa while his wife, the former Kathleen Nuckols of Cumberland, Virginia, waits his return.

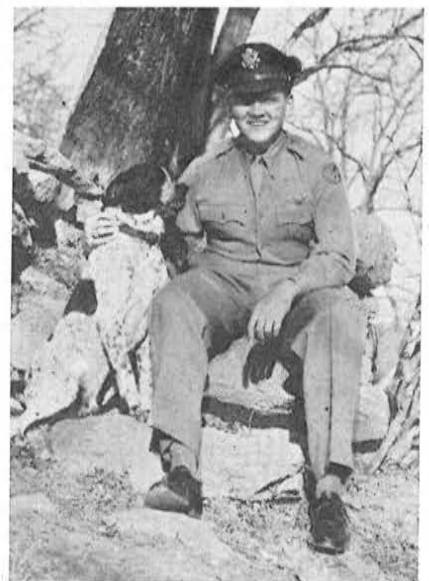
Archibald, also an instructor at Fishburne, was inducted as an Army Air Corps Cadet and sent to New York University. Graduating from there in meteorology with a Second Lieutenant's commission, he

went to India and thence to China. Coincidence caught up with him there. He is serving under Colonel David Lee "Tex" Hill, son of Rev. E. P. Hill, also of Hampden-Sydney, Epsilon '02. Brother Hill was Brother Williams' roommate and lifelong friend. Mary Wellington is the meteorologist's five-month-old daughter. His wife is the former Ruby Wellington Trice of Tono, Virginia.

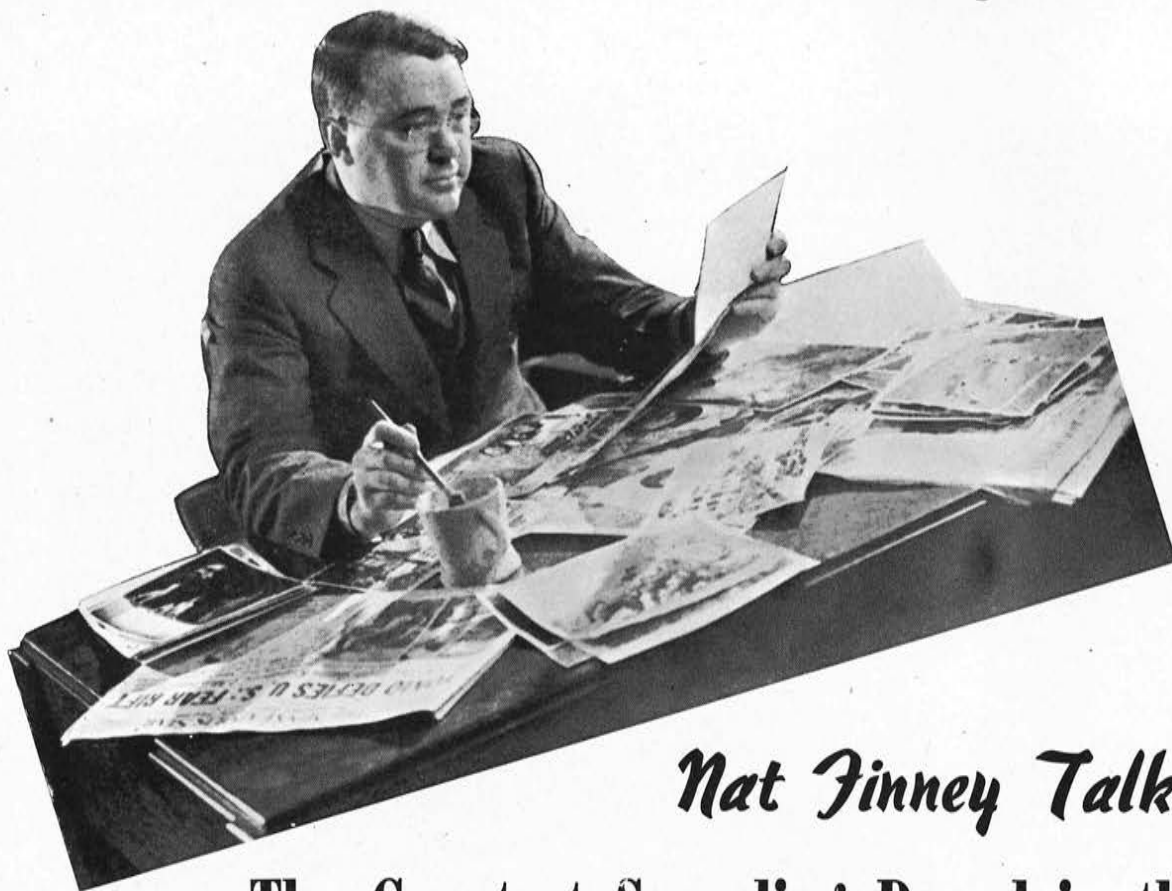
George enlisted in the Air Corps on December 12, 1942, and became an Aviation Cadet at Miami Beach, Florida. He received his wings and his commission as a Second Lieutenant at Richardson Field, Macon, Georgia. He is the pilot of a Flying Fortress and is nearing the end of his training at Avon Park, Florida.

William, the III, completed his college work at Washington and Lee. He worked as a taxidermist, mounting 200 varieties of Virginia birds for educational purposes. Now he is a farmer and working as an overseer in an electric motor plant. He chose his wife from his mother's home. She was Susan Macon Mackey, now the mother of William Twyman, IV, John Alexander, Suzanne Rochet, and Daniel Morton.

The Class of '50 plus at Hampden-Sydney College should contain the name of a Williams, the Chi Phi Williams family.



George



Nat Finney, Gamma Delta, is a Washington correspondent for the Cowles newspapers, "Des Moines Register" and "Minneapolis Star Journal." "Star Journal", photo

Nat Finney Talks About **The Greatest Sounding Board in the World**

IN times of peace it is the American citizen's privilege, when he visits his capital, to make a rubberneck tour through the living rooms of his president's home, the White House. In time of war this would be unthinkable, for the security of the president's person is a prime military concern. To make doubly sure of it the broad, elm-shaded sidewalk across Pennsylvania Avenue from Lafayette Park is barred to pedestrians. Twice each week, however, there is a stir of foot traffic along the walk. Shortly before 4:30 on Tuesday afternoons, and before 10:30 Friday mornings, casual groups of men with a sprinkling of women among them, seemingly ignore the guards to reach a gate near West Executive Avenue, through which they enter the White House grounds.

Actually the occurrence is by no means as casual as it appears to the curious who watch it from park benches across the street. Every one of those pedestrians has been subjected to close investigation and carries a White House pass. They are, of course, the press and radio correspondents, bound for the president's semi-weekly press conference. Inside the executive offices wing of the White House they will chat most informally until the president is ready to receive them in his oval study. But the incorrigible informality of newspaper men should not mislead you. The occasion is one of remarkable formality and, particularly in wartime, of profound importance. A word dropped by the president so softly that correspondents in the back row may have to bend an ear to catch it can thunder to the ends of the earth.

This little piece, written by one who's attended these conferences since well before war came to America, may help you to understand just what the presidential press conferences are, how they work, and how to read the stories that come out of them. They are a governmental institution of some years standing, yet the president's conference has had its greatest development under Franklin D. Roosevelt. He has given the conference a definition that works, at least for him. The correspondents attend as the president's guests, and the discussion is neatly kept on that plane. It is understood that an American president is under no obligation to see the press, nor to answer the question of any correspondent. It is recognized that the high dignity of the great office must be respected. The questions of the correspondents may be pointed. They may be tricky. The president may evade them or decline to reply at all. But the exchanges are unfailingly courteous, though political animosity of the strongest sort unquestionably exists between some of those present and the president. The press corps itself would quickly discipline any violation of the social conventions of the conference.

You would look in vain for any set of rules governing the mechanics of the conference. Yet rules there are, just the same. Rule one is that the president is never directly quoted unless he gives express permission that his remarks may be taken down verbatim and published between quotation marks. Remembering that rule, the president answers or speaks "on the

record," or "for background," or "off the record." When he speaks on the record the correspondents may quote him indirectly. They may say, for instance: The president said Vice President Wallace is going to China. When he speaks for background what he says may be used, but it may not be attributed to the president. Correspondents have a hatful of locutions to emphasize the president's background statements. "High official sources," or "on the highest authority," or "on indisputable authority," are samples. When the president talks off the record, the correspondents may not use what he says for publication at all.

Behind the president's desk two stenographers take down every word. Their notes are quickly transcribed, and either Steve Early or his assistant, Tom Blake, will graciously straighten a correspondent out if he has any doubt as to what the president said. President Roosevelt has rarely complained of misquotation, though he has, on many an occasion, given the correspondents a curtain lecture on the way they have reported him.

With this picture of what goes on inside the oval study on conference days, it's possible to examine some of the ways in which Roosevelt has made his conferences into the most subtle and potent sounding board in the world. Not even Roosevelt's worst enemy will deny his mastery of public relations. He is adept at getting his version of the story to the public at the moment when it will have the greatest impact. He knows better than almost any politician this country has produced how to get an effect by spanking the press and radio into defending themselves. He can insert a chestnut burr under the saddle of an opponent, national or international, as neatly as any Ivy Lee. He knows how to publicly retreat to victory, how to be pushed into doing something he would not dare to do unless he appeared pushed into it. He knows when he can make headlines and when he can't, and how to make them and to make the opportunity to make them.

It would do an injustice to the man to name him, but within the past eighteen months Roosevelt abruptly accepted a resignation that had, at his own persuasion, been withdrawn. The incident involved a high official. The resignation was accepted because that was the only way in which the president could be sure of getting his version of a policy before the American people. By announcing the resignation the president created a demand for an explanation of it. The explanation was the story the president wished to get on front pages across the country. On his return from his Hobcaw Barony vacation in the spring of 1944, the president reversed this method to virtually snatch the Montgomery Ward strike story off front pages. He neatly set up two alternatives and declared that in either case the matter was settled. From that moment on no man could get a peep out of the White House about Montgomery Ward.

Problems of international relations have widened the potency of the White House sounding board. It is not possible to say how, but Roosevelt scuttled the Italian monarchy at a press conference. Early in the war he used the conference to let the Vatican know what his position was likely to be regarding religion in the Soviet Union, and contrived to let Stalin know at the same time. The fact that he introduced Madame Chiang Kai-shek at his press conference was a signal to the world that the United States meant business about a strong China; and you need have no doubt that Great Britain got the point without difficulty. It seems likely that he will either bring General Charles de Gaulle to understand that the United States does not give another power marbles and then play with it for keeps or force the French National Committee to get another chairman—and many a move in this relation has been made at the press conference.

Actually the press conference gives an American president a substantial advantage over either a dictator or a democracy in which cus-

tom forbids direct contact between the head of state and the press. Anything that appears in *Izvestia* or *Pravda* in Moscow can be fairly taken as an expression of the Soviet government. Marshall Stalin, therefore, must talk bluntly. He cannot spread a story as background, listen to its echoes, then reach a decision as to what he wishes to say on the record. Prime Minister Churchill, on the other hand, lacks an intimate contact with the press of England—a fact that has made it difficult at times for him to let his opposition know how he is likely to react to pressure. It is as if Stalin had to play his tunes on a one manual organ, Churchill could use only a two-manual instrument, while the American president, if he has the skill, can blast out his chords on a "mighty Wurlitzer" or pull out the stop marked echo.

Which raises the question whether the press conference as the White House now conducts it, is an institution that will last or the performance of a virtuoso who must, all return performances to the contrary notwithstanding, someday leave the stage. The past of presidential press conferences suggests they will decline in importance when Roosevelt passes on. Harding's conferences amounted to little. Coolidge's had a dry, stiff usefulness. Hoover tried to make the organ sound, but the pipes squeaked so often that he ultimately gave it up. Time will tell. But until it does, the American president's press conferences will remain the greatest sounding board in the world.

ON Sept. 27 James B. Black, Lambda '12, became the first Pacific Coast director of the United States Steel Corp. Brother Black is president of the Pacific Gas and Electric Co., San Francisco. In this capacity he presides over one of the world's largest hydro-electric developments, interconnecting dozens of power plants which supply power to California's electrified farms, industries, and homes, according to the *California Monthly*.

ASSISTANT superintendent of distribution, Gas Division, Public Service Electric and Gas Co., is H. Whitcomb Nicolson, Mu '17. Brother Nicolson, whose home is in Orange, N. J., has been assistant engineer of distribution, Essex Division.



Rear Admiral Herbert S. Howard,
Beta '08



Rear Admiral Julius A. Furer,
Beta '04

Rear Admirals Are Engineers

TWO Massachusetts Tech Chi Phi Rear Admirals are serving the Navy in engineering duty after distinguished active service. They are Rear Admiral Herbert Seymour Howard, Beta '08, and Rear Admiral Julius Augustus Furer, Beta '04.

Rear Admiral Howard was born in Buffalo, New York, August 5, 1884. He attended the Nichols School, Buffalo, entered the Naval Academy from the Thirty-third New York District in 1900 and was graduated on February 1, 1904. He performed the two years' duty at sea, then required by law before commissioning, in European and West Indian waters, serving consecutively in the U.S.S. "Marietta," U.S.S. "Olympia" and U.S.S. "Cleveland." He was commissioned Ensign February 2, 1906, and was detached from duty in the "Cleveland" in September, 1906, with orders to the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Cambridge, Massachusetts, for postgraduate instruction in naval architecture. He was transferred to the Construction Corps on October 25, 1907, being commissioned Assistant Naval Constructor with the rank of Lieutenant (junior grade). His subsequent promotions are as follows: Lieutenant, February 2, 1909; Naval Constructor, Lieutenant Commander, May 23, 1915; Commander, July 1, 1918; Captain, July 1, 1926; and

to Rear Admiral on February 20, 1941, to rank from November 1, 1937.

Rear Admiral Howard graduated from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology with the degree of Master of Science in May, 1909, and was ordered to duty in the Navy Yard, New York. On February 2, 1911, he was assigned additional duty as Superintending Constructor for Submarine Torpedo Boat 31 at the works of the Lake Torpedo Boat Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut. He had duty in the Bureau of Construction and Repair, Navy Department, Washington, D. C., from July 1912, until January, 1917, when he was ordered to the Navy Yard, Portsmouth, New Hampshire. He returned to the Bureau of Construction and Repair in August, 1920, serving there until June, 1925. Following that duty he was Aide and Fleet Constructor on the staff of Commander, Scouting Fleet, serving consecutively under Vice Admirals Josiah Slutts McKean and Ashley Herman Robertson, in the flagships U.S.S. "Wyoming" and U.S.S. "Texas."

Rear Admiral Howard completed the senior course at the Naval War College, Newport, Rhode Island, in May, 1928, and had another tour of duty in the Bureau of Construction and Repair from June, 1928, until June, 1932. He was Assistant Naval Attaché at the American Em-

bassy, London, England, from June, 1932, until August, 1935, with additional duty as Assistant Naval Attaché, Paris, France; Rome, Italy; The Hague, The Netherlands; and Berlin, Germany. After his return to the United States he was a member of the Board of Inspection and Survey, Navy Department, from November, 1935, until January, 1939, and served as Supervisor of Shipbuilding and Inspector of Navigational Material, New York Shipbuilding Corporation, Camden, New Jersey, for two and a half years afterwards. In January, 1941, he was assigned additional duty as Supervisor of Shipbuilding of all shipbuilding plants in the Philadelphia area, east of the Delaware River with navy contracts, and in June, 1941, he reported for duty in the Bureau of Ships and served as head of the Design Division, Bureau of Ships, Navy Department, until October, 1942. In April, 1942, he was appointed a member of the committee to study and make recommendations with respect to the disposition of the U.S.S. "Lafayette" ("ex-Normandie") which was gutted by fire and later capsized in the New York Harbor.

His present duty is Director, David W. Taylor Model Basin, Carderock, Maryland, with additional duty as Director of the Experimental Model Basin, Washington, D. C.

On June 25, 1940, he was transferred to the Line of the Navy and designated for engineering duty only. (Public Act No. 657—76th Congress.)

Rear Admiral Howard has the Cuban Pacification Medal; the Victory Medal; the American Defense Service Medal; and the Silver Jubilee Medal from the Government of England.

Rear Admiral Furer was born in Mosel, Wisconsin, October 9, 1880, and was appointed to the Naval Academy from the Fifth District of Wisconsin in 1897. He graduated at the head of the Class of 1901 and served in the U.S.S. "Indiana" and U.S.S. "Shubrick" until 1903, when he was transferred to the Construction Corps of the Navy and completed a postgraduate course in Naval Architecture at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1905.

His first duty in the Construction Corps was in the C&R Department at the Navy Yard, New York, where he served from 1905-1909, after which he was transferred to the new Navy Yard, Charleston, South Carolina, where he had charge of equipping the shops and drydock and of organizing the yard for ship repair work. He was detailed as manager of the yard toward the end of this tour of duty.

From 1910 to 1913, he was on duty at the Philadelphia Navy Yard, serving as Inspector of Hull Material toward the end of that period. In addition to his regular duties at the navy yard, he laid out the shop equipment and arranged for the purchase of machine tools for the new navy yard which was being built at Pearl Harbor, T. H.

In 1914, he was transferred to Pearl Harbor to fit out the shops and to organize the yard for repair work. In March, 1915, while on this duty, the submarine F-4 sunk off Honolulu. He planned and supervised the raising of the vessel from a depth of 304 feet of water, the greatest depth from which any ship had been raised. He invented a novel type of submersible pontoon for use in the final stages of the

salvage work. Such pontoons are now standard equipment for submarine bases, and were used in raising the S-51 and S-4. For his services in raising the F-4, he received the following commendatory letter from the Secretary of the Navy:

"The Department desires to express its appreciation of your very praiseworthy work in connection with the salvage of the F-4. Not only is the successful salvage of a vessel sunk in such a depth believed to be unprecedented, but the ingenuity and skill you displayed in the utilization of meager material for a large part of the salvage apparatus and the ideas you put forward in the design of the remainder, are worthy of great commendation."

In the fall of 1915 he was transferred to the Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and was placed in charge of the Supply Division of the Bureau of Construction and Repair, where he served throughout the World War. The designing and building of small craft was one of the activities of this division for which he was responsible. The 110-foot-sub-chaser program was the largest of the small craft programs which he initiated and supervised. He was decorated with the Navy Cross for his services in this connection, the citation being as follows:

"For distinguished service in the line of his profession as officer in charge of the Supply Division of the Bureau of Construction and Repair and of matters pertaining to small vessels, including the design and construction of over 450 110-foot sub-chasers, the building of which was distributed among a large number of firms, none of whom had any experience with Navy work. The successful accomplishment of this work was largely due to the initiative and executive ability of Commander Furer."

For his services in the World War, Rear Admiral Furer was made an officer of the Legion of Honor by the French Government and was decorated with the Belgian Order of the Crown by King Albert.

After the war, he served on the staff of Admiral Hugh Rodman, U.S.N., Commander in Chief of the

Pacific Fleet, returning to the Bureau of Construction and Repair for duty in 1921.

From 1923 to 1927, he was a member of the Naval Mission to Brazil. On his return from Brazil, he was assigned to duty as Inspector of Naval Material, Pittsburgh. His next duty from 1928 to 1930 was as Manager of the Navy Yard, Cavite, P. I., after which he returned to the United States as Manager of the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, Pa. During the period from 1930 to 1935, while he was Manager at Philadelphia, the battleships "Pennsylvania" and "New Mexico" were modernized and the heavy cruiser "Minneapolis" and the destroyer "Alywin" were built at that yard. The design and construction of four Coast Guard cutters and the building of several additional destroyers and cruisers were also started at the Philadelphia Yard under his supervision during that period.

From 1935 to 1937, Rear Admiral Furer was Assistant Naval Attaché at the American Embassy, London, with additional duty as Assistant Naval Attaché at the American Embassies, Paris, Rome, Berlin, and The Hague. While on this duty, he served as a Technical Adviser to the American Delegation at the London Naval Conference, represented the United States Navy at the funeral ceremonies of King George V, and attended the coronation of King George VI.

In 1937, he returned to the United States and was assigned to duty as General Inspector for the Bureau of Construction and Repair, with headquarters at the Navy Department, Washington, D. C. Following that duty he served as Senior Member of the Compensation Board, Navy Department. He is now Coördinator of Research and Development, Office of the Secretary of the Navy.

He was transferred to the Line of the Navy (Act of June 25, 1940) and designated for engineering duty only.

Rear Admiral Furer has the Spanish Campaign Medal, Victory Medal, and America Defense Service Medal.

Powell Belongs to

“Swimming-Hole Cabinet”



WRITING MAN: Hickman Powell, a Dewey associate since the racket-busting days, helps with the speeches.



OLD FRIEND: Elliott Bell, New York State Banking Commissioner, sole adviser to favor Dewey's April choice.



FIRST APPOINTEE: John Burton, State Budget Director, was Governor-elect Dewey's first step in cabinet-building.

RIGHT HAND: Paul Lockwood, capable secretary with cabinet rank and—appropriately—an elephant's memory.



“IF” is the most important word in the English language in an election year in the U.S.A. As October dates give way to November's sheet on the calendar in 1944, the word “if” becomes bigger and blacker than it has been in many years.

If Thomas E. Dewey becomes President of the United States, the Bucks County, Pennsylvania, farm of Harbison Hickman Powell, Kappa '23, will be less that reporter-farmer's residence than the Capitol. If—and by the time you read this, you will be able to discard the small, important conjunction—Mr. Dewey remains Governor of New York State, Brother Powell will continue to reside on his Bucks County farm, paying his respects to Albany and giving his talents outlet in New York.

Hick's talents inspired Stanley Walker, writing a chapter on schools of journalism in *City Editor*, to remark that Columbia had turned out several good men, among them Hickman Powell of the New York *Herald Tribune*. As a matter of fact Hick's reportorial training was had at the University of Wisconsin where he learned to practice theory as an editor of the *Daily Cardinal*. *The Badger* for the year 1923 set forth his collegiate achievements as being membership in Sigma Delta Chi, White Spades (the men's honor society at Wisconsin), Edwin Booth and University Players. The last two organizations are dramatic. Elmer Barringer, a Kap-

pa mate, suggests that Hick was their press agent, not their fellow thespian, and thereby earned membership via his pen, not his appearance.

After college Hick followed the devices and desires of a reporter. He was a feature writer for the New York *World*. He traveled and wrote a book on Bali, *The Lost Paradise*. Then, having acquired the skill and the reputation of an able writer and reporter, he became a free lance writer and a country gentleman.

His first contact with Governor Dewey came during Dewey's prosecutions. Hick covered these for his newspaper, later writing a book, *90 Times Guilty* (Harcourt), about the gangsters prosecuted by the district attorney. A penetrating reporter, Hickman turned in a “solid report on New York agricultural conditions in the spring of 1943,” to the governor according to Forrest Davis in an article on Dewey and his April speech before the Newspaper Publishers Association published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Davis listed Powell with the “swimming-hole cabinet” which advises Mr. Dewey. Hick assists with speeches and makes special studies. He flew to Chicago with New York's governor when the latter made his acceptance speech. Mr. Dewey was glad to have him author an article for *Collier's* just previous to convention.

If—Mr. Dewey becomes President Dewey on November 7, 1944, Hickman Powell will be a welcome and frequent visitor to 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue.

“The Saturday Evening Post” showed these pictures of Governor Dewey's “swimming-hole cabinet.” Brother Powell, Kappa, at top of page

HOLMAN of

Standard Oil



TEXAS ALUMNI MAGAZINE

YOUR first impression is that Eugene Holman, Nu '17, tall, broad-shouldered Texan, new president of Standard Oil Company, (N. J.) is out of place behind a desk. There is still the drawl of the Southwest in his speech and his eyes are those of a man used to the out-of-doors instead of confining walls.

As the Jersey Company's first geologist-president, he knows oil exploration and production from working over most of the world, and his native gifts as an administrator have fitted him for a series of executive positions culminating in his present office.

He didn't intend to get into the oil business when he enrolled for a course in geology at the University of Texas in 1917, where he was taking postgraduate work. He thought it would be an easy way to fulfill the university's science requirement—certainly not a career.

His faculty-adviser, however, pointed out the career that could be made in oil geology, since the growing oil industry needed geologists to put it on a more scientific basis. Travel and adventure, he added, lay ahead for a trained and ambitious geologist. Holman made a decision, and majored in geology.

With a Bachelor's degree from Hardin-Simmons College and a Master's degree from Texas University, to his credit Holman joined a geology survey group searching for oil in Cuba. They found little

oil, but he got practical experience in the field.

He interrupted his oil career to join the Army in the first World War and served overseas as a photographer with the Army Signal Corps attached to the aerial reconnaissance group.

Returning to the field of geology after the Armistice, he joined the United States Geological survey and his work took him to Fort Worth, where he renewed his acquaintance with Wallace E. Pratt, then chief geologist of Humble Oil Company and now a director and vice president of Standard Oil Company (N. J.) with his office next door to Holman's.

Holman accepted a job offered him by Pratt as geologist for Humble, and he was back in the oil industry in North Central Texas in time to take part in the famous Ranger boom. That was in 1921, and two years later Holman was named superintendent of the Louisiana and Arkansas division of Humble. Six years after joining Humble he was named chief geologist—his friend Wallace Pratt meantime having been advanced to be a director of the company.

His record as a production man attracted attention and in 1929 E. J. Sadler, a vice president of Standard Oil (N. J.) needed an assistant and called the Texan to New York. His work was thereafter chiefly in foreign production.

Holman later was named president of Lago Petroleum Corporation and Creole Petroleum Corporation, two important producing subsidiaries of Standard in Venezuela now merged under the name of Creole.

In 1940, at the age of 45, he was elected a director of Standard Oil Company (N. J.), and in 1942 was elected a vice president. For several years he has been a member of the Board's four-man executive committee, a post he is continuing since being elected president of the corporation June 12, 1944.

His career with the Jersey company has given Holman adventure, travel, and opportunity for scientific investigation. In addition to participating in the exciting discoveries of the Texas, Louisiana, and Arkansas oil fields he has traveled around the world in his work. For years his first interests were in the Venezuelan and Mexican fields, but he has visited every oil producing region of the globe, with the exception of the Far West.

The policy of the company calls for executives to spend much of their time in the field, and this way of keeping in close, personal touch with the operating units is to Holman's liking. Within two months after being advanced to president he visited the Norman Wells oil field of Imperial Oil Company, Standard's Canadian affiliate, within 75 miles of the Arctic Circle, and had

inspected several of the refineries in various parts of this country.

Holman has travel in his blood, a heritage from his grandparents. His grandfather joined the '49-ers in California and then decided the gold rushes brought in too large crowds to suit his taste. He moved to South America to found an American colony in the valley of the Parana river and some of Holman's cousins live in that section today.

However, Holman was born in the West Texas range country and his mother, who knew some Spanish, taught her son Spanish words and phrases he still remembers. This, in itself, was a small thing, but it made this Texas boy yearn to travel to distant lands. He has been able to do this, and as a geologist and oil company executive he has acquired firsthand knowledge of producing oil in various sections of the world.

During the last few years Holman's energies and those of the American oil industry have been directed to the war effort and record production of crude oil has been necessary to supply the Allied forces with the huge quantities of petroleum products needed. He does not believe that world demand for oil will fall off when the final battle for freedom is won.

"If we are to move forward to a more productive world—a world in which more people enjoy better standards of living, we shall need more and more oil to meet the increasing needs of a growing civilization. Social and economic advances in postwar America, reconstruction of devastated areas of Europe, the progressive industrialization of relatively undeveloped areas such as China, India, and parts of South America—all this will call for oil," he says.

This anticipated demand has inspired many discussions on world oil resources which have created the impression that the United States is on the verge of running out of oil.

"Fortunately, the facts of the situation are more reassuring than the alarmist would have us think," Holman says. He points out con-

TURN TO PAGE 19

The Function of the Postwar Chapter

By **WILLIAM W. LUMPKIN, Kappa**
Chaplain, USNR, Midshipman's School,
Northwestern University*

IT occurs to me as I sit down to write that in all probability I am a little late in presenting my subject. No doubt the elder statesmen among our alumni have already said their sage say several times over in regard to the postwar function of a college fraternity. However that may be, here is my two bits for the collection box.

It is almost a cliché to say that the college or university is a "proving ground for life." Yet that remains true no matter how many times ponderously repeated by commencement orators. It is also true—and this is less often recognized—that the fraternity, as a cell within the larger organism, has a specific and important part to play in that training. The collegiate institution imparts vocational skills, professional information, and fundamental intellectual disciplines in a field of action large enough to test, without overloading, student capacities. The fraternity prepares the student for the practicalities of community activity.

In other words, the fraternity provides actual training in citizenship. A dormitory, hall or boarding house cannot perform the same function unless each of these is organized precisely along fraternity lines. It is unlikely that the average college would undertake the responsibilities involved in such a policy, for the burden of operating a fraternity

establishment is an exacting one. It is that of a mutual provision by its members of food, shelter, and recreation (through justly organized sharing) plus the exercise of the prerogatives of self-government. The fraternity therefore makes an unique and almost indispensable contribution to the educational process as it is developed in this country.

Among the memorable experiences that one may have in the Service, there stands out the quality of camaraderie to be enjoyed. This does not appear spontaneously in any newly-organized ship's company, regiment, or other group, but is the result of shared purposeful activity. In war, it is after men have been together through considerable in the way of hardship and danger that a deep and permanent sense of group unity arises. Assignments that might previously have been impossible to a collection of individuals, become quickly possible to a fellowship. Moreover, the existence of camaraderie in the midst of difficulties helps to make the grim aspect of the job more tolerable. A constructive cycle has evolved that will operate as long as the organization or any part of it, remains, and will affect the individual members of the organization for all their lives.

It is exactly the same cycle that prevails in present-day fraternity life. A group of college men have organized for the purpose of solving their individual economic problems, and of instituting a pleasant

*Lt. Comdr. Lumpkin was in New Zealand with the 2nd Marine Division for about a year. He went to Tarawa for the assault.

social environment for themselves and their friends. They find that they must also undertake the matter of governing themselves. This produces an inevitable camaraderie of achievement, heightened by that splendid human phenomenon, true friendship. This in turn issues in more constructive living and working in the college sphere, and the original purpose of organization is itself strengthened. The wheel has come full circle, and turns on. That this group will sooner or later associate itself with other groups in one of the ancient secret fellowships, dedicated to the cause of friendship, only adds to the *raison d'être* of the whole endeavor, contributes to every aspect of the cycle.

It is unfortunate that in some schools, the "house" life of the fraternity is not permitted. My observation is that where fraternities are only allowed to remain on the campus as secret clubs, meeting in some room loftily designated by the authorities—in short, where fraternity men are treated as little boys playing Indian—unrest and trouble frequently follow. Even, in instances where each fraternity has its own separate lodge or clubhouse, but where men do not have rooms, nor do they board on the premises, much is lost. Not only is much lost in the realm of training for economic and political management, but, in my opinion, much is lost of the deeper meanings in the Chapter-room assembly, in the ideology of the particular national brotherhood's teaching and tradition. I must come to the conclusion that the self-supported Chapter house is the best arrangement of all these; its success in producing intelligent citizens is its strongest witness for the defense of the fraternity's place in the American scene.

Two traditional arguments against my conclusion loom up. They are quickly met. The first is this: that chapter-house life produces snobishness. It can be answered as follows: any group of humans regarding themselves individually as superior to others will form a snobish organization. The same thing occurs among labor unions, country clubs, hobos' associations, and

church societies. If such a band rears its infantile head among the chapters, it is the business of the National Fraternity to bring it to time. American fraternities do forsake their essential heritage if that sort of social behavior appears among them. The second argument runs like this: that chapter-house life is too expensive for many students. And the answer is: that it need not be. A National Fraternity can lead its chapters away from the foolish notion that they must be expensive in order to attract the best.

NIC to Meet

GRAND ALPHA HUGH M. DORSEY, Grand Eta Judge Luther Z. Rosser, and Grand Delta Pollard Turman will attend the annual meeting of the Interfraternity Conference at the Commodore Hotel, New York City, Nov. 24-25.

Unlike other conferences this year's meeting is to be a working meeting in the truest sense of the word. There will be no speakers. Delegates will hear reports of Conference committees on current and postwar problems. There will be ample opportunity for discussion. On Friday evening there will be a report of the Resolutions Committee which will be tabled for discussion until Saturday morning. Following action on the resolutions there will be discussion concerning implementation of the recommendations.

Under the chairmanship of Verling C. Enteman, the Postwar Planning Committee has been divided into five subcommittees. They have been studying such problems as: What is negative in the fraternity system and militates against its successful operation? What is positive in the fraternity system and should be continued? What is desirable in the fraternity system and should be included? What part can and should alumni plan in the fraternity system? What attitude should fraternities take with reference to expansion, etc., in order to dignify the fraternity system?

The committees have made intensive studies of the questions. Their reports were submitted to a meeting of 55 fraternity presidents and members in New York on Sept. 9. Preliminary discussions have helped to highlight problems for consideration.

The Conference has recommended the employment of housemothers wherever the plan is feasible.

Leroy A. Wilson is chairman of NIC this year.

Of course, in the matter of "house life," there is a possible and usual compromise in schools where large dormitory systems are maintained. Under these circumstances, some underclassmen join fraternities, but live and board in their dormitories. However, as upperclassmen the same men frequently decide to move into the chapter house, and this, to my mind, with its added independence and extra participation in responsibility, should be not only permitted, but encouraged by the college authorities.

In the last analysis, the process of education is not designed to lead toward the making of money, but toward the making of men. Adequate preparation for vocationally adjusted employment is important, yes; but it is a lesser aspect of the matter. You can have as fine an assortment of graduates in law, business, engineering, philosophy, medicine, theology, the sciences as you like—but if these men, placed together in a community, do not know even the rudiments of practical participation in that community's necessary, shared social, economic and political relationships, their education, humanly speaking, is an utter failure. The communities of town, county, state and nation suffer thereby. The chapter house of the fraternity is the environment where really practical applications of class-room acquired knowledge are possible; where men will absorb through the solution of day-by-day group problems the techniques—and the all-important human kindness—that are the *sine qua non* of productive citizenship, fullness of living.

What is the fraternity's postwar function? To be what it always has been—only more so. No crusade is needed to convince the chapters of the significance of their contribution. The student feels that most strongly while he is in school in any case. Yet it will be well if the National Fraternity can be articulate for its chapters, to convince more and more the college or university, that if it attacks the fraternity it attacks a vital part of its own program.



Erle L. Flad, Rho '08



George M. Arisman, Alpha Delta '18



Asher Odenwelder, Rho '06

Alumni Leaders Are Chi Phis

CHI PHIS are leaders—or so one would assume after looking over the successful candidates in summer alumni association elections. From Southern Cal to Lafayette College the choice was for Chi Phis.

President-elect of the University of Southern California Alumni Association is Howard L. Byram, Eta Delta ex '15. Under the new constitution the head man for the past year, J. Arthur Taylor, Eta Delta '19, becomes treasurer. Brother Byram and Taylor have changed places by virtue of the nominating committee's selection. Byram served as chairman of the Alumni Foundation in 1941-42. Money-handling is right down his alley. He is treasurer and tax collector for the County of Los Angeles. Brother Byram lives in Glendale. Taylor is a former vice president of the Bank of America in Los Angeles. At present he is executive vice president of the First National Bank of Santa Ana. He is twice a Chi Phi because his son-in-law is Tom Gerard Collins, Eta Delta '44, now of the U. S. Ar-

my Air Corps, husband of the former Barbara Jean Taylor ($\Delta\Gamma$). The family lives in Lido Isle.

Penn Staters found a third term not undesirable for George M. Arisman, Alpha Delta '18. The job of the Pennsylvania State College Alumni Association in the next few years will be to obtain funds for new buildings to be constructed after the war: a Student Union, a Field House, and a Chapel.

At Lafayette College the nominations for Alumni Trustees included four names: William H. Collins '15, Erle L. Flad '08, Asher J. Odenwelder, Jr., '06, and Herbert R. Brown '24. Yep, you guessed it. The first three are members of Rho. Voters were asked to elect two. They chose Brothers Flad and Odenwelder. Flad is sales manager of the Slag Division of Carnegie-Illinois Steel Corporation with offices in Pittsburgh. He was president of the General Alumni Association in 1941-42. Odenwelder lives in Easton where he is president of the Easton National Bank. A bachelor, he gives generously of his time to the Public Library, the Easton Hospital, and is curator of

the Northampton County Historical and Genealogical Society.

Among the trustees of universities and colleges where Chi Phi has chapters is John Williams Doty, Theta '02, trustee of Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. The *RPI Alumni News* recently carried the following story about Brother Doty in its columns:

The man who directs the far-flung activities of The Foundation Company and its subsidiaries is John Williams Doty, Theta '02. More than 4,000 Foundation Company contracts have been completed in the U. S., Canada, Central America, South America, Europe, Asia, Africa, and Australia. They have cost about \$600,000,000.

Doty went with the company in 1903. By 1911 he was chief engineer; by 1914, first vice president and general manager; and by 1919, he was president, at the age of 40. He was born in Toronto, Canada, in 1879, and has been a trustee of the Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute since 1925.

Dozens of the great buildings that make up New York City's skyline rest on structures constructed by

Cuts are used through the courtesy of the *Lafayette Alumni Magazine*, *The Penn Stater*, *The USC Alumni Review*, and the *RPI Alumni News*.

the Foundation Company whose resourcefulness in the development of the pneumatic caisson method helped to make possible most of the large buildings in the financial district. For instance, the foundations of the New York Telephone Company Building at 140 West Street, which occupies a block, consist of 22 caissons sunk by the pneumatic method. They form a watertight cellar 73 feet below the sidewalk.

But the Foundation Company builds superstructures as well as substructures, and because it has been at work in so many places, Doty has seen most of the world. He was in Yokohama and Tokyo at the time (1923) of the second greatest earthquake catastrophe in the history of the world. The company built the Episcopal Cathedral in Paris; the Louvain Library in Belgium; subways in Paris and London; power stations in England; reclamation works for the control of the Vardar River in Greece; and schools and university buildings in Chile. These few of hundreds of contracts completed in a score of foreign countries are mentioned merely to indicate scope and variety.

The complete list of work at home and abroad would include bridges, steam and hydroelectric power stations, harbor improvements, ship building, industrial plants, municipal water supply systems, sewerage systems, roads and pavements, and railroads as well as



John Williams Doty, Theta '02

buildings. For example, the company has built substructures for bridges over most of the larger rivers in the United States and Canada. When the Canadian-Pacific Railroad double-tracked its lines from the Atlantic Ocean to the Pacific Ocean, the Foundation Company designed and reconstructed or constructed the substructures of most of its principal bridges.

Doty was general manager and first vice president during World War I when the company added the construction of ships and floating dry docks to its program. It is doing the same today. In 1942 it had \$33,171,000 worth of contracts on its books, mostly of a wartime character—shell loading plants, incendiary bomb plants, power houses, piers, a magnesium plant, an oil bomb plant, a shipyard, and dry docks.

Out of all Doty's travels and experiences he probably remembers best the great earthquake disaster in Japan in September, 1923. He was aboard the "Empress of Australia" in Yokohama harbor at the moment the earthquake occurred. As a consequence, he was instructed by Ambassador Woods to report to the U. S. Secretary of State on all phases of the earthquake. He spent 12 days in the area undergoing dangers and physical hardships. His report consisted of 44 printed pages, comprising a statement of probable damage and suggestions for relief, lists of dead, missing and surviving, his personal observations, and maps and sketches of the damaged areas.

While a student at RPI, Doty played on the football and basketball teams and was a member of the track team. On graduation he was elected to Sigma Xi, and received the Macdonald Prize for his graduating thesis.

At present he represents the State of Connecticut on the New England Golf Association, is a past president of the Connecticut State Golf Association, a past president of the Fairfield County Golf Association, and he has served as a member of the executive committee of the Metropolitan Golf Association.—*Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute Alumni News*.

Holman

FROM PAGE 16

siderable quantities of oil are being found in this country, and that geologists agree there are still huge quantities of undiscovered oil underneath this land of ours.

"The increasing ability to drive wells deeper and more accurately continually increases the amount of oil which can be found. Technology has expanded our resources in many ways—the great science of geophysics, combined with modern ability to examine during drilling of a well the nature of the underground strata, have permitted us to map our country miles below the surface as accurately as many of the surface maps used by pioneers of an earlier day.

"Improvements in technology have continually increased the amount of gasoline we get from a barrel of crude, and other improvements in technology permit us to design engines to use less gasoline and equipment to use less fuel oil. These advancements enable us to make the amount of oil we have go further and do a better job.

"The oil men do not fear the future, but are preparing for it. America can continue to lead the way to greater production of oil, to more efficient use of oil, and to wider distribution of its benefits," Holman says.



Howard L. Byram, Eta Delta '15

THAT MEN SHALL BE FREE . . .

We scattered in all directions. I lay on the floor against a wall, choking on the swirling white dust and waiting for the fifth shell.

Outside the house, blood-red poppies which grew up through the bones of American rangers who were ambushed

I had an agonizing moment of indecision, then the Germans made up my mind. They hit the house twice more, tumbling wood and stone down on me, filling the little two-room house with choking dust.

It was then that Weisenburg started his monolog.

"I knew it," he said. "Standing around

Below, Leonard Weisenburg, Delta Delta, wears his Silver Star won at Cisterna with the Fifth Army

El Diablo

NAVIGATOR on the Flying Fortress "El Diablo," meaning "The Devil" in Spanish, First Lt. Frank P. Hopkins, 25, Alpha-Tau, of No. 24 Lincoln Circle, Yonkers, N. Y., recently completed his 50th long-range bombing mission in the Mediterranean Area with the 15th Army Air Force.

Beginning combat flying Nov. 24, 1943, with an attack on the harbor at Toulon in Southern France, Lieutenant Hopkins ranged over targets in Italy, Germany, Austria, and the Balkans, and flew his 50th mission on April 15 to blast railroad yards at Ploesti, Romania. He wears the Air Medal, nine Oak Leaf Clusters, and the Purple Heart. Lieutenant Hopkins is married and has one son.

After a month's leave in the United States, Lieutenant Hopkins has returned to Europe.

Cisterna

*With the Fifth Army Before Cisterna, Italy, May 24.—(U.P.)—*There were eight of us in an old stone house looking into Cisterna, when four German artillery shells pounded in at us, hurling rubble down from the walls and ceiling.

Capt. E. M. Jackson, Gamma, in front of a shed being built by native labor in New Guinea. See letter in "USA-APO"

here Jan. 29, waved and bowed in the breeze. Other poppies were crushed to earth beneath the bodies of other American dead who fell when the Americans fought their way back to this battlefield today.

I thought I was alone in the house, and I was startled by the voice of Capt. Leonard Weisenburg (Delta Delta '39), of North Hollywood, Cal., who, in the midst of the shelling, had launched into a monolog from behind a pile of debris.

"I wish," he said, "I was a civilian!" When the shelling started, Captain Weisenburg and Col. Everett Duval had been talking from the stone house by field telephone to American squads lying in the tall grass and captured German dug-outs several hundred yards ahead of us, closer to Cisterna. Leaders of patrols were returning with reports for Duval.

Others in the house included Homer Bigart of the New York *Herald-Tribune*.

The second shell hit the house high on a corner, a jarring blow that sprayed debris. Somebody yelled: "I'm getting the hell out of here."

Homer Bigart dived through a hole in the wall. The others scattered through a door, heading for a trench outside.

out there lighting cigarets, forgetting there's a war on.

"Every time you forget there's a war on, a German jumps you. Never knew it to fail. But you can't teach anybody anything!"

"I'm tired of this stuff. Sick of it.

"I wish I was a civilian.

"But what the hell, you're a civilian, and here you are.

"I mean I wish I was a postwar civilian—postwar!"

I had twisted around in an awkward position and was staring at Weisenburg.

"What's the matter," he asked "you get hit?"

I told him I wasn't hit, and we didn't talk any more. Just waited for the fifth shell.



The dead silence was broken by the muffled ringing of a telephone. Weisenburg dug around in a pile of debris and came up with the ringing phone which he answered.

"That was my outpost," he said "They saw the fire take after us and just wanted to know if the line was still working. Damned funny people."

Another telephone started ringing from under another heap of rubble and Weisenburg motioned for me to answer it.

A calm voice on the other end of the line began asking me highly technical questions.

"I don't know anything," I said, "I'm a war correspondent."

"What the hell are you doing there?" the voice asked.

"Brother," I said, just before handing the telephone to Weisenburg, "I'm getting the hell out!"—ROBERT V. VERMILION.

Postscript

AWARD OF SILVER STAR

LEONARD E. WEISENBERG, JR., O-387725, Captain, 10th Field Artillery Bn. For gallantry in action. On 29 February 1944, near Cisterna di Littoria, Italy, Captain Weisenburg, an artillery liaison officer, remained at his O.P. from 0800 to 1100 hours under heavy artillery concentrations and point-blank small arms fire, to direct artillery fire on a powerful enemy force threatening the entire Second Battalion. Overrunning an adjacent unit, the enemy came within 200 yards of Captain Weisenburg's O.P. and directed aimed machine gun fire and rifle fire at him. Although enemy shells burst 10 to 15 yards from him and small arms fire knocked his telescope out of his hands, Captain Weisenburg continued adjusting artillery fire that was a major factor in the repulse of the enemy. Residence at appointment: North Hollywood, California.



Bloody Point

LT. TOM GRAMLING PERKINSON, Eta '35, helped to write one of the bloodiest chapters in the Battle of Bloody Point two days after Marines of the First Division landed on Cape Gloucester, New Britain. The exact date of the battle was December 28, 1943. Perkinson headed a platoon used for flank protection for the main assault forces in terrain too rugged for tanks.

"As soon as our scouts reported enemy activity," related Cpl. Frank Milinovich of Shamokin, Pa., "Lieutenant Perkinson pushed forward to investigate. He wouldn't send his men where he wouldn't go himself." The Japanese force was estimated as being a company. Perkinson sent for reinforcements and then crawled within 20 feet of where the Japs were dug in. He lay in the tall kunal grass and let go with everything he had.

Everything he had included a carbine which he fired with his left hand and a pistol held in his unaccustomed right hand. The latter was a gift from his mother, Mrs. W. H. Perkinson of Marietta, Ga., whose idea was that too many guns might be better than not enough in a crucial moment.

"Occasionally he put one of them down and tossed hand grenades at enemy machine guns. Once he spotted a sniper in a nearby tree. He dropped the Jap by cutting the limb off the tree with a shot from the carbine. I saw both the Jap and the limb crash to the ground," Corporal Milinovich continued.

After the main skirmish was over and, while wounded Marines were being carried to safety, Perkinson spied another group of Japs and went into action. He was stopped short by a wound in his side. A 220-pounder, standing over six feet, he was too much for one man to carry. He asked the sergeant to help him to his feet. "I'll be able to make it," he told him.

Below, left, Lt. Tom G. Perkinson, Eta, is in the National Naval Medical Center, Bethesda. Right, below, Lt. "Otto" Stearns, Psi, died in France. Right, Only a few years ago Brother Chidsey and "Otto" were building a parking area behind the Lehigh house



In June he was awarded the Silver Star. The presentation of the Presidential Citation was made on Oct. 4, 1944, at the Naval Hospital, Pensacola, Fla. It reads:

"For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity while attached to the First Marine Division against enemy Japanese forces in the Southwest Pacific area on the afternoon of December 28, 1943. Skillfully maneuvering his platoon into a position most advantageous for attack, First Lieutenant Perkinson fearlessly exposed himself to enemy fire in order to direct the assault and, leading his



FRANKLIN & MARSHALL ALUMNUS

Sgt. Pat Herr, Zeta, received the Bronze Star from Gen. Mark W. Clark in the Italian area of combat. The photograph bearing a message of congratulations was signed by the General. Herr wears the Silver Medal of the Third French Zouaves and the Purple Heart. He is a paratrooper in the first battalion sent abroad

command throughout three hours of intense action, succeeded in beating back two charges by firmly entrenched and numerically superior Japanese forces before he was seriously wounded. First Lieutenant Perkinson's brilliant leadership in the face of fierce opposition and his indomitable fighting spirit were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

A native of Marietta he was graduated from the University of Georgia in 1935. He played center on the varsity team. After graduation he was employed by the Coca-Cola Company in Atlanta. In 1938 he married Miss Amelia Hewlett, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sam D. Hewlett of Atlanta. He received his commission as a lieutenant in the Marine Corps at the Quantico Naval Base, Quantico, Va., in November, 1942. He went to the South Pacific in March, 1943. His brother, Neil G. Perkinson, Gamma '43, USNR, is a junior in the Bowman Gray School of Medicine, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Tom is at the Naval Medical Center, Bethesda, Md., at the present time.

Citation

LT. BOBBY SHELDON, Omega '43, whose flashing feet and strong right arm carried him to football stardom at Georgia Tech and Boys' High School, Atlanta, has been cited for outstanding bravery by his commanding officer, Major General A. H. Turnage, USMC, according to word received in Atlanta by his father, Charles A. Sheldon, Jr. The citation read:

"On December 23, 1943, during combat with the Japanese forces in the Cape Torokina area, Bougainville Island, British Solomon Islands, a squad of machine-gun platoon under your command was forced by heavy enemy fire to withdraw from its position, leaving behind a wounded enlisted man.

"Without consideration of your own safety, and despite the danger from enemy gunfire, you proceeded with a hospital corpsman to the rescue of the injured man, whom you succeeded in evacuating to safety.

"Your outstanding bravery and devo-

tion to duty were in keeping with the highest traditions of the United States Naval Service."

Lieutenant Sheldon was a star of the 1942 Georgia Tech team, alternating at tailback with Clint Castleberry. Before entering Tech he was a star at Boys' High School.

Lieutenant Sheldon graduated from Georgia Tech in February, 1943, and immediately went into the Marine Corps. —*Georgia Tech Alumnus.*

Bronze Star

SGT. HOWARD H. (PAT) HERR, JR., Zeta '41, paratrooper, son of Mr. and Mrs. Howard H. Herr, Lancaster, Pa., received the Bronze Star from General Mark Clark, in charge of the American Fifth Army, in Naples, Italy, on May 11. The award is "for heroic achievement in combat," and the photo is inscribed with a message of congratulations and General Clark's autograph. Sergeant Herr's parents received the photo from their son recently.

Sergeant Herr was a member of the first combat paratroop battalion to land abroad. He was first in Scotland, later in England, and was with the first wave of troops engaged in the African invasion when his plane was forced down over Spanish Morocco and he was interned for three months. Following his release he participated in Salerno and Anzio. He also has received the Silver Medal of the Third French Zouaves for the Tunisian campaign, a unit citation for amphibious landings of the paratroopers at Anzio, and the Purple Heart for wounds received when he was hit by a fragment of a mortar shell.

He also is an honorary member of the First British Parachute Brigade for his work in England in 1942.

The 24-year-old soldier has been overseas for two years. He enlisted in the Army on completion of his Junior year at Franklin and Marshall college in June, 1941.—*The Franklin and Marshall Alumnus.*

Silver Star

THE Silver Star has been awarded to the late Lt. Manne P. Adams, Gamma '41, Navy Medical Corps, who was killed Nov. 29, 1943, in the Solomons, while administering blood plasma to a wounded man. Lieutenant Adams was the son of Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Adams, of Sebring, Fla.

The award was made by President Roosevelt. The citation, signed for the President by Secretary of the Navy Frank Knox, was: "For conspicuous gallantry and intrepidity during action against numerically superior enemy Japanese forces near Koi-ari, Bougainville, British Solomon Islands, on Nov. 29, 1943. Attached to a company which was

under extremely heavy machine gun, mortar, and sniper fire, Lieutenant Adams repeatedly administered to wounded men while under fire. On one occasion he unhesitatingly exposed himself directly to Japanese sniper fire in order to administer plasma to a severely wounded man and was instantly killed while performing his task. Lieutenant Adams' courageous spirit of self-sacrifice in behalf of the men under his professional care and his valiant conduct in the face of grave peril were in keeping with the highest traditions in the United States Naval Service. He gallantly gave his life for his country."—*Emory Alumnus*.

Dispatcher

WHEN the Japs drove Claire Chennault's air force from its principal advance base in South China, *Time's* correspondent, Teddy White, was on the field. "Kweilin, with its airfields, had to be evacuated—destroyed, abandoned, leaving the Japanese only its ruins, and it had to be done in 36 hours," he wrote. "... At dawn a B-25 and the last transport would take off, carrying Brigadier General Clinton 'Casey' Vincent, his tactical staff, General 'Tim' Timberman, Chief of the Ground Forces, David Lee 'Tex' Hill. On the ground then would remain only the last demolition men under Colonel Waldo Kenerson to blow the last field, the last buildings; and Major George Hightower to make sure no air corps strays were left behind at the last minute."

David Lee "Tex" Hill is the son of Rev. E. P. Hill, Epsilon '02, under whom Archibald Williams is serving (see story elsewhere in this issue). Though White didn't mention the latter as one of the field's personnel, he probably was there. The dispatcher, Major George V. Hightower, is a Georgia Tech Chi Phi, class of '34, a VMI graduate. Of him White said, "Hightower is a slim, superbly unruffled boy from Georgia; as soon as he was ordered out, he was on the phone collecting his lists, planning his trucks and plane requirements for all air personnel. 'Hello,' he would say into the phone, 'Joe? This is George—what will you need to get out?—Six by plane, 12 by truck, the rest you're handling yourself?—Is that all? Are you sure?' He would scrawl the figures down, then say again, 'Are you sure?'"

Hightower is wing adjutant on Brigadier General Vincent's staff. He has been overseas since September, 1943. He entered the Air Corps with a reserve commission in January, 1942.

"Card Gang"

COMPOSITE 1, a unit of the U.S.S. "Card" task force, trail-blazing squadron

in operations against U-boats, has been disbanded, Third Naval District headquarters announced today. Sharing the outstanding record of this hard-hitting unit was Lt. (jg) John Sparks, Zeta '39, son of Mr. and Mrs. John B. Sparks, 601 Belvidere Ave., Plainfield, N. J., who enlisted in the Navy in 1941.

The Navy gives credit to the "Card Gang" for destroying more enemy submarines than any other unit in naval history, and for its accomplishments, this task force was awarded presidential citation, which Lieutenant Sparks prizes highly.

Organized in 1941, the VC-1 was the original squadron aboard the U.S.S. "Long Island," prototype of the escort carriers which have proved so effective against U-boats.

One assignment long to be remembered by Lieutenant Sparks was to give protection to President Roosevelt while en route to the Teheran Conference. No Allied convoy escort by the "Card Gang" ever lost a ship, the Navy boasts.

The Japanese got a taste of the "Card Gang's" fighting skill when they helped to rout the Nips from Midway.

Some of the original "Gang" are dead and others are missing, but there are others, like Lieutenant Sparks, who have shared in the squadron's exploits.

Lieutenant Sparks received his training at Floyd Bennett Field, New York; Jacksonville and Miami, Fla., where he was commissioned an Ensign in 1942. His wife is the former Bettina Marian Hull, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio. They were married in San Diego in November, 1942.—Plainfield, N. J., *Courier-News*.

"Thunderbird"

A Ninth Air Force Fighters Base, France: Hitting German ground targets ahead of General Patton's Third Army, Major George W. Hunt, Jr., Nu '44, Angleton, Tex., has flown 101 operational missions. A holder of the DFC, he was recently awarded an additional silver and a bronze cluster to his air medal. Leading flights of Thunderbolts on these flak-filled missions regularly, the 23-year-old pilot has also been promoted to Major, and appointed commanding officer of his Ninth Air Force squadron of P-47 fighters.

Major Hunt has flown with the "Thunderbird" group since its arrival overseas last October. In the first month of aerial support for the Third Army the group destroyed 181 enemy trucks, 14 tanks, 23 locomotives and box cars, and 25 gun positions and horse-drawn artillery pieces.

While leading a mission, Major Hunt is in close contact with the ground commanders over the target area. When an advancing column nears an enemy position, they signal its position to the

Thunderbolts overhead. Immediately a flight swoops down, bombs and strafes, and clears the way for the doughboys below. One time, near Brest, the infantry radioed that it had occupied a German fort 20 minutes after a Thunderbird squadron had bombed it.

The young commanding officer enlisted in the cadets January 14, 1942. He was commissioned November 10, 1942, at Lake Charles, La.

Before entering the Army, Major Hunt attended the University of Texas, after graduating from the Humble High School, Humble, Tex. His mother, Mrs. G. W. Hunt, lives in Angleton.

Gold Stars

As war's pace is quickened and lengthened, it is inevitable that the gold stars on chapter house flags will become more numerous. With great sympathy for their families and quiet understanding since they are our brothers, we report their names as information reaches us, giving close friends the details of bravery and of living that humanize the loss.

ENSIGN ROBERT DUNN McILWAINE, Epsilon '44, was killed in action in the Pacific area on June 12, 1944. A member of the Navy Air Corps, he volunteered for service in May, 1942. His wings and commission were earned at Pensacola on July 23, 1943. After further training at Melbourne, Fla., he was sent to Chicago and elsewhere for carrier landing. Ordered to attack an ammunition dump on Aslito Field, Saipan, Ensign McIlwaine's plane was one of the first to take off. The Jap anti-aircraft fire was heavy and presumably McIlwaine's ship, hit by a 5-inch shell, exploded in mid-air. His squadron leader reported: "McIlwaine was a fine man. He has been recommended for a citation for extreme bravery above and beyond the line of duty." Bob was born in Petersburg, Va., on Aug. 18, 1922, the son of Rev. William Baird McIlwaine, Jr. His grandfather was the late Hon. William B. McIlwaine, Epsilon '73.

Two members of Chi, in the Navy, were killed in the spring. Lt. (jg) Raymond Leonard Frese '39, lost his life in a plane crash on Apr. 6. His body was interred in Allied territory pending the cessation of hostilities. He was on submarine duty when killed. Lt. Gordon Shaw Smith '42 died in action on the Normandy beachhead on D-Day, June 6. He had taken part in actions at Salerno and Anzio in Italy.

Brother Frese was born Sept. 10, 1917, in Brooklyn, the son of Robert and Anna (Leary) Frese. After graduation from Scarsdale High School, New York, he entered Dartmouth. He belonged to Green Key and the Interfraternity Council. In his senior year, he was president of Chi Chapter. He had completed two

years of law school at Columbia when he entered the Navy. He completed midshipman's training at Columbia where he was among the top 10 men in the class. He stayed on to teach after being commissioned. His wife is the former Jeanne Barbaresi whom he married on Sept. 12, 1942. His brother is Robert H. Frese, Chi '38.

Lieutenant Smith was born in New York City on Jan. 2, 1921. At an early age he was taken to England by his father, Walter Lewis Smith. He attended school there, completing his college entrance at Darien, Conn., High School and at Hackley School. At Dartmouth he was on the varsity soccer team. He enlisted in the Navy on Feb. 24, 1942. He had escaped injury when his ship was torpedoed off the Italian coast.

FIRST LT. BENJAMIN SPOTSWOOD PRESTON, JR., Epsilon '36, Alpha '37, died in action sometime during the late winter, according to a report in the Knoxville, Tenn., *Journal* on Feb. 11, 1944. His parents, Dr. and Mrs. B. S. Preston, live in Charleston, W. Va. After attending Hampden-Sydney College and the University of Virginia, he received his law degree from the University of Georgia.

PILOT of a P-47 in the famed Zemke Squadron which had 373 German planes to its credit, was Lt. Arlington Ward de Canizares, Psi '43, now dead of injuries received in combat in the European area. Death occurred on Apr. 9. Brother Canizares was 22. He had served overseas about three months. He had been awarded the Air Medal with two clusters and was entitled to wear the Presidential Citation ribbon. His parents survive him.

LT. CLARENCE ARTHUR PETER THOMAS STEARNS, JR., Psi '43, was killed in France on June 10. Details of the engagement in which he met death were sent to his wife, Mary Elizabeth Stearns, by a friend, Pfc. Carmen D'Avino. Both men were members of the Fourth Division which stormed over the causeways in Normandy on D-Day and pushed north. The men had been stationed in Exeter, England, on maneuvers from the day of their arrival.

"On D-Day we landed amidst whining shells and trudged through miles of water. 'Otto' was cheerful and walked recklessly erect and kidded me about crawling during the barrage of artillery. Later he went about in front of the company searching for snipers who fired dangerously close, always doing more than his job and inspiring all of us, because when you see a man out in front moving and disregarding fire, you move, too, and somehow feel foolish for hesitating.—On another day our company was held up because of intense enemy

fire. 'Otto,' realizing the need for observation in order to overcome the Germans by mortar, crawled some 300 yards, went into a small town, entered a church, and directed fire by phone from its steeple. When he came back, I looked at him and told him how foolish he was for attempting such a mission. He looked at me and smiled the way he always did—and I knew it was useless to say any more.—That night as we were preparing to sleep, he told me that perhaps it was dangerous to take so many chances, but the war had to be won and the men under him would have the incentive to move forward and to fight, knowing their leader and the confidence he instilled in them. He constantly repeated that it didn't matter much if it helped the greater number of men. 'They depend on me,' he said, 'and I'm going to do what I can.'" For his son, Tommy, he wanted "the beautiful things, the art of living, the philosophy which mankind has created." In closing, Pfc. D'Avino said, "'Otto' was happy and contented and would laugh at us if we grieved over his loss. He had the spirit of a great man. He would want us to go on doing good, being happy, and progressing.—Let us hope that his child—lives in a world of peace and cultural achievement."

"Otto" was born on Feb. 22, 1922, in Boston, Mass. His mother and father were World War I veterans, his mother having served as an Army nurse. His father was a major in the engineers corps in France. His brother, John, a private first class, is overseas in an infantry division.

At Lehigh "Otto" belonged to the ROTC for four years, majored in psychology, winning the Williams prize for his paper entitled, "Psychology and Its Part in Postwar Planning." He belonged to Cut and Thrust, fencing society, Scabbard and Blade, and the Yacht Club. Sailing was his hobby. He won his share of races at Stone Harbor, N. J. He was a member of the Coast Guard Auxiliary there and did anti-submarine duty several summers. In the fall of 1942, he joined the Reserve Corps, receiving his orders on graduation day, May 24, 1943. He was inducted on June 10, a year before his death. His commission was granted at OCS, Benning, Ga. Later he was assigned to a rifle company of the 12th Infantry Regiment, Ivy Leaf Division.

SECOND LT. GENE HERBERT WILLIAMS, Tau '45, aged 21, died in action in France on June 20, according to word received by his father, Jewell Williams of West Frankfort, Ill., and his wife, Mrs. Mary Williams of Mobile, Ala. His commanding officer, Col. Louis G. Mendez, wrote later concerning Brother Williams' death from a head injury.

Said the colonel, "When it happened Williams was alone. I was the first one to find him. It was only a half hour

before that I was talking with him.—The day before his death Williams showed me your cable, the first one you sent.—It was not until the day following his death that I was given your second cable, informing him that he was the father of twin boys. He never knew, Mrs. Williams.—It happened in the early afternoon and he is now buried somewhere in France. Before it happened he was doing a splendid job. As a matter of fact, unknown to him, I had recommended him for promotion to the rank of first lieutenant. This would have made him one of the Army's youngest first lieutenants.

"You might be interested to know that he was decorated with the Bronze Star Medal for conspicuous service. You should receive the medal soon. His men were very proud of him and they loved him dearly. I am not at liberty to disclose the nature of his work, but he was operating in a very responsible capacity, involving a great deal of courage and initiative."

Lieutenant Williams had "jumped into France" on D-Day with an air-borne division. He entered the service in May, 1942, and had been overseas since December, 1943. His twin sons, Jack and Gene, were born on June 8. Jack was named for First Lt. Jack Williams, a brother, pilot of a Liberator bomber in England. Having completed 30 missions Jack was assigned to duty as an instructor. He refused a furlough to the United States, preferring to remain overseas while Gene was in European service.

AMONG the members of a crew of six killed accidentally when British carrier fighter planes, protecting an Allied convoy, shot down their transport plane, was Navigator Orville V. Scholtz, Delta Delta '31. Scholtz was a civilian employe of Transcontinental & Western Air, Inc., under contract with the United States Army Air Transport Command. The line operated the four-engined C-54, carrying cargo. Brother Scholtz was former singles tennis champion of Los Angeles city and county. He was the captain of the first Bruin team to win a coast championship. After graduation he studied law at USC. His wife is the former Joan Perry. The Scholtz's home was in Alexandria, Va., for the duration.

ON his second day in the battle of Normandy, Frank H. Disbrow, Jr., Epsilon Delta '31, lost his life while directing artillery fire. His death occurred on June 11. His wife survives him in Fort Worth, Tex. Shortly before his death he asked that his badge be given to his child should the baby be a son.

CAPT. GEORGE HILLIS, Alpha-Chi '35, was killed in an airplane crash in Italy on Aug. 23. He was a Flight Surgeon in the Air Corps.

EDITORIAL

Chicago Club Sponsors Drive

At a recent meeting of the Chi Phi Club of Chicago, attended by some 30 brothers, it was unanimously decided to sponsor a campaign to assist in the raising of funds for the Emergency War Fund Drive. Former Grand Alphas Luther Z. Rosser and Rutherford L. Ellis were guests and each made a short talk explaining the vital need of the Fund.

Organization plans have been practically completed with Brothers Fulton, Strope, Cullen, Hutcherson, and Schiesswohl taking the leading part. It is planned to solicit personally every Chi Phi living in or around Chicago, and to solicit through the mail all Sigma and Kappa men who live in other sections of the country.

Brother Ruddy Ellis, National Chairman of the Drive, pointed out that this is just another example of the splendid cooperation the National Fraternity is receiving from its alumni in helping to secure contributions to the Fund.

The latest tabulation from the Central Office shows that \$18,000 worth of war bonds have been donated to date.

Brother Ellis also announced that a similar drive was starting in Minneapolis, Minnesota, under the direction of Brother J. Stuart Moore.

The broad purpose of the Chi Phi Emergency War Fund is to prepare for peace in time of war in so far as the peace and the war will affect the future of Chi Phi. Its immediate purpose will be to reestablish and rehabilitate our chapters which the war has forced into inactivity. The Emergency War Fund is to be managed by the Fraternity's Board of Governors through the Chi Phi Educational Trust and the Executive Secretary. All donations to the Fund should be made direct to the Educational Trust and earmarked for the Emergency War Fund. Donations to the Trust are tax exempt. The Grand officers have hopes that at least a minimum of \$50,000 will be raised during the campaign. If you have not already done so, you should send a check immediately, or, if you prefer, you can purchase a bond which should be registered in the following name:

TRUSTEES OF THE CHI PHI EDUCATIONAL TRUST UNDER TRUST INDENTURE DATED SEPTEMBER 8, 1930.

Gamma Delta to Have House After War

By J. STUART MOORE

WHEN Chi Phis return to the Minnesota campus after the war, they will have new living quarters that they'll really be proud of!

That fact is assured according to the Board of Directors of Gamma Delta of Chi Phi, Inc., for we already have initial funds now that will make this possible. With the funds that we will secure as a result of the present solicitation this goal will be a reality within a year! Previous housing plans for Gamma Delta had to be postponed due to the war, but the time is now ripe to complete those plans.

Already contributions are pouring into the fund from the Twin City solicitation which is being headed by Ray Bergerson. Then just as soon as this is completed there will be an intensive out-of-town campaign that will ultimately reach every living member of Gamma Delta of Chi Phi. The chairman in charge of this part of the campaign will be Harold Gabrielson.

Gamma Delta Chapter of Chi Phi is considered a valuable part of the chain of Chi Phi chapters across the country, we were informed recently at a luncheon which was held in honor of Grand Eta Judge Luther Z. Rosser. The Judge went on to tell us how much the national organization wants a strong chapter at the University of Minnesota and told how the Fraternity plans to do its share in making this possible. Every one of the 19 brothers present pledged their enthusiastic support of this program.

To maintain close control the Board of Directors of Gamma Delta of Chi Phi is functioning as the Building Committee with all chairmen being members of the Board. Beside the Fund-raising committees, two other important committee chairmen were appointed, Reg Faragher in charge of locating and acquiring adequate housing facilities and Dr. Lloyd Gyllenborg who is heading a committee to find out what members of the active chapter intend to return to the University of Minnesota after the war and to make sure that we have a good nucleus.

Chicago Reports Annual Meet

THE annual meeting of the Chi Phi Club of Chicago was a luncheon meeting on May 9. It was attended by 18

of the brothers. Due to wartime conditions, we omitted the usual speaker and made it just a good friendly get-together. There was no business to attend to, except for election of officers for the coming year: president, Victor Cullen, Sigma '20; vice president, Don Bryant, Chi '10; secretary, D. W. Fairfield, Sigma '28; and, treasurer, Henry C. Baer, Sigma '28.

We were proud to announce that Capt. William T. Bray, Sigma '38, USMC, had just been awarded the Navy Cross for gallantry in action on Guadalcanal and Tarawa. At the present, Brother Bray is teaching Jap-fighting tactics at the Quantico Marine base.—D. W. FAIRFIELD.

Missing

THE War Department has notified Dr. and Mrs. Goodrich C. White that 2nd Lt. Goodrich C. White, Jr., navigator, has been missing over Czechoslovakia since Sept. 12. Dr. White is president of Emory University where he and his sons, Goodrich and Chapell, are members of Gamma Chapter.

Lieutenant White enlisted in the Army Air Corps in July, 1942. He was trained at Maxwell Field, Ala. He won his wings at Selman Field, La. He went overseas in August. He has been awarded the Air Medal.

Brother White received his degree from Emory and then took a Bachelor of Music degree from Westminster Choir College, Princeton, N. J.

Cpl. Chapell White, Air Corps, is stationed at Avon Park, Fla.

New President

THE new president of the University of New Hampshire is Dr. Harold Walter Stoke, Alpha Theta Chi '24. Dr. Stoke has been on leave from the University of Wisconsin where he was acting dean of the graduate school. He has been serving as chief of the war records section, division of administration management, national budget bureau. In the past 14 years he has taught political science at the University of Nebraska, his Alma Mater, and at the University of Pennsylvania.

Mourned

THROUGH the death of Clarence W. Doane, Lambda '98, Lambda Chapter and the Chi Phi Club of Northern California have lost a loyal brother. His death from a heart attack on July 25 removed one of the most devoted alumni of the Bay region. "Cap," as he was known to his many friends, was a leader in business and banking circles, being a director of the San Francisco Bank. His home and that of his widow, Ella M. Doane, is at 283 St. James Dr., Piedmont.

COLLEGE CHAPTERS

Beta Gives Annual Traditional Party

MASSACHUSETTS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: Many things have happened at the Beta Chapter since our last letter to THE CHAKETT.

At the end of June we held the regular elections. Brothers Charles Chubb, Gabe deRoeth, Frank Hagerty, and Noel Coe were reelected to the offices of Alpha, Beta, Gamma, and Delta, respectively. Carlos Auriema became the new Epsilon, while Ingram Lee is the new Zeta.

The house enjoyed a successful rush week with seven new men being pledged. The new wearers of the Sunflower are Henry Appen, Mike Bonner, Charles Dasso, Rene Lamadrid, Farrell Ray, Don Seibert, and Bill Sprague. This increases the number of men living in the house to 17. While new members are needed, this number enables the house to operate as usual, serving three meals a day.

Two of the brothers are graduating in October. They are Brothers Gabe deRoeth, and Bruce Fabens. Brother deRoeth is graduating as a chemical engineer, but expects to enter the Army very shortly. He has been very active in school activities, being a member of AXΣ, Beaver Club, Institute Committee, and many other activities.

Brother Fabens, who is in the Navy V-12, is graduating in Naval Architecture. He has recently been elected to TBII and is managing editor of *The Tech*, member of the Institute Committee, Beaver Club, and other honorary organizations.

Of course, the war has cut some of the play out of Beta's life, but we still find time to have parties. The house has just finished giving two parties in quick succession. The first of these was a dance, September 30, sponsored by the Tech Junior Prom Committee and given in the Chi Phi house. One week later, the house gave its traditional dance, the Bohemian Ball. This year the theme was "A Night in Paris."

Some of the undergraduates are carrying on in school activities in the Chi Phi tradition. Brothers Coe, Farrow, Howkins, and Auriema have posts on

the various Tech publications. Brothers Compton, Auriema, and Pledge Sprague use their brawn in the Tech racing shells. Brother Lee has recently received the award as the "Most Efficient ROTC Cadet." Brother Hagerty has been admitted to AXΣ, honorary chem engineering fraternity.

Many Betas have entered the service in the last few months. We were considering starting a sub-chapter at Great Lakes where Brothers Osborne, Bartlett, McNear, Shields, and Shipman were stationed in the Radio Technicians' School. Since then they have been scattered, Shields to California and McNear to Texas. The rest are still in Chicago.

Brother Larry Smith (T '43) returned from the South Seas to marry Miss Lucy Solomon of Philadelphia. The wedding took place on September 19.

Brothers from several other chapters have stopped in to see us in the past few weeks. We hope that any Chi Phis in this part of the country will pay us a visit.—INGRAM LEE.

Gamma Hopes to Reopen House

EMORY UNIVERSITY: Gamma, led by Tommy McClain, Alpha; Ned Steele, Beta; Clark Howell, Gamma; Albert Lehmann, Delta; Alvis Stafford, Epsilon; and Ivan Humphries, Zeta, has had one of its most active semesters since the beginning of the war.

A rather extended rush week, and a hotly contested one too, proved highly fruitful. When the smoke of the battle had cleared away, eight men had pledged Chi Phi: Norman Coolidge, Bobby Forbes, and McCary Ballard of Atlanta;



EMORY ALUMNUS

You can write to Lt. Charles M. Barnwell, Jr., Gamma '41, at Stalag Luft 3, Germany, where he has been a prisoner since the African campaign. He was forced down in Tunisia

Pat Smith, LaGrange; Tom Peterson, Ailey; Walter Miller, Columbus; Nelson Waggoner, Smyrna; and Jesse Byrd, Panama. The rush week, carried on in typical Gamma fashion, was featured by a wiener roast, two Sunday "date nights," an afternoon smoker, and two house dances. As something of a climax, a dinner was given at the house for the rushees the night before pledging began, and Gamma was very fortunate to have Hugh Dorsey, Grand Alpha; Pollard Turman, Grand Delta; and Brother Bates Block out to make after-dinner talks. Gamma would like to thank the brothers from Omega for their valuable assistance during the Emory rushing period.

Since the last letter to THE CHAKETT, several of the old brothers have dropped around to visit Gamma. They are: Chandler Watson and Billy Bennett, who were here to receive their degrees, Bill Boardman, USNROTC at the University of South Carolina, Sgt. Rutherford Poats (now at OCS), Pvt. Harold Smith, Pfc. Jack Rogers, and Pvt. Marvin Twiggs.

Gamma was well represented at the two Student Council dances held here at Emory in June and September. Les Brown and Clyde Lucas furnished the music for the two occasions, and Gamma, taking advantage of the opportunities, extended its activities far into each of the mornings by having breakfast waiting at the house for the brothers and their dates following the dances.

Gamma's football team, although an extremely light-hitting one, finished in a tie for second place in one of the interfraternity leagues this summer. The play of Brothers Fleming Jolly (in Med School here), Jack Proffitt, and Ed Lochridge, was outstanding.

During the semester several of the Gamma men have been rather prominent in campus activities—Brother Jack Proffitt has served as president of the Honor Council and IIA, campus chemical fraternity; Brother Dan Bynum was initiated into IIA; Brother Alvis Stafford is a member of the Student Council; Brothers Bill Peebles and Albert Lehmann have served on the Emory *Wheel* as assistant editor and associate business manager, respectively; Brother Clark Howell served as business manager of the *Campus*, Emory yearbook; and good old "Mother" Ned Steele has had his fingers dipped into a little of everything around the school (E.C.A., Debate Forum, etc.).

Gamma is going to suffer the loss of several of its valuable brothers come November. Brothers Tommy McClain and Albert Lehmann will graduate and Brothers Bill Coart, Alvis Stafford, and Jack Costello are "shoving off" to the various Midshipman Schools. Brother Andy Harwell is planning to enter dental school. Jack Proffitt was graduated at mid-term and has already passed his pre-induction physical.

The Navy has announced a cut of ap-



EMORY ALUMNUS

Comdr. Warren S. Dorough, Gamma '21, was chief of surgical service, U. S. Naval Hospital, Parris Island, S. C., before he was assigned to the west coast in June. Lt. Comdr. J. W. Jones, Gamma '25, is officer-in-charge of the department of radiology at Parris Island Naval Hospital

proximately 38% in the personnel at Emory for next semester, and Dobbs and Winship Halls are to be turned over to the University for civilian use.

As a result, Dean of Men E. H. Rece has allowed fraternities on the row to begin plans for reopening the houses on a prewar basis. It seems probable, at this time, that Gamma will be in a position to reoccupy the chapter house next term.—IVAN HUMPHRIES, Zeta.

Zeta Continues Chapter Life

FRANKLIN AND MARSHALL: Although still lacking our house and having lost three of our 12 brothers, namely: Bill Simeral, Arthur Mylin, James Gelhard, Zeta Chapter started the July-November term with a bang. The initial activities were in the form of rush parties which terminated with a dance held at Barclay's, a milk bar a few miles from Lancaster. Zeta is making Barclay's its social headquarters until we have our house in November. From these social functions six pledges of Chi Phi caliber were obtained.

However, social activities of Zeta did not stop with rushing. Almost every week end thereafter, a party was held at one of the local brother's or pledge's home or at Barclay's. One of the highlights was a joint dance held with Pi Chapter of the ΦΣΚ, a week end which included the Franklin and Marshall-Villanova football game, a dinner party and an all-school dance with Johnny Waring-

ton's band, and a visit to Alpha Delta Chapter at Penn State College. We are glad to see this chapter is getting back on its feet and is planning to open its house in the near future.

After an informal initiation on the week end of September 9, five pledges were formally initiated as brothers on September 18. They are: Pvt. Richard Turner Seaver (USMCR), Alfred Ashton Schneebeil, III, recently discharged from the AAC, Pvt. Dirk Westervelt Van Nest (AACR), James Egbert Immler, and Carl Blain Myers. The present pledge class consists of Matt Wilson Fields, Paul G. McGeenen, and Kenneth Holtzinger.

During this present term we lost Brothers Reed Walmer Kinzer who enlisted in the Navy and is now stationed at Bainbridge, Maryland, and A/S Henry Richard Brett who is at present at the Naval Hospital in Chicago, Illinois.

The future of Zeta Chapter looks very bright as we will have our house back the first of November. All the brothers are planning intensive rushing of new pledges for Zeta Chapter and we are all looking forward to a highly successful year.—C. A. CALLIS.

Iota Remains In Inactive State

OHIO STATE UNIVERSITY: The situation at the Iota Chapter house is pretty much as it was at the time of the last chapter letter. The University has opened again and according to the morning paper (October 4), has an enrollment of 7,700 students, practically all of whom are co-eds.

The chapter house is in excellent shape, is being well maintained by Brother Carl Setzer, and it is now occupied by the Sig Alphas.

Several of the brothers have stopped in to say hello, although most everyone these days is overseas.

The Ohio State campus has been much

brightened by the presence of Brother Wilbur Snypp, who is now Director of Publicity for the Athletic Department. Brother Snypp has been living in the chapter house pending the purchase of a house and the moving of his family to Columbus.

Weekly meetings of the alumni group are held at the Deshler Hotel each Thursday for lunch.

There is only one Chi Phi left on the campus at the present time, Brother Jim Kessler, and no effort is being made to pledge any of the 17-year-olds, who are in school for such a very short time.

Plans already made for reopening this chapter after the war assure a much stronger chapter than before.—EUGENE T. BENHAM, Grand Gamma.

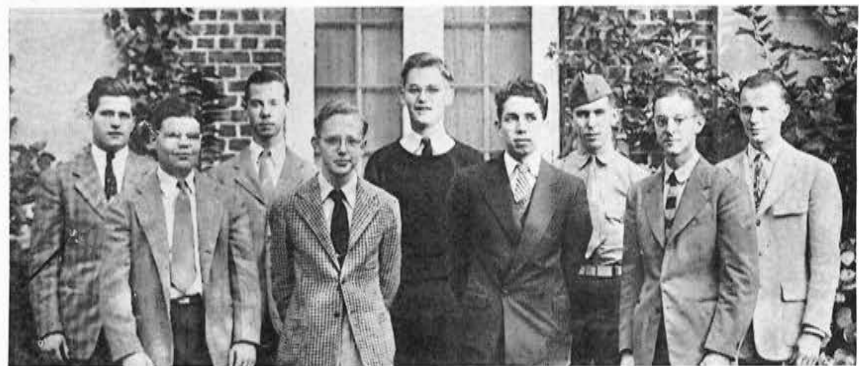
Kappa Houses Sorority

UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN: The situation on the Wisconsin campus is just as it has been for some time—nine women to every 4-F. Our house is rented to a sorority and will weather this war experience financially, though it will take some time and much effort to reestablish the chapter. You can be sure that Kappa is in there pitching even though our box score for the moment does not give any indication of winning a championship.—ROY T. RAGATZ.

Mu Pledges Ten Men

STEVENS INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY: Activity at Mu has been going along in high gear during this summer term. We have added to our chapter roll two new brothers: Bob Wettach and Bill Forlifer.

Our rushing period was again a success as we pledged 10 men. Eight of these were civilian freshmen which is a turnabout from our previous pledging



Nine men carry on the chapter life of Zeta Chapter, Franklin and Marshall College

which was dominated by V-12 students. Men pledged were: Fred Roessle, Joe Patrino, Mike Condrilla, Bruce Richardson, Bob Spencer, Jim Faharity, Sid Kelly, Joe Heinz, and Jim Kruge. Among these are the freshman prexy, secretary, representative to the Honor Board, and representative to the Athletic Association Council.

Elections were held with these results: Alpha, Jack Christie; Beta, Fred Bush; Gamma, Joe Fitzpatrick; Delta, Bob Wettach; Epsilon, Dave Pierson and Zeta, Bill Forlifer. Of these, Brothers Bush and Pierson were former officers of the house.

Since the beginning of the term Brothers Schlacter, Ruhl, and Goldsborough have left for the Merchant Marine. Ens. Willets, ex-Alpha, Ens. Budell, Ens. Weber, and Lt. Anderson, ex Alpha, have visited the house.

Mu is again active in sports. We have four men on the varsity soccer squad and have a softball team representing us in the interfraternity competition. We hope to add another plaque to our collection.

A meeting with the alumni was held during the past week at which time the status of the house was discussed as to finances and membership. It was generally agreed that the house has greatly prospered in the last year and we owe much gratitude to the alumni for their diligent work.

The social affairs of the season have been very successful, highlighted by the recent Soph Hop. After the dance, the customary house party got into full swing. To top off the week end, a swimming party was held on Sunday. The lack of cars did not daunt us as we rode out on our thumbs and a swell time was had by all.

Plans have been completed for the Junior Prom, which is to be held the week end of October 7. We only hope we can rival the good time of the Soph Hop.

We are losing seven brothers via graduation, but with the influx of civilians, Mu hopes to keep going in the traditional manner.—WM. R. FORLIFER.

Xi Present Is Uncertain

CORNELL UNIVERSITY: Much like Ithaca's weather the picture at Cornell varies erratically from one day to the next. One may try to predict what changes tomorrow may bring, but once again like the weather, the odds are against you. Almost over night a lab section or a class will be wiped out as the plans of the Navy and the draft boards change.

At the beginning of the summer term the remainder of the deferred civilian students left the University for the various branches of the service. On the other hand, the Army men in the College of Veterinary Medicine were given

their discharge and told to continue their studies as deferred civilian students. Male civilians in the other colleges are almost nihil, and those who are left consist of 17-year-olds and the ones rejected from military service.

The enrollment at Cornell today consists of two general groups. One group which follows practically the normal curriculum is composed of the civilian students and the Navy V-12. The other group consisting of the Pre-West Point cadets, the Army A-12, the Midshipman School, and the Navy Diesel School have their own specialized programs.

It will be of interest to those who have more recently left Cornell to know that Zincks closed its doors on September 24. As usual there are many rumors as to what brought this about, but I have been able to learn nothing definite. Ed Lamman '42 got the Chi Phi plaque from the wall, so I trust that it will be in good hands until the day when another Zincks will again open.

Xi Chapter at Cornell is rather on the inactive side at the present time. This has resulted from the Navy taking over the house to use as a dorm for the V-12 and from the fact that there are but three undergraduate members at the University. At the close of the summer term, Bob Preston graduated from the School of Mechanical Engineering and left for Parris Island with the Marine Corps. Only Donald Pierce, Bill Benson, and I remain. Both Pierce and Benson are in the Navy V-12 program, and unfortunately I am a civilian student.

The activities of Xi Chapter at Cornell at the present time merely consist of putting out a *News Letter* to the brothers who more recently left the University. This letter comes out approximately every other month, or more often when the amount of news collected is sufficient to warrant it. It contains mainly news about the brothers wherever they may be and really acts as a clearing house for news. It isn't much, but we feel that it helps bind the fraternity membership together during these trying times. If any of you have any such news, we would appreciate it if you would take the time to write it down and mail it to us.

As a closing note—we would like to urge the brothers, and especially those who have had their education at Cornell interrupted by the war, to return after the war and help reorganize and rebuild the chapter.—ARNOLD H. PAGE.

Omicron Initiates Three Pledges

YALE UNIVERSITY: I suppose I had better begin by apologizing for the shortness and lack of news in this letter. However, I can say that Omicron did initiate the opening of Yale's 1944 football season with a punch party after the game. As usual William's punch

"knocked 'em in the aisles," actually and figuratively speaking. Approximately 50 couples attended and as far as I know a good time was had by all.

Part of the fault of this letter lies in my ignorance of our alumni and their activities. However, I attest to the present chapter representatives. Most of us are in the Naval Training program here and our time is consequently fairly well taken up so that our house is not used too much during the week. However, we all do manage to get together once or twice a week for our meetings and social activities and all in all, Omicron is chugging along quite contentedly under its wartime load.

Omicron's recent initiates include Lemuel C. Shepherd, Alexandria, Virginia; Carl Atlee Vernon, Topeka, Kan.; A. S. Alexander Holley Rudd, II, Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. Holley is the last of the Rudd family of the present generation to enter Omicron. His grandfather, Alexander Holley Rudd, was Grand Delta and Grand Alpha. His father, William B. Rudd, Omicron '10, was a captain in World War I, spending nearly two years in France. His uncles are Charles G. Lewis, Omicron '10, a banker in New Haven, Connecticut, and Theodore O. Rudd '24, president of the Omicron Trust Association. His brother is Thomas J. Rudd, Omicron '44, a Second Lieutenant in the Field Artillery, Headquarters Battalion, somewhere in the French sector. Holley has the honor of possessing his grandfather's badge.—JAMES H. ROSENBERGER.

Rho Needs Moral Support

LAFAYETTE COLLEGE: At present writing, Rho Chapter is at its lowest ebb in history in regard to numbers. We can boast only one active brother, Ralph Tripp, and one pledge, Bruce Drinkhouse, a legacy from Easton. Bruce is one of the 45 new freshmen who arrived on the Lafayette campus on July 10. Making his home in Easton, Bruce graduated in the Class of 1944 from Easton High School.

Dick Sigler, initiated on June 15, was accepted by the Carlisle Presbytery on September 25, as a candidate for the ministry. However, Dick has left school in preparation for entering the armed services in November. Rho suffered a serious setback when Brother Art Winters was inducted into the Army at the New Cumberland Reception Center on September 19. At present, Art is stationed at Fort McClellan, Alabama, where he is taking his basic training. For you Rho brothers, his address is: Pvt. Arthur Winters, 33942374, Co. B, 27th Bn., 5th Reg., Fort McClellan, Ala. Brother Fred (now S 1/c) Hintenberger returned to Lafayette the latter part of September and spent a day visiting

old friends. Fred was located at Virginia Beach in the radio school. "Shorty" Conner is still at Bucknell University in Lewisburg, Pennsylvania. He is in a naval dance band and enjoys life no end. Any further communications to the Rho Chapter concerning brothers' locations or other fraternity news, should be addressed to: Ralph Tripp, Chi Phi Fraternity, Lafayette College, Easton, Pennsylvania.—RICHARD E. SIGLER.

Tau's Spirit Determined

UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA: This past summer has been a difficult one for Tau. We operated the entire summer with only eight or nine men. There were hardships on all sides: rushing, trying to keep the dining room open, sports, and many other activities.

At the beginning of the fall quarter things began to brighten up a little; in two weeks the heating system was repaired, and 36 tons of coal were delivered as a gift of Brother Carr McCormack. There were some older men to return. Brother Burleson returned after having left the spring quarter, Brother Mitchell received a medical discharge from the Navy, Brother Joe Davis, an alumnus of this chapter, returned to med school. We are glad to have Brother Chandler Watson, past Alpha of the Gamma Chapter, here in Law School. At one time we had five pledges: Lon Alexander, from Gordo; Arthur English, who was stationed with the AS-TRP unit at the University; Travis Mayhall, a pre-med freshman from Jasper; Freddie Hosli, a journalism freshman from Tuscaloosa; and Charles "Chuck" Teubert, a transfer from Colorado State Western who is going to enter Law School in January. Since the beginning of the quarter Brothers English and Alexander have been initiated. We are beginning work on our annual Homecoming tea dance to be held November 18, after the Alabama-Mississippi State football game.

Recently we have been notified that Brother Gene Williams has been killed in action and Brother Ed Holladay has been reported missing in action over Europe. Brother Ens. William Sanders dropped in for two or three days recently.

Although the general situation looks somewhat improved, it is going to be hard to keep the fraternity up to par and better this winter. With our spirit as high as it is we are going to put Tau back in its old place—on top.

It will help us to know you all are thinking about us. Please send us your addresses and help us get out another issue of *Shots from Tau*.—WILLIAM GERALD RAINER.

Chi Medics Left on Campus

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE: By the time this issue of THE CHAKETT goes to press, there will be only two brothers remaining in Hanover. George Vogt finishes Dartmouth Medical School in November, 1945, and I will finish early in March. Bob Roberts and Bob Anthony completed their engineering studies at Thayer School in October. They will be commissioned in the Navy soon and expect service with the Seabees. We had a good letter from Bill Whitmarsh. He's a sergeant, and in August was awaiting shipment overseas. Bill said he had not heard from the "Hose" Hooker for some time, but that Shell Spicer is an Ensign on duty in the Caribbean area. Lt. (jg) Bob Andree wrote from somewhere in the South Pacific war zone. Says he used to hear from "Willy" Burr, but that since Bill got married he'd evidently lost his grip on the pen. Dave Cooper married Grace Clarkson about a year ago, and we neglected to include that fine bit of news in the last issue of THE CHAKETT. Dave is a Corporal and when last heard of was stationed at Fort George Meade in Maryland. Bob Schaeberle is now an Ensign assigned to APD duty. He ran into Ensign Phil Fessenden in Charleston. Phil was in command of 100 raw recruits just out of boot camp. Ensign Jim O'Mara was at Saipan in a Seabee stevedore battalion. Bill Ashley received his commission in the Marines recently. Matt Berwick saw Monte Basbas and Charlie MacDowell down at Hampton Beach earlier this year. Bob Peno married Jackie Scott in June. Dick Ward '46 is at N.Y.U. Medical School. Marty Marino '46 and Paul Hoveman '46 are both at Long Island Medical School. Carlisle Tuttle Spencer, when last heard of, was at Midshipman School at Northwestern. Bill MacIntyre is still teaching recruits how to jump Japs. Bill Jacoby is still in England in the Engineers and probably has seen action since last heard of. Nothing further is known about any of the other brothers, but "Moe Baby" was seen heading north. Matty is still looking after the house in his casual manner and is looking forward to the first postwar reunion.

I would appreciate it greatly if everyone would make an effort to let me know his whereabouts and I will do my best to keep some unity in the organization. My destination after March is as yet unknown, but mail will be forwarded if sent care of Dartmouth Medical School.

My thanks to brothers who have written in. Your letters have been or will be answered soon.—PETE HABEIN.



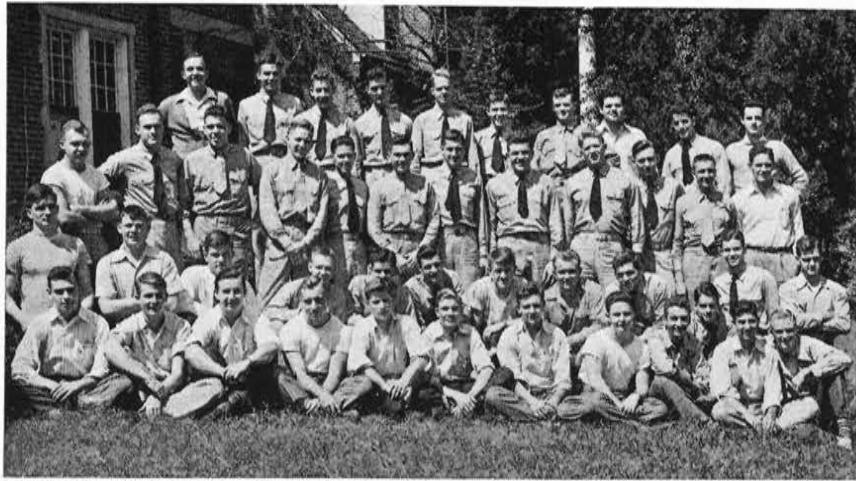
DARTMOUTH ALUMNI MAGAZINE

Ens. Bob Andree, Chi '43, wears the typical garb of the Amphibious forces in the South Pacific. That is the traditional bird-in-hand he is holding. By letter he wants to know why some Chi member can't let servicemen have some news via the magazine. Who volunteers to write to Pete Habein now?

Omega Reoccupies Chapter House

GEORGIA SCHOOL OF TECHNOLOGY: The best news around here for Omega was our moving back in the old fraternity house. The school which had been renting it for the past year had used it as a civilian dormitory. To the old members, getting back in the fraternity house was reminiscent of the carefree prewar days. The house was completely redecorated before we moved back, thanks to help from Mrs. Duke who was in charge of decorations, the Omega Trust Association who was a great financial aid, and many of the members who spent part of their holidays working on the house. The new color schemes created quite a sensation about the campus especially after the vivid write-up in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

Last rush week proved very successful for Omega even though competition was keener than it had been since before the war. The brothers really put out and it brought gratifying results. The new pledges which number 21, are: Jack Bandy, "Dinky" Bowen, Jack Carver, Bill Danielson, Charles Harkey, Billy Liles, John Loyd, Bobby Marsden, Seth Mellen, Bernard Neal, Bill Reese, Joe Richardson, Gerald Ritter, Crawford Sites, Rudy Stewart, Jimmy Stewart, Rumsey Taylor, Tommy Thompson, Billy Williams, John Yopp, and "Matt" Mathews. With the aid of several terri-



Omega Chapter, Georgia Tech, shows pre-war strength in its numbers and boundless enthusiasm in its spirit. Back in the chapter house, members, Navy and Marines included, are taking part in every activity on the campus. They lunch together every Friday

ying rat courts the freshmen have maintained an excellent spirit. The freshman project for the semester was a combination bar and poker room, which was recently christened at a grand opening. Needless to say a good time was had by all except Brother Bell who was not very sociable that night.

Omega is now serving meals in the house, being one of the few fraternities on the campus to do so. Everyone including the Navy and Marine members eat lunch at the house every Friday. This Friday get-together has done much toward maintaining good fraternity spirit.

We recently gave a sport dance at the Biltmore along with the $\Phi\Delta\Theta$ s and $\Lambda\Gamma\Omega$ s. The dance was followed by a breakfast at the house. We also had a breakfast following the Interfraternity Council dance which was a main event of the Tech social calendar. Two of the best functions of the semester were given at the country home of Phil Suhr in Marietta. They were steak fries followed by dancing and games. The old traditional tea dances after the football games for which Omega is famous were started again this fall. These dances have long been one of the most popular functions on the campus. They are open to all fraternity men and you can generally find everybody you know at them. Chi Phi is the only fraternity on the campus allowed to have these dances since we do not have a formal senior party.

Brother Tom Rollow is the manager of the football team this year while Bill Ormsby and "Smokey" Stover act as assistants. Sandy Pottinger and Phil Suhr are cheerleaders and since 13 of the members and pledges are out for football, the Chi Phis are well represented on the team and its affiliations. Billy Huger was elected Delta after Bill Clark left for the Navy and the post of Epsilon has been taken over by Sandy Pottinger.

Many alumni have visited Omega since

the last issue of THE CHAKETT. Among those returning were: 2nd Lt. Arnold Almand, 2nd Lt. Tom Pierce, A/C George Ewing, A/C Ted Weideman, Lt. (jg) Warren Pollard, Lt. (jg) George Blount, Ens. Jack Baldwin, Pvt. Gilly Greene, Cpl. Jimmy Barnwell, Pvt. Ed. Floyd, 2nd Lt. Jack Kirby and Cpl. Jim Kirby.

Chi Phi has been very active in sports during the past semester. As mentioned above we had 13 candidates for the football team and also we had six candidates for the basketball team. The football men were: Johnny McIntosh, Tommy Schneider, Billy Huger, Bill

Busbin, Gerald Ritter, Bob Davis, Bill Durban, Paul Duke, "Dinky" Bowen, Rumsey Taylor, Jack Carver, Bill Reese, and Rudy Stewart. The men out for basketball include Bill Payne, Billy Williams, Rudy Stewart, Jack Carver, Bob Davis, and Bill Busbin.

The fraternity has started something new in the form of a Mother's Club. The purpose of the club is to help furnish refreshments for functions and help keep the house in good condition. The mothers have already done an admirable job under the leadership of Mrs. Paul Duke and their work has been a great benefit to Omega.

As this issue of THE CHAKETT goes to press, we are preparing for another rush week. Tommy Schneider and Jack Carver have been made rush chairmen and with all the members behind them, Omega will come out on top as it has always done in the past.—SAM MANGHAM.

Alpha-Tau Greets Alumni Members

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN: Summer activities of Alpha-Tau were largely limited to reunions with brothers home on short leaves and going-away parties. Among those who left are Brother Kurt Binder, who has entered an ensign training school in Hollywood, Florida, Brother John Hutchinson, who has done likewise in Asbury Park, and Pledge Ray Shinn, who left for Great Lakes. One



Georgia Tech's Naval ROTC rifle team won the William Randolph Hearst Trophy this year. Kneeling, left to right, are R. H. Davis, W. W. Coons, and J. C. Mason. Standing: Lt. P. D. Ellis, officer in charge and co-coach, S. W. Mangham, Omega '45, who was congratulated by the late Secretary of War Knox for making the highest individual score in the nation, 198 out of a possible 200, J. J. Williamson, and Chief Gunner's Mate Henry Chambers, co-coach



MICHIGAN ALUMNUS

This cut of Edward T. Ingle arrived too late for the July issue. Brother Ingle, Alpha-Chi '22, is director of the information service of the War Manpower Commission

of the best-attended reunions took place in July when Brother Bill Fead, now an Ensign, dashed in from New York on a 10-day leave. Brothers Dick Nelson and Charlie Raymond came in from Chicago to see him, while Brother Roger Jacobi journeyed in from Saginaw. Brothers Catherman, Kiefer, Binder, and Dixon were also among those present to give Brother Fead the royal welcome. Brother Fead is now in training at Princeton, New Jersey, while Brother Nelson is continuing his Navy training in California. (Incidentally, he became engaged during the summer.)

Brother Bill Church dropped into Ann Arbor on a football game week end recently. He's an Ensign in the submarine service now. He said that he had seen duty in a certain submarine off Key West a few months ago and that four out of seven of his fellow officers were Chi Phis. He also mentioned seeing Brother Larry Smith at M.I.T. and hearing that Brother Jack Tate was flying out of New Guinea these days. Brother Chuck Campbell was also in Ann Arbor over that week end. He is currently working in a hospital in Chicago in preparation for entering med school under the auspices of the Army.

Brother Ken Kendig writes that he is now an Ensign aboard a destroyer escort some place in the South Pacific. He is serving as an Assistant Gunnery Officer. He mentioned meeting Brother Homer Swander and Brother Buck Antle in an officers' club overseas and says he heard that Brother Bill Robinson is some place in the vicinity, but that he hasn't met him yet.

Brother Bruce Carey was home on leave recently after completing his Ensign's training and is now serving on active duty.

The outlook for Alpha-Tau during the coming semester is not too rosy. The house is still in the hands of the

University and, at the present time, it looks as though there will only be about four or five of us on campus to carry on Chi Phi traditions.—RAY DIXON.

Alpha Delta Waits V-E Day

PENNSYLVANIA STATE COLLEGE: There isn't much to report, but Brother Turman has asked me to send in something. I wish I could find a few personal items and campus gossip or say everything is going full blast at the house. Judge Rosser had previously requested a formal report concerning the chapter and I asked Jake Carpenter to write him in regard to the House Association. Maybe after Alumni Day I'll be able to have more dope.

The Council of the Fraternity is particularly anxious that the alumni be kept as active as possible. As you know, all the houses were taken over by the armed forces, but last April they were returned to us again. We, therefore, must take care of our property until the boys return. This means redoubling our efforts to keep the spirit alive in our chapter by working with the couple of actives and a few alumni in State College.

There is no one left to carry on but the older members of the Fraternity. You are needed now as never before. What have you ever done to help? (I'm just asking.) How may we count on you for the future? Those are definitely personal questions! You know the answer to the first one. Here's what you can do about the other: You guessed



T/Sgt. David Hildebran, Alpha-Chi '44, visited the chapter in May after returning from his base in Australia. He had been in combat since March, 1943, receiving the Silver Star and the DFC. He is now stationed with the Air Corps at Santa Monica, California

it, "Get ready to shell out." More important even than that, use your influence to persuade every active man to return and be graduated. Send us new boys the day you hear that a regular schedule has been resumed. Send us names of boys going to Penn State now.

It is too early for an exact program. Jake and Dunny have taken care of the house situation one hundred per cent. The Army has paid off and returned the property in good condition. We have plenty of money for another year. The chapter simply faded out finally, but we don't have a penny of debt there. The boys have kept everything in good condition for the last five or six years and that old debt was finally wiped off the map by Bob Ostermeyer personally.

The usual visits have not been made. We have a paid representative in town who looks after our interests, together with those of several other houses. Brothers Duncan and Bauer have been on the job since the house closed and several others have come and gone. You have seen reports of the Regional Conferences. Brothers Carpenter, Stump, Walter Robinson, and I attended the New York meeting last November. Bobby mailed out a couple of news letters to recent grads and actives, but the boys are hard to find.

Maybe sometime, somewhere, you active men will receive this copy of THE CHAKETT. "Greetings and Good Luck!" Write us a letter; don't try to remember my address, send it to Atlanta and it will be forwarded. Tell us what you plan for the future. As for you alumni, send your suggestions. We again cannot urge you too strongly to take a vital interest in your Chapter. Don't forget the Chi Phi Emergency War Fund. I won't try to name V-E Day, but it looks as if we should be able to function by September, 1945. Let's get going. Time isn't waiting for us. There will be many problems of reorganization, but we all can help. Most of the work will have to be handled by the first few active men who return, but they need our backing.—HOMER JOHNSTON.

Eta Delta Gives Watermelon Feed

UNIVERSITY OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA: Eta Delta fights like Trojans, but pulls together like Chi Phis.

The second semester at USC began on July 3, but prior to this was registration day. On this day the chapter had a buffet lunch for all the new men entering as freshmen in the summer term. The talk among the other fraternities went, in effect—how can Chi Phi invite all the available men on registration day?

We had a fine group of men in our pledge class, nine in all. They are Carl Gebhart, former Beverly Hills High Stu-

"NOSLIW"

STUPENDOUS — GIGANTIC
STUPEFYING — STUPID

4000 Songs
Millions of Extras
In Gorgeous Black and Grey

BUT —



The Chi Phi Watermelon
Feed is Better

Look Who's in Our Cast

Betsy Owens	The Brow
The Pearsons	Fletcher Maddox
Phil Kirst	Roland Sink
H. J. Sims	Ed Barthold
Jo Neal	Jack Sorenson
Bob Tapp	Jim and Hank
Terry Lee	Bob Daigh
Sam, the Mailman	One Long Pan
Acting Wampus Editor	Muggins
Jean Working	Buddy Welch
Lee Scott	Art Nelson
Jim Harris	Betty Evans
Bill Driggs	Flo Harris
	Dottie Derby
	The Business Committee

CHI PHI HOUSE - FRIDAY

dent Body president, and now secretary of ΦΗΣ, freshman men's scholastic society, and also running for the new Sophomore Class president. Edmund Lindop is also a member of ΦΗΣ. Another pledge was John Roca, hailing all the way from Quito, Ecuador. Others were Hugh Cover, Roy Clark, Ralph Capalungo, Tom Conrow, Robert McBride, and Jerry Russell. These men had a full pledge semester with many activities, even a small dance band to entertain the chapter on Monday night meetings. All of them are now proud actives and are celebrating an anniversary of one week since initiation.

We had our second annual watermelon party for the student body on August 25. Roger Williams was chairman. From 7 to 9:30 couples danced under the new moon to the music of phonograph records amplified to be heard under the trees in front of the house. In the backyard 2,500 pounds of watermelon were served with lemonade and cakes, a la Susie. You fellows remember Susie's cakes. All of our favorites were there, including one shaped and decorated like an American flag. Carl Bailey, known as radio's tallest announcer, was master of ceremonies.

This semester started with many of the former Eta Delta brothers returning for leaves. First to arrive was Cpl. Cyrus Shepard, one of the pledges in

our first pledge class. The following week we were amazed by having Lt. Norm Bing, Ensign Kenny Wells, Jimmy Morrison, Bill Snyder, and Bill Meehan all back at the same time. The next Monday night arrived with even more surprises when Paul Coulter, Jimmy Pascoe, Chuck French, Maynard Hathaway, and Ashmead Scott came to the meeting. The next week Clay Clayberg, one of the alumni from Oxnard who visits us frequently, stayed with us for a couple of days. Last month George Dearing had a few days' visit with the chapter before leaving for Kentucky. Crit Taylor is now back in Athens, Georgia, after a short visit. Kurt Moore sent the brothers a note saying he had reached England. Brother Bill Meehan is now overseas but has not yet reached his destination. Bill Floyd stopped in on his way to Johnson Island as did Roy Lindahl on his way back to Kansas.

Well, here it is football season again and the Eta Delta house is once again holding its open houses and buffet lunches before game time. We have had two successful ones with 150 people attending both times. At the UCLA and California games many of our friends and football fans attended these affairs. The girls from each sorority were invited, and they wouldn't miss a Chi Phi open house for anything. Other guests have been Helen Moreland, Dean of Women, and her friend, the new Dean of Women at Occidental College.

Turning to the campus activities, Roland Sink, track star, became a Trojan Squire, men's honorary sophomore organization. Brother Gordon F. Jackson was elected treasurer of the Interfraternity Council for this year, and will soon be initiated into ΔΦΕ, national men's foreign service fraternity.

Strange coincidences happen when the brothers in the services meet. Brother Walt Hilker's ship was pulled up to a sub-chaser in the South Pacific. He was scanning the sub-chaser with binoculars when he heard a "Hi, there, aren't you from California? Didn't you go to USC? Aren't you a Chi Phi?" Walt's answer was a violent "Yes!" and to his amazement it was Tubby Robinson who finally came across to meet him. Both are from this chapter.—GORDON F. JACKSON.

Lambda Wants to Reopen House

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA: Summer semester has just ended and we are now in the midst of finals. At this time Cal tops the Pacific Coast League with one win over UCLA and a tie with USC. There is a rumor that we may even go to the Rose Bowl this year; but we still have to play Washington

and have another game with both USC and UCLA. The enrollment here at Cal was only 5,000 this past semester, which is a "far cry" from the pre-war enrollment of 17,000.

Here at Lambda there are still a few of us left—Brooke Sawyer '46 and Earl Jones '45, both in the Navy ROTC; Jim Lohead '45, who recently received his medical discharge from the army; Peter Wolff '45, who after a short spell in the Army received an honorable discharge because the government felt that his work in physics and his work at the cyclotron were more important; and myself—eight months from getting my law degree.

Some time ago I talked to Roger Edwards '05, to Cal Moore '28, and, over the telephone, to Joe Moore, Jr., '28 concerning the possibility of reopening the house next February when the spring semester begins. All of us here on and around the campus have discussed the subject somewhat and I thought that it would be wise through Lambda's letter to THE CHAKETT to give Lambda men our plan and reason for reopening the house.

First I shall present the picture here on the campus. In June, 1943, the Army and Navy took over all fraternity houses here on campus. A few houses, three at the most, rented other houses and continued functioning. This they were able to do by the financial help offered them by their alumni associations and for the most part pledging "house bills." At first Lambda thought that it might do the same—i.e., rent another house and continue active. We had many offers of help from our alumni and probably could have carried on. However, to continue, we would probably have had to pledge "house bills" in the end; and this, of course, we did not want to do. So we decided not to rent a house, but to continue nevertheless by pledging only the boys who would make good Chi Phis and to hold meetings every Sunday. As you probably all know we did pledge and did carry on this way, meeting most of the time at Phil Boone's house. We had two initiations, one at Phil's house and one at Howard Fletcher's. But by the middle of the spring semester of 1944, because most of the boys had gone into the service—those that we had recently pledged and initiated—and the remaining few of us were busy with our accelerated schedules, we were unable to carry on as we should have. The alumni sent us the names of boys entering school; both Howard Fletcher and Lou Watts offered us the use of their houses, and of course we could have used Phil Boone's home if we had wanted to do so. Pete Wolff had a number of dances and we did do some rushing—but we didn't carry on as well as we did for the first two semesters following the closing of the house. Now we know if we can reopen the house—and we must—with alumni help, we can carry on.—BERT MEEK.



BALDWIN LOCOMOTIVE WORKS

Monsoon Season

In Burma

DEAR GANG:

Ever see it rain for days as if someone was standing on a hill with a fire hose drowning everything in sight? That's what we've just been through over here. It's hard to take if you've been a Midwesterner. War stalls some when it rains and the southwester blows, but it doesn't bog down the way you'd think it would. The Japs know how to take advantage of the weather as well as the jungles. Not long ago we had to clear out a covey of the yellow devils. They'd brought up equipment and had dug in when we located them. We had to blast hell outa them. One of the fellows in our tank was shot up pretty bad and I was seeing what we could do to help him. Did my eyes pop out when I saw his Chi Phi ring! He's doing okay now so I can tell you he is Johnny Macon of Georgia. Sure was swell finding him and when he gets out of the hospital, we are going to have a few days' leave together.

Sincerely,

LARRY



It takes two weeks to fill orders for Chi Phi rings. They cost \$12.50 plus \$2.50 tax.

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